

THE GEM,

A SEMI-MONTHLY

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

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

BY EDWIN SCRANTON.

VOLUME II.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
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NO. 1.

ROCHESTER, MAY 1, 1830.

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.

Dauntless they stood by the deep narrow grave,
Where the foe of the white man lay sleeping;
And they heav'd 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 gather'd before him;
And wild were the notes of the ruthless band,
As they pour'd out their death-song o'er him.

They rais'd for their chieftain's bloody fate,
Their wild death-hoop of sorrow—
They breath'd but one curse, all bitter with hate—
'Twas woe to the white man to-morrow!

ROSAMOND.

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 grassy mounds, 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 furrowed hand pressed their pure foreheads, ah! little did I think, that the fearful mildew 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 physician, 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 affections were 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 being 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 with his little head resting in his mother's lap, his blue eyes filled with tears, his sunny curls 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 was then sent 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 lonely widow's first and last hope.

She lingers on, a thing of fate,
From all the world afar—
As calmly, brightly desolate,
As the lone evening star.

ROSAMOND.

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

Fashion is for the most part nothing but the ostentation of riches.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TWILIGHT.

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 drear 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 heavenly 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—kindred hearts, whose virtuous worth is engraven, in bright, indelible characters on the tablet of my undying memory. As I sat gazing out upon the scene, in all the fervency of youthful imagination, I involuntarily exclaimed, "How delightful a prospect!" and although they replied not, yet I read 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 forcibly 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 susceptible of high and holy feelings, finds 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 anticipation of the future, partakes 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 animosities, and in spite of pride and ambition, into our minds a forgiving spirit—a disposition, not only to be happy ourselves,

render others around us so, as far as in us lies. 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?

LARA.

From the New York Amulet.

EVERARD GRAHAM.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, OF PHILADELPHIA.

“Take back the bowl—take back the bowl—
Reserve it for polluted lips:—
I would not see a stainless soul,
Beneath its dark and foul eclipse!”

J. G. WHITTIER.

There are evils in the earth, upon which the eloquence of the Orator, the lyre of the Poet, and the deep and over-wrought touches of the pencil and the pen, have dwelt almost in vain. In their description the wealth of language is turned into penury; the darkest dream of anguish and distress, but faintly shadows forth the stern and moving reality. The strong and emphatic language of Holy Writ; the burning words of David and of Solomon, are almost impuissant 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 fabled furies; the abysses they open are fiercer than Cocytus or Plegathon; their grasp is more powerful than the serpents of Laocoon: The burthens which they impart are more wearisome than the stone of Sisyphus or the wheel of Ixion; and their ascendancy is unbroken, until the understanding is bewildered, and the clouded eye becomes tearless; until the heart becomes as adamant, and the spirit is goaded and restless beneath the dominion of Remorse; till the ear tingles with the adder-hisses of coward Conscience, and the unnerved bosom writhes in the emotions of regret which pierce like a scorpion's sting.

Infidelity and Intemperance go hand in hand. They bid the spirit of youth bow down at an unholy shrine; and the sweetest affections, the dearest hopes and fondest visions of earth, are offered up as incense to the mysterious divinity of Unbelief. This is no ideal picture; the wide world is full of the afflictions that are summoned up like clouds around the devious pathway of the Blasphemer and the Drunkard. The red wine brightens alluringly in the goblet; the shadowy illusions of the sceptic come but for a little season with a soothing unction to his mind; but anon there steals to the one, the wormwood dregs of bitter regret; to the other, the clouds which obscure the sunshine of hope; which spread a mournful curtain over the beautiful scenes of foreman existence, and create unutterable forebodings of that undiscovered country beyond the land of Death.

I have little hope that the tale which I am about to relate, will cause any to release the 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 show the light which they reject who turn from the word of inspiration. I would I might gather upon canvass, the darkness of the midnight cloud, and the fierce lightning of the tempest: I would form a panorama of terrors, which would shadow forth to the mad votary of Bacchus, and the victim of unbelief, the abyss of destruction upon which they are rushing; which should say 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—, when my friend EVERARD GRAHAM and myself were seated by our comfortable grate, in the chimney of G—. The coal was reddening behind the bars of its prison; and the cheerfulness of our little room was enhanced by the storm without. We had but lately come

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 windows; and by way of beguiling the time, I arose and breathed upon a pane, and wrote thereon my humble initials. Without, the scene was troublous and uninviting. The wide stretching inland was obscured by the thick wing of the wintry tempest; the wild anthem of the night-wind was loud and dissonant; and I soon found that the shadows of the scene around me, were gathering over my mind. My thoughts went forth amidst the curtained skies of evening; and mighty ideas of infinity and boundless space—the mystery of the air—the distance whence 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 hazle eye was lit up pleasantly, and a kindly smile of unwonted delight passed over his brow and cheek. He had for some days been moody and restless; and I marked his emotions of pleasure with a lively enjoyment, to which an instant before I was a stranger.

“This is the most lucky moment to receive a letter that I ever experienced,” said Graham, indulging in that laugh which comes from the heart. “You see,” said he, “that it is a woman; the *prima mulieris* of my affections. But I belie her; she is not a woman; in the general acceptation of the term—she is an angel.”

I glanced at the letter as he extended it to me; and the direction was really most beautiful. The blue surface of the epistle seemed to have just passed from beneath the hands of the copperplate printer. “You see,” said Graham, “that it is beautiful; now let me read it; and as you are my confidant, I will show you the Alpha and Omega of it.” He broke the seal; it began with “Dearest Everard,” and closed with “Forever yours,
EMILE BARTON.”

“You are not entitled to further freedom,” said my friend: “Now, go meditate, and let my greedy eyes ‘devour up her discourse;’ or, seeing that your curiosity is awakened, I will give you her picture, for you to look upon,” as the Primer hath it.”

He drew from his bosom a miniature, suspended by a golden chain: “There,” said he, “is one half of my heart. It is the most beautiful half by far; and I dare be sworn, the most innocent. Now if you *admire* it, let your admiration be *unspeakable*; for I shall not be *at home*, during the next half hour, to any body. To save inquiries, however, I will say a word or two to you respecting her. She is my *intended*: I first knew her at the Saratoga cottillions; her father is an Englishman; but her mother is one of our cis-atlantic daughters of Eve. It is the long lapse of time since I have heard from the dear girl, that has given me the *blues* so of late.”

I took the miniature; and never shall I forget the unsullied and perfect beauty that then dawned upon me. The stainless brow was shaded with rich clusters and braids of hair, of the color of gold in shadow; the eye was mild and blue; but about the sweet lips, that seemed the balmy prison gates of delicious kisses, and the dimpled and rose-leaf cheek, there played such a pure and sanctified smile, that the picture seemed to be instinct with the life of heaven. I was dumb with exquisite admiration; and I seemed to be surrounded by the perfect presence of Venus. Little did I imagine, as I gazed upon that delicately moulded face, that the clouds of early sorrow would so soon overshadow the fair brow; that the white-robed bosom would so soon yearn with the pangs of an unrequited affection; that the azure eye and matchless cheek would be dimmed and stained with tears shed in secret; that they would be deluged with

the bitter waters of a bursting heart! But let me not anticipate.

Half an hour passed without a word having been spoken by either of us. The reflections which the picture had conjured up, kept me silent; and he read and re-read his letter, without noticing my pleasurable reverie. At length he said—“Well, you seem half-intoxicated; are you dizzy with rapture? if you feel any sensation from that little counterfeit, how could you gaze on the original? You would become an enthusiast and a worshipper at first sight, as I did. But I am too jocosose for such a sacred theme: and my pleasure is already damped by the reflection, that my *spirituelle* has, ere this, left America, in the packet of the 16th, for England. A vast estate has fallen to her father, there; and he, with his whole family, have repaired from Barton Hill to Ludgate Hill, or some other hill of London. Cruel girl! She was too affectionate to endure the emotion of a farewell, and wrote 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 aware that I eschew the whole of that Book which she holds so sacred. But we will not jar each other on that topic. I shall see her by June in the British metropolis. I might as well make my couch on that ardent grate, as to remain where she is not.”

I returned to him 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 eye of my friend glistened with gratification.

“There is never a sweet without its bitter,” he said, “often when that beloved girl and I have walked along the vernal shore of the lake which stretches along by the mansion of her father, as I gazed upon her speaking eye and sinless brow, I have thought myself utterly unworthy of her affection. She is too full of ethereal purity for my guilt-tainted soul. You know, what she does not, that I am a sceptic. Her ductile and elastic spirit is full of praise to God when she looks upon his works. Often has she spoken to me of the mercies of heaven, in making us so supremely happy in our love; and like all her sex, her woman's heart seems to forbode evil from the transitory nature of the things of this world. How many times, as we have reposed beneath the trellised vines of her father's garden, have I pressed her to my throbbing bosom, and kissed away the tears which sensibility had drawn to her cheek! But I am half-moralizing! It is a sombre theme, with all its delight; and I'll give it up for something more exhilarating. Do you love Burgundy?”

As he made this interrogation, he went to his closet, and drew forth a bottle of the *matériel* therefrom; he cut the wax from its top, and drawing a long cork from a *locum tenens* which it had held while in the south of France, and while tilted upon the Atlantic, he filled a glass and presenting it me, filled another for himself. I refused his offer to renew my draught, and soon after retired.

When I awoke in the morning, the room was full of the smoke of the lamp, and Graham had not been in bed. The wine had disappeared from the bottle, and the lamp was upset upon the miniature which he had laid upon the table, and it was broken. Graham was stupified with wine, and his face looked feverish and sick. The loss of his miniature was a source of deep regret; and he lamented it as a fearful omen for the future.

Three months from that morning Graham sailed for England. His education was by no means complete; but he was the idol of an indulgent and wealthy father, who had long favored his determination of making the tour of Europe. If I ever parted from a friend with regret, it was from Everard Graham. He had his faults; but maugre them all, I loved him. We vowed mutual and abiding friendship, and a constant correspon-

cence; and as my design of visiting England was well known and approved of by my parents, I hesitated not to pledge myself to meet him in the British metropolis, as soon as my minority should have expired.

Two years after, during which time I had not heard a word from my friend, I was in London. I will not attempt to describe my feelings as our majestic vessel glided up the Thames. It was a beautiful day in September, when I first saw at a distance the great cloud of smoke which overhung the British capital. Oddly enough, the weather was clear; and the yellow sun lit up the countless sails that were passing to and fro, with a singular beauty. In a short space, I found myself in Picket-street, in the neighborhood of Waterloo Bridge, and Temple Bar; anon, I was mingling with the restless crowd that moved along Fleet-street to Ludgate Hill. I soon saw St. Paul's—that mighty edifice, whose towering dome looks down upon the riches and poverty—the happiness and misery of near two millions of immortal souls.

I pass over the pleasure and the newness of enjoyment with which I looked upon the wonders of London, after my letters of introduction had been delivered, and my check had been honored by my banker. It was to me a kind of epoch, when I first saw the *pave* of Regent-street Quadrant, and when I walked up Great Russell-street to Drury Lane Theatre. The inquiries I had made among my friends for Graham, however, had all proved nearly ineffectual. He had brought introductory letters to some of them, and was known as a loungee at the New-England Coffee-House, previous to his leaving London for the Continent.

I was one day returning to my Hotel, after a visit to the famous Abbey of Westminster, when the thought struck me that I would return on the river. I accordingly chartered a small boat near Westminster Stairs, requesting to be "set down" at Waterloo Bridge. Through the dulness of my gondolier, who seemed a half-intoxicated, song-singing varlet, I was taken even past Blackfriars, and left at the foot of an obscure lane leading into Thames-street, whose lamps, already lighted, were twinkling in the distance. The first large and heavy drops of an approaching thunder shower incited me to haste; and the vivid flashes of lightning that ever and anon darted athwart the gloom, were "spurs to prick the sides of my intent." I hurried on; but the storm had already burst above me; and in a moment of hesitation, I paused and knocked at the low door of an obscure and dingy dwelling, whence the only light issued that I had witnessed since I left my tuneful Arion of the Thames. It was opened by a bloated, fierce looking female, who, in a gruff voice, asked me what I wanted? A loud peal of thunder drowned my reply. I pointed without, and the action seemed to content her. She marshalled me into a low back room, requesting me to step lightly as I entered. I followed her on tip-toe, and seated myself on a broken bench, by the dying embers of a flickering fire.

The apartment presented a cheerless picture of poverty and desolation. One or two mutilated chairs stood near a scantily furnished table in the centre of the room. In one corner, on a low mat, lay a poor emaciated form, apparently groaning in a troubled sleep. I drew near, and as the woman entered with a lamp, I was struck with astonishment. The face was pale but interesting; the eye-lids were of a dark purple, and the cheek hollow. Pressing his lips as if to nerve him to some imaginary conflict, he opened his eyes full upon me, as the light shone over his lowly pallet. Never shall I forget that look! The blood rushed rapidly to his high forehead—it retreated again to his heart, and left him deadly pale. He reached forth his hand, and in faltering accents pronounced my name. I

looked a moment in doubtful recognition; it was but for a moment; he pronounced the name of EVERARD GRAHAM. My head grew dizzy—my sight failed me, and I was insensible.

When I recovered, my once high-souled and honourable friend was a lifeless corpse before me. The struggle had been too powerful for him to endure, and life had ceased in its mighty influence. I made enquires of the unseemly being under whose roof I had taken shelter; and learned that he had for the past two months been an inmate of her miserable dwelling. His last half crown had been paid her the day before, and there remained no effects to compensate her for her attentions, if he had lived longer. There was only a packet in his hat, she said, and that she had made him a solemn promise to take to the London Post Office. She took down the hat, and handed me the packet. It was sealed with black, and bore my direction, with a line to the overseer of the London Post Office, requesting it to be sent to America. Finding my efforts ineffectual to persuade the woman that the packet bore my name, I purchased it from her at the price of a guinea; and leaving her a sufficient sum to defray the funeral obsequies of Graham, and promising to call early the next day, I departed on the cessation of the storm.

On reaching my Hotel, I dismissed my valet from my room, and throwing myself on a sofa, I opened the packet, and devoured its contents. It was smoky and mutilated; but I overcame the interlineations, and read as follows:

"London, October 18—

"To you, my dearly cherished friend, now that all hope of seeing you has passed away forever, may I now confide the secrets of the last two years of my awful life. I shudder to look back upon them; but there is no alternative. If this faintly written record should ever reach you, let it be to you the beacon of a mighty warning. I am dying in a foreign land, surrounded by many to whom I might apply for relief, were I not a midnight murderer, shunning the day, and an irreclaimable sot. The weight of my crimes has recoiled back upon my heart, with a keen and undying retribution. I have sown the winds of intemperance and unbelief—I am reaping the whirlwinds of unutterable monition. The fires of agonizing remorse are burning in my blood; the monitory voice of a struggling conscience is thundering in my ears, and I experience the enkindled pangs of a mental hell. Oh, God! with what direful punishment have my iniquities overwhelmed me! But I must on.

You know the secret of my early love. You know the embarkation of Emile Barton for England, and that I followed her soon. Oh, that I could describe to you the Eden of happiness that dawned upon me the first summer I spent in England. We were married; and time went by with his wings glittering in the pearls of hope, and his brow clothed in sunshine. We made a delightful tour on the continent, and returned with joyful hearts to our metropolitan home; and a lovely daughter was at last the pledge of our affection. But in an evil hour I surrendered myself to the demon of drunkenness, and he bound my bosom in fetters of iron. I became a frequenter of the *Hells*, in St. James'; a tippler of Johnson's spirits, at the Surry Theatre, and a stranger to my home. I wasted all my patrimony, and the splendid estate of my kind Emile, in one short week, at the gaming table. I reviled the Scriptures in her presence; I neglected our darling child—in short I became a madman.

I returned home one night, and found the bailiffs at my threshold. Our mansion in town was sold, and we rented a pleasant cottage in Hampstead. Here, if I would not have been more remorseless than the grave, I

should have paused upon my dark career. But I was too much depraved. I became more and more estranged from the angel of my youth; I repulsed her overflowing affection, and saw her fading away under the influence of my cruelty. She had renounced fashionable life for my sake, and it had been our intention to return to America, whither her parents had already gone, expecting us soon to follow.

Let me be brief. As I opened, one moonlit evening, the little gate that led up to our Hampstead residence, I saw my Emile leaning upon the shoulder of a young man, apparently weeping. A hellish suspicion that she had dishonored me, rushed upon my brain: and stealthily approaching, I drew a stiletto from my bosom and stabbed her to the heart. She turned and fixed upon me a look of alternate surprise, reproach and forgiveness—shrieked, and fell lifeless at my feet. It was her BROTHER.

I cannot long proceed. Since that fatal hour, I have been scorched with the lightnings of reproachful thought; I have been scathed and skulking fugitive in the house of a miserable fish-woman. My health is wasted—my hopes are dead; and the earth seems yawning to clasp me to its icy bosom.—Would that I were dead! Would to God that I could find that annihilation in which I once believed, but for which I have long ceased to hope! Twice have I swallowed poison; the potent drug has lain harmless within me: and God still bids me live and suffer. My wife is buried in a quiet church-yard at Hampstead; and my weakness has at last prevented me from indulging the mournful office of weeping at midnight over her peaceful grave. My child still lives; and is the fair and sunny image of her sainted mother. If she ever visits America, and this should reach you, do not—oh! do not acquaint her with the unhappy fate of her parents; of that father who was a wretch—of that spotless mother who loved me, "not wisely, but too well." I can — * * *

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 that bore her—and like her mother in her youth, beloved by all, and caressed with enthusiasm. She is the only light thrown upon her mother's sorrow, and her father's guilt.

A Commodore's Nephew.—Two or three years ago, a walking hour-glass, with a rail in his back, and a white handkerchief hanging half a yard out of his pocket, called at a post-office in the interior of this state, and inquired if there was a letter for the nephew of Commodore —. "What may be the gentleman's name?" asked the post-master.

"I am the man," replied the coxcomb. "Very likely, but what shall I call your name?"

"I'm the nephew of Commodore —, I tell you."

"That may be true, sir; but I cannot tell whether there is a letter for you, before I know your name."

"The d—! you can't! not tell if there's a letter for the nephew of Commodore —! Well, if you are so ignorant as that comes to, I'll employ some other post-master for the future, split me if I don't!"

A traveller on a miserably lean steed, was hailed by a yankee, who was hoeing his pumpkins by the road side. "Halloo, friend," said the farmer, "Where are you bound?" "I'm going out to settle in the western country," replied the other. "Well, get off and straddle this ere pumpkin vine—it will grow and carry you faster than that ere beast."

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TYRO—A TALE.

'Tis morn—and far the day-light dawn
Has stretch'd across the dewy lawn.
The wine still sparkles on the board
Where late a bacchanalian board
Carous'd 'till midnight—there was all
That need to deck a splendid hall—
But now the bacchanalian crew
Are gone away—and those, the few
Who still remain, are there to plan
Their self-defence—to kindle—fan
The flame of war—and ev'ry man
Must bravely stand or fall to-day—
For Bothwell's foes are on their way
To seek revenge for bloody crimes,
Stamp'd on his name in other times.

See, yonder comes a numerous host:
Who are they?—those he wish'd for most—
His friends have come, with armour bright
And glittering—anxious for the fight;
But woe to them who boldly dare
To tempt fierce Tyro's vengeance there.
His brawny arm untaught to yield,
Sweeps fearfully, on battle field.
Should they provoke his vengeful ire
His glance shall wither them—like fire
That bursting from the clouds on high,
Strike what it will, 'tis sure to die.

Hark! tumult reigns in Bothwell's halls,
That shakes its old decaying walls,
As if they'd tumble to the ground,
Amidst the loud contentious sound!
'Tis Tyro's foes assembled there,
They wait the conflict—nor despair—
But restless, anxious for the fray,
They chide the foeman's long delay.
But where the avenger's hardy band,
Who wield the sword with dexterous hand?
Lo! yonder comes their trusty bark
O'er the wide waters—as the lark
Sails through the air on pinions free,
So come they o'er the wide-spread sea;
And quickly muster on the field,
With hearts to meet, but not to yield.

'Tis Tyro's band,
With anxious heart, and ready hand—
He comes with vengeance o'er the main
To plead the cause of warriors slain—
Not with vain words in friend's defence;
He pleads with sabre-eloquence.
His marshall'd band spread wide and deep,
And when they move 'tis like the sweep
Of furious whirlwinds rushing by—
'Till horse and rider weltering lie.
His father's foes, whose treacherous smiles
Hid from his view their secret wiles,
Are near at hand—and Tyro's power,
Shall meet them ere another hour.

"Gird on the helmet sword and spear"—
Spake Tyro—"for we combat here—
"And ere the setting of the sun,
"We'll have the work of slaughter done."
His eyes shot lightning as his glance
View'd Bothwell's foremost ranks advance—
For Bothwell's legions rolled along,
A host in numbers, fierce and strong.

"On to the charge!"—exclaim'd the chief,
For Tyro's words were few and brief—
And waving his bright falchion high,
While streams of fire flash'd from his eye,
And on his brow a withering scowl,
Grew darker 'neath his dusky cowl.—
He thought upon his father, slain
Upon the present battle-plain—
And spake again, with thundering sound,
"On to the charge!"—and with a bound

He met his foeman's quick advance,
Nor quail'd beneath his threatening glance;
For thoughts were working in his soul,
That hosts of foes could not control.
Before him stood the murderous band,
Who slew his sire with treacherous hand.
Redeeming vengeance fir'd his breast,
And thus the Tyrant he address'd:—

"Know'st thou, bold warrior, on this plain
"By treacherous hand, my sire was slain?
"Maro, his name—and I his son,
"Will pluck the laurels thou hast won.
"Lay down thy arms—desert the field—
"Or meet an arm untaught to yield!"
Bothwell return'd a scornful glance,
As 'twere that they had met by chance—
And carelessly the chief he eyed,
As haughtily he thus repli'd:—

"I yield to thee?—for shame! away,
"Nor wait the issue of the fray—
"Thy strength cannot compete with mine—
"My sword is better, far, than thine—
"And I a man, advanc'd in years,
"Beyond the reach of childish fears.
"I'll leave the field when I have seen
"Yourself and band, as Maro's been—
"Laid weltering in their crimson gore—
"Then will I leave, and not before!"

"Then meet thy doom,"—his words were brief:
Then flash'd the blade of either chief
As from each glaive in conflict dire,
Roll'd one continued stream of fire.
His phalanx firm, had Tyro kept,
Mid conflict, where the sabre swept
Destruction fierce—on ev'ry side,
Roll'd down life's latest sanguine tide.
And now the sun had reach'd his height,
And gaz'd upon the bloody fight
Full four long hours—yet sabres flash
Beneath his rays—and onward dash,
In furious onset, Bothwell's men—
And shouts re-echo through the glen.
Still undismay'd did Tyro's force
Withstand their fierce impetuous course.
As mountain-rocks withstand the rush
Of bursting fountains, as they gush
From their deep caves, down the hill-side—
A fierce, impetuous, rushing tide—
So stood he—firm beneath the shock,
As the deep-rooted mountain-rock.
Now darker fell fierce Bothwell's frown
From hazel eyes, and visage brown;
On Tyro's face it fiercely fell,
As if his warlike soul 'twould quell.
But there were thoughts he might not see
Beneath that brow—so frank and free
To stranger's view; and as his lance
He calmly pois'd, he met the glance
Of Bothwell. Darkening in his ire,
His eye return'd him fire for fire.

Woe! to his father's murderer now,
For deadlier vengeance knits his brow—
And rising in his giant strength,
Had then his foeman laid at length,
But that his lance then snapp'd—it broke!
What now shall Tyro do? invoke
His foe to spare?—No, Tyro's heart
Ne'er acted yet so base a part.
Ere Bothwell well could note the wrong,
Came Tyro's sabre forth—and strong
The arm that wields—beneath it fell
Ere this, full many an infidel,
Now rage the arms on either side,
Some strike for life, and some for pride—
And Tyro, rising in his might,
By one fierce thrust, his sabre bright
Pierc'd Bothwell's heart!—his eyes grow dim,

And seem on vacancy to swim.
That deadly thrust has seal'd his doom,
And ne'er again shall his bright plume
Wave proudly o'er that brow of fame—
No more shall he assert the claim
Of Conqueror—his lowly bed,
Must now be made among the dead!

Then chang'd the scene. Their leader slain,
In wild confusion o'er the plain
His army flies—no more they brave
Their foeman's phalanx—he who gave
Their all of valor, there display'd,
Is on the earth supinely laid.

"On! strike the fugitives!" exclaim'd
The chief who now the victory claim'd—
"My father's blood!" rang on the air,
And nerv'd their arms to smite, nor spare!
Oh! 'twas a mournful sight to see
The vanquish'd host despairing flee—
Their deadly foeman's vengeful train
Spring o'er the corpses of the slain
In wild pursuit—at ev'ry breath
Sending some fugitive to death!
Till sunk the sun, and dismal night,
Ended the fearful, bloody fight.

* * * * *
The strife is o'er—the battle done—
'Twas bravely fought—and bravely won—
And many a blood-stain'd shield,
Lies scatter'd on that field of strife,
That battle-field—with carnage rife;
Where man disputed man for life,
Where heroes might not yield—
And on the blood-ensanguin'd plain,
Lay strew'd the corpses of the slain
Of that eventful day—
And not an eye looks on the scene,
Where late so deadly strife has been,
For all are cold and still, I ween—
All—reckless of the fray.

LARA.

NATURAL ELOQUENCE.——"Who is it," said
the jealous Ruler of the desert, encroached
on by the restless foot of English adventure;
"who is it that causes this river to rise in the
high mountains, and to empty itself into the
ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the
loud winds of winter, and that calms them in
summer? Who is it that rears up the shades
of those forests, and blasts them with the
quick lightning at his pleasure? The same
Being which gave you a country, at the other
side of the waters, and gave ours to us: and
by this title we will defend it," said the War-
rior, throwing down his tomahawk upon
the ground, and raising the war-sound of his
nation.—From the Notes to a Speech delivered by
Mr. Steel, at Limerick.

SINGULAR CUSTOM.—The following custom is
said to prevail at Munich.

Every child found begging in the streets is
arrested, and carried to a charitable establish-
ment. The moment he enters the hospital,
and before he is cleansed, and gets the new
clothes intended for him, his portrait is paint-
ed in his ragged dress, and precisely as he
was found begging. When his education is
finished in the hospital, his portrait is given to
him, and he promises by an oath to keep it all
his life; in order that he may be reminded of
the abject condition from which he had been
rescued; of the obligation he owes to the in-
stitution which saved him from misery, and
gave him the means by which he was enabled
to avoid it in future.

MAXIMS.—Wear your learning like your
watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it
out to show that you have one; but if you are
asked what o'clock it is, tell it.—There is no
policy like politeness—and a good manner is
the best thing in the world either to get a good
name, or to supply the want of it.

The person who selected the following and sent it to us for an insertion, will receive our thanks. We invite a continuance from the same source, and should also be well pleased with any original articles he may please to communicate.

HISTORY OF GENIUS AND TASTE; AN ALLEGORY.

Founded in the History of Ancient Literature.

Genius was born in Egypt, towards the close of that happy period, when the gods swayed the sceptre o'er 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, or 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 attracted no less the attention of the multitude, than did 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 partiality of his father, seemed to foretell his future accession to the throne of Egypt.

As might be expected, therefore, a plot was laid for his destruction; and, indeed, through some infelicity, either in the climate or manner of life, he seemed to be sickly. He was, no doubt, formed for too much festivity and exertion, to flourish under the relaxing ardors of an African sun.

Mercury at length, tho' with great reluctance, yielded to the imperious dictation of necessity, and, calling to him his favorite son, signified to him that he must leave his native country. He gave him all the necessary instructions for his perigrinations, which he 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 of his travels, and having assured him 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, bespangled with stars; and it was the peculiar advantage of his dress, that it would never tarnish or decay. As Genius had been educated in the same school with the children of Mars and Apollo, he was a proficient in all the graces of the palestra—in all the gymnastic exercises, and he understood the use of every weapon; yet took none with him, but a bow, and a quiver whose arrows were never exhausted. These he could use if necessary, for his support, or defence; and, at all times, for his amusement. A garland of laurel and amaranth covered his head and shaded his temples.

Thus equipped, Genius forsook Egypt, and travelled eastward. In crossing the isthmus of Suez he first fell among the Hebrew nation, inhabiting the land of Canaan. He left them some monuments of the grandeur of his mind, and indeed, had he not been destined to visit greater nations, and extend his genial influence over larger portions of mankind, he seems to have been willing to have made there a permanent residence.

Genius made no stay in Arabia or Assyria. In his perigrinations thro' those nations, he merely scattered some rude characters of Egyptian science, and posted on to Persia, from which he was in equal haste to be gone. When he crossed the noble Indus, he found himself so disgusted with an indolent, effeminate people, that he procured himself transported thro' all India in a covered chariot, that he might escape impertinence, and expedite his journey.

He proceeded on to China; but what reception he met with there, how long he remained, or with whom he cultivated an intimacy, history does not determine. The most that we can learn of his adventures in that

country, is, that he met with opposition from several powerful champions, whose names were, if I mistake not, Prejudice, Ignorance, Economy, Experience and Habit. These powerful demagogues formed a junto, and placed Experience at their head, which combination, tho' perhaps accidental at first, grew at length into an institution of such extent and solidity, as forever to hold the human mind in abject slavery.

While Genius was deliberating whether he should next direct his course, he received advices from his father, recommending his departure for Greece. Without regret therefore, he abandoned a country, in which he had so long repined, and often sickened; where the calm and fertile plains of Asia, loaded with the cumbrous pomp of luxurious magnificence, were likely to inebriate the mind, and rouse into action nothing but the ambition of conquerors, and to give sharpness and rigor to nothing but the terrors of despotic power.

He now felt all his powers revive as he approached the hills and valleys of delightful Greece. His form acquired new beauties, and his robes additional lustre, while he hastened to be introduced to the Muses, whom as yet, he had never seen. Calliope and Clio were delegated from that lovely circle, to welcome his arrival. They met him at the foot of Parnassus, and with cordial salutations, fascinating smiles and accomplishments, offered to conduct him to the summit, where the rest of the Parian sisters were waiting to receive him.

But Genius, mindful of the instructions of his divine parent, modestly declined, for the present, so distinguished an honor; preferring an introduction to them singly, and less formal. This he begged might be accomplished by Calliope, from time to time, as she saw him duly prepared for the interview.—For, indeed, the free, noble, and sprightly air of that immortal nymph, had deeply engaged the attention, and won the confidence of the youth.

Clio was, indeed, very lovely, but the grace and dignity of her address, was far less charming to Genius, than the majestic but fanciful figure, the melodious voice, and intrepid elegance of the heroic muse.

As they ascended the mountain, Genius felt a pleasure before unknown. The hill was both steep and high, but like the progress of fire towards Heaven, the youth thus attended, and supported, seemed to rise without exertion. In the midst of a scene so charming, when the music of birds, the murmur of romantic rivulets, and the gentle wanderings of the grove, filled the air with a wild and artless melody—no prospect was ever more rich, grand and enchanting. The flourishing verdure of nature, variegated in hill and dale, rivers seen meandering at a distance, thro' open vistas, and among mountains, whose summits tower above the clouds, presented before him some of the finest touches, and grandest lines of Nature's pencil.

After ascending far towards the elevated summit, they turned aside to a grotto, which Apollo had ordered to be dressed and decorated for the reception and future accommodation of Genius. Tho' formed by the hand of nature, its inner recesses excelled even the proportions of art. The apartment seemed cut out of a rock of porphyry, stratified with irregular waves of gold and azure, resembling the colors of the sky, and ocean, at the rising of the sun.

Till this interesting moment Genius had neither known the extent of his powers, nor the nature of its perfections.

On entering this grotto, he was surprised to perceive it filled with a glorious, but mild lustre, which always faded away when he retired. The Muses smiled at his surprise, and informed him that he derived the power and privilege of being the luminary of his own

grotto, from his consanguinity to the sun, and, moreover, that whoever in his absence should attempt to enter it with an artificial light, would find it a perfect dungeon.

Calliope found it no easy matter to repress the curiosity of her sisters, till the moment of their introduction arrived. Each of them was desirous of obtaining a new admirer—a passion from which, even immortal bosoms are not free. They appeared before Genius in those robes, ornaments and graces, in which they usually attended the assembly of the Gods, in the chambers of Jove.

But Genius, (tho' conscious of his high descent,) from his long retirement and seclusion from celestial beings, in addition to his natural reserve, had become diffident. From those visits, in general, he derived little pleasure, and was rather dazzled with their lustre, than captivated with their charms. Euterpe seemed to him to be greatly wanting in dignity of character; Thalia was too voluptuous and sensual; Terpsichore, too vain, airy and trifling; Erato, too languishing and effeminate; Polyhymnia, too void of greatness and elevation of sentiment; Urania, too cold, prudish and scientific; Clio too uniform, serious and stately; and Melpomene too solemn and mournful. None but Calliope possessed those charms which rendered the frequency of her visits desirable and interesting.

Genius soon perceived in her the indubitable marks of sincere and high attachment. He fancied, indeed, that more was indicated, than the ardor of common friendship; for, it must be owned, that if he had any foible, it was vanity. In short, he at length sincerely believed, that the Queen of the Muses was in love with him. Improving, therefore, a favorable opportunity to disclose his passion, he made bold to offer her his hand in marriage. The Goddess, with a benignant smile assured him, that unalterable destiny forbade her uniting her fortunes with those of any one, whether human or divine.

Arguments enforced with eloquence, irresistible as her charms, compelled his understanding to assent to her commanding reasons, from which at times he revolted. She often assured him of her inviolable regard, and that on a better acquaintance with her sisters, he would be convinced that they were equally worthy of his esteem, and that he would be entitled to equal affection from them all. But what she now insisted on, was, that the Gods would provide a companion, in whose friendship and society, he would forget all other attachments and experience the purest felicity.

It is the privilege of the offspring of the Gods, to be exempted from the lasting torments of disappointment and despair. Genius bore this repulse with a fortitude not unworthy of his name, yet the soft sensations of melancholy would steal upon his mind, like a transient cloud over a summer's sky. Calliope was then in her youth, and by far the loveliest of the Muses. The celestials often gazed upon her with admiration, and all the nymphs and graces beheld her with envy and jealousy, and the Queen of Beauty could hardly be admired in her presence. When seen at a distance, thro' the Parnassian bowers, approaching the grotto of Genius, she appeared like the morning star, decorating the first blushes of Aurora.

The days of Genius, however, now passed on with felicity. No conceivable circumstance could have heightened the elegance of his rural habitation, or the refined pleasures of his amusements. Around him lay some of the fairest scenes in Nature; below him flourished a country, inhabited by a free and happy people, whose towns and villages "overspread the wide domain," and regaled the eye, when wearied in contemplating "the wild luxuriance of Nature." Not far above him were the bowers of the Muses, whose melodious lays, sometimes accompanied by the harp of

Apollo, wafted to his listening ear along the stilly breeze of night. [To be continued.]

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE PICTURE.

She was truly fair, wild and young,
And gentle words upon her tongue
Were always playing:
Her lip was pure—an angel's slip
Might there, *by stealth*, delighted sip
Young kisses straying.

Her eye—I ne'er could paint its light—
All tremor, yet so laughing bright
And archly meaning,
That one might think, in every glance
Her eye would beam, that LOVE; by chance,
His darts was screening.

And flowrets vied upon her cheek
(The rose and violet) which should speak
Its beauty clearest.

Her lip, and eye, and cheek, all, all
Were young and pure—to passion's call
The wildest, dearest.

LOTHAIRE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

A CHARACTER.

*** His nerves trembled, as 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 knelt and prayed earnestly commencing with "Our Father"—Oh! how I pitied that heart which could dare to approach its Maker in prayer, with such a load of guilt rankling there! I do not mean that poor, sinful mortals should not go to their heavenly Father in all their sinfulness, and with meekness and humility implore his kind protection and blessing—nay there is the place to go. But when we ask to be cleansed of our sins, and then rise from our knees to plunge again into the same—oh! how much of insult, and self-condemnation is there in that supplication!

The next day I saw that man again. The intoxicating bowl was again within his palsied, grasp—and that same sin from which he had so fervently prayed to be delivered, was again indulged in;—and thus it is with him—He professes to be a follower of Him who was meek, and lowly, and spotless; yet estranged from the house of God, its sacred comforts, and its solemn feasts—on the high road to destruction—the road of intoxication, and hand in hand with despair! Oh! where shall such men appear,

"When love abus'd to wrath shall turn,
And the whole earth, like Sinai burn!"

ADRIAN.

ATHEISM.—The existence of God is stamped in the most legible characters on the whole economy of nature—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.' Let the gloomy atheist open his eyes that he may see, and unstop his ears that he may hear, and let him go forth and stand beneath the cerulean arch of heaven, surrounded by all the wonders of creation, and his proud philosophy will be rebuked—"I AM," is inscribed on the scroll of nature spread before and around him—there is an admonition comes up from the solitude of the forest—there is a voice in the breath from the hills—there is a language in the rustling leaf—there is a hand writing on the rocks; there is an expression in the silence of inanimate creation, to confute his false reasoning and reprove his errors; and there is stamped on every object above and around some attribute of the Creator, to inspire his admiration and command his reverence.

And not only is the existence of God revealed in his works, but he is made manifest as "the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity;" He who creates all things, himself must be uncreated, existing in infinite majesty living in the eternity of his own nature, reigning in the plenitude of his own omnipotence; forever sending forth the word which creates, supports and governs all things.

Curious names of the 19th Century.—The eccentric manner of giving names to children during the times of the civil wars in England when the commonwealth party seemed to desire to exhibit their piety in every thing is truly remarkable. In the Little Parliament, one of the most active members was Mr. Barebones. Of this family, there were three brothers, each of whom had a sentence for his name, viz: 'Praise-God Barebone;' 'Christ-came-into-the-world-to-save Barebone;' and 'If-Christ-had-not-died-thou-hadst-been-damned Barebone!' Another: Through-much-tribulation-we-enter-into-the-kingdom-of-heaven Clapp. It was said that the genealogy of our Saviour might be learnt from the names in Cromwell's regiments, and that the muster master used no other list than the first chapter of Matthew. A jury was returned in the county of Sussex of the following names:—Accepted Trevor; Redeemed Compton; Faint Not Hewit; Make-peace Heaton; God-reward Smart; Stand-fast-on-high Stringer; Earth Adams; Called Lower; Kill-sin Pimple; Return Spellman; Be-faithful Joyner; Fly-debate Robert; Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith White; More-fruit Fowler; Hope-for Bending; Graceful Harding; Weep-not Billings; Meek Brewer.

CUSTOMS.—At the balls in Brazil both the cavaliers and their dark-eyed partners dance ungloved. 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.

RELIGIOUS STRUCTURE.—There is to be seen in the town of Carnad in France, immense ranges of upright stones, about four thousand in number, disposed in straight lines, about 30 feet distant from each other. The highest of these stones rise about 22 feet above the surface. They stand on a sandy plain where there is no species of vegetation. Their history is not known, but it is supposed, that they are the remains of some religious structure.

RAILROADS.—A friend of ours who has just returned from the east, says there is a railroad from Geneva to Canandaigua. Every man is obliged to shoulder a rail and assist in prying up the stage!

Indian Retort.—A few years ago, a professor of religion in the Midland District, who owned a distillery, reprov'd an intoxicated Mohawk for getting drunk, telling him that he must not do it, that it was very wicked, &c. The Indian replied, "You very good man. Me very good Christian. You make whiskey—Me drink it." The reprover was silent.

CONUNDRUMS.—Why is the President calling one of his Secretaries, like a man encouraging a glutton?

Because he says *Eat on*.

Why is a person groping about in a dark room for a friend, like humanity?

Because it is a *fellow-feeling for a fellow-creature*.

Why is the letter D. cut in two in the middle, like a deceased person?

Because it is *de-parted*.

EPITAPH ON MR. MILES.

This tombstone is a milestone—Hah! how so? Because beneath lies Miles—who's miles below; A little man he was, a dwarf in size, But now stretched out, at least miles long he lies. His grave though small, contains a space so wide, It has Miles in breadth, and Miles in length beside.

A long Horse.—A traveller who rode a horse of very large size, and especially of uncommon length, lately stopped at a public house in the western part of Massachusetts, and ordered his steed to be put into the stable. Feeling anxious for the comfort of his four-footed companion, he afterwards inquired of the hostler if he had put up his horse as he directed. "Why yes," said Currycomb, "I've put up one *end* of him." "One *end* of him!" exclaimed the traveller, "and what have you done with the other *end*, as you call it?" "Why hang me," said the hostler, "if I could get the whole of him into the stable, so I left the other *end* out in the orchard."

Coming to the PINT.—"Madam," said an old toper, "have you any water in the house, that you can give a poor man a drink of beer, tho' I like cider best, and should like a little whiskey. I very seldom get no cider at all at home; my orchard is very small, consisting of but *one* scattering tree."

Hard Cider.—"Why, dear me, Mr. Long-swallow," said a good lady, "how can you drink down a whole quart of that are dreadful hard cider at a single draught?" As soon as the man could breathe again, he replied, "I beg pardon, madam, but upon my soul it was so hard *I could'nt bite it off*."

Genteel Living.—A shabby looking gentleman, who seldom inquired the price of soap, and whose fashionable clothes appeared to be none the better for wear, was, a few nights since, arraigned before the city watch for disorderly conduct. On the question being asked him, "Who and what are you?" he replied, "I am a gentleman, damme!"

"Where do you reside?"

"I enjoy Corporation living, Sir—I eat in a market-house, and lodge under a draw-bridge!"

ORATORS.

And 'tis remarkable, that they
Talk most who have the least to say;
Your daily speakers have the curse
To plead their causes down to worse:—
As dames, who native beauty want,
Still uglier look the more they paint.

Prior's Alma.

INTEMPERANCE.—Distress and drinking act and re-act on one another, Distress, whether produced by vice or misfortune, leads to dram-drinking and intoxication; and dram-drinking and intoxication are sure in their turn to redouble and perpetuate the sufferings in which they originated.

THE GEM.

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 2d 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 an interesting and useful Literary Journal—and as our limits are not now as circumscribed as formerly, we shall endeavour 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 labours.

We have enclosed a number of copies of the Gem to individuals not residing near an agent.—Those therefore, who may receive this, and who 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 its 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 that 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 justly 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 twenty Dollars. It is beautifully written, and cannot fail to be read with a deep and thrilling interest. The editor also offers the following

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

For the best moral Tale, which shall exhibit the deleterious consequences of vice in the most vivid colours, FORTY DOLLARS—for the second best, TWENTY DOLLARS. They must be forwarded free of expense, previous to the first of June.

Persons who remit five dollars, shall receive six copies—and any one who remits twenty dollars shall receive twenty-five copies for one year.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following pieces are received from correspondents, the authors of which are informed that they are all carefully preserved for publication, and will appear from time to time, as we shall deem proper.

The Deaf Boy—The Offering—The Cross—The Recall—The Dying Mother to her Infant—To —, Take back, &c.—Oh! might I Die—The Bride—Stanzas—Sketch—Song—Retrospection—The Sunset of Battle—To Maria, on parting—A Sketch—Address to the Owasco Falls—Bloody Corners—The Robbers—&c.

We invite a continuance from our present correspondents, and hope for accessions. W. H. W. is again invited to our columns.

We have received "An Ode on the death of Sam Patch." We would gladly publish almost any piece from that author, but we think that he himself will say, enough on that subject has already been published.

Credit by running away.—We find, on looking over our book, this appellation set 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 of 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 chage of a paper on the Niagara Frontier.—We publish it, not because we think it any thing superior, but for the particular benefit of those who were there present. It was a gathering of kindred spirits, and the occasion was one that will be ever bright on the page of memory. But there is a sadness that creeps into the mind at the thought—where are they now? "Death's doings" have been among them—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 were, his ship has been reduced to a single plank in the broad ocean of life! That plank is his heart, 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 like oarsmen, look one way and row the other. Lastly, may type never trouble the printer, by getting into pi—may justice be evened with the mallet and plain-er—may the liberty of the Press never feel the chase of oppression, nor be locked up in tyranny—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—may 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 overrun him; but as old Adam made an out in all creation by the fall, may we at last, find our lines of conduct so wide spaced and so correct withal, 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 undisguising monitor will recall scenes of hidden anguish—scenes that we would were buried in oblivion; and scenes, too, that even memory would forget, were it not that truth is counsellor.

I remember a little incident—I know tis 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 sunny years, and I not yet two more. It was spring, and we had rambled to the woods in search of the first young flowers:—she 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, eager 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 cull 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 harder than I meant, but I was vexed 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 coat, 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; 'twas purely pity frightened from her heart. My pride was checked but not humbled, and crushing the 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 stood beside her mother baring her pained arm. When asked the cause she merely said "Lothaire," and burst into tears, but I felt all she would have said, and ran to ask her pardon. She clung that swollen arm around my neck, and I knew I was forgiven.

LOTHAIRE.

"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 confess, he added, 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 mislead others. The condition of human nature would be lamentable indeed, if nothing less than the greatest learning and talents, which fall to the share of so small a number of men, were sufficient to direct our judgement 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.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

'TWAS BUT A DREAM.

"But 'tis not so;—

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing."—Shak.

Reclin'd upon my downy bed,
Recruiting nature's brittle thread,
In solitude of night;
Entranc'd with midnight fantasy,
The land of my nativity,
Came hovering o'er my memory,
With rapturous delight.

I left my comrades far behind,
And sought my native kin to find,
Far o'er the hills did roam—
I rode the rugged mountain o'er,
And trode the crooked path before,
And stood beside the cottage door
Of my paternal home.

My heart responded, as I thought
Kind providence had safely brought
My footsteps to the place—
Gently I rapp'd—no voice did hear—
I op'd the door, a sister, dear,
There met me with a welcome cheer,
And gave one fond embrace:—

The joy that beam'd throughout my soul,
As when one tender kiss I stole,
Reality did seem;—

I sought to utter loud applause,
My anxious strife such struggles caus'd,
I wak'd from slumbering—look'd—and paus'd—
Alas! 'twas but a dream!

Z.

AN INDIAN STORY.

It was a sultry evening towards the last of June, 1722, that capt. Harmon and his eastern rangers urged their canoes up the Kennebec river, in pursuit of their savage enemies. For hours they toiled diligently at the oar—the last trace of civilization was left behind—and the long shadows of the skirting forests met and blended in the middle of the broad stream that wound darkly through them. At every sound from the adjacent shores—the rustling wing of some night-bird, or the quick footsteps of some wild beast—the dash of the oar was suspended, and the ranger's grasp tightened on his rifle. All knew the peril of the enterprize; and that silence, which is natural to men who feel themselves in the extreme of mortal jeopardy, settled like a cloud upon the midnight adventurers.

"Hush! hush!—softly, men!" said the watchful Harmon, in a voice which scarcely rose above a hoarse whisper, as his canoe swept round a ragged promontory, "there's a light ahead!"

All eyes were bent towards the shore. A tall Indian fire gleamed up amidst the great oaks, casting a red and strong light upon the dark waters. For a single and breathless moment the operation of the oar was suspended; and every ear listened with painful earnestness to catch the well known sounds, which seldom failed to indicate the proximity of savages. But all was now silent. With slow and faint movements of the oar, the canoes gradually approached the suspected spot. The landing was effected in silence. After moving cautiously for a considerable distance in the dark shadow, the party at length ventured within the broad circle of the light which at first attracted their attention. Harmon was at their head, with an eye and a hand, quick as the savage enemy whom he sought.

The body of a fallen tree lay across the path. As the rangers were on the point of leaping over it, the hoarse whisper of Harmon again broke the silence. "God of heaven!" he exclaimed, pointing to the tree—"See here!—'tis the work of the cursed red skins!"

A smothered curse growled on the lips of the rangers, as they bent grimly forward in the direction pointed out by their commander. 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, who had regained his usual calmness and self-command, prepared them for a less speedy, but more certain triumph. Cautiously passing over the fearful obstacle in the pathway, 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 twenty 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 intoxication. Occasionally a grim warrior among them started half upright, grasping his tomahawk, as if to combat some vision of his disordered brain, but unable to shake off the stupor from his senses, uniformly fell back into his former position.

The rangers crept nearer. As they bent their keen eyes along their well-trieved rifles, each felt perfectly secure of his aim. They waited for the signal of Harmon, who was endeavoring to bring his long musket to bear upon the head of the most distant of the savages.

"Fire!" he at length exclaimed, as the sight of his piece interposed full and distinct between his eye and the wild scalp-lock of the Indian. "Fire, and rush on!"

The sharp voice of thirty rifles thrilled through the heart of the forest. There was a groan—a smothered cry—a wild convulsive movement among the sleeping Indians, and all again was silent.

The rangers sprung forward with their clubbed muskets and hunting knives; but their work was done. The red men had gone to their last audit before the Great Spirit; and no sound was heard among them, save the gurgling of the hot blood from their lifeless bosoms.

A large Establishment.—In London there is a brewery containing 71 large vats for the purpose of storing beer after it is manufactured. The smallest vat in this establishment contains 3000 barrels, and the largest 20,000. They are all about 27 feet high; the largest is 67 feet in diameter; a coach and four might turn round in it, and a vessel of one hundred tons might float on the surface of the liquor; it is begirt with iron hoops, the smallest of which weighs a ton, and the largest three tons; a numerous pleasure party has dined in the vat; it cost £10,000 sterling; the liquor which it holds is worth £40,000; and of course, when filled, it is worth £50,000. This establishment has manufactured in one year, 170,403 barrels of beer.

USEFUL SCRAPS.

If great change is to be made in human affairs, the mind of men will be fitted to it, the general opinions and feelings will draw that way. Every fear, every hope will forward it; and then, they who persist in opposing this mighty current of human affairs, will appear to resist the decrees of Providence itself, than the mere designs of men. They will not be resolute and firm, but perverse and obstinate.—Burke.

Flattery is a sort of bad money, to which our vanity gives currency.—Locke.

TIME.—An Italian philosopher expresses in his motto, that time was his estate; an estate indeed which will prove nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labors of industry, and generally satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.—Rambler.

A FOP.

Nature made every fop to plague his brother,
Just as one beauty mortifies another.....Pope.

The following persons are appointed Agents for the Gem, and will forward subscriptions when called upon.

- Albion, N. Y. John Kempshall.
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THE GEM,

A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.

2d VOLUME—ENLARGED.

The proprietors of the above publication, from the liberal patronage bestowed upon it, have concluded to present the 2d Volume in an improved form. The establishment of the Gem was an experiment, to arouse, if possible, the Genius of the West; and the proprietors are proud in saying that the West has responded to the call, and winged its infant flight far beyond their most sanguine expectations. The field is ample; and though not cultivated as highly as older soils, yet there are in it flowers of the choicest kinds, whose peculiar qualities are enhanced, perhaps, by the hawthorns that overshadow them. We have culled some of them, with which we have graced our first volume—and hope in the coming year, to present entire nosegrays from the western fields. For this purpose, our sheet will be enlarged to double the size of the present publication, which will afford room for a greater variety of matter, and we hope, therefore, be more acceptable to our patrons. We confidently hope that we shall be sustained in our undertaking, and that our friends will manifest their former zeal for the advancement of the Literature of the West.

TERMS, &c.

The Gem will be published semi-monthly, on a Royal sheet quarto, and calculated for binding. The price will be One dollar and fifty cents per year—One dollar payable in advance, and the remainder at the end of six months. All subscriptions for less than a year, must be paid in advance. Agents allowed every sixth copy, or 10 per cent.

The Volume will commence on the 1st of May next, and all wishing to commence with the 1st No. will be careful to forward their names before the commencement of the vol.

All Letters and Communications must be addressed to the subscriber, post-paid.

EDWIN SCRANTOM.

Editors with whom we exchange, will please give the above a few insertions in their papers.

THE GEM,

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY JOURNAL.

BE OURS THE PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 2.

ROCHESTER, MAY 15, 1830.

VOL. II!

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

RHAPSODY.

There is a kind of holy thought,
Which mortal tongue cannot express;
With highest, holiest feelings fraught—
The soul's unearthly happiness.

It blooms within the virtuous mind,
A purely bright, unclouded day—
And round the heart by grace refin'd,
It sheds a bright, pellucid ray.

'Tis something far beyond the reach
Of mortal's feeble powers to tell;
'Tis something mortals cannot teach—
A holy, deep, unbounded spell.

LARA.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

A SKETCH.

"I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To cheer me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die."

I had wandered far away from the harrowing scenes of life, and lingered alone where the dead slumber. I had gone out from among the actors on the stage of this busy world, and sought the cold, cheerless, comfortless charnel of mortality. The worm was at his banquet, and the gilded snake had found its feast. All the dark reptiles of the grave were at their silent work of destruction, revelling out their life on the highest, noblest work of God. But there were kindlier things than these, even in that sad place where all the slumberers slept so helplessly. The gilded urn was there with its bitter inscription, telling where an affectionate wife and another slept. There, too, was the simple stone which marked the spot where some beloved child lay in its last repose, and the pure slab which told the tale, too sad, where a fond and beloved husband slumbered. To some low graves there was no speaking monument, but violets, soft and fragrant, bloomed out their little day in that lone spot, and then the mound was desolate. Graves from a span to man's extremest length were scattered there.

I had sought this sad retreat when the sun was high, and when the twilight came I lingered yet. Wrapt in my own sad thoughts, I was unconscious to all around until I was disturbed by the sound of footsteps. I was not, however, discovered. I saw before me two beings, far too beautiful to be in that dread place. They were a brother and sister. The sister looked as if her abode was marked, and she had come to see where she was about to rest. Pale and decaying, she seemed but a shadow of herself. They stopped at the grave of a young artist who had found the winter of death in the bright summer of his life, and strangers had laid him away there forever. The youth knelt down to decypher the inscription on the pure slab before them. The bright moon shone out on his pale forehead, as the sighing wind played

among his dark hair. I never saw any thing on earth so lovely—the girl looked up at the bright stars and wept. The timid creature would have gone, but Edward said not yet. He knew not how sad it was to linger in a place like that, when decay had commenced its work. That bright being knew that she should soon become a tenant of that desolated place. She spoke of dying, and her brother tried to soothe her but he could not. Yet she was calm, and spoke of her last resting place, as if 'twas not to her, the fearful thing that shakes the strongest nerves, unmans the firmest hearts, and causes a thrill of unbidden fear to steal along the remotest recesses of the soul—as if she thought not of the cold earth, and the dark worm, ~~the~~ coming judgement.

* * * * *
Scarcely had one little year elapsed—the flowers had lost their foliage, and the winds of autumn sighed through the trees, when I saw that youth kneeling at another grave, and then I knew that death had done its work. I knew that his fairer sister lived no more, but had gone down to the home of the dead—cold and still as the oldest tenant of that lonely spot. They said it was not disease that laid her low: no, she had drank deep of this world's woe and gall, and died of *her own bitterness!*

ROSAMOND.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

ADDRESS TO GENESSEE FALLS.

Child of Nature! although thou hast many rivals, thou art not devoid of beauty, or the faculty of imparting pleasure to those who will receive it. There is something so grand, lively, and yet so solemn in view of thee, that the soul is wrapt in volumes of thought, and led through the mazy paths of fancy. At times, thou seemest like some mighty torrent, rushing from the top of a stupendous mountain, and carrying every thing before thee to thy deep abyss. Again, nothing can be seen, but a clear little rivulet, floating gently along, with nothing to impede its course save the dark gulf below, where it hides itself. Thou art ever beautiful, but more so when the Queen of night has spread her "silvery mantle" over the face of nature. Then thy roaring, gentle as it is, awakens a soul of poetry, and fills it with high and noble thoughts.

THERESA.

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 comes every other day."

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

LORENZO GREY.

"Bear hence that loathsome corpse," said Count Blaint to his two servants who were in the secret; "but hark ye, if ever mortal ear should know a lisp of this night's doings, remember that this hand can strike again. Away! be silent, and be rewarded."

"Aye, aye sir!" said Malcomb, as he assisted his fellow to raise the body; and bearing it upon their shoulders, they disappeared in the wood.

"Thank God!" resumed the Count, "that officious boy has looked his last. One blow more and all difficulties dissolve; then, Isora, thy fair, yet haughty form shall kneel, and pray, and beg to be a wife; aye, shall sue to be a *murderer's* spouse. Little dreamed she an hour since, when she so affectionately parted from her idol, that she had gazed the last fond look. I knew his boyish, romantic soul must sigh her name to these old trees before he slept, and my dagger pricked my bosom at the thought. Oh! 'twas sweet, and I left the steel to moulder in his heart."

Lorenzo Gray, who was the unfortunate victim of the Count's hate, had been a noble, high-souled and daring youth. Fondled from his cradle, he had ever been the idol of his parents, yet he was never a "spoiled child." Nature had been lavish in her gifts, and had mingled his daring and enthusiasm with sympathy and love. He was yet quite young, and was enjoying the full tide of youthful vigor. But a few months since he had returned from the University, where he had been for the last four years, except the short intervals of vacation. Scotland, at the time our tale rehearses, was in a fearful state of anarchy. Almost every day brought tidings of some new feud, and every chieftain was the sovereign of his clan, owing no affinity or allegiance to another. His castle was his citadel of power, and his lowest subject, rather than yield it to another, would gladly shed his blood upon its walls. Upon the slightest insult would some haughty chief collect his clan, and swearing vengeance, avow his foe. Then he who was mightiest was right, and youth, innocence, beauty, old age, all were his victims. Fearful, indeed, were the ravages and ruin caused by the slightest incident.

Count Blaint was once a haughty nobleman, but his extravagance had ruined his estate, and for the last few years he had been a dependent upon the family of Grey. By degrees, his daring and apparent zeal won upon the kindness of the Baron, & he was appointed leader of his clan. Though daring, he was yet a skilful commander, but mercy had no place in his bosom. Carnage and power was his glory, and he cared not for others, except as his tools, if he alone was ennobled.

Immediately after the return of Lorenzo from the University, a neighboring chieftain had declared himself a foe to "Hugh Grey, Baron of Plinlimmon." Lorenzo was all zeal and enthusiasm, and his ardent soul burned for an opportunity to show himself in his first fight. The time came, and his sword was always in the heat of strife. The foe was repulsed, and shouts of fealty declared the young Lorenzo chief. Every man, as if striving to outdo his fellows in homage, rehearsed their young commander's prowess, and swore to serve and defend his person with their last drop of blood, and kissed their oaths upon their swords. A spirit like the Count's could but illy brook such an ascendancy, and he vowed his rival's death. There was yet another reason for his hatred. He had, for years, sought the hand of Isora Dumont, but the beautiful girl knew her heart could not be his, and she had ever repulsed his importunity. Of late a friendship, framed in younger days, had assumed a name more tender, and Lorenzo was ever at her side. The Count saw their fondness, and watched it with the dark and jealous eye of Envy. Isora, he would say, is far too fair a prize to be wasted upon a mere boy, and he was now determined to call her hand his own, although he knew her broken heart could not accompany it. He had seen her last parting with Lorenzo, and saw her wistfully watch his departure, as if she foreboded 'twould be long ere another moon should smile upon his presence. Such a preference had kindled the Count's already glowing rage into a burning that could not be quenched except with blood. With feelings like these rankling in his heart, he sought the grove where Lorenzo loved, of late, to ramble and hold communion with enraptured feelings. The young Chieftain was alone, and musing upon the lovelier part of this world's dreams, when the Count's dagger fastened in his back. The blow was repeated, and the result is already told.

Isora was sitting by the window, watching the sweet advancement of twilight as it gradually stole over the earth, and obscured the strained vision of her eye, which grew nearer and nearer as the distance became darker, and she wished it was day, that she might catch the first glimpse of his coming, although she knew he would not be there until dark. She would have sung, but a sigh would steal the words from her lips, and her heart was too busy to prompt them again. The moon, just rising, looked in upon the anxious Isora. She had leaned her head upon her hand, and her dark locks, as if to shade the chaste rays of the moon, were wandering over a neck and bosom as pure as the bleached snow of winter, and yet as warm as the breathing zephyr of spring. Lorenzo was late, and a fearful foreboding struggled in her heart, and kept keenly awake all her faculties to catch the first glimpse or sound of his coming. He was never late before, and she feared, but knew not why or what. Anxious girl! the tale will soon be told, and thy dark blue eyes shall fill with tears too cold to flow, for the warm, pure blood of thy heart shall be ice.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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 railing.—*Dai. Adv.*

We understand since the above was in type, that the two unfortunate children have expired.

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

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

An undeterminate Lover. Mr. W., a respectable medical practitioner, lately residing at Corydon, Ind. was one day called upon to visit a gentleman in the above town who had been suddenly attacked with illness. "Doctor," said the patient, in a trembling voice, "shall I die, do you think?" The Doctor assured him he had no apprehension of so melancholy an event. "Then do you think, doctor," hastily replied the patient, "that I shall be well by next Thursday?" "Indeed, replied the doctor, "that is a question beyond my skill to answer with any certainty; but why are you so particular as to that day?" "Because, doctor," said the anxious invalid, "I am to be married on that day!" The doctor was naturally inquisitive as to the lady to whom he was about to be united. "Really, doctor," said he, "I am not exactly fixed, but either to Miss M—, or Miss S—!"

A hard Head.—An old gentleman was relating a story of one of your "half horse, half alligator" St. Lawrence boatmen. Says he, "he is a hard head—for he stood under an oak in a thunder storm, when the lightning struck the tree, and he dodged it several times, when finding he could not dodge it any longer, he stood and took nine claps in succession on his head, and never flinched!"

Anecdote.—An old fisherman, who lives on the "Sand Bank," near Irondequoit Bay, was selling fish in market a few days since, when a gentleman who had bought some fish offered him a note in payment. He shook his head and refused to take any thing but silver, saying he had lost enough by Banks, and was determined to take no more of their paper trash—and added, "that it could not now affect him, if all the Banks were to fail"—"except the Sand Bank," said the gentleman.

An Irishman recently inquired at the Boston Post Office, if there were any letters for him? "Your name, sir," said the clerk. "Och, honey, sure you'll find it on the letter," replied Pat.

Friendship—Love and esteem are its first principles; without them it is imperfect.

HISTORY OF GENIUS AND TASTE:

AN ALLEGORY.

Founded in the history of Ancient Literature.

[CONCLUDED.]

In the mean time, our Hero enjoyed continual accessions of knowledge. Highly endowed with that strength of intuition, which he inherited from his paternal stock, he saw things in their relations and consequences. His eye, with quick rapture explored the starry pages of Nature's glorious volume, or traced in humbler characters, truths equally legible and sublime.

He made wide excursions through various countries, provinces and cities; and whenever he returned to Parnassus, the Muses received and welcomed him with every demonstration of joy. He now began to enjoy an elevated pleasure in the conversations of Clio and Urania; and though the ardor of his attachment to Calliope retained its wonted vigor, yet from the more lively air and diversified strains of the other Muses, he often derived great pleasure. He learned in time to be pleased, and even captivated by the mournful air of Melpomene, who, after retiring from the joyful songs of the full chorus, alone, by some rural rivulet, bewailed the children of misfortune, the miseries of hapless love, and the untimely fall of heroes.

The merit and perfections of Genius had been already represented by the Muses, in the full assembly of the Gods, and to add to his happiness, he received a visit from his father, by whom he was informed that by an irreversable decree of the Celestial Powers, HE SHOULD NEVER DIE—that even the Destinies had declared him *immortal*.

Yet the cup of his felicity was not yet full. Tho' exalted by Nature, acquisitions and situation, he found no proper associate. The chasm on either hand, between him and Gods, or Mortals, seemed too great to be passed over. This consideration would frequently throw a shade over his solitude, and a transient melancholy into his social hours.

But now an event took place of very deep concern in the future life and history of Genius. He had but recently returned from an excursion abroad, when he was surprised by the approach of all the Muses, led by Apollo himself. In this splendid group was a Lady of graceful form, who advanced, leaning on the arm of Clio. Though with an air of delicacy, somewhat approaching to languor, and wanting the fiery and florid vigor of the Daughters of Jove. Her appearance was surpassingly elegant and beautiful. "The Gods, O Genius, present you a companion;" said Apollo, "the resemblance of whose character to yours, will render your union lasting, and your destinies the same. Her name is TASTE. Greece claims the honor of her birth, and the delicacy of her constitution tells that her father was a *Mortal*, as does her perennial beauty and unfading bloom, the superiority of her maternal stock. But the names of her parents are unknown.

However delicate and important the present crisis might have been, the Gods required no time for deliberation; and Genius, whose origin was half divine, always decides without delay. As for TASTE, her love for Genius was coeval with their first interview, and was co-extensive with their duration. The nuptials, therefore, were solemnized in the presence of Apollo, and celebrated by the Muses.

They were famed in all the cities of Greece, through which, at times, they travelled with pomp and splendor. At Parnassus, their Court was frequented by persons of distinction, and was visited by strangers of note, from distant countries and nations.

Though, in honor to the Terrestrial race, the union of our exalted pair had borne some resemblance to the marriage bond, yet their semi-celestial origin and nature raised

them far above the habilitudes of Mortals; and particularly, their marriage was not to result in offspring, a constitution adapted to repair the waste of mortality. Their connubial felicity was more refined and noble, and was a perfect stranger to the instinctive desires of sexual pleasures. Their loves were pure and immortal as the loves of Angels, and they regarded all as their children, whose progress in knowledge and virtue raised them to high distinction above the rest of mankind, and made them the pride and ornament 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 this constitution, their children became 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 for a while to claim their patronage, and evince their power and presence. Under their eyes rose those lofty towers and temples—those splendid palaces, which, but for the ravages of wars, would still have triumphed over the desolating scourge of Time; furnishing to all nations indubitable and incomparable evidences of their glorious reign. Their inspirations could “make the marble speak, and the brook to murmur down the painted landscape.” Their progress was marked with new beauties, and wherever their stay was protracted, it seemed doubtful whether the beauties of Nature or Art would excite most surprise and admiration.

The face of affairs, at length, began to change. The din of arms, the rage of wars, and the prevalence of despotic power, in that once happy country, presented before Genius, objects the most repulsive, and objects unspeakably disgusting. He grew discontented and melancholy, and at length began to retire from public view. He withdrew to his favorite grotto, and determined forever to abandon an ungrateful people, who had been indebted to him for their chief happiness and glory. But in the bosom of retirement, where he conversed only with the Muses, the shafts of adversity were still able to reach him, and wound his sensibility. It began to be rumored about that Taste, his lovely consort, whom he could by no arguments persuade to retire with him from public life, was engaged in amour with Fashion; and availed herself of the absence of her husband, to appear publicly with him on all occasions. For a while, he regarded this story but as a calumny forged by his enemies; but too soon he was confirmed in his suspicions, by the testimony of several of the Muses.

Fashion was, of all fops, the most egregious, of all coxcombs, the most conceited, and of all fools, the most profound. His Prime Ministers were Vanity and Vice. The chief personages of his Court and Palace were Stupidity, Pride, Flattery, Deceit, and Servility. Taste, when first introduced into this new circle, could not forbear drawing comparisons to their expense. But the splendor of Fashion, the fascinating address of Flattery, the lofty manners of Pride, and the artless ease of Stupidity, daily won upon her confidence, subdued her aversion, and, at last, wore away her prejudices; and she for a time, became unmindful of her noble and generous partner, who languished in oblivion.

The Historian must, however, confess, that this perversion and revolt of Taste, was rather an error of her understanding than her heart; where no sentiments, derogatory to the purest rules of virtue ever found a moment's residence. But, endowed by nature with the most delicate sensibility, and formed to shine and please in the most splendid circles of life, she had incautiously misplaced her confidence in those whom she considered as

the inseparable friends of Genius, her true and only lord, being led too far by the false and insidious pomp of external pagantry.

She was soon made sensible of her error. To her unutterable surprise, she was informed that Genius had forsaken Parnassus, and it was not known whether he had gone! Overwhelmed with grief, and in the utmost consternation, she repaired to his wonted bower; no vestige of its former beauty was left—silence and solitude reigned triumphant there. The lamp was extinguished—the lovely train of attendants were no longer seen, and the various ornaments of the grotto were destroyed.

So altered, indeed, was the place, that she never would have discovered its true situation, had it not been for a marble column, of massy size, on which were inscribed the names of Homer, Solon, and Themistocles, which stood near the entrance of the grotto.

Near that former seat of all her youthful pleasures, she saw the plaintive Melpomene, who, in mournful accents, confirmed all her fears, by assuring her that Genius was no longer to be found in Greece. No mourner was ever more sincere; but she saw her error too late. Like too many other females, she had too incautiously listened to the voice of adulation, and had been too insensible to the allurements of Fashion.

Nothing could exceed the grief and regret of Taste, when she perceived herself abandoned by Genius, whom she had so fervently adored. Instead, however, of giving herself over to Despair, she summoned Fortitude to her aid, and endured her affliction with heroic virtue. Her perfect knowledge of the character of Genius, induced her to believe, that, either pitying her frailty, or convinced of her innocence, he would not fail to communicate to her the place of his abode, and invite her once more to be his companion, in some country where he might find a habitation.

In this hope she answered an unwavering confidence, from the consideration that tho' Genius was possessed of superior powers, yet his alliance and co-operation with her was no less conducive of his own personal happiness, than his extended and permanent reputation.

Her expectations and hopes were soon realized. Genius, upon a little reflection, perceived that Taste had no power to resist the tyranny and fluctuations of Fashion, or correct the endless absurdities of his court; and that her excellence could only appear when under the direction of his eye; and that even his own lustre would appear to best advantage, when aided by her delicate hand.

Taste was, at length, agreeably surprised, by a cordial invitation, under his own signature, soliciting her to come and re-join him at Rome. With this invitation she readily complied, with no less for the love she bore to her illustrious and long-lost partner, than the disgust and indignity at the Greeks, who, by insensible degrees, withdrew from her all confidence, insulted her in public places, expelled her from their assemblies, and she had the mortification to see herself neglected and abandoned even by the Court of Fashion.

Nothing could exceed the magnificence of her reception at Rome; and her meeting with Genius was marked with every possible testimony of joy and affection. Their union was now more perfect than ever; being proved by Experience, endeared by Absence, and rendered wise by Adversity. Yet Taste, from her natural temper and constitution, was more fond of Society—Genius was more fond of Retirement. This circumstance, instead of exciting uneasiness, or awakening former jealousies, was a source of mutual pleasure, as it led to a happy combination of artificial elegance and native simplicity. In this new region of country they enjoyed many days of prosperity, and the remembrance of their former misfortunes was completely

obliterated. The flow of duration, though it does not impair the faculty of *Immortals*, may produce gradual changes in their characters, and employments. Genius, from increase of years, had acquired a graver turn of tho't, and a certain majesty, correspondent to the greatness and extent of the Roman Empire. Taste, no less delicate than in the bloom of youth, and as beautiful as on her bridal day, pursued a course of conduct more amiably correct, in every part of which a soft and plaintive sweetness was transfused, more charming to the eye of Genius, and more fascinating to the heart of Sensibility, than the gravity of Wisdom, the brilliancy of Wit, or the pomp of Erudition.

Vital Religion.—The two main springs of vital religion, are faith and fervent prayer. Faith, crediting the threatenings of God, the soul shudders at the gloomy prospect of wrath to come; faith, embracing the promises of God, the soul tastes that the Lord is gracious, and is filled with consolation. Thus fear and hope begin to operate in connexion with the divine testimonies, and the awfully important interests of eternity. But are these the only passions brought into play by genuine religion? No—there is not a faculty or feeling of the soul that lies dormant. Love, gratitude and joy, will accompany hope. If we cordially believe the facts and statements of the Gospel, it seems impossible to be unaffected by them. To remain habitually cold and insensible, is an evidence that faith is wanting. For this principle, pervading the inner man, prompts and controls all its passions, with a force exactly proportioned to the vigor it has acquired. Hence, in the Scriptures, so much importance is attached to the existence and exercise of faith.

Misapplied Severity.—The following anecdote, says the relator, (a popular French writer;) is an undoubted fact, which I would wish all parents and instructors of youth to be well acquainted with. Monsieur —, had retired into the country, to devote himself without interruption, to the education of an only son, whom he idolized. This youth was one of extraordinary promise—he possessed uncommon quickness of apprehension, a generous and humane disposition, and great energy of character: a single fault alone was to be remarked in him: he was extremely stubborn. One day he behaved with such inflexible and unreasonable obstinacy, that his father thought it his duty to employ violent measures to overcome it. He threatened him therefore: the boy (but ten years old) was unmoved. Two men with rods are sent for: this makes no impression on him: the father orders the men to seize the child, who began to scream out and resist: they are then told to whip him—they obey. Whilst this punishment is going on, the child suddenly turns pale, leaves off screaming, his tears cease, to his passionate struggle succeeds a mournful silence, an alarming stillness, an awful appearance. They view him with astonishment—question him—no answer. His vacant countenance displaying nothing but fright and indications of stupidity. A fearful change had taken place, by which he had lost all his mental faculties, never to recover them. He was an idiot!!

Fitting up a Library.—A steward wrote to a bookseller in London, for some books to fit up his master's library, in the following terms:—“In the first place, I want six feet of theology, the same quantity of school metaphysics, and near a yard of old civil law in folio.”

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.
THE GARLAND.

(saw a fair child in her happiest day
Wreathing a chaplet of flowers;
The rose-bud was there in its mantlings gay,
The snow-drop and lily in sparkling array,
Gather'd in sunniest hours—
The brightest she'd cull'd in her innocent mirth,—
She'd woven a garland too sunny for earth.

"The evergreen's dark," she laughingly said,
"And shall not in my wreath be blended;"
So she sportively flew to a tulip's bright bed,
And gather'd a golden flower mingled with red;
And thus her fair chaplet she ended.
But too soon it died, 'twas of withering birth,
Oh! she wove out a garland too sunny for earth.

Soon 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
and fair,
Not one lingering spot of dark mildew is there,
Whilst my wreath is gone to decay.
Alas! my poor chaplet's of withering birth,
I've woven a garland too sunny for earth."

I saw her again—oh! how calmly she slept,
In death's cold, stilly keeping—
And the wild young flowers in their deep silence
And lightly the stars their bright lone vigils kept,
O'er the spot where the child lay sleeping!
She was crush'd, like the chaplet she twin'd in her
mirth,
Like the garland she wove out, too sunny for earth!

ROSAMOND.

CURIOSITY GRATIFIED.

Several years prior to the introduction of steam boat navigation into the western country, three robust boatmen (foot passengers) returning from New Orleans to the central settlements of Kentucky, arrived in the evening at a cabin on 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, and were as promptly disposed of by the hungry sojourners. This affair being settled, the hurried removal of posts, benches, &c. in conjunction with other circumstances, seemed to indicate serious preparations for a country dance, which proved to be the fact; the lads and lasses having already assembled and monopolized one corner of the cabin; from which advantageous position they silently ogled the three intruding strangers. Our pedestrians being weary, proposed going to bed; from which the sagacious landlord took the hint, and guessing they were very sleepy, seized the lamp, and hastily ascending the steep ladder into the loft, invited them to follow; to which they cheerfully assented by marching up in single file. They undressed and stretched themselves upon a pallet of blankets and bearskins, and bade defiance to the gouty effects of 'downy beds,' and within a few minutes began to snore by note.

Now, the necessary prelude to a country dance being finished, a jolly frontier fiddler tuned his crazy instrument; and with a wild outlandish accompaniment of voice, sounding the signal "possum up a gum stump," the dance commenced with all the tumult and vigour that are usual on such occasions, to the great annoyance of the drowsy tenants of the loft, who of course were aroused, and for a moment stunned by the sudden tumult below. However, as soon as their recollections were completely awaked, they composed again and lay down. But Jonathan Thunderbottom, who was a fat, short-legged fellow, had danced over a potatoe hole to the tune of 'hoe corn and dig potatoes,' too often in his life to lie still, and not see what was going

on below; he therefore, with nothing but his short linen dishabille on, slyly 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 joist to another.) From this position he seemed with great satisfaction to reconnoitre the party, contrary to the admonitions of the companions, who insisted that he should return to bed; 'but' said he, 'sink or swim, I'll see what they're about; Oh! but dam'me, see how they prance!' His curiosity still increasing, he drew himself a little farther forward on his belly, to enable him to see those who were in the farthest part of the house from him, when the plank upon which he was lying happened to extend about two feet over the joist supporting it, so that the weight of Jonathan's upper parts upon the end, in straining to see all that was going on below, instantly destroyed the equilibrium; up went the other end, and down went Jonathan, somerset fashion, upon a small bed that stood in one corner of the ball room, and having lit upon his neck, and the projecting 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 agonizing screams of the timid lasses, must be supplied by the reader's imagination, while we attempt to relieve our hero. His attitude not being the most agreeable, in the presence of so many witnesses, he threw himself upon his back, and making a violent effort, sprang from the bed to the foot of the ladder, and ascended to the loft, with the precipitate and almost unavailing exertions of strength, that characterise the feats of a lubbard, whilst a volley of billingsgate and loud laughter burst from the astonished company below, with shouts of 'break from the fodder stack, Bob, the devil's at your heels!' However, Jonathan crept upon all-fours to the pallet, and whispered to his companions, who were writhing under the convulsions of laughter, 'By Gosh! boys, d'ye see that are?' but they were in too much torture to speak; and Jonathan having been much frightened, declined giving them further interruption, but quietly rolling himself up in his blanket, he was scarcely heard to breathe until the rising sun summoned them to resume their journey.—*Knoxville Register.*

STORY OF A SHARK.—We were very much struck with the following story; but we have forgotten where we saw it.—*Mass. Jour.*

"I know a story of a shark; a fearful, bloody story, and one that haunts my memory night and day, dreaming or waking. When I was at Campeachy, I formed a sort of pot friendship with a pearl fisher, who had served under Mina in the expedition to New Orleans, and could tell of long burnings and bushfights; and I used to sit in his wigwam all night, and drink rum grog, while he went over his campaigns and his wanderings. He was a merry fellow and knew how to keep the joke fresh; and I liked his grog, and was compelled to like his company, for the yellow fever had broken out in our ship, and I was thrown upon my shift till she came off her quarantine, so that I was contented to swing my hammock in the pearl diver's hut as long as he would allow me. One night I was drunk—perhaps he had made me so for particular ends; but if he did, he was paid for it. It was very dark and squally, and we were sitting alone in the hut over the sleepy light of a mongrove fire. After looking at me for some time with a serious and steadfast eye, Jose says, "Anderson, I will put my life in your hands; I have need of a friend to advise with, and I think you will not betray me. You may have heard, for the rumor is loud-lipped, that the Cathedral of Neustra-Senora was plundered about two years ago, and that two black men, who were implicated in the sacrilege, suffered publicly on the wheel.

There was another man who evaded detection. They died like men of honor, with the secret in their hearts—and yet he lives unknown and unsuspected: *I am that man! Hush! The gold and silver vessels tempted my eye—and I never knelt at the altar without wishing to tear them down. The devil assisted me and I did it. Madre de Dois!*—such commotion as it made in town; the people seemed to have made a vow to talk of nothing else, and the Padras yelled as if it was doomsday. The poor blacks yelled too, but my name was never mingled in their confessions—my punishment is far off. The gold cups and candle sticks are buried under ten fathom water, among the rocks of an old fishing station. I know the place well. Assist me in raising them to-night, and I will share them with you, and we will both take the first chance of going to Honduras."

I consented at once—for the devil is ever ready to take advantage of a man's necessities—and we went down to the beach immediately, where Jose unfastened his doree, and we put off for the fishing station. The sea ran high, and we had enough to do to manage our slight craft. Jose's experienced eye was not long in discovering the repository of his treasure, tho' the night was so dark, and the drift was so strong, that we could hardly see beyond the bows, excepting when a streamer flashed through the clouds, and showed the heavy, black waves mounting round about us. "It's a plaguy night, messmate," said I. Jose turned. The lightning glared over his face: It was pale as death. "To-night or never," he replied; "wear up the doree while I strip." He did not lose an instant in preparation, and after repeating his caution to wear up the craft and keep her near the place, he crossed himself, and dropt heavily but quietly into the water. I tho't I heard a cry as he descended, and my anxiety began to take the shape of fear. Jose had scarcely dived a fathom when he rose again to the surface, apparently senseless and inanimate. I thought he had stunned himself against the rocks. I called to him, but he returned me no answer. I called again, and louder, but still no reply. Cold with fear, I paddled towards the place where the lightning showed me his floating body. One arm was lying listlessly upon the waves. I seized hold of it hastily, and dragged him into the boat. As I did so, blood, warm blood, spouted over my breast and knees. A streamer flashed across the firmament. I uttered a yell of horror, and let my load drop heavily at my feet. It was a headless trunk! The jaws of a shark had anticipated man's justice: the punishment of the ill-fated Jose had been protracted; not repealed."

ONE FOURTH PART OF A NEGRO.—In the Augusta, Ga. Chronicle, the sheriff of Richmond county gives the following notice:

"Will be sold on the first Tuesday in May next, the one fourth part of a negro man, named Henry."

Had it been the one fourth part of a fat ox, we Yankees could have readily seen how the purchaser might receive his dividend; as it is we must leave that to be settled by others.—*St. Johnsbury Herald.*

A middle aged man paid his addresses to a very young lady, but when he asked her in marriage, was refused. Having acquainted a neighboring clergyman of his disappointment, he received the following laconic and scriptural answer: 'You ask, and you receive not, because you ask amiss.'

A Boston dealer in Patent Medicines advertises a Panacea, by which he says the lives of ten thousand children might be saved. A letter, by way of certificate is appended, the writer of which says he knows the above assertion to be true, as he has "tested the same in his own family."

THE GEM.

Rochester, Saturday, May 15, 1830.

Our agents in different quarters, who have not yet sent to us, will please do so, with as little delay as possible.

Literary.—We have received the first number of the fourth Vol. of the Philadelphia ARIEL, 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 per annum \$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 we will forward the names of subscribers free of expense.

Fire.—Our village was visited with a destructive fire on the night of the 6th inst. It originated in 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 stairs, for the office of the Anti-Masonic Enquirer.—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 months ago a noise was made among the credulous of the earth, respecting a wonderful production said to have been found as follows. An ignorant near Palmyra, Wayne county, pretended he had found some "Gold Plates," as he is pleased to call them, upon which is said to be engraved characters of marvellous and *misunderstandable* 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 mysticisms 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-pearl, which is emphatically of *great price!* The book comes 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, Pukei, and Buckeye—and contains some four or five hundred pages. It comes out under the 'testimony of three witnesses,' and 'of six witnesses,' who say that they 'have seen and hefted the plates,' that 'they have the appearance of gold,' and that divers and strange characters are 'imprinted on them.'—The author, who has the "copy-right secured according to law," says, that he 'was commanded of the Lord in a dream,' to go and find, and that he went and found. At one time it was said that he was commanded of the Lord not to show the plates, on pain of instant death—but it seems he has shown them to the said witnesses, and yet is alive! At another time it is said that none could see them but he who was commanded;—that though they should lie in the middle of the street beneath the broad glare of a meridian sun, in the presence of hundreds, yet no eye but his could see them! The translator, if we take his word for it, has been directed by an angel in this business, for the salvation and edification of the world. It partakes largely of Salem Witchcraft-ism, and Jemima Wilkinson-ism, and is in point of blasphemy and imposition, the very sum-

mit. But it is before the publick, and can be had for money, at various places.

This story brings to our mind one of a similar nature once played off upon the inhabitants of Rochester and its vicinity, near the close of the last war.—During the war, we were subject to many inconveniences at this place, and were in constant danger of attack from the enemy. Those who lived here at that time, can well remember the frequent attempts made by the enemy to land at the mouth of the Genesee, at which point our army had deposited heavy stores. Our village was then young, and the abodes of men were "few, and far between." If we remember aright, it was in the year 1815, that a family of Smiths moved into these parts, and took up their abode in a miserable hut on the east bank of the river, now near the late David K. Carter's tavern. They had a wonderful son, of about 18 years of age, who, on a certain day, as they said, while in the road, discovered a round stone of the size of a man's fist, the which when he first saw it, presented to him on the one side, all the dazzling splendor of the sun in full blaze—and on the other, the clearness of the moon. He fell down insensible at the sight, and while in the trance produced by the sudden and awful discovery, it was communicated to him that he was to become an oracle—and the keys of mystery were put into his hands, and he saw the unsealing of the book of fate. He told his tale for money. Numbers flocked to him to test his skill, and the first question among a certain class was, if there was any of Kidd's money hid in these parts in the earth. The oracle, after adjusting the stone in his hat, and looking in upon it sometime, pronounced that there was. The question of where, being decided upon, there forthwith emerged a set, armed with "pick-axe hoe and spade," out into the mountains, to dislodge the treasure. We shall mention but one man of the clan of money-diggers. His name was Northrop. He was a man so unlike any thing of refined humanity, that he might well be called a demi-devil sent forth upon the world to baffle the elements of despair, and wrestle with fate. As you will suppose, he was an enemy to all fear. Northrop and his men sallied out upon the hills east of the river and commenced digging—the night was chosen for operation—already had two nights been spent in digging, and the third commenced upon, when Northrop with his pick-axe struck the chest! The effect was powerful, and contrary to an explicit rule laid down by himself he exclaimed, "d—n me, I've found it!" The charm was broken,!—the scream of demons—the chattering of spirits—and hissing of serpents, rent the air, and the treasure moved! The oracle was again consulted, who said that it had removed to the Deep Hollow. There a similar accident happened—and again it was removed to a hill near the village of Penfield, where, it was pretended the undertakers obtained the treasure.

About this time the enemy's fleet appeared off the mouth of the Genesee, and an attack at that point, was expected—this produced a general alarm.—There are in all communities, a certain class, who do not take the trouble, or are not capable of thinking for themselves, and who, in times of alarm, are ready to construe every thing in serious or uncommon into omens of awful purpose. This class flocked to the oracle. He predicted that the enemy would make an attack; and that blood must flow.—The story flew, and seemed to carry with it a desolating influence—some moved away into other parts, and others were trembling under a full belief of the prediction. At this time a justice of the peace of the place visited the oracle, and warned him to leave the country. He gravely told the magistrate that any one who opposed him would receive judgements upon his head, and that he who should take away the inspired stone from him, would suffer immediate death! The magistrate, indignant at the fellows'

impudence, 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 execration, and declared that they had had their labour for their pains—and all turned out to be a *hoax*. Now with reference to the two stories, "put that to that," and they are "a noble pair of brothers."

Unodrrantable carelessness.—There are some persons in town who indulge themselves in fowling, 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! This is the second or third narrow escape of some one of our citizens, from the same cause, and we hope the practice of firing guns near our village, and especially about the river, will be stopped short of sending some unfortunate person, unprepared perhaps, to eternity.

Literary.—To give some idea of the unrivalled enterprize of the Messrs. Harpers of New-York, and of the extent of their printing establishment, the fact need only be mentioned that they have in press at the present time, no less than sixteen different works, some of them large octavos, and several stereotyping.

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, in advance.

Another Rail-Road.—A man by the name of Gravely in this state, has been recently tarred 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 prosperity, and expands, and blooms, and casts its nectarious odour on the feeling heart—and when the night of adversity sets in, and its chilling, withering dews, fall upon its flexible leaves and humble stalk, it is not seen to sink beneath the oppressive load, but, like the melodious rose, raising itself with its wreath of gems, to kiss the Orient's beams, it springs into a new existence, and its beauty and its fragrance imparts a charm to all around.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TAKE BACK THY CORONAL:

Take back thy coronal of flowers
Thou bindst upon my brow,
O! keep it until brighter hours;
I cannot wear it now.

My mind is all vacuity—
Hopes blighted, dried each tear;
Take back thy flowery coronal,
What business hath it here?

Leave me to keep my mournful hours,
In solitude—alone—
Far from fair Flora's sunny bowers,
In regions of my own.

L.

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 nor depend at all. Thou didst originate from *thyself*, and thyself originated from *thee*; and yet thou hadst no origin. Thou art antecedent to every thing, because thou wast before anything; and yet thou never didst exist, not even in idea, till *something* appeared to prove thee *nothing*; and although thou art eternally at variance with *something*, yet if thou shouldst obtain, thou thereby insurest thine own destruction; for when something is no more, thou consequently must cease for want of an opposite. Thou art not capable of addition nor diminution, for if we add something to nothing, thou art no more; and something is thy successor; and if we add nothing to nothing, it all amounts to *nothing*, and the several nothings singular amount to nothing plural, and an infinity of nothings plural would terminate in nothing singular. Thou art indebted to nothing, and as thou hast nothing to pay, nothing will be expected, and nothing will be demanded. Therefore thou art self-indebted, self-insolvent, self-expected, and self-demanded, and yet without debts, without solvency, without expectation, and without demand.—Thou hast nothing to hope, nor nothing to fear, and yet thou art no deity; nor art thou completely or incompletely happy, nor miserable, and yet we frequently say, "*Nothing is more happy*,"—"*Nothing is more miserable*."

Many people, who have a great opinion of their own sagacity, have pretended to discover thy most secret recesses, and have given out that thou mayest be found in the pericranium of a Dandy; the recantation of a Tory; the sincerity of a courtier; the charity of a Miser; the pockets of the poor; the faith of a Nation; and in the bowels of a soldier: but if we inquire at most of these places, we shall find that there is *nothing* in the assertion.—Thou art frequently invoked and as often deprecated by the same person; for when we hear a piece of bad news, we *hope* there is *nothing* in it; and if we hear a piece of good news, we are *afraid* there is *nothing* in it.—Thou art present with us at our birth and at our death; for "we brought *nothing* into this world, and it is certain that we shall carry *nothing* out." Thou art not capable of creation nor propagation, and yet thou art the author

of *nobody*, that great villain and consummate mischief-maker. In fact, thou art NOTHING.

[As the writer has made "much ado about nothing," he is of course entitled to nothing, and as he has proved nothing, he must suffer the reproach of being the author of nothing.]

A writer in a Utica 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 *scratches* "to give, as well as blows to take."

A note for one penny, issued by the "Bank of North America," in 1789, 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. Superstition was abroad in her darkest habiliments, scourging the land with the judgment of God. No one but trembled before the blasting breath 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-house, with power to infect the judgment of the rulers, and to sport in their wanton 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 genii—the imaginary delineations of the poet and the romancer—wild, and vague, and horrible as it may seem,—all far short of the terrible realities that were performed in the open daylight 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, and without warning—seems but a shadow of the desolation which passed through the principal towns in Essex. The mother at midnight pressed her unconscious children to her bosom—and the next day she was standing before a court of awful 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 a thing to be feared,—or swinging in the gentle breeze between earth and sky—modest and defenceless woman, with thousands of faces gazing on her, and with commingling expressions of pity and imprecations.

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 had started from his mouth, and his soul returned to him who gave it; and all this 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.

There cannot be a greater treachery, than first to raise a confidence, and then break it.

From the London Literary Souvenir.

AGATHA LANZI.

When I was at Florence, I was one day lounging in the gallery, thinking how vastly different the Medicean Venus was from my *beau ideal* of female beauty; when, in one of the less frequented rooms, and in a situation not eminently conspicuous, my eye chanced to look upon a picture, which at once riveted its gaze, and on which it—I may say—feasted for several weeks afterwards. It was a half-length, and 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 of puce-coloured velvet, without lace or tucker of any kind intervening between it and the skin of clear pearl-like whiteness, against which it appeared in strong and remarkable relief. In the centre, however, the bodice, according to the mode of the period, seemed in some degree to rise, so as just to give to view a small portion of very delicate lace, yet not in sufficient quantity to fall over upon the velvet. Immediately below this a diamond ornament was placed, which was matched by two others that formed the loops to the sleeves, from beneath which appeared arms of a symmetry and whiteness it would be idle to attempt to paint with only description for my pencil. Their fine rounded fulness in the upper part; their delicate graduation to the wrists, and the beautiful hands which terminated them, were indeed, among the most conspicuous parts of the picture; inasmuch as the person represented was in the act of drawing a golden bodkin, headed with diamonds, from her hair, which was falling in profusion over her neck and shoulders. In her right hand she held the bodkin, whilst her left was employed in throwing back from her face the hair, which in falling had crowded to cover it. The colour of the hair, and general complexion of the face, (of its character I shall have occasion to speak more particularly hereafter,) was by no means Italian; though from the name of the person painted and of the painter, I concluded that the former must have been so. The catalogue gave it as *Ritratto d'AGATHA LANZI*; and added, as the name of the painter, that of one of the immediate successors of Titian.

I was so struck with this enchanting picture that I believe upwards of an hour elapsed before I moved from before it. Day after day I used to repair to the gallery, and passing by every thing else without pausing, was accustomed to seat myself directly opposite to it for hours.

[The traveller finds his admiration warmly sympathized in by a young painter, who visits the gallery apparently with the purpose of copying the face, but who keeps his picture carefully concealed. The picture was the subject of frequent conversations between the two, and when the artist had completed his work, he sent the traveller an invitation to come and see it.]

I availed myself of the invitation, and found him to be a man of considerable information and accomplishment, as it respected matters entirely unconnected with his art.—He possessed in reality, a large portion of that enthusiasm and poetry of feeling to which so many of his brethren affect to lay claim. He had some literary cultivation, and strong literary tastes. After we had breakfasted, he took me into his painting room.—The picture, which was the object of my intense curiosity, was leaning on the easel. It represented the interior of a bed-chamber, richly furnished after the fashion of the 16th century. the lamp burned upon a side table, and shed a strong light upon the bed. Upon it lay a man, young and well-looking, asleep. Agatha Lanzi was near it also: she knelt upon it with one knee, her arm was upraised, with the long gold diamond-headed bodkin, which I easily recognized in her hand, as if

about to pierce the heart of the sleeper. The artist had taken great pains with the female figure, and had succeeded far beyond my expectations. Agatha was represented in a loose night-dress of plain white. Her beautiful hair streamed down her back, confined only with a ribband between the shoulders. Her foot, as she knelt upon the bed, was naked; the slipper having fallen off. The position of the uplifted arm had caused the sleeves of the night-dress to fall upwards, and displayed the exquisite arm considerably above the elbow. From the other shoulder the dress had also slipped. In this and the beautiful bosom, with its pale blue veins branching across the white and delicate skin, the artist had been particularly successful.—The lips were compressed, as if with a strong mental effort of resolution; and also as if to hold the breath, lest it should fall upon the ear of the sleeper and awaken him. Her dark blue eye was fixed with a melancholy expression of caution, sternness, and even ferocity, upon the object about to become her victim. How different from the fine joyous smile of girlish consciousness of beauty so remarkable in the other picture; and yet no great lapse of time could be supposed to have intervened. The figure before me was in the fulness of beauty—probably about twenty-three years of age—certainly not more! So soon initiated into all the sorrow, and storm, and tempestuous passions of life; into the deepest and blackest crimes!

I turned to my friend, the painter, for his explanation.

"I can give you the best," said he. "Agatha's own account of her conduct at the crisis which I have attempted to represent. The subject of the picture is indeed, taken from her confession, which has been printed in a collection of similar pieces. It chanced not very long ago to fall under my observation, and as I recognized the name, it gave me the first idea of this picture. I have modernized the Italian for you." Having thus spoken, the painter handed me a manuscript, of which the following is a literal translation.

"CONVENT OF —, 1535.

"My friends have often wondered why, when, after many crosses and disappointments, I was at length united to the chosen lover of my youth and heart, we should at the end of one short year, have separated; he to go to the wars, and I to bury myself in this convent. I therefore write this, that, after my death, they may know the real truth concerning these mysterious passages, and that those who may be tempted like me, may hereby take warning by my life.

Above all things it has been bitter to my soul, that, whilst I bore the guilt of the blackest crime upon my conscience, I should have received the praises of the world, as a dutiful daughter, and a virtuous and devoted wife. It has been the horror of the shame that must have attended the acknowledgement of how vile and guilty a thing was thus cherished and confessed, that has hitherto restrained the confession which has trembled on my lips, and struggled for life and utterance.

"It is well known to all who are acquainted with me, that in my early youth I received the vows of Laurentio Gonsalvi; and that my heart acknowledged the influence of his passion; that our love was permitted until the accursed blight of aversion fell upon my parents' hearts, and led them to wrench asunder those ties which no human power could otherwise have unloosed; and to rivet with fetters upon me a chain which nothing but fetters could have held. This is the only palliation I have to offer for the awful crime I have perpetrated; and in the degree in which it lightens the load of guilt from me, it throws it upon those who gave me birth. But, alas! it relieves me only in the smallest possible degree. They separated me from the man I a-

dored, and enforced my marriage with another. Let me be just.

"The count Braschi, whose bride I became, was young, accomplished, and might have been kind, but that I treated him with loathing and scorn; and tongues were not wanting to tell him that it was all for the sake of Laurentio. We had lived together for something less than two years, when Laurentio returned from travel. On my marriage with the count he had gone abroad in order that he might avoid all opportunity of meeting me. But now he had returned, he encountered me in public; and saw that the light of a happy heart had left my eyes, and he saw too, that the heart was breaking. And we met in private, and the temptation was great; but we overcame it, and we parted; but not forever. Before we separated we swore an oath, that if I ever became free, we would wed each other; and we invoked heaven to give ear to our oath, and our hearts bore witness to it.—Laurentio again went away.

"About two months after the plague broke out in the city, and the destruction was very great. Friend shunned friend, and the son fled from the perishing father. The streets were deserted, save at the dead of night, the pest-carts went around to gather the corpses of those who had died during the day. And the rumbling of the carts sounded dismally through the empty streets; and the bells that announced their coming, struck awe into the hearts of all, and despair into those of the dying. As they approached the door of each house, they sounded upon a bell three times, and called out with a loud voice, "bring out your dead!" And then those who had died, brought them out, with their faces muffled; and their mouths stopped with medicated cloths; and the dead were carried away to pits without the city. The earth was then thrown in upon them; and all was done in haste, in silence, and in darkness. The time was very awful.

"In the wickedness of my heart, I wished my husband might die, that I might be wedded to Laurentio Gonsalvi. The plague fell upon the houses all around, where it was dreaded, and passed over ours, where it was prayed for. Yes, prayed for! I dared to breathe to heaven this prayer of hell! I prayed that the plague might strike upon my husband, and that he might die.

"But time waned, and he was still untouched; and I feared the plague would pass and leave him whole.

"One night, as I lay by his side, I was revolving these hopes, and fears, and wishes, in my mind. I looked upon him as he lay in all the helplessness of repose. He slept so soundly and quietly, that his slumbers were even as the slumbers of death. "Would, oh, would that it were!" I ejaculated; and then I added to myself, it is but one blow! and I looked around. The night-lamp shone upon a golden bodkin, with which I always braided my hair. It had been given me in earlier and happier days by Laurentio, and whatever dress I wore, that bodkin still upheld my hair. It now lay upon the toilet, where I had placed it when I had undressed. "It is but one blow," repeated I to myself. I arose from the bed and seized the bodkin. I approached the Count—I knelt with one knee upon the bed, and buried the bodkin in his side up to the eye! He gave one groan, and strove to rise, but the blood spouted forth like a fountain.—He became weak, I struck again; he fell back—a few seconds and he was dead!

"Oh! the horror that I felt at the moment, when I beheld my victim dead before me!—Ages of pain passed over me at that instant. He would have been good to me, but I spurned him; I thrust back his proffered kindness with every mark of loathing and contempt! and now I had murdered him! I knelt and prayed for succour and support; but I recollected what my last prayer had been, and I

found it impossible to utter a word. I took up my rosary to repeat my usual prayers; but blood had spirted on the beads, and caused them to slip from my hold. "Yes," I exclaimed, "yes, indeed his blood has risen between me and heaven!"

"To conceal what I had done was my next object. I hid, as well as I could, every thing that was stained with blood; covered the body with the clothes, and went out of the chamber at break of day, to spread a report that the Count had been taken with the plague, and to seek for medicines. I well knew that none of our domestics would be too ready to face this danger; and when I declared my intention of watching by him myself, they yielded to it most willingly, and seemed to think that I did so as an atonement for the unkindness I had evinced towards him since our marriage.

"I announced that he grew worse; towards the second night I declared him to be dead. I would not permit any of my people, as I said, to incur the danger of infection. I washed the blood from the body; covered it completely with a shroud; and all this I did to the stark and bloody corpse of that man, from whose touch, while living, I recoiled as from the sting of an adder.

"Night came, and with it the pest-carts and their bells, and the cry of "bring out your dead;" and the Count was carried out by his men, with stopped mouths and averted faces, and he was placed among the dead—and I was free!

"Yes, free! for detection did not reach me; no shadow of suspicion fell upon my name.

"In six months I was Laurentio's bride!—But ah, how different were my feelings from what they would have been had I been married to him in my years of innocence. Now guilt, the guilt of blood, was upon my soul.—Its weight was as lead: its heat was as fire!

"When we had been sometime married, Laurentio could not but perceive the cloud that had passed over me. He questioned me concerning it in vain. He thought, I believe, it was occasioned by the shock my young heart had received from Count Braschi's wife. He strove to comfort and cheer me.—One day he asked me what had become of the golden bodkin he had given me in his first courtship? He said he had never seen it, and smiling, added, he supposed I had given it to the Count. My agitation was so extreme, that he could not but perceive it; he gently chid me for suffering my spirits to give way so much; and changed the conversation.

"About a week afterwards I chanced to be suddenly called away, and left my *escritoire* open. Laurentio, seeking some paper, or a pen, I know not which, found the bodkin, discoloured to the head, with the indelible stain of human blood! A terrible suspicion flashed across his brain! He rushed to me—questioned me, and discovered all!

"I cannot dwell upon the agony of this period! After the first burst of indignation, his anger subsided into a deep—a sorrowful strain of condemnation, more dreadful to me than all the violence of passion which had preceded it. He would not, he said, he could not betray me; but neither would he ever again take a foul and spotted murderess to his bosom and his bed! I need not say what my agonies of entreaty were. His determination was irrevocable. We parted never to meet again. He fell in his first battle, I am still here; but I feel I shall not be so long."

"You see, sir," said the painter, turning to me as I closed the last leaf of the manuscript. "You see, sir, that she indeed loved a man worthy of her love—more than worthy of it. She had, indeed, strong passions; but hatred was included in the number! That was the omission of which I spoke."

Justice will be satisfied, though the offender's crime be hid deep in his own breast.

For the Gem.
SKETCH.

'Twas evening, and the moon, just rising o'er
The eastern hills, was shining faintly. Then
The thoughts of death came over me—the death
Of one I lov'd; and scenes long since gone by
Came back and pass'd before me, as I hasted
To the spot where sleeps her dust—the field
Of graves, where silence reigns, I enter'd soft
And slowly—The voice of man and low
Of ox, far off, were echoed from the neighb'ring
Hills—This breaking silence, only deepen'd
Solitude. Oh! how a dying echo
Tells to a sad heart—it speaks in accents
Soft, yet painful as a charm. I pensively
Went onward, and at ev'ry step some spirit seem'd
To whisper "softly tread this sacred ground."
An awe came o'er me, such as in the chamber
Of the dying, makes one feel the emptiness
Of all things earthly—I approached the sod
'Neath which her ashes lie—the weeds had grown
Upon it, and the evening breeze was playing
With them, as I oft had seen it with
The ringlets of her hair. Reclining o'er
The stone that tells the spot, I musing said,
Am I no more to see that smile, which exil'd
Ev'ry anxious thought, but how to make thee
Happy? Am I no more to hear that voice,
Whose magic art beguil'd the evening hour,
And caus'd our days to pass like one short dream?
Oh! no—could I but wrap me in my winding
Sheet, and lay me down beside thee, bidding
Farewell to earth!—But cease complaining thus,
The grave holds not her loveliness—her soul
Immortal, bursting from mortality,
Has gone to God who gave it—in heaven
I trust e'en now she's bowing with the angels,
And with all the ransom'd saying, "worthy
The Lamb that died"—In Him was all her trust
While here, so now in Heaven.
And too, this dust shall rise. Yes, it shall rise
On that tremendous morn, when Christ the Judge
In clouds shall come—th' archangel's trump shall

And that almighty mandate, "Rise ye dead!"
Will start the moulder'd dust. The saints will rise
To bliss. O! may I see her then, and with her
Go to meet our Lord, and sing redemption.

GEORGE.

Marriages of Kings.—The practice of kings
marrying only into the families of kings has
been that of Europe for some centuries. Now
take any race of animals, confined in idleness
and inaction, whether in a sty, a stable, or a
state room, pamper them with a high diet,
gratify all their sexual appetites, immerse them
in sensualities, nourish their passions, let eve-
ry thing bend before them, and banish what-
ever might lead them to think, and in a few
generations they become all body and no
mind; and this too by a law of nature, by
that very law by which we are in the constant
practice of changing the characters and propen-
sities of the animals we raise for our own
purposes. Such is the regimen in raising
kings, and in this way they have gone on for
centuries. While in Europe, I often amused
myself with contemplating the characters of
the then reigning Sovereigns of Europe. Lou-
is XVI. was a fool, of my own knowledge,
and in despite of the answers made for him
at his trial. The King of Spain was a fool,
and of Naples the same: they passed their
lives in hunting, and despatched two couriers
a week a thousand miles, to let each other
know what game they had killed the preced-
ing days. The King of Sardinia was a fool.
All these were Bourbons. The Queen of
Portugal, a Braganza, was an idiot by nature,
and so was the King of Denmark; their sons,
as Regents, exercised the powers of the Gov-
ernment. The King of Prussia, successor to
the Great Frederick, was a mere hog in body

as well as in mind. Gustavus of Sweden,
and Joseph of Austria, were really crazy;
and George of England, you know, was in
a * * *. There remained, then, none but
old Catharine, who had been too lately pick-
ed up to have lost her common sense. In
this state, Bonaparte found Europe; and it
was this state of its rulers which lost it with
scarce a struggle.—*Memoirs of Jefferson.*

A Good Heart feels for the misfortunes of
others, and commiserates all those whom in-
ability prevents him from assisting. He who
has a good heart puts the best face upon little
errors, and is ingenious in concealing the de-
fects of mankind. He considers the misfor-
tunes of his neighbor as a letter of recommen-
dation, and endeavors to persuade himself,
that misery is a sacred thing. If his eyes be
shut to the weaknesses of others, his ears are
also deaf to the malevolent insinuations of
evil minds. His tongue moves only in the
praises of every one, and he is mute when cal-
led upon to support the maledictions of others.
He endeavors to promote universal felicity,
and sincerely rejoices when he has it in his
power to extend it. It is with regret he sees
differences among his friends, and he spares
neither time nor pains to bring them to a right
understanding with each other.

BEAUTY.

Nothing, says Fordyce, can fix esteem but
that kind of beauty which depends upon the
splendor of a virtuous and enlighten'd mind.
The least degree of understanding will be dis-
gusted at petulance, caprice or nonsense, even
in the fairest forms. External accomplish-
ments are continually losing; internal attrac-
tions are continually gaining. A beautiful
character is as the morning light that shineth
more and more unto the perfect day. Sense,
spirit, sweetness, are immortal. All beside,
withers like grass. The power of a face to
please, is diminished every time it is seen.—
When beauty of looks loses its power to
please, (and this will inevitably follow as
the night follows the day) the soul will seek a
thing else. If it find none, in vain shall the
softest eye entice. But if a mind appear, and
wherever it resides a mind will appear, it is
recognized, admitted and embraced; even
tho' the eye possesses no lustre, and smiles at
the moment be banished by sorrow.

BRAVERY.

Bravery and liberality are two qualities,
which seldom fail to attract the esteem of
mortals: the first displays a contempt of life,
and the second regards riches with an eye of
indifference: two things to which men in com-
mon show the strongest attachment.

However, the excess of either merits con-
tempt, for, whenever we lose sight of pru-
dence, the first becomes temerity, and the sec-
ond prodigality: two vices as prejudicial to our
happiness as they are contemptible in the eyes
of the wise. Temerity prevents a man from
thinking of the true value of life, and exposes
him to the dangers of death on the most trifling
occasions; while prodigality, not reflecting
on the bitterness of want, prostitutes itself to
contempt inseparable from poverty. When
bravery is not accompanied by the virtues,
it places a man in an awkward situation,
since courage can be displayed only against
enemies. When the sword of war is sheath-
ed, bravery then languishes.

PROSPERITY.

Great God! how miserable is the lot of
man! in prosperity he forgets every one: and
in adversity every one forgets him. In pros-
perity he appears to have lost his senses; and
when loaded with misfortunes, he is said never
to have had any. In his sudden elevation,
he becomes discontented with all the world;
and when hurled to the bottom of the wheel
of fortune, all the world are discontented

with him. He who basks in the sunshine of
fortune, should remember that riches some-
times take the wing, and suddenly fly from
us. Happy is he who reflects, that old mon-
ey, old wine, old books, and old friends, are
objects worthy the attention of every man of
good sense.

Men often bring habitual hunger and thirst on
themselves by custom.—*Locke.*

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for the Gem, and will forward subscriptive
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A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.

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iment, 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 ex-
pectations. The field is ample; and though not culti-
vated as highly as older soils, yet there are in it flow-
ers of the choicest kinds, whose peculiar qualities
are enhanced, perhaps, by the hawthorns that o'er-
shadow them. We have culled some of them,
with which we have graced our first volume—
and hope in the coming year, to present entire
nosegays from the western fields. For this pur-
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THE GEM,

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY JOURNAL.

BE OURS THE PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 3.

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LORD BYRON;

His Character and Writings.

To present at this eleventh hour any reflections upon the character of Byron or of his poetry, may appear at the first glance but to retread the path which has been so often trod before me. The theme is a hacknied one, but among all that has been written we find either an enthusiastic eulogy by some ardent admirer of his poetry, or an unqualified condemnation by some narrow-minded bigot or less gifted and envious rhymist. Perhaps Leigh Hunt's Memoirs, notwithstanding the egotistical vanity of their author, has contributed more towards a right conception of the real character of Byron than any thing else that has been published. But before condemning Byron for the blemishes that Hunt has made public, let every man examine the inmost recesses of his own bosom, and he will find there are but too many thoughts and actions which he would wish to keep from public scrutiny—but too many blemishes which the envious world would eagerly grasp at & magnify into some important defalcations. And why has the publication of these Memoirs raised such loud denunciations against their author? Because the friends and admirers of Byron saw in him but the inspired mortal, they estimated his character by what they imagined to be the quality of his poetry. To such it appeared utterly impossible that he, who could breathe such Heaven-born strains, could be scarce less than divine; that he, whose ideas seemed revelling among all that was great, grand, and sublime in nature, to whom the lightning's flash seemed but a brilliant toy—the mountain top his footstool, & the stars his playmates, could be aught else than good, virtuous, and a model of rectitude. To connect the ideas of libertine, scoffer at religion, and ridiculer of virtue, and say that these were the characteristics of Byron, appeared to them unreasonable and unnatural—that he who loved nature, and nature's works could be a misanthrope, seemed utterly irreconcilable. Yet throwing aside apparent impossibilities, Byron has much to answer for, and much too that justice would palliate.

That he was a libertine; in some respect, must be allowed. But what young man of a high, proud and ambitious spirit placed in similar circumstances, could withstand the strong temptations which were held out to him? He was what the ladies call a handsome man; & there were not wanting females of both the French and English courts, who were continually endeavoring to draw him into intrigue, yielding him their smiles and favors, and flattering him in his most sensible part, that they themselves might be honored in return by the especial notice in public of so

celebrated a personage. He was then in the very prime of youthful manhood; and is it not some apology for his indiscretions, that he was courted and flattered by the young and beautiful? But then his wife,—why use her so ill? What has reached the public ear speaks of her as accomplished, amiable, and faithful; but then, too, there are reports that she was not *all* this, and many are willing to justify his 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, that "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 pushes 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 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 enrolled 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 enrol 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. 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, and at which he has labored hard to give full expression to his ideas, and even then to 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 possessor wishes. 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 Harold*, this is more particularly obvious, when the scenes he has witnessed and wandered through so delighted, come thronging in upon his ardent imagination, and then, too, his vigor, energy and power beam forth most splendidly. Observe him as he enters *St. Peters* at Rome. How simply he begins—as he proceeds, his ideas swell into magnificence with the greatness of his theme, and before he finishes, he has raised your mind from the entrance at the door, until it becomes "pillowed in the clouds." In this great effort of Genius, there appears no study—no labor. The ideas flow on natural and easy, and lead you on to sublimity before you are even aware of it. In his most insignificant poem, where he has been least attentive, we never find bombastical phraseology, none of those high-reachings after grandeur, and strainings after sublimity which characterize less powerful geniuses; for when he strikes the lyre, the chord of sublimity echoes to his touch. But with all this there are numerous passages in which the language becomes mean and puerile, the ideas seem contracted, and, in fact, any thing but his own. There are lines, too, upon which had he bestowed proper attention in their revision, he would never have let pass into the world, were it only for the sake of his fame. Although when writing during some misanthropic hour, he seems to ridicule the idea of fame, and tells us

"'Tis but to fill

A certain portion of uncertain paper:

Some liken it to climbing up a hill

Whose summit like all hills is lost in vapor.

For this, men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill;

And bards burn what they call their midnight ta-

per,

To have, when the original is dust,

A name."

Yet it is well known that fame was the very breath of his nostrils. Like other men, he was subject to fits of dejection and melancholy; at such times the world, with all its treasures, were to him but like the common dust which the first wind might heedlessly blow away. In such a mood it would seem that *Lara the Corsair*, and some other of his poems were written; but that the "*Bride of Abydos*" was the production of a happier hour. The "*Prisoners of Chillon*" seem to have been written when his heart was tuned to a pleasing melancholy, for he seems to have thrown his whole soul into a melting pathos. How emphatic, yet soft, is the termination of this beautiful poem:

"My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are:—even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh."

These lines are a volume of pathos in themselves, and leave the mind of the imaginative reader wrapped in a melancholy, which he does not very willingly divest himself of.

In his early years, Byron, like many other celebrated characters, seemed to despise academical honors, and treated with contempt the peculiar studies by which alone they 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 recal her days of glory with the warmth of an enthusiast, delights 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 hearers eye appeared,
The camp, the host, the fight, the conquerers career;
and then to review with painful eye the effects
of all-changing time. If there is any thing
in his works which resemble his own character, these they are; and they do honor to his memory.

Byron's tragedies were not calculated for the stage. Their interest and plots seem too deep to please a general audience, or even to be comprehended by them. But to the true lover of romance and poetry, to the man of deep mysterious thoughts and strong imagination, they produce in reading, an overwhelming influence.

But his fame does not rest upon his plays, though we might select from them as brilliantly poetical passages as grace the pages of the most renowned, but their general tenor seems too dark and mysterious, and there are comparatively but few who can relish them. His fugitive pieces are numerous, and bear the same stamp which marks his regular poems.

Take him as he really was, and Byron was an eccentric and original character, and fully entitled to all the privileges and excuses

that are granted to other men; and when Time, that wonder-worker, shall have passed a few more short years on its journey to eternity, when the race of pretending religionists shall have been removed, and the statue of *Byron* tho't worthy of a place in *Westminster-abbey*, among the great of the land, then, and not till then, shall his character, and the character of his poetry be correctly estimated. When time shall have meliorated the envious or wounded feelings of his cotemporaries and enemies, or they, like him, shall be gathered to the dust of their forefathers, then, like unto *Pope*, *Swift* and *Sterne*, his faults and indiscretions will be varnished over, and the indulgence which is granted to them will be accorded to him. I wish not to eulogize the character of this great poet, I wish only to effect one little step towards redeeming it from that stigma, which bigotry and narrow-mindedness has heaped upon him, by a prejudiced estimate of his morals, and to show that with all his faults, he had qualities sufficiently good to counterbalance them, or, at least, to rank him on a par with the generality of his fellow-beings.

No man's character, however good it may really be, can come unscathed through the fiery ordeal of the whole world's inspection. The aspirant to fame is as a mark set up publicly, to be shot at, and every fool that can wield a pen, thinks himself entitled to dart his arrows at the point. I will venture to say, (though at this time it may be a bold assertion), that if the character of *Byron* be judged with impartiality, even from his writings, there will be found concealed beneath that apparent immorality a correct idea of God and religion. In his works he never means to scoff at either, for we shall always find it a satire, or an arrow aimed at the weaknesses or hypocrisy of mankind. He was more a *Cynic* than a *Stoic*, and his great fault lay in feeling too sensibly the errors of the world, and not knowing how to correct them persuasively. Satire should not be made a barb to wound the person, but the fault should be ridiculed, and its enormity demonstrated. On one occasion said *Byron*: "I am the last person in the world who would prevent, in any manner, the religious inclination of any one"—and I believe he spoke then from the real feelings of his heart. *Byron* had his faults, and who has not? but he was not the impious, diabolical person which some have thought him; even *Milton*, the immortal author of *Paradise lost*, was not perfect, and the conduct of the great moralist and Colossus of literature, *Dr. Samuel Johnson*, is not free from reproach in regard to a certain lady with whom he was upon intimate terms. I allow that the errors of these are no palliation to the errors of *Byron*, yet let us deal fairly and impartially with him. Further, let us glance over the pages of antiquity as well as of more modern times, and see how they are dimmed by immorality and indecency, and should we lay a blot upon every such passage contained in the works of *Horace* and his cotemporaries, and *Shakspeare*

and his cotemporaries, how marred would be their volumes. Need I speak of Swift and Sterne, Doctors of Divinity? Does not Byron better merit his fame than these?

Rochester, May 15, 1830. W. H. W.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.
LORENZO GREY.

[Continued from our last.]

Weeks had elapsed and no tidings of Lorenzo could be learned. Rumour, with her thousand tongues, supplied from one foul source, reported that he had been suddenly called back to the University; and Isora's ear was pained with tales of false and faithless love. She would not believe, but still she could but doubt. The Count was ever intruding upon her solitude, and his dark and calumniating whispers served, but too well, to keep keenly 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 fountains of the female heart. She would mingle with her dark insinuations some tale of fiction, and weave a web 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 death. The Count, sustained by the mother, would break in upon her tears and proffer a hand stained by the blood of her idol. Although it had been purged and seemed unstained with guilt, yet a kind of instinctive tuition warned her to fear, and his hand seemed more hated than ever.

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

"'Tis hateful!" she answered, wearied by his importunity.

"But 'tis kind, and will cherish thee—"

"No never, never!"

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

"Isora," said her mother, "the Count has not one heart 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 upon the tears of her daughter.

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 arm, "once more I sue—yes, I will once more ask the hand that shall be mine. Is it given?"

"Never!"

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

It needed but this to dethrone her reason, which had for weeks tottered almost to its fall. When her mind, at length, awoke from its dark sleep of oblivion, and as yet but a flickering ray of light dawned upon the past, "Lorenzo's dead!" rang through her ears till her pained soul would have died. "Oh! God!" she cried, as she clasped her burning brain, "wake, take this life!"

When the Count returned to his own apartment, he found Malcomb waiting his return, "big with news." The Count had been stirring up the Baron's followers to revolt, and had so worked up a disaffection that many were ready to swear fealty to his name. The time and circumstances 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 unbinged for any exertion. Lorenzo was gone, and report had so blighted the just laurels he had lately obtained, that a Scotsman, even tenacious to a fault of his chieftain's honor, could not conscientiously swear by his name. Tales were abroad, too, that their young Chief was dead.

for blood had been seen in the grove, yet not a whisper fastened his death upon the Count. Malcomb had been busy, and knowing the truth as he did, could easily divert its course. Every thing operated favourably for their designs. The Baron of Renwick, still smarting under his former defeat, was eager to join the Count and exterminate every trace of the Barony of Plinlimmon. Isora, unharmed, and the command of the clan was all the disaffected Count had asked. The Baron and his Castle, were the lawful prey to an insatiate horde. Malcomb had now come to inform his master of their prospects. A few days and the steel and brand were to be applied, and Count Blaint was to assume 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 in 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 the importunity of a heartless throng. She loved to walk in the grove, which was near, and had of late almost become its hermitess. Andrew had told her that she should again behold Lorenzo, and her heart had cherished the hope although her fears would oft belie it. He had also half told her of the Count's designs, and warned her never to become his wife.—She was returning to the Cottage from a solitary ramble in the grove just as twilight commenced its reign, when she was accosted by the Count. He entwined her reluctant arm in his, for he now looked upon her as his wife, and presumed the more upon her passiveness.

"Isora," said he as he turned their walk gain to the grove, "I come not to woo or entreat. Three days hence the Baron of Renwick will again attack the castle. He expects my assistance, and shall have it accompanied with half of Plinlimmon's men. The life of the Baron, who has ever been a more than father to you, depends upon your word. Nay, start not; that arm is now too fast to be withdrawn. 'Tis true; the steel is ground, 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 aversion to the Count.

"Be my wife!" said the calm tormenter.

Isora shrunk 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. Blood was, indeed, there, and 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, insensible of the struggle that her chilled nature had with death. Oh! how easy to have died then, for her cold heart could have felt no pang. But nature struggled not in vain, though long. Her eyes were opened, and gazed around the room in anxious inquiry where she was. They rested upon the Count a moment, and as memory shed one faint ray, closed again as if in death. Yet her mind would catch upon some dim rays of reality, and mingling in the disordered whirl of her brain, startle her imagination and picture her benefactor's blood upon her hands.

"Yes," she shrieked, "I will, I will be his, but spare, oh! spare his life!"

The Count heard her voice, and although he knew 'twas but the raging of a bursting brain, departed as if in triumph.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LARK.

Higher, and higher than ever rose the tower of Belus, soars and sings the Lark, the lyrical poet of the sky! Listen! listen! and the more remote the bird, the louder his hymn in heaven. He seems in his loftiness, to have left the earth forever, and to have forgotten his lowly nest. The primroses and the daisies, and all the sweet hill-flowers, must be unremembered in the lofty region of light.—But just as the Lark is lost, he and his song together, both are again seen and heard waver down the sky, and in a little while he is walking contented along the furrows of the braided corn, or on the clover leaf, that has not felt the ploughshare for half a century.—In our boyish days, we never felt that the spring had really come, till the clear singing Lark went careering before our gladdened eyes up to heaven. Then all the earth wore a vernal look, and the ringing sky said, "winter is over and gone." As we roamed, on a holiday, over the wide pastoral moors, to angle 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 have been more joyful in the skies, than we were on the green sward. We, too, had our wings, and flew through our holiday.

SUPERIOR VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE.

It is a trite, but certainly a true maxim, that "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? Indeed, the end of wealth is often the ruin of its young possessor. No longer compelled to rely upon his own exertions, he makes no effort to improve his mind, or qualify himself for active business. He gives loose to his passions; he listens to the syren song of pleasure; he drinks deep of the intoxicating bowl because he has wealth to afford it.

REQUITED LOVE.

What words can be more delightful to the human ear, than the unexpected effusions of affection from a benevolent woman. A gentleman after great misfortunes, came to a lady whom he had long courted, and told her his circumstances were so reduced, that he was actually in want of five guineas. "I am glad to hear it," said she. "Is this your affection for me?" he replied in a tone of despondency, "why are you glad?" "Because," answered she, "if you want five guineas, I can give you five thousand!"

March of Intellect—The Perfection of Impudence.—A beggar, with an instrument as offensive to the ear as were the bag-pipes to the immortal Shakspeare, commenced his grining exactly beneath the window of a house in London where a party had just sat down to dinner. Disgusted with the horrible discord, they sent a few half pence to the vagrant with a hint that "he might go on." The answer was exquisite—"I never goes on under sixpence!" For this brilliant witticism, the beggar had a shilling.

Vile and obscene expressions are the sure marks of an abject and grovelling mind, and the corrupt overflowings of a vicious heart.

Common swearing argues in a man a perpetual distrust of his own reputation, and is an acknowledgement that he thinks his bare word unworthy of credit.

Sincerity of heart and integrity of life the great and indispensable ornaments of man nature.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

SONG.

Bring me, oh! bring me the low-drooping willow,
Gather the flowers that soonest decay;
To weave the last garland for this dying pillow:
My spirit is broken, and passing away.
Tell me not of earthly bliss,
In this dark hour of bitterness;
Oh! point me to the silent grave,
And to eternity's deep wave!

Fondly, too fondly, earth's pleasure's I've cherish'd,
The buoyant, tho' sparkling, was mingl'd with
Till joy after joy, has been blighted and perish'd,
And now their poor vot'ry is perishing too.
Clouds my sweetest hours have shaded,
Hope's fair wreath has slowly faded,
Life's bright lamp is dimly shining,
Death its bitter wreath is twining.

Talk not of hope, to a spirit that's breaking,
Hope's golden chain now is sever'd and gone;
Breathe not of peace, to a soul that is waking
Fearfully soon to eternity's dawn.
No, tell me not of earthly bliss,
In this deep hour of bitterness—
Oh! I would hear of holier things,
In my dark spirit's wanderings.

ROSAMOND.

THE YANKEE 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 miserable swivel. As he was under a press of sail, with a heavy sea going, the shot did us no 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.—Still 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 his crew being all killed or wounded, and lying scattered about the deck, some writhing with the torture of their wounds, and others stretched on their backs, 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.—I warded his desperate thrusts till he was fairly out of breath, and then struck the cutlass out of his hand. At the same instant the men having disposed of the remainder of the crew, were hastening to my assistance, when one of them presented a pistol to the

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 fall 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 instantly.

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?”

“Villain!” 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-scouring of all creation—the vilest miscreants that I have met—the most consummate scoundrels.” I turned away from him and walked towards the fore-castle. When I faced about, he was gone. I did not enquire of the crew how he had been disposed of.

There is a spirit in some of these Yankees. This fellow, for instance, possessed courage, that, if he had been properly educated, would have fitted him for a first rate rover. 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 be chained down to the low drudgery of the merchant service!

A GREEK MARRIAGE.

The 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 have 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 are two rings used,) the five men in turn changed them twice.—

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 once 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 on the left side of the bride, and on the right side of the bridegroom; and 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 embrace the wedded pair; and the company, which was very numerous, began to disperse. Before the ceremony, beverage and cakes, with sweatmeats, 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 Molexe, 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 Loretto 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, charitably 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 forthwith 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 brave youths succeeded, with a small knife, in killing their ferocious 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 dreadful looking objects—the features of one of them being nearly obliterated.

He who, in question 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, when a downright honest man plants himself over against him.

THE GEM.

Rochester, Saturday, May 29, 1830.

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, in advance.

Agents from whom we have not yet heard, will lose no time in sending us the result of their labours. Delaying to send us the number of subscribers in time, is one reason why we are put to the cost and trouble of printing No. 2 over again.

Mr. James G. Brooks, formerly editor of the New York Morning Courier, is now associated with Mr. Roberts in the editorial department of the Craftsman. Mr. Brooks has been, for some time, before the public, and his talents are universally acknowledged to have placed him among the first of our literati. Mrs. Brooks, too, will, we suppose, as "Norma," 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. Hestor 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.

"IDA! who is Ida, and where is Ida?" inquires one of our correspondents. We know not. The beautiful flower decorated our pages but once, and all our anxious inquiries to learn her abiding place, have proved fruitless."

"IDA," is our favourite correspondent "ROSA-MOND." We have a basket of 'beautiful flowers,' culled by the same fair hand, which we hope soon to present to our readers in all their fragrance.—"THE TRIAL," inserted in the Craftsman, was merely 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.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Abbeville, S. C. to his friend in this village.

"You will have learned ere this reaches you, that I left Vermont as surgeon to ——— on his tour to West Indies for his health. * * * * We left Boston the 4th Feb. for Havana, and had a very pleasant passage of 14 days.

"Havana is the safest, most commodious, and best fortified harbour in the Western World. The entrance is so narrow that but one ship can enter it at a time, and is guarded on either side, by a very strong Castle. The Castle on the left, called Morro, is built on an eminence, having a light-house at the point—and its walls overlook the tops of the tallest ship-masts. On the right is Cassa Punta, on a level with the water's edge. A little farther on the left as you enter the harbour, and directly opposite the town, is a strong Castle called Cassa Blanco. This is the strongest Fort I ever saw. The town is built on a low plain on the right of the harbour, and is quite large. The walls of the city contain about as much land as is in the city of Bos-

ton. Number of inhabitants about 150,000. The buildings are large and commodious, and built of coral limestone. The streets are narrow and dirty.—Churches exceedingly large and splendidly decorated. The Cathedral is a beautiful building, covering one acre of ground, and having on it 14 bells—the largest bell weighs ten tons. It is more unique in its structure and is much smaller than St. Domingo's Church—the ornaments are also less expensive. St. Domingo's Church contains under its base, one acre and thirty rods of ground. It cost two millions of dollars, and the ornaments within cost one million. On the third day after my arrival the King and Queen of Spain were married, which gave rise to three holidays in Havana—(Cuba being a Spanish Island.) The first day (Sunday,) was ushered in by a broadside from eleven men-of-war ships, lying in Port.—This was answered by a general salute from all the Forts; and immediately after, every bell in the city was ringing. Ten thousand soldiers were then under arms, one thousand of which accompanied the Governour (Vives) to the great Cathedral to attend Mass. After the imposing ceremony of Mass was over, the day was devoted to amusement. In the night following, the whole city was illuminated in a most fantastick manner. Balls were opened in every public hall, and eighty thousand people were promenading the streets. The Fire-Works beggar description—rockets, stars, suns, moons, temples, etc. were represented in the most brilliant flames, performing many diversified revolutions.—Such splendid sights with fire, I never again shall behold until the universal conflagration! The females in Cuba are almost indiscrible, as to size, features, or colour—but the variety is so great as to include persons of every size, and every colour.—The majority are dark complexioned, of a small stature—and it is not uncommon to see a white man walking the streets with a negro woman of unwieldy size hanging to his arm, bearing the name of wife! Their features are, on the whole, rather delicate, but not handsome. They are accomplished, proud, and arrogant. Bonnets are never worn, but every one wears a veil. The inhabitants of Havana are, in the main, kind and hospitable, but expenses there, are incalculable."

In addition to the above, we will add a description of the religious ceremonies, &c. at a Catholic Chapel, in a village situated about 2 miles east of Havana. The description was given us by a gentleman of this village who spent some time at Havana several years ago, and who witnessed the ceremonies.

"I started from a village called, if I remember, Regulos, which is opposite to Havana, in company with two others, on mules, to witness the religious ceremonies at the chapel at Vana Bucco. We arrived after the ceremonies had commenced. The chapel is a spacious one, elegantly built, and richly decorated. I shall, however, confine my descriptions to the ceremonies outside of the chapel. The first thing that attracted my attention, was the appearance of twelve men, intended to represent the twelve Apostles, moving round the chapel in a kind of Indian gait, one after the other. They were fantastically drest, having on clothes the ground-work of which was white, but covered with small pieces of cloth about an inch square in regular distances from each other, of every colour in existence. On their heads they wore huge crowns, made of coloured paper, supported in form by wire, and projecting over at the tops. Under these projections were hung numerous bells. When these apostles were in motion, the bells produced an incongruous ginging in perfect keeping with the whole performance. Judas Iscariot, among the twelve, was dressed in a white gown similar to a woman's. At a little distance from the chapel, was the Devil! He was a

large negro, and was dressed fantastically, having a mock crown on his head, a large matrass slung upon his back, a cloven foot, and a spear in his hand about ten feet in length. At times his Satannic Majesty would approach towards the Apostles in a threatening attitude, and then start back, as if frightened, to his former place.

In one corner of the yard around the chapel, which was surrounded by a high wall, was a representation of the Garden of Eden, and two images in full size, to represent Adam and Eve, were placed there. Adam stood with his left arm raised to an angle of about 45 degrees, across which was laid a bundle of corn-stalks. There was a canopy over them to represent one quarter of the sky, which came down to the horizon. This canopy was variously decorated, hung, and painted.

After the services were ended, the people formed two lines from the doors of the chapel, and facing inward, kneeled down, while the priests passed thro' between them, under a large umbrella, supported by four men, one at each corner. As soon as the priests had passed, the people rose and went away.

About the time the multitude kneeled, his Satannic Majesty pounced upon the Apostles. A mock scuffle ensued, in which the devil was overpowered, and I saw him struggling violently in the hands of his enemies. He roared vociferously, and the sound was as near that of a hog as any thing to which I can compare it. Soon his cries grew less, and less, until he was overpowered, and finally slain.

My companions and myself were so much struck with these, to us, singular performances, that we stood upright gazing upon the tragedy of the destruction of Satan, unconscious that we had any duty to perform in the matter—until suddenly thrown upon our knees, by persons whose office it was to see that all knelt before the priests.

The ceremonies being over, the multitude dispersed to their homes, and we, striding our mules, retraced our steps to Regulos."

It is with no common degree of pleasure mingled with pride, that we have seen the numerous flattering notices of our little work, among our contemporaries in the newspaper line. We tender our thanks for all these favours, and, too, for the publication of our prospectus. To those who may think our first prospectus too long for continuation or insertion, we would ask a few insertions of the terms on our last page, with the addition at the bottom, of Rochester, N. Y.

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?

The "Reminiscences" of "Z." are beautiful. We accept his hand cordially. His favour will appear in our next.

The poetical favour of "Horace," in our next. The writer exhibits evidences of genius. We hope he will persevere.

"Pitt," is on file for insertion.

"E. Doublyou," fails in interest more than in talent. His article is too long for the subject. He must try again.

The acrostic of "Aurelia," is entirely destitute of poetry, and besides is not suited to our columns.

Our fair correspondent "Theresa," has a visible spark of genius, and from a Spark, we all know it is easy to blow up a Flame. We hope to hear from her again.

Are we never to hear again from "Laura," "Anna" nor "Elizabeth S. E.?"

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening last, Mr. David Graham, to Miss Jane Sumner, both of this village.

In this village, on Thursday evening, Mr. Silas S. Clapp, to Mrs. Lucy Ann Herrick.

DIED,

In this village, on the 27th inst. of apoplexy, Mrs. Harriet Ward, aged about 19, wife of Mr. Levi A. Ward.

In Aurora, Erie co. on the 19th inst. Dea. Eli Ripley, aged about 60 years—formerly from Massachusetts.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TO MARIA,

ON PARTING.

To part, perchance for aye, and meet
 No more in life;—denied to greet
 But once again, or press the hand
 In fondness given, with feelings bland—
 To know that young affection's gush,
 Check'd i' the bud, must cease, and hush
 Itself, while distance rolls between
 Forgetfulness of what has been—
 To feel that when all hope and fear
 Is fled, not e'en a single tear
 May flow to soothe the last adieu,
 Of hearts, 'till now, that neither knew—
 To feel and know that ere we met,
 A kindred soul a seal had set
 On thine—that thou, to keep the seal
 Unbroken still, art bound to feel
 For others merely friendship's glow;
 Cold, colder far than hearts would know—
 That still the seal was warmly press'd
 On then a fond, devoted breast—
 To know thee now, a fleeting hour,
 Beguiling as the phantom power
 Of hope's most feeble, fainting gleam—
 To know that now the moment's dream
 Must flee:—and part, Maria, too,
 As part we must, without a clûe
 Of hope, though fleeting as a kiss;
 If aught is death, 'tis this, 'tis this.

LOTHAIRE.

The future greatness of the American empire no prescience can foretel. Prophecy is impotent in tracing out its greatness; and should no unforeseen, no unanticipated evil befall it, the American banner will proudly float from the Atlantic to the Pacific, over ten thousand cities, and its only barrier be ocean's everlasting waves. The kingdoms and empires of Europe, disrobed of the gorgeousness of their past greatness, will dwindle into atoms by the side of this great Republic.—Their day of glory has passed: like Troy, "they have been." While the American Empire, glowing as brilliantly as the temple of the sun, shall be the favourite star of heaven. Its history will terminate only when time shall cease, and its fame will be told in eternity.

EPITAPH,

In West Grinstead—Sussex.

Vast stronge was I, but yet I did die,
 And in my grave asleep do lye;
 My grave is stoned round about,
 But I hope that God will find me out.

It is a remarkable circumstance that those birds whose nests and eggs are more exposed to the view of their enemies than those of other animals, lay eggs the color of which is scarcely distinguishable from that of surrounding objects, by which the eye of rapacious birds or other animals is deceived; while the birds, whose eggs are a bright colour, and consequently capable of attracting notice, conceal their nests in hollow trees or elsewhere, or leave their eggs only at night, or continue to sit upon them from the period of parturition.

The Natchez Galaxy gives to a correspondent who sent a poetical effusion, this cold comfort;
 "The part you stole I like the best.
 Go on, don't fear,—and steal the rest."

DRINK.—Rarely drink but when thou art dry—the smaller the drink the clearer the head and the cooler the blood, which are great benefits in temper and business.—Wm. Penn.

EPITAPH—on a Clothier.

He who was dying many years,
 Behold, is dead at last!
 Death has him fast.
 Death, clasping on his mighty shears,
 Exclaims, "ha! now you're mine at last!"
 Lo! now beneath the ground, cold press'd
 With weighty cloths he lies,—
 But he will rise
 Again in garments newly dress'd.

In former days there was a professor in one of our New-England colleges, who was remarkable for moderation in all that he said or did. One of the quizzical students, in order to caricature this characteristic, so far as words can caricature, told the following story. The professor walked one day very deliberately from his house to the president's, a distance of some thirty rods. He there knocked, as was customary, at the president's study door, was bidden to come in, went in, shutting the door after him. The usual salutations passed alternately between the president and professor, such as "how do you do, sir; how is your family, sir?" with the usual replies, "Pretty well, I thank you; much as usual, I thank you; &c. Then, says the president, "Please to take a chair, Mr. Professor." "I thank you sir, I cannot conveniently stay to be seated. I called to inform you that my house is on fire, and it is expected you will let me have the key which leads to the water engine to assist in extinguishing the fire."

TIME.

Grey-headed thief, beneath thy feet
 What num'rous spoils appear;
 There bleach the locks of maiden sweet—
 There rusts the conqueror's spear.
 Why is a pauper on a par with a baker?
 Because they both need bread.

COQUETRY.

'Tis strange that I remain a maid,
 "Though fifty swains have homage paid!"
 "The reason, you have told," says Fanny,
 "You had just forty-nine too many!"

Messrs Editors.—I have been much amused with some of your selections for the Gem, and to help you a little, I send you the following, which are at your disposal. O.

RIVAL ANECDOTES.

The advantages of a strait-forward course.—Two fellows, gifted in story-telling, met a short time since over a bowl of the "blue ruin," and commenced telling a few funny anecdotes to pass away the time. One said that he had been caught out in a thunder-storm, and was standing under a tall hemlock, on the top of which sat a red squirrel. The lightning struck the hemlock, and running round the tree, which was very winding, found its way to the ground. "But, said he, the squirrel took a bee line, and reached the ground six feet ahead!"

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—and when they were put into the fence, the hogs in attempting to jump through, would always wind right out to the outside again!"

As quick as lightning.—There used to be a man in Durham, who often boasted that his oxen had been unyoked as quick as lightning. The story is this—he was driving his oxen to his barn during a thunder-storm, when the lightning, attracted by the ring and staple, struck the yoke, and split it from end to end: the bows fell out, and the oxen, being separated and terribly frightened, scampered away, bellowing like mad.

LIST OF AGENTS.

The following persons are appointed Agents for the Gem, and will forward subscriptions.

Albion, N. Y. John J. Orton.

Auburn, Henry Cherry.

Buffalo, A. W. Wilgus.

Black-Rock, Rollin German.

Batavia, Wm. A. Seaver.

Port-Byron, H. Perkins.

Burlington, Vt. R. G. Stone.

Canandaigua, N. Y. John Ackley.

Clarkson, G. Clark.

Canajoharie, J. McVean.

Churchville, Dr. Isaac Scott.

Caledonia, J. R. Clark.

East-Cayuga, Wm. Foot.

East-Bloomfield, A. B. Gunn.

East-Avon, A. A. Bennett.

Geneva, H. J. Daniels.

Holley, Darwin Hill.

Jordan, F. Benson.

Le-Roy, A. F. Bartow.

Lyons, J. A. Hadley.

Lockport, N. Leonard.

Little-Falls, Edward M. Griffing.

Manlius, Stephen Gould.

Murray, A. Clark, jr.

Manchester, Geo. Redfield.

Oriskany, Doct. J. Fuller.

Palmyra, E. B. Grandin.

Riga, O. L. Angevine.

Syracuse, A. Dumas, & Co.

Salina, A. H. Scoville.

Scottsville, S. G. Davis.

Throopville, Hamilton Lathrop.

Utica, T. M. Ladd.

Waterloo, Charles Sentell.

Weedsport, E. Weed.

York, D. H. Abeil.

THE GEM,

A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.

2d VOLUME—TO CONTAIN 4 ENGRAVINGS

The GEM will be published every other Saturday, in quarto form, and pagged for binding. It will be accompanied with an Index and Title page at the end of the year. TERMS—ONE DOLLAR AN 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.

SIR WM. JONES AND THOMAS DAY.—One day on removing some books at the chamber of the former, a large spider dropped upon the floor, upon which Sir William, with some warmth said, "Kill that spider, Day; kill that spider!" "No, (said Mr. Day with coolness,) I will not kill that spider, Jones: I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider. Suppose, when you are going in your coach to Westminster Hall, a superior being who, perhaps may have as much power over you, as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, "Kill that lawyer; kill that lawyer!" how should you like that, Jones?"

ON SPENDING TIME.

Time in advance, behind him hides his wings,
 And seems to creep, decrepid with his age:
 Behold him when past by, what then is seen,
 But his broad pinions fleeter than the wind.

CERTAINTIES OF CHRISTIANITY.—Behold the heart-consoling, exhilarating, triumphant certainties of Christianity. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand in the latter day upon the earth." "In my flesh I shall see God, whom mine eyes sha'l behold and not another"—"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord, whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Here is the true balm of Gilead—here is the healing cordial for every human wo.—Hannah Moore.

BREVITY OF LIFE.

A few more lays be sung and o'er,
 The hand is cold, the harp unstrung;
 The hand that swept shall sweep no more,
 The harp that rang, no more be rung.

RESIGNATION.—Mr. —, a very covetous man, lost his only son James: an event which overwhelmed him with sorrow. The minister came to comfort him, and in the course of conversation remarked, that such chastisements of Providence were mercies in disguise; that although in the death of his son he had suffered a severe misfortune, yet undoubtedly his own reflections had already suggested some sources of consolation.—"Yes," exclaimed the weeping, but still provident father, "Jim was a monstrous great eater!"

The end of the World.—A periodical called "The World," and lately published at Portland, has been discontinued.

THE GEM,

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

BE OURS THE PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 4.

ROCHESTER, JUNE 12, 1830.

VOL. II.

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 flee?
To thee, fair world?—no, not to thee.

Where shall the troubled spirit seek
In thee a place of rest—

Thy fading 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 the bow'd spirit, now, a goal
Far holier than thou art.

Bright *Heaven*, thou art the boon—and we
Should turn to thee—to thee—to thee.

ROSAMOND.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

INEZ.

It was sunset at Venice—that soft, voluptuous hour, which in Italy seems more like an evening in paradise, than aught that is earthly; and every thing was silent and repose—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 the beautiful Italian knew not what surrounded her. Her mind seemed vacant, and her lips, though they moved, seemed to utter nothing of any import. Her fingers carelessly ran over the beads in her rosary, and then she would forsake them and linger at her guitar—but there was a sadness in the strain which seemed to come from a deep reservoir of tears, freighted with sighs. She at last, knelt down before the cross, and went through her evening devotions with some degree of calmness, and when she arose, the hallowed light of pure and fervent devotion seemed to have gathered about her.

Inez was the only child of an Italian nobleman; her mother died when she was but an infant, leaving her to the sole guardianship of a doating father. She became from that hour his idol—she grew up beautiful and beloved by all who came within the influence of her tender and affectionate disposition. She had various proffers for her hand, but at the age of eighteen, her heart remained unvisited by any feeling warmer than friendship. Hers was a heart formed for love, and she must find some congenial soul, ere it could feel; not cold, heartless, ambitious love, which often, too often, is mistaken for that more holy passion. There was one who had sued for her hand, and been rejected time after time; but he still seemed bent upon gaining it. He

was the son of a nobleman, proud and imperious; and the gentle girl found so much of the tyrant under the mask of tenderness, that he had become hateful to her. But Antoine had a brother, who, being younger, and knowing of Antoine's attachment, had only dared to look at the fair creature, as we look at the bright stars, and sky—so much above us that we know we look upon forbidden things. Thus it was with the young Gustavus; he had long loved her in secret. Gustavus was the reverse of his brother; he was most beautiful, gentle, affectionate, and possessing all the good qualities which seemed withheld from his brother. Gustavus at length, saw that his brother was rejected, and he then dared, for the first time, to breathe of love to the young and fascinating Inez. That was enough; she loved him with all the fervency of *woman's first love*. Her father gave his sanction to his daughter's choice, and the day was set for the celebration of that tie which was to unite them in this world forever. The morning came—Inez was habited in her pure, bridal dress; the church was lighted, the ring was on the altar, the priest was in waiting; but the bridegroom came not. Gustavus had fallen by the hand of an assassin; and, too, by the order of his brother! The fatal news reached the ears of Inez. She rushed to the house of his father, where he lay in princely pomp—there was the polished brow, the same dark hair, and the bright lip on which death had scarcely set his icy seal;—but the raven eye was closed forever; and there was no murmur, as there was wont, from that pale being before her eyes. Yes, there he lay, a calm, unconscious thing, beautiful even in his cold, pale deathliness. Gustavus was buried with due honors; Inez still lived on, but then her reason had almost forsaken her. At times, she seemed as she once was; but those hours were transitory. She frequently repeated the name of Gustavus, in a low tone; as if it must not be uttered aloud, for fear of waking him—for it would seem that he always appeared to her imagination as she had last beheld him, in the deep sleep of death. Antoine expired in prison a short time after Gustavus was buried, and his last hours were bitter.

ROSAMOND.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

LEGENDS OF OLDENT IME.

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

members of having heard that the animals 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 childish 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 follow men to their graves—and it is not unfrequent at this day, to hear men calculating from *signs*, or attempting to effect causes, or predict evil or good by authority of some tradition 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, in the main, and might have lived perfectly so, had they not received as truth, the thousand superstitious notions, that creep into the mind, in the absence, or for want of something 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 blazed each night in the heavens, was the harbinger of woe, of blood and carnage. Witches were believed in, with all the wonder appertaining to their power. The mind untaught is strongest in the things of error, particularly if those errors be clothed in a supernatural garb. But our good friends of D. did not many of them fall below mediocrity, at least, and therefore is the wonder more that they should have been led to believe in "strange dreams."

Harry Daniel was a superannuated old pedler. He had, in his life-time, to use his own words, "travelled over all creation, his side of Europe," and had peddled off more "wooden nutmegs," "horn gun-flints," and "basswood cucumber seeds" than a whole life of contrition could atone for. He often said that he supposed "that one half of Vermont, one quarter of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and a little piece of Connecticut, had a rod in pickle for Harry Daniel." And it was even so. Many an honest pedler who went out after him had to receive the full force of some matron's tongue, and be threatened with the broomstick, too, on Harry's account. But Harry had got thro' his peddling days, and was nicely settled in Durham. He had no family, and therefore his hut was charmed by only two companions besides himself, viz. a cat and dog. Harry had, for a long time drawn deeply upon the time of his neighbors; and his stories were generally accompanied by deep potations of cider and ginger. This was all that Harry desired

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 his 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 ghost-ship, 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 burthened 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 reek 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 had just set, and it portended a frightful storm. On that night Harry was to enter the morass. The night closed in, and the thick darkness was not more general than the unbroken silence throughout all Durham. The wail of the spirit was again heard, and Harry entered the morass! A thunderstorm scarce less terrible than that will be 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 some weeks after in the garret of a two-story house, where no one had been before for a twelvemonth. It was said that the Devil had flown away with poor Harry, and that in passing the house, the hat and shoes had been 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 by many for a fact! Is it not a sorry comment upon poor human nature.

ADRIAN.

He must have been singularly unfortunate in childhood, or singularly the reverse in after life, who does not look back upon its scenes, its sports, and pleasures with fond regret; who does not "wish for 'c'en its sorrows back again."

On Miss Anne Bread.

A PUN.

While toasts their lovely graces spread,
And fops around them flutter;
I'll be content with Anne Bread,
And won't have any but her.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

LORENZO GREY.

[Concluded from our last.]

The Baron of Renwick was a congenial associate for a disposition like the Count's.—He had been bred a vulgar, 'graceless loon,' and if even a kindly feeling of humanity entered his breast, it was as a "stranger in a strange place," and was immediately banished for being unknown. There was, however, this difference between the two; Count Blaint was really courageous, but Renwick was ever afraid, and his lowest subject, if chance led them together, would easily intimidate him to a flight. His immense wealth, which he freely disbursed among his followers, was the only tie that restrained an almost savage horde in obedience to his word; and upon that, too, was based his only claim to nobility. The Count had promised him an easy victory, and by a little pungent flattery, had quiesced all thoughts of his former defeat. The day was near at hand, and Renwick had promised his clan a noble riot in Plinlimmon Halls, preparatory to their destruction. Other but yet effectual means were put in requisition among the disaffected of Plinlimmon's men, by the Count and his wily confederate Malcomb.

"A few days more," said he, as Malcomb left his apartment, "and Isora will have no voice of refusal. She has promised already, but 'tis a woman's word—she may and may not. I would trust it not another hour, but my foolish heart will break through all restraint and become a pitying, pleading coward before her tears. Yet if I wait till after the castle shall become my own, will this spark of womanhood be better schooled? Will not Isora's tears weigh full as low as now; for I know that tears alone must grace our nuptials. Had my name but been Lorenzo, kindly smiles and kinder words would have waited my every look, while a tear would have frightened her buoyant soul almost to madness. But now, blood alone, and that, too, of her only parent, can win her to my arms. But if he is not among the dead," he resumed as some new idea seemed to change his thoughts, "when the fight is over, she will know he lives, and then farewell a woman's word;—the cause removed, the promise is forgotten. No, I'll be her dupe no longer.—'Tis best to woo while her lips will utter 'yes.' Isora, to-night thou art mine;" and he left the room to fulfil the resolution.

Isora was yet at the cottage. Reason had resumed her sceptre, but brought not with it a perfect recollection of the past. She merely remembered enough to know that she was miserable, & that she had said something in her agony which she wished she had not.—Thither went the count, full of his resolution to become at once a husband. He had so worked upon his own fears, that he dared not give a time for change. Isora's feebly settled feelings were again harrowed up from their deep fountains, for the Count knew no mode of tenderness, and Lorenzo's death again sounded in her ears. The Baron of Plinlimmon, he who had been her foster-parent since the death of her father, and whom Isora really loved with filial affection, was

pictured to her frenzied imagination kneeling at her feet and suing for her intercession. Already was the dagger of death pointed to his bosom, while fancy was busy with his blood upon her garments, and again the disordered poignancy of her soul prompted a compliance. A neighbouring monk was called, and they proceeded, accompanied only by Andrew and Alice, to the chapel. The Count stood by the altar, and Isora, leaning upon the arm of Alice, reclined by his side. The ceremony was commenced, and the voice of that monk, (for it was not the venerable father, but one in his stead,) seemed to thrill Isora's soul as he petitioned heaven in her behalf. His first voice had rivetted her attention, and a feeling of awe kept her eyes upon the petitioner. The supplication was long, but Isora could have listened yet, for her calmed soul seemed waiting but the prayer to wing itself to heaven. The monk ceased, and laid his lank hand upon the ritual ceremony. It was opened, and the Count firmly repeated the words of his solemn prompter. Isora began but her lips faintly uttered she knew not what, and Alice, as if to prompt her, whispered some talisman in her ear.

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

Her face pressed, for a moment, that holy altar, but the Count, overcoming an awe 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 scarcely 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 was himself nowhere to be seen. Plinlimmon's voice was firm, and his orders calm. Renwick was in sight, and his clan moved on as if secure of victory.

Already were they half drunk with their anticipated riot. 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 clan 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 it 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.

"My God! they flee!" he shouted and opposed their flight. "Hold! back, back, 'tis LORENZO calls!" and his voice rung upon the air like the pæan of victory.

"Lorenzo lives!" shouted the clan, and they turned upon their opposers. His voice had reached the traitor Malcomb and his men. At first a single shout of "Live Lorenzo!" broke forth among them, and then was echoed in quick succession by all the clan. Their arms were resumed, and Renwick was attacked in rear by the traitors turned true. "Lorenzo lives!" echoed upon the Count's ear like the knell of death, for he knew that all had loved him. Caught in his own snare, he fought as if each blow might be his last.--- Renwick's men were overpowered, and were already suing for mercy, when Lorenzo appeared in front. The Count flew to meet him, and the young Chieftain, equally eager, received him upon his sword. Their hatred was mutual, and the Count, collecting all his might, aimed a blow at Lorenzo's head.--- His sword was too weak for the Count's mighty claymour, and it broke in his hand.--- The blow was turned, and its force carried it harmless down Lorenzo's side. The young Chief knew his advantage, and springing suddenly upon the Count bore him down.--- Lorenzo drew the dagger that had been left in his own bosom; and as he raised the weapon the Count would have cried for mercy, but the blow choked the word. 'Twas done--- the steel was true, and Blaint was dead. The exertion was too great for his enfeebled nerves, and Lorenzo lay upon his victim lifeless as death. Renwick was a prisoner, and his men had all sued for quarter.

The cry of "Lorenzo lives!" reached the interior of the Castle where Isora had been conveyed, and started her from her couch.--- Madly flying through the crowd, she sought Lorenzo, and her quick eye was first to find him. He still lay motionless upon the Count's dead body---his hand feebly grasping the dagger which still pierced the traitor's heart---

blood oozed from his bosom, and she saw no more. Andrew caught her falling form and conveyed her to Alice, while Plinlimmon raised the spiritless body of his son, and bore it to the Castle. All were weeping over the breathless 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! LOTHAIRE.

DON'T BE DISCOURAGED

If in the outset of life, things should not go on smoothly. It seldom happens that 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 up hill and generally rough enough. The journey is a laborious one, and whether poor or rich, high or low, we shall find it so to our disappointment, if we have built on any other calculation. To endure cheerfully what must be, and elbow our way as easily as we can, hoping for little, yet striving for much, is perhaps the true plan. But DON'T BE DISCOURAGED if occasionally you should slip by the way, and your neighbors tread over you a little, or in other words don't let a failure or two dishearten you--- accidents happen; miscalculations will sometimes be made; things often turn out differently from our expectations, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember 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 unwise to sink into despondency, when fortune frowns, since, in the common course of things, she may surely be expected to smile again.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

The coming of Evening.

As observed from the "PINNACLE," near Rochester.

As yet, 'twas scarcely twilight's pensive hour;
The sweet and mellow'd tints of fading day,
The calm and breezeless vault of Heav'n o'erspread,
And earth reflected back the tints of Heaven.
A scatter'd few of light and trembling clouds,
Which high in th' azure vault were floating o'er,
Like gauze of gold were gently waving there;
Or yet more seem'd like flut'ring spirits of day,
Who linger'd there to catch the sun's last beam,
And thence dispense it through the realms of space.
In th' east in clouded grandeur enthron'd;
An Iris sat, and thence reflected 'round
Its magic hues of gold and crimson deep.
Ontario's broad and dark blue waves did bear
The arch's northern side, while the other seem'd
As if it sought, through th' other wide expanse,
For Catskill's highest peak to rest upon.
Clouds pil'd on clouds, with ever-changing shapes
Chaotic rolled and hover'd round the throne.
And as they chang'd, or wander'd far or near,
So each receiv'd or back return'd the bright
And soften'd hues, 'till the heavens appear'd
Like one vast foaming sea of molten gold---
A shadowy likeness to those fabled things
That sprang of old from man's imaginings.
And then those glorious scenes grew dim and fled;
The arch of light, like a vision from God,
In the clouds of night had melted away---
That splendid array of colours, and hues,
Grew faded and dim, and they perish'd too---
The rich dark crimson shades grew yet more dark,
The purple tints grew black, and all were lost,
Until the Moon, with calm and placid face,
With silvery light illum'd the air again,
And Night came forth with all her heavenly train.
W. H. W.

AMERICAN GENIUS.

A late English writer says, "America is fifty years behind England, in point of mechanical genius." Indeed! and wherein does this boasted superiority of Britain consist? Let us examine the important inventions produced for the last fifty years, and ascertain which have the greatest claim to inventive genius. What has England produced during that period which may compare with the nail machine, the water loom, and the Steam boat? Whom shall she place in competition with Franklin, Fulton and Perkins? These are questions which English vanity will find it difficult to answer.

Until within a few years it has been the practice of British Journals and British Travellers, to sneer at every production of our country, as though the term AMERICAN were but another name for stupidity and ignorance. Our improvements in the mechanic arts are pronounced worthless by the very men who are now reaping important advantages from them. The insulting query of "who reads an American Book?" has been made by the very periodicals, whose pages have since been adorned with the writings of American authors. Our country is yet in her infancy, but young as she is, her obligations to Britain have been amply redeemed, by the genius of her citizens. The promise of her childhood is like that of the infant Hercules: and it requires no gift of prophecy to foretell her destiny of glory. Who is there that looks forward to our future greatness, with the "unborn ages crowding on his soul," that does not exult in the birth-right of an American, and in the proud recollection "This is my own---my native land?"---WHITTIER.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

NATURE'S WORKS.

When we undertake to contemplate the vast realities of unexplored Nature, and turn our thoughts towards the immensities existing within immensity, we are unconsciously struck with a kind of pleasing awe. The magnifying inventions of inquisitive man inform us there yet exists beyond the reach of his vulgar eye, multitudes of living beings all as accurately formed, and possessing and exercising functions natural to the inhabitants of this 'outer sphere of life.' The fur on the surface of the fig contains in reality, myriads of animals as full of life and vigor as those of the 'larger growth,' and they appear, by Rand's Microscope to have their hours (to them moments) of amusement, and their pitched battles, and time of sleep; though in the course of things, an hour is to them an age. The empire of vinegar---the sharpest, sourest vinegar, contains serpents, apparently two feet in length, and in fact, vinegar is composed wholly of these reptiles. The inside of a human hair is the abode of a singular race of animals; they live, necessarily, in a crowded condition, but appear very comfortable.--- They have their perching places, small fibres stretching across from one side to the other of their habitations. The green leaves and beautiful flowers are nothing more than living beings varying in their manners according to the appearance or taste of the object. In this manner can we travel throughout the Universal dominions of nature's God, admiring and to admire; till man, and his possessions, kings and kingdoms, earth and her long and brilliant train of Luminaries sink, as it were, into insignificance, when put in competition with the Almighty and everlasting Creator of ten thousand worlds! I.

PERPETUAL MOTIONS.---The Academy of Science at Paris have resolved 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 a mere waste of time.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

"Memory is the green spot in the desert."

From Miss —'s Album.

Ah! yes, there is a spot forever green,
 Tho' cold and cheerless grows hope's waning beam;
 That bright, that halcyon'd little spot between
 Our early childhood's thoughtless, careless dream,
 And that sad hour, unblest, when first we knew
 The blight whence care and cankering sorrow grew.

That happy hour when all is calm and fair,
 When all we feel is but our bliss to know,
 When kindness is but impulse free as air,
 And smiles and sighs, like faith and friendship flow
 Spontaneous from a warm and guileless heart,
 Ere we have learn'd to act earth's borrow'd part.

Yes, in the dreariest waste of time 'twill bloom,
 And oft when weary life is all unblest,

With memory, like the vernal dawn 'twill come
 In balmy dews and holy radiance drest;
 And like the Palm-tree's welcome shade of green
 In Afric's sands, it brightens all the scene.

HORACE.

Buffalo, May, 1830.

AN INTERESTING PICTURE.

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 idly extravagant. His wife, too, thinking to do credit to her husband, paid little attention to economy, and rather made it her study to gratify his taste, than to regard the expense it might occasion.

There was a time too, when such a general prosperity pervaded this country, that prudence herself seemed almost to justify extravagance. But these times had gone by, and on those countenances where formerly beamed 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 neighbor, for experience was daily teaching, in painful lessons, that the foundations of credit were loosened, and those who had withstood many a storm, now bent and yielded to the calamities of the times.

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 sportive 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 sympathising with their husbands and supposing that by affectionately sharing his regrets, that they discharged their duty; not such a woman was Mrs. M. She felt deeply for her husband's misfortunes: but that feeling was an active principle, which prompted her to do what was in her power to relieve him. She immediately commenced 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 in his heart; and in his approbation she found at 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 slowly 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 lovely the woman that can thus act! From her example, let every American fair learn in what course of conduct lies the true dignity of female character. May they learn that they were intended by Providence, not merely to float on the surface of pleasure, or flutter like butterflies in the sun, but to be the sweet soothers and consolators of man, when misfortune clouds his prospects or presses heavily upon his spirits.

THE LYRE.

The Lyre, upon life's pathway hung,
 By nature's inspiration strung;
 Whose thrilling tones in silence sleep,
 'Till to a kindred note they leap;
 A sigh will stir its gentle strings,
 And to the breast from which it springs,
 Breathe its first soft whisperings;
 But sweeter, louder swells its strain,
 When it is echoed back again:
 That Lyre is Love.

ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

Many of the old and singular customs bequeathed to us by our forefathers are fast wearing away, and the few which remain, however superstitious, are regarded with something like affection by those who love to trace the manner of the olden time. In the county of Hereford, Eng. some of the Romish and feudal ceremonies are still practised.—On the eve of Old Christmas Day, there are thirteen fires lighted in the cornfields of many of the farms, twelve of them in a circle, and one round a pole, much longer and higher than the rest, in the centre of the fires.—These fires are dignified with the names of the Virgin Mary and Twelve Apostles, the lady being in the centre, and while they are burning, the laborers retire into some shed, or out-house, where they can behold the brightness of the Apostolic flame. In this shed they lead a cow, on whose horn a large plum cake has been stuck, and having assembled round the animal, the oldest laborer takes a pail of cider, and addresses the following lines to the cow with great solemnity; after which the verse is chanted in chorus by all present:—

'Here's to thy pretty face and thy white horn,
 God send thy master a good crop of corn,
 Both wheat, rye and barley, and all sorts of grain,
 And next year, if we live, we'll drink to thee again.'

He then dashes the cider in the cow's face, when, by a sudden toss of her head, she throws 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 childish pieces of folly that can be, and the occasion of great profuseness and undoing of young men. Avoid curiosity, and too much expensiveness in your apparel; be comely, plain, decent, cleanly, not curious, 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.*

In the time of the old 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 am no judge of paintings."

A half cup of Tea.—Some Misses can never be persuaded to take a half cup of tea, for fear they shall never get the title of Mrs.—Aunt Tabitha Particular is one of these believers in signs. She has ever since her fifteenth year avoided this calamitous omen, and is now unmarried at the age of 75. Still she has full faith in the sign, and could not be induced for the world to take a half cup of tea.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM. REMINISCENCES.

Winter's stern bands are broken—his ruffian blasts Long headed have pass'd off, while gentle Spring Again resumes her station, and o'ercasts Soft nature with a genial blossoming.

Hail to thy odoriferous balmy breeze, Washed along far from yon southern seas— While the full-blooming apple, peach and pear, Shed odours sweet, fresh mingling with the air— Hail to thy 'busy hum'! The warbling throng, Pour forth their lays to thee in merry song; And man no less the wondrous work of God, Feels a full flow of genial spirits flood His mental faculties. Here then let's chime, A song of social, sentimental rhyme.

I love to sally forth in the morn, When nature's works look sheen; When the moistening dews their leaves adorn, And the forest trees are green— When the violet blue, with its tinted hue, Sparkles more white the dew is on; And the welkin sky is ting'd on high, From the rays of the orient sun— When a soft and gently whispering breeze, From 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 pensive mood, On a bright and sunny day; [stood, When the worms which have winter's blasts with- Come peep' forth in May— When the 'trailing hute' and wild-wood flowers Drink deep from the fountain of April's showers, With their richest robe on; When the goldfinch's full and merry note, Through the woodland-dell is sent aff, In a soft and mournful tone— 'Tis of times like these, oh! those happier hours, That my memory hangs upon.

And at eve, when the twilight shades come on, And the cares of a day well spent are gone, I love then to spend an hour abroad, Musing upon the works of God: When the busy world have retir'd to rest, And the crescent moon sinks down in the west, And the star-lit canopy appears— When the feather'd songsters' harps are still, Save the Nightingale and the Whip-poor-will, Whose melodious notes so loud and shrill, Oft the lone night-wanderer cheers— And the soft low gush of the murmuring rill As it glides along 'neath low willoy trees, Strikes a charm thro' the soul as it falls on his ears: 'Tis of times like these, and of scenes like these, That my inmost soul reveres. Z.

THE ANCHORET.

A LEGEND OF THE OLD FRENCH WAR.

It was midnight—not a breath of air ruffled the transparent waters of Lake George, on whose calm bosom the many stars flashed like ocean-diamonds, when a small skiff, guided by one man, slowly approached the rocky shore where the British army lay encamped. The boat attracted the attention of two sentinels who were stationed at a short distance from the beach, and they both simultaneously exclaimed in a low tone, "The anchoret! hist! there he comes." In a moment the skiff wheeled around and sped from the shore with the velocity of an arrow. "By the night-cap of King George," said one of the men, "this is a mysterious affair. How could he have heard us?" "Aye,"—retorted his companion, with a significant shrug of the shoulders—"and then he is seldom seen except at

night." Many were the conjectures made by them relative to the strange being. He had been seen at different times by numbers of the soldiers, and his singular and lonely appearance, excited their curiosity to the highest pitch. Suspicions began at length to be entertained that he was a spy in the employment of the French; and measures were accordingly adopted for his apprehension. On the following morning the strange man was seen by a scout, while mooring his skiff under a projecting rock. His motions were watched by the soldier in breathless silence. Clambering up the crags with astonishing agility, he proceeded at a rapid pace along the bold shore of the lake, followed at a distance by his unseen spy, until he reached a rude log cabin situated on the brink of a fearful precipice, which commanded a noble view of the elegant water scenery beneath. After pausing a moment, he entered and closed the bark door. The soldier scanned the surrounding objects, and retraced his steps. He reported his discovery to his Colonel, who immediately ordered a small detachment consisting of a Lieutenant and seven or eight privates, to repair forthwith to the cabin, and bring its inmate into the camp. "Old Grey-Beard has chosen a singular location for his palace," said the Lieutenant—a man who was loathed alike by his equals and inferiors, over whose early life was drawn the dark veil of mingled crime and mystery—as they slowly wound their way up the craggy height, "but if he makes the least resistance, we will tumble him and his air castle into the lake." "I would rather take a loving hug with some one else," replied the guide, "for he scaled those rocky battlements like a tiger seeking his lair." The conversation was continued until they arrived within a short distance of the hut. Silence was then commanded, and they surrounded the humble abode without discovery or molestation. The Lieutenant tapped loudly upon the closed entrance, and in a moment it was opened by the object of their search. Grief had stamped his signet upon his brow, and the mildew wing of Time had done its work of woe, though the unsub-

tion for sober realities, and considered the great mass of mankind honest and virtuous; but time dispelled the illusive aspirations of youth, and has taught me to trust a viper that stings the bosom which warmed it, rather than place confidence in man any further than his interest is concerned. I formerly resided in Boston, affluent and happy. My family was small, consisting of a wife and one lovely daughter. The latter was ruined by a fiend in human shape—a British Lieutenant; (here the officer hid his burning brow and appeared lost in abstraction; but the old man appeared not to notice his confusion, and proceeded,) the former died of a broken heart; my property was reft from me by the treachery of a false friend; and I became a free denizen of the wilderness. Retribution has in part done its work. The villain who grasped my property has ended his career on the gallows; though the reptile who blasted one of the fairest flowers that ever bloomed out of Eden, still walks forth in the open light of day. Soon, very soon however, will he receive the meed of vengeance. But the sands of my glass are few—Time will soon be changed for the dial plate of eternity." The melancholy voice of the old man ceased, and they proceeded to search the apartment while he threw open a door not before discovered by them, on that side of the cabin facing the lake. It was a dizzy distance from this door to the blue waters beneath—but the old man looked down with unquivering limbs and a steady eye. Unsuccessfully rumaging every part of the the hut, with expectation of finding secret papers or money, he was ordered to accompany the soldiers to head quarters. Making a feint to move towards the door, he suddenly grappled the Lieutenant, and exclaiming—"Wretch! my daughter shall now be avenged!" With a powerful effort precipitate himself and his opponent into the lake. A dead shriek—a heavy splash—and a few bubbles only rose over their watery grave.

JONATHAN'S WATCH.

A smart young chap (wink down east," gives the following account of his first "venture" after arriving in the city. "Nothing happened worth the road nor till next morning, and put up in Elm Street. I was down in the bar, and I was well pleased to look pre- with the clock in the bar, right as ever it was—how up to me and asked how I'd I, for what? and says he, I, and says I, any way that will upon that says he, I'll give you five dollars. Says I, it's done. five dollars, and I give him my watch. says I, give me your watch, and says a loud laugh, I can't get none— and o' turned the laugh on me. Thinks I, laugh that lose. Soon as the laugh over, the feller thought he'd try the watch. I, not without she's carried—then I began to laugh—he tried to open it, but could not start her a hair, and broke his thumbnail in the bargain. Wont she open? says he,---Not's I knows on, says I; then she laugh kind o' turned on him. Dont you think I got old Britannia off pretty well consid'ring?" THUMPING WONT MAKE A GENTLEMAN.---Two eminent members of the Irish Bar, Messrs. Doyle and Yelverton, once quarrelled so violently, that from words they came to blows. Doyle, the more powerful man, (at the first at least,) knocked down his adversary twice, exclaiming with vehemence, "You scoundrel! I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman!"---to which Yelverton, rising up, answered with equal indignation, "No sir, I defy you--I defy you--you can't do it

In looking over our communications the following, from our good friend 'Lara' met our view, with a request that it should be published soon. It was undoubtedly written upon the loss of a friend, and we hope no injury is done by the delay in its appearance.—Eds.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

RETROSPECTION.

Oh! where are the friends of my childhood's gay hours?
 Who wander'd with me 'mong the spring's verdant flowers—
 Oh! where are the smiles that delighted me there?
 The young and the sprightly, the fond and the fair?
 Where is that enchantment which then could beguile
 A dull tedious hour—that liv'd in the smile
 On fair ADELA'S cheek—and the sparkling blue eye,
 That always met mine as I pass'd her by?
 They're flown, flown away, and I never again
 Shall hear that sweet music—fair Adela's strain—
 Oh! I'd forfeit the pleasures of life's coming day,
 To live in the light of her smiles—and her lay—
 But never, oh! never! shall pleasure's like those,
 Cross the path of my course—'tis a journey of woes.
 Though I sigh for the joys of my childhood, in vain,
 They are past! I shall never behold them again.

LARA.

From the Mechanics' Free Press.

AN ADVENTURE.

BY PETER SINGLE.

There are many situations in life that men are placed in, which will bring forth talent, strength, courage, and ingenuity, which himself and others deemed totally at variance with his nature. I am one whose life has been an undisturbed scene of peace and quietude. No quarrel, of dispute ever rendered it necessary for me to call forth my moral and physical strength, both of which now I am inclined to believe I possess, at least the reader will bear me out, when I have related the following adventure:

On my way to P——, in the fall of 1829, I was drawing towards the cold evening of the first fall month, when my horse was led before a respectable house, situated on the corner from N. There was something remarkable in this action, which would he move a step in order to move him on. I was, by the whim, and at the moment which came upon me, a supernatural feeling, seemed to enter. Having been resting to be conducted to the man of the house, I was seated in a neat sitting-room, where sat a young man about twenty years of age. On my entrance, and seemed a little at the appearance of a perfect stranger. A few words, I related to her the conduct, of my horse, his stubbornness to my mind. I am not, I observed, superstitious, nor inclined to lean on the side of the metaphysical doctrines of those who support them; but the strange unaccountable feeling that crept over me in attempting to pass your house, induced me to solicit lodging for the night.

"We are not," she replied, "well guarded, 'tis true; but in this part of the country we have little to fear from robbers, for we have never heard of any being near us; we are at peace with them all. But this evening, in consequence of my father's absence, I feel unusually lonesome, and were it not bordering on the superstitious, I might reason like you and say I consent to your staying, for

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 quick, that on looking at my watch, I was surprised to find it was eleven 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—its last vibrating sound had scarcely died away, when the opening of a shutter, and the raising of a sash in one 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 adjoining the one occupied by the lady; mine was next the staircase; the step came along the gallery slow and cautious. 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 moved, nor a nerve was slackened, for I felt as if heaven had selected me out as the instrument to effect its purpose. The person slowly passed on, and I as cautiously approached the door of my chamber. I now went by instinct, or rather by the conveyance of sound; for as soon as I heard his hand grasp the latch of one door, mine seized on the other: a deep silence followed this movement; it seemed as if he heard the sound, and waited the repetition—it came not—all was still; he might have thought it the echo of his own noise. I heard the door open softly—I also opened mine, and the very moment I stepped into the entry I caught a glimpse of a tall man entering the light chamber where lay the unconscious young lady. I softly stepped along the entry, and approached the chamber; through the half opened door I glanced my eyes into the room. No object was visible, save the curtained bed, within the sheets of which lay the intended victim to a midnight assassin, and he gracious Heaven! negro!! For at that moment a tall, fierce looking black approached the bed; and next was Othello and Desdemona more naturally represented; at least that particular scene of the immortal bard's conception. I was in suspense; my heart swelled almost to suffocation, my eyes to cracking as I made a bound into the room. The black villain had rushed to the ragged part of the covering off the bed, with the sound of my foot caused him to turn. He started, and thus confronted, we stood gazing at each other a few seconds; his eye shot fire—fury was depicted in his countenance. He made a spring towards me, and the next moment lay a corpse on the floor! The noise of the pistol aroused the lady; she started in her

bed, and seemed an angel of the white clouds emerging from her downy bed to soar up to the skies.

The first thing that presented itself to her view, was myself standing near her, with a pistol in my hand.

"Oh! do not murder me! take all; you cannot, will not murder me sir!"

The servants now rushed in; all was explained. The wretch turned out to be a vagabond, supposed a runaway slave from Virginia; and I had the providential opportunity of rescuing one from the worst of fates, who in after years called me husband, and related to our children her miraculous escape from the bold attacks of a midnight assassin.

We stated last week that Mr. Garrison, late one of the Editors of the Genius of Universal Emancipation, was in prison in Baltimore, for speaking in strong and indignant language of the conduct of Francis Todd, of Newburyport, Mass. for being engaged in the domestic slave trade. Mr. Garrison appears not to be idle.—He has addressed the following card to Mr. Todd which we would hope might at least disturb his conscience, if it does not induce him to desist from aiding in any way, those who are engaged in this inhuman traffic.—R. Observer.

From the Courier.

A CARD

To Mr. Francis Todd, Merchant, of Newburyport, (Mass.)

Sir—As a New Englander, and a fellow townsman, I am ashamed of your conduct. How could you suffer your noble ship to be freighted with the wretched victims of slavery? Is not this horrible traffic offensive to God, and revolting to humanity? You have a wife, —Do you love her? You have children—if the merchant should kidnap, another sell, and a third transport them to a foreign market, how would you bear this bereavement? What language would be strong enough to denounce the abettor? You would rend the heavens with your lamentations! There is no sacrifice so painful to parents as the loss of their offspring. So cries the voice of nature!

Take another case. Suppose you and your family were seized on execution, and sold at public auction: a New Orleans planter buys your children—a Georgian, your wife—a South Carolinian yourself: would one of your townsmen (believing the job to be a profitable one) be blameless for transporting you all thither, though familiar with all these afflicting circumstances?

Sir, I owe you no ill-will. My soul weeps over your error. I denounced your conduct in strong language—but did you not deserve it? Consult your bible and your heart. I am in prison for denouncing slavery in a free country? You, who have assisted in oppressing your fellow-creatures, are permitted to go at large, and to enjoy the fruits of your crime!—*Cui prodest scelus, is fecit.*

You shall hear from me again. In the mean time, with mingled emotions, &c. &c.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Baltimore Jail, May 13, 1830.

INDIAN HOSTILITIES.

Extract of a letter from an officer of the Army, dated

"PRAIRIE DU CHIEN May 6, 1830.

"When coming down the Mississippi on the raft of timber, a war party of Sioux, came to me and landed on the raft, but did not

offer any violence. They were seventy strong, and well armed; and when they arrived at the Prairie, they were joined by thirty Menomies, and then proceeded down the river in pursuit of the Sacks and 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 hand of a squaw and the scalps. They killed the head 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 Winnebagoes have joined with the Sioux and Menomies, and the Potawatomes have joined with the Sacks and Foxes. We shall have a great battle in a day or so.—*N. Y. Spectator.*

At Lisbon, says a letter of March 13th, an execution 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 burnt, and have their ashes thrown 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-de-fe is intended to open the way to the restoration of the Inquisition, which is incessantly demanded by the apostolical 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 residue of the shocks of 1829. 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 endorser. We envy not 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 D. 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 that 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 town sells ardent 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.*

Mr Isaac Newton, though so deep in algebra and fluctuations, could not readily make out a common account; and when he was master of the Mint, he used to get somebody to make out his accounts for him.

What silly thoughts can feed that carrion bird of pride, while roosting during the night-time of ignorance in the unregenerate heart of man.—*Rowland Hill's Village Dialogues.*

TRIED GEM.

Rochester, Saturday, June 12, 1830.

Engravings.—Our next number will contain an Engraving.

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.

☞ 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 regret that it could not have been published entire in one number, but unavoidable circumstances prevented the author from furnishing it at once.

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 towing them on the canal, by means of which some of them were drowned.

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.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Theresa," and "Anna," are again welcome to our columns. Their effusions will soon find a place. The budget from "Z," is received, and will go entire.

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 of woman as the gentle being who shall soothe us in our hours of tempest, and conciliate us in our moments of wrath, how disgusting is the spectacle to find her depriving herself of the delicacy so characteristic of her sex, by violent and unreasonable rage. I have been long on terms of the most confidential intimacy with a young female of superior beauty and accomplishments. She possesses every qualification necessary, in my estimation, to render the married state happy, if I except that most disgusting of all foibles, a quickness in anger, which swallows up all her modesty of character. When she is thus excited, all the most abhorrent passions of the human heart seem contending for the mastery. Her voice becomes coarse and nasal, her eyes lose their mild brilliance and beauty, and her entire face is suffused with the color of passion. She rages like a tigress, and however devotedly a man may regard her, the moment he witnesses one of her hysteric fits of rage, I am confident he will be cured of his affection. Strange what an influence unbridled passion has upon beings who otherwise would be almost faultless. Parents should look to these things when their children are young, for if a habit of this kind grow up with their years, it is impossible to suppress or counteract its influence.

Experience is the father, and memory the mother of wisdom.

Hope keeps the heart whole.

From the Boston Recorder.

THE SALEM MURDER.

Disclosures have been made on this subject within a few days, which are extremely illustrative of the depravity of man. A letter was written from Prospect, Me. to a Mr. Knapp, of Salem, containing dark allusions and threats, which fell into the hands of the Committee of Vigilance. By means of an answer to this letter, a John R. C. Palmer jr., of Belfast, was arrested, and on examination showed that he was in full possession of the facts relative to the Salem murder. In consequence of this, Joseph J. Knapp Jr. and John F. Knapp, of Wenham, brothers, have been arrested, and the former has turned State's Evidence. He is the son-in-law of Mrs. Beckford, who was niece and housekeeper of Mr. White the, deceased. He confesses he wished Mr. White to die without leaving a will, in order that half the estate might fall to his mother-in-law. For this purpose, he got access to the iron box, and took out a will, which he carried to Wenham and burnt; though it appears there was a later will left, and his labor was in vain. He also confesses that he hired two men to murder Mr. W., one only of whom entered the house, and that he afterwards saw them in Wenham and paid them part of the \$1000 he had promised. The fatal bludgeon has been found in the spot pointed out by Knapp. Whether Palmer or J. F. Knapp took part in the murder, or whether the two assassins were the Crowninshields already in jail, the statement before us does not determine. The Salem Register says,

"The sensation which has been created in town by these appalling disclosures is beyond description. Knapp has heretofore sustained a fair character, and the suspicions of the public had never been directed toward him. The depth of grief and misery into which his amiable young wife, and numerous respectable connections have been thrown by this dreadful development, has caused the hearts of thousands to bleed for them."

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

LOSS OF THE PACKET SHIP BOSTON.

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 passage from Charleston to Liverpool, and burnt, with her whole 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 fatigue the day after the accident, were taken up two days after, and arrived at this port yesterday. Among the passengers were Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, and Dr. William Boag.

From the Boston Gazette.

A Solid Compliment.—We understand last evening that Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, after landing from the brig Camilla yesterday, authorized his agent in this city to present Capt Mackay with a check for five hundred dollars.

West Point Temperance Society.—A Temperance Society has been formed at West Point, consisting of ninety-four members, embracing almost all the detachment of the United States Troops stationed at that place, and most of the mechanics and laborers.—*Id.*

Genesee Bank.—There is a prospect that this Bank will go into operation soon.

THE PLAGUE.

And they pass'd, and they pass'd, seven all in a row;
There was father, and mother, and children five,
One grave got them all,—a grave in the snow;
And the blast blew still, and the drift did drive.
Death, his Garland.

After the account of the manner in which the great plague, in the time of Edward the Third, was introduced into England, the Chronicler suspends his narrative, both of the public transactions and of the story of Rothelan, to describe 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 death, it possessed itself of all his armouries, and was itself the death of every other mortal distemper. The touch, yea, the very sight of the infected, was deadly; and its signs were so sudden, that families, seated in happiness at their meals, have seen the plague-spot begin to redden, and have wildly scattered themselves forever. The cement of society was dissolved by it. Mothers, when they saw the sign of the infection on the babes at their bosoms, cast them from them with abhorrence. Wild places were sought out for shelter; some went into ships and anchored themselves afar off on the waters. But the Angel that was pouring out the vial had a foot upon the sea as well as on the dry land. No place was so wild that the plague did not visit—none so secret that the quick-sighted pestilence did not discover,—none could fly that it did not overtake.

"It was as if Heaven had repented the making of mankind, and was shovelling them all into the sepulchre. Justice was forgotten, and her courts were deserted. The terrified jailer fled from the felons that were in fetters;—the innocent and the guilty leagued themselves together, and kept within their prisons for safety;—the grass grew in the market-places—the cattle went moaning up and down the fields, wondering what had become of their keepers—the rooks and the ravens came in the towns, and built their nests in the mute belfries; silence was universal, save when some infected wretch was seen clamoring at a window.

"For a time all commerce was in coffins and shrouds; but even that ended. Shrift there was none; churches and chapels were open, but neither priest nor penitent entered; all went to the charnel-house. The sexton and the physician were cast into the same deep and wide grave; the testator and his heirs and executors were hurled from the same cart into the same hole together.—Fires became extinguished, as if its element too had expired; the seams of the sailorless ships yawned to the sun. Though doors were opened, and coffers unwatched, there was no theft;—all offences ceased; and no crime but the universal woe of the pestilence, was heard of among men. The wells overflowed, and the conduits ran to waste;—the dogs banded themselves together, having lost their masters, and ran howling over all the land; horses perished of famine in their stalls: old friends but looked at one another when they met, keeping themselves far aloof; creditors claimed no debts, nor courtiers performed their promises; little children went wandering up and down, and numbers were seen dead in all corners. Nor was it only in England that the plague so raged; it travelled over a third part of the whole earth, like the shadow of an eclipse, as if some dreadful thing had been interposed, between the world and the sun-source of life."

At that epoch, for a short time there was a silence, and every person in the street for a moment stood still; and London was as dumb as a church-yard. Again the sound of a bell was heard; for it was that sound, so long unheard, which arrested the fugitive

multitude, and caused their silence. At the third toll, a universal shout arose, as when a herald proclaims the tidings of a great battle won, and there there was a second silence.

The people fell on their knees, and with anthems of thankfulness rejoiced in the dismal 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 hallow their 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 terrific description.

From the London Morning Chronicle.

THE PLAGUE.

Suggested by reading Galt's "Rothelan."

BY J. B. PRIOR.

"Bring out your dead!"—'tis the pitman's cry;
The wagon is filling and waiting nigh.
Cannot Pity, or Mercy, or Love prevail?
Nay, "bring out your dead;"
Not a word can be said:—
The Plague will not listen to Sympathy's tale.

"Bring out your dead!"—The twins are not cold;
Their mother's fond fingers are clasp'd in their fold;
Let me get them a coffin, I'll dig them a grave;
Thou art sickening—thy breath
Is receding to death:—
The Plague will not heed whom to succour or save.

"Bring out your dead!"—that's a fruitless sigh—
The babe and the aged together lie;
They were dear to my heart, they were precious
and true:
Bring them forth!—in the heap
They will quietly sleep:
And the Plague, lovely woman, is calling thee too.

"Bring out your dead!"—let the coffers stay;
The wagon is stopping—we hurry away!
But my uncle is rich, he will leave me his wealth.
'Tis a thousand to one
If thy course be not run
Ere the midnight—the Plague does not travel past
health.

"Bring out your dead!"—We are going to pray;
No priest can we purchase the masses to say.
We but yesterday married—so soon must we die?
Love and Beauty, they go
To the charnel below:—
The Plague does not care who together shall lie!

"Bring out your dead!"—both the Friar and Clerk,
We have taken with cross, book, and band in the
dark;
The Nun and the Lady are vaulted alike,—
From the Bridge to St. John
All the orders are gone,
And the soldier has fall'n by his halbert and pike.

"Bring out your dead!"—throw his armour aside;
Let the weapons be mov'd, with his dresses of pride;
Strip the gold and the jewels, the purchaser's dead:
Even the wagon so high,
Has no driver to ply
To the mountain of flesh by mortality fed.

"Bring out your dead!"—on the Thames, at the Hall;
From the Gates to the Stairs, from the Wark to the
Wall,
Under poverty's roof, under roofs that are til'd,
Where a spot can be found,
'Tis infection's ground;
And it matters not, living, who hector'd or smil'd.

"Bring out your dead!"—the dead cannot hear;
The streets are in darkness, and silent, and drear;
The houses are void, and the shutters are fast—
Both the rich and the poor
Have been brought to the door,
And the Pitmen, together, are buried at last!

An anecdote which appeared in a late Irish paper was prefaced thus:

"The following anecdote of Bonaparte, which never before appeared in print, is from a Paris Journal. It was first given in Turin Gazette, from which it was copied in all the Italian prints."

Children may teach us one blessed, one enviable art—the art of being easily happy.

A writer, painting the poetry of cl says, "Oh, leave children as they are. Believe by their 'wild freshness,' our elegaic simplicity; leave their "hair loosely flowing, robes as free," to refresh the eyes that love simplicity; and leave their eagerness, their warmth, their unreflecting sincerity, their unschooled expressions of joy or regret, to a muse and delight us when we are a little tired by the politeness, the caution, the wisdom, and the coldness of the grown-up world."

Swear not at all.

It chills my blood to hear the great Supreme;
Rudely appeal'd to on each trifling theme;
Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise,
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise.
You would not swear upon a bed of death:
Reflect, your Maker now can stop your breath.

St. Oliva's, Southwark,

On Mr. Munday, who hang'd himself.
Hallowed be the Sabaoth
And farewell all wordly pelfe;
The Week begins on Tuesday now,
For Munday hath hang'd himselfe.

LIST OF AGENTS.

The following persons are appointed Agents for the Gem, and will forward subscriptions.

- Albion, N. Y. John J. Orton.
- Auburn, Henry Cherry.
- Buffalo, A. W. Wilgus.
- Black-Rock, Rollin German.
- Batavia, Wm. A. Seaver.
- Port-Byron, H. Perkins.
- Burlington, Vt. R. G. Stone.
- Canandaigua, N. Y. John Ackley.
- Clarkson, G. Clark.
- Canajoharie, J. McVean.
- Churchville, Dr. Isaac Scott.
- Caledonia, J. R. Clark.
- East-Cayuga, Wm. Foot.
- East-Bloomfield, A. B. Gun.
- East-Avon, A. A. Bennet.
- Geneva, H. J. Daniels.
- Holley, Darwin Hill.
- Jordan, F. Benson.
- Le-Roy, A. F. Bartow.
- Lyons, J. A. Hadley.
- Lockport, N. Leonard.
- Little-Falls, Edward M. Griffing.
- Manlius, Stephen Gould.
- Murray, A. Clark, jr.
- Manchester, Geo. Redfield.
- Oriskany, Doct. J. Fuller.
- Palmyra, E. B. Grandin.
- Riga, O. L. Angevine.
- Syracuse, A. Dumas, & Co.
- Salina, A. H. Scoville.
- Scottsville, S. G. Davis.
- Throopsville, Hamilton Lathrop.
- Utica, T. M. Ladd.
- Waterloo, Charles Sentell.
- Weedsport, E. Weed.
- York, D. H. Abell.

ENGRAVINGS.

We have made arrangements for four elegant 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, in advance.

THE GEM,

A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.

2d VOLUME—TO CONTAIN 4 ENGRAVINGS.

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THE GEM,

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

BE OURS THE PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 5.

ROCHESTER, JUNE 26, 1830.

VOL. II.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

MANGAHLA, THE THUNDERER; A Story of Olden Time.

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, every where 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 tread the land, now owned by the no less proud and haughty white man. Here, along these shores, once lived a mighty people; and though they left no monuments of sculpture, painting, and poesy, yet great were they in their fall, and sorrowful is the story of their wrongs.

About 1500 years ago, there were on the east bank of the Niagara, (then Niarah,) and a little distance on Lake Tuncoe, (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 arose to the first in rank among their Warrior Chiefs; and in contrariety with their custom, from time immemorial, at the yearly assemblage, or "Great Talk" of their Nobles, Uncush, their weak and irresolute king, was dethroned 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 barbarous 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 unconquer-

able ambition. Having collected a great force, he called together the Chief men of the nation, at Niarah, the capital, situate between the falls and Tuncoe 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 Wauboosh. They have plundered and massacred many of our people, and have insulted the majesty of the nation. They are our declared enemies."

The Wauboosh was a powerful tribe, living in the country watered by the Alkan, (Alleghany) and its branches. They far exceeded the Mangahelians in the numbers of their warriors; but the superior wisdom and skill of our young Hero, enabled him, in a little time, to add Allema's kingdom to his own. The two armies met near L. Semoi, (Erie) and the battle ended with prodigious slaughter on both sides. It is said, the mounds still remain, where the slain were 'laid away in the earth forever,' near the line of New-York and Pennsylvania. There were thrown promiscuously together, of the conquerors and conquered, more than four thousand Indians. The Wauboosh's were at last driven back, even to the residence of the captive prince, who was taken, and carried in triumph to Niarah. Thousands of the subjects of Allema, voluntarily swore perpetual allegiance to Mangahla, while marching through the country, alleging that their king had always been of a haughty and tyrannical disposition. After fortifying the large towns and leaving sufficient garrisons, and appointing a governor over the country, in the person of Oweenoo, his own brother, Mangahla returned to Niarah, after one moon's absence, and was every where welcomed by the general rejoicings of the people. Allema was allowed to retire with his family to a miserable hut within a fortified enclosure, erected for that purpose, on Kasha (now Grand) Island.

Mangahla now swayed his mild sceptre over a million of subjects, ever ready at his command; but still his ambition pained him with the thought, "'Tis not enough."—He made several expeditions among his more immediate neighbors, and success followed his arms wherever he went. His name now began to be the dread of the surrounding nations; and the title of "The Thunderer," was universally granted him.

One of the most formidable of his enemies inhabited the region, now called Upper Car-

ada. 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 Lallahahna's empire, and had fired 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 Niarah 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 Lallahahna, for he soon was able to bring in the field twenty or thirty thousand warriors; whereas, after crossing the Niarah, 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:

"Warrior Chiefs! 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. Though the enemy were in pursuit, yet they fortified their camp in a little time against the attacks of any force. The enemy arrived, and having gained considerable accessions since the battle, had determined on the massacre of the Mangahelians, and then to overrun and ravage their country, slaying 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, afraid 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 Bordahan, surnamed the Valient, 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 Fate had determined to change the scale. The two unequal forces came together near the river Suskani, and Leonilda, being unable to cope with such a 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 Canahcah, now Hudson. When this disastrous intelligence reached Niarah, 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; Wahletemu, 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 thunderstruck 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:

"O Chiefs! We have come from Niarah. 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."

"Be seated;" answered the king. "You will return soon. By to-morrow's mid-day we will tread your tracks with Lallahahna 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 chieftains to return to their posts; "For," said he, "Lallahahna is ours."

They fell upon the unconscious Winnipoes 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 Winnipoes lay dead and dying on the field. The first glances of the morn saw them still fiercely contending for every inch. Now, 'twould seem as though abating; but now again, the terrific yells of thrice ten thousands Indians would rouse their furious anger. Now, it seemed by their rejoicings, as if they both had been victorious, which, indeed, was alternately the case. At length, the sun arose, and

when he first shone upon the contending Heroes, he saw Mangahla Conquerer, and Lallahahna's empire not his own. He was carried to his own native place Niarah; for he had been a traitor, once, but was now a slave. Mangahla, after adjusting all difficulties, appointed his eldest brother, Kringalma, to preside as governor, over the Winnipoes.

Having, at length, arrived at Niarah, the king began to prepare for, as yet, his greatest of exploits. A regular force of 30,000 bold and hardy warriors, were soon marshaled, 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 Suskahan 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 up 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 spies 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 Euratin, the Queen, as this was 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 Mangahela, 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, an armed 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 seen 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 men 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 down he sat upon him, already half awake. 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, and rushed 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 foe to fight them. Hundreds and thousands fell in consequence. They imagined the dress of 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 leaving one half of their numbers slain. From this time, Mangahla ruled the Yenisaws.—His empire now extended over a great territory, and ere the 5th 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 objection to them, 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."

There is a good deal of saucy wit in Lord Byron's anecdote of the fair astronomers:—He says, some literary ladies being asked how they could be sufficiently interested in astronomy to spend so much time in watching the heavens, replied, that they had a great curiosity to see whether there was really a MAN in the moon!

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

A DAY IN THE OBSERVATORY.

Having a leisure day—a day to spend in idleness withal, 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 ~~awhile~~, for the want of something else to fix my attention. The sleeping populace lay beneath me, in the embrace of Morpheus, dreaming out phantasies never to be realized, and building the frail frost-wort 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 catables 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. all 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 yet 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 wheat, corn, oats, apples, potatoes, butter, cheese, and every thing that we poor *cits* could not live without, (and yet more than half of our purse proud habitants deem it *stooping* to hold converse with the venders,) were there in vast abundance. It was as though the land had sent up its richest offerings to the thankless multitude. Then might be seen bartering and bargaining, buying and selling. About this hour, too, ladies (*calling* ones I mean, for I believe this is their fashionable hour) might be seen with *bishops* spread, and hats of a size sufficient to make the largest corn-basket or umbrella hide itself for very diminutiveness, or keep aloof from fear of being jostled by these formidable head-pieces and *popish* sleeves. These ladies promenaded, making and returning calls, till twelve. Their faces I could not see; not even with my spy-glass, they being in the back-ground, somewhere, I suppose in the vicinity of their hats, but as some poet says, "what we can't unridle, learn to trust," so set them all down as beautiful, and they passed on. The bell rang for twelve, and then might be seen the mechanics, en masse, preparing for dinner; and the clink of the hammer was suspended for a time. About one, the merchants and gentlemen of the profession were seen, with a hurried step and looks down bent in searching thoughtfulness, pursuing their rout for the same goodly purpose. They returned in an hour or less, with each his cigar half smoked, and commenced the business of the afternoon with all the zeal imaginable. At this hour the half-clad beggars of all descriptions were

seen entering the houses of the rich for their *petit morceau*; and some departed empty, while the tears of heart-felt gratitude sparkled in the eyes of others, and amid those heaven-born drops I could read a fervent "God bless ye!" late sprung from a thankful heart. At three I beheld a group most interesting. Four or five of those harmless beings *yclept exquisites*, disguised with sugar-loaf hats, frizzled hair, *tights*, eau de Cologne, and black gloves, were strolling most delightfully slow, (as it would be *vulgar* to appear men of business,) to their dinner. It was too common to dine when honest people dined, and savoured not enough of the European taste. Yet why should we blame them rather than their employers, who give them their immense salaries, for really the 'dear creatures' know not what to do with their money, except to lavish it on their persons. But, as Dr. Franklin says, "time is money," so I let them pass. The hours from three to five were filled up with noise and confusion, bustle and business. Ladies, dandies, gentlemen, children, dogs, horses, carts and wagons, trucks, stages and divers other animals too numerous to 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 seemed to have assumed her dwelling. School children, too, were released from their tasks at this hour, and came bounding along the streets, free as young birds let loose from their cage. At six all again bent their way on the same ~~goodly errand~~ which called them forth at mid-day, namely, to relish and ~~disapprove~~ the viands of the assiduous 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 kind of inspiration I think, for I verily believe that some three or four of the Muses have hid 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 gladly transcribe, but the copy is mislaid. The spirits of Norna, Hinda, Ida, and various others, seemed to hover in the air around, and such airy nothingness I never before witnessed.

I called at the Lottery Office: a genteel looking young man seemed desirous to inquire the fate of a ticket, and yet he dared not. At length he hesitatingly asked if No. 3 23 6 had drawn any thing. "A blank," very politely answered the gentleman of the office, after looking at the drawn numbers; but the politeness of the reply did not take from it its keenness, for the young man's phiz seemed, by its oblong look, to echo —. I lingered in the Arcade until the mail arrived. Saw the rush at the post-office—the eager opening of letters—the sad faces and the glad faces, as they perused their various epistles by the light of the lamp. I returned to my

room with my head full of what I had seen—sat down and blotted it on paper.

IPHIGENE.

Water.—Water-drinkers have much keener appetites than those who drink beer. Water is the most natural and wholesome of all drinks; it quickens the appetite, strengthens digestion, quenches thirst most readily, and effectually supplies the waste continually sustained by the blood and juices. A strong ruddy faced farmer, had a disease which induced the late celebrated John Hunter to enjoin a total abstinence from fermented liquors. "Sir," said the farmer, "I assure you that I am a very temperate man; I seldom exceed three pints of ale a day, and I never touch spirits." "But," said Mr. Hunter, "you must now drink nothing except water." "Sir," said the farmer, "this is impossible, for I cannot relinquish my employment, and you know sir, that it is impossible to work without some support." Mr. Hunter perceiving that his patient was not likely to be readily convinced, inquired how many acres of land he cultivated, and how many horses were kept on the farm, and then boldly asserted that they were too few. The farmer maintained that they were sufficient, but was at length brought to confess that they *worked hard*. "Allow me then," said Mr. Hunter, "to inquire what it is that you give them to drink?"—*Code of Health, by J. Pinney, Esq.*

Intemperance.—Take heed, therefore, that such a cureless canker does pass not thy youth, nor such a beastly affection thy old age; for then shall all thy life be but as the life of a beast: after thy death thou shalt only leave a shameful infamy to thy posterity, who will study to forget that such a one was their father.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

Anecdote.—A full blooded Jonathan, residing in a certain town in New-England, once took it into his head to "go a courting;" he accordingly saddled the old mare, and started off to pay his devoirs to one of the buxom lasses of the neighborhood. After "stayin'" with his "gal" until daylight began to streak the east, he made preparations to depart.—Just as he was seating himself in the saddle, his fair one, who stood in the door, (and who, by the way, was marvellously fond of having "sparks,") wishing to have him come again, stammered out, "I shall be at home next Sunday night, Zeb." Zebedee, taking out his tobacco box, and biting off a quid of pigtail in less than a second, honestly answered, "So shall I, by gawdy!"—*People's Press.*

A beggar boy made application to a farmer's wife for relief, and was refused; on which the boy, with an arch look, informed the good dame that he would, if she would give him a slice of bread and cheese, put her in possession of a secret which would be of service to her all the days of her life; the boon was granted, and the boy, agreeably to his word, remarked, "If you knit a knot on the end of your thread, you will never loose your first stitch."

Ruining Characters.—The efficiency of the Boston Police in ferreting rogues is proverbial. 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 case, "Pless my soul said the simple Mr. Le P., what shocking times are these! A man can't steal a horse one day, without being taken up the next morning on suspicion and then his character is ruined!"—*N. F. Constellation.*

COMPILED FOR THE GEM.

SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY:

No I.

Comprising a brief History of some of the most distinguished Characters of America, since its first discovery: arranged in Alphabetical order:

A.

James Abercrombie, Commander-in-Chief of the British army in America, in the year 1758; an expedition was fitted out, and put under his command, to invade Canada; his forces were totally routed at Ticonderoga, with the loss of nearly two thousand men. He was recalled, and was superceded in command by Gen. Amherst, in 1759.

Andrew Adams, L. L. D., was born in Hartford, Conn., educated at Yale College, afterwards elected a member of the council of the State; and a signer of the "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union," adopted 1778; he died shortly afterwards.

Samuel Adams, L. L. D. a Gov. of Massachusetts, a Signer of the Dec. of Ind. and of the "Art. of Con. and Per. Union," 1778; he was distinguished as a writer and a patriot, and for his ardent zeal in forwarding the American Revolution, for stern integrity, dignified manners, and great suavity of temper; he died 1803, aged 83.

John Adams, L. L. D. second President of the United States, was born at Braintree, Mass., Oct. 19, 1735. At an early age, he was distinguished for his scholarship, and he graduated at Harvard College. Such was his high standing for stern integrity, and abilities as a statesman, that he was unanimously chosen a member of the first Congress, which assembled at Philadelphia, 1774, and re-elected the following year. In that august assemblage of Sages, Philosophers and Statesmen, whose deliberations will never cease to reflect their effulgency around the nations of the world, he uniformly stood as one of the first in rank, and bore a conspicuous part in that dark, eventful period, which finally resulted in a separation of the Colonies from the mother country. He was one of the first to perceive that a cordial union between the two countries was impossible; and was therefore one of the most distinguished members who were appointed to draft the ever-memorable Declaration of Independence, declaring these U. S. 'free, sovereign, and independent.' In '77, he was appointed joint commissioner with Messrs. Franklin and F. L. Lee, to proceed to France to negotiate a treaty of alliance and commerce. In '79, he returned home, and was elected a member of the Convention which framed a Constitution for his native state. He afterwards went to Paris to assist in concluding a general peace. Mr. Adams was next appointed the first minister to Great Britain. After having twice filled the office of V. P. of the United States, was in '96, called, by almost the unanimous suffrage of his fellow-citizens, to fill the Presidential chair, which had been vacated by the resignation of the Immortal Washington. He died at his residence, in Braintree, on the 4th of July, 1826, in just 50 years after he had signed the Dec. of Ind., at the age of 91.

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 Netherlandts.—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 1824, he was chosen to preside over the Union, in which office he was succeeded by Gen. Andrew Jackson, in 1828. 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," from Virginia, 1778.

James Alexander, a Scotchman, came to this country in 1715; was Secretary of the Province of New-York; and for many years one of the Council; died 1756.

Wm. Alexander, commonly called Lord Stirling, from his supposed title to a Scotch Earldom, was a native of the city of New-York. At the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle, he attached himself with firmness to the cause of America. He received the command of Major General, and acted a very conspicuous part in the battles of Long Island, Germantown and Monmouth. In the former, he was taken prisoner, after having secured to a large part of the detachment an opportunity to escape, by a bold attack with four hundred men upon a strong corps under Lord Cornwallis. He died at Albany, Jan. 15, 1783, at the age of 53.

Nathaniel Alexander, a member of Congress from, and afterwards an excellent Governor of, the state of N. Carolina; he died 1808.

Wm. H. Allen, a captain in the American Navy, during the late war with Great Britain, was mortally wounded in a battle between the U. S. brig Argus, of 16 guns, and the British slopp-of-war Pelican, of 26 guns, to which he surrendered, in the British Channel, Aug. 14, 1813.

James Allen, a celebrated minister in Boston; came to this country in 1662, and was the occasion of much difficulty in the Colony. He died 1710.

James Allen, a conspicuous member of the II, of Rep. and Council of Mass.; died 1755.

Wm. Allen, a Chief Justice of Pennsylvania before the Revolution. He was the editor of the "American Crisis," of London, in which he suggests a plan for restoring the dependence of America.

Ethan Allen, a Brigadier General in the war of the Revolution, born in Salisbury, Conn. His parents emigrating to Vermont while he was very young, he was deprived of the advantages of an early education. But although he never felt its genial influence, nature had endowed him with splendid powers of mind; and when his countrymen called him to take the field, he proved himself an able commander, and an intrepid soldier. The brilliant exploit of the capture of Ticonderoga secured to Allen a high reputation for courage and valor, throughout all the land. "The surprise," says the General, in his account of his life, "was carried into execution in the gray of the morning of the 10th of May, 1775.—The sun seemed to rise with superior lustre; and Ticonderoga and its dependencies smiled upon its conquerors, who tossed about the flowing bowl, and wished success to Congress, and the liberty and freedom of America." In the fall of '75, he was twice sent to Canada, to observe the dispositions of the people, and attach them, if possible, to the American cause. In his romantic, but rash and unfortunate attempt upon Montreal, he was taken prisoner, and sent to England, and after experiencing much cruelty, was exchanged, in May, 1778. While confined there, a high command, and a large tract of country in America, were offered him, on condition he would join the British standard. "I view your offer of United States' lands," answered he, to be similar to that which the devil offered to Jesus Christ: to give him all the kingdoms of the world, if he would fall down and worship him; when at the same time, the poor Devil had'n't a foot of land upon the earth!" Gen. Allen was brave, humane and generous. His notions with regard to religion, were loose and absurd. It is said, he believed with Pythagoras and others, that man, after death, would transmigrate into the beasts of the field, and fowls of the air, &c. He died at his seat in Vermont, Feb. 13, 1789.

MOSCOW.

The diameter of the city of Moscow, from southeast to northwest is nine miles, and its circumference about twenty-five. Most of the buildings are of brick; before the great fire, they amounted to 9,158, of which 5,341 were consumed. Since that day of horror, 8000 have been built. The number of parochial churches is 268, and many of them have from three to five turrets; when we add 21 convents, 56 hospitals, and a heap of buildings appertaining to the crown, we may form some conception of the effect which this city produces, when under the serene sky of a rising or a setting sun, the eye dwells upon its galaxy of steeples, cupolas, and crosses, glittering in all the brilliancy of gold and silver.—Moscow contains more than 1000 gardens, besides near 200 orangeries, and 300 ponds, or pieces of water. There are 8,400 shops, 500 hotels and taverns, 314 restaurateurs, 130 kabacs (taps,) 215 bake-houses, near 200 kitchen gardens, 52 public baths, more than 5000 lamps, more than 4000 private, and 275 public wells,—the number of streets is about 800; of houses about 12,000. The population is estimated at 250,000.

From the Journal of Humanity.

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

A short time since a man called on me and inquired if I was the legal representative of Mr. ———, late deceased; to which I replied in the affirmative. He said he owed the estate of Mr. ———, and wished to pay it; that there was no note or charge against him, excepting in his own conscience, and the great book of God, in which are recorded all the actions of our lives. I replied, as I had no demand against him, he must settle it with him who kept the record, and would produce it in the great day of reckoning and retribution. He said he hoped an infinite Surety had already cancelled it there, but that was no absolution from the obligation of justice and honesty here below. Nor was this obligation any the less because that neither Mr. ———, nor any other person, but himself, ever knew the injustice of which he had been guilty towards him. Neither was the obligation in the least diminished by the lapse of more than forty years since the injustice took place. Nor yet was it less, in its principle, and its binding authority, because the pecuniary amount was originally small. Nor yet, because Mr. ——— suffered no inconvenience from a trifling pecuniary loss, was the principle of the wrong in the least mitigated. All these circumstances had, once he said, a very different bearing upon his mind and conscience, from what they now have. And though he trusts that God has forgiven him through the great expiation of his Son, yet God requires justice between man and man, and his precepts are as binding as his mercy is free; and the only ground of comfortable hope of the sincerity of his repentance, and its acceptance with God, must consist in his obedience to His commands to make restitution.

With such views and feelings, on his part, I consented to cast simple interest on the original amount, fraudulently, as he said, held back from Mr. ———, and to receive that and the principal, in full satisfaction to the estate of the deceased, and manifestly to the great relief and satisfaction of him who paid it, but who seemed desirous to come nearer to the scripture rule of fourfold.

These facts need no comment; but they speak very forcibly of the exhortation of our Saviour, in the parable of the Good Samaritan, "go thou and do likewise." B.

From the N. Y. Spectator.

The Poison works.—An intelligent & sprightly youth of 16 years of age, was committed to the House of Refuge a few days since, by his father, under peculiarly painful circumstances. His parents are respectable and pious people, who have by precept and example labored to train up their children in the paths of innocence and virtue. But the spoiler came in shape of woman. The lad in question is one of four sons. He was an apprentice and subsequently entered as a clerk in highly respectable employ. After Fanny Wright, Timothy Jenkins & Co. established their "Beelzebub Institute" in this city, an elder brother became one of their converts, and by much entreaty prevailed upon his brothers successively to visit the miscalled "Hall of Science," in Broome st. The four sons, all young, soon embraced principles so congenial to those who wish to be released from all restraint, moral, religious, and parental, and the unhappy parents are now beginning to reap the bitter fruits. The authority of the parents has been utterly cast off, in obedi-

ence to the doctrines of the sorcerers, and other acts committed in further illustration of her principles. Indications were further discovered by the father, of a disposition on the part of one at least of the sons, to practice upon the doctrine of a community of property without the consent of the parties concerned—a grade of moral improvement considerably in advance of agrarianism. Under these circumstances, the wretched parents have resorted to the painful alternative of confining their son in the Refuge, where it is to be hoped he may be reclaimed from the path of guilt in which he was so early commencing his career.

CHARGE OF MURDER.

It appears that crimes of the most atrocious nature are becoming common occurrences in our city. But a fortnight since we recorded two cases of murder, which have recently taken place—and a third is now to be added to the black list.—Last Sabbath night a young man of the name of *Drummond*, a tinner, was shot in the head (as is stated) by Daniel, a slave, the property of Robert G. Scott, Esq.—Drummond expired instantly.—The fatal deed was perpetrated near the house of one Lucinda Johnson, a free woman of color, living on K Street on Shockoe-Hill.—The negro has been arrested and imprisoned and will shortly be tried. In two of the above three cases of murder, the crimes have been connected with *Intemperance and Sabbath breaking.*—*S. Religious Telegraph.*

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

Being professor of Anatomy, he once procured for dissection, the bodies of two criminals, who had been hanged. The key of the dissecting room not being immediately at hand when they were brought to him, he ordered them to be laid down in an apartment which he opened in his bedchamber. The evening came, & 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 by some mistake the cat had been shut up with the dead bodies, he arose, and taking the candle, went to see what had happened. But what must have been his surprise, or rather his panic, on perceiving that the sack, which contained the bodies, was rent through the middle. He approached, and found that one was gone. The doors and windows were all secured, and that the body could have been stolen, appeared to him impossible. He tremblingly looked round the closet, and saw the body sitting upright in a corner.

Junker stood for a moment motionless; the dead man seemed to look towards him; the professor moved both to the right and to the left, but the dead man still kept his eyes fixed on him.

The professor then retired, step by step, with his eye still fixed upon the object of his alarm, and holding the candle in his hand until he reached the door. The dead man started up and followed him. A figure of so hideous an appearance, naked, and in motion, the lateness of the hour, the deep silence which prevailed—every thing concurred to overwhelm him with confusion. He let fall the only candle which was burning, and all was darkness. He made his escape to his apartment, and threw himself on his bed; thither, however, he was followed; and he soon found the dead man embracing his legs, and loudly sobbing.

Repeated cries of "leave me! leave me!" released Junker from the grasp of the dead man, who now exclaimed, "Ah! good exe-

cutiomer, have mercy on me! have mercy on me!"

Junker soon perceived the cause of what had happened, and resumed his fortitude. He informed the re-animated sufferer who he really was, and made a motion to call up some of his family. "You then wish to destroy me," exclaimed the criminal. "If you call up any one, my adventure will become public, and I shall be taken and executed a second time. In the name of humanity, then, I implore you to save my life."

The physician struck a light, decorated his guest with an old night gown, and having made him take off a cordial, requested to know what had brought him to the gibbet. "It would have been a truly singular exhibition," observed Junker, "to have seen me at that late hour, in a tete-a-tete with a dead man, decked out in an old night-gown."

The poor wretch informed him, that he had enlisted as a soldier, but that, having no attachment to the profession, he had determined to desert; that he had entrusted his secret to a crimp, a fellow of no principle, who recommended him to a woman, in whose house he was to remain concealed; that this woman discovered his escape to the officer, &c.

Junker was much perplexed how to save the poor man. It was impossible to retain him in his own house; to keep the affair a secret, and turn him out of doors, was to expose him to certain destruction. He resolved to conduct him out of the city; but it was necessary to pass the gates, which were strictly guarded. To accomplish this, he dressed him in some of his old clothes, covered him 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 was permitted to pass. Having both got into the fields, the deserter threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, to whom he vowed eternal gratitude; and after having received some pecuniary assistance, departed, offering up prayers for his happiness.

Twelve years after, Junker, having occasion to go to Amsterdam, was accosted on the Exchange, by a man well dressed, and of the first appearance, who, he had been informed, was one of the most respectable merchants of that city. The merchant, in a polite tone, inquired whether he was not professor Junker, of Halle; and being answered in the affirmative, he requested, in a very earnest manner, his company to dinner. Having reached the merchant's house, 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 astonishment at meeting with so cordial a reception from a family with whom, he thought he was entirely unacquainted.

After dinner, the merchant, taking him in his counting room, said, "You do not recollect me?" "Not at all." "But I well recollect you, and never shall your features be effaced from my remembrance. You are my benefactor. I am the person who came to life in 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 tolerably good at accounts; my figure was 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 his daughter's love. On his retiring from business, I succeeded him, and became his son-in-law. But for you, I never should have experienced all these enjoyments. Henceforth, my fortune and myself are at your disposal." Those who possess the smallest portion of sensibility, can easily represent to themselves the feelings of Junker.

ARTICLES OF INTELLIGENCE.

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.

“Before the next number 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 Indians, will have arrived. The day is now at hand—the Cherokees have looked to it deliberately—they have anticipated its approach, but they are still here, on the land of our fathers. So conscious are they of their rights as a people that they have thought it not best to avoid the threatened operation of civilized and republican not to say religious laws, by a precipitate flight to the western wilds. They are still here, but not to agree or consent to come under these laws. This they will never do—they have protested against the measure, and will always protest against it.

When the time comes that the state laws are to be executed with rigor, as they no doubt will be, backed by the Executive of the United States, and the late decision of the Senate, upon the reprobate Cherokees, we are unable to say what the effects will be. To us, the future is but darkness. One thing we know, *there will be suffering.* The Cherokees will be a prey to the cupidity of white men—every indignity and every oppression will be heaped upon them.—They have already undergone much, when the time is merely in anticipation,—how will it be when full licence shall be given to their oppressors?

We have heretofore related instances where this indignity and oppression have been perpetrated on individuals of this nation. Besides those we have mentioned, the following may perhaps convey a proper light to the public on the conduct of civilized men towards savages. In the neighborhood of Terrapin Creek, there lives a Creek man by the name of Hog, who, by his industrious habits, has been enabled to accumulate some property, consisting, chiefly, of large stocks of horses and cattle. Living as he does near his white brothers, who are clamorous for the removal of the Indians, that they may not be harrassed by savage neighbours, his best horses became the objects of much desire to some of them. By the precaution of Hog and the constant watch he kept about his stables and lots, he was able to preserve these horses. Finding they could not steal them, we understand another expedient was resorted to lately by these members of the “Poney Club.” Four whitemen came to this Indian’s house, two of whom were armed with rifles. Finding Hog alone with his wife, one of the men who was armed, proposed to buy his horse, and offered his gun for compensation. The Creek Indian refused to sell for such a trifle. The white man then proposed to exchange with the Indian. The offer was again rejected; the Indian’s horse being greatly superior in value to the other. At this the whiteman observed he would have the horse, and proceeded towards the lot with a bridle. Hog’s wife, discovering the intention of these men,

followed 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 horse lot, 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 entreat you respected reader,—we implore you, to pause after perusing 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 be 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 republican and religious Government—we shall drink it to the very dregs.

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 found in the woods adjacent, in a deplorable condition: the following description of letters which purport to have contained money, is given by the postmaster at Albany.

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 Jacksonville, N. Y.; said to contain 10 dollars; written by Randolph Hunt, and directed to Frank Hunt.

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

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

A note for sixty dollars, by Joseph M. Baker to Eldridge Philips, dated Manchester, Feb 1. 1829, was also found but no letter to which it seemed to be attached was discovered. It is held here, subject to the order of the owner:

All the letters on which the direction was legible, have been forwarded to their original destination.

But several were so mutilated, as to render it impossible to trace the true origin or destination. Of such, we give the following description; viz. A letter written by Asa Norton.—A fragment of a letter to Mrs. Philip Church, Angelica N. Y. A fragment of a letter dated Keene, N. H.; by E. M. Nahur. Palm. An invoice of Abm. Van Nest to Henry King.—A fragment of a letter from Abel Prescott to Phineas Fletcher. A fragment signed E. M. Huntington. A fragment directed Wm. Van Slyck, Bethel Ontario co. A fragment directed Osgood Caledonia. A fragment directed “Warner” Wayne co. A fragment, signed “Jona Case.” A fragment, directed “Danl. Turner,” Riga, N. Y. A letter dated Canton, May 23d, post marked Canton, June 9th, to “Capt. Garo.” A letter dated Philadelphia, to Jacob Taylor (a fragment.) A fragment dated Stuyvesant, by Ann Eliza Gillet. A fragment, dated Bristol, by Chauncey Boardman. A fragment, to Dearest Sarah, signed on one side, “Your affectionate sister Jo,” on the other, “your affectionate mother C.” A fragment, dated Le-

nox, June 1, 1830, signed Mellissa. A fragment, post-marked Kinderhook, and directed George Mc’Carty, New Market, 25 miles from Little York Canada.

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER P. M.

Colonel S. Miller, who was tried and sentenced by a court martial to suspension for three months, has been released from arrest & restored to his rank by the Secretary of the Navy. Second Lieutenant J. W. Shaumbauagh, of the Marine Corps, was tried on sundry charges & sentenced to suspension from rank, pay and emoluments, for 12 months.

Dr. Conquest, of London, has lately succeeded (in a second instance) in curing hydrocephalus, by drawing the water from the head, by the fearfully delicate operation of tapping.

The Quebec Mercury states that between Sunday, 6th and Tuesday, 8th, upwards of 5,000 settlers had arrived at that port, and that the total number this season exceeds 7,000.

The Rev. C. C. Colton, known as the author of Lacon, is now residing in Paris, in a state of squalid wretchedness, having fallen a prey to gamblers and sharpers, with whom he has long been associated.

A new Post Office has been established in North Mendon. D. Fellows, P. M.

The banks of New York will not allow for pistareens of any description with or without heads more than 16 cents, and for the Spanish ninepenny piece, 8 cents. The safe way consequently for persons in trade is to take and pass them only for 16 cents.

An Ancona article of April 19th, says:—The President of Greece, on receiving official notice of the choice of the Prince of Saxe Coburg, to occupy the throne of Greece, has issued a proclamation, which has been received by his people with demonstrations of joy.

The National Intelligencer, says—“We learn from a source here entitled to credit, that it is entirely erroneous as to the route by which the President means to travel to Tennessee. In stead of going by the way of Philadelphia New York, the New England states, and the Lakes, he will go direct to his seat in Tennessee.

Jared Canfield, the boy missing from Mr. Holmes lottery office last December; was found in a dock, on the Brooklyn shore, a day or two since, and has been identified from his clothes and the articles in his pockets. His head and one arm were off when found. It is not improbable that he had something tied about his neck, which may have kept his body under water until his head came off. It is now believed by those who have seen the body, that the lad, who had a considerable amount of money in his possession the night he was first missed, was robbed and murdered.

Richard Crowninshield, Jr., the murderer of Mr. White, committed suicide in jail at Salem on Monday the 13th, inst by hanging himself with a handkerchief.

At a court in Steuben co. last week, Eliza Comstock was convicted of the murder of her husband, Wm. Comstock, by administering to him arsenic. She was sentenced to be hung on the 23d of July. At the same court, Ashley Millard, was tried for the murder of Dan Smith, and a verdict was given of manslaughter. He was sentenced to the state prison for life.—Richard Dunn was convicted of assault and battery, with intent to murder, and sentenced to the state prison 5 years.

The Philadelphia papers state that information has been received from the Cashier of the Bank of Steubenville, Ohio, that that institution is unable to redeem its notes. Information of a similar tenor, is said to have been received in New York.

At Albany, an inquest was held on the 14th inst. by G. Lansing, jr coroner, on the body of Jno. Kelly, who was found floating in the basin opposite the city. Verdict, accidental drowning, on the night of the 13th, in a state of intoxication. Kelly arrived in a canal boat from Rochester, and had been at work in a distillery at Rochester during the season.

Citizens of the U. S. will do well to recollect that by a law of the Lower Province of Canada, all notes whatever, payable to "bearer," and all bank notes under \$5, except those of incorporated banks of the province, will, if offered for payment after the 26th inst., be forfeited.

The Rev. Mr. Lamb, a Baptist clergyman of Springwater, Livingston county, was recently killed while engaged with two other men, in digging sand; when the earth from above gave way and completely buried the unfortunate man. His body was taken out lifeless. One of the others narrowly escaped, being covered except his head and one arm.—*Roch. Daily Advertiser.*

Polite Notice to Genteel Thieves.—The following is a copy of a notice which has been erected within these few days in a field belonging to Mr. Harvey Combe at Cobham: "Ladies and Gentlemen are requested not to steal the turnips—others, if detected, will be prosecuted."

The poetry of the Bible is that of imagination and of faith; it is disembodied; it is not the poetry of form but of power; not of multitude, but of immensity. It does not divide into many, but aggrandizes into one. Its ideas of nature are like its ideas of God. It is not the poetry of social life, but of solitude: each man seems alone in the world, with the original forms of nature, the rocks, the earth, and the sky.—*Hazlitt.*

A gentleman called at the house of an honest 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 la, our Sal never set up 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 "Ichabod Crane" sort of Jonathan, came into our office, for the purpose, as he said, of "seeing us make papers." After edifying himself amazingly for an hour or two, by examining the wonderful apparatus of a printing establishment he must needs try his skill at handling types. Jonathan accordingly laid his paw upon a short article put in type for insertion, and down tumbled a "Dreadful Accident" into a heap of pi. "By gosh," says he, "I didn't think the ternal things would squash down so dar'd easy."

Economy and Comfort.—A gentleman of our acquaintance, more remarkable for an easy carelessness of manner, quite peculiar, than for his personal neatness, was overhauled by his wife as he was going out the other morning, with "husband! husband! do pick that

feather off your sleeve before you go out." "Yes, my dear," he replied, as he deliberately obeyed her, "and do you take it, if you please, and put it in the bed again: if you don't we shall surely miss it to-night."—*N. Haven Adv.*

THE GEM.

Rochester, Saturday, June 26, 1830.

Our Plate.—We have to apologize to our readers for the failure of our plate in the present number of the Gem. We can account for its non-arrival in no 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 our correspondent "I." which will continue, 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 subscribers to preserve their papers, that they may avail themselves hereafter, of the benefit of not only this, but of like valuable articles.

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

The River.—From our window we have an uninterrupted view of the mighty current of the Genesee, swelled as it now is, from the late rains, foaming and rolling onward toward the Ocean, as resistless as the tide of time. Now passes, upon its bosom the trunk of some old tree, wrung from its fastness in the earth by the fierce tempest, and hurled into the foaming tide—now shoots by, the smooth, strait and barkless mill-log that has broken its fastening of withe from the incessant heaving of the floods—and now the rubbish of whole acres of woodland, with all their scraggy appearances, lashing the unseen bottom, sweep along. The sight is grand and impressive—it presents a subject for admiration and reflection;—for 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 ocean, an emblem of the heedless unconsciousness of man. The log that so swiftly rushes on to yonder precipice, is, comparatively, not less unconscious of destruction than man, rushing as he is, to the descent of death. We are, indeed, the creatures 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 following stanza from Byron:

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
Twixt 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,
Lash'd from the foam of ages; while the graves
Of Empires heave but like some passing waves.

But we are moralizing too far. We have looked again from our window; the river still passes, lashing its banks—and from its descent at the cataract is sending back its roar upon the ears of the villagers. Now is the time to visit the Falls, and we lay down our pen for that purpose.

Rains, Crops, &c.—The vast quantity of water which has, within a few days, rained down upon this part of our country, has almost inundated the very streams themselves. We will venture to say that the precise banks of our river, or of any of its neighbouring tributaries cannot be pointed out without a "lead and line;" so much have the waters engulfed themselves. Crops in the adjoining towns,

have suffered considerable damage. Wheat, in particular, is badly beat down and lodged by the wind and rain. Gardens have been so plentifully watered, that we actually saw, during the showers, six or eight hills of cucumbers racing, like steamboats on 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 a few hills of potatoes, 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 last. We copy the particulars from the Rochester Observer:

Great Break in the Canal.—In consequence of the very heavy rain which commenced on Monday, and continued without intermission until afternoon on Tuesday, the Canal gave way on Tuesday morning, about 15 rods beyond the east end of the Great Embankment in Pittsford. This is probably one of the largest breaks that has ever occurred 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 depth of ten feet. The torrent 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 deep and nine rods wide. This torrent was discharged into a swamp, where it deposited such a quantity of earth that 8 or 10 acres of firm dry land will ultimately be formed by it. On a thrifty young orchard the earth has been deposited to the depth of some feet leaving only the limbs of the trees above the surface. Our informant says that large quantities of fish and eels were thrown over the fields where the water passed, and were to be seen skipping about among the apple tree limbs, exhibiting the most unequivocal signs of dissatisfaction at having exchanged their native element, even for terra firma.

Another breach of considerable extent was made about one and a half miles west of Pittsford, where a culvert gave way. Some damage was done at Fairport and at other places east, but we have not been able to learn to what extent. Four hundred hands are engaged in repairing the principal 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 as 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 peruse them at length. We can say, however, that some of them are acceptable.

"Z." and "Horace," are on file for insertion.

The communication from "George," tho' tolerably written, lacks in interest.

"Lara," will find that his muse has only swooned—she cannot die while he lives.

"Pitt," in our next.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Understanding that reports are propagated that the Small Pox has been, or now is, in Rochester, it is a duty due equally to the citizens and to our country friends, to state that all such rumors are wholly unfounded. Neither small pox nor varioloid now exists in this village, or its immediate vicinity; and but one case of varioloid has occurred here for several months past.

Signed by the Trustees of the Corporation.

J. MEDBERRY, President
WM. PEASE,
A. GREEN,
J. CHILD,
H. BISSEL, } Trustees.

Editors would confer a favor by copying the above.



WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

It is stated that during one of the most violent eruptions of Mount Vesuvius, Count B. was visiting the volcano, accompanied by his son, a lad about 14 years of age, of surpassing beauty and accomplishments—that during the most dreadful explosion, the boy in his *enthusiastic* ardor, had ventured too near the fatal spot, and was so stunned by the tremendous shock that he was taken up for dead. Life, however was spared, but with the total loss of hearing.—The explosion had so shocked those nice organs, that the loudest sound fell upon his ear *unnoticed* ever after. The following lines were suggested by reading this melancholy catastrophe.

THE DEAF BOY.

Ah! little rock'd I that that din of fear
Was the last sound to fall upon my ear:
Ah! little thought I that this soul must be
In silent chaos to eternity.
They point me to 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—
All that was once this spirit's thrilling joy,
Now pass unheeded o'er the deafen'd boy.
I've bent me where the billows loudly roar,
And dash in mountains 'gainst the rocky shore;
I've listen'd there to catch one lingering sound
Of the dark hurricane that wanton'd round,
But yet the *deep* and *madning* silence lay
Like some dark cloud when all around was day.
And oftentimes when sleep is o'er me now,
I dream of music soft, and faint, and low.
Oh! how I hug this phantom to my brain
'Till I awake to wretchedness again!
Oh! musick, musick, once by me ador'd
In vain for me are now thy accents pour'd.
My mother's lyre—for me no wandering note
From thy bright chords, in lingering sadness float.
I see those hallow'd fingers touch the strings,
But to this ear no glad some sound it brings.
My sister's harp hangs silent on the wall,
A brother's bitterness its coronal.
She will not strike a note for others gladness
While him she loves is fill'd with grief and sadness.
Oh! might I hear but one soft, thrilling sound—
How would this heart with rapturous thanks abound!
The faintest breathings of *Aeolian* lyre
Would this still soul with gratitude inspire.
Might I but hear an echo's faintest sighing—
Oh! any thing! e'en my own voice in dying!
Yet, Heavenly Father, mould me to thy will,
To live in *ceaseless, soundless* silence still.

ROSAMOND.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TO R***.**

Lov'st thou in silent night to gaze
On the illumin'd sky &
And on those stars, whose sparkling rays
Shine in yon canopy?
Lov'st thou to view bright Phœbus raise
His flaming head in air,
spread o'er earth a golden blaze
That would with nought compare?
Yes, it is a joyful sight,
Singly sublime;
Sol rise in radiance bright,
Pleasant heavens to climb.

Lov'st thou to roam at break of day,
O'er th' expanding lawn?
When Sol's invigorating ray
Proclaim's the morning's dawn?

Lov'st thou to rove in nature's bow'rs,
When she doth there display
A smiling face, and blooming flowers,
Wash'd by the showers of May?
Auburn, June, 1830.

ANNA.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TWILIGHT.

How sweet the hour when day and night
Together meet, and blend in lovely unison
Their different shades. A clear and heavenly calm
Pervades each breast, and ev'ry object feels
And owns the happy influence. This is the hour
To mount aloft on contemplation's wing,
Exploring regions in some unknown sphere;
Feasting the mind on scenes imagination
Ne'er had wrought before.

This is the hour when memory lights the soul
With visions of the past, and fondly pictures
Joyful hours in such unhidden lustra,
That again the feelings of the *past* are felt.
O, there is nought so gladd'ning to the soul,
In this wide world, as spending in solitude,
The pensive hour of twilight!—

THERESA.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

ADDRESS TO THE OWASCO FALLS.

Dash down thy fierce waters—the gush of thy
fountain
Is full in its strength, and as lasting as time—
Dash down thy fierce waters—thou'lt never be
wanting,
Thou'rt yet in thy morning—thou'rt yet in thy
prime.

But hark! if thou think'st to match Geenesec's
grandeur,
Thy fountain may dry, for thou canst not perform;
Compar'd with that torrent, thou'rt but a small
streamlet—
A light April shower, to the whirlwind's fierce
storm.

Or if with *Niagara* thy roar thou art trying,
Then hush'd be thy voice, thou art striving in vain;
The voice of its thunders would drown thy faint
murmurs—
They die on the ear, ere the velle I regain.

Yet roll thou along—thy murmuring is sweet,
And dear to my heart it must ever remain;
Eor oft on thy shores I have pensively wander'd—
And cherish the *hope* there to wander again.

LARA.

HEARING MUSICK.

Steal, steal along upon my brain
And spread thy downy wand—
Write "forgetfulness" o'er pain,
Shut care in thy soft hand—

Strike, strike again that mellow note,
Its sweetness will not cloy—
Now do thy numbers gently float,
Soft as the tear of joy!

TO A CATARACT.

Down-rushing, thundering waters hold!
Your roaring racks my brain;
Eoanless, nor in thy madness scold
Thy kindred elements—'tis vain!

Hear ye back thy thunders from the shore,
Thy voice does pierce the sky—
Break, in thy wild resistless pour
'Tis a revengeful cry!

SLANDERERS.

They are the moths and scarabs of the state,
The bane of empires, and the dregs of courts.

From the Italian.

When Fortune smiles, and life is fair,
Seek not the gem of friendship there;
When true and false are mingled near,
They both may seem alike sincere;—
But when the storms of sorrow lower,
And pale Distress asserts her power,
The clouds that first o'ercast the sky,
Will bid the friends of Fortune fly;
But one who truly lov'd before,
Will only change to love the more.

KISSING.

And if it were not lawful
The lawyers would not use it;
And if it were not pious,
The clergy would not choose it;
And if 'twere not a dainty thing,
The ladies would not crave it;
And if 'twere not a plenteous 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.

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BE OURS THE PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 6.

ROCHESTER, JULY 18, 1830.

VOL. I.

HOME SWEET HOME.

BY J. H. PAYNE.

'Mid pleasures and palaces, 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-
where;

Home, home—sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home, there's no place like
home.

An exile from home, splendour 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.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE RIVALS,

A CONTRAST.

*"The germ of love—the opening bloom of joy,
Just blown, 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; come, 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? Take a seat and relate to me some pleasing adventure of "love-sick swain," some interesting tale of days that are past."

"Nay, now, my dear Ama, 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 —, when I entered it in the summer of 18—, there was nought to be heard of that continual bustle and business parade, which now so strikingly characterises 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 mechanic 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 o'er 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 wending 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 and more populous settlement, came floating upon the air with a sort of dying melody, alike 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 in the neighbourhood, 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 feeble. 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 muscular, though thin favoured, sallow complexion, 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, with the image of Cupid on one, and Apollo on the other; around his neck was tied a checker'd cotton kerchief, which might, when a little soiled, at first sight have been taken for a halter. This when tied in a hard knot in front, with chew'd ends hanging over his bosom, added the *coup de grace* to his appearance. But let not the reader suppose that the teacher was devoid of intelligence: it took

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. Every thing 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 recollect 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 fairest maidens of his county. Rich and beautiful, she had not failed to attract the admiration of numbers, not only of her own neighbourhood, 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.

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 superiour 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,

a sort of pride dwelling in the breast of that lovely being, at the idea of having for an admirer so distinguished a person. This together with a sense of respect due to his rank, had prevented her thus far from discouraging his addresses. This Henry saw, and the knowledge of it gave him much uneasiness. And how frequently it is the case at the present day, resumed my cousin moralizing, that young ladies of truly amiable dispositions, and hearts susceptible of the warmest emotions, appear to take a sort of pleasure in thus conducting towards those to whom they have pledged their heart and hand. Nay, now, no remarks, dear coz, I perceive it gives you a little uneasiness." "Months rolled on, and the attentions of Lawrence increased. Proud and overbearing, he could not brook the idea of being thwarted in his purpose by a mere plebeian—a youth who pretended not to family distinction. And while De Myers was sensible that he had nothing to fear from the want of constancy in Miss Fitz Aikin, he dreaded lest Lawrence, despairing of success in a fair manner, and urged to desperation by his feelings, might under some frivolous pretence, oblige him to risk, in the field of honour, that life which was rendered doubly dear to him, by an anticipation of the happiness he should enjoy when united to the girl of his heart. Many were the times Lawrence was seen to wear the mock smile of dignity or the sneer of contempt, when the name of De Myers was mentioned; and not unfrequently did he meet him at the village inn, or pass him in the street, without deigning to show him the civilities of common politeness. This was noticed by the inhabitants, and Lawrence and De Myers were looked upon as irreconcilable enemies. But a time had now arrived fraught with matters of importance to the village of Devon. A banditti had long been prowling about the forests of Devonshire and the neighboring counties, whose depredations were frequent, and sometimes attended with most aggravating circumstances. 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 of March, attracted by his rich dress, two of the robbers laid wait 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 overpowered him, 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

pistols, and came up just as the robbers were leaving the insensible Lawrence. He discharged one of his pistols, but without effect, and immediately commenced examining the condition of the stranger, in the act of doing which, he found himself grasped by one of two men, whom he discovered to be the servants 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 horrors of his condition burst upon his soul. 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 innocent 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 calibre 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 with whom he had the conflict with swords. 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 he was guilty of robbery with intent to murder. He listened with apparent composure to the verdict of the jury, and the sentence of the court, and without a murmur suffered himself to be remanded to prison, to await the day of execution.

At length the awful day arrived; thousands assembled to witness the ignominious death of the unhappy sufferer, when with the officer the prisoner arrived at the gallows. Each heart throbbled silently, as the noble youth ascended the scaffold, and received the halter upon his neck. And it was now, when in the presence of the multitude he appealed to heaven to witness his innocence, that many who had before pretended to believe his boldness during the trial and sentence, the result of hardened villainy, declared that De Myers was innocent. But their sympathy was now too late. Hope had taken leave of the breasts of the friends of the condemned, who had till then cherished in their bosoms a belief that

some interposition of Providence would rescue the noble youth from an ignominious death, and all waited, with breathless anxiety, the moment when the signal should be given to the executioner to launch the unhappy youth to a dreaded eternity. A cry of "A HERALD! A HERALD!" was at this moment heard among the crowd. All eyes were turned towards the highway, where, far off on a rise of ground, appeared a horseman carrying high above his head a snow white flag. The speed with which he rode, the frequent waving of his flag, and the direct course which he appeared to bend towards the concourse of people, implied that his business was of no ordinary nature, and the Judges gave order for the Sheriff to await his arrival. Every heart now beat high, and a slow murmur ran through the crowd, like the sound of some distant waterfall, and then all again was silent. Every eye was upon the horseman, who approached with an almost incredible speed, and had now almost approached the spot. At each bound of his noble charger, the blood flowed from his foaming side: still on he came. With his eye intent upon the gallows, as determining whether or not its occupant was still alive, the horseman seemed not to observe that "vast assemblage," which stood between him and the object of his anxiety. The dense mass appeared involuntarily to open before, and silently to close after him, as he dashed on his course. He arrived at the foot of the scaffold, exclaimed in one wild shriek of joy, "MY BROTHER!" and leaping from his exhausted steed, thrust into the hands of one of the judges a Pardon, under the king's seal manual. "A Pardon!" exclaimed the judge. "A Pardon! A Pardon!" resounded from that crowd, with one simultaneous shout of deafening thunder.

It is needless to proceed: suffice it to say, that De Myers was restored to friends, to liberty, to character and to love: and now all who had before pronounced him guilty, united in promulgating his innocence. The despised Lawrence sunk into disgrace, and left his native country. A few weeks saw Henry De Myers united to the lovely Clara Fitz Aikin. He soon after emigrated to America. The rest of the story has already been told. The old gentleman is now alive, and, with his whole family, resides in that house, enjoying the world's happiness, and a life of morality and virtue.

ANNA.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

"Ill fares the flock,
If shepherds wrangle when the wolf is nigh."

SCOTT.

When we view the rise and gradual decay of all human efforts, the desperate means employed for the execution of the chimerical plans of men, our minds are filled with complete astonishment at their penurious purposes, both when the fallacy of their construction stares them in the face, and when surrounded by the hopes, doubts, and difficulties with which they are beset.

If we thoroughly weigh the consistency of man, and carefully examine the numberless circumlocutions which entangle his path, we

shall find they originate more from his own wild designs, than from unknown and imaginary causes. The natural propensity of human nature seems alone to be his 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 binding may have been the voluntary position which he takes, 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 alluring 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 he 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 sting of being retarded in one single instance, arouses the maddening billows of his breast; creates a sea of anger whose waves are hurled 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 consanguinity.

After the first rage of passion becomes exhausted, and calm reason again interposes her authority, then sober reflection warns him of the danger of such expositions, and is like a poison upon the heart. What rational being can view the contentions 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, reflect, and profit from observation. It is the folly of man which works his destruction; it is his wisdom that must save him. The more we analyze the condition of man, and scrutinize his conduct, the greater lessons present themselves to our view. Leisure gives a man an opportunity for reflection—and in the walks 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 man by his supreme benefactor.

The individual progress of society, requires the united harmony of its members, by which fewer men can execute more than immense armies when discord 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 heretofore 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 wars, which have ever desolated the earth, stripped it of the productions of nature—under whose industry it has produced the commodities of commercial exchange, and the ample requisitions of human life?

The grand obstacle to the improvement of the human race, is the ignorance of man, and his own false notions of his stability. He should learn from his experience to avoid the miseries of the past, and not continually be engulfed in an impetuous ocean, "whose waves are waves of blood," whose inhabitants are ferocious monsters, wandering through 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 opportunities, the mind becomes at once bewildered and lost amid the various measures advanced for the welfare of individuals and community. The mind, naturally weak and irresolute, soon resigns this transient existence to inherit the promised reward, without having accomplished 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 inactivity is still predominant. In the high classes of polished society, in the royal distinction of kings and princes, we can see the same insatiable 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?

PITT.

Bloomfield, M. T., June, 1830.

BOSTONIAN BOYS.

The British troops which were sent to Boston, to keep the rebellious town 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 breathings 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 exasperation, the boys were much in the habit of building hills of snow, and sliding from them to the pond in the common. The English troops, from the mere love of tantalizing, destroyed all their labours. They complained of the injury, and industriously set about repairs. However, when they returned from school, they found the snow hills again levelled. Several of them now waited on the

British captain, to inform him of the misconduct of his soldiers. No notice was taken of their complaint, and the soldiers grew every day more provokingly insolent.

"At last they resolved to call a meeting of the largest boys in town, and wait 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 to see him. "We come, sir," said the foremost, "to claim redress of grievances." "What, have your fathers been teaching you rebellion, and sent you here to utter it?" "Nobody sent us, sir," and his dark eye flashed; "we have never injured or insulted your troops; but they have trodden down our snow hills, and broken the ice on our skating ground. We complained, and they called us young rebels, and told us to help ourselves if we could. We told the captain this, and he laughed at us. Yesterday 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 liberty with the air they breathe"—and he added, "you may go, my brave boys, and be assured that if any of my troops hereafter molest you, they shall be severely punished."

ANECDOTE.

An American drummer, having strolled from the camp, somewhere in Jersey, 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, a drum was sent for, and he was desired to beat a couple of marches, which he readily performed, and thus removed the commander's suspicion of his assuming a fictitious character. "But, my lad," said he, "let me now hear you beat a retreat." "A retreat?" replied he, earnestly, "why there aint any such thing beat in our service!"

ORIGIN OF 'UNCLE SAM.'

The New York Gazette has traced the application of the phrase "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 was invariably called Uncle Sam Wilson,) who were supplying Mr. Elbert Anderson, U. S. Contractor, with provisions. The casks of beef being marked "E. A.—U. S.," excited an enquiry as to the meaning of these letters;—"I dont know—" replied this fellow—"unless they mean Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam," meaning Uncle Sam Wilson. The joke took, and passed quite currently, and soon was recognized in every part of the country.

DR. FRANKLIN'S LEGACY.

Dr Franklin, in his will, gave £1000 sterling to the inhabitants of the town of Boston, to be let out at an interest of five per cent to young mechanics, under the age of 25 yrs., 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 on the original donation, at simple interest, of about 81-4 per cent per annum.

Pope's Willow. The first weeping willow in England was planted by Alexander Pope, 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 soon became a fine tree. From this stock, 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-cracker.

COMPILED FOR THE GEM.
SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY:
 No II.

Comprising a brief History of some of the most distinguished Characters of America, since its first discovery: arranged in Alphabetical order:

A.

Ira Allen, a brother of Ethan, removed to Vermont in early life, where he held various important offices, and possessed the confidence of the people. He wrote the "Natural and Political History of Vermont;" died 1810.

Heman Allen, a relative of the two preceding, is a native of Vermont. He possesses talent of a high order, and has filled many distinguished stations, both in the service of the U. S. and of his native state.

Wm. H. Allen, a Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, was slain in an action with the pirates in the W. Indies, in 1822.

Samuel Allen, proprietor by purchase, and Governor of New-Hampshire, about the year 1690; died 1705.

Francis Allison, a distinguished Divine and learned preacher of Philadelphia, a native of Ireland, came to this country in 1755; died 1777, greatly lamented.

Richard Alsop, a native of Conn.; he possessed fine talents, and is generally known as a poet and a translator; he died in 1815.

Joseph Alston, an eminent governor of S. Carolina; died 1816.

Fisher Ames, one of the most distinguished men of his time, was born in Dedham, Mass.; he was a brilliant and powerful speaker, and possessed a mind of a great and extraordinary character; died 1806.

Lord Jeffrey Amherst, born in England, succeeded Abercrombie in the command of the Royal forces in America, 1758; captured Louisburg, Nova Scotia, same year; took Ticonderoga and Crown Point, August 1759; he returned to England, where he was created Field Marshall; he died 1798, aged 80.

Vesputius Americus, one of the first discoverers of the continent unjustly called after him, and to the injury of Cabot and Columbus, who discovered the *main land* in 1498, whereas, Americus did not until the next year.

John Andre, an Adjutant general in the British army in America, and aid-de-camp to Sir Henry Clinton. He was taken and executed as a spy, while negotiating with Arnold concerning the surrender of W. Point, 1780. He was distinguished for his talents, and elegance of manners, and died much lamented, both by friend and foe, at the age of 29.

Sir Edmund Andross, governor of the colony of New York in 1674, and of New England in 1686. His administration was odious and tyrannical, and he was seized by the people, and sent to England, but was never tried; he came over in 1692, as governor of Virginia, and died in London, 1714.

John Antes, a native of America, educated in Germany, and celebrated as a traveller and missionary; died 1811.

Nathaniel Appleton, D. D., a distinguished divine of Cambridge, Mass., born at Ipswich, 1692; was fellow of the University for 60 yrs.

and received the second degree of D. D. which the Cambridge University ever conferred; the first having been conferred on Increase Mather, 80 years before. His writings are numerous.

Jesse Appleton, D. D., a writer of eminence and a President of Bowdoin College; died in 1819.

John Archdale, governor of S. Carolina in 1690—95; was instrumental in quieting the tumults of the colonies in that early period, and introduced the first rice ever in the country.

Samuel Argall, an adventurer in this country in 1609; he subdued the Dutch on Hudson's river, and was appointed governor of Virginia in 1617, but his administration proving odious, he was obliged to fly the country.

John Armstrong, a brigadier general in the army of the revolution, assisted in the memorable defence of Fort Moultrie, (S. C.) and in the battle of Germantown, N. J., with the reputation of an able officer; afterwards chosen a delegate to Congress from Pennsylvania; died 1795.

Benedict Arnoid, succeeded Roger Williams as governor of the Colony of Rhode-Island, and was afterwards repeatedly appointed governor under its present charter: he died, 1678.

Benedict Arnold, a distinguished major-general in the American army, and infamous for deserting the cause of his country, in attempting to surrender the fortress of West Point to the British—for committing ravages in Virginia, after his desertion, and a wanton butchery of the garrison at Fort Griswold, Conn. It is related of him that while on his expedition to Virginia, in 1781, at the head of 2000 royal troops, he inquired of an American officer, whom he had taken prisoner, what the Yankees would do with him should he fall into their hands. The officer answered, "Why, sir, if I must tell you, you must excuse me for telling you the plain truth: if my countrymen should catch you, they would first cut off that leg which was twice wounded in the cause of your country, and bury it with the honours of war; and then hang the rest of your body in gibbets." The reader will recollect that the officer alluded to the wounds he received in the leg, at the attack on Quebec, 1776, and in the memorable battle of Saratoga, Oct. 7th 1777.

J. Artedan, said to have founded a colony of Norwegians, in Greenland, in the 6th century, and to have penetrated as far on the continent as the coast of Labrador.

— Ashe, a British traveller in the western states about 20 years ago, who published slanderous accounts of the country and inhabitants.

John Baptiste Ashe, a governor of, and representative in Congress from, the state of N. Carolina; died 1802.

Samuel Ashe, a judge of the supreme court, and governor of N. Carolina, died 1813.

Eli P. Ashman, a distinguished lawyer of Northampton, Mass.; he was a member of the Senatô of that state, and afterwards a senator in Congress: died 1819.

Theodore Atkinson, chief justice of New-

Hampshire, and a delegate to the convention at Albany which formed a plan for the union and defence of the colonies, 1754: he died 1779.

William Atwood, chief justice of the colony of New-York, and judge of admiralty for New-England, New-York and New-Jersey, in 1707.

Samuel Auchmuty, a distinguished divine, in New-York, 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 Album.

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 courtesy of manner is still more so. The giddy trifler or the pompous flirt have no attractions for the man of sense, whereas, the timid and shrinking girl, or even the forbidding, yet blushing boy, can frequently win unconscious and lasting admiration. The ~~kind~~ of female character best adapted to please all ranks of society, is the woman who blends sufficient dignity in her manner to ave impertinence and presumption, whilst she, at the same time, encourages diffidence, and is more than ordinarily vivacious with a novice in gay life.

There are of the male sex, many coldhearted and impertinent men, whose aim and business, when mingling with females, seem to be the commission of gross indelicacies! 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 received a Stone.

Encyclopaedia.

It is falsehood only that loves and retires into darkness. Truth delights in the day, and demands no more than a just light to appear in perfect beauty.

It is with men as with barrels---the emptiest make the most sound.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

Great things and small things, alike and unlike."So much for these sentimentalists." *Moore's Byron.*

Though rich by pedigree and nobly born,
Stoop not thy humbler fellow worms to scorn;
Stoop not their pangs or passions to despise,
Because a lowlier charm their flame supplies.

Perchance in some lone spot as grand and wild
As ever Harold's anguish'd heart beguil'd,
A disappointment, bitter and as deep,
Has preyed upon a soul that scorn'd to weep.

Perchance that soul has felt thy proud disdain,
Has scorn'd to ape the dole of meaner pain,
From the world's sordid love or poison'd hate
Has turn'd away as lone and desolate.

And he by fortune left thrice, thrice alone,
No wealth for halting nature 't atone,
Was doom'd to feel, yes, feel as keenly too,
The deadly blight such nature round him threw.

If disappointment crowning nature's curse
Each bitter feeling poison'd at its source,
Frown not ye bigots on a skeptic thought,
Frown not on Byron's fame so dearly bought.

How high or low the world may rank his lot,
The first in fame, or by the crowd forgot,
How false or true the reason or the pride,
He who has felt will ne'er that feeling chide.

But, noble poet, his, like thine is free,
No sympathy his soul would crave of thee—
Yet would to friendship prove as just and kind,
As nature bounteous here, had form'd thy mind.

HORACE.

Buffalo, May, 1830.

*From the New-York Constellation.***TAKING THE CENSUS.**

SCENE—A House in the Country.

Inquisitor. Good morning, madam. Is
the head of the family at home?

Mrs. Touchwood. Yes, sir, I'm at home.

In. Have'nt you a husband?

Mrs. T. Yes, sir, but he aint head of the
family, I'd have you to know.

In. How many persons have you in your
family?

T. Why, bless me, sir, what's that to you?
You're mighty inquisitive, I think.

In. I'm the man that takes the census.

T. If you was a man in your senses, you
would'nt ax such impertinent questions.

In. Do'nt be offended, old lady, but answer
my questions as I ask them.

T. "Answer a fool according to his folly,"
you know what the scriptioner says. Old lady
indeed.

In. I beg your pardon, madam; but I don't
care about hearing scripture just at this moment.
I'm bound to go according to law,
and not according to gospel.

T. I should think you went neither according
to law nor gospel. What business is't
to you to inquire into folkses affairs, Mr.
Thingumbob?

In. The law makes it my business, good
woman, and if you don't want to expose
yourself to its penalties, you must answer my
questions.

T. O, it's the law, is it! That alters the
case. But I should like to know what business
the law has with people's household
matters.

In. Why, Congress made the law, and if it
doesn't please you, you must talk to them.

T. Talk to a fiddle-stick! Why, Congress
is a fool, and you are another.

In. Now, good lady, you're a fine looking
woman, if you'll only give me a few civil answers,
I'll thank you. What I wish to know
first is, how many persons there are in your
family.

T. Let me see (*counting her fingers*) there's
I and my husband is one—

In. Two you mean.

T. Don't put me out, now, Mr. Thingum-
my. There's I and my husband is one—

In. Are you always one?

T. What's that to you, I should like to
know. But I tell you, if you don't leave off
interrupting me, I wont say another word.

In. Well take your own way, and be hang-
ed to you.

T. I will take my own way, and no thanks
to you. (*Again counting her fingers.*) There's
I and my husband is one; there's John, he's
two; Peter is three; Sue and Moll is four,
and Thomas is five. And there's Mr. Jen-
kins and his wife and two children is six; and
there's Jowler, he's seven—

In. Jowler! Who's he?

T. Who's Jowler! Why, who should he
be but the old house dog?

In. It's the number of persons I want to
know.

T. Very well, Mr. Flippergin, an't Jowler
a person? Come here Jowler, and speak for
yourself. I'm sure he's as personal a dog as
there is in the whole state.

In. He's a very clever dog, no doubt. But
it is the number of human beings I want to
know.

T. Human? There a'nt a more human
dog that ever breathed.

In. Well, but I mean the two legged kind
of beings.

T. O, the two-legged is it? Well, then,
there's the old rooster, he's seven; the fight-
ing cock is eight, and the banfam is nine—

In. Stop, stop, good woman, I beg of you.
I don't want to know the number of your
fowls.

T. I'm very sorry indeed I can't please
you, such a sweet gentleman as you are. But
didn't you tell me 'twas the two legged be-
ings?

In. True, but I didn't mean the hens.

T. O, now I understand you. The old
gobler, he's seven, the hen turkey is eight—
and if you'll wait a week there'll be a parcel
of young ones, for the old hen turkey is set-
ting on a whole snarl of eggs.

In. D—n your turkeys.

T. O, don't now, good Mr. Hipperstitcher,
I pray you don't. They're as honest turkies
as any in the country.

In. Don't vex me any more. I'm getting
to be angry.

T. Ha, ha, ha!

In. (*Striding about the room in a rage.*) Have
a care, madam, or I shall fly out of my skin.

T. If you do, I don't know who'll fly in.

In. You do all you can to anger me. It's
the two-legged creatures who talk, that I have
reference to.

T. O, now I understand you. Well then,
our Poll Parrot makes seven, and the black
girl eight.

In. I see you will have your own way.

T. You have just found it out, have you?
You are a smart little man!

In. Have you mentioned the whole of your
family?

T. Yes, sir, that's the whole—except the
wooden-headed man in the other room.

In. Wooden-headed!

T. Yes, the school-master that's boarding
here.

In. I suppose if he has a wooden head, he
lives without eating, and therefore must be a
profitable boarder.

T. O, no sir, you are mistaken there. He
eats like a leather judgment.

In. How many slaves are there belonging
to the family?

T. Slaves? Why, there's no slaves but I
and my husband.

In. What makes you and your husband
slaves?

T. I'm a slave to hard work, and he's a
slave to rum. He does nothing all day but

guzzle, guzzle, guzzle; while I am working,
and tewing, and sweating, from morning till
night, and from night till morning.

In. How many free coloured persons have
you? Why, there's nobody but Diana the
black girl, Poll parrot, and my daughter Sue.

In. Is your daughter a coloured girl?

T. I guess you'd think so, if you was to see
her. She's always out in the sun, and she's
tanned up as black as an Indian.

In. How many white males are there in
your family under ten years of age?

T. Why there an't none now—my husband
don't carry the mail since he's taken to drink
so bad. He us'd to carry two, but they wasn't
white.

In. you mistake, good woman; I meant
male folks, not leather mails.

T. Why, let me see; there's none except
little Thomas, and Mr. Jenkins' two little
girls.

In. Males, I said, madam, not females.

T. Well, if you don't like the *je*, you may
leave it off.

In. How many white males are there be-
tween ten and twenty?

T. Why, there's nobody but John and Pe-
ter, and John run away last week.

In. How many white males are there be-
tween twenty and thirty?

T. Let me see—there's the wooden-headed
man is one, Mr. Jenkins and his wife is two,
and the black girl is three.

In. No more of your nonsense, old lady;
I'm heartily tired of it.

T. Hoity-toity! haven't I a right to talk as
I please in my own house?

In. You must answer the questions as I
put them.

T. "Answer a fool according to his folly,"
you're right, Mr. Hippogriff.

In. How many white males are there be-
tween thirty and forty?

T. Why there's nobody but me and my
husband, and he was forty-one last March.

In. As you count yourself among the males
I dare say you wear the breeches.

T. Well, what if I do, Mr. Impertinence?
Is that any thing to you? Mind your own busi-
ness if you please.

In. Certainly—I did but speak. How many
white males are there between forty and
fifty?

T. None.

In. How many between fifty and sixty?

T. None.

In. Are there any between this and a hun-
dred?

T. None, except the old gentleman.

In. What old gentleman? You haven't
mentioned any before.

T. Why, granther Grayling—I thought
every body knew granther Grayling—he's a
hundred and two years old, come August, if
he lives so long, and I dare say he will, for
he's got the dry wilt, and they say such folks
never dies?

The census man having inquired the num-
ber of females of the different ages, and re-
ceived the like satisfactory answers, next
proceeded to inquire the number of deaf and
dumb persons.

T. Why there's no deaf persons excepting
husband, and he an't half so deaf as he pre-
tends to be. When any body ax him to take
a drink of rum, if it's only in a whisper, he
can hear quick enough. To be sure, my hus-
band wishes I was dumb, but he can't make
it out.

In. Are there any manufactures carried on
here?

T. None to speak on; except turnip-sau-
sages and tow cloth.

In. Turnip-sausages?

T. Why yes, turnip-sausages. Is there
any thing so wonderful in that?

In. I never heard of them before. What
kind of machinery is used in making them?

T. Nothing but a bread-trough, a chopping
knife, and a sausage filler.

THE GEN: A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

In. Are they made of clear turnips?
T. Now you're terrible inquisitive. What'd ye give to know?
In. Why I'll give you the name of being the most communicative and pleasant woman I've met with for the last half hour.
T. Well now you're a sweet gentleman, and I must gratify you. You must know we mix with the turnips a little red cloth, just enough to give them a colour, so that they needn't look as if they was made of clear fat meat; then we chop them well up together, put in a little sage, summer savory, and black pepper; and then fill them into sheep's inwards; and they make as pretty little delicate links as ever was put on a gentleman's table, they fetch the highest price in the market.
In. Indeed!
T. Yes sir. Have you any thing more to ax?
In. Nothing more;—good morning, madam.
T. Stop a moment;—cant you think of something else? Do now, that's a good man. Would n't you like to know what we are agoin to have for dinner? or how many chickens our old hen hatched last; or how many—
In. No. Nothing more—nothing more.
T. Here,—just look in the cupboard, and see how many red aunts there are in the sugar bowl; I hav'nt time to count them myself.
In. Curse your ants, and all your relations. *[Exit in a huff.]*

ANCIENT WRITERS.

It has been a subject of controversy, whether intense application of mind tends to shorten life. Opinions on this point are various, and perhaps we may throw light on it by an appeal to facts.

The following list of names has been made from a promiscuous research, and the names and ages of all men distinguished by their intellectual improvements, have been noticed as they have occurred to the writer.

Ancient Writers.		
GREEK.		
Age.	Died before Christ.	
Xenophilus	169	
Theophrastus	106	288
Xenophanes	100	500
Democritus	100	
Isocrates	98	338
Thales	92	548
Carnecades	90	
Pyrrho	90	284
Sophocles	91	406
Simonides	90	468
Zeno	97	264
Pythagoras	90	510
Hippocrates	80	
Chryseippus	83	204
Diogenes	88	
Pherycides	85	
Solon	82	558
Periander	80	579
Plato	81	348
Thucydides	80	391
Xenophon	89	359
Xenocrates	81	314
Polybius	81	124
Socrates	70	400
Anaxagoras	72	428
Euripides	76	407
Eschylus	70	456
Aristotle	63	322
Anaximander	64	547
Pindar	69	452

Greek Authors. Total 30

Died above a hundred	4
Above 90	8
Ditto 80	11
Ditto 60	7

Socrates died prematurely by poison.

Ancient Writers.		
ROMAN.		
Age.	Died before Christ.	
Varro	67	28
Lucian	80	
Epicurus	73	168
Cicero	63	42
Livy	67	[by a violent death. A. D. 17]
Pliny, the elder	56	79
Pliny, the younger	52	[by a violent death. 113]
Ovid	59	17
Horace	57	
Virgil	51	B. C. 19

Modern Authors on the Continent of Europe.		
	Died	Age
Voltaire	1779	85
Swedenbourg	1772	83
Berhave	1738	79
Galileo	1643	76
Scaliger, J. Cæsar	1558	74
Scaliger, J. J.	1609	69
Vossius, J. G.	1649	70
Vossius, Isaac	1683	70
Copernicus	1543	71
Grevius	1703	71
Gronovius	1671	58
Grotius	1645	62
Erasmus	1536	69
Thuanus	1617	64
Spinosa	1677	55
Haller	1777	69
Kepler	1631	60
Puffendorf	1693	62
Leibnitz	1715	59
Des Cartes	1650	54
Tycho Brahe	1601	55

Above 80	21
Ditto 70	7
Ditto 50	12

English Authors.		
Newton	1642	1727 81
Whiston	1667	1762 95
Hoadley	1676	1761 83
Burnet	1635	1725 90
Hobbes	1588	1679 92
Hales	1677	1761 84
Halley	1656	1742 85
Spelman	1561	1641 80
Sloane, Hans	1660	1752 92
Sherlock, B.	1678	1762 84
Bacon, R.	1614	1694 80
Swift	1667	1745 78
Seldon	1584	1654 70
Locke	1632	1704 73
Camden	1551	1623 72
Johnson, S.	1709	1784 75
Robertson	1721	1793 72
Hale, M.	1609	1676 67
Bacon, N.	1510	1578 68
Fothergill	1712	1786 68
Bacon, F.	1560	1617 66
Milton	1608	1674 66
Sherlock, W.	1641	1707 66
Sydenham	1624	1689 65
Tillotson,	1630	1694 64
Boyle,	1627	1691 65
Kennicot	1718	1783 65
Pope	1688	1744 56
Steele	1676	1729 53
Addison	1672	1719 47
Spenser	1553	1599 45

Total 31

Above 90	3
Ditto 80	8
Ditto 70	6
Ditto 45	14

That country is esteemed very healthy, in which fifteen persons to an hundred born, arrive to 70-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 life practised by the old

Greek philosophers, will bring the fact within the compass of belief.
 The ages of the Roman writers indicate a less salubrious climate, or more luxurious habits of life, or both.
 The ages of the Modern writers far surpass the due proportion. Of 21 authors on the continent, 9 reached the age of 70—or almost half—whereas the usual proportion is not more than an eighth, or a seventh at most.
 Of 31 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 probable, 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 acquirements, and their old age, may not improbably 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-day.
 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 cost us 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 gave 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 feign 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 in the greatest part of the year at their mansions in the country, and once 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 *loff day*; which is, in Saxon, the *bread giver*. These words were, in the course of time, corrupted into Lady."

THE FAIR SEX.

When Eve brought *woe* to all mankind;
 Old Adam called her *wo-man*;
 But when she *woed* with love so kind,
 He then pronounc'd it *woo-man*;
 But now with folly and with pride,
 Their husband's pockets trimming,
 The ladies are so full of *whims*,
 That people call them *whim men*.

SEDUCTION.

Shall beauty, blighted in an hour,
 Find joy within her broken bower?
 No; gayer insects fluttering by
 Ne'er droop the wing on those that die,
 And lovelier things than mercy shown
 To every failing but her own,
 And every woe a tear can claim,
 Except an erring sister's shame.....Byron.

THE GEM.

Rochester, Saturday, July 18, 1830.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.—THE subscribers have entered into a co-partnership in the publication of THE GEM, under the firm of Edwin Scramton & 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.

Office in the room formerly occupied by Tuttle & Sherman, 3 doors north of the Canal, Exchange-street.
EDWIN SCRANTON.
PETER CHERRY.

Rochester, July 14, 1830.

Sickness, combined with the trouble of a removal, made it necessary to delay our paper a week. It will be regularly published hereafter, once in two weeks, as usual.

As yet our plates have not arrived. We hope to receive them before our next. At all events our readers may depend upon them in the course of the season.

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 number.

BACK 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 re-printing a few of the first numbers which have run out, and that we shall soon be able to supply all calls. A number of subscribers lack No. 2—that No. will be re-printed and forwarded, before the issuing of the next regular number.

Life on the Canal.—Sitting in our window a few mornings since, looking out upon the busy world, and reflecting upon the doings of the vast multitude that were passing and repassing before us, (the reader will remember that we are now near the canal,) we gazed until we were completely lost in the mist of our own reflections. On a sudden, we were started by a loud scream, succeeded by a splash, and the expression, "he's knocked him into the canal," soon told us what was the matter. A general rushing of people towards the spot succeeded, and we were soon found in the train. We had not proceeded far, before a polite good looking red faced young man took our arm.

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

We replied that just at this time we were going West.

"West—The boat 'Young Lion,' of the 'Merchant's 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 inquire. 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 a 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 out to "blow a boat in," and thus he lives.

The "runner," is picking up passengers, running from face to face with a quick and anxious inquiry; telling facts that are never realized—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 foolish to freeze themselves in these hot times. You will see him retailing his winter weather by the pound—hear him praise its cooling quality, and thus he lives.

Then comes the bread and cracker pedler, the raddish, or the vegetable merchant—the former needs for his living, the latter lives by his sauce.

Then the posy-girls, with their two-penny bunches of pinks, roses, geranium and asparagus—each claim their little and pass on—and thus they live.

The measure is only filled up by the din of horns, the profanity of boatmen and drivers, and the orders of the "Captains," whose voices loom up amid the general confusion. We had forgot to mention the porter, who claims his shilling for transporting baggage; and of all the claims there is none more promptly demanded or paid.

The canal has its titles too—and that of Captain, though first on the list, is not more tenaciously claimed than that of Cook. Among those who are dubbed captains, however, there is more difference, than among any of the minor officers. You can usually tell the captain by his difference of dress or manners, though there are many grades, until you come to a crew where it is impossible to tell who is captain, except as the title falls from the lips of some bareheaded fellow addressing himself to another, perhaps as much sun-burnt, and with hair as bleached and bushy as his own.

But the Canal is an interesting picture. You see there the produce of our country wending 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 too, is in safety—You see no wanton squandering of the property of others—but on the contrary, all is protection and care. You see too, the hundred families that are weekly passing, to fill up the forests of the West, from the intelligent and affluent, down to the ignorant but hardy Swiss, who almost, perhaps, has to "work his passage on the tow-path." All seem to have a specific object in view, and all are anxiously pressing on. We might mention the community that infest the canal to pick the pockets of the honest traveller, either by gambling or in a more summary way—but of these, no matter. They are the mere hangers-on of the human family—the bed-bugs of life, who bite mankind and fatten upon them when they are defenceless. Our article is out, and we fear, gentle reader, you will say thus of your patience.

"Lexington," and other poems, by Prosper M. Wetmore, is in the press of the Messrs. Carvilles of New-York.

"The Euterpeiad," a paper devoted principally to the science of musick, and published by Geo. W. Bleecker, N. Y. at \$3 per annum, has reached us. By its prospectus, we see that from two to four pages of each number of the work will be taken up with new, popular, or original musick. It is neatly printed on fine paper, and in the quarto form with an advertising cover. It may be seen at our office.

We have also received two numbers of a neatly printed and well arranged semi-monthly literary paper, from Westfield, Chautauque co., entitled "The

Pantheon." There is a good degree of taste and talent displayed in the work, and we wish it success. It is printed by Messrs. Hull & Newcomb at \$1 per annum.

"Hurra for Jackson," shouted a boy in the street, a few days since. A by-stander stepped up to the little fellow, who appeared a good deal elated, and asked him why he shouted "hurra for Jackson" so long after his election. "I don't mean the President—he has been hurraed enough," said the boy, "it is my uncle Jackson that I mean, because his wife has just drawn a quarter of the fifteen thousand dollar prize in the lottery," and again he shouted "hurra for Jackson," clapped his hands, and darted away, to the no small amusement of those present.

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 signature of our last Z, to Y.

Many communications are on file, and will all be attended to in due time.

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, Mr. James W. Sawyer, merchant of New-York, to Miss Margaret, daughter of Mr. John Caldwell of this village.

DIED,

In Oswego, on the 5th inst. at the residence of her father, Mrs. Mary Ann Frink, wife of Silas H. Frink of this village.

At Meadville, Pa. on the 5th inst. Mr. Edmund Biden, aged 23—son of Mr. John Biden of this village.

THE FARMER.

It does one's heart good to see a merry, round-faced hardy farmer;—so merry, and yet so free from vanity and pride;—so rich, and yet so industrious—so patient, and so persevering in his calling, and yet so kind, so social and obliging. There are a thousand noble traits that light upon his character. He is generally hospitable—and he wont set a mark on you and sweat it out of you with double compound interest, as some I have known will—you are welcome. He will do you a kindness without expecting a return by way of compensation;—it is not so with every body. He is generally more honest and sincere—less disposed to deal in a low and underhand cunning, than many I could name. He gives to society its best support—is the edifice of government—he is the second lord of nature. Look at him in homespun and grey black;—gentlemen, laugh if you will—but believe me, he can laugh back if he please.

MUSICAL.

A critic in a late London paper, gives the following picturesque description:

"Madam Dulcken's performance on the piano forte was an extraordinary exhibition of manual dexterity. She flew at the keys like a tiger cat, pounced upon the chords, tousled them, shook them till she had her 'wicked full of them;' scrambled up and down like a kitten among leaves; whisked off from Dan to Beersheba; played at leap frog with her hands like one possessed; ran down the chromatic scale on double notes; up again, I suppose to show that she could do both; and all this amazing dexterity, equal to the tumbler in Drury Lane Pantomime, was bestowed upon a composition of at least 20 minutes duration, which did not contain one single thought worth hearing."



WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TO ANNA.

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

And oh! I love earth's lowliest flower,
Though withered up, and fading;
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.

ROSAMOND.

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 pours its ray
But o'er the gaiety of youth,
Ere morn has ripen'd unto day,
Or fancy's charm made way for truth.

'Tis not a dream, 'tis not a dream,
That only lures the mind,
And glowing in the soul, doth seem
A pleasure undefined;
Nor is it like the glittering gem
Which sparkles on the flower,
And melts beneath the diadem
Of Sol's dissolving power.

Go, ask the maid, whose plighted vows
In youthful hours she gave,
And little deem'd her constancy
Would find an early grave.
Oh, ask the maid with glowing eye,
Upon whose brow the gleam
Of pleasure sparkles,—will she say
That love is but a dream?

ANNA.

Auburn, June, 1830.

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'lt
rest;
I will pillow thy cheek on this agoniz'd breast.

'Neath thy long, silken lash, now there trembles
a tear,
Oh! weep not, my boy, for thy mother is here.
Thou yearn'st for thy mother, though dying and
wild,
Thou yearn'st for thy mother, my withering child.

Ah! thou dost inherit thy mother's decay,
I know, my pale boy, thou art passing away.
Yes, thou art drooping, thy low-wailing cry
Falls sad on this ear, as the spirit's last sigh.

I know thou art wandering fast to thy home,
Soon they'll lay thee down, blighted and cold in the
tomb;

Cling closer, eye closer to this throbbing heart,
I would hear thy low sobbings again ere we part.

Yet I cannot;—thy moanings no longer I hear,
And thy heart's deepest throb now is lost to mine
ear.

I see thee no longer, my perishing dove,
I shall see thee again in bright heaven above.

Yes, I know, when I press these cold lips to my
brow,
That again we shall meet,—but farewell to thee
now.

Farewell to thee now—'tis thy mother's last hour,
And thou, too, must perish, my beautiful flower.
And farewell to this world, too, its misery and joy,
God will not forsake thee, my desolate boy.

ROSAMOND.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TO THE MOON

*"Can it be,
That in yon spheres, translated spirits dwell?"*

How many Bards pour forth their lays,
To praise the Queen of Night,
And high in Heaven their anthems raise,
To thy translucent light
O moon! Here then permit a wight
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'rd Heav'n uprais'd,
And on the minion orbs of light
My spell-bound vision gaz'd;
The big full moon, with its brilliant rays
Resplendant 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 hear,
Contained within its rotund sphere?
Is not 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 'realms eternal in the skies.'

Then why not this same rotund moon
That Heavenly land of love,
Since we are here compelled to own
That Heav'n's a land above?
Why need our 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,
Who, (in that Holy Book we're told,)
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,
Where did he go, save to yon rotund moon?

I leave the subject here;—may be
Some wight, more wise, in truth,
Will think that I've digress'd; ah me,
I own such the'rems are uncouth,
Yet put the worst to't, and, forsooth,
They must confess that I have done no more,
Than ask for that which has been ask'd before.

Z.

PRAISE.

Crown us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things; one good deed dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that;
Our praises are our wages.—*Shaks.*

From the Courier & Enquirer.

FUTURITY.

Scroll of unborn events!
Thou silent consort of pale destiny!
Within whose womb, begat in mystery,
Live fate's intents.

Nurser of coming days!
I dwell upon thee with intensest thought:
Fain would my soul, with gloomy nodings fraught,
Thy curtains raise.

Fate slumbers in thine arms!
And couched within thy chamber, shadowy dream,
It gives in awful whispers to thine ear,
Its tale of harms!

Deep in thy breast
Is writ the destiny of mighty orbs:
Oh! how thy dread immensity absorbs
My spirit's rest.

Oh read to me,
Faint as the breathings of an unborn age,
The hidden secrets of thy gloomy page,
Futurity!

For swear thy vow!
And break the eternal silence thou must keep;
Teach me the wisdom, that in wrinkles deep
Is written on thy brow,

Give to mine eyes
The power to pierce thy phantom-haunted space
Where coming scenes of peril in my race,
May dimly rise.

'Tis thou alone
Can give an answer to this—darkly wrought—
This visitation of prophetic thought,
Which weighs me down.

Like a night-fiend
It stalks along imagination's path,
Wild—undefin'd—yet fearful power it hath
To chain the mind.

'Tis with me now!
And clothes my every hope, as with a shroud—
Shapeless—and shadowy—like a midnight cloud:
And fraught with woe.

What fearful thing
Art thou engend'ring in thy womb—oh time!
What scenes of madness, misery or crime,
Hast thou to bring?

Oh backward roll
The mist of years, that hides me from thy sight,
And with the truth of these sad warnings, blight
At once my soul.

In vain—in vain—
The fearful certainty I may not learn;
Thou mock'st my pray'r, with tho'ts that wilderburn
Within my brain.

'Tis death alone
Can ope' the portals of thy mystic hall;
Fell thought!—Yet doth it not my soul appal,
Thou pow'r unknown.

Why should I live?
And nurse a thing of horror in my breast;
To my sick heart, no dawning hope of rest
Its balm doth give.

Bright hours that were!
Ye bounding tho'ts, that with me lov'd to dwell—
High youthful hopes—affections—all—farewell.
Come, black Despair!

F.

ENGRAVINGS.

We have made arrangements for four elegant 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, in advance.

THE GEM,

A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.

2d VOLUME—TO CONTAIN 4 ENGRAVINGS.

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

ALL letters and communications must be addressed to the subscribers, post-paid.

EDWIN SCRANTON & Co.
Office in Exchange Street, 3 doors north of the Canal.

THE GEM,

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

BE OURS THE PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 7.

ROCHESTER, JULY 31, 1830.

VOL. II.

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."*

MOORE.

"Put out the light? No! I cannot brook 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 vigil angel, never left his 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 perilous 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 enslave 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, stranded him; that brought him to a ruin, not only as regarded this life, but which gave fearful evidence, 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 extreme to another, and who are the very shuttle-cocks of wantonness, misery and hope. 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, had 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 its object was destroyed, left the heart to the scathe of disappointment.

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 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 earthly 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 drown the stings 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, any farther 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 was 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 was pouring his soul into her listening ear. Once during this time of incessant talking, I thought he knew me, and I 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 at 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 after I had done all this, I found it an easy task to bend myself to any thing, however dishonourable or disgraceful. I never intended at last to disregard all sacred things, but thought to have a mind of my own, and break down the old landmarks of religion and piety. This soon classed me with the despisers of the bible, and though I did not like the name or the company, I chose rather to suffer it, than yield to what I was more than half convinced was right. This error grew upon me with an accumulated weight, until I found that to shake it off was to remodel my whole life. My pride and my companions forbid this, and again conscience slumbered. But alas it did not slumber long. In the midst of destruction it awakened, and pointing to me seemed to say, "thou art the man." For eight long years have I been led from one degree of despair to another, until my very soul seems to anticipate the fiery realities of the future. Dissipation has marked me in her train, and storms of wrath have scathed my spirit until it seems shrieking amidst the ruins of its miserable tenement of clay! I hang only now between a lesser and a greater vengeance. When I am dead, remember one who knew how to live, but who, like thousands of mankind, fall at last by embracing an error, and adhering to it against the voice of friends, of reason, and of inspiration. The infidel seldom has his infidelity only to answer for. Added to it is not unfrequently deep and damning 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, 1829."

The moral contained in the above the 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
 Twill 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 Judgement day."

The editor of the Recorder subjoins another proof (in the shape of poetry,) of the rashness of the New York editor's assertion. It is a brief 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 was 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 whop!

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—sweet home," yet he desired to try fortune, as his ancestors had done before him, in making the wilderness "bud 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 sublunary 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 earthly 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 present 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, aided 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.

Among the many amiable and worthy families who emigrated from the island of Great Britain, about the middle of the last century, was a Mr. Hope, whose family consisted only of himself, wife and daughter. Maria (for that was the name of the lovely girl,) had scarcely landed on the shores of Columbia, before she began to regret having left the place of her nativity. She would often resort to a little peaceful arbour, on the banks projecting towards the ocean, and silently watch the progress of the floating bark, and the motion of the flapping sails, as they carelessly swung suspended from the towering masts. At

ther times she would listen to the soft breeze that murmured in sweet tones among the surrounding trees, which overshadowed her favourite retreat. While in the participation of such pleasures, her restless mind would steal from its weary situation, and darting across the wide Atlantic, rest its weary pinions in the motley glen, where the plight of early love first possessed the rich treasures of her youthful 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 affection, to accompany her generous parents over the tempestuous ocean. Yet he was not beyond the reach of fanciful imagination—her dreaming mind would rove unguided over the boundless ocean, and enter the dwelling 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 eagerly watching the declension of the setting sun, as it painted the dark blue waters of the Atlantick in a glow of indistinguishable 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 recluse. She knew not to what to impute this sudden 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 beautiful brow. It is in vain to paint the subject so as to give the reader the slightest description 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 forthcoming of evening. Then she darted with a quick pace in the direction of her solitary arbour, regardless of the endearments of home, and deaf to the chanting warblers of the myrtle groves. She advanced to a thicket interwoven with woodbines, and surrounded with wild forest flowers, when she stopped suddenly and gazed for a while on the appearance of a newly constructed grave! At the first sight it caused a deathlike gloom to overshadow her. A presentiment that it was emblematic of the fate of him she held dear, came like ice over the soul of the stricken Maria. She sat down in her wild thoughtfulness, and drawing her pencil, she wrote the following—

Hast thou, in other clime,
Wrought scenes of misery and woe
Too deep for mortals to forego,
Oh! reckless Time!

The last gleam of twilight had buried itself in the darkness of the night, when Maria returned to the paternal roof. Her mind was so much wrought up with the melancholy events which haunted her thoughts in relation to the unknown occupant of the solitary gleam,

that sleep remained a stranger to her heavy eyelids. She rose in the morning unconscious of her bereavement of sleep for the two past nights. Twilight again appeared in its golden robes, when she again set forward to her nocturnal retreat. She had scarcely entered the thicket, when, upon casting a look towards the newly broken turf, she discovered that an urn had been erected over the sleeping place of the stranger. She advanced to it, and read the inscription. And now her dream was out. Henry Melville had followed her alone and amidst strangers. He had expired immediately on reaching the shore, and his companions, with whom he became acquainted on his voyage, had buried him there, little dreaming that he had a suitor in America, or if he had, that she would be the first after them to drop the tear of regret over his premature grave. It was their love for the unfortunate that had placed there the urn for his memory. But they were gone.

The distracted Maria exchanged her fashionable garb for the habiliments of the grave, and spent the remaining part of her existence over the marble urn of the unfortunate Henry

WERNER.

The ear of Diogenes in Syracuse, is no less a monument of the ingenuity and magnificence, than 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 it is about 80 feet, and the length of this enormous ear is about 250. The cavern was said to be so contrived, that every sound made in it, was collected and united into one point, as into a focus; this was called the tympanum; and exactly opposite to it had made a small hole, which communicated with a small apartment where he used to conceal himself. He applied his own ear to this hole, and is said to have heard distinctly every word that was heard 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 in it. He then confined all that he suspected were his enemies, and by overhearing their conversation, judged of their guilt, and condemned and acquitted accordingly.—*Brydone*.

Queen Semiramis, having caused her own sepulchre to be made, gave orders that this inscription should be engraven upon it:—"What king soever hath need of money, let him demolish this monument, and he shall find within it treasure as much as he desireth." Now Darius having opened the said sepulchre, could meet with neither silver nor gold there; but instead thereof, he lighted upon other letters written to this effect: "If thou hadst not been a wicked man and of insatiable 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 overturn an author's hopes. "A thing," said he, "once happened to me, which was enough to make a man forswear ever taking a pen in hand. I had a tragedy—Garrick performed in it—I must confess the principal incident was a little similar to Lear's abdication in favour of his daughters. Mine were two daughters; and the king, after giving them a lesson fraught with legislative advantages that might have done honour to Solon or Lycurgus, finished his harangue by saying, 'and now I divide this crown between you'—Sir, a malicious scoundrel peeped over the spikes of the orchestra, and staring Garrick full in

the face, cried out—'Ah, that's just half-a-crown a-piece.' Sir, an incessant laugh immediately prevailed, and if it had been to save your soul, another syllable could not be heard." *Dibdin*.

The celebrated painter, Corregio, had so seldom been rewarded during his life, that the paltry payment of ten pistoles of German coin, and which he was obliged to travel as far as Parma to receive, created in his mind a joy so excessive, that it caused his death. The payment to him was made in a species of copper coin. The joy which the mind of Corregio experienced in being the bearer of so large a quantity of money to his wife, prevented him from thinking either of the length of the journey or of the excessive heat of the day. He walked twelve miles with so much anxiety to reach home, that immediately on his return, he was seized of a violent pleurisy, of which he died.

Who can define the meaning of that poor monosyllable, WIT? The usurer thinks it means cunning; the libertine supposes it to consist in debauchery; the young buck thinks it lies in breaking windows, and knocking down watchmen. The lawyer esteems himself a witty man when he quibbles, the collegian when he puns, and the fine lady when she scandalizes her neighbors. The hummer is never so witty as when he tells a lie with a grave face; nor the jockey as when he takes in a knowing one. In fact, there is no one word in the English language which admits of so many different meanings, nor respecting which people have such contrary ideas: yet in this they have agreed in all ages, to mistake wit for wisdom.

Mr. John Bunyan wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress" in Bedford jail, where he was confined for his religion. A Quaker one day came to his prison, and thus addressed him: "Friend Bunyan, the Lord hath sent me to seek for thee, and I have been through several countries in search of thee, and now I am glad I have found thee." To which Bunyan replied, "Friend, thou dost not speak truth in saying that the Lord sent thee to seek me; for the Lord well knows that I have been here for years; and if he had sent thee, he would have sent thee directly here."

A gentleman in company with a young lady could not forbear telling her that she was wondrous handsome. "Sir," said the lady, "I thank you for your good opinion, and wish with all my heart I could say as much for you." "Why, so you might, ma'am," said the gentleman, "if you thought no more of telling a lie than I do."

Physiognomy is the true science. The man of profound thought, the man of active ability, and above all, the man of genius, has his character stamped on his countenance by nature: men of violent passions, and the voluptuary, have it stamped by habit. But the science has its limits: it has no stamp for mere cruelty.

Human Owl.—A youth is at present living at Seville, who loses his sight in the day time, and recovers it at night. His vision is so perfect when his eyes are totally deprived of light, that he can read the smallest print, all around being involved in obscurity.—*Spanish paper*.

Never did an Irishman utter a better *bull* than did an honest Pat, who being asked by a friend "Has your sister a son or a daughter?" answered, "Upon my soul I dont know whether I'm an uncle or an aunt!"

A King can make an Honorable, and a Rt. Honorable, but he cannot a Man of Honor

COMPILED FOR THE GEM.

SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY:

No. III.

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 1660, and caused an injurious rebellion in Va., in Gov. Berkley's time.

Wm. Bainbridge, an intrepid commander in the American Navy, during the late war; Dec. 29, 1812, the Constitution, capt. B., captured the British frigate Java; loss, Am. 34, British, about 200.

Abraham Baldwin, a native of Georgia, President of the University of that state, was a member of the "continental congress," a delegate to the convention which framed the constitution of the United States, 1787, and was afterwards a senator in congress, in all of which offices he was distinguished; he died 1807.

Joel Barlow, L. L. D., author of the "Columbiad," was born at Reading, Conn., 1758, and was educated at Yale College. He served in the American war as a volunteer, and as a Chaplain. At the close of the war he went to France, where he became conspicuous and popular as a zealous friend of the revolution. He was afterwards appointed American Consul at Algiers, and Minister of the United States to France, and died on his way to Wina, to meet Napoleon, 1812.

John Banister, a native of Virginia, and an ornament to the state, was a member of the "first Continental Congress," and a signer of the "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union," 1778.

David L. Barnes, an eminent citizen of R. Island, during the American revolution; was attorney general and judge of the supreme court of that state; died 1812.

John Barry, 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 intrepid 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 *Treposa*.—Bold, brave, and enterprising,—at the same time humane and generous. He was a good citizen, and greatly 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 Hampshire; a member of the first Continental Congress from that state, a signer of the Dec. 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 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.

— Baum, a German officer in the Royal army; was despatched by Burgoyne, with about 700 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, 1785, and a long time speaker of the House of Assembly, of Maryland; he died 1807.

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

Jonathan Belcher, was governor of Massachusetts 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, and a 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 '98.

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

Dr. John Burkenhout, 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 Massachusetts. His zeal for the crown contributed to hasten the revolution. He was recalled, and died in '79.

Wm. Bentley, an eminent citizen of Massachusetts, 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 American Navy during the late war; June 28, 1814, the Wasp, capt. B., took the Reindier; Sept. 1, the Avon.

Wm. W. Bibb, a native of Georgia; after representing his native state in both branches 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. 860, 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 1740-45.

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

John Bulkley, of Conn., was classed 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.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE BANIAN TREE OF THE INDIES.

The Banian, or Burr tree, says Mr. Forbes, is equally deserving our attention; from being one of the most curious and beautiful of nature's productions in that genial climate, where she sports with the greatest profusion of variety. Each tree is of itself a grove, and some of them are of amazing size; as they are continually increasing, and, contrary to most other animal and vegetable productions, seem to be exempted from decay; for every branch from the main body throws out its own roots, at first in small, tender fibres, several yards from the ground, which continually grows thicker; until, by gradual descent, they reach its surface; where, striking in, they increase to a large trunk, and become a parent tree, throwing out new branches from the top. These in time suspend their roots, and receiving nourishment from the earth, swell into trunks, and shoot forth other branches; thus continuing in a state of progression so long as the first parent of them all supplies her sustenance.

A banian tree, with many trunks, forms the most beautiful walks, vistas, and cool recesses, that can be imagined. The leaves are large, soft, and of a lively green; the fruit is a small fig, when ripe of a bright scarlet; affording sustenance to monkeys, squirrels, peacocks and birds of various kinds, which dwell among its branches.

The Hindoos are peculiarly fond of this tree; they consider its long duration, its outstretching arms, and over-shadowing beneficence, as emblems of the Deity, and almost pay it divine honors. The Brahmins, who thus "find a fane in every sacred grove," spend much of their time in religious solitude under the shade of the banian-tree; they plant it near the dewals, or Hindoo temples, improperly called Pagodas; and in those villages where there is no structure for public worship, they place an image under one of these trees, and there perform a morning and evening sacrifice.

These are the trees under which a sect of naked philosophers, called Gymnosophists, used to assemble in Arrian's days; and this historian of ancient Greece gives us a true picture of the modern Hindoos: "In winter the Gymnosophists enjoy the benefit of the sun's rays in open air; and in summer, when the heat becomes excessive, they pass their time in cool and moist places, under large trees; which, according to the accounts of Nearchus, sometimes cover a circumference of five acres, and are so extensive, that ten thousand men may easily find shelter under one of them."

There are none of this magnitude in Bombay; but on the banks of the Nerbudda, in Western Hindostan, says Mr. Forbes, I have spent many delightful days, with large parties, on rural excursions, under a tree, supposed by some to have been the same as that described by Nearchus, and certainly not at all inferior to it. High floods have, at various times, swept away a very considerable part of this extraordinary tree; but what still remains is near two thousand feet in circumference, measured round the principal stems; the over-hanging branches, not yet struck down, cover a much larger space; and under it grow a number of custard apples, and other fruit trees. The large trunks of this single tree amount to three hundred and fifty, and the smaller ones exceed three thousand; each of these is constantly sending forth roots, to form other trunks, and become the parent of a future progeny.

This magnificent pavilion affords a shelter to all travellers, particularly the religious tribes of Hindoos; and is generally filled with a variety of birds, snakes, and monkeys. The latter have often diverted me with their antic tricks, especially in their parental affec-

tion to their young offspring; by teaching them to select their food, to exert themselves in jumping from bough to bough, and then in taking more extensive leaps from tree to tree; encouraging them by their caresses when timorous, and menacing, and even beating them when refractory.

THE CAMELOPARD OF AFRICA.

When it stands erect, this most remarkable of all animals frequently measures from fifteen to eighteen feet in height, from the top of its head to the ground. The hinder parts, however, are not by any means so high. It 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 mildest and most innocent of all quadrupeds. When these animals graze, it is necessary for them to separate the fore legs to a considerable distance, otherwise their head would not be able to reach the ground. They however, most usually feed on the leaves of trees and shrubs. It is but seldom they have been seen, particularly of late years; and when pursued, they move so rapidly, that even the fleetest horses would scarcely be able to overtake them. In their general appearance, they remind the observer of the camel, the horse, and the deer; partaking, in some respects, of the nature of each of these animals. By the ancients, they had the name of Camel-leopard, from a supposed resemblance to these animals. We are told that Pompey exhibited no fewer than ten of them at once in the Amphitheatre at Rome.

In its general form and appearance, this is an elegant, though very singular quadruped. Its head is somewhat like that of a horse, but furnished with two erect horns, about six inches high, blunt at the extremity, and tufted with coarse, black hairs. The neck is peculiarly long, and has, at the back, a short, upright mane. The color is of a reddish ash, marked with numerous large spots.

THE BOGS OF IRELAND.

A very mistaken notion exists, that these bogs are found only in low, marshy situations. This is not the case. They "consist of inert vegetable matter, covered more or less with unproductive vegetables, containing a large quantity of stagnant water," and throwing out no kind of plant useful to man.

It is estimated that they occupy a portion of the Island somewhat greater than one fourth of its whole superficial extent. The origin of these masses of inert vegetable matter has given rise to many learned antiquarian and philosophical discussions, and notwithstanding all the modern discoveries, it appears to be still undetermined when or by what means they were formed. They are not primitive or original masses of earth, because they are found chiefly in northern parts, and always cover timber, various utensils, and coins, the two latter of which are indications of the hand of man, previous to their existence. The countess of Moira mentions that a human body was found under these bogs eleven feet deep, on the estate of her husband. The body was completely clothed in garments made of hair, which were fresh, and no way impaired; and though hairy vestments evidently point to a period extremely remote, before the introduction of sheep, and the use of wool, yet the body and clothes had suffered very little from the lapse of so many ages.

Fossil timber, in great quantities, is dug up from many of the bogs of Ireland. From this circumstance, many have been induced to believe, that these bogs originated from decayed forests, which, by some great convulsion of nature, have been overturned and buried.

Good sense is as much superior to the levity of wit, as the noon-day sun is to the momentary glare of a meteor.

NATIONAL CHARACTER.

THE ARAB.

No two things, says M. de Chateaubriand, can differ more than the education of the Arabs from that of Europeans. The former strive as much to hasten the age of maturity as the latter to retard it. The Arabs are never children, but many Europeans continue children all their life. The boys in Arabia remain among the women till the age of five or six, and during this time they follow childish amusements; but when they are removed from that scene, they are accustomed to think and speak with gravity, and to pass whole days together in their father's company, at least if he be not in a condition to retain a preceptor. In consequence of always being under the eyes of persons advanced to maturity, they become pensive and serious even in infancy.

The Arabs are not quarrelsome, but when any dispute happens to arise among them, they make a great deal of noise. They are soon appeased, and a reconciliation is instantly effected, if an indifferent person call upon the disputants to think of God and his Prophet. The inhabitants of the east, in general, strive to master their anger. A boatman, in a passion, complained to the governor of Medina, of a merchant who would not pay for the transportation of some goods. The governor always put off hearing him till some other time. At length, he came and told his case coolly, and the governor immediately did him justice, saying, *I refused to hear you before, because you was intoxicated with anger, the most dangerous of all intoxications.*

HINDOO FANATICISM.

The Hindoos imagine the expiation of their own sins, and sometimes those of others, consists in the most rigorous penances and mortifications. Some of them enter into a solemn vow to continue for life in the same unvaried posture; others undertake to carry a cumbersome load, or drag a heavy chain; some crawl on their hands and knees for years, around 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, or to atone for some particular sin.

Some swing during their whole life, in this torrid clime, before a slow fire; others suspend themselves, with their heads downwards, over the fiercest flames.

I have seen a man who had made a vow to hold up his arms in a perpendicular manner, and never to suspend them; at length, he totally lost the power of moving them at all. 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 having been so long in one posture, had become withered, and dried up; while his outstretched fingers, with long nails of twenty years growth, gave them the appearance of extraordinary horns; his hair, full of dirt, and live animals, and never combed, hung over him in a savage manner; and, except his erect posture, there appeared nothing human about him. This man was wandering over all Hindostan, and, being unable to help himself, women of distinction contended for the honor of feeding this holy person wherever he appeared.

Such are the inhabitants of a country which nature seems to have taken pleasure in embellishing and enriching with every choicest gift. Under a pure sky, and brilliant sun, the soil produces the most exquisite fruits, and the most abundant harvests; the rocks are rich in gems, the mountains teem with gold, and the fleecy pod of the cotton furnishes in profusion the light garments fitted to the climate. In travelling in the interior, your eyes will often be enchanted with the most delicious and verdant landscapes.

THE JEW OF HAHAM.

Once upon a time there lived in Haham a certain Turk, called Mustapha, who had accumulated some wealth, by carrying on a trade in goats' hair, determined to make a pilgrimage to Mecca. His family consisted of his wife and two slaves; and as the lady insisted on not being left behind, the good man resolved to sell his stock of goats' hair, to take all his household with him, and to shut up his house until his return. The only difficulty 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, he did not like to leave it in 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 parcels at the bottom of 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 it was a stock which he had laid up for winter consumption. The Jew, however, from the weight of the jars and other circumstances, suspected they contained something more valuable; and as soon as Mustapha was fairly on his way to Damascus to join the caravan, he ventured to open them; when finding his expectations realized, he took out the gold and filled them up with butter so carefully that nobody could tell that they had been disturbed. The poor Turk, on his return from the pilgrimage, soon found out the trick that his neighbor practised upon him; but as the jars were exactly in the same apparent state as when he left them and as there was no evidence as to their contents, it was plain that no legal process could give him any redress. He therefore set about some other way of punishing the Jew, and of recovering, if possible, the property; and in the mean time he did not communicate his loss to any person but his wife, and enjoined on her the strictest secrecy.

After long consideration, a plan suggested itself. In one of his visits to the neighboring town of Homs, where he was in the habit of going to sell his goats' hair to the manufacturers of the mashlakhs, for which that place is famous, he fell in with a troup of gypsies, who had with them an ape of extraordinary sagacity. He prevailed on them to sell him this animal; and conveyed it privately to his house at Haham, shut it up in a room, to which no one but himself had access. He then went to the bazaar and bought one of the dark scanty robes and small caps or kalpacks, with a speckled handkerchief tied closely round it, which is the prescribed costume of the Jews throughout the Turkish Empire. This dress he invariably put on whenever he went to visit his ape; and he always carried him his meals, and indeed, never allowed any other person to see him; the animal in the course of a few weeks became extremely attached to him, jumping on his neck and hugging and caressing him as he entered the room. It was about this time, as he was walking along the streets one day, he met a lad, the son of Jew Mousa, and having enticed him into the house, by the promise of some figs, he shut him up a close prisoner in a detached apartment in his garden, at such a distance from the street and from the other houses in the town, that the boy could not discover to any one the place of his confinement.

The Jew after several days search, not being able to obtain any tidings of him, concluded that he had either been drowned, or had strayed out of the town and fallen into the hands of some wandering Bedouins; and as he was an only child, fell into a state of the greatest despair; till at length, he heard by accident, that just about the time the child was missing, he had been seen walking in company with Hadi Mustapha. The truth instantly flashed upon his mind, and he recognized in

the loss of his son some stratagem which the Turk had planned in revenge for the affair of the butter-jars. He immediately summoned him before the cad, accused him of having the boy in his possession, and insisted on his immediately restoring him.

Mustapha at first strenuously denied the fact; but when one of the witnesses positively declared that he saw the boy go into his house, and when the cad was about to pronounce his decree, that he should bring him into court dead or alive, "Yah illah, el Allah!" he exclaimed, "there is no God but Allah, and his power is infinite; he can work miracles, when it seemeth good in his sight. It is true, effendi, continued he addressing himself to the cad, that I saw the Jew Mousa's son passing by my house; and for the sake of the old friendship subsisting between his father and myself, I invited him to come in and eat some figs which I had just been gathering. The boy, however, repaid my hospitality with rudeness and abuse; nay, he even blasphemed the name of our holy prophet; but scarcely had the words passed his lips, when to my surprise and horror, he was suddenly changed into a monkey. In that form I will produce him; as a proof that what I tell you is true, you will see that he will immediately recognize his father.

At this instant a servant who was waiting on the outside let loose the ape into the divan, who seeing that the Jew was the only person present in the dress to which he was accustomed, mistook him for his master, jumped upon and clung around his neck with all the expressions of fondness which a child might have been supposed to exhibit on being restored to his parent.

Nothing more was wanting to convince the audience of the truth of Mustapha's story; "A miracle, a real miracle!" they cried out, "great is Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet;" and the Jew was ordered to take the monkey and retire from court. A compromise was now his only resource; and accordingly, as soon as it was dark, and he could go unobserved, he repaired to Mustapha's house, and offered, if he would liberate his son, to restore all the money which he had taken out of the butter jars. The Turk having attained his object, consented to release his prisoner; but in order to keep up his own credit, he stipulated that the child should be removed privately, and the father, with his whole family, should immediately quit the place. The popular belief in the miracle thus remained unshaken; and so great was the disrepute into which the Jew's fell in consequence of this adventure, that they all departed one after the other, and none have ever since been known to reside in Haham.

AN INDIAN CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS.

According to the laws of Mississippi the Indians residing within the limits of that state, are entitled to the full rights of citizenship. In consequence, Mushulatubba, an Indian Chief of the Choctaw nation, has been induced to offer himself as a candidate for Congress; and one of the papers remarks that it is probable, by reason of his tribe, that he will be elected. His address to the voters is given as follows, in the Port Gibson Correspondent:—

—To the Voters of Mississippi:

FELLOW CITIZENS,—I have fought for you; I have by your act been made a citizen of your state. I am a freeholder—nature my parent. I am unsophisticated in the wiles of foreign nations or my own. I have been told, that the term "a Roman citizen," was once a passport throughout the world. According to your laws I am an American citizen, the greatest and purest representative republic that ever existed. In my youth, I was a hunter, in manhood a warrior,—I always battled on the side of this republic. My feet now fail in the chase, and my arm can no lon

ger bear the burden of my bow. While in a state of nature, my ambition was alone in the shade—my hopes to be interred in the mounds of my ancestors. But you have awakened new hopes—Your laws have for me brightened my prospects. I know of no man who has suffered more than myself—whether you or myself, time will tell. I have been told by my white brethren, that the pen of history is impartial, and that, in after years our forlorn kindred will have justice and "mercy too."

This, fellow citizens, is a plain talk. Listen, for I have spoken in candor. According to your laws, I think I am entitled to a seat in the councils of a mighty nation, of which the state of Mississippi is a component part; and I could yield to no citizen in point of devotion to the laws and constitution of the same.

If, fellow citizens, after examining my pretensions, and impartially comparing them with others, who will be my opponents, if you vote for me, I will serve you. I have no animosity against any of my white brethren, who may enter the list against me; but with Indian sincerity, I wish you would elect me a member of the next Congress of the United States.

MUSHULATUBBA.

Choctaw Nation, April 1, 1830.

From the Mechanics' Press.

BEAUTY.

What is it? Not the fair feature, the smooth, white, lustrous skin, with the warm blood gushing up into the cheek—the clear, voluptuous lip: not the azure eye, nor the sparkling black. Frown not, dear demi angels, it is true! Beauty is not there, without a soul. It is not the regular contour of the face, the delicate, aërial form, the elastic tread, that forms the beautiful. That, and that alone, which animates all these, the spirit, the immortal essence of another and a better world, alone constitutes true beauty. Without that the most symmetrical representation of mortality that ever came from the master Hand, is but an unfinished picture. As well might it have been hewn from alabaster and endowed with the springs of action. See the unfinished voluptuary wreath his lip in scorn—the sensualist turn away with a sneer—the libertine swear "pon honor," such things exist but in the fancy visions of a madman's brain! Is he right? No! 'Tis his own morbid soul, trammelled with the world's idolatry, which views and measures every object by itself!

What is beauty? Look for it at the sunset hour, when the clouds have rolled themselves up before the sun in a thousand deep folded phantasma, with their heads bordered by living gold—when the long, broad leaf of burnished orange, flashing and flaming with life, is upon the pellucid blue. Look not for beauty on the condensed mist of the streams of earth, still, and softly, and daringly reclining before the mirror of the world, the candle of the universe. Look not for beauty there: It is magnificent, gorgeous GLORY! C. A. G.

I love to hear the boisterous joy of a troop of ragged urchins, whose cheap playthings are nothing more than mud, snow, sticks, or oyster-shells; or to watch the quiet enjoyment of a half-starved, half-washed fellow of four or five years of age, who sits with a large rusty knife, and a lump of bread and bacon at his father's door, and might move the envy of an Alderman.

There is something unreasonably dear to the man in the recollection of the follies, the whims, the petty cares, and exaggerated delights of his childhood.

TIGHT LACING.—We have not heard of a single death occasioned by tight lacing for a month, though we have seen several young ladies, who are in this way fast preparing themselves for the coffin.—*St. Johnsbury Her.*

THE GEM.

Rochester, Saturday, July 31, 1830.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.—THE subscribers have entered into a co-partnership in the publication of THE GEM, under the firm of Edwin Scrantom & 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.

Office in the room formerly occupied by Tuttle & Sherman, 3 doors north of the Canal, Exchange-street.
EDWIN SCRANTOM.
PETER CHERRY.

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 fulfilment 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.

There is yet 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 some 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 forest, and the deer started to our ear. We can remember as the thought of yesterday, of scaring the timid partridge—of picking the wildly 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 down in the birchen camp of the Indian—of decoying the rabbit into the fatal trap—of hunting bees, and of shooting with bow and arrow in company with the sprightly Indian boy, at a mark upon a tree, in Exchange-street. We can remember when at night, the wolf howled hoarsely, and

"When from the high and hollow beech,
The owl pour'd forth his horrid screech,"

in Exchange-street. And, too, we can remember when the forest opened to admit this same street—when the Indian shouldered his gun, and casting 'one longing, lingering look behind,' left his haunt here forever—when the wolf and the panther retired into the more dense and far off swamps,—and finally, when the wealth and enterprize of a people reared upon it the rich and tasty edifices that now almost uninterruptedly line it from one end to the other. We have witnessed it all—from the felling of the first tree, to the laying of the last paving stone—from its first occupant, to its now respectable community. And what a picture—what a change in the short space of 18 years! It seems to us as a dream; and when we go back in fancy to our youthful rambles and to our leafy temples built on this spot, we almost live it all over again.

We can imagine ourselves happy under the beautiful sycamores that have been removed to form our basin—those trees that had once been the pride of the red men, and in rear of which, on the river's margin, was then crumbling away the last vestige of savage ingenuity in the shape of a mill to grind their corn. Or straying a little farther west, we can im-

agine ourselves near the "Deer Lick," in the ancient retreat of the Indians, watching with intensest anxiety the going and coming of the numerous deer, without fire-arms to aid in securing any of them, and without discretion or skill perhaps to use a gun if a dozen had been by us. But these scenes have passed away, and with them have flown the forest, and our youthful days. We no more hail the ascending smoke of the Indian wigwam, rising above the tops of the tall trees in the morning, as once we did—we no more rove here amid the scenes of nature, culling from its beauties, and feasting upon its bounties—we no more fear the wild beast at night, or listen to his notes with trembling. Enterprize, 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 teem with the bustle and buzz of a city—our river turns 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 teems with pleasing anticipations, while looking forward, and contemplating 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*.

New Sulphur Spring.—An extensive Sulphur Spring has been lately discovered about five miles east of this village. Its waters are said to be richer, and to possess more medicinal qualities than those of the Avon Springs. On each side, and at a few paces from this spring, is another of pure cold water. The waters of each unite, after flowing a little distance, and form a small rivulet. The springs are pleasantly situated, though at present in the woods near half a mile from the cleared lands, and a large and elegant mansion is now growing up for the accommodation of visitors.

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 cravat to it, and it is all to no purpose. Neither soda, ice-cream nor beer will allay it, and if one fans himself right smartly, he is in a rank perspiration at once from the exertion; and then away goes his collar and ruffles dangling about him like the wet 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 rheumatism attacked him while there in every joint.—The best advice we can give in these burning times, is to be moderate in all we do. To eat and drink lightly, and sleep coolly. It is a beautiful season however, for the farmer, and why should we complain. The tiller of the soil invites the sunshine while he makes his hay. He looks with pleasure and sees his extensive fields of grain "ripening to the yellow harvest" under such a sun—and he toils amidst its heat, little heeding its scorchings. Such are the ways of this world; that "what is one's meat, is another's poison."

New Wheat, has been selling in market during the past week. The little 'Albion Packet' day before yesterday had no other passengers except bags of wheat. We found, however, that the whole load immediately took lodgings at Beach & Kempshall's, which is the greatest resort in town for all such vis-

itors. We hear no complaint of the crops, and believe that they will be abundant.

Postage.—We must remind those who send us letters and communications, that our expense for postage is becoming a tax that we cannot bear. All letters and communications should come to us *post paid*—and we think our paper cheap enough to include that expense.

ITEMS.

The King of England, at the last dates, was near his end.

Valuable shilling.—A shilling was sold in New-York at auction, for three and nine pence. It had on it for a motto—"Always pay your debts, and while you keep this, you will never want a shilling."

Fraud on the Revenue, and on the people.—A fraud of the basest kind has recently been detected in the newly appointed inspector of Salt at Salina. It consists in the first place, in making shipments of salt without paying the duties, the barrels being marked with the inspector's brand as usual. This appears to be a joint operation between the inspector, or his deputies, and the transporters. In the next place, to conceal the last, the barrels do not contain as many pounds as they are marked, by about one third.

A New Fashion.—A Mr. Crandall of Lockport was standing in the street a few days since, when a swarm of bees lit upon his hat, and he carried them home in that situation. This is the strangest head dress that has been introduced in these fantastical days of head gear—and doubtless it will puzzle the ladies more to follow this fashion than to buy Navarinos at 6 cents.

Hostilities are said to have recommenced between 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.

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 taken the families are prepared to give him the necessary information in taking the Census, but where one is not taken they are generally reluctant about giving him their numbers, and seem to be in fear lest some advantage should be taken of them.

Imprisonment for debt.—The law to abolish imprisonment for debt in N. Jersey, took effect on the 4th of July.

MARRIED,

On the 25th inst. by the Rev. Wm. James, Mr. Edward Roggen, of the firm of Roggen & Wood, of Albany, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Richard Van Kleeck, of this place.

DIED,

On Monday the 19th inst. in this village, Mr. Samuel Moulson, 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 Jacob Gould, aged 2 months.

On board a canal boat near Schenectady, on the 16th instant, on his way to his late residence at Lockport, Erastus Spalding, an old resident of this town.

In Easton, Md. Edmund P. Banks, Esq. late editor of the Belvidere Apollo, 24—In an affecting article entitled "The last Paragraph," he took leave of his readers some months since.

In Buxton, Me. Mr. James Russell, a soldier of the Revolution, 77.

In Dreedon, Me. Maj. John Polerezsky, a native of Poland, and an officer of the Revolution, 83.



WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

When I am dead I would repose
Beneath some shady Cypress tree;
Forgotten all my joys and woes—
Thus darkly let them ever be.

I'd rest upon the salt sea shore,
Where loud and hoarse the billows rave,
And listen to the thundering roar,
Where wave was fiercely lash'd by wave.

Then, where the fierce resistless storms
From their dark, gloomy caves emerge,
My spirit, in fantastic forms,
Should ride upon the boiling surge:

For the storm's spirit and my soul
Are brothers in this lonely vale—
That rides the waves without control,
Mine soon its lonely mate shall hail.

Grimby, U. C. July, 1330.

LARA.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

ON THE DEATH OF P*** D. C*******

*"And thou art now a stricken thing,
Lifeless, and cold, and withering,"*

Oh thou who'rt crush'd and blighted now,
Brief was thy pure and sunny day,
And death's cold hand is on thy brow,
Spiritless, spiritless clay.

A thing too bright to linger here;
A bud too fair to live and bloom,
Thou could'st not bear this world's cold sere,
Gathering, gathering gloom.

Pale boy, thy earthly ties are riven,
Bright star among the hallowed just,
Farewell—they've call'd for thee in heaven,
Beautiful, beautiful dust.

ROSAMOND.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

LINES,

Written to Miss G——'s Album.

Fair maiden, now life's flow'ry path
Is beautiful to thee:
Delusive hopes still lure thee on,
In youthful mirth and glee.
Thou art in pleasure's pathway now,
Whose scenes to thee are dear,
And the light of hope is on thy brow,
Resplendent now, and clear.

Thou'rt yet in youth, life's gay morn
Shines brightly on thy brow;
No secret sorrow may'st thou know,
Whilst time dost onward flow,
That glowing look, and laughing eye,
Mayst never be deprest,
While virtue gives to thy fond mind
A deep and hallowed zest.

Not so with me—they say I'm sad;
That deep and poignant grief,
Reigns stedfast in my lonely breast,
Which nought will give relief;
They tell me my once glowing brow
Shows feeling of regret,
That I have lov'd, too fondly lov'd,
The youth who doth forget.

I never knew, nor may I know,
While in life's path I rove,

The pleasing joy that doth proceed
From fond and faithful love.
But fair maid, thou lov'st fondly,
Nor may'st thou e'er regret;
For if he loves as fondly too,
He never can forget.

Auburn.

ANNA.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE MURDERER.

There was a sound came o'er the flood,
That pierc'd the evening's pall,
And the sound grew wilder, as I stood
And heard it rise and fall.

'Twas like the voice of one afraid
To leave this world of care;
'Twas like the wail of one whose soul
Was wrestling with despair!

Fainter, and fainter yet—'tis gone!
'Tis lost—forever lost—
Hark! to the dip of yonder skiff
Upon the billow tost.

That feeble bark is safe on shore,
But vengeance does not sleep—
The lightning's flash—the thunders roar—
And shakes the mighty deep.

Where is the being who was toss'd
Upon that angry flood?
The lightning's scath is on his corse!
His hands are red with blood!

A.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

LET THY LUTE SLEEP IN PEACE.

Wake not thy lyre for me, sweet miss,
For it will only tease me;
But from thy cheek give me one kiss,
And that will surely please me.

The lyre awakes—thy fingers move
O'er the lovely, willing strings,
And force my foolish heart to love,
While on my heart the musick rings.

Apollo could ne'er such joys impart,
As your sweet lyre, my lovely fair;
For oft you captivate my heart,
And drive my senses to despair.

VERNER.

Mrs. B. the young and highly accomplished wife of a member of Congress from the western part of New-York, died at Washington, the winter before last. Mr. B. visited her tomb a few weeks since, over which he paid the following tribute.

FAREWELL.

WRITTEN AT A GRAVE—AT PARTING.

The polished monument is o'er the dead—
The glittering drops are on it where they fell—
The simple gate is locked to guard the bed—
Dust of the beautiful and bright, farewell!

I came in anguish, and in tears depart—
For this my weary pilgrimage was made;
In thy unconscious ear to pour my heart,
And worship where thy lovely form is laid.

The vows are paid my spirit sought to pay—
The thoughtless throng must see me weep no
more—

Back to the busy world I take my way,
To seem as happy as I was before.

Yet ere I go, were soul and voice as strong,
As grief, in mortal agony is deep,
This voice should sound thy dusty bed along,
In tones to wake thee from thy dreamless sleep.

But no—'twere vain and useless, at the best—
One day the Just will claim thee for his own—

Beneath this marble weight thy form must rest,
Till Angels come to roll away the stone!

Farewell—the turf is laid—the paling set—
The graven table placed, thy name to tell—
The drops that fell upon 't are on it yet—
Dust of the loved and wept, farewell! farewell!
Washington, April 26, 1830.

From the Iris.

"THEY THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME."

Come, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze—
Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
And joy's pure sunbeam trembles in thy ways;
Come, while sweet thoughts like summer buds un-
folding,
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast,
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding,
Come, and secure interminable rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown—
Pleasure will fold her wing—and friend and lover
Will to the embraces of the worm have gone!
Those who now love thee, will have passed forever,
Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee—
Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,
As thy sick heart broods over years to be!

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing—
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die—
Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee throw-
ing,

Fades, like the crimson from a sunset sky.
Life is but shadows, save a promise given,
That lights the future with a fadeless ray—
Come—touch the sceptre—win a hope in heaven,
Then turn thy spirit from this world away.

Then will the shadows of this brief existence
Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul—
And shadowed brightly in the forward distance,
Will, of thy patient race appear the goal;
Home of the weary, where in dust reposing,
Thy spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,
While this his dust the curtained grave is closing—
Who would not, EARLY, choose a lot like this!

A PROSPECT.

Give me a scene where craggy rocks unite
With ruin'd towers, to intercept our sight;
O'er boundless plains, where we at once may see
A church at distance, here and there a tree;
Some flocks and herds, a country farm-house nigh,
A pleasant village, and a brook hard by.

Robert complained in bitter terms one day,
That Frank had stole his character away;
"I take your character!" said Frank, "why zounds!
"I would not have it for ten thousand pounds!"

ENGRAVINGS.

We have made arrangements for four elegant 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, in advance.

**THE GEM,
A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.**

2d VOLUME—TO CONTAIN 4 ENGRAVINGS.

The GEM will be published every other Saturday, in quarto form, and paged 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, post-paid.

EDWIN SCRANTON & Co.

Office in Exchange Street, 3 doors north of the Canal.

THE GEM,

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

BE OURS THE PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 8.

ROCHESTER, AUGUST 14, 1830.

VOL. II.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE BLIND GIRL.

Though hid from *her*, was the world's silvery sheen,
Yet tears of joy oft glitter'd in her een.

There was not in the parish of M—, in Scotland, one spot so delightful as the farm of Mark Braidfoot. The house stood in a little vale, and flowers of almost every genus lent their odour to perfume the little parlour of the manse. A bright, babbling brook meandered at a short distance from this Elysium, and flocks and herds grazing in almost every direction, completed the rural scene. The time I was first there was during the haying season; and the timid maiden, as well as the sturdy youth lent a helping hand in the sweet field of labour. Every thing seemed full of life, and joy, and hope. Flowers of all descriptions decorated the hair of the lovely girls, and now and then a "side-long look of love" was cast from group to group. But there was one who seemed a thing apart; she was a girl about thirteen, and was the most beautiful, yet fragile thing you can imagine. She was seated upon the green grass, twining wild flowers around the neck of a pet lamb. Her hand wandered unconsciously among the buds—her long, flaxen hair played upon her neck, and her mild blue eye seemed resting on vacancy. I looked again and saw that she was blind, blind from her birth. This innocent being was the only child of Mark Braidfoot, who led me to her and introduced me to this interesting, timid girl. She blushed exceedingly, and her mild eyes were bent to the earth. I observed that she was pale except a hectic flush on either cheek; and there was a sadness lingering about her that seemed infectious, for when I entered the field, I was the gayest of the gay, but when I left it, I could think of nothing but that young creature. I saw her the next day; she smiled, and seemed happy, but there was a shivering melancholy about her weak features that made me think she would not linger long from her bright home. She was a sinless creature, and they told me that from her bright childhood up she had been filled with holy thoughts; and they had told her of her God and Heaven, and read to her from the sacred scriptures until her whole soul seemed filled with a deep desire to be with HIM, who in his unfathomable doings, had seen fit to shut her out from the bright sun and moon, and the sweet flowers, and the fond images of her kinsfolk;—all was blank to her. She was extravagantly fond of music, and when it stole along her listening ear, she used to ask if there were harps in Heaven. All the children in the vale loved her; she would twine wreaths for them, and though she could not see, yet she would select the bright rose from the pale lilly, and though she could not see the deep blue folds, yet the forget-me-not was her favorite flower. She could tell each little footstep of the sunny creatures who knelt to help twine the garlands for her lamb, and she used to sing for them, and then her mild eye would be filled with big silvery drops, and although she saw not the falling tear, she would often tell her beauteous creatures that she would soon be in heaven where the holy angels were. Her mind seemed weak, and at times wavering, but she was always kind, and meek, and gentle. About a year before I was there, her father had adopted a son of his only brother, who was left an orphan. He was a youth

about eighteen, of a sad, pensive cast, which well accorded with his sweet cousin's temperament; and Susan soon learned the plaintive tones of his voice, you could see a thrill of joy pass over her when she heard his well-known footstep. Charles looked upon his helpless cousin as one whom he should cherish with a brother's care, but he knew that she was feeble in intellect, and he humoured her in her smallest wish, but felt not that deep devotedness with which Susan treasured up his image in her almost sinless bosom.—She had felt a vacuum in her young heart, and had long wanted something to love. She had no brother, nor sister, and her mother died when she was young, and a father's love was not congenial to her young and dreaming soul. It is not strange then that, almost imperceptibly, she had given up her heart *unasked* to her cousin. Her father, too late, saw the canker that was destroying her, but took no measures to avoid it. He knew 'twas too late—he knew it was with *woman* he had to deal. Day after day she 'pined in thought,' and her fragile form grew more attenuated, and her pale cheek grew purer, and her thoughts were holier; and she seemed fitting for a better world—yet she lived on year after year.

It was on a beautiful evening that I called at her father's—she had attained her eighteenth year. Charles had bestowed his hand upon a fair girl in the neighbourhood, and this evening there was a rural ball at the trysting place, near Mark Braidfoot's Cottage.—Gayety seemed to preside: even the green trees seemed infected, and their bright leaves danced to and fro in very gladness. The bride had forsaken the laughing groupe, and sat down, in the gladness of her soul, beside poor blind Susan. She had taken her small white hand in hers, and with the other she was parting the golden curls on her pale and melancholy brow.

"How kind you are to come to me," said the drooping creature; "how kind to leave all those happy beings, and Charles too, to come and sit by poor Susan; but," she continued, "I shall not be long after the leaves fall, and the flowers are faded, in this sad world."

She spake not again—but kissed the young bride tenderly, and leant her head upon her bosom and wept silently: and when the night dews fell, and that other being rose gently to depart, Susan was cold, and still, and stirred not; and her last pearly tear was still on her dead cheek, and her pure spirit had gone up to the bright angels. * * *

'Twas the next day—there was a fearful gathering at the Cottage; and then I knew that they would lay that young being in the cold earth forever. ROSAMOND.

THE HUMAN COUNTENANCE.

Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it adorable rows of ivory; made it the seat of smiles and blushes; lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes; hung it on each side with curious organs of sense; given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowery shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light.—Addison

Sincerity and truth form the basis of every virtue.

A TALE OF '76.

Before the two armies, American and English, had begun the general action at Monmouth, two advanced batteries commenced a very severe fire against each other. As the warmth was excessive, the wife of a cannonier constantly ran to bring water for him from a neighbouring spring. At the instant when she started from the spring to pass the post of her husband, she saw him fall, and hastened her steps to assist him, but he was dead. At the same moment she heard the officer order the cannon to be removed from its place complaining he could not fill his post by as brave a man as had been killed. "No" said the intrepid Molly, fixing her eyes on the officer, "the cannon shall not be removed for want of some one to serve it: since my brave husband is no more, I will use my utmost exertions to avenge his death." The activity and courage with which she performed the office of cannonier during the action, attracted the attention of all who witnessed it, finally of Gen. Washington himself, who afterwards gave her the rank of lieutenant, and granted her half pay during life. She wore an epaulette and every body called her *Captain Molly*.—N. W. Journal.

A Sensible Remark.—The whole secret of choosing well in matrimony, may be taught in three words, viz; *Explore the character*. A violent love fit is always the result of ignorance, for there is not a daughter of Eve that has merit enough to justify romantic love, though thousands and thousands may inspire that gentle esteem, which is far better. A woman worshipper, and a woman hater both derive their mistakes from their ignorance of the female world; for if the character of women were thoroughly understood, they would be found too good to be hated, and yet not good enough to be idolized.

Character.—All good members of society ought to make it an object to give special patronage and encouragement to young men of worth and character. This would operate as a reward to virtue and good conduct, and as a punishment to vice and misdeeds: and if young men could once be convinced that the patronage and favour of the respectable part of the community, and consequently their success in life depends on their possessing a fair and unimpeachable character, it would have the happiest influence on their morals and habits.

BEAUTY.

Who is there, who in the sanctuary of his hidden thoughts, would balance a moment, in forming a partnership for life, between a flaunting belle, though robed in the finest silks of Persia, and tinted over so brightly with native or apothecary's vermilion, and a plain young lady, neat, modest, intelligent, instructed with a full mind and regulated heart.

The largest ship ever built, was the Commerce, of Marseilles, being 2,745 tons. The tonnage of a 120 gun ship, is about 2,600; example: the Caledonia, 120, is registered at 2,602; the Nelson, of 120 guns, at 2,601; and the George IV; of 120 guns, 2,602. These four ships are the largest that ever floated.

[The "Pennsylvania," nearly finished in Philadelphia, is much larger than either of the above, being about 3,000 tons.]

From the N. Y. Amulet.

HENRY ST. CLAIR.

A PRIZE TALE—BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Henry St. Clair!—How at the mention of that name, a thousand dreams of friendship and youth; and of the early and beautiful associations which linger like invisible spirits around us, to be called into view only by the magical influence of memory, are awakened! How does the glance of retrospection go back to the dim ages of the past; from the childish merriment of the manly rivalry—from the banquet-hall and the pleasant festival, down to the silent and unbroken solitude of the tomb.

We were as brothers in childhood—St. Clair and myself—brothers too in the dawning of manhood; and a more ingenuous and high-minded friend I never knew. Yet he was strangely proud—not of the world's gifts—wealth, family and learning; but of his intellectual power; of the great gift of mind which he possessed; the ardent and lofty spirit which shone out in his every action. And he might well be proud of such gifts. I never knew a finer mind. It was as the embodied spirit of poetry itself; the beautiful home of high and glorious aspirations.

Henry St. Clair was never at heart a Christian. He never enjoyed the visitations of that pure and blessed influence, which comes into the silence and loneliness of the human bosom, to build up anew the broken altars of its faith, and revive the drooping flowers of its desolating affections. He loved the works of the great God with the love of an enthusiast. But beyond the visible and outward forms; the passing magnificence of the heavens; the beauty and grandeur of the earth, and the illimitable world of waters, his vision never extended. His spirit never overlooked the clouds which surrounded it, to catch a glimpse of the better and more beautiful land.

I need not tell the story of my friend's young years. It has nothing to distinguish it from a thousand others; it is the brief and sunny biography of one upon whose pathway the sunshine of happiness rested, unshadowed by a passing cloud. We were happy in our friendship—but the time of manhood came; and we were parted by our different interests, and by the opposite tendency of circumstances peculiar to each other.

It was a night of autumn; a cold and starless evening; I remember it with painful distinctness, although year after year has mingled with eternity, that I had occasion to pass in my way homeward, through one of the darkest and loneliest alleys of my native city. Anxious to reach my dwelling, I was hurrying eagerly forward, when I felt myself suddenly seized by the arm; and a voice close in my ear whispered hoarsely; "Stop, or you are a dead man."

I turned suddenly. I heard the cocking of a pistol, and saw by a faint gleam from a neighbouring window, the tall figure of a man; one hand grasping my left arm, the other holding a weapon at my breast.

I know not what prompted me to resistance; I was totally unarmed, and altogether unacquainted with the struggle of mortal jeopardy. But I did resist; and, one instant I saw my assailant in the posture described, the next, he was disarmed and writhing beneath me. It seemed as if an infant's strength could have subdued him.

"Wretch!" I exclaimed, as I held his own pistol to his bosom, "what is your object!—Are you a common midnight robber—or bear you ought of private malice towards Roger Allston?"

"Allston!—Roger Allston!" repeated the wretch beneath me, in a voice which sounded like a shriek, as he struggled half upright against the threatening pistol. Great God! has it come to this? Hell has no pang like this meeting! "Shoot!" he exclaimed, and

there was a dreadful earnestness in his manner, which sent the blood of indignation cold and ice-like upon my heart. "Shoot! you were once my friend; in mercy kill me!"

A horrible suspicion flashed over my mind. I felt a sudden sickness at my heart; and the pistol fell from my hand.

"Whoever you may be," I said, "and whatever may have been your motive in attacking me, I would not stain my hands with your blood. Go—and repent of your crimes."

"You do not know me," said the robber, as with some difficulty he regained his feet, "even you have forgotten me. Even you refuse the only mercy man can now render me—the mercy of death—of utter annihilation!"

Actuated by a sudden and half defined impulse I caught hold of the stranger's arm, and hurried him towards the light of a street lamp. It fell upon his ghastly and death-like features, and on his attenuated form, and his ragged apparel. Breathless and eagerly I gazed upon him, until he trembled beneath the scrutiny. I pressed my hand against my brow, for I felt my brain whirl like the coming on of delirium. I could not be mistaken. The guilty wretch before me was the friend of my youth; one whose memory I had cherished as the holiest legacy of the past. It was Henry St. Clair. Yes—it was Henry St. Clair! but how changed since last we had communion with each other! Where was the look of intelligence, and the visible seat of intellect—the beauty of person and mind? Gone; and gone forever; to give place to the loathsomeness of a depraved and brutal appetite—to the vile tokens of a disgusting sensuality; and the deformity of disease.

"Well may you shudder," said St. Clair, "I am fit only for the companionship of demons: but you cannot long be cursed by my presence. I have not tasted food for many days; hunger drove me to attempt your robbery; but I feel that I am a dying man. No human power can save me, and if there be a God, even he cannot save me from myself; from the undying horrors of remorse."

Shocked by his words, and still more by she increasing ghastliness of his countenance I led the wretched man to my dwelling, and, after conveying him to bed, and administering a cordial to his fevered lips, I ordered a physician to be called. But it was too late; the hand of death was upon him. He motioned me to his bed-side after the physician had departed; he strove to speak, but the words died upon his lips. He then drew from his bosom a sealed letter addressed to myself. It was his last effort. He started half upright in his bed; uttered one groan of horror and mortal suffering, and sunk back, still and ghastly upon his pillow. He was dead!

I followed the remains of my unhappy friend to the narrow place appointed for all the living; I breathed to no one the secret of his name and his guilt. I left it to slumber with him.

I now referred to the paper which had been handed me by the dying man. With a trembling hand I broke the seal of the envelope, and read the following addressed to myself:

"If this letter ever reaches you, do not seek to find its unhappy writer. He is beyond the reach of your noble generosity; a guilty and a dying man. I do not seek for life. There is no hope for my future existence, and death, dark, and terrible, and mysterious as it may seem, is less to be dreaded than the awful realities with which I am surrounded.

"I have little strength to tell you the story of my fall. Let me be brief. You know how we parted from each other. You know the lofty hopes and the towering feelings of ambition, which urged me from your society; from the enjoyment of that friendship, the memory of which has ever since lingered like

an upbraiding spirit at my side. I arrived at my place of destination; and aided by the introductory epistles of my friends, and the influence of my family, I was at once received into the first and most fashionable circles of the city.

"I never possessed those principles of virtue and moral dignity, the effect of which has been conspicuous in your own character. Amidst the flatteries and attentions of those around me, and in the exciting pursuit of pleasure, the kindly voice of admonition was unheard; and I became the gayest of the gay; a leader in every scene of fashionable dissipation. The principles of my new companions were those of infidelity, and I embraced them with my whole soul. You know my former disposition to doubt; that doubt was now changed into a settled unbelief, and a bitter hatred towards all which I had once been taught to believe sacred and holy.

"Yet amidst the baleful principles which I had imbibed, one honorable feeling still lingered in my bosom, like a beautiful angel in the companionship of demons. There was one being; a young and lovely creature, at whose shrine all the deep affections of my heart were poured out, in the security of early love. She was indeed a beautiful girl; a being to bow down to and worship; and pure thought as the sainted ones of paradise, but confiding and artless as a child. She possessed every advantage of outward beauty; but it was not that which gathered about her as with a spell, the hearts of all who knew her. It was the light of her beautiful mind, which lent the deep witching of soul to her fine countenance; flashing in her dark eye, and playing like sunshine on her lip, and crossing her fair forehead with an intellectual halo.

"Allston! I look back to that spring-time of love even at this awful crisis in my destiny with a strange feeling of joy. It is the only green spot in the wilderness of the past; an oasis in the desert of being. She loved me, Allston; and a heart more precious than the gems of the east, was given up to a wretch unworthy of its slightest regard.

"Hitherto pride rather than principle had kept me above the lowest degradation of sensual indulgence. But for one fatal error I might have been united to the lovely being of my affections; and, oh! if sinless purity and persuasive love could have had power over a mind darkened and perverted as my own; I might have been reclaimed from the pathway of ruin; I might have been happy.

"But that fatal error came; and came too, in the abhorrent shape of loathsome drunkenness. I shall never—in time or eternity, forget that scene; it is engraven on my memory in letters of fire. It comes up before me like a terrible dream; but it is a dream of reality. It dashed from my lips the cup of happiness, and fixed forever the dark aspect of my destiny.

"I had been very gay, for there were happy spirits around me; and I drank freely and fearlessly for the first time. There is something horrible in the first sensations of drunkenness. For relief I drank still deeper; and I was a drunkard; I was delirious; I was happy. I left the inebriated assembly, and directed my steps, not to my lodgings, but to the home of her, whom I loved; nay, adored above all others. Judge of her surprise and consternation when I entered with a flushed countenance, and an unsteady tread! She was reading to her aged parents, when, with an idiot's grimace I approached her. She started from her seat; one glance told her the fatal truth; and she shrank from me; aye, from me, to whom her vows were plighted, and her young affections given; with fear with loathing, and undisguised abhorrence. Irritated at her conduct, I approached her rudely; and snatched from her hand the book she had been reading. I cast it into the

THE GEM.

Rochester, Saturday, August 14, 1830.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.

We have experienced great mortification, in not being able to present our plates. We have however heard from them on their way to this place, and our patrons may expect one of them in the next number.

The plate of the Genesee Falls, &c. will appear early in the coming month.

As we have become partially relieved from the care and 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.

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 double purpose of 'seeing the ways of the world,' & 'cooling off,' we took our seat behind the skreen 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 gushed forth its sparkling potations 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 sneering inwardly at some maccaroni. The first groupe that fastened our attention, was that of two ladies and a gentleman, all young. There was a great degree of attention paid to both by the beau, though one seemed to be the most politely and unceasingly waited upon by him. 'Engaged,' ran through our thoughts at the moment, and we went on imagining the fond thoughts that were fluttering in those two bosoms. But we will wager a glass of soda that we were mistaken, after all—for, notwithstanding the marked attention to that one, when the eyes of that other being met the glance of her gallant there was a language there—a deep expression which seemed to say,

"Gin we meet at kirk or fair,
Gie me thy een, I'll ask na mair."

These were succeeded by numerous persons who approached the marble and eagerly caught the flowing goblet. Now a groupe of youngsters who had been all day brushing the dust from the counters, crowded around the fount, imitating their masters, and strutting away their brief hour. An explosion which caused some to dodge was heard—it was found to be a beer-bottle which had broken its bounds, and came pouring forth all foaming and mad from its confinement. We were particularly enchanted by a couple who now approached the fountain. The lady, (for it was her that particularly attracted our attention,) was dressed perfectly neat and plain, without a furbelow, or a wreath, or a bow. When asked if she would have syrup, she replied 'plain.' She was a Quakeress.

"Give us three glasses," bawled an exquisite entering with two others, all dressed in 'tights,' with huge 'safety-chains' about their necks, terminating at a watch (if they had any) in the vest pocket, and with 'ever-pointed' hats on. "How will you have them?" he was asked. "Mum," he replied in a swaggering voice. Mum, thought we, would better become thy speech, master exquisite. Some paid their change as they drank, some wanted it "marked down," some brought forth "tickets," some nodded for pay, and some drank 'mum,' and went off 'mum.' We saw none but smiled; though we could trace the marks of care, of disappointment, of grief, misery, and pain, upon many a counte-

nance. There was one young lady came up to the fount who seemed almost as effervescent and passing as the sparkling nectar that she put to her pale lips. But she too, smiled, and so we put her down, as we did all the rest—happy. The nine o'clock bell aroused us to retire, and, taking a glass ourselves we soon found our chamber, and dreamed away the remainder of the night, imagining ourselves still at the fountain.

Fashion.—The Boston Statesman, of 1827 says, "we are rejoiced that the fashion of paying the printer punctually 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 beauties of that fashion.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

Monthly—BY L. A. GODEY, & CO.—Philadelphia.

We have just risen from a hasty perusal of the first number of the above work, and must add our mite 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 make the following extract from the conditions. "This work is issued in numbers, on the first of every month, comprising fifty-six large octavo pages; printed on a fine superroyal paper with entirely new type, and carefully stitched in coloured covers. Every number will contain a piece of Music, one Copperplate Engraving, and at least four Wood Cuts, illustrative of some of the contents; and every three months a coloured plate of the latest London or Paris Fashions.

"The price is Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance—25 per cent., semi-annually, will be added to all subscriptions that remain unpaid, and the work discontinued to those who neglect to settle up their arrears."

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

ITEMS OF NEWS.

Destructive Freshet.—One of the most destructive freshets that ever was known in this country lately took place in Vermont, and in the northern part of this state, chiefly in the counties of St. Lawrence, Essex, and Clinton. The property estimated to be destroyed in the county of St. Lawrence alone, is supposed to be upwards of one million of dollars. Almost all the bridges, mills, and other works on the Saranac river, have been swept away. The same destruction has visited all property on the Au Sable, Little Au Sable, and Salmon rivers. The new stone bridge at Keesville, which those who have seen it supposed to be sufficiently strong to breast the utmost force of water, shared the fate of every thing about it.

By the bursting of a dam on Little Otter Creek, in the town of New-Haven, Vt., 12 or 14 persons were drowned; 7 belonged to one house. Nearly all the bridges, mills, and factories on the Ontario, Laplatte, Lamoil, Penmanan Onion, White and Humtingdon rivers have been destroyed. Not only has the manufacturing interests of that country received a severe blow, but the effects of the storm on the agricultural, have been no less disastrous. But little has been heard from the east of the mountains. The Connecticut river however, rose very high and bore on its troubled waters proof that destruction and disaster had occurred somewhere along its shores.

The Steam Mill at Canandaigua was burnt on the afternoon of the 5th inst. It cost \$28,000, a part of which was insured. The loss to the village of C. will be severely felt by its citizens.

Death of Geo. IV. King of England.—Late arrivals from England, have brought intelligence that the King is dead. The Gazette Extraordinary, London, contains the following bulletin:—

"Windsor Castle, June 26th.

"It has pleased Almighty God to take from this world, the King's Most Excellent Majesty. His Majesty expired at a quarter past 3 this morning, without pain. (Signed) F. HALFORD, M. J. TIERNEY.

A short time before his death, he expressed a wish to change his position, and while his attendants were in the act of doing so, he motioned them to desist, and placing both hands upon his breast, exclaimed—"Oh! this is not right!—this is death!—Oh, God!—I am dying!" These were his last words. His dissolution came on quietly yet rapidly, and it was difficult to tell the precise moment he expired.

His Majesty William IV.—late Duke of Clarence, has acceded to the throne.

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 lives lost.

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.

Canine Tasters.—The French expedition to Africa, 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 tasters.

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

"Political Arithmeticians.—Massachusetts guesses, and Virginia reckons, that whoever undertakes to calculate the value of the Union, will find a hard sum in division, a harder one in practice, and very likely miss a figure in both.

The Legislative Council of Michigan has taken steps for procuring the introduction of that Territory into the Union as a State.

An Indian war is now raging between the Sioux and other tribes on the Lakes and the upper Mississippi. All the tribes spread over this immense region are involved in the contest.

Boston contains by actual enumeration, about 61-000 inhabitants. The increase has been but 3000 for the two last years, as there has been less building than for many years previous.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

"Oren," in our next.

"Anna," will have an early insertion.

Our new correspondent "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.

MARRIED,

In Cincinnati, O. by Rev. Wm. Burke, William D. Gallagher, editor of the Backwoodsman, Xenia, to Miss Emma R. Adamson, of C.

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.

ORIGINAL POETRY.



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.

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. W.

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
Thro' the low valley—on the mountain side—
Headless what course we took: culling the flow'rs,
And basking in the sunshine; 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?

Why, alas! why did we meet again?
Only, to make our parting more severe!
For childhood's brightest years had pass'd away,
And oh, how alter'd since I saw him last.
The rose of health that play'd upon his cheek
In earlier years, had, like a meteor flown;
And the fell hectic, wantoned in its place—
Sure indication of a sudden doom.
How pale, yet ting'd with a fleeting blush
Those cheeks that once vied with the blooming rose.
When on his death-bed, I was by his side,
And heard him whisper out his *last farewell*.
He call'd me to him—with a voice as low
As the last murmurs of a fainting lyre,
He bade me bear his memory to his friends.
"Cousin, dear cousin, oh! remember me,
And think when I am"—then his spirit sunk,
He spoke no more—but with a heavenly smile
Playing upon his calm and lofty brow,
He sank upon his pillow, and expired!

Time rolls along, and still his form remains
Stamp'd on my memory—lovely as it were
But yesterday he died. Oh! ne'er shall time
Efface the memory of that parting scene!
Where friends stood weeping round the bed of death,
And e'en my own heart swell'd—my eyes were wet.

LARA.

Written for *The Gem*.

THE MANIAC'S LAST PRAYER.

A Travellers Story.

Sweet solitude's breathings my spirit was moving
As I wander'd abroad in the stillness of even;
'Twas the hour when I loved to be silently roving,
And basking beneath the bright star-light of Heav'n.
Sharp twinkled the lightning, and hoarse peal'd
the thunder,
Far, far in the West, where a dark volume lay,
While night's sable mantle was driving asunder
The beauties of twilight in purple array.
Nothing daunted, I sped my course on, nor retreat-
ed,
But advanc'd tow'rd the silver brook's low murmur-
ings,
Till, by the side of its clear chrystal fount I was
seated,

There a while to take converse with holier things.
As I sat, deep absorb'd in the charms of a vision,
A voice, like to human, broke full on my ear;
And I woke from the dream, when the loud repe-
tition

Of wild, broken accents seem'd gathering near.
I left my lone couch, a short distance retreated,
With quick, cautious steps, to a thicket near by,
But louder and stronger those strains were re-
peated,

Which told the sad tale that a maniac was nigh.
The cloud in the West had expanded its volums,
While lost to time's fleeting I sat in a trance,
And o'er the wide arch had extended its columns,
And thicker and darker ones seem'd to advance.

The wild crash of thunder was bursting fast o'er
me,
In torrents descended the big drops of rain;
Bright shone the blue lightning, as a form stood
before me,

Whose features bespoke a drear bosom insane!
I ponder'd a moment upon the condition
Of poor fall'n man when his reason is fled;
As the being before me, in awful contrition,
Seem'd lost to all hope, and to pleasure all dead.

"Strike here!" said the maniac, as he upward
stood gazing,
And he tore the frail covering off from his breast,
"Strike here with your thunderbolts fearfully bla-
zing,

"And send a poor sufferer home to his rest!
"Strike here!" and he smote with his hand his
bare bosom—

And a loud vengeful peal seem'd to mock such a
prayer—

"Oh! my crimes," he exclaim'd "would that
death could unloose 'em"—
And wildly he look'd 'neath the lightning's red
glare!

* * * * *
Next day as I journey'd, I pass'd near the fountain,
Which brought the scene forth again, fresh in my
mind,

And as I came up to the foot of the mountain,
There lay a stark corpse, on the cold earth reclin'd!
And there was a gathering of kindred around it,
Not a voice was there heard, nor a whisper, nor
breath;

But a Jury of Inquest, by those who first found it,
Was summon'd to solve the mysterious death.
And they held o'er the corpse but a short consultation,
United in judgement their verdict was given—
'That the "wandering maniac," thro' God's visitation,
'By a bolt from on high had been lifelessly riven.'

Z.

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.THE FORSAKEN TO THE FALSE
ONE.

BY T. H. BAILLY.

I dare thee to forget me!
Go wander where thou wilt,
Thy hand upon the vessel's helm,
Or on the sabre's hilt;
Away! thou'rt free! o'er land and sea,
Go rush to danger's brink!
But oh! thou canst not fly from thought!
Thy curse will be—to think!

Remember me! remember all—
My long enduring love,
That linked itself to perfidy;
The vulture and the dove!
Remember in thy utmost need,
I never once did shrink,
But clung to thee confidingly;
Thy curse shall be—to think!

Then go! that thought will render thee
A dastard in the fight,
That thought, when thou art tempest tost,
Will fill thee with affright!
In some wild dungeon may'st thou lie,
And, counting each cold link
That binds thee to captivity,
Thy curse shall be—to think!

Go, seek the merry banquet hall,
Where younger maidens bloom,
The thought of me shall make thee there
Endure a deeper gloom;
That thought shall turn the festive cup
To poison while you drink,
And while false smiles are on thy cheek,
Thy curse shall be—to think!

Forget me! false one, hope it not!
When minstrels touch the string,
The memory of other days
Will gall thee while they sing;
The airs I used to love will make
Thy coward conscience shrink,
Aye, ev'ry note will have its sting—
Thy curse will be—to think!

Forget me! No, that shall not be!
I'll haunt thee in thy sleep,
In dreams thou'lt cling to slimy rocks
That overhang the deep;
Thou'lt shriek for aid! my feeble arm
Shall hurl thee from the brink!
And when thou wak'st in wild dismay,
Thy curse will be—to think!

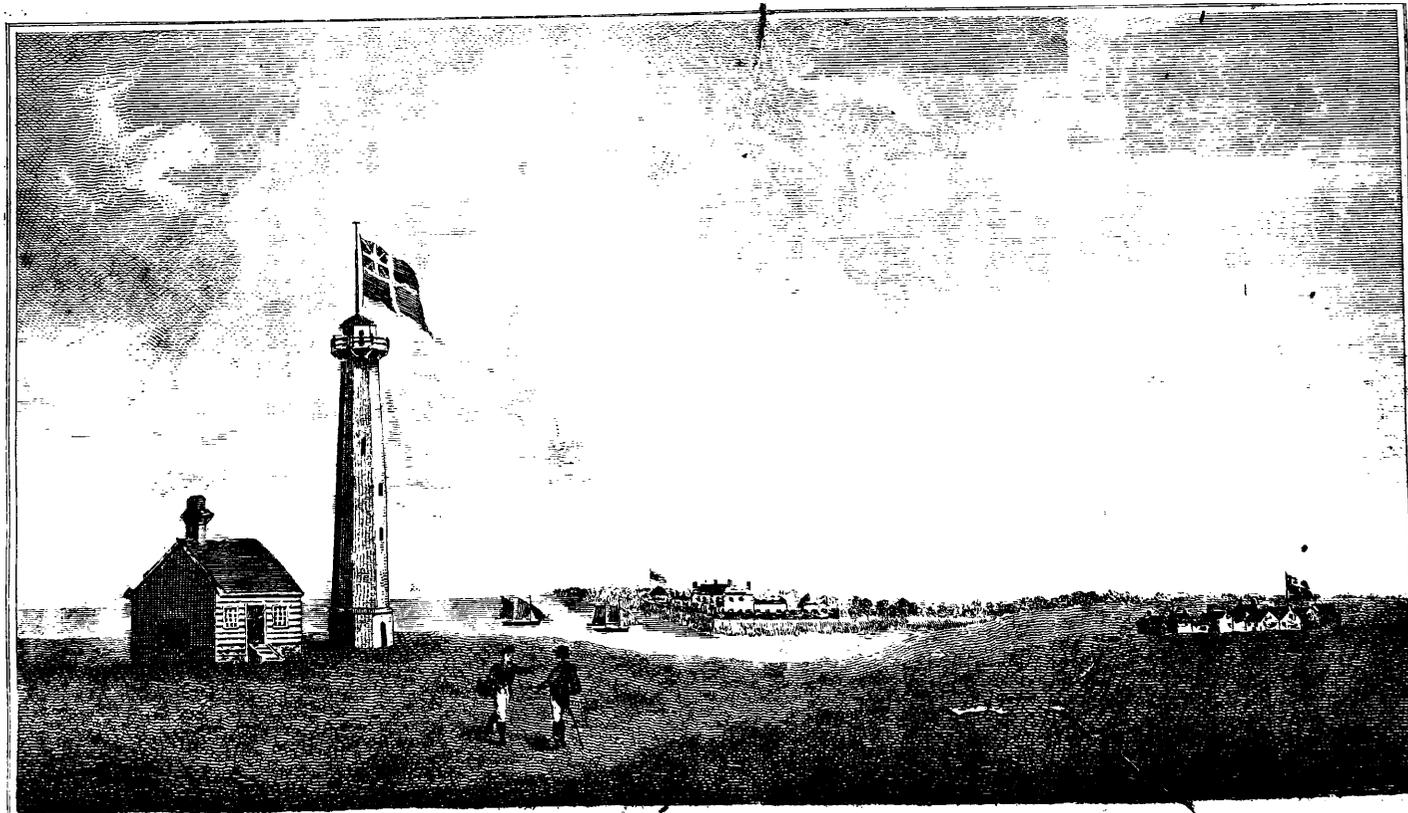
THE GEM,

A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.

2d VOLUME—TO CONTAIN 4 ENGRAVINGS.

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EDWIN SCRANTON & Co.,
Office in Exchange Street, 2 doors north of
the Canal.



View of FORT NIAGARA on LAKE ONTARIO from the LIGHT HOUSE on the BRITISH SIDE.

ORIGINAL POETRY.



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.

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,
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Through the green meadows, and the shady groves,
By the soft-murmuring stream that winds along
Thro' the low valley—on the mountain side—
Heedless what course we took: culling the flow'rs,
And basking in the sunshine; till the shades
Of night approaching warn'd us to our home.
There came a time—a time when we must part;
And why was not that separation final?

Why, alas! why did we meet again?
Only, to make our parting more severe!
For childhood's brightest years had pass'd away,
And oh, how alter'd since I saw him last.

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BE OURS THE PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 9

ROCHESTER, AUGUST 28, 1830.

VOL. II.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

A remarkably fine view of the Fortifications at 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 several hours, during which time a great quantity of hot shot were thrown from both forts. From the south block house of Fort Niagara, the shot was principally directed against the village of Newark, which was totally destroyed. This battery was commanded by Captain M'Keon, and the guns were managed 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 reinforcing 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 there was bribery connected with the absence of the commander. He was therefore tried, and cashiered—but doubts are entertained of his guilt.

At present the Fort is used as a preparatory garrison for the soldiers that are enlisted at and other places. The works are kept in good order by the government, to guard against the contingencies of another contest with Great Britain.

The village of Newark, which is defended by Fort George, has since been rebuilt, and now contains two houses of public worship, two printing-offices, and is, in fact, a handsome and an extensive village.

A young man who was witness in a case of theft, made 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 what I know of this man—I saw him with the shoes on!"

All errors usually have small beginnings.

From the Court and Fashionable Magazine.

BLANCHE OF BROOMSIDE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Farewell, farewell, your flowers will glad
The bird, and feed the bee;
And charm ten thousand hearts, although
No more they'll gladden me."

Cunningham.

A joyous and a happy girl was Blanche Seabright, the beauty and favourite of Broomside, a lonely and pastoral village in Devon. She was the only daughter of a gentleman of small, but independent fortune; and as her mother died in giving her birth, and her father had remained unmarried, Blanche was exactly what old maids and bachelors call a '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, where female loveliness is so frequently seen; moreover, she had precisely the acquirements 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 more, and whose wit, which astonished the clergyman, squire, and justice, every Michaelmas, when they regularly met at the Bell and Crown, to settle all 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 auditors were seldom particular as to that. The maiden's spirits, when she was about 17, (that age of sentiment and insipidity, when the girl is donning the womanly robe, and has not made up her mind whether she will at once become stately and artificial, or remain joyous and natural;) at that critical age such were her spirits, that every body 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 cheek, even that blooming cheek faded; and her bright blue eyes were often filled with tears; then "every body" wondered what could be the matter: some talked of consumption; others of melancholy; and even some of love: this the wits laughed at; Blanche Seabright in love. With whom? Not old Admiral Granby, or the lame boy at the apothecary's; and they were the only 'presentable' bachelors in the district. It could not be; in love, indeed! What absurdity! Were the wise ones right or wrong? We shall see.

I have said before that Broomside was beautifully situated, but I have not stated that it possessed attractions, passing great, to sportsmen; there was a fine trout stream—

good covers for game; and, moreover, about a mile up the hill, a shooting-box, which was let in a miscellaneous way every season to whoever chose to take it. The resident gentry knew nothing, and cared little, about its inhabitants; who were seldom seen at the legitimate place for all people to be seen at—the parish church; sweet, tranquil spot, which centuries scarcely altered, save that moss and lichens entirely covered with their bright greenery the patches of roof, from whence some ancient storm had scared the ivy. The parties who, at the time I allude to, occupied the lodge, were the *Roue*, Lord of Dunmeade, and his cousin, Mr. Eversham. Dunmeade was a childless widower, with a broken constitution, and well known in the fashionable circles as *un homme celebre*. Plain, simple-minded people would call him a 'dangerous character,' but the *haut monde* are too well bred to designate things by common terms. Eversham was a very different being from his titled cousin; he was the second son of a beneficed clergyman, and intended for the sacred profession; in fact, he had just taken orders, and was one who did so for conscience sake. To please his mother, who was naturally anxious that, if possible, some of his lordship's worldly goods might hereafter become the property of her son, he joined the noble on a shooting excursion. Few could have been more powerfully contrasted; the earl of Dunmeade was verging on his fiftieth birth-day, diminutive in stature, and every feature of his face telling of dissipation; the full, gloating eye; the satyr-like mouth; and the sallow, spotted skin; his manners, however, were courtly and insinuating; and to this he owed the popularity he undoubtedly possessed in certain circles.

Mr Eversham was in the first bloom of manhood; his boyish days had been spent at his father's vicarage; and at college his time was devoted to the attainment of literary distinction. When, therefore, he launched into the world, he was in the full possession of a vigorous and untainted mind. His expressive countenance was as a beautiful title-page to a virtuous and learned book; and his whole bearing was that of a scholar and a gentleman. A country event occasioned a meeting between the trio, namely, Blanche Seabright and the cousins; a passing shower caused both parties to take shelter in a small cottage between Broomside and the hill lodge; the maiden's beauty attracted the gentlemen's attention, and they soon discovered whom she was. With what different feelings were their enquiries made; what man would exchange the first beatings of affection—such love as might dwell in the lily's bosom, without contaminating its purity—for the sordid, cold calculation with which, in after life he

heaps gold—and marries? "She is a fine girl," said his lordship. "Wants an air—a manner—a style in short; which fashionable society would soon give. Bringing out such a creature would create—the most difficult thing in the world to achieve in polished society—a sensation—eh, Eversham?"

Eversham bowed. "Good family—domestic, doubtless," continued the noble, musingly. "Make an attentive nurse—getting gouty sometimes (rubbing his leg.) Eversham, what do you think, ought I to bind myself again in matrimonial chains?"

Eversham started, and looked at his cousin.

"My dear lord, what are you thinking of?" "Why, of that rustic beauty—that oriental pearl—Miss Seabright. Should you like her for a relative?"

"Very much," was the young gentleman's laconic reply, as he darted a look of defiance at the noble, which must have annihilated him 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, sweetest of all, rippling brook, have been lovers' land-marks time out of mind; and through their first, second, perhaps even their third recontres were of course accidental, Eversham was too honorable—Blanche too candid—to carry on clandestine courtship. And after the necessary inquiries, which every parent finds it right to make, when the happiness of a beloved child is concerned, Mr. Eversham was received by Mr. Seabright as his daughter's suitor.

"The course of true love never did run smooth." Lord Dunmeade discovered the preceding and was enraged. To be foiled by a boy was too bad—not to be forgiven. His power in town was on the decline; but could he have produced such a wife as Blanche, his house would again have been the resort of all the rank and fashion of the time; he knew and felt this, and his bitterness increased when not only his ladylove but her father also rejected his addresses with cold and firm civility. It was now the latter end of November, and the wise ones were convinced that they were wrong, for the wedding-day was fixed, and the bride in constant consultation with the village milliner.

"It is a bright and glorious moonlight, dearest," whispered Eversham to his betrothed; "You have not been out for many days. Do, Sir," he continued, turning to Mr. Seabright, "prevail upon Blanche to walk once, only once round the lawn."

Mr. Seabright seconded the request, and the happy three issued from the folding doors, which opened on the glittering grass. When they reached the bottom of the green, Mr. Seabright wished to extend his walk to the meadow, and prevailed upon Eversham to accompany him. "Blanche can remain in the green-house until our return, as I fear the dampness of the long herbage for her. We will not be absent ten minutes," said the old gentleman. Blanche leaned her head against the door, and watched their figures recede amongst the trees. How perfectly did she feel the change which a few weeks had wrought in her mind and feelings. She was no longer the thoughtless, light-hearted maiden of Broomside. Love, that pure and holy passion, when it throbs in the bosom of a young and virtuous woman, elevates and refines even while it subdues; the heart, as it were, turning back upon itself, wonders at its

former triflings, and owns but one all-guiding influence—devotion to the being it has singled from the crowd forever. Of such a nature was Blanche Seabright's affections—and although the forms of the two beings dearest to her upon earth had disappeared, her eye still rested on the path they had taken. Suddenly she started, and uttered a faint scream, for a hand rested on her arm. She turned, and beheld, almost breathing upon her's, the face of an old crone, known by the name of Madge Willis. This creature enjoyed the double reputation of knave and fool, and from her infancy had been an object of terror to Blanche. Her figure was short and square—her fingers and arms of unnatural length and size—and as she clutched the maiden's arm, and peered into her face, the young lady trembled beneath her eye. "I cannot harm ye", Blanche Seabright," she commenced; and as she spoke, the kerchief which confined her grizzled locks 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 lord. Such beauty for a plain gentleman—oh no!—the whitest meat to the kite's nest—to the court, fair lady—to the court—to catch fools.—You'll never die a plain man's wife."

"Woman, unhand me!" cried Blanche, much terrified—"loosen your hold, I say!—Eversham!—Father!" she exclaimed. "Off, woman! how dare you presume." Madge Willis still grasped her as firmly as with a vice, and heeded not her struggles, apparently intent on examining her hand—"the lines tell of early sorrow—and death—," she continued—"and that is the end of all—but first—ay, first, there is gold and rank—Now listen, lady—it is fated that you"—Poor Blanche again screamed, and to her great relief, saw Eversham spring across the field. "Curse your numskulleries, you old hag!" exclaimed the young man, as he caught Blanche almost fainting in his arms; "you have murdered her with your sorceries. Away!" he cried, stamping his foot with impatience, for the woman calmly folded her arms, and looked upon them both.

"I am going—poor Madge is going—but as this," and she pulled up a tuft of primroses that, in defiance of the season, were budding amid the grass—"as this is pulled—even so in ye'er early prime shall ye be torn asunder—and so wither. Don't lay hand on me, young man—ye scorn me—and no cross or coin of your's ever touched my palm—but no matter—I'll see the end of ye yet." So saying, and before Mr. Seabright came up, she walked into the shrubbery, and the gentlemen supported Blanche to the house.—Whatever impression this singular scene made on the pride of the village, it is a recorded fact, that she never looked so lovely as when on the following Monday she plighted her faith in the old church to Henry Cavendish Eversham. After the ceremony, as she was leaning on her husband's arm, passing to the carriage, the blessings of the assembled peasantry, her eye rested on the countenance of Madge Willis—the woman's stern features wore an aspect of fixed melancholy—and she silently obeyed the summons of the bride's small gloved finger.

"Madge," said Blanche, blushing, and struggling with the terror with which the wild woman inspired her, "you said I would never be a plain man's wife—here is something to console you for being a false prophet."

"I'll not take your gold," she replied,

gloomily. "I said you'd never die a plain man's wife. I'm no false prophet, lady."—The carriage drove on.

The world talks a great deal, and writes a great deal, about there being no such thing on earth as perfect happiness. I believe it is not general; but as to the non-existence of such a thing, they who assert the contrary never experienced or witnessed the perfect union of souls—the deviation—the all absorbing happy devotion of perfect love. I am not now going into the question whether such a passion may not detract from the duty which the creature owes the Creator. Nor am I about to inquire whether this more than earthly happiness will bear the wear and tear of a cold and selfish world, which is ever anxious to destroy that in which it cannot participate. But I believe, as the poet sings, that—but let him speak for himself—

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die:
One hour of a passion so faithful is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss,
And, oh! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this—it is this."

Eversham and his wife certainly enjoyed this elysium. And when Blanche became a mother, such was the extremity of her happiness, that she would silently ask herself if it could always last. Gradually—to her imperceptibility—a change came over the beauty of her beloved—his eye was more bright—his cheek, too, more colored—and his forehead dazzlingly white;—he did not complain of either pain or sickness—but there was a lassitude, an inactivity in his very step—and then a short cough and restless nights. And at length his wife, with her infant sleeping in her bosom, watched by the death couch of her pride—her husband! Nothing could save him—she wept herself with prayers—with her face buried in the pillow that supported his head, would she kneel, beseeching the Almighty to spare the idolized being from whom she could not bear to think of parting. "Oh, God!" she would exclaim, "can it be! Must I resign him to the cold earth—to the worm—and to corruption!" And then, in his calm, low voice, while his fast fleeting breath fell upon her burning brow, like the chill breeze of early spring, he would say, that, over the spirit, death had no dominion—that he—the soul—the mind, she so much loved, could not be committed to the silent tomb. But even the tabernacle of that noble essence was dear unto her heart—and Blanche Eversham would not be comforted.

Alas! for the changes of this mortal life! The second anniversary of their union was celebrated by his funeral. As the hearse passed slowly from the door, Blanche, clasping her baby-boy wildly to her bosom, rushed from her friends, and stood at the window as if anxious to witness the last—the very last dread ceremony—and, unwittingly, her eye fell upon the hated figure of Madge Willis—there she was—her hair streaming on the wintry blast, giving to the winds the torn remains of what, in her distraction, Blanche imagined to be the very tuft of wild primroses she had pulled on the night of her evil prophecies. The woman looked at the stiffening figure of the youthful widow, and, pointing to the sable hearse, disappeared among the villagers. What Blanche's ideas as to the mysterious appearance of this weird woman were she never communicated; but it was evident that it had made a great impression upon her intense imagination. Her troubles did not terminate with her husband's death.—Mr. Seabright, deprived of his daughter,

ter's society, I sit alone in his lonely cottage, and had been induced to embark part of his property in a mercantile speculation, with which, like most country gentlemen, he was perfectly unacquainted. After her husband's death, Blanche returned to the dwelling of her childhood; but, although her father's affection was unchanged, he had not leisure to devote his sole attention to his daughter as in former times; poor Blanche suffered from an overwrought sensibility, and fancied, what was only the result of occupation, the result of coldness. Had she not her child's welfare so strongly at heart, she must have sunk a victim to real and artificial sorrow. Mr. Seabright at length became gloomy and ill tempered; and even the infantine caresses of his little grandson failed at times to engage his attention. Suddenly he absented himself almost entirely from his dwelling, and his daughter became really alarmed: unskilled in the world's ways, she was at a loss to account for his strange habits; and when, one gloomy December evening, he returned, after a ten days' absence, brooding and melancholy, she ventured upon the dreadful task of inquiring *why* he was so altered.

"Blanche," he replied, "you cannot understand how my affairs have been mismanaged, or how perfectly we are all on the very brink of ruin; in a few days we shall have hardly a roof to shelter us, and I have been occupied in consulting with old Mr. Eversham as to the means of our preservation. Blanche, it is in your power only to save me from destruction—my old grey-headed parent, but to secure for this, your fatherless boy, a rich and noble heritage." Blanche replied not, but pressed her son to her bosom, and looked towards her father with an imploring countenance. "I know not, my child, whether or not you can bear to proceed—but I rest my hopes on your own mind, and the pure affection you bear to your relatives." There was a long pause.—"You know how anxious, about ten years ago, your mother-in-law was for your husband to retain the friendship of Lord Dunmeade." Blanche started. "When that nobleman mentioned to me his love (Blanche shuddered) for you, I yielded to your feelings from fatherly affection, and permitted you to make your own choice—your son is his lordship's relative; and he is even now anxious to make you his wife, we all think that it would be very unwise in you to lose the opportunity of securing the property to the family—the chances are that this child will be his sole heir." Blanche arose from her chair, and walked with a steady step to the door. One glance at her pale but firm-set countenance told her father that his cause was lost; the old man, in a voice rendered tremulous by agitation, called upon her to stop—and advanced to her at an uneven pace.

"Blanche," he exclaimed, taking her hand, "pause a moment ere you decide. I tell you another week will find me a degraded man: my credit gone, my hopes blasted. I have engaged in speculation, and been ruined—Lord Dunmeade discovered it, and has generously offered to free me from my difficulties, to marry you, and be a father to your child. Blanche, will you render your father houseless, and a wanderer? Will you sacrifice this boy on the shrine of unavailing grief? Will you permit him to say in after life, when struggling with poverty, and smarting under the scourge of adversity, 'My mother could have prevented this, but she could not.'—Eversham's family are anxious for it—I speak

not of myself," added the old man. Blanche pressed her hand to her forehead, and with a hasty action folded the mourning robe around her figure and rushed from the room. Long and bitterly did she weep—and earnestly did she pray to the Almighty for advice and support—and well-being of her father and her child—the prospect (and who does not tremble at such) the prospect of want;—and then the natural romance of character, which circumstances had deadened, not destroyed—all worked upon her mind, and, after a long struggle, she resolved to immolate herself; to stand at God's altar, and to pledge her hitherto unpolled faith to one she loathed—for the sake of her father and her child.

She had collected all the energies of body and mind to communicate her resolution to her father. As she was leaving the room, a weight seemed to oppress her, even to suffocation—and she threw open the latticed window to admit the air;—she shrunk quickly from it, for she saw or imagined she saw, under the shadow of the green-house wall, the mummering fortune teller, crouched to the earth, and watching her movements with the eye and attitude of an insidious cat. "It is fated," murmured the future bride of Dunmeade, as she rapidly descended the stairs. "It is vain to strive with fate."

"Rich were the jewels, and gorgeous the equipages that awaited the bridal; and the world talked of the fair prospects of the house of Eversham—and still more of the extraordinary good fortune which awaited a dowryless widow. Notes of congratulation—feathers—and satins, powdered the house;—and the boy, in his childish glee, delighted in the pageantry, and tore open afresh (If indeed they had ever healed) the heart-wounds of his fading mother—ever and anon prattling his childish fondles, and inquiring if his dead papa had been as little and as ugly as his new one. Blanche, to the eye, bore it all astonishingly—even the fulsome and disgusting attentions of her intended lord. Oh, how abominable are such tributes! The settlements were drawn—her father and child provided for—but, contrary to all received opinions, Blanche persisted in her resolution of being married in her village church—this was a whim nobody could account for. Lord Dunmeade was anxious that the ceremony should have been performed in town; but the lady was resolute; and people (*good natured people*.) when talking about her fine fortune, added, that "she had no more feeling than a stone, notwithstanding her pale looks and pretence, for if she had, she would never be married twice in the same church, particularly as she must pass the simple white tomb of her late husband in the church-yard—the very tomb she had placed over his grave."

•As Blanche descended from her carriage, Madge Willis stood in the church porch; a cold shudder thrilled through her frame, and, heedless of ceremony, she withdrew her hand hastily from the gouty earl, and passed along into the aisle. The words, "said I npt' the whitest meat to the kite's nest," echoed to her ear; and she also noted the half-muttered "peace woman," of Lord Dunmeade, as he passed a purse into the witch's hand. Before the conclusion of the ceremony, all observed the rapidly changing countenance, and fearfully heaving breast of the beautiful bride! As she proceeded out of the church, the aged bridegroom's arm was insufficient for her support; and her father almost carried her into the open air. She revived a little, and murmured the words, "Stop—stop," in his ear;

she looked wildly around for a moment, and then, with a convulsive effort, threw herself upon Eversham's grave. They raised her tenderly from the earth—her father knelt—her child pressed her cold hands in his little bosom—all were agitated by one common feeling—even the Lord of Dunmeade felt deeply;—it was useless—the sacrifice was made—the victim had expired!

HALLOWELL, Me. Aug. 14.—*Accident to the New Sharon Meeting-House.*—As Mr. Underwood was about to rise on Sabbath afternoon to deliver his sermon; a stream of lightning took the spire, passed down, split the ball rent the cupola very much, followed down one of the pillars through the bell deck, took a cross timber to a post 48 feet, which conducted the fluid to the ground, stripping on its way lathing, plastering, boards and clap-boards, in a frightful manner. The fire took in a number of places, but was with considerable exertion quenched. The scene in the house, amid the cries of men, women and children, cracking of glass, flying of fire, timber, lathing and plastering, was shocking indeed. No lives were lost. There was no lightning rod or conductor.

The Montreal papers, received yesterday, are dressed in mourning on account of the death of the King. In a month or six weeks Jamaica, Gibraltar, and Malta papers will arrive, clad in the same sombre habiliments; in two or three months, those from English Guiana and Western Africa, in five or six months, those from India and the Cape of Good Hope; and in 8 or 10 months those from Singapore, Malacca, and Canton in China. If it is any benefit to be honored after death, so far as forms and ceremonies are concerned, a king of England has, in this respect, nothing to complain of. On every continent, and in every sea, there are tokens of mourning, as if the world itself had suffered some grievous bereavement. These official demonstrations of sorrow may convey a sublime impression of his power, but they respect the station rather than the man, and if they tell us what he was they, also remind us what he is. It was birth which raised him to a throne, so it is death which in spite of processions and monuments, reduces him to a level with the meanest of his subjects. There is no nobility in the grave, nor in the future world save that which arises from a life well spent, and a true allegiance to the King of kings.—*Id.*

USEFUL RECIPES.

Cure for the Hoopingcough.—One teaspoonful of castor oil mixed with a teaspoonful of molasses—one or two teaspoonfuls 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 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.

Ringworms.—A salve made of hard soap (called by some, rosin soap) and ginger, rubbed on ringworms, will cure them.

THE BETHEL FLAG.

O bring the peaceful banner nigh,
Whose blazon tells of holy love;
And spread the banner to the sky,
Whose wavy folds reveal the dove.

'Tis done! and on the soft winds now
I see its streaming curls recline,
And deem it as a second bow
Of Promise, and the blessing mine.

Flag of the pure and azure heaven!
How lovely is thy bearing here—
Free as the breezes round thee driven,
Is thy sweet errand on the ear.

Thou markest not the hurrying keel,
Whose foamy path leads on to gold;
Thy nobler freighted barques conceal
Gems, Tyre and Tarshish never told.

Thou leadest not the armed host,
Thou art not in the battle's hum—
No trumpet sings of thee, round thee roll
No thunders of the spirring drum.

But unto thee are gathered men,
Whose only paucity is prayer;
And where thou wavest, lofty hymns
Discourse along the listening air.

Thou giv'st to patriot gaze no star,
Nor stripes a glorious augury;
Yet tokens of victorious war
Thy beaming symbols seem to be.

For their type One, whose tempered shield
Shook off the hurtling darts o' sin,
When he trod once, no doubtful field,
Imperishable crowns to win.

They tell unto the ocean tost,
That He who spans its floods can save—
And that for him, the well nigh lost,
The Ark yet lingers on the wave.

They herald joy to the opprest,
And ransom to the son of thrall:
And shadow forth to labor rest,
In music of Salvation's call.

With voice of psalms, then to the skies,
Unfurl the flag—a type of love;
The answering anthem's shout shall rise,
When they reveal the Holy Dove.

W. B. TAPPAN.

COMPILED FOR THE GEM.

SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY:

No. VI.

Comprising a brief History of some of the most distinguished Characters of America, since its first discovery, arranged in Alphabetical order:

B.

George Bryan, a native of Ireland, emigrated to Pennsylvania; chosen delegate to congress in 1765; afterwards governor of the state; died 1790.

Wm. Bull, speaker of the H. of Assembly, and afterwards Lieut. governor of S. C. died 1755.

Henry Bull, a native of Great Britain, came to N. Eng. and with several others, settled at Newport, Rhode Island. He was afterwards governor of the colony, and died 1693.

Archibald Bullock, a native of Georgia, was a member of the continental congress during the memorable year 1776; he died in '77.

Rt. Hon. John Burgoyne, a privy councillor of Ireland, Lieut. general of the British army, author of four dramatic peices, viz. "The Heiress," "The Lord of the Manor," and "Richard coeur de Lion." He surrendered his whole army after a sanguinary battle on the 7th Oct. 1777, to Gen. Gates, consisting of more than 5000 men, 42 peices of brass cannon, 7000 muskets, clothing sufficient for 7000 men, with a great quantity of tents and military stores. Gen. Wilkinson, who fought under Gen. Gates, gives the following account of the meeting of the two commanding officers:

"Gen. Gates, advised of Burgoyne's approach, met him at the head of the camp—Burgoyne in a rich royal uniform, and Gates

in a plain blue frock. When they had approached nearly within sword's length, they reined up, and halted. I then named the gentleman, and Gen. Burgoyne, raising his hat most gracefully, said, "The fortune of war, Gen. Gates, has made me your prisoner;" to which the conqueror, returning a courtly salute, replied, "I shall always be ready to bear 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 1720; of Mass. and N. Hampshire in 1728; died 1729.

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

James Burrill, was att'y general, and judge of the supreme court of Rhode-Island, and at the time of his death, 1820, a senator in Congress.

Aaron Burr, a native of N. Y. was elected Vice-President in 1801, a brilliant orator and statesman. He is also notorious for being the leader of the celebrated conspiracy of 1806-7, to divide the union. He now resides in New-York.

Geo. Burrington, a proprietary governor of South Carolina, was dismissed from his office because of his vices, and murdered in England, 1734.

Wm. Burroughs, a brave Captain in the American Navy; fell in the action between the Enterprize and Boxer, when the latter surrendered, Sept. 5, 1813.

Richard Butler, an active officer of the American revolution, he was killed at the defeat of Gen. St. Clair, on the Miami, 1778.

Thos. Butler, a Col. in the army of the revolution; in 1797, he commanded in Tenn., and brought the Indian war to a successful termination; he died 1805.

Joseph Buonaparte, brother to Napoleon; an adopted son of America, was born at Ajaccio, Island of Corsica, 1768, was ambassador from France to Rome, 1787, Commissary General in the French army, afterwards secretary to the council of five hundred, counsellor of state, minister plenipotentiary to negotiate a treaty of peace with the United States, 1801, President of the senate of France, Prince, and grand Elector of the Empire, General, and commander-in-chief of the army of Naples, which he invaded with a powerful army. On the 14th Feb. 1806, he entered Naples, and took possession of the palace and was soon after proclaimed King; in the year 1808, he was crowned king of Spain and the Indies, by his brother, was overthrown by Lord Wellington, and retreated from the kingdom in 1813, and on the invasion of Russia, in 1814, he was appointed by the Emperor, lieutenant general of the empire, and commandant general of the National Guards. Being afterwards overpowered by the Allied army, he left the kingdom and retired to Switzerland; and on the final abdication of Napoleon, he came to the U. States. He has since resided in New-Jersey, as an American citizen, and is held in high estimation.

[From the Christian Examiner.]

RECREATION.

"What kind of amusement may be safely recommended?"

None, it should be answered, which will necessarily injure ourselves; none which demand the banishment from our minds, of the great purposes and duties, and of the solemn destination of human life; none, moreover, which must be enjoyed at the expense of others' peace or welfare; none, therefore, whose essential food is vanity; whose sole object is a selfish gratification, or whose highest success is a triumph over ignorance or indigence, over any defects of sense, beauty or fortune, which may be attached to our societies. We are allowed no pleasures, which surrender the birthright of intellect that heaven has bestowed upon us, and degrade us to the condition of brutes; nor any degree of sensual indulgence that will obscure the clearness of our conceptions, or enfeeble the vigour of our faculties. We are allowed no pleasures that assail the honour or peace, the conscience or virtue, of our neighbor.

Nor are we obliged to resort to such for entertainment. We are not driven in company of those who sit late at the wine, or of those who are chained to the gaming board, and who though they call it pleasure, are working out a harder task than that of the slave at the oar. We are not compelled to enter the list with those votaries of fashion whose illustrious ambition is to rival each other in splendid dresses equipages, or those votaries of sport, whose glorious enthusiasm hangs upon the wimp and streamer; there are pleasures, simple, pure, and which tread lightly upon the bosom of man, and leave no stain upon the fair work of God—pleasures, which need not the aid of bustle or show to set them off— which are noiseless because they are full of satisfaction. They are abroad in the green fields of summer. They are pleasures that build their sanctuary amid the scenes of home.

They wander in the regions of knowledge, and literature, and taste. They linger in the interviews of friendship, and friendly conversation. They waken and echo to the harmonies of music. Of such pleasures, nature, and life, and society are full.

Sleeve pattern.—The editor of the Nantucket Enquirer relates that a few days since, a mantua-maker sent to him for a newspaper to cut thereout a sleeve pattern. He sent her the Boston patriot, which is none of the smallest. It would not do, and was returned for a larger one. He next sent Canfield's Argus, which is of the bed blanket size. Still it would not do—it was quite too small, and was returned, begging for a larger. Lastly he sent the London atlas, which, being nearer the size of a ship's main-sail, served for the pattern.

The importance of principle.—Doctor Johnson when speaking of a person who maintained that there was no difference between virtue and vice, said: "Why, sir, if the fellow thinks not as he speaks, he is lying and I see not what honor he can propose to himself from having the character of a liar; but if he really think there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir when he leaves our house, let us count our spoons."

From the *North American Review*.
Laws of Georgia in relation to the Cherokees.—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?*—If he has advanced in knowledge and improvement, as many sanguine persons believe and represent, he will find these laws more just, better administered, and far more equal in their operation, than the regulations which the chiefs have established and are enforcing. What Indian was ever injured by the laws of any state?—We ask the question without any fear of the answer.' The governor would scarcely have the hardihood to ask the same questions in August which he so fearlessly asked in January. The purpose, however, for which they were asked, may have been effected, and there may be now little 'fear of the answer.'—'What has a Cherokee to fear from the operation of the laws of Georgia,' was the confident enquiry of the reviewer—and the echo came back from all the advocates of legalized robbery, 'What has a Cherokee to fear from the operation of the laws of Georgia?' Again and again were the humanity of Georgia and the equity of her laws the theme of panegyric while the question respecting the Indian Bill was undecided. Since that time the voice of panegyric has died away. But facts which cannot be concealed or disguised, are beginning to show 'what a Cherokee has to fear from the operation of the laws of Georgia.'—We give one from the last number of the *Cherokee Phoenix*. The Editor of that paper says 'Such facts are now becoming of every day's occurrence.'
 When the first day of June arrived, the day fixed for the operation of this new law over the Cherokees, the officer of Habersham County (whether he was a Sheriff or Constable is not known) made his appearance in Tahquohee district, and served a writ on James M. Gray, a Sheriff of said District, who was owing a small sum of money to a Georgian citizen. The officer ascertaining that the property of M. Gray could not be obtained to secure the amount set forth in the writ, the Indian Sheriff was abandoned. The laws of Georgia recurring to the officer, that no Indian in any case could obtain redress under the statute, he found an Indian possessed of some cattle, who was as innocent of the affair, as a Chinese in Tartary, to answer the Georgian's claim. On him the officer fell with his official power. This was done by driving off the poor Indian's cattle to Georgia, and a return was made to the magistrates court. In the mean time the rightful owner, Bear's Paw by name, was on close pursuit; he arrived in time to see the court dispose of his rights. He made known to the magistrates that he was the proper owner; protested against the sale but as the statute of Georgia over the Indians is the only title of justice, the honorable distributor of the rights of persons, informed the Indian that the law of Georgia could not hear his prayer. The cattle were accordingly sold, notwithstanding his entreaties and cries for the restoration of his property.
 'What has a Cherokee to fear from the operation of the laws of Georgia?'—'O, nothing at all,' says governor Cass. He will find these laws the very perfection of justice and equity!

EXTRACT,

From the 66th number of the *North American Review*.
 The object of all this toil and trouble; these convulsive strainings and desperate enterprises; it is after all the acquisition of the means of 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 loftier 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 can we do them justice if our thoughts are forever absorbed, without the interruption of a day, or an hour, a moment in the routine of business, in intellectual and moral nature is refined, exalted, study, solitary musing, or instructive conversation on elevated subjects; by the interchange of kind and charitable feelings; by the contemplation of the goodness of the Creator, as shown forth in the majesty, harmony and beauty of his works. If we mean to rise in the scale of being above the tools we work with, or the brute animals that we employ, we must allow ourselves time for their ennobling and delightful pursuits. The merchant must not nail himself forever to his counter, like a bad shilling; 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 case, and that his own which he must finally argue upon its merits. Let it be enough that the business of the world is pursued with unremitting activity and perseverance from Monday morning to Saturday night. When Sunday comes, let the weary be at rest; let the laborer of every kind cease from his toil, and go up to the house of God, not to ruminare 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 lofty 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 trances to the footstool of the Almighty.

HOME!

"Our first, best country, is at home."
 There is no trait, perhaps more common or more amiable in the human character, than the attachment which each individual feels for his native place. With what resistless, tender, and soul-subduing influence does the remembrance of past scenes and pleasures rush upon the mind! Our native hills and vallies, the murmuring rills, the groves, the meadows, and the fields which witnessed the innocence and sporting of our youthful years arise before the imagination, arrayed in all their beauty. From the lonely retreat of our own hearts, we look back with tender affection to the sacred spot where repose the slumbering ashes of our departed kindred and friends. In this chaste and pious meditation we feel a pleasurable melancholy steal over

our souls, which we would not exchange for all the sparkling joys of transient and unsubstantial amusement. But awakening from the pleasant reverie, we find that we are in a distant land, surrounded with strangers. In vain do we look around for the friends and companions of our youth: all is sad, lonely, and desolate. Tell us not that the gales which fan us are perfumed with odours; that the gentle zephyr brings health and balm on its wings; that roses and jessamines fill the soft air with fragrance, and that the verdant mantle of nature is spangled with flowers of the richest dyes; for neither the spicy gales, the balmy breeze of the gentle zephyr, nor the roses nor jessamines, nor nature's fairest livery, equal the air, the beauty, and the enchantment of our native land.

E'en the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind us to our native mountains more.

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 light things said of you." The face of my aunt kindled with anger. "Me!" she exclaimed, "me!—slight things of me! what can any body say of me!" "They say," answered the corporal gravely, and drawing his words to keep her in suspense, "that—that you are no better than you ought to be." Fury flashed from the eyes of my aunt.—"Who are the wretches?" "I hope they slander no one who does not deserve it," remarked the corporal, jeeringly, as he left the room.
 The feeling of my aunt may well be conceived. She was sensibly injured. True she had her foibles. She was peevish and selfish; but she was rigidly moral and virtuous.—The purest ice was not more chaste. The pope himself could not boast more piety.—conscious of the correctness of her conduct, she was wounded at the remark of the corporal. Why should her neighbours slander her? She could not conjecture.
 Let my aunt be consoled. A person who can live in this world without suffering slander, must be too stupid or insignificant, to claim attention.

At Shuster, a city at the foot of the Bucktiari range of mountains in Persia, there is a bridge eighty feet above the waters of the river Karoon. From the summit of this bridge, the Persians throw themselves in sport, and with impunity into the river below. Sam Patch no novelty.

The following awful account of the dying agonies of Porter, the Mail-robber, who was executed at Philadelphia, may be considered as one argument against capital punishment.—I stood within a few feet of him and saw the most minute particular. His feet were not tied together, contrary to general practice. He did not struggle much, but fell apparently dead on the instant. Still I could discover the horrible contortions of the dreadful pangs of so appalling an exit. The cap was drawn down only to his nose, thus exposing all the lower part of his face. I saw

the horrid agonies of suffocation play around his mouth and mount up in his face; the deep, dreadful, unimaginable pangs 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 members in despair, and the shocking, terrible convulsion of the body violently robbed of its immortal tenant. A quarter of an hour had elapsed, and the heart of the wretched being had not ceased to beat. A strong convulsive heaving of the breast was perceptible, but it now lasted only a few moments longer, it was the last, awful, soul appalling effort of expiring nature, and all sensation either of fear or pain had ceased with the life of the convict.

Matrimonial Hoax.—A novel and ludicrous hoax was practised upon an advertiser for matrimonial bliss, the advertisement for which appeared in a London paper giving the address 114, General Post Office. The advertisement as is usual, detailed the good qualities of the Candidate for connubial happiness, ending with these remarkable words:—"Being able to give ample proofs of these assertions, he does not think he can be thought unreasonable or mercenary in his expectations, when he states them to be, two references as to character, and an agreeable person, having at disposal from 500*l.* to 1000*l.*" An answer was transmitted, stating that the writer was convinced that there was no bliss like matrimonial; that she was 22 years of age, had black eyes and hair, sung well, &c. and, what was more essential than all, had 600*l.* in the stocks, at her own disposal, and would have 400*l.* more at her mama's decease. To which a reply was sent, couched in language the most ardent and romantic that ever emanated from the pen of an enamoured swain, commencing with a quotation from Byron—

"These who happiness must win,
Must share it—happiness was born a twin,"

And other quotations too long for insertion, terminating with a request that the lady would meet him at Mr. Thomas' 3 Francis st., Tottenham court road. After a short correspondence it was arranged that Mr. Cromack, the advertiser, should meet the brothers of the lady at Lant's Coffee House, Clerk-en-well-green, on Tuesday night, at 8 o'clock. The gentlemen was punctual, and was received in a private apartment, where two persons were introduced—the one as brother the other as solicitor; when, after a short introductory conversation, it was mutually determined that the lady should be introduced, who accordingly, at a given signal entered in the shape of an old and ugly woman, selected from the back quarters of Saffron hill. The dismay and disappointment of Mr. Cromack may be better imagined than described; more particularly when it is considered that it was accompanied by the loud and instantaneous laughter of more than thirty gentlemen who followed in the train of the 'lovely' bride. The lady embraced him, and sealed a precious kiss upon his lips, amid the acclamations of the beholders; and the astonished swain, after a long stare of unutterable vacancy, ran out of the room, and was received by the shouts of the mob.

Contentment is a continual feast. The want of it continued starvation.

LIST OF AGENTS.

Albion, John J. Orton.
Auburn, Henry Cherry.
Buffalo, A. W. Willgus.
Black Rock, Rollin German.
Batavia, Wm. A. Seaver.
Port Byron, H. Perkins.
Burlington, Vt., R. G. Stone.
Canandaigua, John Ackley.
Clarkson, Gustavus Clark.
Canajoharie, J. Mc Vean.
E. Cayuga, Wm. Foot.
E. Bloomfield, A. B. Gunn.
E. Avon, A. A. Bennett.
Caledonia, J. R. Clark.
Holley, Darwin Hill.
Hudson, Wm. B. Stoddard.
Jordan, F. Benson.
Le Roy, A. F. Bartow.
Lyons, J. A. Hadley.
Lockport, N. Leonard.
Little Falls, Edward M. Griffing,
Manlius, Stephen Gould.
Murray, A. Clark, jr.
Rochester, Doct. J. Fuller.
Tonawanda, E. B. Grandin.
D. L. Angevine.
Rochester, A. Daumas, & Co.
Salina, Owen J. Ward.
Scottsville, S. G. Davis.
Throopsville, Hamilton Lathrop.
Utica, T. M. Ladd.
Waterloo, Charles Sentell.
Weedsport, E. Weed.
York, D. H. Abell.

The following beautiful little ballad has lately been set to music, and published by Bourne, the print-seller 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 receiv'd him when he came,
With a welcome kind as ever,
And she tried to work the same.

But vainly she dissembled,
For when'er she tried to smile,
A tear unbidden, trembled
In her blue eye all the while.

She knew that she was dying,
And she dreaded not her doom—
She never thought of sighing
O'er her beauty's blighted bloom.
She knew her cheek was altered,
And she knew her eye was dim,
But her sweet voice only falter'd
When she spoke of losing him.

'Tis true that he had lur'd her
From the isle where she was born—
'Tis true he had injured her
To the cold world's cruel scorn:
But yet she never blame'd him
For the anguish she had known,
And though she seldom named him,
She thought of him alone

She sighed when he caress'd her,
For she knew that they must part—
She spoke not when he press'd her
To his young and panting heart.
The banners waved around her,
And she heard the bugle's sound—
They passed—and strangers found her
Cold and lifeless on the ground.

The calendar of the Special Sessions, which sits to day at 12 o'clock, contains 55 cases, most of which will be summarily disposed of by his Honor the Recorder, Aldermen Nevius and Mott. Among the names is that of Van Tassel alias Thomas Jefferson.—Not long ago George Washington, John Adams, and Andrew Jackson, made their appearance in the criminal box at the same time!—*It.*

NEWS.

Mountain Slides.—The Keenesville Herald gives the following account of several slides which took place in Keene, in the county of Essex, New Hampshire during the late storm.—*Jour. of Com.*

"These slides were 4 in number. The first occurred about four miles westerly from 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 between the mountains to a vast depth. The second and third were somewhat similar, but more destructive in their effects, the former, or most westerly, having completely covered the farm of a Mr. Wallace, and compelled him to abandon the idea of attempting again its cultivation, the latter having covered, to 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 descended about 3 miles with a degree of violence and fury which defies description. 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 in its effects on the low land at 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. Early on the evening of Monday, (26th 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 storm 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 subject of remark with travellers in this region, but I am told that it now presents a view indescribably grand and terrific. Mountains laid bare for two or three miles in extent, presenting chasms of vast size—rocks, some of which are supposed to weigh an hundred tons, torn from their beds, where they had reposed 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, yielding in wildness and sublimity only to the effect of a similar catastrophe in the White mountains in New Hampshire

From the American Farmer.

THE FARMER.

Of all pursuits by man invented,
The ploughman is the best contented
His calling's good, his profit's high,
And on his labors all rely—
Mechanic's all by him are fed,
His hands give meat to every thing,
Up from the beggar to the king.
The milk and honey, corn and wheat,
Are by his labors made complete;
Our clothes from him must first arise,
To deck the fop or dress the wise:
We then by vote may justly state,
The ploughman ranks among the great,
More independent than them all,
That dwell upon this earthly ball.
All hail ye farmers, young and old!
Push on your plough with courage bold!
Your wealth arises from your clo,
Your independence from your plow,
If then the plough support the nation,
And men of rank in every station,
Let kings to farmers make a bow,
And every man procure a plough.

THE GEM.

Rochester, Saturday, August 28, 1839.

NOTICE.—The GEM will hereafter be published by the former proprietor—the Co-partnership heretofore mentioned having been mutually dissolved. Aug. 28.

BACK NUMBERS.—We have re-printed No. 2, which we forward with the present number to those who lack. If any subscriber to whom it is due, does not receive it, we should be glad to be notified to that effect.

AN HOUR IN JAIL.

*Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle.....SHAK.*

Being sick of the dull monotony of every day life; of the rattling of stages and carts, and the jumble of fruit wagons; we took it into our head, during the past week, to bid adieu to liberty for a short time, and take note of the motley, miserable crew that are obliged to bow to the "iron arm of the law," and are incarcerated within the walls of our county jail. We found the Jailor holding his keys, and on making known our object, he opened the massy door, and we passed in. It closed upon our entrance, and the grating hinges, and clanking of iron bars, rang through the prison with a discordant jar like the knell of liberty. Our object now was to take cognizance of the guests that presented themselves before us. And here we feel inadequate to the task—we can present to the reader the dress, yes, all the outward appearance of each; but it is the mind we wish to lay open, the heart that we would fain pour-tray.

The company consisted of twenty-nine, (not more than two or three of which were debtors,) and were at the time, mostly in the hall of the jail. There was the aged man, whose head showed the frosts of sixty winters—and there was the youth, whose dozen years had not clasped ere his hands were polluted with crime. There was the female of forty, and she of half that age—the white rogue with his black heart, and the black rogue, with heart of the same. The middle aged, too, were there—and the young and the beautiful—and the old and the haggard.

If there was a beginning in our reflections upon the different beings before us, they commenced with a tall, straight young man, apparently about 23 years of age, well dressed, and bearing the mark of intelligence. He approached us several times in succe-

sion. We looked him full in the eye each time, though we could not keep his gaze. He walked the room, apparently in great anxiety, and at last found his bed out of sight, but not so far off but that we could hear him sighing over his thoughts.

We now observed one man upon whom time sat more heavily, if possible, than it did upon Richard. He strided the hall with a quick step, and sang sacred melody most vehemently, and in a style that indicated the utmost commotion of the mind. He attempted to counterfeit contentment, and innocence—but the veil was too thin—his step was the faltering step of guilt; and there played upon the countenance a mixture of despair and doubt, that shrouded there was bitterness at the heart.

Our observations were broken by the appearance of a pair of hands, whose fleshless and grizzly fingers clung around the grates which composed the door of one of the cells, for the purpose of drawing up the body so that the inmate could discover who was their visitor. His hair was almost white, and his form was attenuated. When we met his gaze, it was that of deep, unmitigated guilt—it was as unyielding as the eye of a statue, yet as searching as that of the most incorrigible villain. He scanned us o'er and o'er again, and left not a button unlooked at. When he had satisfied himself, he slunk away in quietness to his bed, to nurse in silence the foul fiends that had scathed his bosom of every feeling of virtue or humanity, and planted there the scorpions of hell!

There was a robust man who appeared among the crowd, and we gazed to see if any thing remarkable appeared about him. He looked as if he suffered most from shame, though he evidently felt the gnawings of conscience. We looked again and found *Intemperance* was written upon his countenance.

Our attention was now turned to a boy of about 12, who had lately been committed. The poor little fellow looked as if his last hope had expired. He gazed first upon one of his companions and then upon another, as if he expected each was a murderer, —and when his eyes finally fell upon the flog, there was such an air of deep forsakenness about him, that the sight was painful. He had stolen, and he felt that he was guilty; and at length his grief accumulated to such a mighty load, that his too full heart burst forth with wailing and tears.

The keys were now heard clanking, and the door sent forth its creaking upon the ears of the miserable inmates. A prisoner was called for, and his release announced. The door of his cell was unbarred, and he appeared emerging from behind its fastening. As he came out, he looked about upon one and another, as if in fear that he might encounter some friend who should witness his disgrace. His step was faltering, and he evidently felt a self-abandonment that would have driven him to hide his head in shame. We had known him in former and happier days—but the demon of drunkenness had overtaken him, and in an evil hour he had committed crime. The prisoners were now principally confined in their cells, and we took our leave.

The reflections to be drawn from a view of the inside of the jail, may be profitable. If the man who gives way to the uses of intoxicating drinks wishes to see to what end they will lead him—here is the place he should go. If the youth who indulges in small crimes now with impunity wishes to see his fate, let him learn it by gazing upon the statue described at the grate. The dishonest may here see the reward of dishonesty—and the vicious, by one look, may anticipate their wages.

It is profitable, too, for those who are without the pale of crime, to go to the jail. Here all the bad passions of the heart are pourtrayed in a deep and vivid colouring. Here revége, and malice, and envy, and hatred, are seen, deeply laden with the trophies of their own warfare—and here wickedness

and vice, with all their concomitant evils, stand forth in their naked deformity. In view of this, let him who is respected and happy in the society of the just and honourable, be thankful that his lot was not cast among the vile and the unprincipled. Let him be thankful that he did not draw infamy from his mother's breast, nor receive contamination from a corrupt and outcast father. Let him be thankful that he can appreciate the boon of virtue, and that he has sufficient intellect to protect him from the commission of crimes which enthrall the mind, destroy all moral sensibility, and weigh down the soul forever.

A Dose.—The editor of the New-England Review, threatens to administer to the Providence Subaltern, "a gunpowder sling, stirred up with a lightning rod."

Equality.—Many people talk a great deal of equality. But while they would be glad to have those above them levelled down, they would not for the world have those below them levelled up.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have been obliged, thro' difficulties, to neglect several correspondents.

Lara, Z., Anna, Werner, and Oren, in our next.

The poetical favour of J. M. C. in our next. We welcome him to our columns.

Horace, is respectfully requested to continue writing.

Z, will find a note in box 88, post-office, which we wish him to read.

BLACK LIST.

The plan adopted by a number of editors, of publishing the names of runaway subscribers, and others who unjustly withhold their due, is, we think, a good one, and we therefore adopt it.

S. G. Davis, late of Scottsville, forgot to pay us before he decamped.

S. Hicks, do. do. do.

THE GEM,

A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.

2d VOLUME—TO CONTAIN 4 ENGRAVINGS.

The proprietors of this publication, from the liberal patronage bestowed upon it, have concluded to present the 2d Volume in an improved form. The establishment of the Gem was an experiment, to arouse, if possible the Genius of the West; and the proprietors are proud in saying that the West has responded to the call, and winged its infant flight far beyond their most sanguine expectations. The field is ample; and though not cultivated as highly as older soils, yet there are in it flowers of the choicest kinds, whose peculiar qualities are enhanced, perhaps by the hawthorns that o'ershadow them. We have culled some of them, with which we have graced our first volume—and hope in the coming year to present entire nosegays from the western fields. For this purpose, our sheet will be enlarged to double the size of the former publication, which will afford room for a greater variety of matter, and we hope, therefore, be more acceptable to our patrons. We confidently hope that we shall be sustained in our undertaking, and that our friends will manifest their former zeal for the advancement of the Literature of the West.

TERMS, &c.

The Gem will be published every other Saturday, in quarto form, and pagged 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.

Editors with whom we exchange, will please give the above a few insertions in their papers.

Written for the Gem.

OH! MIGHT I DIE.

Oh! might I die some wintry day,
When life has not a zest;
No scenes to lure this heart away,
How calmly could I rest.

But there are joys on this sad earth,
That round the spirit clings,
Though transient and of mortal birth,
Seem kin to heavenly things.

The summer sun, so wildly light,
To fallen mortals given,
And heaven's pale lamp, so mildly bright,
Hung out o'er earth at even—

There is a charm so wild and deep,
In twilight's hallowed hour—
A charm that makes e'en conscience sleep,
In its resistless power.

And, to lie down in summer hours,
When every thing looks glad,
To leave this world all bright with flowers,
Oh, it is passing sad.

Then let me die some wintry day,
When all is cold and sere—
No charms to wile this heart away,
No ties to hold me here.

ROSAMOND.

Written for The Gem.

THE SUNSET OF BATTLE.

The scorching sun's last ray has set,
And night is gathering o'er—
Far in the distance thunders yet
The cannon's mighty roar.

But fainter grow the thundering peals,
As they follow the routed foe—
Far, far from the field of battle and strife—
Of the slaughtered friend and foe!

Stop, soldiers stop—return again,
For the night is closing in;
The fox's prowl, and the panther's yell,
Succeeds the battle's din.

But where the foremost of the fray,
Who led the battle's van?
Say, does he amongst the slaughtered lay,
The bravest of your clan?

Why, chieftain, art thou sleeping now?
Doth not thy banners wave
Triumphant o'er the blood-stain'd field—
O'er many a foeman's grave?

Rise, chieftain!—no, thou canst not rise,
“Oh, let me—let me go—
To face the vile invader's ranks,
And die before the foe.”

Chieftain! if thou hast yet a thought,
Bend it on heaven above—
Thou'st done with all things here below,
Hope, hatred, fear, and love.

Another well-known blast arose
Upon the evening air—
Its first notes struck his fainting ear—
It fell—and his soul was—where?

L.A.R.A.

AN EQUAL PAIR.

'Tis strange this pair can ne'er agree,
Though both so equal in their lives—
The very worst of husbands he,
And she, the very worst of wives.

“NEW-ENGLAND FOREFATHERS.”

From Mr. F. A. B.'s address at Charlestown, June 28, 1830.

Try our fathers by the only fair test, the standard of the age in which they lived; and I believe that they might admit a very good defence, even on the point where they are supposed to be the most vulnerable, that of religious freedom. I do not pretend that they were governed by an enlightened spirit of toleration. Such a spirit, actuating a large community, made up of men of one mind, and possessing absolute power to compel the dissenters to conform, is not so common at the present day, as may be thought. I have great doubts, whether the most liberal sect of Christians now extant, if it constituted a great majority as our forefathers did of the community, and if it possessed an unlimited power, it

would be much more magnanimous than they were in its use. They would not, perhaps use the scourge, or the halter:—humanity proscribes them altogether, except for the most dangerous crimes; but that they would allow the order of the community to be disturbed, by the intrusion of opposite opinions, distasteful to themselves, I have great doubts. With all the puritanical austerity, and what is much more to be deplored, the intolerance of dissent, which are chargeable to our fathers, they secured, and we are indebted to them for, two great principles, without which all the kindness and candor we may express for our opponents, go but a short step towards religious freedom.

If we would, on a broad rational ground, come to a favorable judgment on the whole of the merit of our forefathers, the founders of New-England, we have only to compare what they effected with what was effected by their countrymen and brethren in Great Britain. While the fathers of New-England, a small band of individuals, for the most part of little account in the great world of London, were engaged, on this side of the Atlantic, in laying the foundation of civil and religious liberty, in a new Commonwealth, the patriots in England undertook the same work of reform in that country. There were difficulties no doubt, peculiar to the enterprise in each country. In Great Britain, there was the strenuous opposition of the friends of the established system; in New-England there was the difficulty of creating a new State, out of materials the most scanty and inadequate. If there were few obstacles here there were greater means there. They had all the improvements of the age, which the puritans are said to have left behind them; all the resources of the country, while the Puritans had nothing but their own slender means; and at length all the patronage of the government;—and with them overthrew the church; trampled the House of Lords under foot; brought the king to the block; and armed their cause with the whole panoply of terror and love. The fathers of New-England, from first to last, struggled against almost every conceivable discouragement. While the patriots at home were dictating concessions to the king, and tearing his confidential friends from his arms; the patriots of America could scarcely keep their charter out of his grasp. While the former were wielding a resolute majority in parliament, under the lead of the boldest spirits that ever lived, combining with Scotland and subduing Ireland and striking terror into the continental governments; the latter were forming a frail Union, of the New-England Colonies, for immediate defence against a savage foe. While the “Lord General Cromwell” (who seems to have picked up this modest title among the routed Aristocracy,) in the superb flattery of Milton,

Guided by faith, and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth his glorious way had ploughed,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Had reared God's trophies,

our truly excellent and incorruptible Winthrop was compelled to descend from the chair of the state, and submit to an impeachment.

And what was the comparative success? There were, to say the least, as many excesses committed in England as in Massa-

chusetts bay. There was as much intolerance, on the part of men just escaped from persecution, as much bigotry, on the part of those who themselves had suffered for conscience' sake; as much unseasonable austerity; as much sour temper; as much bad taste:—As much for charity to forgive, and as much for humanity to deplore. The temper in fact, in the two Commonwealths, was much the same; and some of the leading spirits played a part in both. And to what effect? On the other side of the Atlantic, the whole experiment ended in a miserable failure. The Commonwealth became successively oppressive, hateful, contemptible: a greater burden than the despotism, on whose ruins it was raised. The people of England, after sacrifices incalculable of property and life, after a struggle of thirty years duration, allowed General Monk, who happened to have the greatest number of troops at his command, to bring back the old system—King, Lords, and Church,—with as little ceremony, as he would employ about the orders of the day. After asking for thirty years, What is the will of the Lord concerning his people; what is it becoming a pure church to do; what does the cause of liberty demand, in the day of its regeneration?—there was but one cry in England, What does General Monk think, what will General Monk do: will he bring back the King with conditions or without? And General Monk concluded to bring him back without.

On this side of the Atlantic, and in about the same period, the work which our fathers took in hand was, in the main, successfully done. They came to found a republican colony; they founded it. They came to establish a free church. They established what they called a free church, and transmitted to us, what we call a free church. In accomplishing this, which they did anticipate, they brought also to pass what they did not so distinctly foresee, what could not, in the nature of things, in its detail and circumstance, be anticipated,—the foundation of a great, prosperous, and growing republic. We have not been just to these men. I am disposed to do all justice to the memory of each succeeding generation. I admire the indomitable perseverance, with which the contest for principle was kept up, under the second charter. I reverence this side idolatry, the wisdom and fortitude of the revolutionary and constitutional leaders, but believe we ought to go back beyond them all, for the real framers of the Commonwealth. I believe that its foundation stones like those of the Capitol of Rome, lie deep and solid, out of sight, at the bottom of the walls—Cyclopean work—the work of the Pilgrims—with nothing below them, but the Rock of Ages. I will not quarrel with their rough corners or uneven sides; above all, I will not change them for the wood-bay and stibble, of modern builders.

QUARRELING.

In most quarrels there is a fault on both sides. A quarrel may be compared to a spark, which cannot be produced without a flint, as well as a steel. Either of them may hammer on wood forever, but no fire will follow.

In all real quarrels both parties are manifestly wrong, because both parties are on extremes; and a profound writer has said, ‘all extremes are error.’

THE GEM,

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

BE OURS THE PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 10.

ROCHESTER, SEPTEMBER 11, 1830.

VOL. II.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE INDIAN'S BRIDE.

HUGH McDONALD was, perhaps, as perfect a sample of an honest and upright yeoman as human nature can exhibit. Never was he known to falsify his word, or shrink a tittle from his known duty. Alice, his wife, was a fit helpmate for such a man. They had lived out their younger and more vigorous days subjects of the King of Great Britain, unenvying alike the splendid magnificence of its nobility, and the contaminating vanity of their self-idolized grandeur. But Hugh had read of LIBERTY, and his soul had treasured up the word next to the word of life itself. Too upright to deceive, and too much a *Republican* to sanction a monarchical government, he resolved to free himself from its trammels, and breathe the pure air of America's freedom.—In the spring of 18—, having converted his property into moveables, he set sail from his native shore, bound for "the land of liberty." Donald and Flora, his only children, were then young, and knew not the feelings with which relatives and friends stood weeping on the shore, and waved their last adieus as the whitened sails sprang up the masts at the voice of the captain. Alice, leaning o'er the stern of the vessel, wept her departure from her native home, while her husband, although grief swelled his bosom, let fall not a tear as he murmured, "Friends, farewell! My country, too, a long farewell!"

A prosperous gale soon wafted them to a far yet free and American soil. Hugh leaped upon shore, eager to tread upon earth where no king could curb his conscience—where every man is himself a sovereign, and every cot a freeman's palace. Alice followed, leading Donald and Flora to her husband, who seemed to have forgotten even them in his first wild joy at finding himself thus prosperously treading on American soil. The voice of his loved Alice called him to his children, and taking each in his arms, he solemnly dedicated them to the country of his choice.

They journeyed through several of the United States, pleased with each, and finally settled upon the fertile banks of the Ohio.—Here, an elegant, yet plain and unostentatious mansion soon grew up, in which Hugh McDonald hoped in peace to glide down the silent stream of life, until he reached the great and final harbor of eternity. He had pitched upon a spot where but a single house was in sight, yet the scenery around, although wild and still the region of nature, was beautiful in the extreme. A small rivulet murmured down a slight cascade but a few paces from the door, bearing on its mite, through all its windings and interruptions, to the great

tributary of the Mississippi. The forest reared its tall and aged oaks on either side, as if to shield its new inhabitants from the bleak winds of winter, or screen them from the oppressive sun in the summer. Here might fancy roam and feed upon its visions in all their wild luxuriance; and here did Donald and Flora together ramble away the greener years of childhood unnoticed, and almost unknown—the one verging towards the firm and stubborn oak, while the other yet remained the weaker, tender willow.

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 not 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. He 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 companionship with her brother. A red Chief held his council near the mansion of our adventurer. Thither, attracted by the numerous gathering of the red men, had Donald once strayed from his home and was soon in their midst. His curiosity was for a time busied in scanning their painted visages and the natural and unrestrained gestures of their speakers, as they discoursed in a language he knew not, and would have been longer thus employed had not the lank, lean arm of a young savage, suddenly, yet friendly, locked in his, warned him to depart. Although this young child of the forest who had thus, unasked, become the friend and adviser of Donald, spoke not a word familiar to his ear, his signs and impatient gestures, conveyed in the language of nature, were sufficient to warn him that he was, at least, the sport of a groupe of half-clad and uncivilized children of the wild. Donald suffered himself to be led home by his new friend, [for he already felt him such,] who appeared to be 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, as the young chief was called by his tribe, on account of being fairer than the others, soon became almost a son in the family of Hugh McDonald.

A few months, alone, were sufficient for him to learn enough of our language to be understood. And now he seemed to have deserted his fellow savages almost entirely, to roam about the forest with Donald and Flo-

ra, and point out to them the various beauties and intricacies with which they were unacquainted. Whenever Flora became weary, for she loved to ramble, he would stop, and, sitting upon some rude log, ask her to teach him her language. Then would this already half-civilized son of the forest listen with an *Indian's* attention, and he treasured up what he heard, till the language was his.—I know not why, but somehow Henry (for that was the name which Flora had given the Pale Cheek,) remembered better the lessons he learned of her, than those he sought of Donald. Perhaps she strove more to teach him, or perhaps her instructions were oftener given. He had now learned to converse fluently, and, contrary to the almost universal custom of his fellow red men, 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, and meads of flowing verdure 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 neighbouring 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 o'er the features of all. All did I say? Why sits the fond Flora at her window, cherishing the tear which she cannot restrain? No, she is not cheerful, for she weeps.

Donald was much attached to hunting, and of late had become so extremely fond of its allurements, 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 had 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 facing the street whence they had departed, wistfully watching their coming. Her loose auburn tresses fell in ringlets upon her shoulders, shading, yet not entirely concealing a neck and bosom which were either fairer for being thus half imprisoned; and her mild blue eye seemed as if 'twould speak of those it sought. Her whole manner bespoke the loneliness of a bosom that knew not of joy save in the presence of those whom she loved, and Flora could love none but Donald and Henry. Others were her friends, but they

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 its reign, when the report of a gun was heard. Flora felt, she knew it must be Donald and hurried out to meet him. She seized his hand and bore 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 deadning to be supported. Darkness seized upon her brain and she knew not for a moment, that any one had life. Slowly yet wildly she raised her eyes to gaze once more, and they rested upon the features of the Pale Cheek. He had sprung forward and caught her while falling, and she now was supported in his arms.

"Henry!" said she, and then hid her face in his bosom, for she thought of the stranger. Another thought, and she started from his embrace as if his arms had been the poisonous fold of an adder. The pure blood leaped from her heart, and coursed o'er her cheek with the rapidity of thought. Her eyes were bent upon the ground, as if her bashful heart had been robbed of its secret.

Henry had awaited a few steps till Flora should have welcomed her brother, for an Indian never intrudes, and his noiseless step had not averted her suspense. Flora was now made acquainted with Edgarton Rawley, and leaning upon the arm of her brother, motioned to return.

[To be continued.]

Very Deaf—One day last week a man was fishing in a pond near Chichester, when the owner of it came up to him and ordered him off; the man, playing the deaf ear, answered that the devilish fish would not bite, and he did not think there was any thing in the pond but carp. The owner was so enraged at the fellow's answer, that he threatened to throw him into the pond; upon this, the intruder offered to lend him a rod to fish with. Unable to suppress his anger, the proprietor ran up to him, for the purpose of giving him a ducking; but at that moment, the deaf man bobbed his head down, and the incensed gentle-

man's foot slipping, he fell headlong into the pond, a depth of six feet, and was obliged to call on the deaf man to assist him in getting out: who told him he did not expect to catch so large a fish in that pond, or he would have brought a stronger line. *Brighton Herald.*

THE FASHIONS.

Extracts from the Paris Couriere of Fashions.
TRANSLATED FOR THE GEM.

* * * 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 Grecian style. 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 pink 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 buckles, ear-rings, bandeau, diadem, and bracelets, were all in perfect harmony. Really her dress was of the most royal richness.

The appearance of the Lady of the Spanish Ambassador, 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 moment of the arrival of the Queen of Naples and the august Princess. By a particular attention he had arranged all the articles for exhibition in the hall, lighted up with wax tapers, so that their appearance and quality might be set off to the best advantage. All the other rooms were not less tastefully decorated, and the Princesses acknowledged their satisfaction in the most complaisant manner. Her Majesty, the Queen, made very handsome purchases, and the shops of St. Anne had to reckon it a very profitable day.

In all cases of slander currency, whenever the forger of the lie is not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the endorsers.—*Sheridan*

Sweetness of temper is not an acquired, but a natural excellence: and therefore, to recommend it to those who have it not may be deemed rather an insult than advice.

An idol may be undefied by many accidental causes. Marriage in particular is a kind of counter-apotheosis, or a deification inverted. When a man becomes familiar with his goddess, she quickly sinks into a woman.—*Addison.*

Those who most readily find a God to swear by, seldom find one to pray to.

LIST OF AGENTS.

We publish again a list of our agents, so that subscribers may know to whom they are requested to pay.

Albion, John J. Orton.
Auburn, Henry Cherry.
Buffalo, A. W. Wilgus.
Black Rock, Rollin German.
Bloomfield, M. T. Wm. P. Patrick.
Batavia, Wm. A. Seaver.
Port Byron, H. Perkins.
Burlington, Vt., R. G. Stone.
Canandaigua, John Ackley.
Clarkson, Gustavus Clark.
Canajoharie, J. Mc Vean.
E. Cayuga, Wm. Foot.
E. Bloomfield, A. B. Gunn.
E. Avon, A. A. Bennett.
Caledonia, J. R. Clark.
Holley, Darwin Hill.
Hudson, Wm. B. Stoddard.
Jordan, F. Benson.
Le Roy, A. F. Bartow.
Lyons, J. A. Hadley.
Lockport, N. Leonard.
Little Falls, Edward M. Griffing.
Manlius, Stephen Gould.
Murray, A. Clark, jr.
Oriskany, Doct. J. Fuller.
Palmyra, E. B. Grandin.
Pontiac, M. T. W. Barnum.
Plymouth, M. T. H. B. Holbrook.
Riga, O. L. Angevine.
Syracuse, A. Daumas, & Co.
Salina, Owen J. Ward.
Seneca Falls, E. Wheeler, 2d.
Throopville, Hamilton Lathrop.
Utica, T. M. Ladd.
Waterloo, Charles Sentell.
Weedsport, E. Weed.
York, D. H. Abell.

It is a secret known to but a few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.—*Steele.*

He who attempts to make others believe in means which he himself despises, is a puffer; he who makes use of more means than he knows to be necessary is a quack; and he who ascribes to those means greater efficacy than his own experience warrants, is an impostor. *Lavater.*

Of all the actions of a man's life his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of our life, 'tis most meddled with by other people.—*Selden.*

It is, it seems, a great inconveniency, that those of the meanest capacities will pretend to make visits, though indeed they are qualified rather to add to the furniture of the house by filling an empty chair than to the conversation they come into when they visit.—*Steele*

Pastime is a word that should never be used but in a bad sense: it is vile to say such a thing is agreeable, because it helps to pass away the time.—*Shenstone*

Temperance indeed, is a bridle of gold: and he who uses it rightly, is more like a god than a man; but the English, who are most subject to melancholy, are, in general, very 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 is, in which we 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 straightened and confined, as in numerous assemblies.—*Addison.*

He who always gives himself airs of importance, exhibits the credentials of impotence.—*Lavater.*

Want of prudence is too frequently a want of virtue.

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.

Seats 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,—

"Remarkable as are the annals of famine and distress in this unhappy country, never did these sad visitations of Providence appear in more appalling forms than at present. The situation and neighborhood of Kantuck is, in this respect, 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."

The following letter from the Secretary of the Royal Patriotic Society of Sweden which was received a day or two since by a Swedish gentleman in this city, will be read with special interest by those who wish well to the cause of Temperance.

[Translation.]

STOCKHOLM, 28th May, 1830

By foreign journals, received here, it appears that Temperance Societies have been formed in the Free States of North America, the object of which is to put down the immoderate use of spiritous liquors. The results obtained by those Societies, if the accounts we have received be not exaggerated, are so surprising that they have attracted the particular notice of the Royal Swedish Patriotic Society, and created a desire of becoming acquainted with their organization and mode of proceeding. It is for this purpose that, in my capacity of Secretary of the said Society, I have to solicit your procuring and communicating all the information in your power to obtain, the North American Temperance Societies, which, it is said, publish a journal giving an account of their proceedings and progressive attainments.—Should this publication contain information applicable to other nations as well as to America, sufficiently interesting to be subscribed for by the Royal Society, you will oblige us by sending what has been published, the expense of which shall be satisfied &c.

War among the Indians.—It appears that a kind of exterminating war has broke out between the Cherokees, Shawnees, Delawares and other tribes of Northern Indians lately removed from Texas, and the Tahucanics, Wacos, and Comanches. Colonel Bean writes from Nacogdoches under the date of 29th May, to a gentleman in this place, that the Cherokees, Shawnees and Kilkapoes have gone to war with the Tahucanics and Wacos; that they have had

one battle, in which the latter lost thirty killed and the former five.

It also seems that the Comanches have been driven from their former hunting grounds at the head of the Brazos and Colorado, and forced to seek refuge in the S. Western part of Texas, and on the Nueces and Rio Grande, by a tribe of Indians heretofore unknown to them.

A small quantity of flour was sold on Monday in Philadelphia, at \$6, and it is probable the price will be maintained.

BULL'S HEAD, N. Y. Monday Aug. 30.
The number of beef cattle in market was 800; about 700 were sold. Prices, since our last, from \$3 to \$5.50. The market has been rather dull.—*New York Spectator.*

The Temperance Society formed in Elba last spring contains about 40 members.

Mississippi Valley.—In New haven Conn. after an address by Dr. Skinner, \$384 were subscribed to promote the Sabbath School cause in this valley of the Mississippi. This was afterwards increased to \$460. In Cincinnati \$200 have been subscribed for the same object. In Utica \$100, and the students of the Whitesboro Manual Labor Academy \$100.

A Perplexing Case.—A London paper says that "considerable curiosity prevails on the subject of the duration of the Mourning;" and gives the very consoling assurance, that 'it is not positively intended that the court shall remain in mourning beyond the 2d of August.

How peculiarly gratifying it must be to know that the good and loyal subjects of William IV shall not be required to mourn after a certain time, for George IV

We surmise that there begins to be rather a scarcity of tears; or perhaps the vanity of dashing out in the *sable habiliments of mourning* has been fully gratified. Some new fashion may have been prescribed by the *haute ton*. Perhaps it has become unfashionable to wear *black*. Let the reason for this uneasiness, which the paragraph above alluded to is intended to remove, be what it may, it shows clearly what we have long believed, that the custom of wearing mourning apparel, is rather an evidence of the power of fashion than of sincere grief—is more beneficial to those who furnish it, than to those who wear it—has more reference to the *opinions* of the living than to the *memory* of the dead. *It is not positively intended that the court shall remain in mourning beyond the 21st of August!!!* We may smile at this limitation of the time for testifying our grief for the loss of friends, but it is no more than what custom prescribes *here*.

If however the wearing of a particular dress is indicative of sorrow, it would seem as if there ought to be some scale by which to graduate the *degree* of sorrow. As it is now, we are left to conclude that the spendthrift whose extravagance had made him pennyless, is as sincere a mourner at the death of a rich uncle or grandfather who has left him a legacy, enabling him again to gratify his vicious propensities, as the father who is deprived of an only child or the wife or husband of a bosom companion—their dearest earthly friend. There seems therefore, to be some difficulty in the case—some inconsistency, which it appears desirable should be removed before the plea can be fully admitted that the custom in question is a rational and proper testimony of respect for the dead and an evidence of the severity of the bereavement we have sustained.—*Rochester Observer.*

The Editors of the Journal of Commerce have the following letter dated London July 14th.

The Corn market has advanced very

much during the past week; and American Flour is now saleable at 34a35s, in bond; and we hear of a small lot having obtained 37s. It is now pretty certain that we shall have the duty at the nominal rate of 1s per quarter on wheat, and 7 1-2d per bbl. on Flour, which will make the latter worth 40s or 45s compared with the English sack of 280 lbs. at 60a65s. The weather has been fine for the last few days, but the long continuance of cold and wet has injured the wheat, and we fear it will scarcely be an average crop under the most favorable weather. France is likely to want considerable foreign supplies, and has already been purchasing in Northern markets.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.
LINES,

Suggested upon reading the news of the late Revolution in France, and the battle fought between the King's Troops, and the proscribed National Guards, in which the latter, with La Fayette at their head, were successful.

Welcome the joyful tidings,

Let America respond—

Crown'd heads with their proseribings,

Cannot hold the Free in bond.

Seeds that were sown in days of yore,

And stifled in the germ,

Are springing into life again,

Deep-rooted, fast and firm.

No art can quell the glowing spark,

When once the flame is lighted;

Nor foul device of sceptre'd King,

Nor Ministry excited,

Can quench the flame of Liberty,

When Freeman are united!

All hail to the victorious,

The Champion of the free!

Thy name will be all glorious,

O'er the land, and o'er the sea—

The laurel wreath of Liberty

Will be twin'd around thy brow;

For the cause thou hast espous'd.

Is glorious ever now—

Uunfurl'd now is thy banner,

As it was in days of yore,

And for thy honour'd ringlets,

Fame has treasures yet in store—

Future happiness awaits thee,

Here—and forevermore!

September 7, 1830.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.
TO ANNA.

ANNA—I've heard thy song,

In all its softness stealing;

And listen'd mute and long,

To its deep revealing—

I've heard the plaintive note

That rung the chords of sadness,

And heard thy numbers float,

In pure and heartfelt gladness.

And I do greet thee well,

Where'er thou dost belong;

And may thy numbers tell

The echoes of thy song—

May peace, with wing of down,

Be shed around thee now,

And virtue's halo-crown,

Be circled round thy brow.

And if we ever meet

Anna—and that may be—

I'd deem the pleasure sweet,

To roam, and sing with thee—

But fare thee well, for now,

I close my simple strain;

Yet I have made no vow

But I may sing again.

Auburn, Sept. 4.

STELLA.

COMPILED FOR THE GEM.

SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY:
No. VII.*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, 1494, on a voyage of discovery. On the 24th June, 1495, he discovered land, which he called *prima vista*, which in Italian, his native language, signifies *first sight*. This land is supposed to be Newfoundland.

Sebastian Cabot, son of the preceding, sailed from England 1498, and discovered the continent north of the St. Lawrence, since called Labrador, and coasted along the shore to the southern point of Florida. It is said that he was the discoverer of the main land; that he made the land June 11, O. S., and that Columbus did not until Aug. 1, same year.—Cabot made another voyage to America, and proceeded as far south as Brazil, 1516.

George Cabot, an eminent statesman, was a member of the U. S. senate from Mass., and his name was rendered conspicuous, as the President of the *Hartford Convention*.

John Cadwallader, a brigadier-general in the American Army; this zealous and inflexible friend of America was born in Phila. 1742. He was distinguished for his intrepidity as a soldier, in upholding the cause of freedom during the most discouraging periods of danger and misfortune, that America ever beheld. He acted, [tho' with the command of brigadier-general,] as a private soldier, in the actions of Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, and several others, and received the thanks of Gen. Washington, whose confidence and regard he uniformly enjoyed. This patriotic and exemplary man died Feb. 10, 1786.

John C. Calhoun, was born in South-Carolina, 1781. In early age he was elected to the assembly of his native state, and afterwards a representative in Congress. Of this body, Mr. Calhoun was an able, eloquent, and leading member, until the year 1817, when he was appointed Secretary at War. In March, 1825, he was elected Vice President of the U. States. He was a leading, decided, and able advocate of the late war, and has ever been an uniform advocate of internal improvement, and also, for a navy, as "the appropriate armour for a free people, without endangering their liberty." As a statesman, Mr. Calhoun is an ornament to his country; as a patriot he is ardent and independent, and his colloquial powers are of the first order.

Leonard Calvert, Lord Baltimore, proprietor, and first gov. of Maryland, 1633.

Philip Calvert, was gov. of Maryland from 1660 until 1662.

Charles Calvert, was gov. of Maryland in 1720, afterwards held other important offices in the colony.

Frederick Calvert, Lord Baltimore, a proprietor of Maryland, was distinguished as a man of learning, and an author, he died in 1771.

Benedict Leonard Calvert, was governor of Maryland in 1727. He resigned the office

five years afterwards, and died on his return to England, 1732.

Edward Carrington, an active officer during the American revolution, who, as Quarter-master-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 Cesaria, now New-Jersey, 1665, and 70; died 1682.

James Cartier, a Frenchman, sailed from France on a voyage of discovery, in 1534; entered the St. Lawrence, with a view to find a northwest 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 Amer. Revolution, and an ardent patriot; one of the 54 signers of the "Declaration of Independence," and at present time 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 'articles of confederation,' 1778, and a delegate to the convention which framed the constitution of the U. S. 1787.

John Cartwright, commonly 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, tho' perhaps sometimes an intemperate advocate of reform in the British government. 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 necessaries of life.

Thomas Cary, Lieutenant Governor of N. Carolina, was removed from office, and afterwards sent to England for trial, for attempting to excite a rebellion, about 1709.

Richard Caswell, was president of the convention which formed the constitution, in 1776, and governor of North-Carolina, from 1777 to '80, and again from 1785 to '87. He discharged several other offices with reputation; died, 1789.

Samuel de Champlain, a Frenchman, sent 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 1660-70.

RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.

The following passage by the Rev Mr. Young is extracted from "Christain consolations, or the offspring of Sympathy to bereaved parents," &c. "Let the mourner open the New Testament and turn to the simple and affecting narrative of the resurrection of Lazarus. His sickness, the anxiety of his sister, and their grief at his death are portrayed with such minuteness of detail and with such exact conformity to truth and nature that we almost feel ourselves transported through the interval of age to the little village of Bethany.— We are present at the solemn parting scene. We weep with the mourners. We mingle with the sad group who follow the departed to his dark resting place, and we see the stone rolled upon the mouth of the sepulchre.— And now is there one of that concourse who stands around the tomb, into whose mind the thought has ever entered that the body which he had seen folded in the garments of death, and deposited among the relicts of mortality, shall again be instinct with life and motion? Let him come but a few days hence, and he will see gathered around the spot another multitude. They have not come merely to weep there; for curiosity, and expectation, and an undefined hope may be traced in their anxious countenance. There is one among them who was not present at the interment. The deep emotion which he is unable to suppress, indicate that he was a friend to the departed; and the intent gaze with which all eyes regard him justifies the suspicion that he is something more than an ordinary personage. The authority with which he speaks, "Take ye away the stone," raises still higher the expectation of the crowd. Why should he wish to behold the features of him who has been dead four days already? He does not wish to behold them. It is not an idle curiosity nor even the call of friendship, which summons him hither, and now governs his conduct. It is to manifest the power of God, that he stands by the opened tomb, and after lifting his eyes and breathing his prayer to heaven, cries; "Lazarus come forth!" The powers of nature resumè their accustomed functions. The current of life rushes once more through his veins. The pale visage is suffused with a bloom of recovered existence. The eyelid is raised; and instead of that dim and heavy ball which it before concealed, the bright index of intelligence beams full upon you. The rigid muscles relax: the stiff limbs become pliant; & the reanimated man moves forward to salute his astonished friends!

By the resurrection of Lazarus, the declarations of the Saviour are fulfilled and the hopes of the believer are confirmed. Faith is changed into reality. We know that the mysterious change thro' which we pass at death, does not effect the intellectual and spiritual part of our nature. We feel confident that Jesus hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light. We are cherished in the time of bereavement and supported in the hour of dissolution, by his blessed assurance, "Because I live ye shall live also."

RELIGION.

It is easy to deceive ourselves and others on the momentous subject of religion. We may flatter ourselves that it is confined to this or that opinion; to this or that denomination; that it is a particular feeling—a mysterious ecstasy—or an indiscrible rapture—that it consists in an austerity of manner, an unusual solemnity of countenance, or an unnatural gravity of deportment, and still we may be mistaken as to its true nature and operation. It is thought by some to be something outward, foreign from themselves, some magical dream, which is to change them into holy, happy beings, without their co-operation or wishes. That it is an irresistible impulse, fording them along the path of holiness to

everlasting life. With these views many rest satisfied with themselves, while they are sensible of a want of conformity to the will of God. They feel no sense of guilt in not performing what they have been taught was entirely beyond their powers. They are ready to reply to the admonition 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 stupidity and irreligion.

If religion be a mysterious, unintelligible subject; some undefinable good which only a few can obtain; a price so high that only a few can reach it, it is not strange that the majority are content to live without it.—The constitution of our nature impels us to acquiesce in the want of that which we have no ability to obtain. No man feels condemned for not performing impossibilities, or for not possessing qualities unattainable. It is evident, therefore that no greater disservice can be done to religion, than by surrounding it with obscurity and fanaticism. Let it be understood to be a plain, practical thing; an attainable good, that every individual has the means of possessing; that half the exertions and pains which are requisite to obtain the perishable possessions of earth—wealth, education, pleasure, of fame, would secure the imperishable treasures of religion, and we think that the number of its votaries would be greatly increased. Let it be understood that it is not only attainable by all, but equally by all, that the means of its acquisition are placed within the reach of every son and daughter of Adam; and it is reasonable to believe that many more would be engaged to secure it for themselves.

From its very nature it is plain that it is thus free and open to all who will seek for it. In the understanding it is light; in the heart it is love and gratitude to God; in the soul it is elevation, expansion, and enlargement, produced by the action of the taught disclosures, and promises of revelation. In the life it is purity honesty, integrity, and beneficence; humility, affability, and charity; obedience to the laws of God, and a sincere endeavor to promote the happiness of man. It is practical unsophisticated, unaffected goodness, built on the love of God and the love of man, the broad foundation on which rests all the law and the prophets. Love religion as much you love health, vanity, freedom, pleasure, even your fancy, and you will find it. Be as curious to know Him who made you, and to whom you owe every thing, as the lowest minded men are to satisfy earthly desires, & you will find God and eternal life.—*Archbishop Fenelon.*

THE GREAT HAARLEM ORGAN.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

I left Leyden with regret, and pursued my journey to Haarlem by the Treckschuyt.—The canal between the two towns is thought very fine. The great part of my stay in this town was spent in listening to the famous organ, the finest in the world. It is indeed "the sovereignty thing on earth," and seems made up of the very soul and essence of musical harmony. The variety of its tones is astonishing; & its power in imitating all instruments, whether single or combined, can neither be conceived by those who have not been in Harlem, nor described by those who have. The war-like flourish of the trumpet, the clear note of the octave, and mellow tone of the flute are heard in beautiful succession when these appear to swell into a thousand instruments; and the senses are nearly overpowered by a rich, full military band, which again sinks away in those more gentle and impressive sounds which an organ alone can produce. The organist, whose name is Scemanu, played a very fine battle piece in which every imaginable sound of joy and sorrow—

—were combined with roaring of musketry, the thunderous sweep of cannon, and the loud irresistible charge of a thousand horses; and commingled with these, during the dread intervals of comparative silence, were the shouts of the victors, the lamentation of the wounded and the groans of the dying. No painting could have presented so clear and terrible a picture of two mighty armies advancing in battle array, mingling in the mortal conflict, and converting the face of nature into one universal scene of confusion, dismay, and death. Rarely does music produce an effect upon the mind so permanent as either poetry or painting; but in my own case, there is, in this instance, an exception to the general rule. I have listened to 'the note angelical of many a harp,' but never were my ears seized with such ravishment as on the evening I passed at Haarlem. The organist afterwards took me up to the organ loft where I was favoured with a near inspection. I thought the appearance of the keys very diminutive when contrasted with the sublime effect produced by them. There are about five thousand pipes belonging to this organ. The largest is thirty eight feet long, and fifteen inches in diameter.

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 inhabitants of the earth. His trumpet echoed far and wide, penetrating the cities, the valleys, the mountains, and reaching the utmost extremes of the universe. The people flocked eagerly from all points of the compass, to prefer their claims to a portion of the beneficent gift; but it was surprising to see that the crowd consisted of the aged alone. 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 the pursuits of life to think on death.

The first who petitioned for a few additional years, was an old man of fourscore and upwards bent almost double with age.

"Thou doubtless wishest to live a little longer for the sake of thy children, and the companions of thy youth?" said the angel.

"Alas!" cried the old man, "they are all dead."

"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."

The angel bestowed upon him the privilege of living an hundred years, and he went on his way rejoicing and trembling.

The next applicant for lengthened years, was a feeble old man who was carried in a litter. When he had preferred his request, the angel replied:

"I understand. Thou art enamoured of the charms of woman, of the beauties of the earth, the waters, and the skies, wishest 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 wishest to hear them a little longer?"

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

"Thou art fond of all the delicacies of food?"

"Alas, my feeble health will not permit of such indulgencies. 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 out thy miseries. 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.

The third who approached the footstool of the angel was a decrepid female, almost bent to the earth, and trembling with palsy. Her teeth were gone—her eyes buried deep in their dark blue sockets—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 am come," 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 children, my grand children, and the rest of my dear relatives, spring up before I die. 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; I beseech thee, oh! beneficent angel, to grant my request!"

"Though I grant thee lengthened days, I cannot remove thy infirmities and sufferings. They will increase upon thee," answered the angel.

"I care not, since I shall know they cannot kill me before my time."

"Take thy wish," said the angel, smiling, "go and be happy."

"Strange!" cried a learned man who had come to petition for a few years to complete an explanation of the apocalypse, and had witnessed the scene. "Strange," cried he, curling his lip in scorn, "that the most helpless and miserable of human beings should covet a life divested of all its enjoyments!"

"Silence, fool!" cried the angel in a voice of ineffable contempt; "it rather becomes the ignorant mortal, to adore the goodness of Providence, which having ordained that men should live to be old, mercifully decreed at the same time that the love of life should supply the absence of all its sources of enjoyment. Go! take thy wish, and finish thy commentary on the apocalypse."

*The Hero of Fort Stanwix is no more!—Just as our paper was going to press, the melancholy intelligence reached us of the death of the venerable patriot Col. MARINUS WILLET, who departed this life yesterday, at the advanced age of upwards 60 years. We have no room for any obituary remarks this evening. 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. 23.**

ANECDOTES.

The deaths of the Kings of England.—Wm. the Conqueror grew enormously fat before he died. If we remember rightly, his death was hastened by it, and by the natural violence of his passions, which it exasperated.

Wm. Rufus, died the death of the poor stags which he hunted.

Henry I. fell a victim to surfeit of Jampreys. He had the reputation of being a very wise prince; yet we see he was given to the commonest of all follies—excess in eating.

Stephen died of the Iliac passion, together with a distemper to which he had been long subject.

Henry II. is understood to have died of a broken heart, occasioned by the discord and undutifulness of his children.

Richard Cœur de Lion died like the animal from which he was named, by a shot from the hand of an archer.

John died of bad health, and chagrin, bro't suddenly to a crisis by vexatious obstacles during a march.

We forget the death of Henry III. the most insignificant of the British Princes.

Edward I. died on his road to Scotland of a natural sickness.

Edward II. was barbarously murdered by ruffians, supposed to be employed by his own mother and her paramour Mortimer.

Edward III. expired in a state of complete dotage.

Richard II. is supposed to have been starved to death.

Henry IV. died of fits caused by uneasiness.

Henry V. of a very painful affliction, prematurely.

It is not known whether Henry VI. died a natural or a violent death; but he died in prison.

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.

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 IV. died of consumption.

Mary, of a broken heart.

Elizabeth, not without suspicion of the same disease, caused by the death of Essex. She lay upon cushions on the floor, refusing to go to bed; and for a long time would not speak.

James I. of a burly bad state of body, flustered with a habit of drinking, and it is thought with uneasiness about affairs.

Charles I. was beheaded.

Charles II. was cut off by apoplexy.

James II. died in exile, probably of repeated disappointments at not being able to regain his kingdom.

William III. died of a consumptive habit of body, shattered by a fall from his horse.

Anne died of dropsy, brought on by an attachment to cordials. The immediate family of her father Clarendon, like himself, were all of gross habits.

George I. of a paralytic attack.

George II. very suddenly, of a rupture of the heart.

George III. of a complication of afflictions.

Notwithstanding the distresses of the poor hay makers from Ireland in consequence of the want of employ, their peculiar humour has not abandoned them. "You've a cowld, Mrs. Leary, dear!" said one of them to her cirony last week at Acton. "Indeed, and it's thrue for you, Mrs. Mahon!" was the reply. "And how did you get that cowld, honey?" "Sure now, and I slept last night in the field, and forgot to shut the gate."

We are obliged to our friend for the following:

In the time of the Rebellion in England, when the troops of the King were marching against the rebels—great anxiety prevailed with men of property, lest their all should be sacrificed to the cupidity of a rebel soldiery. The loyalists manifested great anxiety for the success of his Majesty's forces, and treated the soldiers with much attention and hospitality. One soldier, in particular, on his outward march, being quartered for the night with a respectable farmer, was overwhelmed with his caresses, and was repeatedly urged to call on his return and spend some days, being cordially welcomed to the best the house afforded, the farmer repeatedly declaring that the *Soldiers* were the *pillars of the Nation*.

This declaration was so often repeated and the invitation to call on his return, and partake of his hospitality, was so urgently pressed, that the soldier, after having gone on to the North and aided in beating back and dispersing the rebel army, and relieved the country from danger; returning in triumph, and remembering the kindness of his host, in compliance with his entreaties was nothing loath to accept the proffered hospitality. But when he called, the good farmer had no recollection of the person of the soldier, or the invitation which had been given him. The soldier tried in various ways to call to his mind the circumstances of his former visit, and the conversation which had taken place, but all in vain. At length, says he, "don't you remember telling me repeatedly, that the 'soldiers were the very pillars of the nation?'" The farmer, as if recollecting himself, replied, "I believe I do recollect that there was something said about *pillars*, but I meant *Cat-terpillars*." C.

A dandy, some years since, when the fashion was to wear huge boot tops on the outside of the pantaloons, reaching nearly up to the knee; had sallied forth into the streets with his boots highly polished, and with ruffle flying, when a young dog ran up to him, and commenced barking with great vehemence at his boots. "Get out!" cried the figure, whisking his cane. At this moment a wag passed, and the dandy supposing him the owner of the dog, said, "I say, fellow, you have an impudent mastiff—what can he be barking at?" "Oh," said the other drily, "he sees a puppy in the boots!"

A hungry Scotchman took up a raw egg, cracked the shell, and was raising it to his mouth, when his ear was suddenly saluted by the shrill pipe of a chicken. "Ye spake too late," cried Sawney, and down went the pullet feathers and all.

Dr. Franklin was once a member of a booby in which it was usual that a certain amount of property, [fifty dollars we think] should be required for voting. The Doctor was opposed to it. "To-day," said he, "a man owns a jackass worth fifty dollars, and he is entitled to vote; but before the next election the jackass dies. The man in the mean time has become more experienced, his knowledge of

the principles of government, and his acquaintance with mankind, are more extensive, and he therefore better qualified to make a proper selection of voters—but the jackass is dead, and the man cannot vote. Now gentleman," said he, addressing himself to the advocates of that qualification—"pray inform me, in whom is the right of suffrage, in the man, or in the jackass?"

A woman purchasing cups and saucers in a crockery store, was asked what colour she would have. "Why, I ar'nt pertic'lar," says she, "any colour that won't show dirt!"

A reverend old gentleman used frequently and strongly to recommend prudence in conversation. "You should always think three times before you speak once," was his favorite maxim. One evening a negro servant to whom this advice had often been given, and sometimes rather sharply thus proved his obedience: Massa, I think once—Massa, I think twice—Massa, I think three times—your wig is on fire."

ITEMS OF NEWS.

Temperance.—Six editions of Dr. Beecher's Sermons on Intemperance have been published in Europe. One hundred and forty-seven thousand copies of Dickson's Appeal to American Youth on Temperance, have been distributed within the last six months. The publication of a monthly sheet called "Temperance society Record," has just been commenced in Glasgow, Scotland. A Temperance society was formed at Fort Niagara, July 10th, on the plan of entire abstinence, and the Constitution subscribed by the principal officers and twenty-one privates.

The population of Rome in its "palmy state," was 3,680,000—at present the eternal city does not contain more than 14,000 inhabitants.

The "Psalter," printed at Menize by Faust and Shaffer, in 1457, is the first book which bears the printer's name, with the date and place of printing.

Slaves.—The N. Y. Evening Journal says the number of slaves in the United States, men, women and children, is about two millions, valued at \$250 each; making five hundred millions of dollars. Quite a property in human flesh.

A connecticut paper boasts that the citizens of the neighbourhood, "do not foolishly adopt the fashions of the cities, that change with every changing moon," and adds, that "a large number of the people are seen at church every Sabbath, with the same dress they wore ten years ago."

Fisher, the mail robber, has recently been tried at Albany, by the District Court of the United States, and sentenced to 10 years imprisonment in the state prison.

A man very plainly attired, and of a very unpretending address, called a few days since on the Secretary of the Colonization society, and after making a few pertinent inquiries respecting the prospects of the society, presented the Secretary with a hundred dollar bill. On being asked to whom the society were indebted for their liberal donation, he replied to a friend to the cause of African Colonization, who lives in New-Orleans, and who for many years has had an opportunity of witnessing the evils of slavery.

Letters from Sicily give the most deplorable details concerning the eruption of Mount Etna on the 16th May. The terrible explosion which opened seven new craters in the volcano destroyed eight villages near the mountain were the lava and fire of the volcano never before extended. All the dwellings have disappeared under the heaps of calced stones or reddish cinders, which the new eruption threw to great distance over the country.

Good.—The editor of the Hudson Gazette had a marriage forwarded to him bearing the appearance of truth; he published it. The sequel however proved that no such knot had been tied; and further that the groom spoken of was a white man but the bride of a dingy hue. The author was compelled to pay \$15 for the imposition, and attach his name to a libel. This was good; only the fine was not heavy enough. His name should be given that it might have attached to it the detestation which such a species of low villany requires.—*Poughkeepsie Tel.*

The Philadelphia papers announce the death of Stephen Cullen Carpenter, well known as the writer of several political works, and the editor of several periodicals in this country.

Union College.—The fall 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 Toast.—The following high minded and lofty sentiment was given at a public dinner in Brussels in 1817, by the Duke of Clarence, the present King of England William the Fourth. "May we always have health, a clean shirt, and a guinea in our pocket." There is the dignity of a King for you!

It is said of the 17,000 passengers who have arrived in Canada this season from Great Britain, more than one half are paupers, and will find their way immediately to the United States.

Extensive frauds committed by apprentices have lately been discovered in Boston—one lad had taken cash and goods in small sums to the amount of \$500, and another \$3,000!

THE WEST. In the rich and wonderful valley of the west, grandeur is stamped upon the works of creation. What are the meagre and boasted Tiber and Arno the Ilyssus and Eurotas, to a stream navigable to three thousand miles, and rolling, long before it meet the ocean, through a channel of sixty fathom! What but grottoes 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 rested under the shade of the banyan while ye marvelled 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 fraudulently intending never to return the horse, and he be subsequently caught and arrested, he can be indicted, tried and punished as a thief.

If another man obtain a horse in like manner, with only this difference, that he got possession of him, under the pretence of buying him, such man will be guilty of a breach of contract, and will not be liable to be indicted, tried or punished as a thief.

Hence it will appear that to play the rogue with safety, it needs cunning, shrewdness, and knowledge. Dr. Johnson could not call this a 'distinction without a difference.'

Penance is the only punishment inflicted; not penitence, which is the right word, a man comes not to do penance, because he repents him of his sin, but because he is compelled to it; curses him, and would kill him that sends him thither. The old canons wisely enjoin three years penance, sometime more, because in that time a man got a habit of virtue, and so committed that sin no more, for which he did penance.—*Se'den.*

THE GEM

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS

PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUR

ROCHESTER, SEPTEMBER 25, 1841.

ken them—that they were lost. Is it then a matter of surprise that he *did* accompany Donald and that afterwards he *did* forget his misanthropy?

But where is the Pale Cheek now? I walks alone, and seems to shun the acquaintance of Rawley. Yet why? His own soliloquy will answer best. Of late he loves to ~~alone and murmur to himself~~

When I am banished from her seat, 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. When reason has fled, the brain becomes not a void; but it is suddenly filled with the fury and vengeance of devils—the seat of the most poignant gnawings and imaginings that haunt the dreams of the murderer. All becomes desolate, desperate, and horrid. We were led to these remarks, by witnessing a poor maniac who has been about the canal for the last week. He usually commences preaching in the morning, by pulling off his hat and baring his head which is whitened by the frosts of at least sixty winters. In his tirade he alternately praises and blasphemes the Ruler of the Universe, and blends his own localities, admirations and curses all together—now kissing the hand of some by-stander, and laughing immoderately; and now crying over the depravity of man. He appears to have seen better, and happier days, and one almost is constrained to think, when he is engaged in his solemn mockery, that he is a sordid and accused criminal suffering the awful judgments of Heaven.

Paris Couriere of Fashions.—We are indebted to Messrs. LYON & SROXG, fancy, millinery, and dry-goods Merchants, for the above work, which they receive from Paris, via New-York. The Couriere is published once in five days, and is almost entirely devoted to the promulgation of the "Paris Modes," being accompanied by a plate of the different costumes of Morning, Evening, and Riding Dresses, &c. On solicitation, a friend of ours has generously 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.

ALGIERS IS FALLEN—FRANCE REVOLUTIONIZED!

Accounts from Europe are of the most important and cheering nature. We had 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 *Revolution 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, who with 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, Lieut. Colonel J. A. Sprague, with an elegant sword.

Our friend who wants the Theatre puffed, is informed that we are neither "theatre-going," nor theatre-puffing characters, but we are willing the Theatricals 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 well the arguments, or sufficiently scanned the extracts of sublimer poetry furnished by "Z." for he is still unconvinced. 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 poetic 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 I feel illiterate as I am to keep the Ship from Sinking or try so to doo

If thus we must we can and will
Perform the task with hand and quill
The honor's of poetic fame
Must not Sink to oblivion Shame

When all the beauties we behold
Tha'ts been perform'd by poets of old
Let western poets scorn it still
To say they've lost poetic Skill

Must we because old Pope is gone
With some perhaps that rote as long
Lay down our pens let die our skill
No western poets scorn it still

With shame let eastern sages say
That poets skill doth die away
A western iddoot void of Skill
I say ther's living poets still

Oren.

BLACK LIST.

The plan adopted by a number of editors, ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~down~~ ~~the~~ ~~name~~ ~~of~~ ~~Henry~~, 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 off the dead body; and Rawley and Donald too; helped unclasp her hands. 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 & left her apartment. A narrow pathway led her, unconsciously, toward the wood, 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 Cheek.

ORIGINAL POETRY.



WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

PENITENCE.

Oh, go not where the temples shine,
With earthly splendour now,
Nay, kneel not at a glittering shrine,
Oh, go not there to bow.

Trust not in words sent up on high,
In freezing accents given,
A broken heart, and tearful eye
Is meeter far, for heaven.

No sculptur'd mosque, nor pillar'd dome
Receiv'd the Saviour's prayer—
On the cold earth he knelt alone,
And pour'd his soul out there.

Deep from his breaking heart went up
To heaven that fearful cry;
He meekly drank the bitter cup,
Then bowed him down to die!

Then kneel as he who lov'd thee knelt,
And pray as he has prayed;
Let thy proud heart in supplication melt,
And thy proud hand be stayed.

Thy broken spirit shall be heal'd,
And sin's cold chains be riven—
And Mercy's voice shall be thy shield,
And thou shalt be forgiven.

ROSAMOND.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

SONNET TO L. G. B.

Lov'd one of my heart! young life's gayest morn,
Glows resplendent upon thy uplifted brow,
The radiant smile of pleasure, sweetly beams
With youthful hope's purest delight—and gleams
Of love, deepest love's delicious glow,
'Thrills with emotion thro' thy soul—the dawn
Of happiness, thy youthful breast is swelling
With sweet hope's delusive ray—and telling
Of pleasures nigh—and dreaded sorrows gone,
Which dimm'd the rapturous, lucid flow
Of love's finest feelings—which sweetly steals
Silently o'er the heart—and now reveals
The wished for hope of earthly happiness
And dim the thoughts of utter wretchedness.

Auburn, Aug. 1830.

ANNA.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

STANZAS.

William III. died of a consumptive habit of body, shattered by a fall from his horse.
Anne died of dropsy, brought on by an attachment to cordials. The immediate family of her father Clarendon, like himself, were all of gross habits.
George I. of a paralytic attack.
George II. very suddenly of a rupture of the heart.
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Notwithstanding the distresses of the poor hay makers from Ireland in consequence of the want of employ, their peculiar humour has not abandoned them. "You've a cowld, Mrs. Leary, dear!" said one of them to her crony last week at Acton. "Indeed, and it's thrue for you, Mrs. Mahon!" was the reply. "And how did you get that cowld, honey?" "Sure now, and I slept last night in the field, and forgot to shut the gate."

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Grimsby, U. C. July, 1830.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE BREATH OF EVENING.

Evening's ambrosial breath—benignly now
It steals along the landscape. Its fresh balm
Breathed in its native purity is borne
Unto men's relish freely. The young rose
Joyous of the sweet freshness which it yields,
Blushes in its embrace, with its bright leaf
Sporting at the pure vivifying kiss.
And the lone rill so whisperingly breathes
Its plaintive melody at its approach,
The bosom feels its renovating power,
And calmly slumbers, reckless of the storm
Which brooding passion, and fantastick thoughts
Would stir against its high prerogatives.
Methinks it hears on its balm-dropping wing,
The record of departed years, whose lapse
Knew but a transient withering of the hopes
And fears which young ambition kindled there—
But be composed, each transient thrill of joy
In the light bosom, at an hour, when nought
But calm, angelick peace should reign within
And sway man's ruthless passions, like the breeze
Which now with its delightful witchery
Lulls to repose earth's creature. Be thou, heart
Freed from the baleful touch of worldly lust,
Nor dare against thy nature's sovereignty
A blind repugnance to the tide of fate—
Though it be unpropitious. Be thy warmth
Blent with the kindest harmony of time
And calm contentment—the spontaneous fount
Of many an aspiration unto Heaven.

Auburn, N. Y.

J. M. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

I SAW THEE WEEP.

I saw thee weep—thine eyes were fill'd
With plaintive tears, thy breast with sighs;
I heard thee say thy blood was chill'd,
For cold in death thy brother lies!

I saw thee weep—and thought the tear
Which fill'd thine eyes of darken'd hue,
Stood tremulous o'er the lonely bier,
As if 'twould not the dead bedew.

And then I saw thee turn away,
And weeping heave a moaning sigh—
Then tears fell fast on that cold clay—
Oh! why did that lov'd brother die!

Seneca Falls, N. Y.

WERNER.

FAME—by Beattie.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar,
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of a malignant star,
And wagg'd with fortune an eternal war;
Check'd by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown,
And poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pin'd alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

Mr. Editor.—I take the liberty of enclosing the following stanzas from the pen of my correspondent, presuming he would have no objection to seeing it inserted in the Gem. Yours, Z.

THE MISANTHROPIST.

Lives there a man on earth so base,
Whose bosom cannot pity feel?—
He's a base coin among his race,
His heart is cold—is nerv'd with steel.

Who but would melt at the plain tale
Of undissembled, heart-felt woe?—
In sorrow may he tread life's vale,
Nor find a friend where'er he go.

And lives there one in this wide world,
Whose bosom love yet never felt?—
Destruction on his soul be hurl'd,
And all the ills of life be felt.

Say—lives there one so cold, ice-hearted,
That has not felt pure virtue's force?—
Let every earthly cord be parted,
Which holds him on his mortal course.

S.

All the poets in England are "head over heels" in business writing elegies on the death of the King. One is said to commence thus:

On the 25th of June,
The world was full of laughter—
On the 26th of June,
Great King George fell a slaughter—
And the 27th of June,
Was the very next day after!

If you ask a favour of your friend, do it with confidence, else you may appear as if you distrusted even yourself.

ENGRAVINGS.

We have made arrangements for four elegant 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, in advance.

THE GEM,

A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.

2d VOLUME—TO CONTAIN 4 ENGRAVINGS.

The proprietors of this publication; from the liberal patronage bestowed upon it, have concluded to present the 2d Volume in an improved form. The establishment of the Gem was an experiment, to arouse, if possible the Genius of the West: and the proprietors are proud in saying that the West has responded to the call, and winged its infant flight far beyond their most sanguine expectations. The field is ample; and though not cultivated as highly as older soils, yet there are in it flowers of the choicest kinds, whose peculiar qualities are enhanced, perhaps by the hawthorns that overshadow them. We have culled some of them, with which we have graced our first volume—and hope in the coming year to present entire nosegays from the western fields. For this purpose, our sheet will be enlarged to double the size of the former publication, which will afford room for a greater variety of matter, and we hope, therefore, be more acceptable to our patrons. We confidently hope that we shall be sustained in our undertaking, and that our friends will manifest their former zeal for the advancement of the Literature of the West.

TERMS, &c.

The Gem will be published every other Saturday, in quarto form, and pagged 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 SCRANTOM.

Editors with whom we exchange, will please give the above a few insertions in their papers.

THE GEM,

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

BE OURS THE PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 11.

ROCHESTER, SEPTEMBER 25, 1830.

VOL. II.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE INDIAN'S BRIDE.

CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.

"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 *lug*."

"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 *bearship*. But seriously though, I do think the sound of your rifle was the more welcome smack, for he had me at disadvantage. I had just bro't him down from the large tree we were under, and had no time to salute him again before I was about to have the honor of his more intimate acquaintance."

"I was, myself, going towards him, for I had discovered him when I heard the salutation between you. I saw, at once, the aim was not correct, (pardon me, but I would have looked at the heart,)—"

"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 I 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 seem'd 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 forsaken

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.

"Yes," said he, "I knew, when I first saw him, 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, and called me 'Henry' softer than she ever did; and she lay in my arms, and hid her cheek in my bosom, like the frightened fawn 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 the white man, and her neck and cheek burned like the rising sun. Her eye fell not on me, & I walked alone. The white man has seen her & his heart tells him that the sky is not purer or fairer. She talks not to the indian now as she talked to her Henry. Is an indian a wolf, that he cannot feel? or a panther that he would destroy? Has an indian no heart?" And he darted into the forrest, as if he would flee from his own thoughts.

The Pale Cheek had dared to *feel*, although he knew it not till Rawley came; but when he saw him walk with Flora, and saw her lean on his arm, and look up into his eyes and smile, he knew that he *loved*, and felt that Flora would forget him. Yet when she met him, she smiled on him, but he would believe 'twas not as sweet as when she smiled on Rawley, and he avoided her. She had asked him why, but he gave her no answer. He had seen her weep when no one else was near & she supposed herself unseen, and he had turned away that he might not behold *her* weep for him. Flora, accompanied by Donald and Rawley, were walking in the wood, Donald occupied with his gun and Rawley conversing with Flora, when they came to a deep gulf. This was the object of their visit, and they sat down near its brink to admire its grandeur. Flora, who was extravagantly fond of flowers, and had already wreathed a nosegay from the wildest she had found, pointed to some violets which clustered a little way down the gulf, and said they were beautiful. Rawley immediately gathered them, but when he returned she was gazing at a large and most beautiful flower on a far and dangerous point of the very brink. It was pretty and she wished she had it, but Rawley dared not attempt to obtain it. Although he loved danger and

would hazard every thing to overcome it, the dizzy distance awed even him. "How provokingly pretty it is," said Flora, "yet no one can get it." She had hardly spoken, before the Pale Cheek was on the point. A fearful shriek escaped her lips; and then she called to him and implored him to desist, but he heeded her not. She riveted her whole soul upon the dauntless hero as he moved from one crag to another, till at last he stood upon the very brink. With one arm locked around a projection of the rock, he fearlessly bent over the deep chasm, plucked the flower and placed it in his bosom. A single start—almost a breath would have precipitated him into the abyss but his nerves, though bent, were steady and the flower was his. He turned to descend, but the rock on which he stood was unhinged. Flora hears the tumble—the crash—she saw him swing o'er the abyss and saw no more; but the Pale Cheek had caught upon the branch of a tree and swung himself at arms length over the deep gulf, and the rock rolled beneath him.

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 one 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 o'er the dark, deep gulf, hanging by the feeble branch. It bends—cracks—is broken! No shriek escaped from his lips, but she caught his eye, and its dark wandering told of death. O God! that look! She sprang 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 off the dead body; and Rawley and Donald too, helped unclasp her hands. 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 & left her apartment. A narrow pathway led her, unconsciously, toward the wood, and she had already proceeded some distance, when she was alarmed by the sound of foot steps following her. She turned, and by the dim light of the stars, beheld the Pale Cheek.

approaching her. A shriek told the recognition, for her dream in all its hideousness had rushed back upon her heart, and she would have fallen but for the quickness of her pursuer. Again she was supported in his arms, and again her cheek was hid, though unconsciously, in his bosom. He uttered, almost inaudibly, "tis the last!" but his voice aroused her, and she knew that he had pressed his wild lips to her cheek, as it reclined upon his bosom so helplessly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

A MORNING'S STROLL.

MR. EDITOR.—I trust your readers will give me full credit for truth when I tell them, and repeat it too upon *mine honour*, that a few mornings since, I actually "got up, put on my clothes," and sauntered out before the day had dawned. So early was it, that even *Time* seemed fast asleep, for not a wheel was heard, or ought of noise denoting life, save my own solitary footsteps. Is it not sweet at such a time to be alone, especially if it be but seldom, and feel for a moment one's self lord of creation?

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 inimitable sublimity. Oh! had we been poets, it was a scene to have filled our most romantic souls; but alas! we were merely students, 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 ladies 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. My companion exclaimed "how beautiful!" but I thought "how provoking!" and sat down at the roots of an old tree to carve my wrath on its trunk. I had made but one letter—it was an *initial*, and my anger was gone—dissolved like the darkness amid which we started. I had just completed the name and was thinking of its possessor. When my companion laughing, exclaimed, "there they are!" I studied my bow and framed a compliment for their tinged cheeks almost instantly, then looked where he pointed. They were, indeed, there, tripping joyfully o'er the wet grass, and tittering like birds in the summer. Playfully waving their handkerchiefs, they seemed eager, in some way, to bid us a good morning; and we felt, or at least I did, sensations too powerful for my weak pen to des-

cribe, for they were on the opposite side of the river! I looked at the cataract, and thought of SAM PATCH.

A STUDENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

LEISURE HOURS---NO. 1.

It has been, and now is, the boast of our country that all, however poor, may acquire a sufficient education to qualify them for the ordinary duties of their stations—that the means of acquiring knowledge are so general that every one may become a scholar, and I presume many will say a philosopher. So let it be: but that there are instances, in which the man of talents goes unrewarded and genius and practical science are placed in the background, I thin I can fully illustrate. I knew a pedant who had adopted a system of teaching, as he said, [I quote his own words,] "by which he could make a youth of fourteen, a good Latin scholar in a week, and familiar with the Greek in a month." He wrote a pamphlet of one hundred pages, (which, by the way, contained an introduction of forty five pages, and a preface of fifty,) in a good school boy style; telling the world that he, MR. ZBEBEE SCHOOLCRAFT, was the man, the fortunate man who had discovered the happy maxim, tested by years of experience, that a fool cannot be made a wise man, nor a wise man a fool. If any one should doubt it, he could produce sufficient testimonials to corroborate his assertion. If it could have stopped here, it might have been well for my friend ZEBEDEE; but no: the Reviewer takes it up and gives us fifty closely printed pages of his own sage remarks, in which he expresses no doubt but that the system of instruction *might* be carried to a degree of perfection, equal to 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 ushered 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 Zebedee: 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 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 farther 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 five deducted from six, would leave one. 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*.

AFTON.

EXTRACT FROM FALKLAND.

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 unstruggling upon the ebbless 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 & convulsive contest with the closing water—the gurgle, the choking, the bursting of the pent 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 a wall. 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, & ever and ever, around and above him, came vast and misshaden 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 fiends 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, but particularly in poetry. It is considered among the elegant accomplishments of the age and a great number who possess the talent, prove that this is a land of pure etherial fancy, and correct taste. Mrs. Sigourney who was known as a poet in her maiden days, then Miss Huntley, 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 which charmed all who read them, in her earlier days. There is a sweetness, a depth of feeling, a grasp of thought, united with the most perfect care and elegance in her writing that shows she was intended to be conspicuous among gifted minds, and an ornament to the community. From her residence of elegance & taste on the banks of the lovely Connecticut she sends forth her minstrelsy, to guide the young and delight the old, and to improve all ages; may it be long before others shall supply her place; may the flowers of her art-

bours bloom, and her harp be in tune, until nature shall require that repose that philosophy contemplates with composure, and religion with visions of hope and transport.—*Sketches of Public Character.*

HINTS TO MECHANICS AND WORKING-MEN.

If you would avoid the diseases which your particular trades and work are liable to produce, attend to 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 or nine 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 use tobacco in any form. By chewing smoking or snuffing, you spend money which would help to clothe you, or enable you, if single, to make a useful present to an aged mother, or dependant sister, or, if married, 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 head-ache, gnawing at the stomach, low spirits, trembling of the limbs, and, at times, sleeplessness.

* Be particular in preserving 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 sundown, for placing your body in a natural posture, by standing erect, and exercising your chest and limbs by a walk where the air is purest.

If confined in doors, let your food consist in a large proportion, of milk and bread, and well-boiled vegetables. Meat and fish ought to be used sparingly, and only at dinner. You are better without coffee, tea, or chocolate.—If you use any of them, you ought not to more than once in the day.—*Journal of health.*

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 cried out "My dear are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a storm?" He arose from a chair lashed to the deck, and supporting himself by a pillar of a bed place, he drew his sword and pointing it to the breast of his wife he 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 have believed, and that He holds the winds in his fist, 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 its blandishments 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 worlds, when the disappointment of this 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. Before leaving Franklin, he was informed through 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. August 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 we this day make and declare to you and the world, depends our fate as a nation and as a people.

Father, you say you have travelled a long way to talk to your red children. We have listened, and your words have sunk deep into our hearts. As you 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 are 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.)

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 public 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 with 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 dis-

tinguished man from our red brothers. It was indeed a scene of the deepest interest, to see these hoary chiefs—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 bones of their fathers reposed. The conflicting emotions, brought upon them by their attachment to home, and a recollection, on the other hand, that under the laws of the white man they could not be contented and happy, were 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 remove, because they find it impossible to live under the laws of the state which claims jurisdiction over them.

DOYLESTOWN, Sept. 13.

COUNTERFEITING.—About 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Monday last, two young men, of very genteel appearance, carrying a valise, stopped at the sign of the bear, on the old road leading from Trenton to Lambertsville, 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 their business, concealing a bundle of notes with his hat, and was preparing to make his escape without any resistance. But the ladies feeling determined that he should not so easily get away, grasped at the hat, and a violent scuffle now ensued. In the meantime the other stranger, who was in bed, jumped out *en dishabille*, and began putting on his clothes. They both finally made off, but not without leaving forty-five dollars in spurious bills, (which was taken from them by force) as well as their press, ink, &c. &c. a fine fur hat, nearly new, an elegant breast pin, a pair of stockings, a good flag silk handkerchief, and other articles of apparel. The bills were of the denomination of five dollars, on the Union Bank of New York, the paper good, but the engraving rather roughly executed—some of the bills were endorsed with two names—some with only the name of the Cashier, and some were without either and not filled up.

An esteemed correspondent has written the foregoing statement, of an occurrence which took place in New Jersey, opposite Taylorsville, in Bucks co. The young ladies certainly displayed a great share of courage, and are entitled to the thanks of the community. We hope the publick will be on the look out for these Counterfeiters, that they may be brought to justice, and receive the punishment they deserve.

SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY.

No. VIII.

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

C.

Charles Chauncey, L. L. D. was secretary of State, and afterwards a judge of the Supreme 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 judge of the high court of Appeals of that State. He died in 1810.

Thomas Chittenden, first governor of Vermont and president of the convention which formed the constitution of that State. He was a native of Connecticut and an illiterate 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 1718.

William Charles Claibourne was governor of the State of Louisiana and the Mississippi Territory; afterwards elected to the Senate of the United States. He died in 1803.

Thomas Clapp was President of Yale College, and one of the most profound scholars of his age. He published a history of Yale College, and conjectures upon meteors, and constructed the first Orrery or Planetarium in America. He died in 1767.

John Clarke, one of the first founders of Rhode-Island, whither he was obliged to flee on account of his religious sentiments, which [being a Baptist] were at variance with those which prevailed in Massachusetts. He died in 1676.

John Clarke, a governor of the State of Delaware: died at Smyrna in 1821.

Abraham Clarke, a member of Congress from New-Jersey, before and after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He died in 1794.

Jeremiah Clarke, President of the Colony of Rhode Island; died in 1648.

Walter Clarke, was governor of Rhode Island and for several years, and died in 1700.

George Clark, was governor of New-York in 1737. He returned to England; died 1763.

Mathew Clarkson, of New-York, born in 1758; he was a Major General in the revolutionary army, and particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Bridgewater. He subsequently held various public offices. His name is associated with those who fought and bled for American Independence, and in private life, with the most devoted virtues.

Josiah Clayton, was a governor of Delaware, and a member of the United States Senate. He died in 1799.

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 1758. In 1778 he was appointed commander in chief in America; evacuated Philadelphia the same year; took Charlestown 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, emigrated early to New-York, where he maintained a high character for usefulness and respectability. He was the father of James and George Clinton; died in 1773.

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 the Genesee Country; was for some time commander of the Northern Section of the Union, stationed at Albany, and was afterwards at the siege of Yorktown. He closed his military career by bidding an affectionate farewell to Washington at New-York, and retiring to private life. He died in 1812.

George Clinton was brother to James and an eminent Lawyer and member of Congress from New-York 1776. He was an active supporter of the Revolution, and of his country, and during the war he rendered essential service to the American arms. He was repeatedly chosen governor of New-York, and was elected Vice President of the United States in 1804. He died in 1812.

George Clinton, Admiral of the English Navy and governor of the colony of New-York before the revolution; afterwards returned to England.

De-Witt Clinton, son of Gen. James Clinton, was born in Orange county N. Y. 1769. In 1797 he was elected a member of the Legislature from the city of New-York, and soon after of the Senate. In 1802 he was chosen a member of the United States Senate, and from 1803 to 1807 he was Mayor of the city of New-York. During this time he was, for nine months, in the Legislature, and member of the Council of Appointment. In 1811 he was elected Lieut. Governor of the state of New-York, and from that time till 1815 was again Mayor of the city of New-York. In 1817 he was appointed a Commissioner of Canals. In the same year he was elected Governor of the State of New-York almost without opposition, and was re-elected in 1824 and again in 1826. He died suddenly at Albany in 1828.

A SCENE OFF JAMAICA.

The Torch was lying at anchor in Blue-field's Bay. It was between eight and nine in the morning; the land wind haddied away, and the sea breeze had not yet set in—there was not a breath stirring. The pendant from the mast head fell sluggishly down, and clung among the rigging like a dead snake, whilst the folds of the St. George's ensign, that hung from the mizen peak, were as motionless as if they had been carved in marble.

The anchorage was one unbroken mirror, except where its glass-like surface was shivered into sparkling ripples by the gambols of the shipjack, or the flashing stoop of his enemy the pelican; and the reflection of the vessel was so clear and steady, that at the distance of a cable's length, you would not distinguish the water line, nor tell where the shadow began, until the casual dashing of a bucket overboard for a few moments broke up the phantom ship; but the wavering fragments soon re-united, and she again floated double, like the swan of the poet. The heat was so intense that the iron stanchions of the awning

could not be grasped with the hand, and where the decks were not screened by it the pitch boiled out from the seams. The swell rolled in from the offing, in long shining undulations, like a sea of quicksilver, whilst every now and then a flying fish would spring out from the unruffled bosom of the heaving water, and away like a silver arrow until it dropped with a flash into the sea again.

The crew were listlessly spinning oakum and mending sails, under the shade of the awning; the only exception to the general languor, were John Crow the black, and Jacko the monkey. The former who was an *improvisatore* of a rough stamp, set out on the bowsprit, through choice, beyond the shade of the canvass, without hat or shirt, like a bronze bust, busy with his task, whatever it might be, singing at the top of his pipe, and between whiles, confabulating with his hairy ally, as if he had been a messmate. The monkey was hanging by the tail from the dolphin striker, admiring what John called "his own ugly face in the water." "Tail like yours, Jacko, would be a good ting for a sailor, it would leave his two hands free aloft—more use, more hornament, too, I'm sure, den de piece of greasy junk dat hangs from de captain's taffrail. Now I shall sing to you, how dat Cormorantee rascal, my fader, was self me on de Gold Coast:

"Two red night cap, one long knife,
All him get for Quacko,
For gun next day, him sell his wife—
You tink dat good song, Jacko!

"Chocko, chocko," chattered the monkey, as if in answer. "Ah, you tink so: sensible honimal! What is dat? Shark? Jacko, come up, sir, don't you see a big shovel nosed fish looking at you. Pull your hand out of the water, I tell you." The negro threw himself on the gammoning of the bow-sprit, to take hold of the poor ape, who mistaking his kind intentions, and ignorant of his danger, shrunk from him, lost his hold and fell into the sea. The shark then instantly sank to have a run, then dashed to his prey, raising his snout over him, and shooting his head and shoulders three or four feet out of water, seized poor Jacko, shrieking in his jaw, whilst his small bones cracked and crunched under the monster's triple row of teeth.

Whilst this small tragedy was acting—and painful enough it was to the kind hearted negro—I was looking out towards the horizon, watching the first dark blue ripple of the sea breeze, when a rushing noise passed over my head. I looked up and saw a *gallinazo*, the large carrion crow of the tropics, sailing, contrary to the habits of his kind, seaward over the brig. I followed it with my eyes until it vanished in the distance, when my attention was attracted by a dark speck, far out in the offing, with a little tiny white sail. With my glass I made it out to be a ship's boat, but saw no one on board, and the sail was idly flapping about the mast.

On making my report, I was desired to pull towards it in a gig; and as we approached, one of the crew said he tho't he saw some one peering over the bow. We drew nearer, and I saw him distinctly—"Why dont you haul the sheet aft, and come down to us, sir."

He neither moved nor answered, but as the boat arose and fell on the short sea raised by the first of the breeze, the face kept mopping and moving at us over the gun-wale.

"I will soon teach you manners, my fine fellow! give way, men," and I fired my musket when the crow that I had seen, rose from the boat into the air, but immediately alighted again to our astonishment, vulture like, with outstretched wings upon the head.

Under the shadow of his horrible plume, the face seemed on the instant to alter like a hideous change in a dream: It appeared to become of a death-like paleness, and anon streaked with blood. Another stroke of the oar, the chin had fallen down and the tongue was falling out. Another pull; the eyes were

gone, and from their sockets, brains and blood were fermenting, and flowing down the cheeks. It was the face of a putrifying corpse. In this floating coffin we found the body of another sailor, doubled across one of the thwarts, with a long spanish knife sticking between his ribs, as if he had died in some mortal struggle; or what was equally probable, had put an end to himself, in this phrenzy. Whilst along the bottom of the boat, arranged with some shew of care, and covered by a piece of canvass, stretched across an oar above it, lay the remains of a beautiful boy, about fourteen years of age apparently but a few hours dead.—Some biscuit, a roll of jerked beef, and an earthen water jar lay beside him, showing at least that hunger could have no share in his destruction; but the pipkin was dry, and the small water cask in the bow was staved and empty.

We had no sooner cast our graplin over the bow, and begun to tow the boat to the ship, than the abominable bird that we had scared, settled down into it again notwithstanding our proximity, and began to peck at the face of the dead boy. At this instant we heard a gibbering noise & saw something like a bundle of old rags roll out from beneath the stern sheet and apparently make a fruitless attempt to drive the gallinaso from his prey. Heaven and earth, what an object met our eyes! It was a full grown man, but so wasted that one of the boys lifted him by his belt with one hand. His knees were drawn up to his chin, his hands were like the talons of a bird, while the falling in of his chocolate colored and withered features gave an unearthly relief to his forehead, over which the horny and transparent skin was braced so tightly that it seemed ready to burst. But in the midst of his desolation, his deep set, coal black eyes sparkled as two diamonds, with the fever of his suffering, there was a fearful fascination in their flashing brightness, contrasted with the death-like aspect of the face and rigidity of the frame. When sensible of our presence, he tried to speak, but could only utter a low moaning sound. At length he articulated, "Aqua, aqua!" We had not a drop of water in the boat. "El muchacho esto moriendo de sed; aqua!"

We got on board, and the surgeon gave the poor fellow some weak tepid grog. He gradually uncoiled himself; his voice from being weak and husky, became comparatively clear. "El hijo, Aqua para mi pedrillo, No le hace para mi—Oh, la noche pasado, la noche pasado!" He was told to compose himself, and that the boy would be taken care of. "Dexa me verlo entonces; oh Dios, dexa me varlo," and he crawled groveling on his chest like a crushing worm, across the deck, until he got his head over the portsill, and looked down into the boat. He there beheld the pale face of his dead son; it was the last object he ever saw. "Ah de mi!" He groaned heavily, and dropped his face against the ship's side—he was dead.—[Blackwood's Magazine.]

From the Cincinnati Chronicle.
LOVE AND MOSQUITOES.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."
"Good night! dearest Emma, and may an angel's slumbers be yours."

Such was the parting salutation of a gallant knight, as he rose from the sofa, gently pressed a lily white hand, and bowing departed. This happened, courteous reader, some three weeks since, at a certain brick domicile in this city. For some two months anterior to this period, the said knight had been a looker on in Venice." He was by profession a Corinthian, of a genteel air, measuring exactly five feet five in his pumps, with a genuine carrotty poll, that would any time have raised the mercury in a Fahrenheit, if brought in juxta position with it. That he was a gen-

tleman and a favorite with the ladies, it is only necessary to state that he was an unknown, (not the Great, I ween,) a passionate admirer of Byron, and vithal, sported a pair of provokingly clever whiskers, which, to his honor be it said, he ranked next in his affections to the adorable Emma. It is proper to observe, moreover, that ne was a zealous propagandist of Phrenology, not only believing in the bumps of the skull, but maintaining that a man's brains are in exact proportion to the size and color of his whiskers. Deeply imbued with this plausible theory, he fancied himself a fellow of splendid genius, and consequently cherished the bushy ornaments of his cheeks with unwonted care.

Our heroine—but pshaw! why attempt to describe her?—every body in the city knows Emma: She's none of your extraordinaries, it is true, and I like her the better for it. She would not pass for a Die Vernon, a Cherubina de Willoughby, nor a Lucy Brandon—she is neither a Venus de Medicis in person, nor a Madame de Stael in intellect; and yet she is a right down clever girl, with enough of beauty, common sense, and good feelings, (to say nothing of her worldly chattels,) to content more aspiring cavalier, than our whiskered knight.

Emma had oft been wooed, but never won, and when this hero entered the list of her sighing swains, there were a thousand and one tea table conjectures upon his chance of success. Week after week rolled away;—the knight's love, waxing hotter and hotter,—the lady-fair preserving the even tenor of her way, with a winning sort of non-committal tact, that would have done credit to the Premier himself. Bright visions, it is true, of conubial felicity, danced before his imagination and caused him to draw his gloveless hand, with more than ordinary self-complacency, over his glossy whiskers, but still he was totally unable to find one solitary proof, that his person, his poetry, or his foxy appendages had touched, even the "enamel" of her dear little heart.

Thus stood matters at the time of which we are speaking. The day preceding this memorable night had been intensely hot: the fiery sun went down in his glory, tinging with a flood of purple and crimson light, the white masses of vapour that overspread our Italian sky. It was one of those sunsets of gorgeous beauty, for which our western world is unrivalled, and which alike defy the pen of the poet, and the pencil of the painter. As the gray and sombre hues of twilight at length gradually stole upon this resplendent scene, the "chaste cold moon" arose in the east, and imperceptibly blended her silver rays with the vanishing twilight of the west. At this hour, so fruitful in romance,—so propitious to love—our hero made his accustomed salutation to the adored Emma, as she sat at the parlour window, watching the white clouds, now passing away upon noiseless wings, and displaying a star-embossed canopy of blue. Ten o'clock found them still at the window. Emma was twirling and pulling to pieces a small nosegay, and listening to her knight, whose hand was ever and anon drawn over his whiskers, while in a "silver key," he held "converse sweet" with the fair being by his side. Of the precise import of this interview, or the complexion of Emma's thoughts, we have no particular information; for such is the waywardness of woman's heart, that even the Sibylline leaves, cannot always unfold the exact "moment in love, when romance just mellowed into passion, without losing any of its luxurious vagueness, mingles with the enthusiasm of its dreams, the ardent desires of reality." But the hour for seperation had come, and the conversation, in which had been strangely mingled, poetry and moonshine, the stellar depths of heaven and love's young dream, was now ended. Our cavalier, invoking for Emma's pillow those angel slumbers of which we have already spoken, grace-

fully touched his whiskers, and departed.

The full round moon was now high in the heavens,—the streets were silent, save the tread of a few solitary individuals who loitered to enjoy the air and beauty of the night. The pillow of our lover had no charms for him: he wandered to Front Street, and there made sundry poetical ejaculations to the moon-beams, that were sleeping on the waveless bosom of the Ohio. He passed up Main Street to the canal, and perambulated its banks as far as the Lunatic Asylum, thinking alternately of Emma and his whiskers. He looked at his repeater—it was the witching hour of midnight. He bethought him of a serenade 'neath the window of that sanctuary in which his beloved was wont to weave and unweave

"The rich train of her amber-dropping hair."

True, he was unable to "discourse sweet musick" on a lute, but he could sing, and what his voice lacked in melody, he hoped to supply in pathos. In a few minutes he scaled the garden fence, and stood beneath the window of Emma's bed-chamber, in which a dim light was still perceptible. Why was the fair occupant up at this hour? was she sleepless? had she been gazing on the placid heavens and thinking of him? was she not in love? These thoughts came pleasantly upon our hero's mind, as a summer shower would now come upon the scorched and dusty earth. Here we leave him for the present, looking up at the window, and softly clearing his throat for the serenade.

For some time after his departure, Emma sat at the parlour window, gazing at the moon, and killing mosquitoes. At last, upon going to her bed chamber, she found the window up, the gossamer curtains of her bed undrawn, and the room alive with the enemy from whom she had just fled. Here was a terrible state of things, for Emma had one of your fair thin skins, of which all well bred mosquitoes are particularly fond. She was a little proud, moreover, (and what daughter of Eve is not?) of her beauty, and the idea of having her face covered with myriads of red blotches was horrible—absolutely shocking. What was to be done? She had heard that by burning aromatics in a room, the enemy would be put to flight: so, taking her wash-bowl, she descended quietly to the parlour, and emptied a decanter [her papa is not a member of the temperance society] of old Monongahela into it. She next sought the medicine chest, and added a goodly portion of essences, among which by a small mistake she turned in some castor oil, and two or three ounces of tincture of assafetida, that her dear mama, who had weak nerves, prudently kept in the house. In one of the draws she found a bunch of dried penny-royal, [the old lady was a great believer in simples.] this she crumpled between her taper fingers, and also dropped into the bowl. Thus armed with a compound worthy the cauldron of Hecate, the valiant Emma once more sought her chamber, flexedly bent upon dislodging her enemy. She placed the bowl upon her wash-stand, and touched the oleaginous admixture with her candle. Instantly a low blue flame spread over the surface of the liquid, sending up a wreathed column of odoriferous and nauseating smoke. By and by the flame rose higher and higher, and the odour of the burning mixture became more and more intolerable. The flames, she feared, were endangering the house—the smoke was making her deadly sick:—she seized the bowl, and turning to the window, quickly poured out the blazing contents: as it came in contact with the air, the whole instantly ignited, and descended in a connected and glowing sheet of flame. This unfortunately took place, just as our hero, with eyes upturned, and mouth wide open, was giving melody to the lines;

"Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thy eyes."

He saw it is true, the fiery sheet, as it emerged from the window but mistaking it for the 'purple light of love' he "stood stock still," and was instantly enveloped in a mass of liquid flame. One wild howl of agony was sent quivering on the tranquil air, as our blazing hero, fiercely persued by the old watch dog, shot like meteor thro' the bean-poles and cabbages of the garden, leaving in his wake, a lambent streak of flame.

Emma, alarmed for a moment at the cry of distress, stood gazing at the apparition, but supposing she had only started a thief, closed the shutters of her window, and, braving the musketoes, placed her lovely cheek upon the pillow.

Early next morning, the tonsorial apparatus of one of our fashionable barbers, passed over the face of the serenading hero, and removed whatsoever of his noble whiskers was not burnt off. Thus shorn of his "locks of beauty," the singed knight passed to the Cincinnati Eye Infirmary, in Third street, for the purpose of having the fiery particles extracted from his scorched and reddened ophthalmic organs. From that hour to this, our unfortunate lover has not been seen in this city.--- Whether he has emigrated to other climes, where the "purple light of love" burns less intensely, or, whether disguised by the removal of his matchless whiskers, he remains incog 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. Freedom of action, sentiment 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 pleases, 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 free and the land of the brave, are the distinctive appellations universally bestowed on this country. When there is no rock on which "the tempest driven destinies" of Europe may calmly repose; and physical strength rises to disarm the moral power and energy of its laws and institutions, then the disheartened patriot seeks a peaceful shore, that he may weep in silence over the degeneracy of the people.

When the French nation had recovered from the ruins of the revolution of '89, she had lost one quarter of her numerical strength in the slain, the prisoners and the exiled. No considerable portion of the farmers, mechanics, and tradesmen emigrate into America. The nobility and the priests remained in Europe, and retired to rural tranquility. Italy embosomed a large portion of the Catholic clergy, where the Pope, the spiritual father, provided comfortable livings for them. Subsequently the victorious armies of the first consul invaded Italy, and the priests were routed. Many emigrated to America. The prohibitory decrees of Napoleon and the confiscation of the estates of the land holders, scattered the French nobility to the wind. America became the haven for them all. The royal kindred of the King, his statesmen and courtiers, politicians, the flower of the aristocracy, the gallant and chivalrous Knight, the antiquated Marquis, all set sail for this fair republic. Here we received them with open arms, and extended the hand

of fellowship. The Duke of Orleans, Viscount Chateaubriand, Talleyrand, and numberless others, retired to some secluded village as exiles and strangers in a foreign land. An ocean separated them and their native France. Their home, their thoughts, feelings, recollections, all centered there. They burned with indignation at the spoiler's triumphs, and every breeze carried their bitter denunciations across the Atlantick. They saw no beauty in the trophies of the 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 dove descended and returned with the olive branch. The friendless exiles hastened to absent France, and a second revolution placed the Bourbons on the throne. A series of events of the most stupendous character subsequently occurred, and the Bonaparte dynasty escaped with their lives. This vicissitude in human affairs again produced a re-action, and a second emigration to America took place. An ex-Ring 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 shelter them in exile..... Had the inscrutable decrees of Providence directed otherwise, this day we possibly might have had a citizen in the person of the Ex-Emperour. 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 Carthage are, from natives of the country.—*N. Y. Daily 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."

"Carthage, 7th 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 own will, it is not known whether it will speedily take place."

"Carthage, 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 Carthage is oppressed by a set of men, who, having declared in favour of monarchy, think only of discrediting the government, seeking for causes of complaint, to avail themselves of these means, whenever 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 packet goes 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 walks, &c. like a man in perfect health.

"What is designed here, is to oppose the government; and from the tone of the Carthage 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 its friends and who are not, and not be obliged to show kindness with the hope of conciliating. There is no conciliating 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, avails nothing, so long as they find no support from abroad, which appears to me impossible. General Espinar writes to Montilla, saying; "My friend,—Argote and Arosemena have a party here which gives me no room to breathe. The *Isthmians* would sooner declare for any thing 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 distressing 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 neighbours.

The following is an extract from a gentleman in Gloucester to the Postmaster at Salem, dated 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 every thing 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 any thing. "I'll try," has done wonders.

Of two evils, choose the least.

Once well done, is twice done.

A listening ear is preferable to a brawling tongue.

There should be no delaying matters of deep importance.

Conjugal affection.—We announced a few days since that M. 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.—*Paris Adv.*

THE GEM.

Rochester, Saturday, September 25, 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 our other 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. They 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 west, as far as Buffalo. We took passage in the packet boat Philadelphia captain Cheshire, where we found every thing in excellent order, and the tables 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 each in 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 sustains, 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 should be noticed, also, that the corps visited the Falls of Niagara, where they found Gen. Whitney "at home," and who provided, in his usual good style, all things necessary to the comfort of his guests. The Falls were deserted. We saw nothing that looked like company, excepting the ten thousand names written and carved upon every stationary object that presented itself, from the wall of the piazza, down to the veriest sapling on Goat island. We saw our own name carved on a sturdy beech, and bearing the figures "1824." We looked at it, almost as natural as when it was first indented there, and our mind, running back upon the past, touched upon the changes we have undergone since that period. We thought how light our spirits were when we gave the tree our name; and there was a

friend there, whom we saw in imagination, placing his name beside our own; our eyes were dim with vacancy, when the shrill bugle 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 printed and edited by a very young lad, who, it is said, picked up his type from under the floor of an old printing-office, and, without any practical knowledge, made up 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 surprized if the "Star," should at some future day twinkle as brightly as any in 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.

"Were 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 fellowmen; and the lower classes are not marked by any vices beyond 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 few can be found willing to go to sea on that day. But in proof that Friday does not always introduce misfortunes, it may be observed that Christopher Columbus embarked on his voyage for the discovery of America on Friday, August 3d, 1492, and landed on Friday, October the 12th, of the same year.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much obliged to "Aston," for his communications, and welcome him to our columns.

"Horace," will receive our thanks for his effusions.

"Alex," in our next. The author is desired to continue.

"Annatha," is on file for insertion.

"Z." is received.

"S. B. Y." though not very well written, will be published as soon as we have room.

DIED,

In this village, on Monday the 20th inst. Mr. Nathaniel Willson, jr. Printer, aged 23.

"Here worth weeps a loss, and friendship drops a tear."

In the death of this amiable young man we feel that we have lost a friend of uncommon promise and of unshaken virtue. We mourn with his other numerous friends, and console ourselves only in the thought that he rests securely upon the shores of eternal light and life.

In this village, on Saturday the 18th inst. Mr. Samuel Markley, aged 55.

In Brighton on the 14th inst. Mr. Stephen B. Bartlett, son of Joshua Bartlett of Keene, N. H. and an old settler in this place, in the 57th year of his age, after a short, but distressing illness. He has left a widow and eight children, and a numerous circle of friends to mourn his decease.

From the Craftsman.

ROCHESTER, A SATIRE; and other Miscellaneous Poems:

We have seen the proof sheets of a work under the above mentioned title which is about to be published, written by the late James Mathies. Rochester offers, in some respects, considerable food for the satirist, and to judge from the parts of this poem which we have read, the author has made the most of it. Our particular friends the Anti-Masons come in for their portion of the lash. As a specimen of the style we extract the following stanzas:—

"Fouk that live here maun aye be weel,
And need na fear the verra diel,
(They whiles may hae a fester'd heel,
Perhaps need Epsom,)
Their maws being plaister'd hard as steel
Wi' first rate gypsom.

"We've ways and means o' various sorts,
To build our houses used for sports;
Also to build our kirks¹ and courts.
If we should fail,
We pay in Orders, Bran, and Shorts,
Or gang² to jail.

"We've some things guid, mix'd in wi' ills,
We've noble grist and flouring Mills,
A' kinds o' Breweries and Stills,
And ther⁴ rookery.
A' kinds o' Brick and Potter's Kilns,
To make our Crockery.

"God bless our sauls, we've got *twa banks*,
Heaven's peace be here! we maun gie thanks,
It will curtail thae⁵ shaving pranks,
Wi' honest debtors,
Sae long practised by *Spindle Shanks*,
In money'd matters.

"We hae⁶ a splendid, bauld *Arcaë*,
Which leaves all ithers in the shade:
And ane⁷ Post-Office third in grade
Throughout the state.
Forby⁸ all ither kinds o' trade,
O' modern date."

¹ churches ² go ³ good ⁴ other ⁵ those ⁶ have ⁷ one ⁸ besides

The Choctaws.—We understand from good authority, that the President of the United States, at the request of the Indians, has appointed the 15th day of September to open a negociation with the Choctaw nation, at Dancing Rabbit Creek, near the agency. General Coffee, and his Excellency, Gov. Carroll, we understand, have been appointed Commissioners on the part of the United States. The Secretary of War, it is also said, will be present on the occasion, to assist in forming a treaty. We are glad to hear this, as he must be better informed of the views and policy of the Executive, than any other individual, however well qualified and capable, could be.

RECIPES.

Nerve Ointment.—Take half a pint of neat-foot oil, one gill of brandy, one gill of spirits of turpentine, and simmer them together fifteen minutes. Excellent for sprains, swellings, and rheumatism.

Sore Throat.—Let the throat be steamed with hot water, in which hops are infused; and apply the hops, after having been scalded some time, externally to the diseased part of the throat.

Croup.—Make a plaster of Scotch snuff and lard, and apply it to the breast and neck. Relief in ordinary cases is certain.

ORIGINAL POETRY.



WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

The infant sleeps; let not a passing sigh
Disturb its slumbers by an echoing breath:
And yet 'tis vain, for see, its violet eye,
Half-closed, is freezing in the sleep of death.

A pearly tear is glittering on its cheek,
An auburn lock is straying o'er its brow,
Its griev'd lip seems parted there to speak,
In murmuring accents, of misery now.

Deserted nursery! thy nestling's flown,
Though he had bloom'd so beautiful and fair;
His childish baubles on the ground are thrown,
Just as the dead one left them scatter'd there.

'Tis over now, its angel form is laid
Where the dead slumber in their stillest rest;
The crowd has gone, the parting prayer is said;
Thus perisheth the brightest and the best.

Avon Springs, Sept. 8, 1830.

ROSA MOND.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

MEDITATIONS.

O, for an hour of blissful days gone by:
One hour of childhood's happiness, when care
Repos'd itself beside the innocent
At evening's dawn, as when he lay reclin'd
Upon his downy pillow hush'd to sleep,
And pleasing dreams his youthful bosom heav'd.
Sweet night of rest; with spirit free as air,
At break of day, the sportive urchin, young
In years, but old in gaiety, awakes
And dreams his nightly bliss a second time.

O, happy, happy days! In vain when years
Have crowded on, the votary seeks to cull
The brightest flowers which bloom'd in other days;
In vain the pregnant mind of full grown man,
Strives to participate in all the joys
Which liv'd in boyhood's prime—when, rubicund,
He sported on the sunny green, content
With what kind fortune metted out,
And drank life's essence from the whirlwind's gale,
Or gently sipp'd it from the whispering breeze.

Days that are past! I heed ye not because
Life's path is chequer'd and beset with thorns
On either side! I heed ye not because
Sad disappointments come with riper years,
To blight our hopes, prostrate our castles built,
And make our path of heated barren sands;—
These are not themes on which my thoughts would
cling;

The narrow space of Time is fitting by
Unheeded yet; enjoyment is the boon
To which all mortal hopes prefer to cling:
Earth then shall be mine heritage—and I
Will go and stand alone beside the pool,
Where living waters, gushing, oft reflect
The star-lit heavens,—there read my destiny.
I will climb up the mountain's steep, and gain
Its highest pinnacle, where I can view
The wide-spread forest, and the waving grain,
The little ville, and distant landscape, strew'd
With grazing herds and peaceful cottages;
There will I sit me down and meditate.

I'll go among the undulating hills,
Where trees, majestic, waving high in air,
Shall screen me from the scorching rays of Sol;
And I will wander to some dark, deep glen,
And sit me down upon the loneliest spot,
And listen to the wild bird's mellow song,

The heath-hen's hollow drum, and rippling brook;
There, breathe the sweets of solitude, and know
There's joy in riper years.

Earth's beauties are

Innumerable! What mortal ken can trace
The work of Deity!—or who can count
The desert's sands, or sound old Ocean's depths,
Or weigh the mass of animalculæ?
'Tis more than mortal ingenuity
Can devise, or human art unravel,
The wide, expansive, inexhaustible
Source of nature's works:—beauty, loveliness,
The pattern of all things natural,
From the meanest reptile where intellects
Abide not, to more pre-eminent man,
The ape of his creator! Unto thee,
O, Earth! to thee, then I will ever cling,
With all the ardor of full blooming youth,
Until the brittle thread of life shall break:
Then may I peaceful rest beneath the sod!

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TO STELLA.

I heard a voice, of joy it seem'd;
Most thrillingly it flow'd
From soul sincere I fondly deem'd,
So feelingly it glow'd,
In sweetest pathos rapturously,
From fountains of the heart:
And fondest tones of joyousness,
Did seemingly impart.

But were its tones, so feelingly,
Breathed from a heart sincere?
And was each sentiment express'd,
In truth, to thee so dear?
And was each thought there truly drawn
From motives pure, unfeign'd?
And didst thou feel the rapturous flow
Thy mellow song contain'd?

Glad smiles do light my pathway now,
Which do my joys enhance;
And the bright future bids me seek
A fair inheritance:
The light of hope now brightening shines
Upon my youthful hours,
And gaily decks life's thorny path,
With fairest, sweetest flowers.

Yes, unknown one, I'm happy now,
And thou would'st blear the same;
Implant despair upon my brow
Which beams with smiles—I ween
Thou would'st—else why so breathe thy song,
In tones which are but vain,
To interrupt my transient joys
With thy sarcastic strain.

E'en now my soul is lit with pleasure's
Purest, kindest glow,
And ev'ry wayward thought is freed
From misery and wo;
And dost thou think that song of thine
Will make my bosom swell?
Ah yes, it will—with bitterness—
And now, unknown, farewell.
Auburn, Sept. 1830.

ANNA.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

BY-GONE DAYS.

Could I but live life o'er again,
I ne'er would breathe for man a sigh—
The pearly dew might damp the plain,
But tears should never fill mine eye.

Let flattery shed her adder tear,
I'd feel for none but those oppress'd;
And lead a life devoid of fear,
To die in hope of heavenly rest.

In boyhood's hours all pleasure pass'd—
Yet then I saw, in coming time,
Some beauty of unequal'd cast,
And fancy led me to its shrine.

Methinks I've seen a world of care,
That presses on my gloomy mind;
This aching breast in sad despair,
Has sought too long one joy to find.

But it has found all care and strife,
Without one sweet, one healing balm—
The storms and tempests of this life
Rage ever, without halt or calm.

Hope has stood fair athwart my brow,
Its gleam was pleasure to my ways—
I've heard the sigh,—the broken vow—
And all has fled with by-gone days.

Seneca Falls, N. Y.

WERNER.

The glance of Melancholy is a fearful gift:
What is it but the telescope of truth,
That strips the distance of its fantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,—
Making the cold reality too real.—BRONX.

Z.

LIST OF AGENTS.

We publish again a list of our agents, so
that subscribers may know to whom they
are requested to pay.

Albion, John J. Orton.
Auburn, Henry Cherry.
Buffalo, A. W. Wilgus.
Black Rock, Rollin German.
Bloomfield, M. T. Wm. P. Patrick.
Batavia, Wm. A. Seaver.
Port Byron, H. Perkins.
Burlington, Vt., R. G. Stone.
Canandaigua, John Ackley.
Clarkson, Gustavus Clark.
Canajoharie, J. Mc Vean.
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ENGRAVINGS.

We have made arrangements for four elegant 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. in advance.

TERMS, &c.

The Gem will be published every other Saturday, in quarto form, and pagged 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.

Editors with whom we exchange, will please give the above a few insertions in their papers.

THE GEM,

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

BE OURS THE PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 12.

ROCHESTER, OCTOBER 16, 1830.

VOL. II.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE INDIAN'S BRIDE.

[CONCLUDED.]

I need not tell of the reconciliation that there took place between the Pale Cheek and Flora, for each now knew that they *loved*, and only lived for each other. All their doubts, which bashful love had so magnified a few hours before, were banished by the mere rehearsal, and each wondered that the other had cherished them.

Flora returned, and Donald recognized the smile upon her cheek which had been so long a stranger there. Her father, too, saw the change, but it grieved him, for he knew she had been walking with the Pale Cheek. He had, for weeks, feared that she loved him; and he had watched over her melancholy for he suspected the cause. Although he almost worshipped his daughter, and now knew that the Pale Cheek was *her* idol, yet his cautious nature could not brook that she should love him. He felt that a stigma would ever rest upon his name, 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 she loved the Pale Cheek, yet he could not see her so degraded. She was sitting at her window, smiling at a flower she held: another was in her bosom, and more were braided in the tresses of her hair. He had put them there, and she smiled as she looked upon them.—When her father entered her room she rose to meet him, and the flower fell from her bosom. She stooped to regain it, and as she placed it again where it had rested, her father spoke—

"That's a pretty flower, Flora."

She made no answer, but a blush, deep and burning overspread her cheek and neck, and her bosom crimsoned deeper than the flower that trembled there. I know not why, but she could not *then* have answered her father even if *his* life had depended upon her utterance; and as she raised her eye to his, she met a glance, stern, and fixed, and searching. He had never before looked *thus* upon her, and she knew that she had offended. She could not see that look again, and as her eyes fell from his, they rested upon the flower still in her hand and she thought of her Henry; but the thought was death, for the idea then first flashed across her heart that he was an *Indian*! Tears broke forth, and she threw herself upon her father's bosom, and wept as an innocent child ever weeps.

Her manner had told the fatal truth her father came to ask, and although he could have wept with her, tear for tear, he had steeled his bosom for the purpose. For a moment

he was busied in releasing the flowers from her hair, for he knew who had twined them there, and as he threw them out upon the grass—

"Thus Flora," said he, "banish all thoughts of the Indian."

Still she answered not, and only wept the more. He told her of the stain upon his name, of his hopes, of her mother's grief, and of Donald's anger. He told her too, of another—that Rawley loved her—that he had spoken to him, and that he was even now waiting for her answer.

"Not now!" she said, but her father was fixed, and bade her answer him. Again he spoke of the Pale Cheek—of the Indian—of the savage—of the offspring that would call her mother!

"Yes!" sobbed the agonized girl as she wrung his hand in hers, "yes, but, father, not now!"

"Then see the Indian no more," said he, and he left her to weep alone.

Oh! how agonizing were the hours that followed! Flora was convinced, but her heart would not seal the conviction. She hated Rawley and would not think of him.

The sun went down upon her misery, and his setting was succeeded by a most beautiful evening. Flora, to cool the delirious fever of her brain, took her hat and tried to wander from her thoughts; but the beauty of the star-studded heavens, nor the gentle breathing of the breeze, that playfully wanted through her tresses, nor the moonlit scenery of nature, had power to dissipate the all-absorbing gloom that preyed upon her soul.—She loved the Pale Cheek, and knew that her love was returned: she knew that he lived but for her, and yet she had promised to *hate* him. Deeply did she mourn the absence of some friend, into whose bosom she could have poured out her heart. She dared not speak to Donald for he was the confidant of Rawley, and had urged her in his behalf. There was no one to pity her but the Pale Cheek, and him she must not see. O, how lonely and desolate was that agonized heart! She wept, and knelt down upon the cold earth there alone, to commune with her God; and as she raised her white arms to heaven in that wild expanse, her bosom glowed with a calmer feeling, and she poured out her whole soul in meek adoration to the Deity. Could that stern father have listened *there*, he, too, would have wept, and would have forgiven his erring child. She trusted in heaven and sought her consolation there. As her words died away, she leant her head upon her hands and bowed it down to the cold dew upon the earth.

She rose, and putting back the wet locks from her brow, would have returned but her

eye rested upon the Pale Cheek! Why was he there? Could he be—she checked the thought as he approached. "Henry!" she said, for she knew that *he* was her friend and would pity her. At that instant her arm was seized and the voice of her father called out,

"Seize the villain!" and Donald and Rawley came forward. The Pale Cheek moved not a limb or a muscle as they laid their rude hands upon him, but stood as calm and unresisting as if 'twere but the touch of friends.

"To night, Flora, you shall wed with Rawley!" said the father. As he uttered the sentence the Pale Cheek struck their hands from his collar and disappeared fleetly than the frightened panther; and they bore away Flora to their mansion.

When Hugh McDonald was once determined, he was not easily persuaded or moved from his purpose. He was stung to the heart at the idea of Flora's marrying with the Pale Cheek, and he would not allow it. He forbade her to see him and she had disobeyed. He knew not that she had not sought the interview—that she was wholly guiltless: but he knew that she *did* see him, and was leaning upon his arm; and he pronounced her doom before a word could have been spoken in explanation. She entreated to be spared for a few days—even one day, but he heard her not; and already is she decorated for the sacrifice.

Pale and lifeless, save that she breathed, sat the stricken victim. Upon one side she was supported by her father, and on the other by Rawley. Donald was watching at the window to hail the first coming of him who should pronounce the dreadful ceremony, while Alice, his mother, had withdrawn to another apartment, to weep o'er the fate of her daughter. A single lamp shed its feeble rays o'er the scene, and not a word of soothing or sorrow was uttered. 'Twas like the knell of death, and Flora was the inanimate. At length the door is opened, and he whom they wait is ushered in. Flora's hand is placed in Rawley's, cold and nerveless as the glove they had withdrawn. She uttered not a word, but as the ceremony commenced, a slight tremor passed through her frame, giving it one faint sign of animation. Another moment, and the fatal words would have passed; but, hark! that shout!—it is the Indian yell of death, and the Pale Cheek and his followers rush into the room. Already have they seized upon the inanimate Flora & are bearing her away; but Rawley has seized upon his rifle which stood at his side, perhaps not accidentally, and placed it against the breast of the Pale Cheek. His finger is on the trigger, but a savage threw up the muzzle, and the contents passed over his shoulder and lodged in the bosom of Flora.

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 exclaiming,

"Now art thou the INDIAN'S RIDE!" 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!

LOTHAIRE.

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 roared a wild and awful cataract. The spray leaped from rock to rock, like a courser bounding o'er the plain; and then, with a long and silent plunge, it sunk 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 meditating upon the various passions which fluctuate in the human breast, and upon the different effects which they produce upon the mind. While I was thus contemplating I was aroused by a touch upon my shoulder, and the messenger of Heaven stood before me. He was clothed in the habiliments of the skies. A radiant crown, beaming with the effulgent brightness of heaven, was placed upon his head. A majestic calmness was visible in his countenance, and all betokened the messenger of the regions above. Unconsciously I fell prostrate before him. He slightly touched me with his wand and bade me rise. I obeyed, and he then addressed me.

"Son of man! I know thy thoughts. The various passions on which thou hast been meditating, are the greatest curse which man has brought upon himself by his crimes. The power is now given thee to behold any one of these dressed in the various garbs which they assume to steal away the hearts of those wretches who were foolish enough to listen to their enticing songs."

In former life I had smarted under the lash of calumny. My reputation, my present and future prospects, and the fairest sun of hope, that ever shed its beaming 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 vision as I answered.

"Let me behold Slander."

"Have then thy wish," was his reply, and in a loud and commanding voice he said, "Slander come forth!"

Immediately there appeared in the distance

an indistinct image, which, as it approached, took on the outlines of the human form. While it was approaching, the thoughts which I had conceived of its deformity entirely vanished, and I was preparing to greet the phantom with a friendly smile. I could discern that it was dressed in light gossamer robes which descended in graceful folds to the feet, and the countenance was at first mild and enticing. But, alas! appearances are too often deceitful. 'Tis often that those things which are dressed in a gay garb, and decked in a fair exterior, appear like the fabled apple of the Dead Sea: upon examination, only corruption and ashes. As it came nearer, the robe which seemed to my entranced eyes so beautiful, I now saw was a dress which had been stolen from TRUTH, to hide the deformity and nakedness of the wearer. The countenance was full of ghastly wrinkles, and when she smiled, it was the wild, exulting laugh of Demons, when they yell over fury, blood and carnage. A band of miserable wretches, who had, by her influence, been drawn from the paths of rectitude and virtue, to wander in the forbidden ways of falsehood and deceit, made up a horrid train; and when a new victim was added to their band, as if to welcome him to the abodes of wretchedness and misery, they raised a wild and discordant yell, which echoed wildly throughout the dark caves of the mountain on which I was seated. The phantom approached, and pointing to me, said—

"Come with me, and be a calumniator of all that is good."

From that moment I seemed to be bound by a syren's spell. It seemed that I was shunned by the good, and despised by the bad. The man of humanity drove me from his door and I was the companion of only a few envious gossips. I looked at myself—I was a Slanderer! nay more, I was a LIAR, and my agony was unutterable. At this moment the messenger of the skies touched me, and said, "This change which thou hast felt is only imaginary; I have permitted ideal visions to assume the semblance of reality, that I might teach thee this moral—never to forsake the paths of truth, for the thorny ways of falsehood."

The messenger vanished, and I awoke.

ALEX.

FALSTAFF.—If we examine the character of Falstaff, in whom all the bewitching qualities of a professed drunkard are exhibited, we shall find it such an one as few would desire their own to resemble. He was not only a wit himself, but the cause of it in other men. He manifests much good humour in bearing the raillery of others, and great quickness in retorts of his own. He drinks much—and while he enumerates the qualities of your true Sherris-sack, he skillfully commends what he drinks. Yet the same character is as strongly represented to us, by the inimitable delineator of nature, as a parasite, a vulgar and unseasonable joker, a liar, a coward, a beastly and dishonest man.

How can an excuse be made for ingratitude.

Virgil.—Virgil was of a swarthy complexion, tall, and athletic, but of a weakly constitution. He was so bashful, that when people crowded to see him he would slip into some passage or shop to avoid them. His studies, sickness, and the troubles he met with, turned his hair gray before the usual time. He had a hesitation in his speech, like many other great men; it being rarely found that a very fluent elocution and depth of judgement meet in the same person; his aspect and behaviour were rustic and ungraceful. He was of a thoughtful and melancholy temperament; spoke little, loved retirement and contemplation, and was an enemy of those talkative impertinents from which no court, not even that of Augustus, could be free.—*Family Classical Library, No. 8.*

SAGACITY OF THE INDIAN HORNET.--

While engaged in reading in my budgallo, at Bellary, in India, a large wasp, or hornet, of very beautiful form, and colour, flew into the room where I was seated, bearing a small green caterpillar in his claws. He immediately commenced burrowing in the dry clay floor; but in proportion as he threw up the fine sand behind him, it formed a sort of hill or cone, and fell into the hole again, giving him fresh trouble to throw it out. The hornet did not like or understand this; and he repeatedly flew towards me in an angry and menacing manner, much to near my face to be agreeable. At last, after repeatedly running round the little sand hill, he found out the cause of all his trouble, and throwing himself on his side in rear of it, he struck away with his forepaws at the base, until he cleared it all away. He then set to mining afresh, without further impediment, and deposited his game.

A traveller on a miserably lean steed, was hailed by a yankee who was hoeing his pumpkins by the road side. "Halloo, friend," said the farmer, "Where are you bound?" "I'm going out to settle in the western country," replied the other. "Well, get off and straddle this ere pumpkin vine—it will grow and carry you faster than that ere beast."

✧ From the London New Monthly Magazine.

THE SUICIDE'S LAST CAROUSE.

Who was better known, about town or who knew the town better, than Sir Harry High-flyer? He was, as the phrase is, in every thing and the best man at every thing—supreme in each pursuit that had fashion for its sanction. He was a member of the Four-in-hand Club; and it was universally admitted that no gentleman could drive his own coachman to Salt hill in better style. He was the best dresser in London; and ruined three tailors by the disinterested readiness with which he exhibited their choicest production on his own well-formed person. His dinners were the most recherche, his wines the most exquisite that money could purchase,—and certainly they had cost dearly to the tavern-keepers he promised to pay for him. He was celebrated in the Fives court; and if he was unable to lick young Belcher, who from constant practice had the advantage of him; or the boxing coal-heaver, who was his superior in weight; he had done all that could be required of a gentleman—he had tried. He was the best shot in England. Twice did he brush the morning dew from the grass of Mary-le-bone

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 scoundrel, as Sir Harry justly termed him who had seduced the Baronet's mistress; the other, a Mr. Hardacre, a plain country squire, who had had the temerity to call Sir Harry a scoundrel for eloping with his wife. Here again had Sir Harry done all that could be required of a gentleman. But these were not his only claims to that title. In a single night he won seventeen thousand pounds of young Lackbrain, a tryo in those matters, at hazard. Finding that by selling his commission in the ——— dragoons, drawing upon his agent to the uttermost farthing in his hands, and pledging his pictures, his books and the lease of his chamber in Albany, young Lackbrain could not raise no more than nine thousand pounds towards the amount of his loss, he generously, with respect to the remaining sum, declared, that as he should hold it unbecoming a friend and a gentleman to press its immediate payment, Mr. Lackbrain might set his mind perfectly at ease about it, upon signing a bond for principal and interest to be payable in twelve—nay, even fifteen months. Sir Harry began life with a fortune of eighteen thousand a year. Having somewhat of a turn for arithmetick, he at once perceived that it would be imprudent to spend more than twenty thousand, and wisely resolved to limit his expenditure by that sum, or twenty-five thousand at the utmost. But circumstances, which might have baffled the wisest calculations, so ordered it, that thirty was usually much nearer the mark; and however extraordinary it may appear to persons unaccustomed to investigate such matters, the consequence of these discrepancies between the income and the outgoing, was, that one fine sun-shiny morning his debts were found to amount to 102,357*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.* a very complicated and ugly looking row of figures—while his assets were gracefully pictured forth by that simple and elegantly formed symbol (0) representing NOUGHT. To use his own emphatick phrase, Sir Harry Highflyer found himself "most inagnanimously dished." It was towards the close of the London season of 1817 that he made this wonderful discovery. What was to be done? He could not at the moment determine. Free air and solitude were necessary to put his mind into a fit state for reflection, so, calling for his hat and gloves, he sallied forth, and avoiding dear Bond-street, and all the more frequent avenues, he crossed St. Alban's st. sided through St. James' Market, felt his way along a dirty, dingy defile, called Swallow-st. and after passing through sudry dark passages on the north of Oxford-street, he at length found himself in the Mary-le-bone fields. There he sauntered about for some time, but to no purpose; one hundred and two thousand and odd pounds, shillings and pence, were not to be picked up in the Mary-le-bone fields; and what else under Heaven could set him afloat again! The more he thought, the more desparate did his position appear to him. But there is an old French proverb that tells us that *a force de chercher l'on trouve*; and so it happened to Sir Harry; for by dint of thinking and walking, and walking and thinking, he all at once found himself on the identical spot where he had killed his friends Hardacre and Major O'Blaze. Here, by that fine operation of the mind, called the association of ideas, an easy and certain mode of arranging his affairs occurred to him. "Is it possible" he exclaimed, "that I can be such an idiot, as, for nearly two hours to have overlooked so obvious an expedient! Is it possible that I, a man of unquestionable courage, as this very spot can attest, should have been, for an instant, in doubt about the means of escaping from an exposure of my cut-up—an event I never should have found nerve to encounter! Is it possible

that I, a rational being, should have failed to think of the *very thing* that would have occurred to any ass in London, at the first blush of the affair!—What! shall I put down my four in hand! Shall I send my racers to Tatersall's? Shall I break up my snug little establishment at Kilburn, and confess to my pretty Julia that it is all up with me? Shall I tell my friends that I can squander no more thousands, for the reason that I have no thousands to squander? No, no; thank my stars I have too much courage to submit to that." It were needless to state in explicit terms what was the nature of the remedy intended to be employed by this "rational being," for the many ills which this "man of courage" was too courageous to encounter; but, having settled the question entirely to his own satisfaction, he, upon his way home, suddenly put his handkerchief to his cheek went into an apothecary's shop, complained of a racking tooth-ache, and purchased a phial of laudanum.

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 stigmatized as daring and reckless imprudence, his rationality as sheer insanity. But Sir Harry would not have done that; he was too well bred a man; his consciousness of the respect due from a subject to his Prince; his deference to the forms of civilized society; nay, the very consideration of what was due from man *even unto MAN* would have warned him of the impropriety, of committing so gross an outrage as that! This is a mere passing remark, which, as it is not necessarily connected with the subject, the reader may consider, or not, at his discretion.

Upon reaching home, Sir Harry gave strict charge to Laurent, his valet, not to come to him till he heard his bell, nor to allow any one to interrupt him. He then went into his dressing-room, where he passed nearly two hours in writing letters.

He drew the phial from his pocket!! "The ruling passion strong in death," he held it up to the light; and muttering "Bright as a ruby—a cursed bore though, for all that," he twisted out the cork, put the poison to his lips—there was a tap at the dressing-room door.

"Who the devil's that? Didn't I give positive orders that no one should disturb me?"

"Beg your pardon, Sare, but it grow late; you remember Milford Dashmore dine vix you, and you not tell me how many I will order dinner for."

This reminds him that he had invited Lord Dashmore and a party of friends to dinner for that very day. "They'll look upon it as a sneaking piece of business," thought he "if I leave them in the lurch in this way: a few hours after will make no difference, and I shan't be in worse condition for my journey for a dozen bumpers of claret." Then added aloud, to Laurent, "order for twelve, and afterwards come and help me to dress."

"Mr. Maxwell is here, Sare; shall you see him?"

"Maxwell!" thought Sir Harry, "what whimsey has brought him here! I thought I had given him a surfeit of me, at his last visit a twelve month ago. Beg Mr. Maxwell to walk up."

Mr. Maxwell was the son of a clergyman who died of a very odd complaint—a broken heart for the loss of his wife; leaving his son an orphan at the age of two years. As this is an age at which a young gentleman is not very well qualified to take care of himself, the late Baronet, Sir Henry's father, thought that he might do it much better for him; and, acting upon this suggestion, took him into his own house. Little Master Maxwell and the Baronet's son being nearly of the same age,

they were instructed by the same masters, sent at the same time to Westminster, and afterwards entered at the same college at Cambridge. Upon their return from college, Sir Robert Highflyer gave young Maxwell the choice of a profession; but as the young gentleman entertained an unbounded dislike of law, physick and divinity, the army and the navy, it seemed a matter of some difficulty how to provide for him.

"'Tis a lucky thing for you Tom," said Sir Robert, "that I have the command of four votes, and can therefore, obtain from ministers anything in reason that I choose to ask."

Now, although I am certain these were the very words used by Sir Robert, I never, for the soul of me, could understand what he meant by having the command of four votes, still less, by the most industrious application of my reasoning faculties, could I ever perceive the remotest connexion between such a possession, and certain degree, of influence with ministers, which he considered as its obvious and natural consequence. However, such was his expression.

Young Maxwell's inclinations tending towards politics, a valuable appointment in the office of the ——— for the ——— department, was procured for him, with an understanding that, at the first convenient opportunity, he should have a seat in parliament. Shortly after this, Sir Robert died; and his son succeeded to the title and estate.

Between the latter and Maxwell as close a friendship had always existed as could exist between two persons whose habits and occupations were diametrically opposed; and Maxwell, presuming, perhaps, too far upon this, (and entertaining, as he did, a stupid notion that he could not better evince his gratitude to the patron to whom he owed every thing, than by endeavouring, to the utmost of his power, to save his son from ruin,) would sometimes take the liberty to make too evident to Sir Harry, that the system of extravagance he pursued must inevitably lead to the utter destruction of his fortune. The result of one of these remonstrances was an intimation from Sir Harry, that unless Mr. Maxwell could find more amusing topics for conversation, his absence from ——— street would be particularly desirable; and Mr. Maxwell not being able to comply with the first condition, he very coolly availed himself of the other. The Baronet's astonishment at the present visit is thus accounted for.

"Ha! Tom, how do? devilish glad to see you," said Sir Harry, holding out one hand, and with the other depositing the little phial of laudanum, together with the letters he had written, in a drawer of his dressing table; "devilish glad, 'pon my soul I am; but no preaching, Tom!"

"No, no; my preaching days are over."

"So much the better; I am glad to find that, in one respect at least, I have succeeded in reforming you, whatever may have been your success in ———." He suddenly stopped—walked towards the window—returned—and continued. "No matter—stay and dine with me; you will meet Dashmore and Leslie, and Colonel D——, and in short all friends of yours."

"To tell you the truth, Highflyer, I came for the purpose of billeting myself upon you. I met Leslie this morning, who told me of your party. And....." (here he made an unaccountable pause.)—"But since I am here, will you allow me to send a message to my servant to bring my things here to dress? It will save me the trouble of going home."

"Ay, to be sure; Laurent will be here presently, and he shall send somebody to him."

Had Sir Harry been in a state of mind to think to any purpose, he would have thought,

that, considering the terms on which they stood for some time past, all this was very strange.

By the time Laurent had finished dressing his master, Maxwell's servant arrived; and Sir Harry descended to the drawing-room to receive his guests, leaving his friend to perform the duties of the toilette.

"Another pin, Ward," said Maxwell to his servant. "Plague on the inventor of this tie! it requires as many pins as the frock of a boarding-school romp." But Ward having exhausted all the pins in Sir Harry's cushion, his master opened first one draw and then another till coming to that in which the Baronet deposited the letters, he was astonished at perceiving that the letter on the top of the pile was addressed to Lord Dashmore, who was to be of the party that very afternoon, and the next beneath to himself! In addition to these were letters addressed to his agent, to his solicitor, and to his aunt Lady Mary, whom he had offended beyond all hope of pardon.

"This is very strange!" He continued his search. "Good God.—Ward—I have no farther occasion for you: you may go. Unless I am at home by one, you needn't—yes—you had better be in waiting for me—that's all—stay—call a hackney-coach immediately—don't bring it to the door, but wait with it at the corner of the street."

The guests were all assembled, and Laurent announced that dinner was served.

"Let Mr. Maxwell know," said Sir Harry.

"Mr. Maxwell, Sare, beg you shall not wait for him. He go home for something he forget, but shall return before the soup be remove." A knock at once announced the return of Mr. Maxwell, so that no delay occurred.

Sir Harry Highflyer, as is well known, was one of the most agreeable table-companions of his day. He was a man of ready and pleasant wit, and, whatever may have been his faults at other times and in other places, (and numerous and grave indeed they were) he was faultless at the head of his own table. Never the retailer of other men's stories, and seldom the hero of his own, he entertained a mortal aversion for your mere story-teller. "The original sin," he used to say, "has entailed a curse on all the pleasures of life, and story-telling is the curse of conviviality. The nonsense of the moment is a thousand times preferable to the most exquisite piece of wit, ready cut and dried for the occasion, that ever was uttered, or the best ready made story that was ever told." He held noise to be subversive of mirth (of cheerfulness it certainly is), instead of an assistant to, or an evidence of, it: and, strange as it may appear, he could not endure a coarse joke, or an obscene story. "Let us," he once said, "show some consideration for the necessities of our inferiours; let us abandon to tinkers such incentives to mirth—the poor devils require something as a relish to their beer; we shall loose nothing by the surrender; for, for my part, I can't fancy that they go well with the elegant, delicate flavour of fine wine." To do Sir Harry justice he was not a beast.

The dinner went off pretty much in the same way as dinners of the kind generally do. But some circumstances occurred, of too remarkable a character to pass without mention. It is true that, with the exception of Mr. Maxwell, they made no very deep impression on any one present; yet, at one or two of those circumstances, not one of the party but felt, more or less acutely, what might not inaptly be termed a momentary shock of astonishment. No one could be a fairer talker than Sir Harry: he allowed opportunity to every one for taking his share in the conversation; he never, as it were, elbowed himself in; but availed himself adroitly, and apparently without effort, of the first opening. Upon this occasion, however, he talked through every one that attempted to speak; he talked almost incessantly, and, indeed, seemed uneasy when he was constrained even to a short interval of silence. He spoke, too, in a loud, overpowering tone of voice, altogether

contrary to his usual habit; and his gaiety, ordinarily so distinguished by its suavity and its subordination to the dictates of good taste, was boisterous in the extreme, and sought to maintain itself by a recourse to expedients the most common-place. Again, it was observed that, oftener than once, he filled a bumper, drank it off, and filled again, before he passed the wine.

There was some question about arranging a Vauxhall party for the following evening, and Mr. Maurice B., not perceiving that their host was whispering Laurent, who had just entered the room with a message to him, turned round and abruptly inquired, "Highflyer where shall you be to-morrow night?" Sir Harry, turning suddenly at the question, fixed his eyes (which seemed to distend to twice their natural size) on the speaker, set his teeth firmly together, and uttered a convulsive, fiend-like laugh, as his only reply; at the same time grasping Laurent by the fleshy part of his arm. A death-like silence ensued; not a soul present but felt a thrill of horror. Lord Dashmore, indeed, who was raising his glass to his lips, involuntarily threw it upwards with such force, that it struck the ceiling and fell in fragments to the ground. Poor Laurent, sinking almost on his knees, while tears of agony were forced from his eyes, naturally and pathetically cried out in his own language, "*Mais, mon Dieu!—Monsieur, vous me faites mal—vous me faites mal, vous de je.*" Sir Harry relinquished his hold, drew his hand across his forehead, filled a bumper, carelessly reproaching Col. D., who was assisting him in the duties of the table, with exposing the bottles to an attack of the cramp for want of motion, and, quite contrary to his custom, volunteered to sing a song. All this occurred in infinitely less time than it occupies to describe it; and notwithstanding the sensation was powerful, yet so rapidly had the scene which occasioned it passed, that it was extinct before the next bumper went round.

Sir Harry became—gayer? no—more boisterous than before.

Sir Charles F. remarked that there were thirteen at table! "Then one amongst us is booked for within the year," said Col. D., laughingly.

"A hundred guineas to five, I am the man," said Sir Harry.

"Done!" exclaimed Lord Dashmore, at the same time drawing out his pocket-book for the purpose of entering the bet: "and in a twelve month and a day, I shall wait upon you for a cool hundred,—for you'll lose."

"'Tis no bet, Dashmore," said Sir Harry with a bitter smile, which no one but Maxwell noticed; "'tis no bet, so don't book it: no man is justified in making a bet when he knows himself sure of winning."

It was growing late. Some one looked at his watch and observed that it was almost time to break up. "Don't think of leaving me yet," said Sir Harry—"for God's sake!" And he rang for more wine, together with anchovy toasts, broiled bones, and other provocatives to drinking. To most present, the form of his appeal seemed odd; to Maxwell it appeared awful!

But the last and most striking occurrence of the night, is now to be related. Sir Harry, it has already been said, exhibited manifest signs of impatience at even the short intervals of silence to which the give-and-take of conversation occasionally subjected him. They threw him back upon his own reflections. A question being put to Col. D., respecting the storming of Badajoz, he described just so much of it as had come immediately under his own observation, (for he had been engaged in it); and with so much force, vivacity and picturesque effect, was his short narrative imbued, that it engrossed the attention of all present. It could not have occupied longer than three minutes; yet, when the Colonel had ceased speaking, it was observed that Sir Harry was leaning with his elbow on the table and his forehead in his hand. "The Baronet's off," said some one and laughed. Sir Harry started at the sound, mechanically filled his glass, and sent the wine on.

"What the deuce is the matter with you, Highflyer?" exclaimed another; "your cravat is covered with blood!" "Nothing"—replied he—putting his handkerchief to his mouth—"nothing—a scratch—nothing—nothing—fill—fill, and send the wine about." His appearance was ghastly: his features were distorted, his face was deadly pale, and the blood was streaming from his nether lip, which in the intensity of mental agony, he had unconsciously bitten almost through!

"I have not seen the Baronet so much cut," whispered Col. D.—to Lord Dashmore, who was sitting next to him, "since the hard bout we had at Melton last year. Let's be off!"

As the party retired, the successive "Good night" of each fell upon Sir Harry's ear like a death-knell! It struck like an ice-bolt to his heart! He was a man of unquestionable courage, as we have seen, but he could not stand it; and as the three or four of the last were preparing to leave the room, he cut short their valedictions, by hastily saying, "That'll do, that'll do." Maxwell was the last to retire. Sir Harry grasped his hand, and held it firmly till he heard the street door close upon the rest. "Now you may go, Tom; those are mere friends of the hour, but you and I have been friends from children. You knew my poor father, and he loved you. There"—and he shook his hand warmly—"there—now go—Good night—Heaven bless you, Tom, Heaven bless you. Go—go." Maxwell, as he went out, said to Laurent, "It is not probable that your master will ring for you very early to-morrow; be sure you suffer no one to approach him till I come."

Ma parole, Sare, I shall not be ver' glad to go; him ver' soon—endeed he make de blood come out to my arm. I take him for wild cat."

They were mistaken who thought Sir Harry was cut—in plain English, drunk: except Maxwell—whose situation throughout the evening, by the by, had not been the most enviable—he was the only sober man of the party. The prodigious quantity of wine he had swallowed produced no more effect upon him, in the way of intoxication, than if it had been water: he carried an antidote to it in his mind. Left to himself, he filled a large goblet with claret, which he took off at a draught. He then beseeched Laurent to give him a taper, told him he had no occasion for his attendance that night, shook him by the hand, (which condescension the poor fellow conceived to be intended as a set-off for the gripe he had received,) walked steadily into his dressing-room, and locked and bolted the door. He then approached the dressing-table; took the letters he had written in the morning, and the phial of laudanum, from the drawer wherein he had deposited them; and having spread out the former in such a manner that they could not fail to be seen by any one who should come into the room next day—he paused for a few seconds. He then uncorked the phial—swallowed its contents—stood motionless, as if transfixed, for nearly a minute—staggered towards a sofa—and fell senseless on it.

Now if any one should say that Mr. Maxwell, with the suspicions he entertained, or, rather, the knowledge he possessed of Sir Harry's intention, acted unwarrantably—heartlessly—wickedly—in leaving him to carry it into execution, the only defence I can offer for him is, that, perhaps he had very good reasons for acting as he did. But to relieve him as speedily as possible from the odious charge of conniving at so horrible a deed, it will be as well at once to explain what those reasons were.

Although the friendly intercourse which had hitherto subsisted between these gentlemen had ceased for nearly a twelve month prior to the period in question, Maxwell, nevertheless, with considerable anxiety watched the proceedings of the son of his benefactor. He was aware of the ruinous modes of raising money resorted to by Sir Harry, whilst any thing remained in his possession which he could either mortgage or sell; and he was now also aware of the distressing facts, that not only even those means were exhausted, but that Sir Harry was inexorably in debt. It happened one morning that, being with his solicitor upon business of his own, that

gentleman put into his hands certain papers left for inspection with him by one of his clients. They were documents connected with a transfer of some part of Sir Harry's property to a person from whom he had long been in the habit of raising the supplies. Maxwell presently perceived, what his solicitor intended he should be informed of, that, in that transaction, an obvious fraud had been practised upon his inconsiderate friend. This discovery led him to examine into other transactions of a similar kind; and the result of various investigations was a conviction that a vast portion of the property might fairly be recovered, since it had been obtained from Sir Harry by mal-practices of a much graver description than the mere infraction of the Usury Laws.

Having, after several consultations with his solicitor, decided as to the course to be adopted, he resolved in spite of their late estrangement, to pay a visit to his quondam friend, and communicate the pleasing intelligence to him. On his way thither he met Mr. Leslie, who told him of the dinner-party for that day. "I'm glad of it," said Maxwell, "for I have something to tell him which will give a zest to his wine."—But scarcely had he entered the Baronet's dressing room—(Sir Harry's astonishment at his visit, and his manner of receiving him, have already been described)—when he was attacked by one of those vague, undefinable, unaccountable apprehensions of approaching evil, which every one, perhaps, has, at some time or other, experienced. Why, he scarcely knew; but he at once determined to delay the communication he had to make till the following day: and still less could he tell why, at the same instant, he resolved upon not quitting Sir Harry for the rest of that afternoon. It was upon taking this latter resolution that he requested permission to send for his things to dress there.

The rest is soon told
 We know very well that in cases of emergency, where we find ourselves suddenly thrown unassisted upon our own resources, and feel that something *must* be done, our thoughts succeed each other with such amazing rapidity that we seem to jump at conclusions without an intermediate train of reasoning. But it is not so; the process does not take place; the difference is, our thoughts express themselves, if I may so say, in pictures instead of words.—If any one who has found himself so situated will take the trouble to recollect his sensations at the time, he will find that he did not think in words, but that a variety of pictures,—scenes of various modes of action, presented themselves almost instantaneously to his mind's eye, and that by a sort of instinct, he pounced upon the right one. This is something of what is usually understood by that rare quality called presence of mind: a commodity which a certain worthy gentleman once declared never failed him, provided he were not taken by surprise, but had time to turn the matter over in his head.

Maxwell did not throw the poison out at the window; nor did he rush into the drawing-room, with his face pale and his hair standing on end; nor did he call upon the company to bind Sir Harry hand and foot; nor did he remonstrate with him on the folly as well as the wickedness of terminating his own existence nor did he even betray the slightest hint that he was aware of his entertaining such an intention. He knew his man; and he was conscious, therefore, that his interference in any manner, though it might delay, would not prevent the act; he perceived, too, that he was not then, nor likely to be, for the rest of that day, in a state of mind to listen to his edifying expostulations; and he felt convinced that by taking one means of self-destruction out of the hands of a man desperate and resolved like him, he should only be forcing him to the adoption of some other. But he took a much wiser course than any of those. He drove to the chemist's, whose address he found on the label of the phial, and procured a composing draught, which was put into a small bottle of

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, descended, and took his seat at the dinner table as quietly as if nothing in the world had happened.

By eight o'clock the next morning Maxwell was in Sir Harry's room, which he entered by a side door the Baronet had neglected to fasten. He found his friend in a profound sleep, from which he did not wake till three o'clock of the same afternoon. It were needless to relate all that passed upon this occasion. Suffice it, that having explained to Sir Harry the hopes he entertained 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 to a small place of his near the town of —, 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 of the town, 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 mentioned that he has been heard to declare, that he would endure starvation, beggary, misery in any shape, rather than again encounter *the horrors 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 disdain 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 or take too large credit. Better slip a bargain now and then, than buy a greater quantity of goods than you can pay for.
5. Should your affairs go wrong, in spite of all care and diligence, break in time. If 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 filled with an immense quantity.
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 generally fatal to young tradesmen, especially those diversions which 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. Profusion in expenses, living like your neighbors, and mimicking the manners of high life, are paths which lead directly to bankruptcy.
12. In the employment of the holidays, be sure that exercise is your object. He who rides ten miles, and drinks two bottles of wine will not find his health greatly improved.
13. Beware of engaging to be security for any sum, which you cannot pay without in-

juring 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. If a servant has a taste for dress, rather correct and moderate it than prohibit it altogether.

17. Trust nothing to speculation, and avoid all paper 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 must often 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 despatch in every thing you do, yet avoid the affected bustle, cringing smile, and vulgarity of some tradesmen.

23. Talk to your customers like a man of sense and business, and not like a mountebank.

24. Be not very anxious to make a great fortune, nor set your heart upon a country-house and retirement.

25. In a word be strictly honest, assiduously diligent, and frugal. Never break your word or shuffle, but teach your brother tradesman and the whole world, that you are a person in every possible case to be depended on.

THE FARMER.

He who is lord of the soil on which he treads, and can point to his houses and barns—his fields teeming with grain, and covered with flocks and herds; and can say 'these are mine'—is truly one of the happiest men the world can produce.

A fire broke out in Mr. Parody's premises in Waterport-street, in Gibraltar, on the 6th of August, by which damage was done to that and the neighboring buildings, to the amount of 30,000 or \$40,000.—N. Y. Obs.

A letter from Pensacola of the 12th ult. states,—The Peacock is the only vessel of the fleet, on board of which much sickness prevailed. I am sorry to say that two of her officers, Lieutenant Hansford 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 15 men.

The Boston Manufacturer says that all the Judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, have expressed a decided belief that the law for imprisonment for debt is unconstitutional. Daniel Webster has offered his services gratuitously, to plead against its constitutionality, whenever any respectable body of citizens shall request them.

A good Wife. A woman who makes uniformly good coffee, and does not scold, even on a washing-day, possesses two great and important requisites in a good wife.

Dandy Elopement.—Our city for a few days past, has been under no little excitement at the sudden disappearance of a *thing*, who had strutted about our streets during 'about a year past, in the shape of a full dash'd dandy. He wore long whiskers, gallinipper cap, a dangling watch and safety chain, a *la mode* pantaloons and gaiters, white gloves, &c. &c. and walked along our side walks, without putting himself to the vulgar condescension of knowing any one whom he might chance to meet, save some young lady of the ton, or possibly some gentlemen whom he had met at some good society party, or who was recommended to his notice by a first cut fashionable gala. Although he was but a clerk in one of our commercial houses, yet few persons in the city had more money to sport with, or made more Jackdaw appearance in dress. He played billiards, eat oyster suppers, rode in gig and in buggy, and passed off as a gentleman of the first water. His credit was abundant, and few persons wished to dun so much of a gentleman as he appeared to be. But his exit was sudden, and many honest people are left without their dues. Report says he owes about \$100 for board in one place, \$40 for board in another; \$130 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.

REVIVAL IN ROCHESTER.

We should be ungrateful to God, and might perhaps be justly charged with withholding from our readers, information calculated to excite a thrill of joy, and gladden the heart of every Christian, were we any longer to delay noticing in our paper, the existence of a very general and powerful work of grace in this village.

It is now four weeks since the Rev. Mr. Finney commenced his labors with us. At that time there was evidently more feeling and more of the spirit of prayer in all of the churches than had existed for some time previous, and some solitary cases of conversion to encourage the hopes and gladden the hearts of Christians. At first the labours of Mr. Finney were principally confined to the 3d Presbyterian church, rendered vacant by the removal of Rev. Mr. Parker to the city of New York. They are still, on the Sabbath, confined to this church, but he has regularly delivered lectures in the other two Presbyterian churches, once a week, until the church of the 1st Society, the largest in the village was so much injured by the immense concourse assembled in it a few evenings since, as to render the further occupation of it dangerous. He now lectures on Wednesday evenings in the 2d church, and on Sunday and Tuesday evenings in the 3d.—Meetings for prayer and inquiry are held on the other evenings of the week, at some place in the village, and on some evenings, in each of the three societies. The attendance is very numerous. On the Sabbath no place of worship is large enough to contain the multitude that assembles.

The power of God is displayed in the conviction and conversion of sinners.—A large number of all ages and conditions, have submitted to his will and are manifesting forth his praise. A very general seriousness pervades our societies, and the inquiry "what shall we do to be saved," daily continues to be heard from awakened sinners. Such a revival, perhaps, was never experienced, where less disorder was witnessed, or less open opposition manifested. The most perfect harmony prevails between the different Presbyterian churches, and other denominations manifest the most friendly feelings. Indeed, Christians of different denominations are seen mingled together in the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and bowing at the same altar in the social prayer-meeting. The word of God is addressed to the understanding, and the awakened sinner is pressed, as matter of present concern, and of infinite moment, to decide whether he will accept or reject the offers of pardon and of reconciliation to God.

We are daily cheered by the presence of ministers and lay members from neighboring churches, by the deep interest which they manifest, and the assurance that we have an interest in their prayers.

The work has extended to the Rev. Mr. Benedict's society in Brighton, three miles east of this village; and in some of the churches in the neighboring towns, an increased spirit of prayer among Christians is manifest, and sinners are awakened,

and some few instances of conversion give assurance that God is ready to pour down his blessings when his children are prepared to receive them.

It can hardly be necessary, to say to Christians that this glorious work can only be expected to continue so long as they are humble, and pray, and labor. Let the sovereign mercy of God be recognized, and his children consider themselves as receiving an unmerited favor in being permitted to be co-workers with Him, in carrying on his glorious purposes—in subduing the hearts of men and bringing them "into the obedience of Christ." Let them remember that while his ministering servants in this village are laboring with untiring zeal, they must be sustained by the prayers of God's people.

"ANOPEN COUNTENANCE"—and close thoughts are recommended in the Italian proverb: and the observance of it was recommended by Wotton to Milton, when setting out on his travels. If a close countenance, or a sour one indicates an open heart, our city abounds with ingenious people. It is a bad thing, that a man is forced to set a watch over the expression of his face, so that in time the muscles are as immovable as countenance on a brass knocker. If a man who mingles with the throng in this jostling world, has at heart anxiety for any thing that deeply interests himself, he must suppress the expression of it; if he be a merchant, and walk upon 'Change with a face of sorrow, his very credit would suffer with his brethren; nor is it good policy to show in the countenance a great degree of cheerfulness—it is sure to awaken the envy and resentment of those who feel no pleasure themselves, and these are a formidable body. The resource therefore is for all who live any life less secluded than a hermit's to assume some uniform and bald expression of the face,

"To which joy brings no smile, and affliction no frown."

Men who are the most ready to smile, especially at their own conceits, must assume a double portion of severity: for when a person smiles at his own thoughts, a bystander appropriates the smile as a sneer. This necessity for a good natured person to assume a solemn appearance, leads the superficial to an erroneous estimate of character: and even the shrewd are often deceived, in taking a person whom they slightly know to be morose or proud, but who proves, on intimacy, to be, in a great degree, cheerful and unassuming.—[Boston Palladium.

The Ignis Fatuus.—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 hail squall, a Jack-a-lantern was seen on the mantop-gallant mast-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 each of two inches apart. Each flame was about two inches long, was 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 colour, each making a noise similar to steam out of greenwood, while burning; no smell was perceptible. Upon 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; after several blows they entirely disappeared.

"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 character of the individual himself; and all I could learn of and concerning him, is in perfect harmony and good keeping. The habitation in which he spent 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, seem to have defied the decay of years, or the hardships and buffetings of a backwoods life. The scientific and curious have examined the conformation of this singular being, so far as practicable, and they represent his ribs, unlike those of his fellow mortals, separate and distinct, but as united together, forming on each side a solid sheet of bone; in short, that the vital part is safely deposited in a "strong box," defying all attacks of foes from without.

At the age of 96, he was in the enjoyment of entire health; his teeth all sound, his weight about 150, and his muscular strength truly astonishing. He never shook hands with an athletic man, but he gave him such a grip that he was fain to beg for mercy. At that advanced age, he could perform more labor than ordinary men could in prime of life. His neighbors mention as a proof not 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, Ripley county, Indiana, with his sixth wife, and has two children of the new stock.—*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 *gambroon coat*, Russia duck trousers, too short for him, an old hat, older boots, and a half open umbrella—*Voilà la mode de Mousieu le duc!* 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, notices the virtues of hemp thus laconically—"By this cordage, ships are guided—bells are rung, beds are corded, and rogues are kept in awe."

In a village in the neighborhood of Venice a woman was lately delivered of six living boys; four of them died at the end of a fortnight, but the two others survive, and are likely to do well.

The Hagerstown (Md.) Herald of Tuesday, states that a desperate quarrel took place the night before in that town, in which a man named Irwin was stabbed by Joab Ringer. The wounded man is stated to be in a dangerous situation.

READ AHEAD.

Rochester, Saturday, Oct. 16, 1830.

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 not 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 *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 adhere 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.

HORRID.—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 or 5 children, and who is one of the most depraved and miserable victims of Intemperance that is, perhaps, now in existence. He drags his body round from shop to shop during the day, and generally manages somehow, to get enough whiskey to keep him intoxicated, while his family support themselves and him. Not long since, one of his sons, a lad of about 13 years of age, was engaged in work among machinery, and unluckily getting caught in it, was drawn between two wheels, and nearly crushed to death. On examination, it was found necessary to amputate one of his legs at the thigh, which was done. After this, and while it was yet doubtful whether the poor little sufferer would survive or not, the besotted and unnatural father, took the leg privately, and went and sold it to a surgeon for thirty seven and a half cents, which sum he expended in whiskey, upon which he caroused for several days!! Reader, does not your blood run freezing through all your veins, as you read these facts?—Then put your shoulder to the Temperance wheel, and though you may not be able to reclaim the incorrigible drunkard, help to guard the rising generation against the awful ravages of Intemperance.

We have re-printed, and with this number, mail No. 1, of the Gem to those who are lacking that number. If, by mistake we miss any, we wish to be apprised of it.

NEW AGENT.—Mr. Alvah Strong, at the office of the Spectator, Palmyra, N. Y. will act as our agent.

DUNLAP'S PAINTING—CHRIST 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 recurred the thought—“What labour has been bestowed upon this canvass! 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 dauber 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, “verily, 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 worldly 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. It is common for the admirers of the artist and his work, to wish that he may be remunerated by the attraction it possesses for the public—for the sake of the public I wish it may be so—but the artist has his reward, and none can take it from him.

A LOVER 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. are put over to No. 13.

OBITUARY.

DIED.—At Mr. Mathies hotel, in this village, on Thursday morning last, of the inflammatory 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 he sickened and died. He had been subject to attacks of this painful disease for two years, which was probably brought on at this time by an exposure, a few days previous, to an inclement atmosphere. Although a stranger he gained, during his short stay in our village, many cordial friends.

He was buried, with military honors, by the uniform companies of our village, under the command of Lieut. Col. Stone. Divine service was performed by the Rev. Dr. Comstock.

Our next number will appear in two weeks from the date of the present.

From the Courier and Enquirer.

STANZAS.

The budding spring-time of my life,—
My dawn of bliss,—has fled,
And hope's young flowers that blossom'd then,
Lie blighted, withered, dead.
Alas, when come those years again,
My first-born joys to bring?—
The faded flower shall ne'er rebloom—
Life has no second Spring.

My ardent Summer's sunny days,
That brightly round me shone—
The dreams of love, and pride, and power
Are past for aye, and gone;
I, like a blasted cypress bough,
Am left alone to mourn,
And shed the helpless, hopeless tear
O'er pleasure's icy urn.

'Tis Autumn—list, the rustling winds,
With a sad and sullen roar,
The wasted verdure of the hills
Sigh desolately o'er.
The season of decay and death—
Man's “fading time” is near—
And the blast, that whirls the yellow leaves,
Shall strew them on my bier. F.

From the Boston Centinel.

METROPOLITAN MELODIES.

MIRABILIA.

I saw a savage little man
Whose bushy brows were knit—
They told me that his poetry
Was droll—they swore to it.
I saw a very fleshy man
Go by me on the run;
I saw a boy that hated play,
A wag that wouldn't pun.
I saw a handsome Sophomore
Without near-sighted eyes,
A ticket in the Lottery
That was declared a prize!
I saw a scholar that could tell
The year when Cromwell died.
I say a priest that told the truth
An L. L. D. that lied.
I sent a boy to buy a book
Who brought back change again.
I've known an April afternoon
On which it didn't rain.
I've known militia companies
To fire pretty well,
I've heard a fellow say he'd known
A book of poems sell.
I saw an urchin go to school
Without a soar face,
I saw a critic in whose eyes
Poor Willis found some grace.
I saw a drunkard that could stand,
An abbot that could read,
I've heard a Sunday-school boy say
Without mistake his creed.
I've heard an Irish gentleman
Who spoke without a bull,
I've bought a pint of chestnuts when
They've filled the measure full.
I've seen a belle that wasn't proud,
A beau that wasn't vain,
I've seen a man that wouldn't steal
Umbrellas in a rain.
I've known a child that wouldn't shout
When goaded by a pin,
I've trod upon a gouty toe.
Whose owner didn't grin.
I've known a Boston Editor
Be civil to a bard,
And once I dined on broiled beefsteak
And didn't find it hard! F. A. D.

The art of refining sugar appears to have been known, at least as early as the reign of Henry VIII., as a roll of provisions of that period mentions “Two loaves of sugar, weighing 16lb 2oz, at—per pound.” A letter from Sir Edward Wotton to Lord Cobham, dated Calais, March 6, 1546, informs him that he had taken up for his lordship twenty-five sugar loaves, at 6s a loaf, “whiche is eight pence a pounce.” The earliest record of refined sugar we read of is a quotation in Whittaker's History of Whalley, from a computus of Whalley Abbey, in 1597. “Pro sacaro inrolat et al. specibus. xvi. d.”—*Mirror.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.
ON THE DEATH OF THE RT. REV.
BISHOP HOBART.

Back to the dust!—thus was the mission seal'd:
Religion wept, but own'd the mandate just.
Back to the dust!—DEATH paus'd, but, unrecal'd,
Deeper the echo came—back to the dust!

The order was obey'd—the good man fell
Into the arms of death, a stricker thing,
And left a name his virtues here to tell,
And o'er his tomb the holiest incense fling.

He wip'd the weeping orphan's falling tear,
And words of hope and mercy would impart:
To misery's cry he turn'd a listening ear,
And sooth'd the widow's wounded, breaking heart.

Bright minister of heaven! unaw'd he stood
Mid the cold scoffs of this unhallow'd world;
Meekly he minister'd out holy food,
And the pure banner of his God unfurl'd.

A faithful champion of the blessed cross;
A follower of the lowly Jesus here:
He lives above, freed from all earthly dross,
A crowned angel in a holier sphere.

ROSAMOND.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.
A DREAM.*'Tis morning's winged dream.*

I had a dream—'twas a strange dream:
Each living shadow, w. ought in light,
Like vernal morning's earliest beam,
Arose before my dreaming sight,
As richly fair, as calmly bright,
As ever earth-born fancy drew
When hope was young, and life was new.
No lovelier scene e'er charm'd the eye,
Beneath Italia's placid sky:
No richer flowrets bloom, or smile
Where Naiads sleep in Orient Isle:
No Grecian maid, so richly wrought,
With all that beauty ever thought
Would add a charm to life and love,
Received a spirit from above,
That shone with half such radiance through
A rolling eye of heavenly blue,
As that which made each perfect part
Seem "raptured" like the feeling heart.
Each motion of those shadows steal
Throughout the soul, like the last peal
Of vesper-bells, afar off heard,
That chime the praises of the Lord.
Their joys were pure, their bliss serene,
As, wending o'er the lovely scene,
Each social virtue seemed to shine
In purity of thought divine;
And love and kindness seemed the whole
Of every beings' guiltless soul.
There came a change—each shadow pass'd
As clouds before an angry blast:
And blight and desolation came
O'er every scene of light and bloom;
And the sun's beam seem'd like the flame
That dimly lights the moslem's tomb.
Each brow was shadowed now with care;
Each form had lost its heavenly light;
The soul of love they seem'd to share
For other climes had sped its flight,
And passion's fire had sadly stole,
Through ev'ry creature's darken'd soul.
I, sighing, woke, and morning's beam
Succeeded to my feverish dream;
Yet nought could charm, for I had seen
An Eden chang'd into a wild—
Fell passions cloud a brow serene—
An angel being sorrow's child.

ROSEACE.

Buffalo, Sept. 1830.

The Manual Labor Academy, of West Mendon, will commence its first Quarter on the 2d Tuesday of November. The Literary department will be under the instruction 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 on an average from three to 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, Esq. Post Master, of this village.

By order of the Committee,

GEORGE G. SILL.

West Mendon, Oct. 11, 1830.

FRANCE AND TRIPOLI.

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 Tabarca to France. 3. No tribute to be paid hereafter. 4. The Turks now employed in military service 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 a passenger be assassinated or ill treated the Regency 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 Tunissians will have no right to attack merchantmen. 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 Georgia Courier says, "Whoever may be President of the United States at the next election, one wish we will not disguise, and that is to see William Drayton, of South-Carolina, the next Vice President. The man who, like him, has independence enough to resist the delusion of the times, is alone fit for office."

The Hon. George Poindexter has been temporarily appointed by Governor Brandon of Mississippi, 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. Trash, Dr. William W. Reid, of this village, to Miss Eliza Manson.

In Moscow, Liv. Co. 22d ult. by Rev. Mr. Walker, Dr. Daniel P. Bissell to Miss Mary Ann Dutton, both of that place.

In Lima, Liv. co. on the 23d ult. Mr. Levi Holden to Miss Mary, daughter of Francis Stevens, Esq.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. James, Lieut. Phineas B. Cook, to Mary B. daughter of Harry Pratt Esq. all of this village.

In this village, on the 6th inst. by Rev. Wm. James, Mr. Philip S. Brown of New Orleans, to Mrs. Martha Smith of the same place, and formerly of Rochester.

DIED,

In Manchester, S. C. on the 14th ult. Mrs. Mary Rebecca McDuffie, consort of the Hon. Geo. McDuffie, and daughter of Richard Singleton, Esq.

In Albemarle, Va. Hon. Geo. Hay, United States Judge of the Eastern District of Virginia, and son-in-law of James Monroe, late President of the United States. He was on his return from the Springs whither he was carried by lingering illness. He was long United States Attorney for Virginia, prosecuted Aaron Burr, and as a legislator is much connected with a considerable portion of Virginia history.

Lieutenant William Reynolds, of the United States' Army, died a few days since, at Ripley, Ohio.

It is supposed by many, that the new French government are disposed to discharge the claims of our merchants for spoliation under the former revolutionary government. It is very natural that hopes of such an occurrence should be entertained in consequence of the new order of things, and especially as General Lafayette fills so influential a station under the present government.

LIST OF AGENTS.

We publish again a list of our agents, so that subscribers may know to whom they are requested to pay.

Albion, John J. Orton.
Auburn, Henry Cherry.
Buffalo, A. W. Wilgus.
Black Rock, Rollin German.
Bloomfield, M. T. Wm. P. Patrick.
Batavia, Wm. A. Seaver.
Port Byron, H. Perkins.
Burlington, Vt., R. G. Stone.
Canandaigua, John Ackley.
Clarkson, Gustavus Clark.
Canajoharie, J. Mc Vean.
E. Cayuga, Wm. Foot.
E. Bloomfield, A. B. Gunn.
E. Avon, A. A. Bennett.
Caledonia, J. R. Clark.
Holley, Darwin Hill.
Hudson, Wm. B. Stoddard.
Jordan, F. Benson.
Le Roy, A. F. Bartow.
Lyons, J. A. Hadley.
Lockport, N. Leonard.
Little Falls, Edward M. Griffing.
Murray, A. Clark, jr.
Oriskany, Doct. J. Fuller.
Palmyra, E. B. Grandin.
Pontiac, M. T., W. Barnum.
Plymouth, M. T., H. B. Holbrook.
Riga, O. L. Angevine.
Syracuse, A. Dumas, & Co.
Salina, Ozon J. Ward.
Seneca Falls, E. Wheeler 2d.
Throopsville, Hamilton Lathrop,
Utica, T. M. Ladd.
Waterloo, Charles Sentell.
Weedsport, E. Weed.
York, D. H. Abell.

THE GEM,

A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.

2d VOLUME—TO CONTAIN 4 ENGRAVINGS.

THE proprietors of this publication, from the liberal patronage bestowed upon it, have concluded to present the 2d Volume in an improved form. The establishment of the Gem was an experiment, to arouse, if possible the Genius of the West; and the proprietors are proud in saying that the West has responded to the call, and winged its infant flight far beyond their most sanguine expectations. The field is ample; and though not cultivated as highly as older soils, yet there are in it flowers of the choicest kinds, whose peculiar qualities are enhanced, perhaps by the hawthorns that overshadow them. We have culled some of them, with which we have graced our first volume—and hope in the coming year to present entire nosegays from the western fields. For this purpose, our sheet will be enlarged to double the size of the former publication, which will afford room for a greater variety of matter, and we hope, therefore, be more acceptable to our patrons. We confidently hope that we shall be sustained in our undertaking, and that our friends will manifest their former zeal for the advancement of the Literature of the West.

TERMS, &c.

The GEM will be published every other Saturday, in quarto form, and pagged 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 GEM,

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

BE OURS THE PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 13.

ROCHESTER, OCTOBER 30, 1830.

VOL. II.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

LEISURE HOURS—NO. 2.

THE GIRL I ONCE KNEW.

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 misfortune had come upon him, and he was about to leave his paternal mansion, as he felt, forever and aye. The morning on which I arrived 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, perchance to wipe away a tear: but there was one who stood beside him, who, for the last twenty years, had been alike the partner of his joys and his sorrows. She was meek, humble, and resigned—a true, ardent, and devoted christian. She repined not; and if a murmur passed her lips, she knelt to heaven, arose, and was forgiven. But, if misfortune had wrested their all from them, they felt that they had yet one treasure left—a daughter, who would be a comfort & solace to them in their declining years. She was their only child, and well might they look 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—her fondest affection. Maria was a true child of nature—possessed of a noble mind, and a tender heart, with a fancy as wild and vivid as the Genius of Poetry. She was a girl of eighteen summers, and perhaps the last eighteen years had not witnessed a more lovely one. Her brown hair fell most gracefully over her shoulders, as if to guard the most beautiful neck in existence. Her bright blue eyes, hidden beneath their arches, shone forth like two bright gems from their sealed fountains. When she smiled she displayed two rows of teeth that might vie with the pearl in whiteness—her form was cast in nature's finest mould; and still she appeared as unconscious of her beauty, as the sleeping babe of its innocence. It was indeed a sad hour for them all; but Maria seemed to rise above it. Her step, perhaps, was less firm than usual, and the flushed cheek, and quivering lip, told her emotion; but hers was the strength to suppress it, and if one tear broke away as she took a last look of those objects which infancy had made dear to her, and those flowers which her own hand had planted and cherished, it was soon wiped away, even as the dew-drop on her own red rose

which would vanish with the first ray of returning morn, they were ready to depart. I took the old gentleman and lady by the hand. To my "adieu," they replied not. I gave it to 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 made 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. McIrvens. I met the old man at the door, for now he indeed seemed old. After the usual greetings, we passed into the house. 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 thought 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 my hand! 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 for such a burst of sorrow. The name of Maria once came upon my lips, but I refused it utterance. I could not ask for her, for by this time my heart had forboded the worst.—Promising them another visit I left the house, determined to seek my friend and learn from him the cause of their grief. As I passed along conjecture presented a variety of causes to my mind, but none seemed to satisfy 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 yonder 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 had written this single sentence—

"She was all this."

I gave to her memory one tear, and returned to where he was standing. He told me the whole story; it was very short: Maria loved, and loved too well.

"She had given life, and hope to a most fragile bark, to love: 'Twas wrecked—wrecked by love and treachery. Edwin H., was a young man of most prepossessing manners, and in all respects well calculated to se-

cure the affections of one as unsuspecting as Maria. He had accidentally become acquainted with her. From an occasional visit they became constant; he could sing to her the sweetest songs, or repeat to her the most tender poetry; and it was all for love: many and many a little token of his affection, (as he said,) did he at different times present her, and all that he would require in return would be but one kiss, and he promised that he would be all to her that she could wish, or her parents desire. Maria now knew no unhappiness except when Edwin was absent.—Sometimes she would say, "perhaps I place too much confidence in him—but," she would exclaim, "after he has promised so much, and called Heaven to witness his oft repeated vows so often, he cannot deceive me."—And she would chide herself for indulging the thought. Poor Girl! how little she thought that the flame she was then cherishing would only serve to light her to another world. Maria now began to feel unhappy. E. at his last visit had told her that he must be absent for a short time. He took his farewell of Maria, and promised soon to return, and make her his own in the face of the world. His absence would be short; important and unexpected business abroad was the occasion of his going just at that time. He there sealed his infamy with a falsehood. He departed, and the next week brought news of his marriage to another. Here let me pause, and your own feelings may fill up the void, for Maria was a maniac!

"I saw her two months after this—
Her face was young still, but her happy look
Was gone—the cheek had lost its colour, and
The lip its smile—the light that once had played
Like sunshine in those eyes, was quench'd and dim;
For tears had wasted it—her long brown hair,
Floated upon her forehead in loose waves,
Unbraided; and upon her pale thin hand
Her head was bent, as if in pain—no trace
Was left of that sweet gaiety which once
Seem'd as if grief could not darken it, as care
Would pass and leave behind no memory."

She had collected all the articles he had ever given her, gave them one look, and committed them to the flames. She never, from this day was seen to smile again, or ever heard to mention his name. The rose that had so long bloomed upon her cheek was now withered: She felt that her days were numbered, and well did she improve them. And I trust she now rests in the bosom of her God.

March 4, 1830.

AFTON.

This is an aping world, where the poor are aping the rich, and the rich are aping the follies of those who have gone before them—and whose splendour, yet twinkling through the mists of time, seems to promise happiness.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

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 spreads 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 ecstasy of soul produced in these spiritual revellings, quite unknown to the generality of the dull, 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 the 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 love to woo nature in her deepest solitude, and study the volume she holds forth for our 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, when I reached the edge of the precipice which presents 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 my ears mellowed like music, and increased the deep felt emotion which gathered around me. The remnants of that mighty bridge which once reached from cliff to cliff, lay scattered around me in ruins; and as I looked down the mighty chasm o'er which it was once suspended, my soul shuddered within me and imagination saw it fall—fall to the depths below, and there it lay, a monument inscribed with moral reflections. My feelings thus became gradually wound up in unison with the scenery around. Proceeding a few steps farther, I perceived a rough, precipitous and dangerous path, winding towards the foot of the cliff. The thick shadow of pines rendered the way almost entirely dark, and might, under any ordinary influence, have deterred me from proceeding; but the fears and terrors of the world were all shut out, so following the bent of my romantic whim, I commenced the perilous descent. As I fearlessly, though cautiously, followed the winding path,

the trembling beams of light seemed to be fading away. At every step the path became more dangerous, rough and obscured, but suddenly making a short turn to the left I extricated myself from the perils of my former situation, but found myself standing upon a level piece of rock—a kind of table rock which projected some ten or twelve feet beyond its base and over the river. My situation had now become awfully grand. The "roar of waters" seemed increased and the flood expanded and deepened. Light clouds of mist were continually rising and hovering around, then gently falling on the opposite bank, "making it all one emerald." I could not but remember Byron's beautiful lines on the Cataract of Velino.

The fall of waters! rapid as the light;
The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss.
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture, while the sweat
Of their great agony wrung out from this
Their Plegethon, curls round their rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around —————

I was standing and thus meditating upon the majestic grandeur which surrounded me, when I thought I distinguished something like a footstep above me. I paused and listened. At such an hour (for it was now midnight) in such a place and in such a mood I thought no one could be welcome; but looking up to the summit above me, I distinctly perceived a human form. The light which the declining moon still spread around soon 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 like myself to enjoy it. Upon closer inspection, I found him to be one of those wild sons of the forest, whom we are fast 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 ferocity 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 bauble with which the savage tribes are so fond of bedecking 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 shone with the fire of unfaded youth. When I addressed him, he resumed the natural sternness of his character, and his language indicated him 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 untutored sons.

"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 relict of grandeur so cast down before me. 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 flitted 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 native hills—farewell!" He turned and silently went away; nor could I give utterance to a word of sympathy, my heart was so choked with emotions; but as the big tear rolled down my cheek, I thought well would it be for many a more civilized being, did he feel within him one half the virtue and nobility of ~~some~~ of this poor Indian of the Genesee. I resumed my path homeward, with a melancholy, thoughtful step moralizing upon 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. H. W.

SIEGE OF LISLE. The Duke of Burgundy, having under him Vandome, commanded, in 1708, the army destined to raise the siege of Lisle. He had a despatch of the utmost importance which he wished to convey into the place. He despaired of being able to effect it, when a captain in the regiment of Beauvais, 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 Lisle. The whole of these he swam in succession, keeping always under water when there was any chance of his being observed; and 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 the orders of Marshal Boufflers, who commanded in the place, and regained the camp in the same manner, and with as much success as he had entered the town. This daring action of the officer was soon made known, and Prince Eugene himself, who conducted the siege, spoke of him to his officers as an example of courage, zeal and experience.

Answer Conundrum.—A beautiful lady plunging in the water is like a mechanical invention, because she is a diving belle.

From the New Monthly Magazine for Sept.

THE FATHERLESS.

BY T. HAYNES BALBY.

"Come hither, 'tis thy father, boy!
Receive him with a kiss."
"Oh mother! mother! do not jest
On such a theme as *this* :
Though I was but a little child,
How bitterly I cried,
And clung to thee in agony,
When my poor father died."
"Come, child, this is no time to weep,
Partake thy mother's joy,
The husband of thy choice will prove
A parent to my boy."
Oh, mother! mother, say not so,
I cast no blame on thee,
But you gay stranger cannot feel
A father's love for me."
"Come, boy, 'tis for thy sake I wed"—
"No, mother, not for *mine*,
I do not ask in all the world,
One smile of love save thine :
O say, why is the widow's veil
So early thrown aside :
The hateful rumor is not true ?
Thou wilt not be a bride ?
"Oh, mother, canst thou quite forget
How hand in hand we crept
To my own honor'd father's bed,
To watch him as he slept :
And do you not remember still
His fond but feeble kiss ?"
"Alas ! such thoughts but little suit
A day—of joy—like this."
"O joy ! oh, mother, we must part,
This is no home for me ;
I cannot bear to breathe the one word
Of bitterness to thee.
My father placed my hand in thine,
And bade me love thee well,
And how I love, these tears of shame
May eloquently tell.
"Thou say'st you stranger loves thy child ;
I see he strives to please ;
But, mother, do not be his bride,
I ask it on my knees ;
I used to listen to his voice
With pleasure, I confess ;
But call him husband ! and I shrink
Ashamed of his caress.
"Had I been younger when he died,
Scarce conscious of his death,
I might perhaps have smiled to see
Thy gems and bridal wreath
As ~~mine~~ would have look'd a ~~little~~
So very lightly link'd,
Resigning that dear form, which now
Is vividly distinct.
"Had I been older—more inured
To this world's cold career,
I might have sought a festival
To check a filial tear ;
Gay bonnets find gay followers—
But, from their station hurl'd,
The gay forget them, and pursue,
The next that is unfurl'd.
"But I am of an age to prize
The being in whom blend
The love and the solicitude
Of Monitor and Friend :
He plan'd my boyish sports, and shar'd
Each joy and care I felt,
And taught my infant lips to pray,
As by his side I knelt.
"Yet deem not mine an impious grief ;
No, mother, thou wilt own
With cheerfulness I spoke of him
When we have been alone.
But bring no other father here—
No, mother, we must part ;
The feeling that I'm Fatherless
Weighs heavy on my heart."

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT.

"Modern Philosophy anon,
Will, at the rate she's rushing on,
Yoke lightning to her railroad car,
And posting like a shooting star,
Swift as a solar radiation,
Ride the great circuit of creation."

BEAUTY.

What is beauty ? not the show
Of shapely limbs and features ? No.
These are but flowers,
That have their dated hours,
To breathe their momentary sweets, then go.
'Tis the stainless soul within,
That outshines the fairest skin.

A Tortoise has recently died in the Palace Garden, at Peterborough, England, which had lived in the city nearly 200 years.

The Legislature of Vermont convened at Montpelier on the 14th instant. The Hon. R. B. Bates was elected Speaker on the fourth ballot. The Legislature attempted to chose a Governor, none having been elected by the people, but after numerous ballotings had not succeeded at the date of our information. At the polls Mr. Crafts received 13,476 votes, W. A. Palmer 10,923, Ezra Meech 6,285, scattering 37.

The Steamboat *Seneca Chief*, on Seneca Lake took fire on the evening of the 9th inst. and was nearly destroyed. It was insured.

On the farm of Earl Stimson, the celebrated agriculturist in Galway, Saratoga County, there was on the 30th ult., on one rod of his cornfield, 49 hills, and 216 ears of corn; the quantity of shelled corn, on careful measurement; was one bushel and one quart.

The extensive printing establishment of Mr. T. H. Carter, of Boston, took fire on Friday last week. The loss of property, consisting of printed sheets, stereotype plates, standing presses, &c. cannot be much less than \$3,000, although the fire was in a small compass.

In the U. S. Circuit Court sitting at Boston, on Saturday, Quartus Morgan Webb, clerk in the post office at Northfield, Massachusetts, plead *guilty* to an indictment for taking \$76 from a letter carried by mail. Sentenced to 10 years imprisonment in the county gaol, at hard labor.—He was a graduate of Brown University.

On Wednesday the 6th inst. there was a meeting in Northampton Mass. of persons from that vicinity, who intend to emigrate to Illinois. Judging from their appearance and proceedings, says the New Hampshire Gazette, they are men of good principles and habits, friends of morality and religion, and worthy descendants of the pilgrim fathers.

Chester, Pa. Oct. 15.—A Madman.—At the election at Concord, on Tuesday, a man fired into the collection of persons on the ground, and wounded five persons, one of whom was shot in the lower part of the abdomen dangerously. What incited him to this outrage, does not appear; he was not drunk, nor was he engaged in any conflict. He is now in prison.

Terrible.—The British ship *Matilda*, lying 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 one of the buildings attached to the establishment, at the time of the explosion, but sustained no injury whatever. The packhouse was entirely destroyed, and two or three mills near it slightly injured. The loss of property is small not exceeding probably \$700.

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 whiskey.

John Quincy Adams has been nominated by a convention of National Republicans, for Representative to Congress from Plymouth district.

Col. Dwight, member of 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.

Fourteen 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 for speaking bad grammar, 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 spoke ungrammatically. The boy being satisfied with what he had got, determined to be exact, and thus addressed his fellow pupil :—"There is a common substantive, of the masculine gender, singular number, nominative case, and in angry mood, wishes to articulate a few sentences to you in the present tense."

"Think you," said a young foreigner to an American, "that your Washington never dreamed of a crown, while he swayed the destinies of this rising country?" "If he did," (was the reply) "it was as one dreams of hideous monsters in feverish slumber. He was often worn with fatigue, and in such seasons, the thing you speak of may have sat like an incubus upon his brow for a moment."

Cows, Aug. 18.

Arrived here this morning, the American ships 'Great Britain' and 'Charles Carroll,' from Cherbourg, having on board the Ex-King of France, Duke and Dutchess d'Angouleme, Dutchess de Beru, with her two children, the Duke de Bordeaux and his sister, with their respective suits, among whom we noticed Marshal Marmont (Duke of Ragusa,) General Count Dougharty, Duke de Polignac, &c. With the exception of the Ex-King and the Dauphin, the rest of the Royal party landed, and have taken up their residence at the Fountain Hotel. The two former remain on board the 'Great Britain,' until the instructions of government shall be received, or the result of their mission to London be ascertained.

Upon the arrival of the ships, the tide-surveyor, Mr. Richard Stevens, immediately went along side, and after having been presented in his official capacity to the Ex-King and family, returned, and afterwards accompanied the Comptroller of the port, Mr. R. Estwick, on board.

The Marquis of Anglesey, Earl of Uxbridge, Lord Clarence Paget, Lord and Lady Grantham, and other persons of distinction, paid their respects to the Royal party, who from the considerate reception they have received, and the delightful scenery both afloat and ashore around them, seem desirous of making this island their asylum, should no untoward or politic obstacles be thrown in the way.

The American ships are attended by a French Frigate and Cutter, both displaying the tri colored flag.

Since writing the above, Marshal Marmont has set off for London, taking his carriage and domestics with him.

MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS.

LIFE.

Year after year is gone,
As follows wavo on wave:
And swiftly we're hastening on
Towards the silent grave—
The darkness of that narrow rest,
Where sleeps the loveliest and the best.
Another year has fled,
And many a cheek is pale,
And low lies many a youthful head,
And loud is many a wail—
For those on whom it dawned so bright,
Whose day of life is set in night.
Why mourn the flight of time,
Or grieve that youth is past?
Look forward with the hope sublime,
Of reaching heaven at last,
And let thine earthly comfort be
That hope of immortality.
And when thine eyes shall close
To earthly hope and fear,
And mortal sorrows, mortal woes,
Forever disappear—
To realms of endless joy afar,
That hope shall be thy guiding star.

Our state in the vale of tears is a mixed one. Life may be likened to the winds, ever shifting and never alike. Sometimes it appears as calm as summer evenings and again storm and tempests chequer its even surface, darkening every prospect, and rendering scenes once bright and joyous, gloomy and bleak as caverns of death. But even over all these scenes there is one star seen to brighten. In the absence of all that renders life tolerable, in weal or woe, in joy or sorrow, it still beams out alone unchanged and undimmed as though it had found its way from the galaxy of the third heaven. It stands out in peerless beauty dispensing its blessed light at all times and all seasons, flinging its hallowed tho' not brilliant rays across the path of the wildered ones; and even in our sunniest moment, when it is forgotten, and we steer wide of its heavenly direction, still it seems to twinkle near the blazing orb that burns when prosperity rules the destiny 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 crusade against the religious and social institutions of society, particularly that of Marriage. The English may expect a burst of this new light very soon. It appears, then, that the wise men of the east are to be opposed by the mad woman of the west. Miss Jonathan will find few converts among the daughters of John Bull.”

This paragraph is from the London Atlas. Whether the editor of that paper be really or affectedly ignorant of the fact that Miss Fanny Wright, was born, bred, and educated in Great Britain, we know not; but presume he would rather be set down for the *knave* that knows more than he is willing to admit, than for the *fool* that is ignorant of what every other fool knows. “A young lady of America,” forsooth! Miss Fanny Wright is no chicken, as the gentleman may chance to learn, if he does not mind his *p's* and *q's*, as she is probably now in England for the avowed purpose of pushing *free inquiry*, and may convince him to his sorrow, that she is a tough mouthful. We assure the gentleman, that Miss Fanny is not a “Miss Jonathan,” but a real true-born, true-begotten legitimate “daughter of John Bull.” The “Miss Jonathans” are not covetous of the honor of the relationship thus unceremoniously thrust upon them, but are willing to resign it to Mr. Atlas, whose shoulders if they are broad enough to sustain a world, ought not to shrink under the weight of a single female philosopher.—*Boston Pap.*

The constitution.—The good-old frigate *Constitution*, surnamed *Ironsides*, instead of being sold as lately rumored is ordered to be repaired and got ready for sea.

Prayers of Children.—One of the most beautiful and touching sights in the world is a little child at prayers. Upon its knees with its tiny hands clasped its uplifted eyes fondly gazing into its mother's face, and its bright red lips softly modulating music, sweeter than a stringed instrument or lute, it is a picture of consummate loveliness. Heaven seems shining in those tender eyes, and the hand of God caressing those golden ringlets and we wish that we might too have interest in the prayer. For if the Universal Father ever listens, with peculiar kindness to the supplication of his creatures, it must be when they come warm from the pure heart and innocent lips of childhood.

Sensation of being hanged.—I have the most perfect recollection, even of the slightest sensation which I experienced; and were the whole business to recommence in an hour from this moment, I should not feel the least concern. When the rope had been fastened about my neck, and when the executioner had pushed me from the ladder, I was seized with a violent pain about the throat. Shortly afterwards I felt nothing.—The air inflated my lungs slowly, but punched up as they were, the slightest particle of the balmy breeze revived me; and beside being lightly balanced in mid air, I might be said to breathe at every pore. I can even recollect that this swing swang motion was not without its charms.—I beheld eternal objects as it were through a thin veil of gauze; my ear was rather fatigued by a stilly silence: I begun gradually to lose myself in my meditation, though I can no longer exactly recollect the subject, of them, unless it was the money I had won the evening before from my comrade Gregario.—All of a sudden I gasped for breath; I could no longer perceive objects distinctly; I no longer felt the swing swang motion; I was dead.—*Monthly Magazine.*

An infant on the Breast Shot By Her Own Brother.—On Tuesday forenoon, a boy of nine or ten years, the son of a private soldier, in his garrison, being in the barrack room lifted up a fowling piece of his father's which had been loaded for the purpose of shooting night hawks, and presented it to his infant sister who was asleep in the bed, saying he would shoot her. He did not know that it was loaded, but pulled the trigger and in ten minutes the babe lay a corps. Another of his sisters who was sitting on the bed at the time, states that he had presented, the gun in the same manner before, in *jest*. A number of the soldiers were present in the barracks when this melancholy affair happened.—*U. C. Advocate.*

Statuary and Wit.—Among other fables of the renowned Lord Timothy Dexter, was an imaginary tast for statuary and wit. To prove his claim to the former, he had a large yard in front his house filled with statues, including gods, demigods, heroes and great men, among the latter of whom he ranked himself & had statue placed accordingly. And to make good his claim to a tast for wit, he used to encourage jokes, even at the expense of being himself the butt of ridicule.

He was very vain of his statues, and vain of the rank he held among them. Seeing a countryman one day gazing at them over the fence. He popped his head out of the window and said, “Friend, I suppose you are from the country aint you?”

“Why then I suppose I am. And what of that?” “Dont you think I've got a little paradise here?” “Why, yes, I should think so if I didnt see the *devil* looking out of the window.” “Good good! come in friend, and take something to drink.”

The man went in, and got so well paid for his sharp shooting that in a short time he found himself as drunk as Bacchus.—*North Constellation.*

Pronunciation.—The difficulty of applying rule to the pronunciation of our language may be illustrated in two lines where the combination of the letters *ough*, is pronounced, in no less than seven different ways; viz; as *o*, *uf*, *of*, *up*, *ow*, *oo*, and *ock*.

Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through,
O'er life's dark lough my course I still pursue.

Affection.—I speak as I feel-- were the woman I loved suffering through poverty, I would beg with her, if it could not relieve her; through injustice, I would defend her; from unkindness, I would protect her; and if the world forsook her I would be to her the world.

True Remark.—Michael Angelo was advised by some of his friends to take notice of the insolence of an obscure artist who wished to attract notice by depreciating the merit of his works: “He who contests with the mean, replied Angelo, “gains no victory over any one.”

Prompt Decision.—A man going in a cart to be hanged, was told he might live if he would marry a certain horrid vixen of a woman.—Like a man of sense, he said,—“Let me look at her first.” When brought forward, he eyed her: “Sharp nose! thin lips! red hair!” exclaimed he—“Drive on, Jack!”

Timidity.—There are numbers in the world who do not want sense to make a figure, so much as an opinion of their own abilities, to put them upon recording their observations, and allowing them the importance which they do to those which others print.

The proclamation of William the Fourth, at Bristol, took place in a torrent of rain, which continued during the whole of the ceremony. A wag observing the drenched appearance of the cavalcade, cried out, “Here beginneth the rain of William the Fourth”

At the time Mr. Poole was exhibiting his beautiful picture of the Court of Death, in Boston, he sent the late Rev. Dr. Osgood a ticket, on which was inscribed, “Admit the bearer to the Court of Death.” The old gentleman having never heard of the picture, was utterly confounded—“I expected to go before long,” said he,—“but I was not prepared for so abrupt a summons.”

A Good Housekeeper.—A baker living in Philadelphia, has not been out of his house for several years. He is apparently in good health and very corpulent. When gen. Lafayette visited Philadelphia, he went as far as his front door to obtain a sight of that distinguished individual. His motives for remaining so constantly at home are not ascertained. The above circumstance is well authenticated.

When Lieut. O'Brien was blown up in the *Edgar* and carried to the *Admiral*, black and wet, he said with pleasantry, “I hope, sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, for I left the ship in such a hurry that I had not time to *shift* myself.”

Life at New Orleans.—Among the entertainments at New Orleans the week ending the 4th ult, were seven duels, a bull bait, dog fight rat hunt and a combat between a raccoon and an alligator.

Pithy.—The news of the events in Paris was carried to Brussels by pigeons. One of these bore the following pithy sentence; “Paris up—the King down—the Ministers off.”

History tells of illustrious villains; but there never was an illustrious miser, in nature.

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 mowing. Daniel 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 don'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 fretful, told him to hang it to suit himself. Whereupon the incipient 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—"England—the sun whose beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth." The French Ambassador, glowing with national pride, drank—"France—the moon, whose mild, steady, and cheering rays are the delight of all nations; consoling them in darkness, and making their dreariness beautiful." Dr. Franklin then arose, and with his usual dignified simplicity, said,—"*George Washington—the Joshua who commanded the Sun and Moon to stand still—and they obeyed him.*"

Be a pattern to others, and then all will go well; for as a whole city is infected by the licentious passions and vices of great men, so it is likewise reformed by their moderation. —*Cicero.*

Fire burns only when we are near it, but a beautiful face burns and inflames, though at a distance.—*Xenophon.*

Cowless in his excellent *History of Plants*, notices the virtues of hemp, thus laconically. "By this cordage, ships are guided—bells are rung, beds are corded, and rogues, kept in awe."

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 man!"—Who, besides Charles the tenth will dispute it?

SELLING OFF OLD IRONSIDES.—One can hardly take up a newspaper from any part of the country, without meeting with a paragraph thus headed, exclaiming indignantly against the proposed sale of the ship *Constitution*.—Indeed the suggestion of this "outrage upon patriotic association," as it is called, seems to have excited wrath every where. It is certainly very hard, if they will express their opinions upon so trivial a matter as the sale of a condemned frigate, that a "reflecting people" should thus warmly reprobate an economical measure, merely because it violates the glory of the Republic by sacrificing to sordid considerations, a vessel identified with her fame. We have sometimes, when thinking of such a theme, almost wished that the word italicized above, were struck from our national vocabulary; for it often seems that there are those among us who, deluded by its sound, would put even the ashes of Washington up to auction, and sell his memory, were it a marketable commodity. There are associations connected with the shattered timbers of the gallant ship, worth more to this country than all the new craft the swollen treasury of Algiers could purchase. If she must be condemned as un-seaworthy, let not her hulk, sacred to the memory of so many of our proudest national triumphs, be broken for

a few paltry dollars. But if our navy yards cannot afford a birth to a vessel that is still the finest model ever launched, give her up to the elements she has so often spurned beneath her, and let the veteran find a grave upon the field of her glory. Such a fate is beautifully assigned to her in the last of these stanzas.—*N. Y. American.*

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

"OLD IRON-SIDES."

Aye, pull the tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many a heart has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle-shout
And burst the cannon's roar—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck once red with hero's blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the conqueror's tread,
Or know the victor's knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of storms—
The lightning and the gale!

DAVY JONES AND THE YANKEE PRIVATEER.

We had refitted, and been four days at sea, on our voyage to Jamaica, when the gun-room officers gave our mess a blow out.

The increased motion and rushing of the vessel through the water, the groaning of the masts, the howling of the rising gale, and the frequent trampling of the watch on deck, were prophetic of wet jackets to some of us; still, midshipman like, we were as happy as a good dinner and some wine could make us, until the old gunner shoved his weather beaten phiz and bald pate in at the door. "Beg pardon, Mr. Splinter, but if you will spare Mr. Cringle on the fore-castle for an hour until the moon rises."—"Spare," quoth I, "is his majesty's officer a joint stool?"—"Why, Mr. Kennedy, why? here, man, take a glass of grog." "I thank you, sir. It is coming on a roughish night, sir; the running ships should be crossing us hereabouts; indeed more than once I thought there was a strange sail close aboard of us; the scud is flying so low, and in such white flakes; and none of us have an eye like Mr. Cringle, unless it be John Crow, and he is all but frozen." "Well, Tom, I suppose you will go." Anglice, from a first lieutenant to a mid—"Brush instanter."

Having changed my uniform for shag trousers, pea-jacket, and south west cap, I went forward, and took my station in no pleasant humor, on the stowed jib, with my arm round the stay. I had been half an hour there, the weather was getting worse, the rain was beating in my face, and the spray from the stern was flashing over me, as it roared through the waste of sparkling and hissing waters. I turned my back to the weather for a moment, to press my hand on my strained eyes. When I opened them I saw the gunner's gaunt, high featured visage thrust anxiously forward; his profile looked as if rubbed over with phosphorus, and his whole person as if

he had been playing at snap dragon "What has come over you, Mr. Kennedy?—who is burning the blue light now?" "A wiser man than I am must tell you that; look forward, Mr. Cringle—look there, what do your books say to that?"

I looked forth, and saw, at the extreme end of the jib-boom, what I had read of, certainly, but never expected to see, a pale, greenish glow-worm coloured flame, of the frosted glass shade, over the swinging lamp in the gun room. It drew out and flattened as the vessel pitched and rose again, and as she sheered about it wavered round the point that seemed to attract it, like a soapsuds bubble blown from a tobacco pipe, before it is shaken into the air; at the core it was comparatively bright, but faded into a halo. It shed a baleful and ominous light on the surrounding objects; the group of sailors on the fore-castle looked like spectres, and they shrunk together and whispered when it began to roll slowly along the spar towards where the boatswain was sitting at my feet. At this instant something slid down the stay, and a cold clammy hand passed round my neck. I was within an ace of losing my hold and tumbling overboard "Heaven have mercy on me, what's that?" "It's that skylarking son of a gun, Jem Sparkle's monkey, sir. You Jem, you'll never rest till that brute is made shark-bait of." But Jackoo vanished up the stay again, chuckling and grinning in the ghostly radiance, as if he had been the "Spirit of the Lamp." The light was still there, but a cloud of mist, like a burst of vapor from a steam-boiler, came down upon the gale, and flew past when it disappeared. I followed the white mass as it sailed down the wind; it did not, as it appeared to me, vanish in the darkness, but seemed to remain in sight to leeward as if checked by a sudden flaw; yet none of our sails were taken aback. A tho't flashed on me. I peered still more intensely into the night. I was now certain. "A sail broad on the lee-bow!" The ship was in a buz in a moment. The captain answered from the quarter-deck—"Thank you, Mr. Cringle. How shall we steer?" "Keep her away a couple of points, sir,—steady." "Steady," sung the man at the helm; and a slow, melancholy cadence, altho' a familiar sound to me, now moaned through the rushing of the wind, and smote upon my heart as if it had been the wailing of a spirit. I turned to the boatswain, who was now standing beside me—"Is that you or Davy steering, Mr. Nipper? If you had not been there bodily at my elbow, I could have sworn that was your voice." When the gunner made the same remark it startled the poor fellow; he tried to take it as a joke, but could not, "There may be a laced hammock with a shot in it for some of us before morning."

At this moment, to my dismay, the objects we were chasing shortened,—gradually fell abeam of us, and finally disappeared. "The Flying Dutchman"—"I can't see her at all now." "She will be a fore-and-aft rigged vessel that has tacked, sir." And sure enough after a few seconds, I saw the white objects lengthened, and draw out again abaft our

beam. "The chase has tacked, sir, put the helm down, or she will go to windward of us." We tacked also, and time it was we did so, for the rising moon now showed us a large schooner under a crowd of sail. We edged down on her, when finding her manœuvre detected, she brailed up her flat sails, and bore up before the wind. This was our best point of sailing, and we cracked on, the captain rubbing his hands—"It's my turn to be the big gun this time." Although blowing a strong northwester, it was now clear moonlight, and we hammered away from our bow guns, but whenever a shot told amongst the rigging, the injury was repaired as if by magic. It was evident we had repeatedly bulled 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 fore-castle, 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. "Fore-castle there! Mr. Nipper, clap a canister of grape over the round shot, into the boat gun and give it to him." "Aye, aye, sir!" gleefully rejoined the boat-wain, forgetting the augury and every thing else in the excitement of the moment. In a twinkling, the square foresail, top-gallant, royal, and studding sail halyards were let go by the run on board of the schooner, as if they had been shot away, and he put his helm hard aport as if to run to. "Rake him, sir, or give him the stern. He has not surrendered. I know their game. Give him your broadside, sir, or he is off to windward of you like shot. No, no, we have him now; heave to, Mr. Splinter, heave to!" We did so, and that so suddenly that the studding-sail booms snapped like pipe shanks short off by the irons. Notwithstanding, we had shot two hundred yards to the leeward before we could lay our maintopsail to the mast. I ran to windward. The schooner's yards and rigging were now black with men, clustered like bees swarming, her square sails were being close furled, her fore and aft sails set and away she was, dead to windward of us. "So much for undervaluing our American friends," grumbled Mr. Splinter.

We made all sail in chase, blazing away to little purpose, we had no chance on a bowling, and when our "Amigo" had satisfied himself of his superiority by one or two short tacks, he deliberately took a reef in his mainsail, hauled down his flying jib and gaff top-sail, triced up the bunt of his foresail, and fired his long thirty-two at us. The shot came in at the third aftermost port on the starboard side, and dismounting the carronade, smashing the slice, and wounding three

men. The second 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 "Yankee Doodle." As the brig fell off, our long gun was run out to have a parting 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 piercing cry 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 crash, 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 short sharp yells, and low choking bubbling moans, as the hissing fragments of the noble vessel we had seen fell 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 ball 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 clotted gore, and swaying to and fro, with the motion of the vessel, like a bloody fleece? "Who is it that was hit, at the gun there?" "Mr. Nipper; the boatwain, sir. The last shot has cut him in two."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

POETS.—While Goldsmith was completing the closing pages of the vicar of Wakefield, in a garret in Greenabar, he was roused from his occupation by the unexpected appearance of the landlady, to whom he was considerably in arrears, with a huge bill for the last week's lodging. The poet was thunder-struck with surprise and consternation; he was unable to answer her demands, either then or in future: at length the lady changed the nature of his embarrassment, by offering to remit the liquidation of the debt, provided he would except her as his true & lawful spouse. His friend, Dr. Johnson, chanced by great good luck to come in at that time, and by advancing him a sufficient sum to defray the expenses of his establishment, consisting of only himself and a dirty shirt, relieved him from his matrimonial shackles.

DREAMS.—To dream and to remember your dream is forerunner that your were not awake, nor very sound asleep when you dreamed.

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 attention.

From the Rochester Observer.

FACTS TO BE REMEMBERED.

There was allowed by the Board of Supervisors of Monroe County, to Justices of the Peace, for the suppression of petty crimes in the year 1829, 1,704,33

Allowed to Constables for the same service,	-	1,952,09
Do. for the support of For. Poor,	3,877,70	
Do. to the Sheriff for Boarding Debtors and criminals, receiving and discharging, do.	1,026,39	
Expenses of Co. Poor House,	1,669,65	
		\$10,230,16
Expenses of the county for the like services in 1830,	7,869,79	

Balance in favor of 1830, \$2,360,37

Now when it is well known that nine tenths of the above expenses arose from intemperance, what tax payer in the county will hesitate to join a temperance Society.

COLD WATER.

We thank "Cold Water," for the communication of the above facts. We do hope that they may be borne in mind. If the tax paying inhabitants of Monroe county will consent to pay from seven to ten thousand dollars per year, for the detection and punishment of vice and the maintenance of paupers, and still license men to make vagabonds and paupers—if they will license men to throw temptation in the way of the dissolute, to break the laws, and disturb the peace, it must, to say the least, be matter of astonishment. That the difference, in the amount of taxes in this county, in favor of the present year, is to be attributed to the progress of the temperance reformation, we believe admits of no doubt—and this too, notwithstanding retailers of ardent spirits are permitted to do all in their power to counteract the benign influence of the temperance efforts. It is perfectly obvious, that a very great share of the criminals that are brought before our courts, and all the paupers are from the lower class of society. It is over this class that public sentiment has least control, and of course are least affected by the efforts of temperance societies. It is persons of this class that are frequenters of tippling houses and dram shops, and while a set of men are privileged to exert all their influence to tempt them to drink, and thus prepare them for the commission of crime, strip them of their earnings, deprive their families of their assistance, confirm their intemperate, idle and dissipated habits, it is impossible that these evils, which are the cause of a great share of our taxes, ever, at least during the present generation, be eradicated by the present temperance measures. The temptation must be removed, instead of being authorized, by law.

MANUAL LABOR ACADEMY

OF WEST MENDON,

Will commence its first quarter on the 2d Tuesday of November. The literary department will be under the instruction of Mr. John Hutton, from the University of Vermont.

Instruction will be given in the following branches, viz: the Greek, Latin, French and English Languages, Arithmetic and other branches of Mathematics, History, Penmanship, Rhetoric, Logic, &c.

From three to four hours each day will be employed by the students in manual labor, and the earnings of each applied towards the payment of his board and tuition.

The charge for board in the institution will be one dollar per week—for tuition with the privilege of the workshop, six dollars per quarter, and room rent one dollar fifty cents per quarter. Students will provide their own beds and bedding, room furniture, wood, candles and washing, or they may be furnished them, together with rooms in the immediate neighborhood, at a reasonable price.

The institution is provided with a workshop, where such branches of mechanical business will be carried on as are considered most profitable to the students. In the spring it is expected that a farm and garden will be appended to the institution.

HOMER COLLINS,
J. C. CHAMBERLAIN,
A. O. GARRETT,
GEO. G. SILL,
HARRY ALLEN.

We understand that Mr. P. P. Barbour has certainly accepted the judgeship of this district. We lament the loss of his great services in Congress particularly at this time.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

THE GEM.

Rochester, Saturday, Oct. 30, 1830.

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 us 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 ways of the world, stepped up and asked the young reader "what them' are things meant there, all swinging in the wind." "Mean," said the other, "why they are the *flying reports* of the French Revolution."

Smoky 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, and all was in perfect keeping with the thick gloom of Autumn.

On Thursday forenoon, the 28th, the atmosphere was again similar to that of the 22d.

We had confidently relied on receiving our plate of the Genesee Falls for the present number of our paper, but are again disappointed. The plate is engraved in splendid style, and we have received a copy of it. We look for its arrival daily.

"ROCHESTER, a satire" &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 no laurels for him who made it. Its best traits, if any it has, are merely some of the faults of Burns, whose poetry this author (!) has attempted to imitate. We are sincerely sorry if the extract we made has caused any person to part with fifty cents for so vile a thing.

The following we extract from a letter of a friend of ours in the Auburn Theological Seminary. It is certainly a beautiful extract, and contains truths that will be responded to by many a heart. We will add, for the gratification of our friend, the writer, that we have, we believe, the blessed assurances he is so anxious we should enjoy.

"I have recently returned from the favoured shores of New-England, after an absence of eight weeks from this place. "Home, home, sweet home. There is no place like Home." So I found it, when I caught my good old mother, labouring at the wash-tub, on one Monday morning, whom I had not seen for 4 years. Tell me not of palaces, of retinues, of princes, or of Kings. Their happiness and enjoyment, compared with the first glimpse of the paternal cot is all vain and futile. But when we step upon the well-known threshold, and meet the eager embraces of fond cherished friendship; human joy for a moment seems complete. The tender and endearing epithets of father, mother, brother, and sister, as they drop upon the ear, more than realize the fantastic vision of poetry; but when the hour for social prayer arrives, and we jointly kneel around

The water of the newly discovered spring on the Indian Reservation, has been analyzed, by Mr. Shephard, an assistant of Professor Silliman, who pronounces it "to be a strong sulphurous water, free from any uncombined carbonic acid, and containing notable quantities of the carbonate of lime, magnesia and soda, together with sulphate of lime."—*Buffalo Bulletin.*

An edifice 150 feet in length, designed to be four stories high, has been commenced, for the use of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, near Pittsburg.—It will contain rooms for the accommodation of about 100 students.

The annual Thanksgiving is appointed by the Governor of this State to be held on the 25th of November.

The editor of the Cherokee Phoenix says, that he saw at the house of Mr. E. Adair, Oougillögee, the skin of a Diamond Rattle Snake, lately killed in that neighborhood, 7 feet and 1 inch in length, and 13 1-2 inches in circumference.

DUNLAP'S PAINTING.

This splendid production of American genius is still in our village; those who have seen it, speak of its elegance of execution, and beauty and boldness of design, without having their motives subjected to the imputation of selfishness, or fulsome adulation.

It has rarely fallen to 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 one of all others, 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, as the crucifixion and sufferings of the Saviour of the World; is greatly enhanced, by having the whole scene so portrayed before us, as to enable us to realize the picture. That such is the effect produced by the painting now before us, is admitted by all who have had the gratification to behold it. The mild expression that is given to the countenance of the fainting, dying Jesus;—the cold, indifferent, and malignant glare of the assassin Barabbas;—the sympathetic looks that beam from the visages of the distressed and compassionate Mary, John, and other Disciples of the Lord;—the indignant attitude of the healed Lazarus, and 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 straining of the fancy, to believe, that the vital spark still animates their bodies, and that we ourselves are eye-witnesses of the same eventful drama. Indeed, the living canvass is almost made to speak; and the beholder, unconscious of his own situation, involuntarily enters into all the varied emotions, which seem to occupy the bosoms of the anxious multitude that followed from the bar of Pilate, the lowly, suffering Saviour. But to do full justice to our subject, the attempt were vain; and alike fruitless will every effort be, so to describe this accomplished work of our meritorious countryman, as to convey to the mind of an individual, never having seen it, an adequate idea of its performance.

A FRIEND OF NATIVE TALENT.

the family altar, to return our grateful thanks for favours past, and implore new blessings for time to come; philosophy herself is utterly inadequate to furnish a scene so beautiful; or exhibit a plan so well calculated to soothe the passions, quiet the tumults of the soul, or give such a heavenly composure to the countenance as this."

DUNLAP'S PAINTING.—We have inserted in another column, a communication relative to this splendid picture, from the Observer; and as this is the last week of its exhibition here, we would again call the attention of our citizens to it. During the past week, all the Sabbath scholars of the different schools in town have been permitted to view the painting gratis.

When Spenser had finished his famous poem of 'Fairy Queen,' he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of that day. The manuscripts being sent up to the earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered his servants to give the writer twenty pounds. Reading on, he cried in rapture, "carry that man another twenty pounds."—Proceeding farther, he exclaimed: "Give him twenty pounds more." But at length he lost all patience, and said, "Go turn that fellow out of the house, for if I read further, I shall be ruined."

STRAW BONNETS.—When straw bonnets first became general, it was common to trim them with bunches of artificial wheat or barley in ear; on which the late Miles Peter Andrews wrote the following lines:

Who now of threaten'd famine dare complain,
When ev'ry female's forehead teems with grain?
See how the wheat sheaves nod amid the plumes—
Our barns are now transferr'd to drawing rooms;
And husbands, who indulge in active lives,
To fill their graneries now may thrash their wives!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are glad again to hear from our good friend 'Horace.' If he will be good enough to send more of the article, the commencement of which we have already received, we will thank him.

'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 would say to them that we have so many communications accumulating upon our hands 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 they will find a place in our columns or not.

MARRIED,

In Framingham, Mass., by the Rev George Trash, Doct. William W. Reid of this village, to Miss Eliza Manson.

In this village, on the 14th inst the Rev. Dr. Comstock Mr. James Gilman to Miss Sarah Ann Andrews

On the 24th Oct. 1830, at the Clinton House, Rochester, by Lafayette Collins Esq. Mr. Augustus Peters, of Detroit, to Miss Lucy Pollard, Massachusetts.

DIED,

On Wednesday morning last in this village Mrs. Sophia Houston, aged 29, wife of Mr. John Houston, and daughter of Dea. Greene

ORIGINAL POETRY.



WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

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, cull the fairest flowers of all,
 From memory's sparkling heath;
 Let not one bitter drop of gall
 Pollute the shining wreath.
 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,
 The fairest days of earth.
 Bring up the by-gone days of youth,
 When pleasure's flower-crown'd cup,
 Was sparkling out with hope and truth;
 Aye, bring the vision up.
 * * * * *
 Is this the fruit of all thy pains?
 Thy culling, is it this?
 And, Oh! are these thy only gains—
 These dregs of bitterness?
 Aye, childhood's sunny hours were bright,
 And freed from guilt and fear,
 But for each flower there came a blight,
 For every smile, a tear.
 And even then the buds of care
 Were rankling on my brow;
 And they have bloom'd, and oh! they are
 My constant chaplet now.
 Then speak not now of youthful hours;
 The brightest wreath of bliss
 Was form'd of crush'd and withering flowers:
 The cup was bitterness:
 Oh! let me ask but to forget
 The wild and wayward dream,
 Nor seek to live in fancy yet,
 On hope's delusive gleam.

ROSAMOND.

Rochester, Oct. 12., 1830.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THOUGHTS.

Oh! Time! thou'rt coursing yet! another year
 Is wan and fading now—the smile so gay,
 Which nature wore, is sadden'd, and the sear
 And trembling leaves, in whispering murmurs, say
 'Bright spirits, ours is not a blight of care,
 Though we have bloom'd, like you, all fresh and fair.'
 Yet, nature, I have lov'd thy changing mood,
 And lov'd the whisp' rings of thy calms and showers,
 Thy season's strife, the Autumn's leafless wood,
 The summer's rip'ning stores; and most the flow'rs,
 And the soft feelings of that sweetest hour
 When twilight comes, with all her mystic pow'rs,
 Mingling her shadows with the glow of light
 Reflected by the light and varying hues
 Of verbal bloom—those angels of the night,
 Which bring, like mercy's tears, the healing dews
 To embalm each drooping thing the sun has shone,
 With his meridian blaze, too fierce upon.
 O! I have felt, and lov'd the secret link
 That binds all these to forms of fleshly mould—

The union of the flowers that feel and think,
 With those that bloom thus senselessly and cold.
 And, oh, I would inhale each fragrance there,
 To breathe it out again as fresh and fair.

And on some barren waste of mind, I'd shed
 Its secret charm, its life-awakening bloom:
 Or on a heart which its own thorns have bled,
 I'd breathe a balmy sweet, a rich perfume;
 And, like the angel with the sinner's prayer,
 Commingle a redeeming incense there.
 Buffalo, Sept. 1830. HORACE.

FOR THE GEM.

LINES,

Written in a friend's Album.

In days of joy, ere blossoms of age
 Have ripen'd on thy brow;
 Ere thou hast reach'd to manhood's stage,
 Come to the fount and bow—
 Come, ere the sunny curls of youth,
 Are lav'd in drops of care;
 Come, ere the fountains of thy truth,
 Shall know this world's a snare.

Come, while the mind is pure as love,
 And the feelings all sincere;
 Come, while the blessings from above
 Proclaim that *God is here!*
 Escape, ere this world's chilling blight
 Shall sink thy heart in sin;
 Ere the gloom of perpetual night,
 Shall close thy spirits in.

Come—oh! come, thou wanderer
 Amid this stormy sea:
 Be not a reckless squanderer
 Of all that's dear to thee—
 The altar of the living God,
 Is waiting for thy prayer;
 Come like the chasten'd from the rod,
 And lay thy heart down there!

ADRIAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TO ANNA.

ANNA—and didst thou think
 My humble lines to thee,
 Were arows from the bow
 Of some foul enemy?
 If so, I tell thee nay,
 The feelings of a friend
 Do linger on that lay—
 Go, read it to the end.

I would not blight thy peace,
 For worlds of crysolite—
 Nor would I bring disease
 Upon thy spirits' flight—
 Nay, I would help the on,
 In raising up thy name,
 I would that thou had'st won
 A bright, undying fame.

Sing on, and let thy song
 Cheer up this vale of tears—
 Thou know'st that Time, ere long,
 Will number all our years—
 And when Eternity
 Shall dawn upon thee, friend,
 May thy good portion be,
 Where songs shall never end.
 Auburn, Oct. 1830. STELLA.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

SONNET.

'Tis sweet to wander in the gloom of night,
 When the fair orb of heaven is shining,
 And the mind wrapt in gloom is repining;
 To catch from the zephyr, the melody
 Of murmuring waterfall—with delight
 And wonder to gaze on yon emblems divine,
 Symbols of Omniscience—which doth entwine

Their wreaths of glory round the lucent throne
 Of the silvery moon—oh, 'tis a witchery [known
 Which fills the heart, and anxious mind with un-
 Sensations, beaming with joyous emotions,
 And young life's purest deep devotions;
 Happiest hours of my life, like the ocean's
 Wave—return and calm my bosom's commotions.

ANNA.

Written for the Gem.

HEARING PRAYER.

I heard a voice in suppliant mood,
 Come stealing on my ear;
 'Twas like the blessing of the good,
 Pronounc'd through mercy's tear.
 'Twas like the rain to drooping flow'rs,
 Beneath a burning sun—
 'Twas like the memory o'er the hours
 We like to hang upon—
 'Twas like the sound of Mercy's feet,
 To one in galling chains—
 It rais'd, it melted, it was sweet,
 Till its last, dying strains.

A.

Written for the Gem.

HEARING CURSING.

A bursting rock, from mountain-side,
 Came smoking to the plain;
 Destruction gather'd round its ride,
 Yet but *itself* was slain!
 So came that oath upon the ear,
 Baring a vengeful arm,
 It fell—but there was no one near,
 Whose bosom it could harm.
 The echoes toss'd it to the dens,
 Back from the dens it sped,
 And settled, with its awful curse,
 Upon its father's head!
 Hark! hark! again I hear that sound,
 Upon the burthen'd air;
 It rolls like fiery billows round,
 And desolation's there!

A.

ASPEN TREE.

The quiet of the evening hour
 Was laid on every summer leaf;
 That purple shade was on each flower,
 At once so beautiful, so brief.
 Only the Aspen knew not rest,
 But still, with an unquiet song,
 Kept murmuring to the gentle west,
 And cast a changeful shade along.
 Not for its beauty—other trees
 Had greener boughs and statlier stem.
 And those had fruit, and blossoms these,
 Yet still I chose this tree from them.
 'Tis a strange thing, this depth of love
 Which dwells within the human heart.
 From Earth below, to Heaven above,
 In each, in all, it fain has part.
 It must find sympathy, or make;
 And hence beliefs, the fond, the vain,
 The thousand shapes that fancies take,
 To bind the fine connecting chain.
 Like those frail leaves, each restless thought
 Fluctuates in my weary mind;
 Uncertain tree! my fate was wrought
 In the same loom where thine was twined.
 And thus from other trees around,
 Did I still watch the Aspen tree,
 Because in its unrest I found
 Somewhat of sympathy with me.

F. B.

**THE GEM,
 A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.**

2d VOLUME—TO CONTAIN 4 ENGRAVINGS

TERMS, &c.

The GEM will be published every other Saturday,
 in quarto form, and pagged 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 ad-
 dressed to the subscriber, *post-paid*.
 EDWIN SCRANTON.
 Office in Exchange Street, 3 doors north of
 the Canal.

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 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,
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 landscape, and the busy towns with spires
 overlooking it from the neighbouring hills, the
 boats transporting its superabundant wealth
 down its winding stream, and the scenes of
 intellectual and moral felicity to which it con-

*This is a region of bituminous coal of a good
 quality.

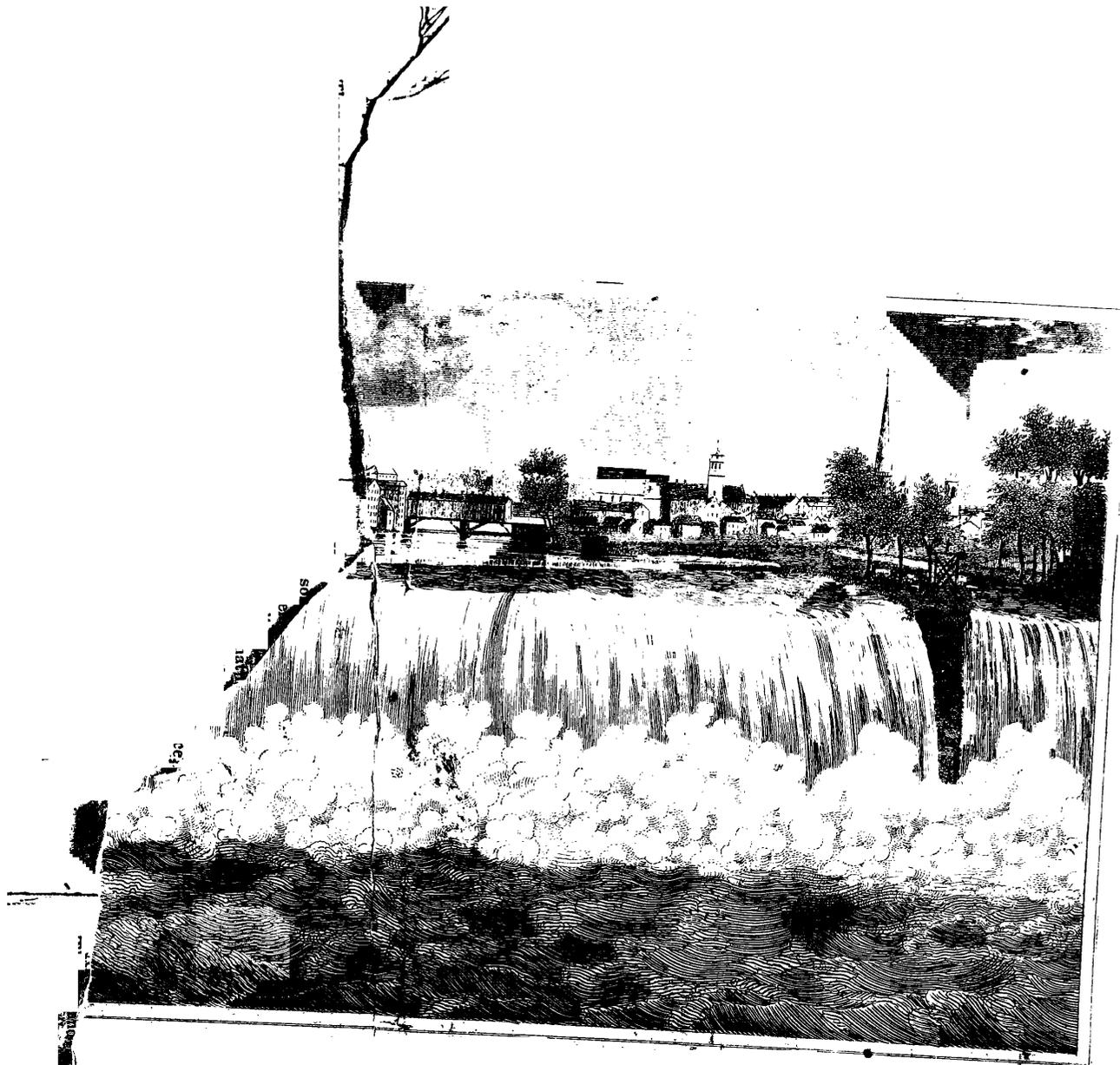
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GENESSEE FALLS, AT ROCHESTER N.Y.

Engraved Explicitly for the Gen. from a Drawing by B. Cherry.

THE GEM,

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

BE OURS THE PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 14.

ROCHESTER, NOVEMBER 13, 1830.

VOL. II.

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, extent 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 1820, 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 word *Genesee*, is formed 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 Plateau*," or table-land of Western Pennsylvania, interlocking with the head waters of the *Alleghany* and *Susquehannah* rivers, 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 they are probably elevated *one thousand and seven hundred feet* above the tide waters of the Atlantic.*

The *Genesee Flats*, (to which probably the Indian appellation for the river referred) must strike every eye as peculiarly worthy the name. These are either natural prairies or Indian clearings, (of which, however, the present Indians have no tradition) and lying, to an extent of many thousand acres, between the villages of *Genesee*, *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, witnessed the flocks and herds that now enliven its landscape, and the busy towns with spires overlooking it from the neighbouring hills, the boats transporting its superabundant wealth down its winding stream, and the scenes of intellectual and moral felicity to which it con-

*This is a region of bituminous coal of a good quality.

tributes in the homes of its present enlightened occupants; and had they been able to appreciate this, they would have contrived the longest superlative which their language could furnish, to give it a name.

The drawing of the Falls was effected in the spring of the year, when the water in the river was very high. It was taken from the east bank, about ten rods below the falls. The first building that appears on the left hand of the picture, is the stone mill, [formerly *Cleave-land's*,] which stands near the brink of the east side; just above, and nearer the river, is *Andrews' saw-mill*, across the river from which is seen the dam. As the eye goes to the right, the prominent steeple of *St. Paul's* [Episcopal] Church appears towering up to a great height; and a little further right, the cupola of the *Franklin-House*. Still further, and in the distance, rises the dome of the *Methodist Church*, and then the eye rests upon the quadrangular roof of the *Globe Building*. The *Exchange Buildings* next appear, with the *Market*, which is partly hid by two sycamore trees. Next the eye falls upon the broad roof of the mammoth mill, owned by *Messrs. Beach & Kempshall*, and yet a little to the right, is seen that beautiful and stately building the *Arcade*, built and owned by *A. Reynolds, Esq.* The next prominent figure, 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 be seen on the brink of 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*, show only what daring and almost impossible feats can be made familiar to the mind, by a steady progressive course of practice.

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the 14th of the same month he advertised to take his "*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 125 feet combined, yet was not much injured. The black handkerchief that he took from his neck while on the scaffold, and tied around his body, was still there. His intrepidity and daring was the only thing about him that recommended itself to the attention of his fellow men. He had perfect command of himself while in the air, and had he not been given to habits of intoxication, he might have astonished the world, perhaps for years, with the greatest feats ever performed by man.

SOCRATES.—While Athens was governed by the thirty tyrants, Socrates, the philosopher, was summoned to the senate house, and ordered to go with some other 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, "Dost 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."

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The expectation of future happiness is the best relief against the most pernicious influence of melancholy, the guide of life, and the comfort of death.

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LINES

Addressed to a Missionary, on his departure from a
Christian land—by Montgomery.

Go, take the wings of morn,
And fly beyond the utmost sea,
Thou shalt not feel thyself forlorn,
Thy God is still with thee;
And where his Spirit bids thee dwell,
There, and there only, thou art well.

Forsake thy father-land,
Kindred, and friends, and pleasant home.
O'er many a rude barbarian strand,
In exile though thou roam,
Walk there with God, and thou shalt find
Double for all thy faith resign'd.

Launch boldly on the surge,
And in a light and fragile bark
Thy path through flood and tempest urge,
Like Noah in the ark—
Then tread, like him, a new world's shore,
Thine altar build, and God adore.

Leave our Jerusalem,
Jehovah's temple and his rest;
Go, where no Sabbath brake on them
Whom pagan gloom oppress'd,
Till bright, though late, around their isles
The gospel-dawn awoke in smiles:

Amidst that dawn from far,
Be thine expected presence shown,
Rise on them like the morning-star,
In glory—not thine own,
And tell them, while they hail the sight,
Who turn'd thy darkness into light.

Tell them, his hovering rays
Already gild their ocean's brim,
Ere long o'er heaven and earth to blaze:
Direct all eyes to Him,
The Sun of righteousness, who brings
Mercy and healing on his wings.

Nor thou disdain to teach
To savage hordes, celestial truth—
To infant tongues, thy mother's speech—
Ennobling arts to youth;
Till warriors fling their arms aside,
O'er bloodless fields the plough to guide.

Train them by patient toil,
To rule the waves, subdue the ground,
Enrich themselves with Nature's spoil,
With harvest trophies crown'd;
Till coral reefs 'midst desert seas
Become the true Hesperides.

Thus then in peace depart,
And angels guide thy footsteps; No:
There is a feeling in the heart
That will not let thee go:
Yet, go,—thy spirit stays with me:
Yet, go,—my spirit goes with thee:

Though the wide world between
Our feet conglobes its solid mass;
Though lands and waters intervene,
Which I must never pass:
Though day and night with thee be chang'd,
Seasons reverse'd, and clime estrang'd—

Yet one in soul—and one
In faith, and hope, and purpose yet,
God's witness in the heav'n—yon sun,
Forbid thee to forget
Those from whose eyes the orb retires
When thine his morning beauty fires!

When tropic gloom returns,
Mark what new stars their vigils keep:
How glares the Wolf, the Phoenix burns;
And on a stormless deep
The Ship of heav'n—the patriarch's Dove;
The Emblem of redeeming love."

While these enchant thine eye,
O think how oft'n we have walk'd,
Gaz'd on the glories of our sky—
Of higher glories talk'd,
Till our hearts caught a kindling ray,
And burn'd within us by the way.

From the Craftsman.

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 heats of summer have passed away, but the chill November rain has not yet come—the beautiful spring flowers have faded, and the green leaves have changed, yet nature is still bright in its desolation; and like the hues of the dying dolphin, or the clouds that gather their glories 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 some that belong to the Indian summer. To me there appears as wide a difference between the maniac's dark madness of thought, and agreeable reflection. What can be more delightful than a stroll thro' the woodlands on such days as these?—what more favourable to pleasant recollections?.... The heavens are without a cloud, but a thin veil of smoke is spread over the earth which mellows the sun's light, gives its blue tinge to the nearest hills, and spreads its mantle of indistinctness over those more distant. Poets talk of 'balmy breezes,' and if they are ever felt it is now, when every particle of roughness is vanished from the soft south—when the winds pass over the cheek and lip rich as kisses from those we love—when they rustle and bend the slight branches without disturbing them—when they play on the cheek of beauty without leaving their envious traces, and on their gentle current the falling leaf glides gracefully to its rest. The jay, perched on the treetop, is chanting his farewell to summer—the ground squirrel is gathering his hoard of winter provision—and the black and grey ones, are gaily chattering and bounding from tree to tree, happy in the present, and careless of the future. Then reclining at the foot of some magnificent forest tree, half buried in the new fallen leaves, one seems to be floating in an ocean of flowers, for every shade of red and yellow may be traced around, from the brilliant crimson of the maple, to the rich golden hues of the linden. How delightful the reveries of such hours—how softly and like dreams from the spirit land, come over us the recollections of former days—our thoughts scarcely belong to earth, they seem to partake of the ethereal and purified radiance in which we live and move, and whether tinged with sadness, or elated with hope, are coloured with the bland and peace imparting qualities which pervades external nature. Then the remembrance of those we loved, but who have been torn from our embrace, and our hearts, is always present. We might at such an hour as easily forget our grief, as to shut out the memories of the

loved and beautiful ones. Can we forget when the leaves around us are moving to the light tread of ethereal feet?—when our cheeks are fanned by breezes from the wings of immortal visitants, and in the silence of nature is heard whisperings from lips once overflowing with love to us, and tones too familiar to our ears, too endeared, and too deeply impressed on the soul, ever to be forgotten, or mistaken..... There is no necessity of going back to the fabulous ages of Greece or Rome for evidence that the empyrean is thronged with its invisible and intangible multitudes. We feel that it is so, for at such hours imagination shadows them forth (with a distinctness of reality, which forbids hesitation, and sets doubt at defiance.... It is well that it is so,—we love to think that death is not the 'end all' of our hopes and our loves,—that our aspirations for interminable existence in a better state receives confirmation from the book of nature, a volume written with the finger of the Almighty—that the bright ones whose destinies were linked with ours, whose feelings were one with our own, though like the leaves around they have fallen, it is only to change, and be renewed in all the freshness of immortal spring. I would not repine because the summer passes away—I would not spend June in lamentations, because ere November, its roses will fade and their rich fragrance be lost—and still more unwise is he who spends the summer spring of life in tormenting reflections at the inevitable advance of the clouds, chills, and darkness, of age and death. Nothing is valuable to us which we do not improve to some good purpose; and the beauties of nature, whether of spring or autumn, are 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.

The Graves of Cyrus and Alexander.—It is remarkable that both the tombs of Cyrus and Alexander, each surnamed the great, were broken into, and the bodies of those who had awed the world, were profaned for the sake of the gold, the precious stones, and the other valuables with which they were decorated.—In speaking of this subject, William the historian of Alexander, justly observes; "The great if they wish their ashes to repose undisturbed, should leave their wealth on this side of the grave; any superfluous decoration of the tomb but serves to tempt the hands of the spoiler."

The address to the citizens of Boston, which was delivered on the 17th ult. by the distinguished President of Harvard University, Mr. Quincy, has been issued in a handsome pamphlet, and will be read with fond interest by every son of New-England. The subjoined passage of the conclusion deserves to be recorded in every memory.—*Nat. Gaz.*

"The great comprehensive truths, written in letters of light, on every page of our history—the language addressed by every past age of New-England to all future ages, is this: Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom: freedom, none but virtue; virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom, nor virtue, nor knowledge, has any vigour, or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith and the sanctions of the Christian Religion."

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 five 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 none act upon invariably, viz: that happiness depends not on outward circumstances. The wise woman to whom I have alluded, walks to Boston from a distance of twenty or thirty miles, to sell a bag of brown thread and stockings, and then patiently walks back again with her gains. Her dress, though tidy, is a grotesque collection of shreds and patches, coarse in the extreme.

"Why don't you come down in a wagon?" said I, as I observed she was evidently wearied with her long journey.

'We ha'n't got no horse,' replied she, 'the neighbors are very kind to me, but they can't spare their'n; and it would cost as much to hire one as all my thread would come to.'

'You have a husband; don't he do any thing for you?'

'He is a good man—he does all he can; but he is a cripple and an invalid. He reels my yarn, and specks the children's shoes. He's as kind a husband as any woman need to have.'

'But his being a cripple is a heavy misfortune to you.'

'Why, ma'am, I don't look upon it in that light,' replied the thread woman; 'I consider that I've great reason to be thankful he's never took to any bad habits.'

'How many children have you?'

'Six sons and five darters, ma'am.'

'Six sons and five daughters! What a family for a poor woman to support!'

'It's a family, surely, ma'am; but there a'n't one of 'em I'd be willing to lose. They are as good children as need to be; all willing to work, and all clever to me. Even the littlest boy, when he gets a cent now and then for doing a chore, will be sure to bring it to his ma'am.'

'Do your daughters spin your thread for you?'

'No, ma'am; as soon as they are big enough they go out to service. I don't want to keep them always delving for me; they are always willing to give me what they can; but it is right and fair they should do a little for themselves. I do all my spinning after the folks are a-bed.

'Don't you think you should be better off if you had none but yourself to provide for?'

'Why no, ma'am, I don't. If I had not been married, I should always have been to work as hard as I could, and now I don't do no more than that. My children are a great comfort to me, and look forward to the time when they'll do as much for me as I have done for them.'

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 *gros de zane*, 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 neck and hands is of plain bobbinet quilting.

Bonnet of Dunstable straw, trimmed with a band, and strings of broad pink and satin ribbon.

A large scarlet shawl of embroidered Canton crape.

From La Belle Assemblee.

LONDON FASHIONS;
FOR AUGUST.

EVENING DRESS.—A gown composed of *gros de Indes*, the colour a new and beautiful shade between lilac and lavender. Corsage *uni*, nearly concealed as a *canzou en cœur* composed of white blond net, disposed *a mille plis*, and trimmed with a triple fringe of richest English blond lace, so arranged as to form a point in the centre at the bottom of the waist before and behind; it is set on narrow, and with little fullness at the bottom of the waist, but broader, and with more fullness towards the shoulder. The *canzou* is cut 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 *a la Marie de Medicis*, with blond lace manchettes. Head dress, a crape hat, trimmed on the inside of the brim with gauze ribbon; the crown is ornamented with *neuds* 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 million 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 grammarian?' because in the words of Tom Moore,

"She is just in that season at present
When woman's declension begins."

When I hear a woman using profane language, I think it is time for swearing to be out of fashion.

Grand Temperance Movement.—The county commissioners, at a late meeting in Taunton, Mass. "refused to lend their sanction to the establishment or permanency" of licensed grog shops. The applications for retailing, after all that could be said in their favor, were rejected.

Bible in Ceylon.—*Interesting from India.*—Mr. Clough, a Methodist missionary in this place, in a letter of the 9th of Feb., gives a most interesting account of the demand for the scriptures. He says they cannot be bound half fast enough to meet the calls of the natives for the word of God. An edition of 6000 copies has been lately printed, but it is said to look small when compared with the demand. A thousand Singhalese readers, he says, are educated annually; and to each one a Testament is given on leaving school, which is highly valued. In this way the holy oracles are read in a thousand native cottages, which never could have had entrance except through the medium of the schools.—*B. Reg.*

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

The election of the Ex-President Adams to represent the people of Plymouth District, Ms. at the next Congress, is an extraordinary incident in our history. It is not indeed extraordinary that he should be *elected*, after consenting to be a candidate,—for who would not be proud to be represented in Congress by a man of so much political experience, wisdom and integrity? but the *fact*, that an Ex-President of the United States should become the Representative of a small District in a single State,—this we say is extraordinary, and illustrates in a striking manner the genius of our civil institutions. In some points of view the event has its parallel in the acceptance of Ex-President Monroe, of the humble office of Justice of the Peace: but that being a station which calls for no intermingling of politics, no return to the duties of ordinary legislation,—the present case involves a different principle, and is without a precedent in the history of our country.

Alexander the Great's policy.—Alexander's great object seems to have been the establishment of one great and permanent empire, of which the different parts would be united by mutual political and commercial advantages. Hence he sought to do away all national prejudices, and make his different subjects feel themselves one people. To attain this object he founded those numerous Grecian cities in various parts of his oriental dominions; and had he lived a few years longer he might possibly have in a great measure accomplished what he aimed at. But his early death, frustrated all these great projects, and the ambition of his generals speedily pulled down the fabric he was erecting.—*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

Treason doth seldom prosper.—What's the reason. Why—when it prospers none dare call it Treason.

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.—*Ed.*

From the Paris Couricre 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 Miser. We entered, and according to custom the saloon was deserted—it required all the resolution and enthusiasm of twenty years to oppose the affrontive 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 slumberers. 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 insignificant words 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 the end of the play, we were as intimate as old acquaintances. The actors were very seldom interrupted by applauses. They went through the scenes so rapidly that by half after ten 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 incognitos 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 blushing consented. From the theatre to Verry's is but a short distance, and my friend and myself taking their arms, we found ourselves there ere we were aware we had really set out.

"Waiter," said I quickly, "a select box with four covers."

Whilst we were travelling along the nar-

row passage, my pretty companion approaching the host, who led the way, smiled and said something quick in his ear. This appeared very mysterious, but a single word from me on the subject would have been very indiscreet. I therefore said nothing. We had not to deal with two affected Grissettes of the suburbs who cry out with pretended astonishment when offered any thing by way of refreshment. I therefore called into operation all the intellectual powers with which heaven had endowed me, to propose something worthy the notice of our two pretty convivial friends, whose behaviour appeared so mysterious; but all was in vain. I proposed all the delicacies and luxuries with which our table was set out; but I could not please the taste of those fastidious ladies—they were extremely delicate it is true, and it was a pleasure to see them send back all the viands under some pretext or other:—and we were made to uncork ten bottles of wine, before one could be found to their taste. When I say it was a pleasure, I deceive myself, for I had not more than twenty francs in my pocket, and my friend had very little more, and the whole of the bill threatened to be frightful.—At each extravagant indiscretion on the part of our ladies, my friend made wry faces, and my own face lengthened wonderfully, which did not escape the notice of our two friends, but seemed to inspire them with more vivacity, greater coquetry, and better appetite.—We extended our hands towards them, and more soft sentences were repeated. All this would have been very well, had we not something in the back ground to oppose the progress of our conquest. The bill was to pay, threatening, terrible as the sword of Damocles suspended over his head—this was a damper upon our feelings. At length I decided, and went out to seek the host. I found him in waiting. Approaching him,

"Sir," said I tremulously, "I have forgotten my purse, but here is my watch, which I beg you will retain until I return and pay you what I owe."

"You owe me nothing, sir, all is paid;" said the host smiling.

"How! all paid!"—

"Yes sir, one of the ladies who you have the honour to be with, put five guineas into the waiter's hand."

My consternation was now complete. I returned to the room, and made some as lively and pleasant remarks as I could, which they laughingly received. I talked of humiliation, but they cast towards me a reproachful glance, and I was obliged to be resigned.

When we left Verry's, I proposed a hackney coach to our mysterious companions; when, at the command of one of them an elegant equipage stationed at the next door, drew up, and a servant in attendance, dressed in rich livery, opened the door, and let down the steps. Had a thunderbolt fallen at my feet, I should have been less surprised.—

Twice was a soft invitation repeated to us to place ourselves by the side of those beautiful ladies.

"Where does Mdm. wish to be conveyed?" said the coachman.

"Where do the two gentlemen live?" said one of the ladies.

By the by, this was too much to acknowledge to the two beautiful ladies, so I plumply refused. But my friend, less nice than myself, after a few expostulations, let out the fatal word, (St. James'-street,) and the coach rattled on to the district of St. James.

During our long ride, the most earnest supplications were used, in vain, to obtain a knowledge of their names and residence, and the hope of again seeing them. Oh! they would be undone and lost, were they ever to see us again. At length the carriage steps were let down before my humble habitation, and we descended, after having kissed their pretty hands. The equipage drove off with such rapidity as left us no hopes of following it to its destination.

During an entire month we ran from Balls to Theatres, public walks, &c. but all in vain. Who were the two ladies, I am as yet ignorant, and of all that remains to keep them in our remembrance, no token is left but a pretty little glove which I took from one of them as we bid them our last adieu. Would that it could prove like Cinderilla's Slipper, the means of the discovery of my charming unknown!

From the United States Gazette.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

CHRONOLOGY.—According to the Samaritan text, the world is now in 1830, 6075 years old. According to the received chronology it is only 5830 years old.

According to the testimony of Josephus 7518 years old. Which of these accounts are we to believe?

METHUSELAH.—The son of Enoch, according to the text of the Septuagint died 14 years after the flood, having lived 969 years. Were the years then 360 or 365 days each; if the latter, Methuselah must have lived 353,685 days, a period of existence so great as to induce many persons to believe the years then were much shorter than they are now.

In the early periods of time, chronology was unknown—the only measurement of time was by the seasons, (the revolutions of the sun and moon) and many ages must have elapsed before the mode of computation by dating events came into general use.

CLOCKS.—It was long after the invention of dials before mankind began to form any idea of clocks, nor is it known at what period they were first invented. A clock was sent by Pope Paul the 1st to Pepin, Mayor or King of France, 1100 years ago, which at that time was supposed to be the only one in the world.

IRON.—Was discovered in Greece 1406 yrs. before the birth of Christ, from the accidental burning of the woods.

SHIPS.—The first ship that appeared in Greece was brought from Egypt by Danaus, with his fifty daughters, 1456 years before the Christian era.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.—Was known in China 1100 years before Christ.

MONEY.—Was first made of gold and silver

at Argos, 894 years before the Christian era.

WEIGHTS 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.

ECLIPSE.—The first recorded eclipse of the moon was 720 years before Christ.

MAPS AND GLOBES.—Were invented by Anaximander 2430 years ago.

TRAGEDY.—Æschylus, a Greek poet, obtained the first prize for writing a tragedy, 468 years before the christian era.

BARBERS.—Were introduced into Rome from Sicily, 299 years prior to the christian era.

SUN-DIALS.—The first was made by Papirus Cursor, 295 years, before the birth of Christ.

THE SEPTUAGINT.—Ptolemy Philadelphus, 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 we know of 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 reformed 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 disposed to flatter, caress, and wed the plague 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 return 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 creditors detained me in the Conciergerie. I must beg you will have the goodness to pay me a visit, to receive the proposition I am so anxious to make. Though you may have shown a little of the coquette, in order to set yourself off to the best advantage, that is not the fault of nature; consequently it can make no kind of difference in my intentions. No aspect can be more hideous to a prisoner, than his prison. Bring me liberty and you will appear charming indeed. If you should favor me with a visit you will see young man twenty five years of age who has among other advantages, a tolerable person, with a mind proper to meet worldly success. He has moreover the honor to declare his ardent vows.

FOLLEVILLE.

P. S.—Be as good as to request the gao-

lor of the Conciergerie to lend his parlor for the interview."

The mind of the young lady did not tend to the union, in consequence of the above invitation; yet her heart was not insensible. In the brilliant circle in which she moved covered constantly with a mask, she distinguished a young man of noble and interesting 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 survive the appearance of affright and disgust and perhaps contempt, you may feel after marriage." "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 exclaimed affectionately you have 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 sworn to Miss Aurelia Plumb, the great heiress, that he never loved but one in the whole, course of his life occasioned the following by a young gentleman who don't 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.

Paul with his charity his conscience calms,
He steals a pig and gives the tail for alms.

"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's question in the following extempore.

"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 Dey of Algiers, who was not "afraid of his ears," gave him a great blow with her fan which would have annihilated him, had it not been for his corsets.

"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 of the air,
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 leaked out, of which we took a copy.— The first was made on Lawyer Breef, an honest fellow, who had never been corrupted 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.
The other was 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 by heavens! he'd drink no more;
But Sam meant nothing more, as I am thinking,
That that he would not breathe while he was drinking.

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:

Says Tom, "I'll never wed but for a prize,
Young, rich and beautiful, and good and wise;
Not fond of dress, yet always trim and neat;
Never perfum'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 this 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."

Successor to Redjacket.—The Six Nations have elected Susaenavá, known among the whites by the name of Jimany Johnson of the Wolf family, a pagan as their chief.

[From the New-England Review.]

THE SPECTRE.

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 changed the poison for a sleeping potion. Miss G. with that delicate feeling of affection which had 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 some connexion 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—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,

I heard no sound—I felt no breath

Breathe o'er me from that form of death;

Its dark eye rested on my own,

Rayless and cold as eyes of stone—

Yet in their fixed, unchanging gaze,

Something which told of other days

And sadness in their quiet glare,

As if love's smile was frozen there,

Came o'er me with an icy thrill—

Oh God! I feel its presence still!

And fearfully and dimly

The pale cold vision passed,

Yet those dark eyes were fixed on me

In sadness to the last—

I struggled, and my breath came back,

As to the victims on the rack,

Amid the pause of mortal pain,

Life steals to suffer once again!

Was it a dream? I looked around,

The moonlight through the lattice shone;

The same pale glow that dimly crownéd

The forehead of the spectral one!

And then I knew she had been there,

Not in her breathing loveliness,

But, as the graves' cold sleepers are,

Silent, and cold, and passionless!

A weary thought—a fearful thought—

Within the secret heart to keep;—

Would that the past might be forgot—

Would that the dead might sleep!

GRANDEUR OF THE UNIVERSE.

From Dick's Philosophy of the Future State.

Let us now consider the objects on which the faculties of celestial intelligences will be employed in the way of scientific investigation.

The grand scene of universal nature—that august theatre on which the Almighty displays to countless myriads, his glorious perfection will remain substantially the same as it is at present after all the changes in reference to your globe shall have taken place; and the clear and expansive view of its economy, its movements, and its peculiar glories, which will then be laid open to their inspection, will exercise the faculties, and form a considerable portion of the felicity of renovated moral agents.

That the general system of nature will remain materially the same, when the present fabric of our globe is dissolved, may be argued, 1. From the immense number and magnitude of the bodies of which it is composed. In every direction to which we can turn our eyes, the less orbs of light diffusing their splendours from regions immeasurably distant.—Nearly one hundred millions of these globes are visible through telescopes of the greatest magnifying power; and it is more than probable, that beyond the reach of the finest glasses that art has ever constructed, thousands of millions exist in the unexplored regions of immensity, which the eye of man while he remains in this lower world will never be able to descry. All these luminous globes, too are bodies of immense magnitude compared with any one of which the whole earth dwindles into an inconsiderable ball. It is probable that the smallest of them is at least one hundred thousand times larger than the globe on which we live. 2. All these bodies are immensely distant from the earth. Although we could wing our course with a swiftness equal to ten thousand miles a day, it would require more than five millions of years before we could reach the nearest star; and the most distant of these orbs are placed in regions so immensely distant, that the imagination is bewildered and overpowered when it attempts to grasp the immeasurable extent which intervenes between us and them. This circumstance proves, that these bodies are of an immense size and splendour, since they are visible at such distances; and consequently demonstrates, that each of them is destined, in its respective sphere, to accomplish some noble purpose, worthy of the plans of a Being of infinite wisdom and goodness. 3. The whole of this vast assemblage of suns and worlds has no immediate connection with the present constitution and arrangement of our globe. There are no celestial bodies that have any immediate connection with the earth, or direct influence upon it, except the sun, the moon, and several of the planets; and therefore those more distant orbs, to which I allude, cannot be supposed to be involved in the physical evils which the fall of man has introduced into our world; or to have the least connection with any future change or catastrophe that may befall the terraqueous globe. Though this globe, and

"all that it inherits," were dissolved: yea, although the sun himself and his surrounding planets were set in a blaze, and blotted forever out of creation; the innumerable and vast bodies which replenish the distant regions of 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 reflection 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 state 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?*" Alas! too late to avoid the punishment justly due him for his crimes. What instructions such a scene, and such language are calculated to afford the youth. And to a parent who possesses a deep interest in the welfare of a son just entering upon the scenes of active life: who know the evil propensities of the natural heart, and the exposedness of youth to the snares of the world, a scene like this must occasion a degree of anxious solicitude, lest on some future day he may have occasion to hear from that son the melancholy reflection. "*Have I Come to This?*"—*N. Y. Rap*

A half-witted callan, John, who lived near Glasgow, was sent to the Laird of "Crossmyloof," with a present of some game, from the Laird Maxwell, of Brediland, near Glasgow. The landlady 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 down to enquire 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. "Dinna trouble yourself," rejoined the lad, "I've as muckle milk, as I hae bread for." The second hint produced the desired affect.

A toper's eye is like the moon, shining in borrowed radiance from his nose.

When I see a man quit 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 fancies, I guess he will soon wish he never had been married.

When I see a lady possess a large portion of pride and affectation, I guess she lacks delicacy and sense.

THE GEM.

Rochester, Saturday, Oct. 13, 1830.

¶ We present our plate of the Falls, &c., with the present number of the Gem, and thus redeem the promise we long since made to our patrons. It has been attended with no little trouble and expense, and we hope our citizens, and our friends in the country, will help to sustain us, by subscribing for our paper, or if they already take, by paying, (if they have not paid,) the amount of subscription. We are in need of funds.

¶ A few complete sets of the present volume of the Gem may be had at our office.

¶ Persons wishing to purchase copies of our plate, can obtain them, at present, at our office.

¶ Our agents are reminded again to collect and forward us the subscriptions which we expect from them.

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 proportion of the great quantity contained 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 extent of the loss, not only to Mr. Graves but to the village, and this section of country, we have from Mr. G. in a few moments conversation, while the fire was still burning, obtained the following facts:—The building was of stone, 100 by 50 feet, five stories high. There was in the upper story 100 sides sole leather, 200 harness, 150 large kip, 500 calf skins, 100 Spanish hides. There were in one of the stories 450 cords of bark. There were also 80 bark vats, nearly all of which were filled with hides. At the time of writing this, the immense mass of burning bark 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 \$27,000 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.

How the fire was communicated is left to conjecture. It is not attributed to design.

Rock. Observer.

*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.

At 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 any thing we ever witnessed. It rolled forth in the form of a screw, and the flashes of light that occasionally struck thro'

its dark folds, served only to show their figure and the impetus with which the column arose. 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 the few, but for ourselves we must say that they had peculiar attractions.

Dreadful!—A few evenings ago, a boy 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 so much intoxicated while the sufferer was burning to death, that neither were able to give him any assistance! The sufferings 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 liquor was bought; that the seller of it might be invited to view his victim, but in vain. The house of these 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 endeavouring 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 Davis. 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, keeping 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 Rev. 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 resolutely 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 fame's pinnacle, is to be guided by the dictates of conscience.

From the Rochester Daily Advertiser.

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. &c. of industrious habits, reputable, and stationary.

1st Ward	1765	5th do	1965
2d do	2512		
3d do	2619		10,885
4th do	2024		

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.

Gates	7772	increase	3579
Greece	2564		1017
Parma	2638		728
Clarkson	3251		631
Ogden	2401		479
Chili	2010		183
Wheatland	2242		514
Riga	1908		166
Sweeden	2938		611
Penfield	4468		351
Brighton	6190		1815
Pittsford	1798		40
Henrietta	2324		179
Mendon	3082		305
Rush	2104		175
Perrinton	2120		
		Total inc.	10703
Total	49810	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. ANGEVINE, to Miss ERMINA 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 M. Stoddard, Esq.

ORIGINAL POETRY.



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
Orisons. Bright, sparkling gem; oh! would that
Thou hadst life and tongue, then might'st thou listen
As thou liest on thy fair resting place,
To the deep pure revealings of that guileless
Heart. I would be thy auditor and list
To thy low whisperings, until thou'dst
Told me *all, all, all*—and then I'd send thee
Sparkling back to gather out more pearls for
My bright coronal of thoughts. Oh thou hast
Seen her in her hour of gladness, when
Her starry eyes sent forth from their long silken
Lashes, rays that far, far outvalled thy
Most sparkling gems—and thou hast rested on
Her throbbing heart, a cold unconscious
Trembler when her soul was full of music,
And she sent up her meed of praise to heaven.
Enviably jewel, thou'st been press'd to
Her half parted lips, in the lone hour
Of hallowed devotion, and the bright
Drops of penitence have fall'n on thy
Unsullied tracery. But hark! the vesper
Bell—I must return thee to thy owner
Now, or this most holy hour would pass but
Heavily to thy fair votary, with
Thee, sacred relic. It is thy halo
Form, thou glittering thing, not thy fair
Snowy pearls that purely sparkle out on
Thy bright imagery—nor thy deep gorgeous
Setting—the form in miniature of that
Unhallowed tree where He of Nazareth
Died. 'Tis this that makes thee dear almost to
Adoration, to that devoted maid.

ROSAMOND.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TO —.

One gaze on the vision before me,
One sigh o'er the sensual dream,
That comes like a zephyr's breath o'er me,
With a vivid and beautiful gleam;—
One hope for the bliss of the morrow,
When all may be sweetness of song;
When a voice fast dispelling all sorrow,
May chime sweetly all the day long.

No more can my soul lie reposing,
When the tones of thy harp do impart
Such sentiments, softly disclosing
The dreams of an innocent heart!
I've watch'd it, with heart-felt emotion,
The deep thrilling tones of thy lyre,
Its purity when in devotion,
Its happiest, holiest fire:—

I've gaz'd on thy sentiments cheerly,
And ponder'd upon them at even;
I've cherish'd, ah! cherish'd them dearly,
'Till fancy seem'd to wait'd to Heaven!
One look on a scene so inspiring,
One ling'ring look—nor the last!
May fancy at eve when retiring,
Partake of her holy feast!

Z.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TO A FRIEND OF 30.

Eliza, 'twere in vain to tell thee now,
Of those bright flashes of celestial light
That gave enchantment to thy youthful brow;
And that sweet witchery of thine eye, so bright
That even sleep, upon its fairy world, could bring
No cloud to shadow o'er thy fancying.

We are not old:—no, we would fain believe
That life still lingers in its early prime;
We would not that the world should know we grieve
But think us sporting yet with youthful time.
But oh, the heart will beat still sadly true,
And count each line which care or sorrow drew.

But we are young; we scarce have thought to scan
The little gilded world we call her own:
We've small acquaintance with our fellow man,
And e'en our joys and pangs have little known,
Save that we smil'd and laugh'd and call'd it bliss,
Or, roving sigh'd and wept for happiness.

We have not wander'd far for doubtful joys,
Nor have we courted "error's poisonous sleep:"
We do not coldly gaze when vice destroys,
Or avarice forces friend or foe to weep:
Nor have our hearts or eyes been cold and sere
When'er misfortune claimed a kindred tear.

Yet why should come such shadows o'er the mind?
Why sigh we thus for childhood's artless lays?
Why have we oft the pageant world resign'd
For e'en the fancyings of early days?
But ah! we would not that the world should know
The hidden fount from whence those shadows flow.

Then, O Eliza! we will laugh still on—
As loudly praise and blame, by fashion's creed;
As coldly look upon, as sternly frown,
When'er an erring heart shall, broken, bleed,
With mercy's stripes oppress; and torn, and riven,
To humble it enough to be forgiven.

Yet, if with cankering care and heart oppress,
Thy frail and wayward friend shall hap to stray—
O, there's a tender impulse in thy breast;
A soft remembrance that will kindly say
Forgiveness here were but an angel's part,
For one who knows the value of a heart.
Buffalo, Sept. 1830.

HORACE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE BRIDE.

*Suggested on attending a Wedding at St. Peter's Church
on the evening of Oct. 27th, 1830.*

I knew her in her youthful hours,
When joy was in its infancy,
When her young path was strew'd with flowers,
Which bloom'd the while most joyously:
I knew her ere the blanching sting
Of joyless care, bedim'd her brow,
Borne on despair's deep blacken'd wing;
To blight 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 damp'd
With thoughts of turbulence and woe—
The steady tide of Time roll'd on,
And on its wave oblivious, bore,
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,
Buri'd 'neath Time's remorseless sea:
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 saw 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 ev'n;
To *him* she plighted her young vows,
And they were register'd in heaven.
Auburn, Oct. 1830.

ANNA.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

WOMAN.

When the tempest from the sky,
Is hurl'd upon the mountain oak;
And the lightning from on high,
Has its lofty branches broke—
'Tis then we see the tender vine,
Twining round its leafless arms;
Around the stump the tendrils twine,
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 fluttering like the wave
That beats against the vessel's prow—
'Tis woman there that wipes the tear,
And smooths the dreary couch of death;
'Tis then she shews herself most dear,
As she receives his parting breath.

ALEX.

THE GEM.

There is a Gem that's pearly bright,
Tho' found in this cold clime but rare,
It beams a mild benignant light,
It sheds a ray o'er sorrow's night,
And throws a heavenly radiance there.

There is a Gem whose fervent glow
Can dry affliction's bitter tear,
Can mitigate the pangs of woe,
And on the sad, fond smiles bestow,
To check and dissipate each fear.

There is a Gem whose lustre far
Exceeds the lovely lunar beam,
Or tints of morn, or evening star,
Or pearls that deck proud Neptune's car,
Or richer diamonds brightest gleam.

There is a Gem that angels love,
And kindly they their aid impart,
To make it pure for realms above,
And in celestial courts to move—
It is the fond, the feeling heart.

PRAISE.

Crown us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things—one good deed dying tongue-
less,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that:
Our praises are our wages.

Shakspeare's Winter's Tale.

Two things are difficult for men to do;
'Tis to be selfless, and be honest too.

THE GEM,

A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.

2d VOLUME—TO CONTAIN 4 ENGRAVINGS

TERMS, &c.

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Editors with whom we exchange, will please
give the above a few insertions in their papers.

THE GEM,

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

BE OURS THE PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 15.

ROCHESTER, NOVEMBER 27, 1830.

VOL. II.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

THE VENDUE.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

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 communication; 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 Thomas Swansley.

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 blossomed 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 sprucely-dressed dandy-looking young man, directly opposite to myself and my travelling friend. "And you also, I suppose," replied a middle-aged sharp looking man, upon whose every feature sat meanness, avarice, and cruelty. "It depends on the weather," continued the first speaker. "If this storm continues, I would not ride ten miles to save Mrs. Swansley and her whole family from the bottom of the Ohio." "There will be better purchases for those who do go," replied Mr. Jamieson, should the weather increase in its fury; there-

fore, the more violent the wind, the more determined I am to attend the sale."

"So, after all her struggles, her industry, and that of her children, and with every claim on the love and esteem of her whole acquaintance, this more than widow and her children are to be driven from a home they have made a garden, at this inclement season," said, with much energy, a very interesting looking young woman, who sat beside the aged landlord of the Red Lion.

"It is her own fault," observed Mr. Jamieson, with the utmost coldness.—"Had her finely dressed and fine feeling young daughter married young Trimming, his mother would never have exacted her husband's debt, Miss McFrame." "Married young Trimming!" ejaculated Miss McFrame; "and now we understand the motive which urges this same precious mother and son. I love Jane Swansley; 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 to baseness, ignorance, and, I may add, unfeeling rapacity. That Being who permits the blow will provide a shelter for this bereaved family; and"—Here a flood of tears choked her utterance, as she rose, and with convulsive emotion left the room.

Without the least visible impression from the passionate and generous expressions of Miss McFrame, "Miss Jane will have some use for the lumber of education she obtained in Lexington and Cincinnati," simpered the first speaker, with an air of profound self-felt consequence. "She will so," replied the immovable Mr. Jamieson; "if her pride can permit her to teach a school in place of starving, and young master James must look for some other business than the bar. I have always condemned this mistaken custom, now gaining ground, of educating young persons above their means; don't you, Mr. Flimsey?" "I do so heartily," replied our orator, who had opened the conversation. But here both speakers were electrified by my hitherto silent friend who had continued to regard them with looks of the most eloquent contempt.

"Excess of education must have been followed in your families, I presume, gentlemen, with hereditary animosity," firmly and very coolly observed my friend. This very unexpected sally brought the eyes of Jamieson and Flimsey at once on their new ally. At the first glance much wrath was mustered against the intruder but evaporated in silence. There was a something in the stern brow, the broad and nervous form, and indignant aspect of the object of their vengeance, which whispered prudence in anger. A dead silence of a few moments followed, which was again broken by my friend, who turned to our white head-

ed and respectable looking landlord, and mildly he asked who this Mrs. Swansley was, and what were the causes of her distress.

"Mrs. Swansley," said Mr. McFrame with a sigh, "has been the undeserving child of misfortune from her youth. I knew her parents well, James and Ellen Wallace; we also 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.—She was educated at that seat of innocence and intelligence, Bethlehem; but at eighteen she returned among us, the sweet, unpresuming child she had always been. Her brothers were also promising, though in point of information inferior; peace and content, with the most endearing affection, however, seemed to be their lot, when the storm of adversity burst, which still continues to rage. In one fatal night, fire by some means was communicated to their barn; the wind was high, and carried the flames upon the dwelling, and all was consumed. What was abundance, neatness, and comfort in evening, was ruin and desolation in the morning. A good character and friendly neighbors prevented the worst consequence from immediately following, but the wound was too deep for cure.

"This calamity was soon followed by another. A young man, a cousin of Maria, William Swansley, a young man of extraordinary endowments, but most violent passions, had imperceptibly gained her heart; was disapproved by her parents, forbid the house, and clandestinely married. They were forgiven and received to their home; but a few months left poor Maria to deplore her rashness, and to own the foresight and justice of her fond parents. With discordant tempers, poverty, which William was unwilling, and Maria unable to encounter, and the stings of a wounded heart, rendered the young and beautiful Maria Swansley an object of wretchedness. They remained together, however, until this invaluable woman became the mother of two children, James and Jane, who are now her affectionate and dutiful companions in misfortune. Their father, in the third year of his marriage, when Jane was yet unborn, suddenly, and without any known particular cause, abandoned his family and neighborhood. He was traced to Philadelphia, but there all knowledge of his fate was closed to his distracted wife. Eighteen years have now elapsed, and whether William Swansley is alive or dead, remains to us all unknown.

"About a year after her forced widowhood,

her parents and myself and family, made part of a large company who removed to this place and vicinity. Mr. Wallace entered the forests 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 emigrants; and as far as he could muster independence of mind to the aid of his heart, was moderate and even generous; but his wife, and now his son, are the reverse. Old Trimming died suddenly, and the grass had not commenced to cover his grave when his bonds were in suit, and execution followed judgment with great rapidity, unless stayed by payment. One of their debtors was Mr. Wallace, 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 children and to save their home, Mrs. Swansey has done. But alas! ruin seems now to hang over her head by 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 listening as we all did with deep attention, except Messrs. Jamieson and Flimsey, who had eloped 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 clouds were dispersed, and never did I behold a more lovely 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 morning?" 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. Jamieson, a companion to Mrs. Swansey's on Monday next. If there is to be purchases made, why may not I 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 before me. "It is then settled that we proceed together to assist in fleecing the fatherless," continued I, with an assumed levity. "Or on a better errand—to disappoint some harpies of their prey," said, solemnly, but mildly,

my still unknown friend; and subjoined, "my name is Simon Graham"—"and mine Mark Bancroft," was rapidly interchanged; and now, with a medium of communication, we agreed to spend the intermediate time as well as we could, and make two at the sale of Mrs. Swansey's worldly possessions. Employed with each other, or sitting with the landlord and his family, the week wore away. Our intention was, from the desire of Mr. Graham, kept to ourselves. His reasons I knew not, but felt no harm in the request—Though generally sedate and calm, occasional, and sometimes very violent symptoms of impatience and anxiety broke from my friend Graham. At the public table he was almost continually silent, though attentive to the conversation of others.

Monday morning came; our reckoning paid, and horses ordered to be ready after breakfast. While seated at table, the first demand made at the same place, on the evening of our arrival, was now repeated. "You are going to the vendue to-day, Mr. Jamieson?" "I am," he replied. "And I also," observed Mr. Flimsey. "So much the better for us," said Mr. Graham; "this gentleman and myself are strangers, and stand in need of guides in this wild country. We have concluded to enter the lists for a share of the spoil; if the dove is to be devoured, we may, perhaps obtain the feathers."

The proposed addition to their company, I could plainly perceive, was not very cordially received; but as it could not easily be avoided, was coldly accepted; and together we, in about three hours, found ourselves on the banks of the Muskingum, and, as the reluctantly obliging Mr. Flimsey informed us, in sight of Mrs. Swansey's house.

Before we arrived, Mr. Graham, by a sign invited me to ride slowly, and fall in the rear. When our two companions were beyond hearing, he addressed me thus—"it is very evident to both of us, that we attend this sale from similar motives, and therefore ought not to traverse each other's designs. For reasons which I shall 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 tribe, obtains the widow's farm, he or they shall not have much cause to exult in the cheapness of their purchase. I would consider 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 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 become his competitor, and had full confidence in his honour, I readily assented to the arrangement. The day, though keenly cold, was clear and serene; a crowd had collected on our arrival. As we rode up to the gate of the front yard, the first objects which arrested our attention, was two trembling females, weeping, and, with eyes turned towards the dwelling-house, were slowly led down the lawn. The mur-

mur of regret of some, and the sneers of many, told us at once who these mourners were. It was the mother and daughter, leaving, as they thought, forever, their home, and finding a momentary shelter from charity. A noble, manly, and really elegant young man walked between them; he was the son and the brother. I have been witness to many a scene of sorrow, but never was my heart more bitterly wrung, than when this mournful groupe passed their gate into the open road,—the wide world. The fortitude of Mr. Graham was wholly overcome. The heavings of his bosom were convulsive, and the big drops flowed abundantly down the most impressed countenance I ever beheld. "Where are these poor fugitives now to go?" I demanded of a decent old man, as the Swanseys turned up the river road. "They are going to my house," said the stranger; "where they shall remain as long as it is in my power to protect them; but oh, God of mercies, I am involved in the same gulf which has swallowed them. In a few days my family may be also fugitives before these Trimmings. Heaven forgive them." A most energetic shake by the hand from Mr. Graham, stopped the eager speaker. "Whatever reward may await the Trimmings, yours shall be ample, and beyond your hope," said Graham, as he again pressed the old man's hand. Quickly, however, gaining his self-command, he turned to me and observed, "It is time we took our places;" and we walked swiftly into the house, and with some trouble gained seats near the sheriff's table, a few moments before the sale. Mine host was by a window from which was a full view of the front of the building, the river and adjacent shores. The prospect was indeed peculiarly fine. The advanced season had disrobed the forests, and embrowned the fields, but the bold outline evinced the richness of the landscape when spring had clothed it in green. The house, under every disadvantage, appeared to have been the abode of more cultivated elegance than I would have expected to find in a place a very few years before, a forest. Very soon my examinations were interrupted. The sale of personals commenced, and, according to my understanding with Mr. Graham, I bid for every article; and for some time no name but Mark Bancroft appeared on the clerk's book. A few very deep and witty young gentlemen, it appeared, finding my disposition to purchase so keen, agreed to have some fun at my expense. Their wit escaped my observation, but my more sagacious friend perceived the plan, and turned it most effectually on their own heads, by leaving a number of articles in their hands, at, in some cases, ten times their value. This he effected by taking my place in bidding, and kept up his communication with me, unperceived by the crowd, with the aid of his pocket-book and pencil. A lot of chairs, at one hundred dollars, which cost about twenty-five, broke the charm, and exposed the crest-fallen purchaser to the unmerciful jeers of his coadjutors, who attempted to conceal their folly by making a butt of him.

In fine, the personal property, with these

trifling exceptions, became 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?" "Five hundred dollars," exclaimed a voice from the crowd. "A thousand dollars" exclaimed I. "Twelve hundred," replied another voice. "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 or two 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 your's," jocularly 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 chairs—had his fears, and faintly bid six thousand 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. But our attention was engrossed by the old man to whose hospitable house the destitute family of Swansey had retired. As soon as the opening crowd would admit, he advanced and seized our hands alternately. Not a word would escape from his mouth; his heart was too highly swelled for utterance, but his looks bespoke ten thousand blessings upon our heads. To relieve him and us, the sheriff advanced, and with much suavity addressed by observing, "Gentlemen you are, I presume, strangers to this place, but I hope may not remain so; your presence has saved a most worthy family from total ruin. The property is valuable, and worth the money you have engaged to pay; but in the present posture of our affairs, it is not probable if you had not interfered, that more than one-third the sum would have been realized." I then relinquished my purchases to Mr. Graham, who observed to the sheriff, that he was ready to receive his vouchers and pay over the money, but wished to be present when Mr. Trimming received his dividend. "I see no right you have to interfere with my business," tartly observed Trimming. "When it suits the convenience of the sheriff to satisfy your demand against the estate of James Wallace, young man," replied Mr. Graham, "I am determined to be, with his leave, present; and will then satisfy you amply how far I have a right to be there, and in the mean time desire, for your own sake, not another

word of impertinence." The presence of the sheriff, and the stern look of Graham, made the admonition 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 wings," replied Graham; "their day of calamity and retribution may arrive before they are prepared to encounter its changes;" and, turning to me, observed, that the advance 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 as 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 of 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 pardons Mr. Graham," said the sheriff; "Solomon Overton—it is not a name to be ashamed of." "You are now," said Graham, "Mr. Overton, at a table where you have no doubt sat many a time before, and where, my dear friend—for you are that in heart and soul—you shall ever be a more than welcome visitant. You have this day done an act which secures you an ample reward. The engagement is made with a party who fails 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 notorious toper used to mourn 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 matches 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 cross eyes! A third person asked him why he questioned a person's vote because he could not see straight ahead? "Why?"

answered the other, "because we must natural-eyes him before he can vote."—*Balt. Minerva.*

"A facetious person, by the name of NEW, had his first child christened SOMETHING, as this was *Something New*.—When his second child was born it was christened NOTHING, as this was *Nothing New*."

THE FASHIONS.

From the Courriere of Fashions.—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, *solitaires*, 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 alternately 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 pelerines fall 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 Tours* 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 every one that has had an opportunity to behold it.

At an exhibition of wax figures at Sandy Hill, N. Y. nearly 100 persons, among whom were the magistrates, assembled in a chamber in Mrs. Doty's tavern, when the floor gave way and the whole concern tumbled into the room beneath: no bones broken.

Maxim.—Honesty is the best policy.

From the Museum.
SONG.

"She died in beauty!—like a rose
Blown from its parent stem;
She died in beauty!—like a pearl
Dropp'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 brake.
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 Night's gems
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 *Origen* in 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 but 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 illiterate brethren for their blunders, for learned men have done nearly as bad. If they are not like Cowper's pastor, possessed of

skulls,
That cannot 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 reapest 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 showed the shells that contained on their surfaces the embryo oyster, 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 "austere," 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.—These were in the mud of sin and guilt, but the Saviour had not put them there. The tongs or rake to catch oysters being formed of two pieces, represented the law and the gospel, both of which united were necessary to

haul them out of the mud. The boat into which they were tossed was a fit emblem of the gospel church, into which sinners are put when converted, and in which they are carried along to the heavenly harbour whither they are blown by the breezes of divine grace.

This man's discourse might have contained many valuable truths, but was it explaining the word of God? Had he let scripture alone and taken an oyster man for his text he might have amused, and perhaps instructed his hearers with his allegories. But our objection to such preaching is the perversion of the *Holy Book*.—The next I shall denominate.

The Butter Eater.—It was the lot of the editor to hear a man in the state of New-York, who, from knowing nothing about the pauses, read his text wrong and made a comment equally ludicrous.

The text was Isaiah vii: 21, 22. "And it shall come to pass in that day, that a man shall nourish a young cow and two sheep:

And it shall come to pass from the abundance of milk that they shall give he shall eat butter: for butter and honey shall every one eat that is left in the land."

The prophet here describes the prosperity that should attend the children of Israel in the land of Caanan after their return from their dispersed condition. But the preacher must spiritualize it. Not knowing the use of the colon in the last verse after the first word butter he read it twice over, "He shall eat butter for butter, &c., and it formed a separate and important head in his discourse, to show how this man would eat "butter for butter."

He commenced by informing his hearers that the Lord had bestowed a variety of gifts upon the churches; and that as for himself he had long been convinced that his gift was "the interpretation of tongues." Poor man! He could not even read, much less interpret his own language. He then commenced the "interpretation" of the text. "That day" meant the gospel day—the "man" was Christ,—the "young cow" meant the gospel church,—the "two sheep" the Jewish and Gentile churches united—the "abundance of milk," meant the christian virtues, or graces of the Spirit—"eating butter for butter" was illustrated by the phrase "grace for grace," John, i. 16th., and meant that this 'man' fed his cow and sheep with 'butter,' and they gave him butter back again—the "honey" that every one eat, he did not define so clearly, but told the people some things about John Baptist eating locusts and wild honey, which he supposed must be the pods of the honey locust.

The same preacher, who was notorious for reading his texts wrong, preached several times from Isaiah xxxvii: 1. "Behold a king shall reign in righteousness and princes shall rule in judgement." Not knowing that "princes" is the plural of the male kind he would read

and interpret it "princess," as if it was the feminine 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 law, 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 mistook for "badger skins." We shall only notice two more cases.

Hen's Feet.—A man in New-Jersey, having taken the last verse of the prophecy of Habakkuk, for "Hind's feet," read hen's feet," 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.

Gammel 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 "Gammel 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 he is handling the word of God, he has hold of a sharp two-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—many of 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

things alone till they acquire more scriptural knowledge.

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 high feeding, at home, our days and nights glided as merrily away as fun and frolic 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 country.

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 symmetrical features of a placid bust-like character, which, however would perhaps have been considered insipid, had it not been for a brilliant pair of large, languishing, soft blue eyes, resembling

—“blue water lillies, when the breeze
Maketh the crystal waters round them tremble.”

which it was almost madness to look upon. And 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 prepossessing person and manners, and a gentleman of nearly equal personal pretensions, who had been invited from — Hall, 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 * * * ?’ he enquired of the girl, who blushing 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 mischief 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 to dine 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 rather coldly, 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 conversation brisk and various. Captain — and Mr. Trevor were seated some distance from each other—the former, was my next neighbor. The cloth was not removed till a few minutes after eight—when a dessert and a fresh and large supply of wine were introduced.

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 will delight you all—so bumpers, gentleman, bumpers!—up to the very brim—so make sure your glasses are full—while I propose to you the health of a beautiful—nay, by —! the most beautiful girl we have any of us seen for this year—Ha! I see all anticipate me—so, to the short—here is the health of Mary —, the Blue Bell of —!’ It was drunk with acclamation. I thought I perceived Captain —'s hand, however, shake a little, as he lifted his glass to his mouth.

‘Who is to return thanks for her?’ Her favorite beau, to be sure, ‘Who is he?’ ‘Legs—rise—legs—whoever he is!’ was shouted, asked, answered, in a breath. ‘Oh—Trevor is the happy man—there's no doubt of that—he monopolized her all the evening—I could not get her hand once,’ exclaimed one near Mr. Trevor—‘Nor I’—echoed several. Mr. Trevor looked with a delighted and triumphant air around the room, and seemed to rise,

but there was a cry—‘No—Trevor is not the man—I say captain—is the favorite!’—‘Aye ten to one on the Captain!’ roared a young hero of Ascot. ‘Stuff—stuff!’ muttered the Captain, hurriedly cutting an apple to fritters, and now and then casting a fierce glance towards Mr. Trevor. There were many noisy mountaineers of both Trevor and the Captain. ‘Come—come, gentlemen said,’ a young Cornish baronet, good humoredly, seeing the young men appeared to view the affair very seriously—‘The best way, since I dare be sworn the girl herself does not know which she likes best, will be to toss up who shall be given the credit of her beau! A loud laugh followed this dull proposal; in which all joined except Trevor and the Captain. — The latter had poured out some claret wine while Sir — was speaking, and sipped it with an air of assumed carelessness. I observed however, that he never removed his eye from the glass—and that his face was pale—as if from some strong internal emotion. Mr. Trevor's demeanor, however, also indicated considerable embarrassment; but he was older than the Captain, and had much more command of his manner. I was amazed, for my own part, to see them take up such an insignificant affair so seriously; but these things generally involve so much of the strong passions of our youthful nature—especially our vanity and jealousy, that, on second thoughts, my surprise abated.

‘I certainly fancied you were the favorite, Captain; for I saw her blush with satisfaction when you squeezed her hand,’ I whispered. ‘You are right, —,’ he answered, with a forced smile. ‘I don't think Trevor can have any pretensions to her favor.’ The noiseiness 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 winner of the prize, and have distanced my military competitor,’ continued Mr. Trevor, turning to Captain —, with a grim air which was very foreign to his real feelings, ‘though his bright eyes—his debonaire 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 we said at Rugby, *indictum puta*—and there's an end of it. But as for my smart little Blue Bell, I know—am perfectly certain—ah, 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 handsomely 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 -----! You 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 ----- . 'Why, what the ----- could you have wanted with Mary ----- the next morning?'

'That is my affair, Captain---not yours. And since you will have it out, I tell you, for your consolation, that Mary and I have met every day since!' said Mr. Trevor, loudly even 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 chagrined & mortified air; and--if you intend to ruin that sweet and innocent creature--I shall take leave to say, that you are a---a---a---curse on it, it will out, a villain!' continued the Captain, slowly and deliberately. My heart flew up to my throat, where it fluttered as though it would have choked me. There was an instant and dead silence.

'A villain, did you say, Captain? and accuse me of meanness?' enquired Mr. Trevor coolly, while the color suddenly faded from his darkening features; and rising from his chair, he stepped forward, and stood nearly opposite to the Captain, with his half-emptied glass in his hand, which, however, was not observed by him he addressed. 'Yes, Sir, I did say so, replied the Captain firmly--'and what then.'

'Then, of course, you will see the necessity of apologizing for it instantly,' rejoined Mr. Trevor.

'As I am not in the habit, Mr. Trevor, of saying what requires an apology, I have none to offer,' said Captain -----, drawing himself up in his chair, and eyeing Mr. Trevor with a steady look of intrepidity. 'Then, Captain, don't expect me to apologize for this!' thundered Mr. Trevor, and at the same time hurling his glass, wine and all, at the Captain's head. Part of the wine fell on me; but the glass glanced at the ear of Captain -----, and cut it slightly; for he had started aside on seeing Mr. 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 quarreled 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

a yard or two's distance, and enquired, in a low tone of voice, 'Your Lordship has pistols here, of course? We had better settle this matter now, and here. Captain V-----, you will kindly do what is necessary for me?'

'My dear fellow be calm. This is really a very absurd quarrel--likely to be a dreadful business, tho'!' replied his Lordship, with great agitation. Come, shake hands, and be friends: Come, don't let a trumpety dinner brawl lead to bloodshed--and in my house, too. Make it up, like men of sense'---

'That your Lordship of course knows as well as I do, is impossible. Will you, Captain V-----, be good enough to bring the pistols? You will find them in his Lordship's shooting gallery--we had better adjourn 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--and--

'We all know they fight--that's as clear as the sun--so the sooner the better?' exclaimed the Honorable Mr. -----, a hot-headed cousin of Lord -----'s

'Eternal curses on the silly slut!' groaned his Lordship; 'here will be bloodshed for her; my dear Trevor?' said he, hurrying to that gentleman, who with seven or eight people round him, was conversing on the affair, 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 this wretched business be made up?--By -----, it shall be, 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 ----- . 'Your Lordship knows the business must be settled, and the sooner the better. My friend, Sir ----- has undertaken to do what is correct on this occasion.--Come, addressing the young baronet, 'away! and join Captain V-----.' All this was uttered with real nonchalance!--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'm as blind as a mole!--Ha! I have it.' He walked out from among those who were standing round him, and strode up to Captain -----, 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 displeasure at the speaker; and one muttered in my ear--Eh--d---! 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 own 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 all; that is some consolation!

'Infamous!' '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, 'for I accede to your terms; ruffianly, murderous as they are; and may the curse of a ruined house overwhelm you and yours forever!' faltered the capt. who saw that instant death was before both. 'Are the pistols preparing?' enquired Trevor, coolly. He was answered that capt V-----, and Sir -----, were both absent on that errand. It was agreed that the distressing affair should take place in the shooting gallery, where the noise would be less likely to alarm the servants. It is hardly necessary to repeat the exclamations of murder!--downright, savage, deliberate murder! which burst from all around. Two gentlemen saddled their horses and galloped after peace-officers; while Lord ----- who was almost distracted, hurried, accompanied by several gentlemen and myself, to the shooting gallery, leaving the captain and a friend in the dining room, while Mr. Trevor with another, betook themselves to the shrubbery walk.

His Lordship informed Captain V----- and the Baronet of the dreadful nature of the combat that had been determined on since they left the room. They both threw down the pistols they were in the act of loading, and horror-struck, swore they would have no concern whatever, in such a barbarous and bloody transaction.

A sudden suggestion of Lord -----'s however was adopted. The pistols were charged with powder only, and it was supposed that once the courage of both being proved by standing the fire, the thing might after be amicably settled. As soon as the necessary preparations were completed, and two dreary lights were placed in the shooting gallery, both of the hostile parties were summoned.--As it was well known that I was preparing for the medical profession, my services were put in requisition for both.

'But have you any instruments or bandages?' some one enquired.

'It is of little consequence; we are not likely to want them, I think, if our pistols do their duty,' said Trevor.

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 principals 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 placed 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 rivetted on their every movement. There was something solemn and impressive in their demeanour. 'Tho' stepping to certain death, as they supposed, there was not the slightest symptoms of terror or agitation visible—no swaggering—no affectation of a calmness they did not feel.—The countenances of both were deadly pale and damp; but not a muscle trembled.

'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 melancholy smile, and then retook 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, 'Raise your pistols!'—the muzzles were instantly touching one another's breasts—'and, when I have counted three, fire. One—two—three!' They fired—both recoiled at the shock, several paces, and their friends rushed forward.

'Why, what is the meaning of this!' exclaimed both in a breath. 'Who has dared to mock us in this way? There were no balls in the pistols!' exclaimed Trevor, fiercely.—All was explained, but they only cursed the authors, Trevor almost gnashed his teeth in fury. There was something fiendish, I tho't in the expression of his countenance. 'It is easily remedied,' said the captain, as his eye caught several small swords hanging up. He took down two, measured them, and proffered one to his antagonist, who clutched it eagerly. 'And now,' each put himself in a posture, 'stand off there.'

We fell back, horror-struck at the relentless and revengeful spirit with which they seemed animated. I do not know which was the best; I recollect only seeing a rapid glance of their weapons, flashing about like sparks of fire; and immediately one fell. It was the Captain; for the strong and skilful arm of Mr. Trevor had thrust his sword nearly up to the hilt in the side of his antagonist. His very heart was cloven! The unfortunate young man fell without uttering a groan—his sword dropped from his grasp, he pressed his right hand to his heart, and with a quivering mo-

tion of his lips, as though struggling to speak, expired!

'Oh my great God!' exclaimed Trevor, in a broken and hollow tone, with a face so blanched and horror-stricken, that it froze my very blood to look upon, 'what have I done? Can all this be REAL!' He continued on his knees by the side of his fallen antagonist, with his hand clasped convulsively, and his eyes glaring upward for several moments.

A haze of horror is spread over that black transaction; and if it is dissipated for an instant, when my mind's eye suddenly looks back through the vista of years, the scene seems rather the gloomy representation—or 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 incredulousness. The affair created a great ferment at the time. The unhappy survivor (who in this narrative has passed under the name of Trevor) instantly left England, and died 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, when warming with wine, and approaching never so slowly towards the confines of formality, without reverting, with a shudder, to the trifling, the utterly insignificant circumstance, which wine and the hot passions of youth kindled into the fatal brawl which cost poor Captain ---- his life, and drove Mr. ----- abroad to die a broken hearted exile.

THE GEM.

Rochester, Saturday, November 27, 1830.

"Boy, bring my overshoes, for the fall rains and the flowing mud, demand an extra defence," said a gouty man, as he looked out upon the street a few days since. And indeed the Autumn has come with its falling leaves and rains—with its angry sky and muddy streets—with its cheerful fireside and plenty. Time in his flight has nearly rolled over another year, and soon the present will drop into an eternity which millions of ages cannot increase.

The fall and winter, is a good time for reflection; when the vast empire of nature is in repose, and waiting the genial rays of Spring to burst again into new life and vigour. We can reflect, as we tread upon the frost-bound and unteeming earth, that the great winter of Death hangs over the world of mankind, whose bleak and blanching winds will, ere long, wait upon the soul. We can reflect upon the past—can send memory back to the starting point of active life, and walk with her through the misty track of by-gone years, up to the present, pencilling down the catalogue of follies, or sighing over hopes departed. Anon we can bid anticipation pierce the unbroken ground of futurity, and weave out her airy pictures and hold them up to Hope; and we can rejoice in the delusion. But we forget ourselves in all this. Why not contemplate the *now* that is with us. We seem not to exist in reality, and rather than live *now*, we live over the past; and shrinking from its chequered and unsatisfactory scenes, plunge into futurity to anticipate something better—thus throwing all our joys into futurity, shrinking from the recollection of sorrows that are past, and making the present only the dividing line between past evils, and anticipated comforts. The present is indeed, the dividing line between the future and the past—but the past always bears the character of the present.

The desolation and the plenty of autumn is truly emblematical. To the reflecting, moral man, it is emblematical of that poverty and affluence which characterizes the whole family of mankind;—and to the Christian it is emblematical of that desolation and glory, which will characterize eternity.

☞ Messrs. Lyon & Strong have again furnished us with their late file of Paris papers. Little is said on the Fashions, which will be interesting to our readers. A few articles only are inserted, which will be found on page 115.

Ladies' Museum—Cincinnati Ohio.—We have of late, been highly gratified, and much aided in our selections, from an exchange with the above work. It is conducted with taste and ability, and always abounds with instructive and valuable matter. We take pleasure in recommending it to the literary community, as a valuable publication, and can add that it is at present well patronized; a greater evidence than which, of its value, cannot perhaps be given. The Museum is a weekly paper, quarto superroyal, and afforded at \$3 per annum.

The Wreath—Is the title of a very spirited and well conducted miscellany, published at Seneca Falls by our friend Edward Wheeler. We wish him success in his undertaking, and from our knowledge of Mr. W's talents and perseverance, we doubt not but his friends will sustain him in *wreathing* a chaplet of flowers. The Wreath is a semi-monthly publication at \$1 per annum, in advance.

☞ The editor of the N. Y. Amulet is informed that his paper, as regards our receiving it, is 'like angel's visits, few, and far between.'

☞ A copy of the 1st vol. of The Gem, elegantly bound, for sale at this office. Price \$1 50. Also one copy unbound, price \$1.

☞ Subscribers can be supplied with full sets of the present volume.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are glad to hear again from "Lara." But we would hear from him in *another way*.

"Annatha" as soon as we can find a little time. "Anna," and "Z." shall be kept in view.

We shall answer "Alex," ere long.

"W. H. W." must not suppose that because he is 'out of sight,' he is 'out of mind.'

"Malvina," was laid out for the present number, but was crowded out. It will appear in our next.

☞ Our friend in Champ De Mars, will learn from this that we have received his letter, and accept his proposition with pleasure. We sincerely wish all our patrons were as frank, and felt as much for our interest, and the interest of the paper. His article is filed for No. 16.

We shall follow the wishes of "Horace," relative to his first MS in prose.

We have received "Pitt's" letter, and communication, but must decline inserting it on account of its very complimentary character. We thank our friend, and feel happy in his good wishes, &c. but we should fear being charged with egotism in inserting his very commendatory article.

MARRIED,

On the 11th inst. by Rev. Dr. Comstock, Mr. G. S. Williams, to Miss M. L. Witmore, both of Rochester.

In Rochester on the 16th day of Nov. 1830. by La Fayette Collins Esq. Sears Shepherd, to Mary Van Slyke both of Brighton.

In Lebanon, N. H. on the 12th inst, by Rev. Mr. Bull, Harry Slade, Esq. of this village, to Miss Eunice A Maxwell, of the former place.

DIED,

At his residence in Gates, on Saturday the 20th inst. capt. Horace Stevens, in the 30th year of his age.

In Angelica on Monday the 10th inst. Mrs. Sarah Haigh, wife of Samuel S. Haigh, Esq. in the 33d year of her age.

ORIGINAL POETRY.



WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE OFFERING.

Here's a string of snowy pearls,
With a coral wreath around them;
Twine them with thy golden curls,
And think of him who found them.

Clasp them on thy snowy brow;
Twine Love's flowers among them;
And when thou'rt sad and lonely now,
Oh! think of him who strung them.

I'd proffer thee before we part,
Lady, another token:
Wilt thou refuse to take the heart
Which thou'rt already broken?

Then here's the heart, and here's the wreath,
With Love's bright chain around them;
And here, to guide thy steps till death,
Is the hand of him who bound them.

ROSAMOND.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

BEAUTY.

Auld nature's scenes have ever been,
A charm to wake the spell within
Man's restless, anxious soul;
There seems a spirit in each part,
Of holy calm, that woos his heart
From passion's dark control.

That spirit wakes a tone of thought
With purer, holier feelings fraught,
And more inspiring themes,
Than wit, or mirth, or wine, or bring,
Or the polluted fancyings
Of pleasure's gaudy dreams.

There's beauty in the blushing rose,
When fragrant dews at morn repose
Upon each opening flower—
'Tis sweet to breathe the balmy gale,
And wander o'er the echoing vale
At morn's delighted hour.

And when the beams of ebbing day,
On Erie's bosom fade away
Beneath the burnished wave;
Oh! had I wings as pure as light,
I'd take with them my raptur'd flight,
And seek their coral cave.

Or on some starry eve I'd roam,
And seek a lonely mountain-home,
To dwell with nature free—
There gaze with calm unblighted eye,
And list in earth, and air, and sky,
The voice of Deity.

And yet, oh, yet, the feeling heart
Were loth from friendship's ties to part,
An exile from the light
Of woman's love, and woman's smile,
The pensive hour to chide the while,
And mourn the early blight—

That comes upon the fairest things,
Our fondest, best imaginings,
And leaves us nought to bless—
But one, one hallow'd sentiment,
From Eden's blighted glories lent,
To cheer life's barrenness.

Buffalo, Sept. 1830.

HORACE.

THE AUTUMN LEAF.

Lone trembling one!
Last of summer's race, wither'd and sear,
And shivering—wherefore art thou lingering here?
Thy 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 sapless tree?
Hath the existence aught like charms for thee,
Thou faded thing!

The voice of Spring,
Which woke thee into being ne'er again
Will greet thee, nor the gentle summer's rain
New verdure bring.

The zephyr's 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,
Withered by grief—

Whose hopes are fled,
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!

From the Harrisburgh Pa. Star.

THE BURIAL AT SEA.

Th bore him forth on the sea-boat deck,
When the heavy rolling surge
Pour'd fiercely round that spirit's wreck,
Its long, eternal dirge.

No tinsel'd coffin held his form,
Nor wrapt 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,
On his bedded bier in his dress,
Like a wreck, left by the recoiling tide,
Noble, but tenantless.

The rude, rough hands that bore his bier,
Though fear ne'er shook their soul,
Could not restrain the tribute tear,
That mock'd their weak control.

They spoke of his worth—that lonely few,
Of the noble spirit lost—
Of his heart—of his hand—as men will do,
While conscience holds her post.

A word—and the proud ship's course was stayed,
A peal from the warning bell;
They gather'd around—and each had paid
To the corse its last farewell!

Sickened and sad I turn'd away,
My wear'd eye grew dim;
When I thought of the cherish'd hopes that lay
In ocean's depths with him.

ARION.

REMINISCENCES

Of a female friend, on hearing of the death of
Mrs. Harriet B. Stewart, wife of Rev. C. S.
Stewart, late Missionary to the Sandwich Islands

We knew her, when a laughing child
To her mother's bosom glad she clung,
And hours of sorrow were beguill'd,
By the sweet music of her tongue.

We knew her, when paternal pride,
Watch'd her developement of mind—
We saw her, when that father died,
Left in this frigid world behind.

We saw one heart, of kindness pure,
Spring to adopt her as its own,
On that kind breast, she leant secure—
No more in this cold world alone.

We knew her, when the bloom of youth,
A charming lustre round her threw,—
With love, and innocence and truth,
And joy all smiling on her brow.

We watch'd her, when her Saviour's call,
Bade her, from Home, and friends depart,
For Him to sacrifice them all—
And bind His promise, to her heart.

We watch'd her in her pathless way,
Through scenes of trial, and of pain,
Till in the islands of the sea
She found a transient rest again.—

We griev'd, to see her fragile frame,
Wasting beneath the tropic sun,
Rejoic'd, to hear her soul exclaim,
"Let not my will, but thine be done."

Cradled once more upon the sea,
The islands dim, in distance grew,
To leave the field was agony,
And bid the precious work adieu.

Her native soil awhile she treads,
Claiming no home beneath the skies,
A few more sorrowing tears she sheds—
A few more joyous ones—and dies.

A crown of glory, bright awaits,
The martyr in the realms of day,
Angels, unfold their pearly gates—
And bear the ransom'd soul away.

Why weep ye then? she is not dead,
But on her precious Saviour's breast,
Has gently laid, her weary head,
And sunk like infant innocence to rest.

P. H. R.

A Knave and Fool, with different views,
For Julia's hand apply;
The knave to mend his fortune sues,
The fool to please his eyes.

Ask you how Julia will behave?
Depend on't for a rule;—
If she's a fool, she'll wed the Knave—
If she's a Knave, the fool.

True politeness, is modest, unassuming, and gen-
erous. It appears as little as possible; and when it
does a polite act, would willingly conceal it.

THE GEM,

A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.

2d VOLUME—TO CONTAIN 4 ENGRAVINGS

TERMS, &c.

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THE GEM,

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

BE OURS THE PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 16.

ROCHESTER, DECEMBER 11, 1830.

VOL. II.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

THE VENDUE.

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 beamed 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 his 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 unhouse another family," said Graham, with eyes flashing fire. He instantly felt the impropriety of this indulgence of feeling, and checked himself; and proposed retiring to rest. 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, found us 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 we found there as the friend and counsellor of the Trimmings, and myself. Thus far all was well, and advanced smoothly; but as Mr. Graham drew 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 \$5843 55 appeared to foot the account. "This young gentleman was very impatient yesterday to know my right to make this demand," 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 lands, 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 domicile; 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 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 precaution; their friend Jamieson will make their misfortunes amply known." How clearly 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 from Philadelphia, and had been refused even the boon 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 this moment pay into the sheriff's hand for her 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.

Suffice it 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 celebrate the season and the occasion together. I am told Miss Swansey sings tolerably, and I touch a piano sometimes," striking with admirable skill, the chords of the instrument, which had become his by purchase. "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, 1805, 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 impatience, 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 obligation 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 recollections vague and undefined. Her mind wandered, she knew not whither. From impending ruin herself and children were restored to competency. She was again at the head of the house bequeathed to her by her father. Yet she became distant, distracted, and unhappy. Not so her son and daughter—accompanied by Mr. Graham, the house was traversed from cellar to garret. His other guests were left to me and Mr. Overton. The announcement of Miss McFrame only made confusion worse, as joy seemed to render all sedateness out of question. The conduct 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 unutterable, as he led Jane Swansey and her brother from room to room. Summons to dinner for a moment restored some powers of recollection. Mr. Graham then advanced, and, with great delicacy offered his hand to lead Mrs. Swansey to the dining room. Though both were advanced in life, it was seldom that two more imposing figures could be seen together. Their forms, their respective characters, and the novel means by which they were brought together, combined to turn the eye of every guest upon them as they advanced. In passing up the room they came full before a large mirror, when Mrs. Swansey gave a convulsive scream, as she glanced upon the reflected image of her conductor, turn-

ed a frenzied eye upon his face, and exclaimed, "God of Heaven, it cannot be!" "It can be," passionately replied the agitated Graham.—"Has eighteen years so changed me, Maria, that William Swansey is forgotten." My husband—my wife—my children—burst from the members of this once more united family. We were at length seated at table; but the viands were literally untouched. The frenzy of joy was contagious, and never were there met a more happy group than that now joyful family. The piano and the song were forgotten, when Mr. Graham, or rather Mr. Swansey, observed, in a solemn tone, "We are met, and I am of opinion I cannot more usefully employ this evening, than in giving you 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 have 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 WM. 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 representation of what 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 assembly, the white headed Thomas McFrame, reaching, but not trembling, on the verge of seventy years.

Every eye was turned on Wm. Swansey, or Simon Graham, as the restored father and husband sat ready to relate the causes of his long absence and happy return. "You may remember, my dear Maria," said Graham—but here the sound of a carriage rapidly reaching and sweeping through the gate, interrupted the speaker. "Is Mr. Simon Graham here?" said a strong voice from the carriage. "He is," replied Graham, rushing towards the new speaker, as the latter sprang 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 genteel, middle aged, but very feeble man.

"Mr. McFrame and Mr. Overton," said Graham, as he supported towards them 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 timbers, it is true—this is Mrs. Holcombe, and this," seizing the eager boy in his arms, and holding

him towards Mrs. Swansey, "is Charles Holcombe."

"And who am I?" exclaimed the newly arrived Captain, with a most good natured laugh. Here all eyes were turned on the Captain;—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 appearance exhibited a most advantageous representation of the American sailor.

"My friends," replied Graham, most impressively, "here is the man who has, under Heaven, restored us to each other"—but rather abruptly checking himself, addressed the Captain, saying, "this is my long-lost wife, this my son, and here my daughter. This is the now venerable Thomas McFrame, that his daughter. Here let me make you acquainted 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 countenance of the sailor, who seemed as if his piercing eye sought some particular face, but with evident pain and uncertainty.

"Come," said Graham, "as you and your company must need some rest and refreshment, 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?" "Poh!" replied Graham, "Captain you were always a little too impatient for time"—and the Captain with smiling resignation, seated himself beside Mr. McFrame and Mrs. Overton.

"You may remember, my dear Maria," resumed Graham, "that when we were children my impatience and violence of temper made me a troublesome playmate; and as age advanced, these defects became more inveterate. Losing my mother in infancy, and having neither mother nor sister, Maria Wallace seemed to me the latter. Left almost unnoticed by my father, little Maria was really my most effective moral instructor. I well remember, when a mere boy, my heart involuntarily asked me—how will Maria behave should I do so?" or, what will Maria say when she knows what I have done? But, alas! even this monitor was then taken from me—she was sent to Bethlehem, and myself to a country school. Years passed away, during which I only occasionally saw my sister, as I fondly called and considered my cousin.

At school 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 myself. Thomas Sharpe, was one or two years my senior, and in person and temper the ver-

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."—

"Benjamin Walters!" eagerly exclaimed Mrs. Overton; "my brother, Mr. Swansey, where is my brother? Do you know aught of him?"—and a convulsive flood of tears checked all reply. Mr. Swansey was himself shocked, or appeared so, and those of the company who never before learned the relation, turned their eyes upon each other, with they knew not what of undefined inquiry.

"I hope," observed the sailor, looking earnestly 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 thundergust, who 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 sailor, "to blubber about drowned men, and if as I was the friend of your brother, you could 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 reseating 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 beside you, and let Mr. Graham finish his log book."

Strong as he was, he would have found it no easy matter to have separated 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.

"Ben Walters as I have already observed," continued Mr. Graham, "set teachers and Lavater at defiance." Wild as the winter wind, 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 pretentively in play, but really in malice. 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 after perceive a deadly hatred rankling in his brow—a hatred which neither Ben or myself feared. Our protection preserved Henry from its 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 Bethlehem, when in an excursion into New Jersey, I met with, flirted with, and was in the end ruined, 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 my 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 time to need my most cheerful affection. I went to Philadelphia on my uncle's business, and in Market street my limbs were frozen, by being seized rudely by the arm, and by seeing in the face of my detainer the tormentor I so long dreaded.

"I know all," she tauntingly and loudly vociferated; "here is your boy," holding up a very vulgar child who, from its age, I knew could not be mine—"who I am going to carry up to Bucks county to introduce to your Maria."

Ready to sink with shame and surprise, I was long enough bewildered to admit a mob to collect; but recovering myself, I summoned presence of mind sufficient to know that neither anger or remonstrance in the open street would do good; I therefore, though

with some difficulty, prevailed on my evil genius to attend me to a public house.

Whilst making our way from the crowd, my mind was made up. Unhappy at home; hopeless, and, without the aid of my wife's parent's, poor; pursued by a wretch I could neither silence nor bribe, and knowing that my Maria and children would not be forsaken, I rapidly sketched my plan. As we entered the door of the public house, I called for a private room and a dinner for two persons, and at once paid the amount. I knew the house, and after entering our room, I, with apparent levity, caressed the child, and stepped, with assumed carelessness, out of a side door into an entry, and walking slowly into a back yard, turned round a stable, opened an alley door, and escaped. In an instant I was again in Market street, and in less than ten minutes on board of a packet bound to Boston.

The second day from leaving home, I was on the bosom of the Atlantic. It is in vain to attempt any description of my feelings. The weather was stormy, and, though never before at sea, my calmness astonished and delighted the captain. He thought it courage: it was despair—it was madness. On the third day, the north-west wind, which had hasted us out of the Delaware, blew a gale, and adverse to our course. Holding by a rope I saw the captain was alarmed, and coolly asked him if he had ever been shipwrecked. He replied that he had not, and hoped he never should be. I neither hoped or feared, but was really glad to have my mind employed by the tempest, and I was gratified. The storm augmented and we were forced to sea dismasted and reduced to a wreck. Driven for ten days, at the mercy of the winds, and expecting death every moment, we were relieved, on the eleventh day, by a ship bound from Charleston, to Cadiz in Spain. I regretted the misfortune and wretchedness of the captain and crew, but on my own account really preferred the change of destination. Without any particular additional accident we reached Cadiz, where, in a foreign land, unknown and penniless, I was put on shore.—The circumstances of our shipwreck made some noise among the American residents at Cadiz, and was the cause of my introduction to a Mr. David Ford, a Philadelphia merchant, then in that city on business; and suffice it to say, as much of my story was made known to him as interested him greatly, and I was very kindly taken into his employ.

In the many years of my painful pilgrimage, Mr. Ford was the only entire stranger I ever made a confidant, and in him I found a true friend.

At the time of leaving Philadelphia, I assumed my father's christian, and my mother's family name, and, as Simon Graham, became, in process of time, the partner of the house of Ford, Williamson, and Graham.

[Concluded in our next.]

Be not tempted to purchase any unnecessary article by its apparent cheapness.

Keep a minute account of every outlay, however trifling.

From the *Augusta, Geo. Chronicle.*

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 *love* all the rest of his life; that he too 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 ere they expect it.

He thinks, that people ought not to rely altogether upon professions of friendship, they are abundant, and cost but little; prefer acts of friendship—they are, more rare, and more valuable.

He thinks, that some people would be better off, if they would doubt the *sincerity* of every man, when they know he has a motive for deceiving them.

He thinks, "as 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 obliging, 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 any thing 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 reckonings 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 every one to maintain their 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, that when 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 tea-spoonful of castor oil mixed with a teaspoonful of molasses—one or two teaspoonfuls 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 little 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 18 lbs. of bread.

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

Hoarseness.—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 vinegar, 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 is said that an infusion or decoction of elder is a remedy against bugs and other insects which infest cucumber vines, &c.

Musquetoos.—Pennyroyal oil, diluted with a little water, and rubbed over the hands and face, will preserve against the bite of musquetoos.

Ginger Beer.—One gallon of fresh water; two pounds of best sugar; two lemons sliced; two ounces of cream tartar. Simmer (not 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 alum 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 alum is dead. 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 becomes 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.

Solvent for Putty.—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.

Towit of Tomatas.—Take a pint of tomatas, 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 towit.

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 neats-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 proportionably 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, limewater, 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 swept away in its fatal 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 Pittsburg Statesman mentions that Mr. Wright, who was in the habit of entering the cage of the lion and lioness, was lately killed by the latter, 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 from steamboat boilers.

Census 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 ROLAND 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 carried six inside; and our hero engaged two places (as, in 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 after 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, if one of you will move into the opposite seat, so that I may be able to enter."

"My good sir," said a pert young lawyer, "possession is nine-tenths of the law. You engaged two seats. There they are, on each side. We engaged one each, came first, entered regularly into possession, and our 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 unmannerly 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 benefice. "Will you not accommodate me?" he said, "this is the last London stage that goes to-day, and business of urgent importance calls me to town."

"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 heavenward, instead of being confined to the dull, heavy tabernacle of clay that binds us to earth," and his companion roared with laughter at the "damned clever joke."

A glow of indignation just coloured the stranger's cheek; but he checked the feeling in a moment and said with much composure to the fourth, "are you also determined that I should lose my place, or will you oblige me by taking a centre seat?"

"Aye do, Tom," said his young lordship to the person addressed; "he's something in the way of your profession, quite a physio-

gical 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 gentleman! if you'll place yourself under my care, I'll engage in the course of six weeks, by dint of a judicious course of diuretics and catharticks, to save you hereafter the expense of a double seat. But really to take a middle seat in the month of July is contrary to all the rules of hygeia, and a practice to which I have a peculiar antipathy."

And the laugh was renewed at the old gentleman's expense.

By this time the patience of coachee, who had listened to the latter part of the dialogue, was exhausted. "Harkee, gemmen," said he, "settle the business as you like; but it wants just three-quarters of a minute of twelve, and with the first strike of the university clock, my horses must be off. I would not wait three seconds for the king, God bless him. If would lose me my situation" And, with that he mounted the box, took up the reins, called to the hostler to shut the door, and sat listening with upraised whip for the expected stroke.

As it sounded from the venerable belfry, the horses, (as if they recognised the sound) started off at a gallop with the four young rogues, to whom their own rudeness and our fat friend's disappointment afforded a prolific theme for joke and merriment during the whole stage.

The subject of their mirth in the mean time, hired a post chaise, and followed and overtook the coach at the second stopping place, where the passengers got ten minutes for dinner. As the post chaise drove up to the inn door, two young chimney sweeps passed with their bags and brooms, and their well known cry.

"Come hither, my lads," said the corpulent gentleman; "what say you to a ride?"

The whites of their eyes enlarged into still more striking contrast with the dark shade of their sooty cheeks. "Will you have a ride, my boys in a stage coach?"

"Yees zur," said the elder, scarcely daring to believe the evidence of his ears.

"Well, then—hostler! open the stage door. In with you; and, d'ye hear? be sure you take the middle seats—so—one on each side."

The guard's horn sounded; and coachee's voice was heard: "Only one minute and a half more, gemmen, come on."

They came, bowed laughingly to our friend of the corporation, and passed on to the stage. The young lord was the first who put his foot on the steps. "Why, how now, coachee, what damned joke is this? Get out, you rascals, or I'll teach you how to play gentlemen such a trick again."

"Sit still, my lads," said the fat gentleman. "My lords, the two middle seats are mine, regularly taken and duly paid for; and these youths are my proteges. An English stage coach is free to every one. Your lordship has a horror of a middle seat. Pray take the

corner one, and much oblige your servant."

"Overreached us, by G——!" said the lawyer. "We give up the chase and cry you mercy, Mr. ——"

"Possession is nine-tenths of the law, my good sir. It would be uncivil to dislodge the poor youths; you have your corner."

"Heaven preserve us!" said the clerical student.

"You are surely not afraid of a black coat," said the other. "Besides, we ought not to confine our thoughts to earthly concerns, but rather to turn them heavenward."

"I'd rather go through my examination a second time, than sit beside these black devils," groaned the medical student.

"Soot is perfectly wholesome, my young friend; and you will not be compelled to violate the rules of hygeia by taking a middle seat. Pray get in."

At those words, coachee, who had stood grinning behind, actually cheated into forgetfulness 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 features. "I'll give you something to change your cheer, you grinning rascal," said the future churchman, stretching out of the window; but the hostler nimbly evaded the blow.

"My white pantaloons!" cried the lord.

"My beautiful drab surtout!" said the lawyer expectant. "The filthy rascals!"

The noise of the carriage wheels and the unrestrained laughter of the spectators crowned the sequel of their lamentations.

At the next stage a bargain was struck. The sweeps were liberated, the seats shaken and brushed, the worthy sons of the university made up among themselves the expense of the post chaise, the young doctor violated for once the rules of hygeia 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."

DR. FRANKLIN AND THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

—When Dr. Franklin was first presented to the Queen of France, it 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, remove to another—the world is large enough.

From the Rochester Observer.

THE TEMPLE IN THE VALLEY.

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 I 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 dispell'd,
"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 loosed, 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, Tract and Education Societies. These, 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 bear; 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 deity, 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 ton he 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 of 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 rhymesters who might be better employed in earning bread than fame.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

Champ De Mars, Nov. 14, 1830.

MR. PRINTER—I have read in the GEM, an article or two respecting the go down of poetry—but, sir, I am as 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 liberally patronized by Americans, as well as Europeans. The various scenes that give rise to poetical allusions are as numerous and diversified as ever, 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—is he 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—is he fond of native scenes, where are greater wonders than in America. Is love his theme, where is the American that would even wish to go to other climes to look for objects of beauty, or virtuous heroism. Does the short space of our national existence form any argument, let me say that in fifty years we have achieved more than any other nation in the same space. Our learned institutions are esteemed as good as those of the old world. Our Divines are as learned and pious as theirs. Our bar is 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 *posse comitatus*, 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
Like type in pi, or a drunkard's head with contusion
Let poets stand firm, with both their shoes on;
For they might be call'd on some dark rainy night
To sing the glad song of a national fight,
For matters turn quick as a flight in a dance;
This we do know from the case of Old France,
Therefore my good poets dont tire nor fret
For that was achieved by the great La Fayette.
Again old Hymen might take it in his head
Alad and lass on short notice to wed;
So be also ready, by night or by noon,
To sing to the tune of a sweet honey-moon. P. P.

When men quarrel for the sake of gratifying their will, you may expect to see them both disgraced at last; for error persisted in, is quick in engendering new and more powerful evils.

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 Pownal, Vt.

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 Crowninshield was a second time brought to the bar, the charge against him being *mispri-son of felony*. The verdict of *not guilty* was rendered in his favor.

THE GEM.

Saturday, December 13th 1930.

The Office of The Gem is removed to the Globe Building, East end of the Bridge. into the room with the Rochester Observer. The paper, hereafter, will be issued *regularly*.

"Goiny the whole."—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-destroying poison upon the ground. If others would 'go and do likewise,' the ragged, detestable train of idlers and drunkards would return from their wallowing to the ranks of industry and decency.

Northern Lights.—On Saturday 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 streaming 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 from the northern to the southern hemisphere, touching along upon the fleeting clouds, and illuminating the night. The causes of this phenomena 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' Coffee-House, which by the by, 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 fellows who idle away most of their time at the tavern, and who give fearful evidence that they are no benefit to themselves or their friends. They sit and toast their shins all the day before a bar-room fire, indulge in a few glasses, talk to all travellers about bad roads, quick passages, &c., affect 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. The roads at this season are very rough, and our passage home was as emblematical of human life, as any thing else to which we can compare it. The stage however, kept its equilibrium, and at 6 o'clock we reached our own domicile.

Our correspondents must excuse any neglect that may appear. We shall soon attend to them all. "W." is very welcome. Alex is received.

DIED,

On the fifth Inst. of a lingering consumption, Mrs. Chloe Peck, wife of Mr. Everard Peck, book seller of this village, and daughter of Mr. Samuel Porter of Berlin Conn., aged thirty six years. In this brief notice our object is not to eulogize the dead, but to benefit the living, by recording an instance of divine grace, in forming the character of an individual. The deceased was a disciple of Jesus Christ. We do but echo the unanimous sentiment of those who knew her, when we say that seldom does the death of a female, occasion a more perceptible chasm in the circle of her acquaintances. In the various relations of neighbor, Wife, and mother, she was kind, affectionate, devoted, and exemplary. She was a sincere, humble, active, and prayerful christian. Her kindness and generosity to the poor will long be remembered by very many. Modest and unostentatious in her manners, those who knew her best loved her most. It was in her last sickness, that the triumphs of faith appeared most conspicuous. For several months before her death being sensible that she could not recover, she was enabled to resign her temporal interests, her friends, her husband and children, into the hands of her merciful Father, and implicitly to confide in his promises. Her chief desire and prayer were, that she might be entirely submissive to his will, and glorify him in her death. This it pleased him to grant. In the immediate view of death, she was peaceful and happy. In her last moments she was attended by her pastor, Rev. Mr. Penney. When he entered the room, she said to him "I think I am dying, but I am not dismayed." She pointed him to the state of her pulse as evidence that she was not mistaken. On being asked if she had peace, she replied with emphasis, "Great peace," and calmly fell asleep. Her christian friends present considered it a profitable scene. The predominant feeling since expressed was that of gratitude that her conflict was over, and her sufferings ended, and that the circumstances of her sickness and death, had been marked with so much mercy.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the 'erge of heaven."
Ye who scoff at the religion of the Bible, as a delusion, do not even you sometimes feel constrained to covet a Christian's death, and say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"—Communicated.

In Fenfield on the 3d inst. George Hosmer, only son of Dr. H. Graham, aged 6 months.
In Brockport, on the 17th ult. Mr. Ira Brockway aged 22, son of Hiel Brockway Esq.

The following, from the Providence Patriot, professes to be a true story; but we have lived on the Genesee some 20 years, and have encountered many bears and bear stories, but never heard of this. Enos Stone however, can, if he will, tell a story of a bear that used to travel over his house every night, which is

true, and worth a dozen of the following.
Ed. Gem.

Anecdote.—Some years since, while the western part of New York was in a state of nature, and wolves and bears were not afraid of being seen, some enterprising pilgrim had erected and put into operation, a sawmill, on the banks, of the Genesee. One day as he was sitting on the log, eating his bread and cheese, a large black bear came from the woods, towards the mill. The man leaving his luncheon on the log, made a spring, and seated himself on a beam above; while the bear, mounting the log, sat down with his rump towards the saw, which was in operation, and commenced gratifying his appetite on the man's dinner. After a little while, the saw had progressed enough to interfere with the feathers on Bruin's back, and he hitched along a little, and kept eating. Again the saw came up, and scratched a little flesh. The bear then whirled, and throwing his paws around the saw, held on till he was mangled through and through, when he rolled off, fell through into the floom, and bled to death. The miller dragged him out, and made many good dinners from the creature that had robbed him of but one.

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 of utility 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 at his usual occupation. Without useless apologies or ceremonies, 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 bed, a 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 retirements that the Benjamin Franklins and Roger Shermans of a former age conceived and planned the movements which resulted in the establishment of our free institutions. And it will be in such retirements that the plans of moral reform will be perfected which are to save our country, if it is saved, from corruption and despotism.—*Gen. Tem.*

We understand that Engineer Bates has completed the survey of the contemplated rail road 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.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.



WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

SO SOON, FAIR FLOWERS?

So soon, fair flowers, your petals wear
The dark spots of decay?
All that was bright and blooming there,
Is withering away.
'Twas but yestreen 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,
With soon be whitening here,
Destroying, in its freezing sway,
The beauties of the year.
For man, too, there's a wintry day,
As desolate and cold,
And fearful in its destiny—
The winter of the soul.

ROSAMOND.

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;
—Delusive 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 shed—seeming
Joys the breast with deep emotions thrilling—
'The bosom with sweet affections filling.
Laugh on in smiles, ere sorrows blenching hand
Wither bright hopes and consolation bland;
Ere affecting pleasure's voice is stilling—
Joys which pleasure gave sorrowfully declining;
The heart its pleasurable dreams meekly resigning.
Auburn, 1830.

ANNA.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

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 charms of living genius wed;
Soaring afar in airy flight sublime,
Ruling victorious o'er subjected time,
Surpassing far the meaner joys of earth,
The bank-note fever, 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'rs,
In bright perspective rise Rome's classic bow'rs,
Music floats on from Grecia's sunny clime,
From genius' home, the favored land of rhyme.
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 laurelled brow
Is painful, for the spell is broken now.

W.

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 pleasure 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 repining,
Wake not thy muse to such tones of dejection;
Let not despair be thy life undermining,
Nor wasting it 'neath the sad thoughts of reflec-
tion.

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 bodings of sadness,
And light up life's lamp with a holier feeling;
Cherish, oh! cherish the sweet hours of gladness,
Which through the dark shades of dejection are
stealing.

Life without a hope is death!
Hope the drooping spirit buoys;
Breathe, oh! breathe the balmy breath,
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 rustle toil and fare,
Where laughing girls o'er greensward 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,
Where lightest hearts appear,
And listen 'mongst the echoing walls—
What sounds will strike the ear!

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 Phœbus leaves the sky,
And his last beam rests on the flowers;
Then hear the fair one sigh.

Or fly 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
That speaks aloud of woe,
If there be rest here for the soul;
'Twill answer, sighing, no!

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 awe in the homage which she drew;
Her spirit seem'd 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 lilly, her slender form rose,
Chaste as the dew-drop just fall'n from heaven;
Pure was her heart as the zephyr that blows,
Delightful in noon, enchanting at even

But beauty, and genius, and youth, are in vain,
Loudly reflection now 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 sleeps.

Oh! heard ye the groan from that bosom of woe!
'Twas anguish maternal extorted the sound;
Oh! see ye those tears! in streamlets they flow:—
For sorrow so poignant, what balm can be found?

Look to Jesus! thou mourner, oh! there is 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 wean 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.

MOURNER.

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 fat—
A man that's lean is worse than that.
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,

A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.

2d VOLUME—TO CONTAIN 4 ENGRAVINGS.

THE proprietors of this publication, from the liberal patronage bestowed upon it, have concluded to present the 2d Volume in an improved form. The establishment of the Gem was an experiment, to arouse, if possible the Genius of the West; and the proprietors are proud in saying that the West has responded to the call, and winged its infant flight far beyond their most sanguine expectations.

TERMS, &c.

The GEM will be published every other Saturday, in quarto form, and pagged 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,

Office in the Globe Building, East end of the Bridge.

THE GEM,

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

BE OURS THE PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 17.

ROCHESTER, DECEMBER 25, 1830.

VOL. II.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

THE VENDUE.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

Concluded.

Years flowed away. Mr. Ford resided in Philadelphia, and by his means, I from time to time heard, but vaguely, however, from my family. My heart bid me return, but remorse, shame, and, perhaps, mistaken pride, forbid my meeting one so much beloved, and so deeply injured.

The affairs of the house prospered, and I became rich, far above my hopes. Though absent I was not unmindful of those I had deserted. I kept a will duly drawn in their favor. It was for many years my annual resolutions 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 this little sailor. I need not say I took a passage with them, and our voyage progressed pleasantly;—though, from the prevalence of northern winds, we were wafted 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 ferocious crew of blood, by far the most inhuman was the pirate captain. Why, I could not surmise, this monster seemed to regard us with peculiar hate. We had been for some days confined in indistinguishable suffering, and every moment awaited death with all its horrors. Both Holcombe and myself were heavily ironed; but, I believe, on the eighth day, in the evening, one of our captors came down and removed our irons. This man I had often observed, and could not but feel astonished that such a countenance could be so associated. Whilst removing my manacles I saw the tears fall on the iron, and one fell warm on my hand. A ray of hope was enkindled, but my effort to speak was checked with a silent but impressive look. There was something most acutely distressing in the conduct of our captors on this occasion. Captain Holcombe had been until this time rigidly confined, and so cramped were his limbs, that it was with much difficulty he tottered on deck.

A few moments of mysterious quietness increased my fears that something horrible was to follow; and my bitter suspense was soon dispelled by mingled screams and curses.

Above all, rose to heaven the rending voice of Mrs. Holcombe.—“My husband! my husband! for God’s sake, captain, my husband!” These piercing explanations drove from my mind all personal reflection, and by one of those, perhaps, supernatural efforts, I seemed not only restored to my wonted vigour, but to have regained more than the strength of youth, as I rushed on deck. The first object that arrested my maddened gaze, was poor Holcombe, prostrate and bleeding; and the following dreadful words from the pirate captain, discovered to my mind who he was, and the full horrors of our situation: “Harry Holcombe, do you remember Thomas Sharpe?” grinned the demon. “God of mercy receive my soul!” calmly ejaculated the wretched Holcombe,—whilst his wife, with one hand clinging to her child, and the other stretched toward her husband, was dragged by the hair by one of these furies. At this moment with a lion’s rage, I dashed into the crowd, and wrenched a very heavy cutlass from the hands of one of the crew. The attempt was desperate, but I was not left alone. “Henry Holcombe!” came in thunder from the man who had taken off our irons, as he rushed to my side. “Sharpe, you cut-throat villain, do you remember Ben Walters?”

There was, however, no time for words. We were two, to near twenty desperate and armed men. Surprise had, for an instant, paralyzed our opponents; and that instant was fatal to them. Two had already fallen under my hands, and the use of their fire arms had yet been injurious only to themselves, though both our clothes were pierced. At the voice and recognition of Ben Walters, Sharpe had turned from his defenceless victim, and, firing a pistol, aimed at Walters, but which a lurch of the vessel directed to the heart of one of his other men. Dropping their pistols and drawing their hangers, the two seemed to have forgot every thing but vengeance. Walters had not for a moment lost his presence of mind, as he rushed towards Sharpe, called out, with a most authoritative voice, to three or four of the crew, whom he knew, to cut down that villain Sharpe.—This admirable stratagem had its fullest effect. Dismay, confusion, and mutual rage, now turned these wretches on each other; and in a moment, more than two-thirds were dead, overboard or mortally wounded.—Sharpe whose only virtue was mere bravery, undismayed met the terrible Walters; but the contest was short; the sword of the latter sunk deep into the right shoulder of the former, and felled him to the deck, and the next second his cleft skull closed the fearful contest.

As many as remained unwounded were, one by one, admitted on deck and bound.—

Three, whom Ben swore were cowards, were admitted to assist in navigating the Emily into port.—These malefactors now await the decision of the offended laws of their country. On my arrival in Philadelphia, I learned the state of affairs on the Muskingum, and purchased 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, having some business to transact with us, accidentally learned that we were the creditors of Trimming, and stated the circumstances of the suits.”

“We have good cause to forgive them,” said Mrs. Swansey; “they have brought you home,” as she fondly embraced her restored husband.

“My sweet sister,” said Ben Walters, “has received me as a brother, though that brother was a pirate.”

“You were never a pirate, Ben,” sobbed Mrs. Overton, though it was evident very painful feelings were excited in her bosom.

“A pirate or no,” said Ben, “my dear Susan, I was found in bad company. I am now in better society, it is true. I have made you cry many a time, and it is time to make you laugh. I am not as rich as my friend Graham, but I have something in the locker, and that something Susan must have; and if you can spare me a birth, may be I may sail thro’ life in your ship, sister.”

How Susan Overton received this proposal, we shall learn when we hear how such a man as Benjamin Walters could be found one of a pirate crew.

WANDERINGS OF BEN WALTERS.

After the restoration of their affairs, and the happy reunion of the Swansey family, some months were necessary for a repose of mind and body. The mental agitations and the storms of winter yielded to time, and spring shed its mild beams on the banks of the Muskingum, and returning prosperity and peace soothed the hearts of the Swansey and Overton families. Accident had made the acquaintance, intimacy the friend, and a knowledge of their amiable characters induced me to become one in this kindred society. Kindred only in feeling, as it respected myself; but, though unconnected with any human being in America, by either blood or marriage, if any cold feeling, or the want of all feeling, had isolated me from my species, the two families, into the bosom of which fortune had thrown me, would have warmed my heart to life and sweetened its enjoyment.

A little but very snug farm being for sale, situated on the opposite shore of the Muskingum to that of Mr. Overton, I became the purchaser. The original owner, one of those ringleaders in the destruction of western woods ardent and impatient, created a fine residence; but, in a fit of restlessness, sold that residence, and by another fit, that of repentance, regretted the step. The effects of his rashness was repaired, as he on very easy terms became my tenant, and so remains. I erected a couple of nice rooms adjoining the main one, took my boarding with the family, wife, for twenty-five years, I have travelled towards 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 relate; and to me this history has so often been related, that I undertake to give it as if from himself:—

"My sister Susan and myself were, when not much more than children, left alone, orphans, and with a little, and but a little, to procure support and education. It would be needless to say I loved my sister—who ever knew her, who did not? I would very gladly have labored in the field to obtain means of education for my beloved charge, but that was not demanded; we had sufficient, and my companion was fixed at Bethlehem, with Maria Wallace. It was the first instance we had ever been parted for more than one or 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 from habitual indulgence of ill temper, would have tried the patience of even my now placid brother Solomon—on my mind the effect was permanent.

"I wish you would take a ride to Philadelphia to-morrow," said my uncle, "and perform some business for me with Mr. S——." No proposal he could have made, could have pleased me more, and the next day, by nine in the morning, I was bidding defiance to a keen winter wind on my way.

I had always felt an inclination to the sea, and a very distant relation, a captain Milford Walling, who navigated a fine vessel between Philadelphia and Havre de Grace, had often tempted me strongly to take a voyage.—Whilst my parents lived, such an inclination could not be gratified, and now, if I could have had the daily society of my Susan, it is most probable I would have resisted the

tempter—but under the circumstances of the moment, that tempter appeared and was victorious. Walling had just returned to port, had made a fine voyage, was gay and boisterous, generous, manly, and, perhaps, like myself, not very reflecting. I met this son of the ocean unexpectedly, and, taking me forcibly by the arm, he swore I must that moment see the cabin of the Polly. On the deck, 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, disclosed my intention, which though under age was not opposed. Unsociable as they were, my uncle and his eldest son were models of honesty. I therefore had no fears of the worldly interests of my sister, to whom, in case 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 preference 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 myself, and no doubt distressed Susan. My own domestic reflections, were, however, soon interrupted in the bustle of my untried employment; the Polly was in a few days again before the wind on the Atlantic.

"This is, Ben, my thirteenth voyage from the Delaware to the Seine," laughingly said Captain Walling, on a rather boisterous day; "and I have never met a serious accident from wind, rock, waves or pirate." The manner of making the observation turned my eye upon the speaker, and young as I was, I saw there was something of anxiety unusual in the countenance of my commander. Neither had much time to indulge in either talk or fear; we had for several days been forced southward from our track, by continued northern gales, and were in the latitude of the Azores. The wind, as evening advanced, increased to a tempest, from the northwest, and the darkness exposed us to extreme peril, as, from our reckoning, we could not be far from the two small islands, Flores and Corvo. Our situation became every moment more dreadful, when, about midnight, the terrific shock, and still more terrific scream of the passengers and crew, announced that the vessel had struck. We were astonished to find ourselves still floating before the relentless wind, and the vessel filling. All was now terror and despair;—the last words I distinctly remember was from a female voice, in accents which still ring to my heart;—"Captain Walling is overboard."

The next scene of consciousness seemed to me as if in another world. I found myself in bed, in a very decent room; several human beings were anxiously surrounding my couch, but their clothing and language were to my mind equally strange. Their gestures I could not but understand; the kindest expressions of humanity beamed on my bewildered head. One of my new protectors, a man white with years, came forward, and taking me by the hand, most calmly and soothingly observed in

English, "Be at peace, young stranger, God hath snatched thee from the deep for the furtherance of his own wise purposes—rest; thou art among strangers, but they are christians and thy friends."

These guardian spirits watched with true brotherly care until my recovered strength permitted me to leave the room in which, I might almost say, I returned to life, when I learned from my aged friend, who I found was a priest, that I was now on Fayal, in the family of a Portuguese gentleman; that the vessel from which I was cast on shore, was totally lost, and that I was the only person known to be saved alive. Several bodies had been washed on shore and decently buried. Every attention that the most tender charity could inspire I received, and I indeed required much to save me from utter despair. Young, almost naked, utterly penniless; I was on a foreign shore, and with but little hope to soon, if ever, return to my native country. I was informed, by my guardian, the priest, that my protector and host, Don Fabian da Vallo, would provide for my future destination as soon as in his power, and this promise was more than fulfilled. After a confinement of a few weeks on the friendly island, a passage and every requisite necessary, was provided to 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, I believe, reach any of the crew but myself. I was accidentally knocked overboard. Every exertion was made for my safety. I was an excellent swimmer, and kept myself from drowning until I seized a large spar, purposely 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 to those on board, and the howling winds prevented my voice reaching my generous friends. Night came on; a dead calm succeeded; the waves were stilled; and I still seem to think myself viewing the starry heavens during this awful stillness. My sister, my country, and that love of life which nothing but madness can stifle, and dependence 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 I 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 as soon as sufficiently recruited, I was called to the state room, and introduced to the most remarkable man I ever have met.—With the dress of his profession and station as commander, I beheld a most finished gentleman. With the utmost attention the English Captain heard my brief story, and when

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 rather tedious 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 Walters, I find your education very plain, but I find you endowed with good sense, sobriety, and much hardihood of body, and with more experience and study, I think you would become well qualified for the duties of a seaman. You have only one being, you say, a sister, to attach you, in any high degree, to your native country. Hear me, Benjamin—be dead to that sister. You will then be far from what you have twice narrowly escaped. Say nothing of your country; be guided by me, and remain in India. If you really continue to live, you can return to *life*, to America, and to your sister, at your own time."

During this singular address I thought never more seriously shocked, my every faculty was enchained. I perhaps stupidly fixed my gaze on a face where I never detected a smile or frown; and suffice it to say, this advice was taken. By this means I became in three years a tolerable mariner; and the commander of a trading vessel. Wealth did not accumulate rapidly but steadily in my hands; and a determination, known in Asia only to myself and my excellent friend, Capt. Waldegrove, was put into undeviating execution. I annually remitted my gains to London, consigned to the house of Mayfield & Waldegrove, with a will in favor of Susan Walters, or her legal representatives. Thus passed nineteen years, and I had already in Europe something above sixty thousand dollars. Every year I said to myself, "Next southwest monsoon shall blow me towards America;" but some unfinished business, some profitable prospect allured, and I remained in Asia until 1803. It was a period of war, but an indescribable anxiety seized me to return; and my arrangements made, I was, for the first time since my departure from the Delaware, turned towards my country. A remittance had been made the previous year, and therefore I had not any considerable sum in actual possession on my return voyage. I was merely a passenger, but the Captain not a very skilful sailor, sometimes took my advice, which I was careful not to intrude. We had passed the Cape of Good Hope, and were steering towards St. Helena, when an armed vessel hove in sight and gave us chase. I had my glass, an excellent Dolland, fixed on her, as she neared us and showed English colors.

"That vessel is a pirate or a privateer," observed the Captain. "Or both," I replied, "but we are utterly unable to avoid her. Be her character what it may, she is ably navigated." Here a ball passing over our heads put an end to our parley, and in a few moments

our enemy was alongside, and our worst fears more than realized. We were removed to the pirate, and never did I behold such a crew of blood. In the more than demon face of the commander my mind read a something I could neither explain nor for one moment forget. The destination of the captured vessel I never learned, but I was too horribly a witness of the fate of the crew, which I expected to share, and am now altogether unable to explain why I did not share.

The day after our capture we were led on deck, and, in despite of cries and supplications, which I yet hear, was, one by one, murdered and plunged into the ocean. I was left the last, and had mentally resigned myself to certain death, when the ferocious captain ordered two men to lead me below. Without any direct proposal to join them, I was made to perform the duty of a common sailor.—Love of life, and a hope of some favorable chance of escape, and a resolution to seize the first moment of promised deliverance.—That moment seemed to never arrive. When captain Holcombe was taken, my very heart felt as frozen. Prudence told me that any interference on my part must produce my own, and secure 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 by Mr. Swansey, I had not the most distant thought that three of my school-fellows 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, and the issue you have learned.

After the punishment of a demon, and the security of his abominable assistants, Mr. Swansey and Mr. Holcombe requested me to navigate the vessel into port, which I did, and we arrived safe. The pirates are now under 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—and here we are. I have written to London and drawn for my property; and, with the leave of Mrs. Overton, Ben Walters, the pirate, will lay himself up in a snug birth alongside."

"Ben," said his delighted sister, "it is time you did something to give me pleasure."

"Bah! Susan," replied Ben, "I know very well I have always been far too bad to draw a tear from such eyes, but never mind, repentance, and amendment may come, even to a sailor."

The mind of Ben Walters had no guilt to repent, nor had his moral character any great faults to amend. His remittances were duly received, and his cabin, as he called it, arranged to his mind, and it is doubtful to me, whether there ever existed, for twenty-five years, a more happy wife, mother, and sister than Susan Overton.

Young Mr. Swansey became the husband of the eldest Miss Overton, and a son of Mr. and Mrs. Overton, had the good sense to choose, and the good fortune to receive in exchange Jane Swansey. Captain Walters has insisted on educating his grand nephews and neices, and by rare exercise of forbearance has discouraged any of his nephews from adopting his own profession.

"The sea is very fine," says Ben, "if we could leave 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 ever 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 Heaven 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 Vallo; it is a country where beats many a brave and feeling heart."

"By thousands," replied Mr. Swansey, with emphasis; "and Spain, calumniated 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, instil 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, softened by their own and others' 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 visitants can leave these haunts of every pure enjoyment, without casting at least

"—one longing, lingering look behind."

MARK BANCROFT.

A village politician, in France, told his wife, that the Netherlands had risen. "That is lucky," replied the good woman, "it will no longer be exposed to inundations."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE QUENCHING OF THE TORCH.

"Look out for sea, quartermaster!—Mind your starboard helm!—Ease her, man, ease her!"

On it came, rolling as high as the foreyard, and tumbled 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 midst of a jumble 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 roaring of the storm, and seeming to cry, "No more mutton for you, my boys."

At length the lee ports were forced out—the pumps promptly rigged and manned—buckets slung and at work down the hatchways; and although we had narrowly escaped being swamped, and it continued to blow hard, with a heavy sea, the men confident in the qualities of the ship, worked with glee, shaking 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 mast-heads, but there was neither lightening or rain, not one glancing flash, not one refreshing drop—the windows of the sky had been sealed up by Him who had said to the storm—"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—salt, salt." And now the fierce Spirit of the Hurricane himself, the sea Azrael, in storm and in darkness, came thundering on with stunning violence, tearing off the snowy scalps of the tortured billows, and with tremendous and sheer force, crushing down beneath his chariot wheels their mountainous and howling ridges into one level plain of foaming water. Our chainplates, strong fastenings, and clenched bolts, drew like pliant wires, shrouds and

stays were torn away like the summer gossamer, and our masts and spars, crackling 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 forehatch, 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-swain to fother 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 she 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, agonized, gasping faces, and struggling arms, and colorless clutching 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, Sneezzer, 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 imprecated the wrath of heaven on my defenceless head, and shaking my clenched hands against the brazen sky, I called aloud on the Almighty; "Oh, let me never see him rise again!" I glared on the noble dog, as he lay dying at the bottom of the boat; madness seized me, I tore his throat with my teeth, not for food, but that I might drink his hot blood; it flowed, and vampire-like, I would have georged myself, but as his dull, grey, glazing eye fell on me, the pulses of my heart stopped, and I fell senseless.

When my recollection returned, I was stretched on some fresh plantain leaves, in a low smoky hut, with my faithful dog lying beside me, whining and licking my hands and

face. On the rude joists that bound the rafters of the roof together, rested a light canoe with its paddles, and over against me, on the wall, hung some Indian fishing implements, and a long barrelled Spanish gun. Underneath lay a corpse, wrapped in a boat-sail, in which was clumsily written, with charcoal, "The body of John Deadeye, Esq. late commander of his Britannic Majesty's sloop Torch."

There was a fire on the floor, at which Lieut. Splinter, in his shirt and trowsers, drenched, unshorn, and death-like, was roasting a joint of meat, whilst a dwarfish Indian, stark naked, sat opposite him, squatting on his hams more like a large bullfrog than a man, and fanning the flame with a palm leaf. In a dark corner of the hut, half a dozen of miserable sheep shrunk huddled together.—Through the open door I saw the stars in the deep blue heaven, and the cold beams of a newly risen moon were dancing in a long flickering wake of silver light, on the ever heaving bosom of the ocean, whilst the melancholy murmur of the surf breaking on the shore, came booming on the gentle night wind. I had been nourished during my delirium; for the fierceness of my sufferings was assuaged, and I was comparatively strong, when I anxiously enquired of the Lieutenant, of the fate of our shipmates.

"All gone down in the old Torch; and had it not been for the launch and our four footed friends there, I should not have been here to have told; but raw mutton with the wool on, is not a mess to thrive upon, Tom. All that the sharks have left of the Captain and five seaman came on shore last night. I have buried the poor fellow on the beach where they lay, as well as I could, with an oar blade for a shovel, and the bronze ornament there (pointing to the Indian) for an assistant."

Then he looked towards the body; and the honest fellow's voice shook as he continued—

"But seeing you were alive, I thought if you did recover, it would be gratifying to both of us, after having weathered it so long with him through gale and sunshine, to lay the kind-hearted old man's head on its everlasting pillow as decent as our forlorn condition permitted."

As the Lieutenant spoke, Sneezzer 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, but making a desperate snatch at the joint, bolted through the door with it, hotly pursued by the bullfrog.

"Drop the leg of mutton, Sneezzer," roared the Lieutenant, "drop it, sir, drop it!"

THOMAS GRINGLE.

17th Sept. 1830.

The following is a copy of an epitaph on a tomb stone in Philadelphia:

"My debts are paid, and I'm at rest."

A young lady while walking with a gentleman, stumbled, and when her companion, to prevent her fall, grasped her hand somewhat tightly, "Oh, Sir," she simpered "if it comes to that, you must ask my pa!"

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 enumerate 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 cleanliness in general; it must also be very good natured to servants, and friends that come in unexpectedly to dinner.

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 pleasure under the sun, except those of tattling, and the table, and ostentation.

Fourthly—the art of being happy at home, and making that home the abode of peace.—Where can peace dwell if there is no piety? These qualities will sway the souls of men when shallower perfection enumerated in this article would cease to charm. A good heart is after all the best beautifier.

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, stalking 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 was observed by the judge, who immediately pronounced her the most beautiful, because the most modest.

A man should not be ashamed that he has been mistaken, since it is in other words saying that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Anecdote.—The facetious Ben Barret, well known to every body in this country as a lover of fun and whiskey, while standing on the wharf in Albany, a great while ago, offered to "bet a dollar that he could throw a man across the Hudson to Greenbush." A bystander accepted the bet; when Ben immediately seized and plunged him in the river. After some little exertion, he got ashore, and demanded the stakes. "Why," says Ben, "I didn't succeed the first time, be sure; but I'll try a hundred times if I don't do it without."—Independent Politician.

Volition and Necessity.—I have always been amused with the following distinction which a boy made between what he did unconsciously and what he intended to do:

A little fellow tired of the monotony a

school room, began to amuse himself by making faces, blowing through his hands, &c. At last he whistled aloud. "Who whistled?" asked the master. "Bill Cole," answered the boy who sat next to him. "Come here sir," said the master—"what do you whistle for?" "Master, I didn't whistle." "Master, he did, I see him do it." "Master, I didn't, certainly," lisped the culprit; "it whistled itself."

Economy.—The New York Dandies wear shirt collars and ruffles made of paper. The ruffles are plaited with irons made for the purpose and look as well as cambric ones.—They are worn but one day, and are bought for half a cent a piece.

A case of emergency.—An Irishman, who made an honest penny by swapping horses, and taking something to boot, once attempted to cross a river 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 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 and take the mare. "Oh! botheration to ye," exclaimed Pat, in all his tribulation, "it's no time now jontlemen, to talk about swapping horses."

Could each hogshead 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 of Justice are connected with intemperance. Now is it right for Christians to furnish that which unfits the mind to be governed by law? which leads us to such a vast increase of crimes, and thus endangers beyond almost every thing else our free institutions?

Dr. Edwards.

To cure sore Eyes.—"Good morning landlord," said a man the other day, as he stepped into a tavern to get something to drink.

"Good morning, sir," replied mine host, "how do you do?"

"Oh I don't know," said the man, raising his goggles and wiping away the rheum, "I'm plagued most to death with these ere pesky sore eyes. I wish you'd tell me how to cure 'em."

"Willingly," said the merry host. "Wear your goggles over your mouth—wash your eyes in brandy—and I'll warrant a cure."

Love in the Bushes.—A chap called at one of our taverns last Saturday, and hired a horse and wagon to go three or four miles west; but meeting a man on the road, he sent back word to the owner, that he might perhaps go on as far as Westfield, and that he must not be surprised if he did not return till Sunday. Accordingly the owner remained quiet enough until Monday morning, when not being able

to hear of his horse and wagon having been in Westfield, he became alarmed, and rallied in pursuit of, as he supposed, a horse thief. In the mean time, the chap had gone into the town of Ripley—married a pretty looking girl—and was quietly wending his way back with the horse and wagon, when meeting a man who had informed him that the owner of the horse was in pursuit of him, the simpleton, instead of continuing on, like an honest man, seized his trunk, and with his Dulcinea, took to the woods, leaving his horse and wagon in the road. After a short pursuit they were found in the woods, he with his trunk still on his shoulder, and she standing meekly by his side, reminding one for all the world, of the melancholy situation of the "babes in the woods."—*Fredonia Censor.*

A professor lecturing upon heat, observed that one of its most conspicuous properties was the power of expanding all bodies. A humorous student arose from his seat and asked, "is that the reason why the days in warm weather, are longer than those in the cold?"

Many men live better with past or with future ages than with the present.—*Novalis.*

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 enterprize of woman has erected houses of worship when the hand of man was palsied 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 affection; and when that object is presented to her, she principally consults that faithful manitor to good, generous, and pious deeds—a woman's breast.

Anecdote.—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:

At a place where two roads crossed at right angles he found a neat reservoir of pure water supplied by an aqueduct from a spring in the Green Mountains. While his horse was regaling himself, the traveller's attention was attracted to a label on the post containing the following stanza:

Temperance fountain, good as can be,
Better far than rum or brandy,
If this truth excites your fary
Let your horse be judge and jury.

Ex-President Adams has arrived at New-York on his way to Washington to spend the winter.

From the Illinois Monthly Magazine.

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 heavy timber, and intended to move only with the current, those unwieldy vessels 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 the people whom curiosity had drawn to the landing place. It was a 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 level 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, to which the bark still adhered, presented to the eyes of our travellers, a specimen of human existence, more nearly approaching the rudeness of savage life, than any thing they had yet seen. The ground nearly cleared, was thickly set with stumps, and covered with a rank growth of weeds.—The frail and unsightly cabins, standing apart from each other and destitute of out houses and enclosures, seemed to be, as they really were, the temporary residence of an unsettled people. But cheerless as this spot appeared, to those who had been accustomed to all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life, it was such as all new towns in the west once had been; such, perhaps, as the hamlets were on the shores of the Atlantic, where the voices of the Pilgrims first ascended in prayer to Him who brought them in safety out of the land of persecution.

And yet the scene was not destitute of attraction. Art had done little to spoil, and nothing to embellish it, but nature had been prodigal of her bounties.

The luxuriant soil, while it loaded itself with a gigantic vegetation, gave a depth and vividness to the coloring of the landscape, that imparted a peculiar strength and character to the scene. But if the eye was charmed, there was a loveliness, a stillness, and a silence, reigning throughout this scene, that touched the heart.—The very beauties that delighted, and the quietness that soothed, testified that man was a stranger here, and told the traveller that he was alone with his God.

Such was the feeling of the Missionaries as they gazed on this gentle stream and its wild shore. They had left their homes and their friends, their pious companions, their cherished relatives, and the scenes of their childhood, and they were going beyond the confines of civil society; to dwell with the savage in his own wild woods. As they travelled to the west, they had seen the traces of civilization, becoming every day more faint—every day they found the villages ruder and more distant from each other—until at last they had reached the abodes of the hunter, where the rifle and the axe, furnished the means of subsistence and defence. An immense tract of wilderness was yet to be traversed, before they could reach the scene of future labors, and they felt sad to think how seldom the smile of a countryman, or the voice of a brother, would cheer them on their

way. Their spirits sunk, as they looked at the boundless extent of forest—gorgeous as it was to the eye, it was still as a blooming desert, containing nothing to warm the heart, or cherish the affections. Every object around them was strange, and they felt like exiles wandering far from the land of their birth.

These were trials, however, that had been anticipated; and it was easy to see in the mournful countenances of these humble christians, as they wandered along the shore, that a heavier visitation was bending over them, than those which were necessarily incident to their situation.—One of their companions, a beloved sister, was about to breathe her last sigh. The messenger of death had arrested her in the wilderness; giving a solemn warning to those who journeyed with her, that although they had forsaken the haunts of men, they had not escaped the casualties of human existence. Even here, where nature bloomed so fresh, where every surrounding object teemed with youth, and vigor, and fragrance, the messenger of fate could reach its victim. Bound on a mission of love, and bearing the tidings to thousands, yet they also bore with them the evidence of their own mortality. Death was silently pursuing their footsteps, watching his own appointed time, to claim the tribute which all must pay to the insatiate king of terrors.

The situation of the dying Missionary was soon known to the villagers, and a few of them went to offer, in their own homely way, the offices of hospitality; but they came too late; the sufferer was too feeble to be removed; and the mourning strangers said that they needed nothing from human kindness but a grave for their companion. The visitors were deeply affected. The death-bed exhibits at all times a solemn, and a touching scene; and though of daily occurrence, its frequency does not destroy its fearful interest. There are few who reason coldly in the chamber of dissolution; and the imagination is easily excited by an incidental circumstance which brings an additional pang to the parting of the living and the dying. The present scene was one of no ordinary interest.—The sufferer was a young and delicate female. A husband watched over her pallet, and two lovely children, unconscious of the loss they were about to sustain, were with difficulty withheld from her embrace. The severing of hearts wedded in love—the parting of a mother from her infant children—are events which the most callous cannot view without emotion; but on ordinary occasions there is a melancholy pleasure in the reflection, that the survivors will often visit the grave of the deceased, to drop the unseen tear of affection. Even this mournful consolation was now wanting, and those who sorrowed felt that when the soul of their friend should have departed, they must abandon her earthly remains, retaining no relic of her whom they had dearly loved. Her tomb would be on the wild shore, where no kindred ashes slept, and where they who dwelt near the spot, could only point it out as a *stranger's grave*.

The solemn moment had arrived when none affected to doubt the truth which was too evident, or sought to detain the spirit in its earthly abode. That spirit had begun to assume its celestial character, and was already invested in the eyes of the beholders, with the attributes of a brighter existence. An angel seemed to be lingering among them as if unwilling to sever too rudely the cords of affection, with which she had been united to hu-

man beings. She spoke little; but her words showed that her thoughts partook of the change she was about to undergo. Her affections alternately lingered on the earth, and soared towards a better existence.—The bosom of the saint swelled with a holy joy; but the heart of the wife and mother clung to the dearly cherished objects of its purest and strongest earthly passion.

The mission family embraced a number of persons of both sexes, and it was gratifying to see in their deportment, how efficient his religion in the hour of sorrow.—Though deeply afflicted, there was a decent composure, a quiet humility, and an entire resignation in all their words and actions. They spoke not of death as the loathsome companion of disease, or the precursor of corruption, but as the natural consummation of all earthly being. They sorrowed not for her who was going to a better world, but for those who remained. Their voices were firm and cheerful—and even the timid soul that was fluttering in the hope and fear, and joy, of the dying moment, acquired calmness from the serenity of others.

Such was the day. Evening came, and the sufferer still lived. Prayer and hymn were heard at intervals throughout the night; but all else was silent, and at a late hour, they who cast a last look at the shore, beheld a dim light still emanating from the chamber of death, and appearing as a bright speck in the surrounding gloom—like the lingering soul whose feeble radiance still gleamed in the dark "valley of the shadow of death."

The following day was the Sabbath.—At the dawn, the villagers hastened to the boats. The missionaries were already engaged at their morning devotions. The voice of prayer was heard, ascending through the stillness of that quiet hour.—The accents were low and trembling, but distinctly audible. The speaker alluded to her whose spirit had gone to the mansions of the blessed, and prayed for the bereaved husband and the orphan children, and the villagers then knew that she in whose fate they had felt so deeply interested, suffered no longer. After a moment's pause, the notes of sacred song were heard floating over the tide—so sweet, so mournful, that every heart was touched, and every eye moistened.

At sunset the same day, the remains of the stranger were borne to the place of burial, by her late companions, followed by the inhabitants of the village. A large Indian mound in the rear of the town, had been selected, as the only spot not subject to inundation. The grave was opened on the summit of this eminence, and here was the body of a Christian female deposited among the relics of heathen warriors. The inhabitants, and the missionary family stood around, with their heads reverently uncovered, while one of the missionaries addressed them—then some one raised a hymn, and the whole company joined, chanting with a solemn fervor, as if a flood of devotional feeling had burst spontaneously from every bosom at the same instant, and when they all knelt upon the mound, it was not from any signal or invitation given by men, but God touched their hearts and as the song of praise ceased, they all involuntarily prostrated themselves before His throne.

When the people rose, and the officiating minister had dismissed them with his usual benediction, the widowed husband stepped forward, leading one of his children in each hand. For a moment he stood by the newly filled grave, gazing on it with an agony which he strove in vain to subdue. In a broken voice

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 should 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 25 feet high, and 60 feet long. The skull bone alone weighed 400 pounds." This relic of an age gone by, was found about 14 feet below the surface of the earth.—*Xenia (O.) Backwoodsman.*

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 perpetrator 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 repaired 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 overtures 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 becoming impatient of the delay, the brother advanced, and with a spade knocked him down and split open his skull, exhibiting the expressions of a demonlike joy at the accomplishment of the act.—*Backwoodsman.*

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

The glory of the summer has gone by; the beautiful greenness has become withered and dead. Were this all; were there no associations 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 its hour of freshness, it wears forever the mark of the spoiler. The dews of affection may fall, and the gentle rain of sympathy be lavished upon it; but the sere root of blighted feeling will never again waken into 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 leave—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 her altars, temple-domes,
And academic places;
Her halls of wisdom, and her homes—
Her virtues and her graces.

I leave my friends, devoted, true,
I loved in affliction'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,
Thou motherless! yet we must part—
Keep her, oh God! for me,

And ye, good Angels! to your trust
The consecrated bed
I leave, where sleeps the beautiful dust.
Of my beloved dead!
New-York, Dec. 1st, 1830.

THE GEM.

Saturday, December 25th 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 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.

Book of Mormon.—In the 2d number of the GEM, we gave a full length portrait of this bantling of wickedness and credulity. By a late Painesville, Ohio paper, we perceive that this pretended revelation from heaven has found some believers, and that there are preachers travelling about in those parts who pretend that it is the only revelation which men can safely live and die by. In Canandaigua, it is also said, that there is a book of Mormon preacher, who is attempting to push his way forward, in spite of all opposition. The reason for these efforts is obvious. When the work spoken of came before the world, it proved to be such a spawn of wickedness, that the press aimed a blow at it, and it fell, ere it had scarce seen the light. The getters-

up therefore, seeing their hopes all blasted, and their names coupled with infamy, have determined to 'make a raise' on the public by some means, and thus they are going about "like roaring lions, seeking whom they may devour." We do not anticipate a very great turning to this heresy. The public are too much enlightened.

LADIES' FAIR.—At the Ladies' Fair, which was holden at the Rochester House, on Tuesday of the present week, the whole receipts amounted to \$260. This sum (saving an expense of about 50 dollars,) is to be appropriated for charitable purposes.

CANAL TOLLS.—The collector's office in this village closed on the 23d inst., having received during the season tolls to the amount of \$150,128 83. Last year the amount of tolls was \$98,518 17, making an increase this year of \$51,610 66. The amount of flour entered at this office during the season is 257,484 Barrels.—*Daily Ad.*

The Water-Witch, or the Skimmer of the Seas.—This new novel, from the pen of our countryman Cooper, has just made its appearance from the Philadelphia press. The editor of the United States Gazette, a candid and lenient critic, says, in speaking of this work, that "It is in many parts, the best of Cooper's productions."—*Auburn Free Press.*

A notorious toper used to mourn 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 matches, your nose would have set them on fire long ago."

When vice prevails, virtue dies.

To Correspondents.—We had intended to have inserted the communication from Rosamond, and likewise one from W. one from Horace, Malvina, and Alex, 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 88.

MARRIED,

In Greece, on the 19th inst. by Elijah Hught, Esq. Mr. JOHN ODALL, to Miss ELIZA CLOSE, all of Greece.

We wish the parties much happiness and take the promise of our friend at par.

In this village, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. C. G. Finney, Mr. Stephen Hasting, to Miss Louisa Barker.

DIED,

In this village, on the 22d inst. Mrs. Lovinia, wife of Samuel Hamilton, aged 20 years.

At Henrietta, Nov. 21th, Mrs. Anna, wife of Den. Wm. Ellis, aged 60 years. She died of an illness of several years standing, which she bore 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, relic of the late Christopher R. Perry Esq. of the Navy, and mother of Com. H. Perry. Her remains were moved to the house of her son, Capt. M. Perry, in New-port R. Island on Saturday, and on the following day were interred by the side of her husband and son.

ORIGINAL POETRY.



WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL.

List, list, the deep and sprightly notes
Of conflict o'er the waters floats;
The foe is up, their minstrelsy
Has turn'd them from their revelry.
The pawing steeds, in bright array,
Seem conscious of the coming fray,
And toss their trappings wildly gay,
Impatient of their leaders' stay.
Why do they linger at the gate?
And for whose bidding do they wait?
Why does each warrior watch, by turns,
The chamber where the taper burns?
Why would he mutter, if he dare,
A curse on him who loiters there?

The Chieftain lingers by his bride:
Her for whose sake he would have died.
Her hand is on him, and he stays
For one more long and last embrace.
She murmurs, "leave me not to-night,
"To rush into the deathly fight.
"Oh! stay, and be to her a guide,
"Who loves thee more than all beside.
"Oh! stay, or this poor heart will be
"A broken thing in Araby."
Then wept, that she had been so weak,
And look'd the hope she dared not speak.
"Zillah," he said, "there is much in this heart
"I would tell to thee, lov'd one, before I depart.
"I would tell thee how dearer than ought else could be,
"Than hope, life, or honors, thy smile is to me,
"I could tell thee 'twas sundering all that is dear,
"To leave thee, my bless'd one, lingering here.
"I could tell thee, but list! "is the clarion's shrill cry
"That is echoing now, and thy Azim must fly!"
He knelt there and press'd his proud lip to her brow—
"I will come to thee soon, but farewell to thee now."

A blight is o'er the dutiful;
A mildew o'er the bright:
There's death-damp on the beautiful—
He's fallen in the fight.
There's misery on the bride's young brow;
Her eye has lost its light,
And her lone heart is breaking now—
She dies, a thing of blight.

ROSAMOND.

LINES

Written on hearing that a grocer in this village had rolled out
his casks of Liquors, and let out their contents upon the earth.

Knock in the head, and let the poison out
That is a nation's pestilence and bane—
Knock in the head, 'twere better far, no doubt,
That earth, and not a soul should have its stain.

"Knock in the head?"—yon 'temperate drinker' cries,
"And wilt thou throw your substance thus away?"
"Aye, knock it in!" stern conscience loud replies,
"Nor help the drunkard in his downward way."

The deed is done—and on the passing gale
A spirit rides, though robb'd of all its power—
And may it cry, and utter in its wail
"Knock in the head!"—at every dram-shop door.

ADRIAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED TO
HER LOVER.

I remember the day—I remember the hour,
My heart was made captive—was captur'd by thee:
I remember when, 'neath my own shady bower,
Thy vows were there plighted, and plighted to me.

'Twas an hour when the moonbeams shone in their
splendor,
Shown out on the willow that shaded the lea:
'Twas an hour when love all its beauties did render,
To seal the fond vows which were plighted to me.

'Twas an hour when zephyrs, the mildest were
ealing

O'er the flow'r gemm'd lawn, and the dew-span-
gled tree,

Oh! yes; 'twas an hour of the heart's deepest feeling,
When thy vows there plighted, were plighted to me.

'Twas an hour when streamlets were smiling in
gladness,

While wending their way to the turbulent sea;
My bosom knew nought of the world's blighting
sadness,
For my heart thrill'd with love, and thrill'd but for
thee.

Hope lit up its smile, all pure on thy brow,
And mantled thy cheeks with a bright crimson hue:
The rich buds of pleasure were flowering now,
'T' enrich, with their sweetness, my joys as they
flew.

'Twas an hour when pure gladness most thrillingly
glow'd
Giving hopes to my heart, it ne'er knew before;
Blent with love's soft feelings most blandly bestow'd
My heart gently threw its mild influence o'er.

The bright stars in yon heaven look'd smilingly
down;

Their rays gave a zest to my rapturous bliss:
Around my fond heart twined hope's fairy crown,
And my bosom heard gently with love's conscio-
ness.

But soon, ah! too soon, care, demon-like, came—
A heart-withering care—of deep misery:
'Twas then, *perjur'd wretch!* I curs'd thy foul name;
And my heart—oh! 'twas broken—was broken by
thee.

ANNA.

Auburn, Dec. 1830.

[From the Boston Amateur.]

SONG OF THE HENPECKED.

O her hair is dark as the midnight wave,
And her eye is like kindling fire,
And her voice is sweet as the spirit's voice
That chords with the seraph's lyre.

But her nails are as sharp as a toasting fork,
And her arm as strong as a bear's;
She pull'd my hair, and she gouged my eye,
And she kicked me down the stairs.

I've got an eye that's made of glass,
And I've got me a wig that's new,—
The wig is frizzled in corkscrew curls,
And the eye is a clouded blue.

She may shake her knuckles full in my face,
And put the lamp to my beard,
And hold the broomstick over my head—
But I'm not a bit afeared—

For I've bound her over to keep the peace,
And I've bought me a crabtree cane,—
The justice will come, and the constable too,
If she meddles with me again.

My head was a week in the linen cap,
And my eye a week in the patch;
I never thought that the torch of love
Would light such a primstone match!

From the New-England Weekly Review.

THE REPLY.

O! his face is as red as the dog-day sun
In a misty sunset sky—
And the tip of his nose is a burning coal,
You might light your candle by.

His eye was gouged by a two quart jug
That cracked across his nose;
And his other has taken a rainbow hue
From his pot companions' blows.

He blundered against the red hot grate,
And the grate returned the blow—
And the lamp that singed his grisly beard
Was the Lehigh coal below.

I've emptied his bottles of liquor free
As the flow of Autumn rain—

And the sheriff will come, and the jailer too,
If he fills them up again.

He has lost his scalp—he has lost his eye—
And his face is grim with blows—
And the early light of our love has changed
To the light of a tippler's nose.

SPECIMENS OF GERMAN GENIUS.—Shame is
a feeling of profanation. Friendship, love,
and piety, ought to be handled with a sort of
mysterious secrecy; they ought to be spoken
of only in the rare moments of perfect confi-
dence—to be mutually understood in silence.
Many things are too delicate to be thought—
many more to be spoken.—*Novalis.*

The sun sinks—and the earth closes her
great eye, like that of a dying god. Then
smoke the hills like altars—out of every wood
ascends a chorus—the veils of day, the shad-
ows float around the transparent tree tops,
and fall upon the gay, gem-like flowers. And
the burnished gold of the west throws back a
dead gold on the east, and tinges with rosy
light the hovering breast of the tremulous
lark—the evening bell of nature.—*Jean Paul.*

What is there in man so worthy of honor
and reverence as this—that he is capable of
contemplating something higher than his own
reason; more sublime than the whole universe:
from which all truth proceeds; without which
is no truth.—*F. H. Jacobi.*

Among literary men, the gift of bearing to
be contradicted is, generally speaking, posses-
sed only by the dead. I will not go so far as
to assert that, for the sake of possessing it,
we ought to wish ourselves dead; for this is
a price at which, perhaps, even higher per-
fections would be too dearly purchased. I
will only say that it would be well if living
authors would learn to be extremely some-
what dead. The time will come when they
must leave behind them a posterity who will
sever every thing accidentally from their repu-
tation, and will be withheld by no reverence
from laughing at their faults. Why can they
not learn to endure by anticipation this poster-
ity, which every now and then reveals itself,
heedless whether they think it envious or un-
mannerly.—*Lessing.*

There are days in which we are in a most
felicitous vein for the conception of new imag-
es and projects, but can neither communicate
nor mature any of them. These are not
thoughts, they are only the ghosts of thoughts.
—*A. W. Van Schlegel.*

THE GEM,
A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.

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THE GEM,

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

BE OURS THE PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 18.

ROCHESTER, JANUARY 8, 1831.

VOL. II.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

A SKETCH.

The tear drops on thy wretched brow,
In the night's dim vigils fell,
As the worn bosom bled below,
With a woe thou might'st not tell.....*M. L. Drucks.*

The heart is like that cup,
If thou waste the love it bore thee,
And like the Jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee,
And like that string of harp or lute,
Whence the sweet sound is scatter'd—
Gently, oh! gently touch the chords,
So soon, forever shatter'd.....*Mrs. Hemans.*

"Nay do not go to-night," said young Harry Melville to his beautiful though giddy and thoughtless wife, "I would not go to the party to-night, for poor Gertrude is very ill, and," he continued, "I fear we are not aware how deep the disease has taken root.—I fear that the beautiful blossom will soon wither away."

Clara interrupted him by exclaiming "why 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 apprehensions, 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 be sure, but I trust better. So now Harry, as you will not go with me to-night; I shall be back by twelve."

"Good night," murmured Harry, and they parted.

We will now return, and give the reader some idea of the characters whom we have thus unceremoniously ushered before them.—Harry Melville was the only son of wealthy and indulgent parents. He was their idol, and their fondest hopes were centered in him; and it was with heart-felt pleasure that they beheld on his becoming a man, all that their fondest wishes had ever dared to hope. His natural talents were brilliant, and his acquirements were far superior to many who had had the same opportunities. His outward appearance was extremely fascinating, for he was a model of manly beauty. He resided at the elegant mansion of his father, at the village of C—. About the middle of the winter following his admission to the bar, there came to reside in the village, a widow, with only one daughter. She also had another who remained in Philadelphia, where they had formerly resided. Harry met Gertrude L—, at a party given on her account. He was pleased with her meek, sad, pale brow, upon which the light wavy locks were parted; so bright and shadowy, that they looked like golden ringlets—and her low silvery voice, which died away in its sweet mournfulness like the last sigh of a departing spirit. There was so much of gentleness in her quiet unassuming manner, that he could not help but ad-

mi- mire her: He discovered, also, that her mind still, as if listening to an angel's hymn; and was highly cultivated and refined, and yet there was that evening in the breast of Melville a spring-tide of deep joy—he was utterly wrapped in the calm scene around him; Harry saw her two or three times, and her "violet eye" looked on all so kindly, and there was a still flow of gladness in his heart which he had seldom known before.— that he was completely won. Harry saw her often, carried her all the new works—and they put down carrying books to be one of the first symptoms of love. He talked with familiarity to her and paid her all the little nameless attentions calculated to win weak woman—in fact Gertrude wondered that her heart beat so convulsively, when the knocker was raised to the door. But there was so much kindness fell from his tongue, that any one but a stoic would have loved him in despite of themselves. And Gertrude had become dearer to Harry than his books, or even his friends. He could not tell why, but he could not resist that sweet beseechingness of look, and that gentle, quiet, endearing manner. He had delayed confessing his fondness for her, but each knew that they were beloved. How confiding is woman's first love; there is not one doubting look, nor word, but in her heart all is hope, and in her manner all is love. How fondly she confides; how doatingly she cherishes each little gift; a lock of hair; a flower; a billet-doux; any thing that he has touched or breathed upon, is as dear to her as her own life. Nor will she believe that him she loves is false, although she hear it from the lips of thousands. But when he becomes cold and unkind to her, and when she longer reads tenderness in his eye, nor hears words of love from his lips, then she believes, and then comes the BLIGHT.

Thus matters stood between them, when one morning Harry called, and Gertrude exclaimed with unwonted animation, "Oh, Harry, sister Clara is to be here to-morrow, and, (she added with something of a sadness in her manner,) I know you will love her, yet she is not at all like me: she is most beautiful, and so gay and thoughtless, and yet so innocent and artless, she is always greatly admired, and her voice and playing are exquisite. You will be charmed with her, she is far, far, handsomer than I am, and—and—" she stopped and hesitated, a tear glistened in her eye, and she added, "Clara was always our mother's favorite, and I know she will be yours, for every body loves her best. Harry tried to wipe away that tear and rally her; but it was in vain; there was a sadness crept over her at the thought that her mother had a decided preference for the volatile and brilliant Clara. The next evening Melville sauntered leisurely to the house of Mrs. L—. It was a lovely evening, calm as the quietness of innocence, and the stars looked out as if in gladness that so fair a thing as earth lay beneath them: and every thing was hushed and

and there was that evening in the breast of Melville a spring-tide of deep joy—he was utterly wrapped in the calm scene around him; Harry saw her two or three times, and her "violet eye" looked on all so kindly, 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 bewitching 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, and yet such thrilling melody, such touching pathos he had never heard; he was completely 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 music hung 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 sweeping past on every breath of wind, 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 temperament. She had none of that meekness which characterized Gertrude; she was wild, gay, and thoughtless. She was a decided favorite with her mother, who was a gay, showy 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 courted 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 encouraged 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 almost to adoration, and she was possessed of sensibility, but it was obscured by her excessive love of praise. She was charitable, almost to a fault; none ever asked of her in vain, and she frequently wept over her errors, but had not resolution enough to mend, and give up that foolish love of being admired—she still clung with fondness to a sigh or an ejaculation of praise on her account, and

was so bewitchingly 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 unassuming Gertrude. She would rather have died than to have caused one pang to any one, and she used to remonstrate 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 to adore her, and to die at being rejected. Harry knew that night that Clara would soon become dearer to him than Gertrude, and yet he knew how fondly she loved him, and he knew too, that he should refuse her love—that he should tear the clinging tendrils 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.

“Oh! cast thou not

Affection from thee; in this bitter world
Hold to thy heart that only treasure past,
Watch—guard it—suffer not a breath to dim
The bright gem's purity.”

And Gertrude knew her deep wretchedness that night. She felt lonely and forsaken, for too well she knew that Clara would be the beloved of Harry Melville, and she could give him up to her, but not without a pang. She felt that he had twined himself so gently, yet so firmly round her young heart, that it would be like tearing it asunder to part forever, and yet she knew that this deep trial was for her. She humbly relied upon her God, for Gertrude was pious, and she let higher, holier thoughts fill her young heart than are known by the young giddy throng. She had learned

“In her youth to beseech of Him,
Who giveth, and upbraideth not,
That his light in her heart became not dim,
And his love he forgot;
And that God in the darkest days will be,
Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee.”

The next evening Harry found himself unconsciously wandering towards the residence of Clara and Gertrude. He was more charmed if possible, this evening than before, and poor Gertrude soon looked sad, and he tried to cheer her, but all in vain. She knew that he loved her no longer, and that Clara now 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, wondered 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 “O 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 re-

jected all his overtures 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 her lovers. This was needless, for the proud Clara had learned to love deeply and sincerely, and when Melville declared himself, she blushing accepted his hand. One year after this, they were married, and resided in Washington City. Clara was the same gay, thoughtless, giddy thing; she loved her husband it is 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 canker to a husband's heart. She was herself dissatisfied with “the round of dissipation” which 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 fled 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 oh, how altered now. She had brooded over the deep, deep sorrows long gone by.

“Its memory made the sky
Seem all too joyous for her shrinking eye,
Check'd on her lips the flow of song, which fain
Would there have linger'd, flush'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 low
And plaintive—Oh! there lie such depths of woe
In a young blighted spirit. Manhood rears
A haughty brow, and aye has done with tears;
But youth bows down to mercy in amaze,
At the dark cloud o'er mantling its fresh days.
And thus it was with her. Oh! the brow above
So pale and pure—so form'd for holy love,
To gaze upon in silence—but she felt
That love was not for her, tho' hearts would melt
Where'er she moved, and reverence mutely given,
From those she parted,
And prayers that called on heaven
To bless the broken-hearted.

Melville knew too well the cause of that pale cheek and tearful eye, but Clara never suspected it. She rallied her, and told her she would soon be better, and pressed her to attend her in her round of fashionable amusements, but all in vain. Gertrude shrunk from observation. She spent much of her time in sweet communion with her Maker, for she knew that she must die in early youth. Oh! how sad it is to think of the young and beautiful and joyous being, so full of life, and love, and hope, laid away forever in the cold earth.

Old age is surrendered to the dust without a sigh or a tear sometimes, for we know that the cold sere of this world is upon them, and that terrestrial things have lost their charms, and that enjoyment has fled, and hope to them has lost its wildering influence, and that death is to them a release—but the bright young spirit just budding into life, to be crushed, and blighted, and withering away; it is so sad—and it was thus with Gertrude. Medical aid was called in vain. The “iron had entered into her soul,” yet she complained not, and even spoke of health, for fear of giving one pang to those she loved—and Clara was deceived; but Harry knew too well, that the calm was delusive.

It was after a day of unusual calmness to Gertrude, that our little story commences; when the fond husband is trying in vain to detain his wife from her usual routine of amusements. She thought that Gertrude was better, and she went.

At twelve, said the watching Harry, she will come. But twelve came, and Clara still lingered away. Gertrude grew worse, she became delirious, she called on Clara in the softest accents, she murmured the name of Harry in tones that went to his very heart, she warbled a verse of his favorite air, and then went to sleep.

At four in the morning the gay and erring Clara returned. She flew to her dressing-room, and thence to her sister's room; all was still, there was no one there; she is 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 linen 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, glistened upon her cheek.—Her lip looked as though grieved at her deep forsakenness. They had parted that golden hair as it was wont to be upon her pale forehead; and there she rested. Clara gazed one moment of unutterable grief, anguish, and remorse, then fell! She was taken to bed—she too died—and they laid them in the same grave.

ROSAMOND.

Laughable.—The Virginia Patriot has with great formality, recommended Lorenzo Dow as a candidate for the Presidency of the U. States. Several papers in Kentucky have seconded the nomination. We beg leave to suggest the propriety of running Anne Royal on the same ticket, for the Vice Presidency.—*People's Advocate.*

SWALLOWING A FARM.—A farmer in Connecticut, who has occupied the same farm, on lease, for about thirty years past was complaining that he had been able to lay up nothing from his thirty years, labor. A neighboring store keeper offered to explain to him the reason; and proceeded as follows:—During the last thirty years that you have been on that farm, I have been trading in this store; and the distilled spirits I have sold you, with the interest of the money, would have made you the owner of the farm you live. On ex-

amination of the books of the store-keepers, his assertion was found correct. The firm 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 all the effect of human passion, and not of divine impulse. Had the disciple been bent 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 incalculable 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 injunction of an active and eloquent apostle had been considered in its true light, for then it would not have been taken as it is, for the ebullition of passion rather than the effects of divine inspiration. But taking it without discrimination, as emanating from the Divinity, religious zealots have founded upon it the right to persecute, burn, and despatch to the regions of woe, all such as happen to differ from them in a few of the non-essentials of faith.

And so, in all ages, and among all sects of religion, has human passion 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 this or that sect, but is purely the effect of the unhallowed passions which mingle with and overpower 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 wont 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 pious indignation, and a persecuting spirit for the spirit of Christianity.—*Constellation.*

From the Journal of Humanity.

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 it by uttering the words.

Americans have not reached quite so great a degree of refinement in the matter. Our proxies are living and rational beings. We hire them—under the name of Ministers, Agents, &c.—to discharge for us the duty of doing good into 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 our ease in the very pleasant mantle of self-complacency, if we can only raise money enough to keep him hard at work. Would it not be an improvement on this system to delegate to our agent, in the gross, the whole duty of loving our neighbor as ourselves,—and also,—for we see not but it may be as properly done as the other,—of loving the Lord our God with all the heart?

Seriously,—we beseech the friends of Temperance, as they value their own well being and peace of conscience, to discharge at once, in their own persons, the duties to which the Providence of God now calls them. This waiting for others to do, is a sin against God and man, and your own souls.

How to shake off trouble.—Set about doing good to somebody—put on your hat, and go and visit the sick, or the poor—inquire into their wants, and minister to them—seek out the desolate and the oppressed, and tell them

of 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. The body was found on the 11th inst.—"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, and 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.

INDIAN RIGHTS.

Mr. Jefferson, in a letter to Gen. Knox, Secretary of War, dated Philadelphia, Aug. 10, 1791, declares—

The Indians have a right to the occupation of their Lands, independent of the States within whose chartered lines they happen to be; that until they cede them by treaty, or other transaction equivalent to a treaty, no act of a State can give a right to such lands; that neither under the present Constitution, nor the ancient confederation, had any state or person a right to treat with the Indians without the consent of the General Government: that the Government is determined to expend all its energy for the patronage and protection of the Rights of the Indians; and that if any settlements are made on lands not ceded by them, without the previous consent of the United States, the government will think itself bound, not only to declare to the Indians that such settlements are without the authority or protection of the United States, but to remove them by public force.—Jefferson, 3d vol. p. 120. Should not all Jefferson Republicans maintain these doctrines?

From the New York American.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

Farewell to the departed year—
Its sun-light and its cloud,
Its love and joy, its hope and fear,
Its scenes and visions proud;
Farewell to all the treasured dreams,
That shed such sweet and beautiful beams,
Along life's pathway. They are gone,
And wild wind bears their echoes on,
To where Earth's brightest things are cast,
—The taleless ocean of the Past!

The stream that bears all faded things
Down its returnless tide,
Pale blossoms—beauty—sceptred kings—
The loved ones and the bride—
Strewed with the trophies of renown,
And triumph's wreaths,—are sweeping down
With sullen murmurs to the deep
Cold chambers of unbroken sleep,
Where lie our earliest hopes and fears,
Amid the buried wrecks of years.

And from the Past's unbreathing tomb
There comes a solemn tone,
Dearing along like Ocean's boom
The sighs of millions gone;
It tells of summer's fragile flower,
That drank the gale but one brief hour;
Of childhood, parted in its play—
Of manhood, quickly passed away—
Of empires, resting in its tomb,
Beneath a pall of gathering gloom.

It tells of the loved of earth,
The beautiful and the fair—
Called from their joyous scenes of mirth,
To its cold chambers there:
Its voice steals in upon the heart,
And bids our dreams of joy depart;
It binds the spirit in its cell,
As o'er the soul its echoes swell,
And tells of scenes on Memory's leaf,
That cause the heart to swell with grief—

And as we muse upon the hours
That never may return,
Where lies, wreathed with wild Passion's
flowers,
Affection's broken urn,
Feeling's sealed fountain once again
Is broken up—and tears like rain
Bedew the turf that blooms above
The grave of all our early love,
While the lone spectre of despair
Sits brooding o'er the relics there.

But Hope, sweet Hope, points to the years
That spread before us now,
And, as pale Memory disappears,
Unveils her angel brow,
To show the shadowy scenes that lie
In sunlight on her visioned sky,
And whispers to our burdened souls,
That, as existence onward rolls,
The clouds shall fade that dim her bowers,
And those faint visions all be ours!

Yet, even should we fail to climb
Where shines our guiding star,
And down the sunless stream of Time,
Our Hopes be swept afar,
E'en then, a holy star of love
Will shine upon the sky above—
A star that points the soul, to where
The spirits of the sainted are,
And tells us when our hopes are riven,
That we are so much nearer Heaven!
FERAMORZ.

Another Drunkard 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.*

And another.—An inquest was held by William Mc Dowell on the body of John Sprague who was found dead in the road near Solomon Kellog's, in Barrington, on the morning of the 4th inst. The jury's verdict was 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. Democrat*

From 'Scenes and Sketches in Ireland.'

AN IRISH COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

In the midst of his noisy march, sat Phil 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 urchins 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 Grechen," said 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 up here on the table, and let the 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 seen,—"Ubbaboo, tear in, murder!" exclaimed Phil, "where hab you been wid that face? Why man alive, you've been kissing the praty pot; and your hair, too, standing up like the bristles of a fighting pig. Is there no wather in the big stream? and it would have been no great trouble to draw your fingers through your hair, any how." Pat very composedly lifted up the tail of his coat, and spitting upon it, gave his face a wipe that left it streaked like a brindled cow.

"There, now," said Phil, "blow your nose, and hold up your head like a gentleman.—What is this, aroon?" said he, pointing to the first letter in the alphabet. Pat scratched his head! "You don't know what it is; small blame to you, for your mother keeps you runnin' after the cows when you should be at your larnin'; but look up at the couples of the house, and try if you can't remember it."

"A," said Pat.
"Well done! what's the name of the next one?" Pat hesitated again. "What do you call the big fly that makes the honey?"

"B," he vociferated.
"Och, you're a *genus* Pat, ready made." Having arrived at the letter H:—"And what's that now, Pat?"

"By my showl, I don't know."
"D—I, by your showl, what do you mane by shwearin' here in school? a pretty college this, indeed! What is it that looks like the Squire O'Rourke's gate with the bars knocked out except one in the middle?"

"Faith and it's H."
"To be sure it is, ye spalpeen." So on he

went illustrating in this manner, until he got to the letter O: having tried Pat's 'genus' with two or three ways to no purpose, Phil was getting out of patience; "What would you say if I was to hit a *pathog* on the ear?" (suiting the action to the word.)

"O," cried Pat, clapping his hand upon the afflicted spot, which rung with the blow.

"I knew you'd find it," said Phil. By the help of this adoption Pat struggled through the rest of the alphabet. "Well you may sit down now, and send up Mick Moirarty."

Mick was rather further than Pat, he was spelling words. After spelling two or three tolerably well, he came to the word *what*.—"Well, what does w-h-a-t make?" Mick was not sure of it.

"W-h-a-t sounds *fat*, but (conscious of his own error in the pronunciation) when I say fat, don't you say fat, but do you say *fat* in your own way."

"Have ye all said yer lessons?"

"Yes, all, all."

"Then put out the fire decently, and go home."

Superiority of Christianity—A Fable, by Krummacher.—A 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 kneel before an earthly flame! Ye amuse the outward, but blind the inward eye, and while ye hold to them 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 nigh and said, We call him FATHER.

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 rised their eyes to heaven, and said with reverence and love—Our FATHER! And they took each other by the hand, and all three called one another brothers!

CONCLUSION.—Why are a blunt and sharp razor alike? Because one cuts THOROUGHLY, and the other cuts, THOROUGHLY.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

DECEMBER.*

Up, up and be doing, for winter is near us,
December is on, with her cold chilling blast;
Up, haste, make ye ready, that her coming may
cheer us, [cast.

When her snowy-white mantle shall o'er us be
The wild forest trees are of beauty divested,
And the once blooming meads are wither'd & sere,
And the low gurgling rills are all unmolested
By the footsteps of pleasure—ah! winter is near.

The Farmer has ceas'd from breaking his fallow,
And safely convey'd his utensils away;
And the birds are all flown, save the little 'snow-
swallow,

That in solitude chirps his monotonous lay—
And the swain from his labor retires richly laden
With the fruits of his toil to his bosom friend dear;
Who receives him with modesty worthy the maiden
Of his hand and his heart—ah, winter is near.

The cow has return'd to the herdsman's safe keeping,
And the innocent lambkins again to the fold;
And in nature's cold bosom insensibly sleeping,
Lies coil'd up the serpent benumbed with the cold
And the bee from her toil, for a season now ceases,
Content with the fruits of her labor and care;
And the ant's little hillock no longer increases,
For the builder is stupid—ah, winter is there.

And the hounds for the chase are now anxiously
waiting,
When the fox sallies forth from the mountain for
food;

And the young village lads o'er the oiver 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;
Up, haste, and be ready for joyfully greeting
Your friends and your neighbors with "happy
New-Year."

*The author should have communicated this in season. We
however, presume it will be acceptable to our readers notwithstanding the month has passed.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

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 en-
lightened 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 these 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 increa-

sing 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 dis-
play itself in literature and the fine arts, as it
has already done in public enterprise and na-
tional power. That will be the period when
"an American book" will no longer be deem-
ed 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 scions of the
noble families of England; many cherished an
abhorrence 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 what-
ever might recal 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. Altho'
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-banish-
ed from the pleasures and pains of their an-
cestors, memory must often have reverted to
the scenes of their childhood, and while fan-
cy would seem to strike out of existence the
humble huts and forests which arose on eve-
ry side, she must have borne them to the
spot of their earliest and tenderest sympa-
thies.

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 ab-
sence of a minute cotemporary 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 li-
braries, 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 ce-
lebrity they obtained with their contempora-
ries, we should be compelled to infer the ex-
tent of their powers, rather from the indica-
tions which a few occasional efforts have giv-
en, than the specimens of genius which they
have actually transmitted to us. To compose
poetry at that period was merely the amuse-
ment of an hour snatched from the usual avo-
cations of business. The train of thought
thus hastily put in motion could not be expec-
ted to exert itself in grasping those "airy
nothings," which flit before the poet's eye and
affix to his productions the impress of genius.
Some of the admired poets of that period have
left behind them a few fugitive stanzas, as
the only touchstone by which we can estimate
their powers, whilst others perhaps equally

worthy are now known only by their names.
Such specimens as have been presented ex-
hibit a large share of poetical feeling, and
would be respectable at this day, were it not
for the uncouth language and utter disregard
of all harmony which characterise them.—
Although they possess a high degree of mer-
it, yet, as might be expected, they are gener-
ally inferior to English productions of the
same kind.

There is a remarkable difference between
the class of subjects which were then consid-
ered as within the legitimate scope of poetry,
and those which, at this day, are considered
as the appropriate topics. Then the most
matter-of-fact topics were chosen and deem-
ed most proper to be "married to immortal
verse." The public taste was gratified with
whatever belonged to the substantial rather
than the ornamental order of things. While
events of daily recurrence were their themes,
they seized every opportunity to touch the
feelings by recalling to mind their heroic
deeds, and to awaken their patriotism by pro-
phetic visions of the high destinies which
awaited their posterity. It is pleasing after a
lapse of two centuries to revert to the litera-
ry taste of our ancestors, and notice a cler-
gyman in New England composing a geogra-
phy of the country in Latin hexameter verse.
This was the first essay of the kind made af-
ter the arrival of the pilgrims. It was pub-
lished in 1623. Except as being the first at-
tempt at versification, this production is con-
sidered in no wise remarkable. It may ap-
pear to indicate the absence of poetical re-
finement that all the details of geographical
description should be fettered by the restraints
of verse, rather than be said in plain, didac-
tic prose, but the apology of the reverend
geographer is doubtless to be found in the ve-
ry limited information of facts which he pos-
sessed, besides the subject afforded him an
opportunity for occasional episodes, in order
to make his description perfect and infuse the
spirit of poetry through the whole; which he
doubtless supposed would render his book
more interesting, and therefore obtain for it a
more extensive perusal.

The metaphysical dress in which the Amer-
ican poetry of the seventeenth, and the for-
mer part of the eighteenth centuries appear-
ed, together with the ignorance of the graces
of verse which then prevailed, detract from
the interest of the productions, and lead us
perhaps to underrate their value. We find it
often difficult to ascertain the author's mean-
ing, 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 ob-
jects: they arrayed every topic in gorgeous
drapery, and concealed matters of fact by the
artificial diamonds, which they made to clus-
ter around them.

Perhaps the most striking distinction be-
tween the ancient and modern orders of po-
etry consists in the attention devoted to har-
mony. It was inconsistent with the plain and

substantial character of our ancestors to hold in high estimation an 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 bespangled with affected beauties, as to give them a serio-ludicrous aspect; as in the following instance, where the author, in eulogizing the virtues of Mrs. Bradstreet, a lady celebrated for her poetical abilities, does not hesitate to perpetrate an execrable pun upon her name:

"Her breast was a brave pallace, a *broad street*,
Where all heroic ample thoughts did meet.
There nature such a tenement had ta'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, eulogy, parody, and description 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.

W.

There is so much truth and common sense in the following article, that the most violent opposer of the Bible and Religion, cannot, we think, but admire it.

From the New York Evangelist.

"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God."

And surely none but a FOOL could have such a wish, or come to such an absurd conclusion!!

None but a FOOL could think that any thing could be made without a maker.

None but a FOOL could think any thing could come into existence by chance.

None but a FOOL could think the world could make itself and keep itself in being.

None but a FOOL could think that he always existed; and if he must acknowledge that he has begun to exist, then he must be a fool to think he is the cause of his own existence.

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 he 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 any thing.

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 of 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.—all lewd 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 in those self-conceited fanatics, who are thinking they shall be able to overturn the Bible and its doctrines—when all the learning, and subtilty, and malice, of Voltaire, and Diderot, and Rousseau, and Hume, and Shaftsbury, and Bollingbroke, and a host of others, with PAINÉ at the jag end, 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 courtesan 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 vs. GAMBLE.

Messrs Wallace and Gamble,
About Corn have a scramble,
One of many unfortunate jobs,
For when the Zanesville attorneys,
Shall be paid for their journeys,
The parties may pocket the cobs.

Having the Advantage.—Tom Hobs, was a queer 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 'tis customary in the country, Tom immediately accosted him.

"Ay! you are here are you, my good fellow, how d'ye do? Upon my honor, it does my heart good to see you once more. How's your family, and the old woman, we hav'nt seen her this long time; when is she coming down to see my wife?"

"I am quite well, I thank you," said the gentleman, "but indeed, sir, you have the advantage!"

"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 Hopes.—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.

From the Genesee Farmer
GENESEE COUNTRY.

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 because 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 effected by the wonderful change of thirty years on looking over a little 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." He says, "in 1790, 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 Bath, entitled the *Bath Gazette*—another paper is also printed in the Genesee, entitled the *Ontario Gazette*. The same year a sloop of forty tons was built and launched on the Genesee lake."

Quere? Where was the "Ontario Gazette" printed, and where is the "Genesee lake?"

That portion of country once called the "Genesee Country," although its exact boundaries were rather vague and uncertain probably now contains some two hundred towns with more than 200,000 inhabitants, with cities and villages at every four corners, and newspapers as thick as blackberries. The Genesee Country, at that time a wilderness of forest, now teems with an active, industrious and wholesome population. The forests have fallen before the axe, and the bread stuffs, and all the luxuries of life arise behind the plough share, and the young lion of the west, from a purblind whelp, now shews his gnashing fangs and bristles his waving mane, in proud confidence to the *mammoth of the east*. Possessing one of the most luxurious soils of the globe, with a climate that for mildness will compare with New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and situated on the great inland seas of America, the production of their soil can lay under contribution Quebec and Montreal, New York, Boston, and the cities of the east—New Orleans—even under the modern discoveries which defy time and space) Columbia river, and Kamschatka. These are not *chateaus d'Espagne*, and Time, that old hoary headed truth-teller, will endorse it a "true bill."

Feeling, as we do, the importance and worth of the Genesee Country, we trust our readers will not think the title of our paper—"THE GENESEE FARMER"—too local or trivial to patronize it even beyond the counties of "Tioga and Onondaga;" and although they may ask what good can come out of Galilee, like them of old let them wait, and hear what he hath to say for himself.

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 customers whether he had done the shoes, he would 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 circuitous one.—*Boston Cent.*]

Not 'Comfortable.'—"When I first came to settle, about forty years ago," says a western

farmer, "I told my wife I meant to be rich—all she wanted was enough to make her 'comfortable.' I went to work and cleared 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 an't 'comfortable yet.'

THE GEM.

Rochester, Saturday, 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 may be had if required.

SPECIMENS 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 benighted 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:

E. D. Shelmore has some blacking,
And Freeman says there nothing lacking,
Clean off the dirt and black it well
The gloss to you the truth will tell.

Now it will readily be seen that the benefit of verse here is four fold; for it contains the article not only, but the recommendation, directions of using, and specimens of 'gloss' produced; and all this in four lines.

Again one sends abroad his genius who wishes to sell out his "blue ruin," and break his decanters:

If I understand your proposition
Is to buy all ardents, on condition
The seller from selling will refrain—
Their taps cut off, we'er to draw again—
Come buy my stock, ye temperate band,
I'll sell all and quit this pester'd land,
While you will stand a chosen sample,
Among the worthies, for good example.

It is impossible that the most stupid should not here discover the benefits of Genius when well laid out into rhyme. 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 bar that the language has put up, with impunity. How can the airy flights of a poet's imagination be chained to the hackneyed dogma's of Walker and Murray!

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 outstrips, as everybody can see, by far, the brilliancy of his humble prototype. It runs thus:

His blacking is made a little better
Than any blacking used with water,
And gives such a dazzling glitter
When well put on,
And polishes too so much quicker
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 16th century, one 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 a high exaltedness in literature. In the language of an unpublished poem lately sent to us,

Man is a restless creature, around the world we rove,
We range the fields of nature and soar aloft above—
and we have high hopes of the future greatness of our country!

Several communications are unavoidably omitted. We shall publish the long poetic communication from ANNA, soon.

"THE STUDENT'S MISCELLANY," is the title of a very well conducted semi-monthly literary publication, published at the Seminary of the Oneida and Genesee Conference, Cazenovia. It is a very neatly printed sheet, of the medium quarto size, and afforded for \$1 per annum, in advance.

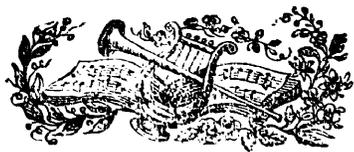
Lafayette.—With what feeling, says the National Gazette, must the government of Austria view the present situation of Lafayette, whom it so long held as a malefactor in a dungeon! It is related of Franklin, that when he signed at Paris, the treaty of alliance between the United Colonies and France, he put on the same coat which he wore when he was grossly insulted by Wedderburne and the Lords of the Privy Council, in London. If Lafayette has retained the suit in which he escaped from Olmutz, he might resume it by the side of Phillip, when the Austrian ambassador has his first audience of the citizen king.

A TURKISH TOWN.

I passed through the ruin of a considerable Turkish town containing 4 or 5 mosques, one of them a very handsome building, still entire: about twenty houses or so might be described as tenatable, but only a place of sepulchre could be more awful: it had been depopulated by the plague—all was silent, and the streets were matted with thick grass. In passing through an open space, which reminded me of a market-place, I heard the cuckoo with an indescribable sensation of pleasure mingled with solemnity. The sudden presence of a raven at a bridal banquet could scarcely have been a greater phantasma.—*Galt's Life of Byron*.

George Selwyn's advice for a controversy: Make your opponent say something that he never said—render this as absurd as possible—direct your observations to it, and force him to notice it—and you will then have an advantage over him.

ORIGINAL POETRY.



WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

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 blight

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 have wither'd; 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 revelry.
Bright beings! whom once we lov'd to cher-
ish—

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 said the nuptial 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—*forgot*.
And in thy passing hour, dead year,
Science has bloom'd and flourish'd here:

'Tis rushing on, a mighty tide,
Spreading its ocean far and wide:
Bright Genius rides upon its wave,
And Ignorance finds its depths her grave.

But fare-thee-well, past year! we'll write for
thee

A faithful epitaph:—thus it shall be:—
"Another gem in TIME's undying crown;
Another star, in Eternity, gone down!"

Hail to thee, *New-Year!* thou art here
When bud and flower is cold and sere—
When nature's voice around is sighing.
And every thing is dead, or dying.

Yet every heart rebounds with joy
To hail thee, and no base alloy
Comes in to quell the glad'ning heart,
Which views thee into being start.

Thou art a blank, to be fill'd up
With joy's bright wreath, and misery's cup.
With thoughtless heart we welcome thee,
When in thy lifetime there may be,

For us, dark days of misery. }
Yet there are some, who see thy light
Beneath dark poverty's cold blight:

Oh! may the rich forget them not,
As they hope ne'er to be forgot.
This day our hearts should all o'erflow,
And give where misery has laid low:
And we should heal the breaking heart,
And words of peace and hope impart.
A happier New-Year *then* 'twould be
Than years of mirth and revelry.
Bright year! Oh, may thy pages wear
Much more of joy than grief or care:
And, Oh! may guilt's dark hand be stay'd,
And virtue's precepts be obey'd,
And base oppression's darkness flee
Before the light of Liberty.

And to our PATRONS, we would say,
'Thanks for your smiles, thanks for your *pay*:
Lend us your aid to wing our flight
Towards Parnassus' towering height;
And crush us not in infancy,
But let us live our little day,
And when we die and sink to rest,
Let us *not* die, untold, unblest.
And we would bless *thee*, ere we go:
May heaven's best, brightest cup o'erflow
With blessings on thee, one and all,
And sparkling be thy coronal.
And "HAPPY NEW-YEAR," now, to any,
Not *one* alone, but many—*many*.
January 1, 1831.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

LOVE.

'Tis every thing that's bright'ning,
And every thing that's glad;
Sometimes our dark path lighting,
Sometimes 'tis passing sad.

'Tis often like the morning
When the dew is sparkling there:
No fearful cloud of warning,
But every thing looks fair.

'Tis oftener like the weeping
Of clouds up in the sky—
With gall our young hearts steeping;
Then all that's bright goes by.

Sometimes a song of sadness
Will linger on its lyre;
And then a gush 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;
'Tis every thing but reason,
Yet 'tis not always *mad*.

ROSAMOND.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

FRIENDSHIP.

Oh! Friendship—friendship, 'tis a theme in which
we all delight,

It glows before our 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—cannot you
tell me why?

When darkness has circled earth, and night doth
hang around,

And the sun is set, and all is still—then 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 paralysing hand shall bid us feel
his smart.

And, too, it says, when we shall bid this fickle 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
endear

The humble path in which we walk, while we are
wandering here;

Oh! we love to think that those who're 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 loveliness, it never
can be told. ALEX

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 soul 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, vain world, adieu! LARA.
Rochester, January 15th, 1829.

THE GEM,

A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.

2d VOLUME—TO CONTAIN 4 ENGRAVINGS.

TERMS, &c.

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EDWIN SCRANTON

THE GEM,

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

LET OURS THE PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 19.

ROCHESTER, JANUARY 22, 1831.

VOL. II.

We are pleased to be able to present our readers with such a production as the following. There is combined in it, the sweetest poetry and the most touching pathos. And although the plot is of the common-place kind, yet the interest is kept up by the brilliant figures that pervade the whole poem. It is, altogether, a production of a high class, and the hand of the fair authoress, who has so often and so long delighted the readers of the Gem, is peculiarly visible here. We doubt not but it will be read with thrilling interest.—*Ed. Gem.*

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE JEWESS—A TURKISH TALE.

Where are they not; that scatter'd, hated race?
Where shall lost Israel find a resting-place?
The moon was up, the sun his mark had set
On dome, and tower, and gilded minaret:
And turban'd heads, and crescents, waving
high,
Told that the hour of death was drawing nigh.
The Grecian fleet, in anxious silence lay,
To hear the signal for the approaching fray:
They grasp'd their steel, fire shot from every eye,
For there were hearts, that day, that long'd
to die.
They had liv'd slaves, and long had bit the
dust,
And they would die and lay them down to
rust.
They had liv'd slaves, the chains of bondage
wore;
They who had scorn'd the name of *slave* before.
At length the thundering cannonade was given,
And mast, and helm, in splintering ruins riven!
Then, hand to hand, the bondsman and the
free
Rushed on to death—their fearful destiny,
While hatred's fire gleam'd out from either's
eye;
Their victim slain, and they could calmly die.
The deadly scimitar in hate was flung,
And Greek, and Turk, in death, together
clung.
Some, who that *morn* had gloried in their
pride,
Slept deep that *night* beneath the whelming
tide!
And turban'd heads lay floating on the wave;
There slept alike the oppressor and the slave.
Few, few there were surviv'd that fearful
fight,
And death seem'd victor on that dreadful
night.
The Greeks were routed, and the vengeful
Turk
Stayed not his hand 'till death had done its
work.
Yet some there were had better found their
graves;
Some who lived on to be the Sultan's slaves.

* * * * *

'Twas morn again, and all was bright
As though there'd been no sickning blight;
As though no youthful hearts had bled,
No fearful gathering to the dead.

On perfum'd couch, at break of day,
In pomp, the youthful Sultan lay.
A canopy of silvery light
Sent out its halo, pure and bright:
Rich incense o'er the room was flung,
And round his raptur'd senses clung:
And fretted roof, and cushion rare—
All that was bright was gather'd there.
The enraptur'd listener was beguil'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*.
At length he woke, a startled thing,
As from some vision wandering;
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 lives, a slave, in yonder tower.
Bring him before me, in his *hate*!
Obey! or, slaves, ye know your fate.
Yet stay, there is a gentler thing;
Her, too, ye may in pity bring,
For it might drive the nestling wild,
To part them; she is but a child."

They come, an old man bow'd with years,
Yet firm and strong his step appears.
There was a boldness in his look
Which the proud Sultan scarce could brook,
And o'er his brow the silvery hair
Floated in fearful wildness there.
Yet oh! there was a gentler thing,
In fear and silence trembling;
Close to her father's arm she clung,
And on his accents wildly hung,
As though the weight of life and death
Was peril'd on that moment's breath.
Her eye was blue as heaven's own dye;
Her cheek was pale as purity.
It was as though the zephyr's breath
Had fann'd the roses there to death,
And sent them back upon the gale;
It was so calmly, purely pale.
The Sultan gaz'd as though a spell
Was o'er him now—his dark eye fell
On her who wept before him there,
So young, and yet so purely fair.
She was a creature far more bright
Than his whole Harem's glittering light.
The blood came rushing to his cheek,
As meekly there she knelt to speak.
So low her voice, one might have thought
The zephyr's breath had lightly sought
The strings of an eolian lyre,
And left its echo on the wire.
It was as though an angel's sigh
Had lur'd those accents there to die.
"My father—" and she said no more,
But sunk in anguish on the floor.
The Sultan spoke, and all was still;

His words the very life-blood chill.
"Old man!" he said, "thou yet may'st live:
There is a ransom thou canst give,
A ransom that alone can save
Thee from the galley or the grave.
Give me the maid, and thou art free;
Nay more, old man, I'll give to thee
Jewels and gems, surpassing far
Golconda's stores: no cloud the maiden's
peace shall mar—
And she shall be my harem's star!"
High to the old man's brow, the blood
Came, mounting like a sweeping flood;
And o'er his temples madly rush'd
One moment, then his ire was hush'd.
He knew that he must speak him fair,
Or hope was lost forever there.
The Sultan saw that mantling brow,
And knew he was rejected now.
"Think, ere thou speak'st, old man," he said,
"The maid is *mine* when thou art *dead*!"
The old man answer'd—"let her stay
With me but just to-day—*to-day*—
But just to-day, to bless my sight—
By all that's good! she's thine to-night!"

Upon a couch the maid was laid,
And knew not what the Sultan said:
She knew not of the burning shame
He would have cast upon his name.

"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,
That o'er the father's heart there crept
A holy calm: he sat and wept,
And gaz'd upon that face so meek,
Then stoop'd to kiss her lily cheek;
But 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 laid her cold cheek on his brow—
"Oh! father! do not kill me now!"
She spoke too late, the blow was given,
And her pure spirit went to heaven.
The mark of death was on her breast,
And life-drops linger'd on her vest:
Her golden locks were parted, there
Upon that brow so young and fair.
She look'd as though she'd lain and wept
Herself away, then calmly slept.

She was a creature far too young
To live in *shame* and *guilt* and *wrong*.
The Sultan came—the father lay
Beside that wreck of lovely clay;
His clenched hand and blood-shot eye
Told of his soul's deep agony.
" 'Twas I, 'twas I, who did the deed!
'Twas I, who broke the bruised reed!"
He shrieked in accents deep and wild,
" 'Twas I who killed my only child,
To save her from the Sultan's arms!
'Twas I who blasted these young charms!
Oh, Zillah! could I hear thee speak
But one low word—I know I'm weak—
'Tis hard to have my life-strings riven,
And know not that I am forgiven.
Oh, Zillah!—but my brain is wild—
I come, I come, my stricken child!
I come my blighted, blasted flower!
This is thy father's dying hour.
And when the moon her vigils kept,
Father and Child together slept.

ROSAMOND.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.
THE LOST.

While I look back upon the scenes of my childhood, and let the transactions of my boyish hours stand before me, I view with rapture the form of one whose image and whose actions can never be erased from the tablets of my memory. He was the youngest son of a widow. When life's rosy bud had just begun to bloom, we were friends. We have often spent the hour of youthful mirth upon the plat of grass that grew before the door of my father's humble cottage, or whiled away a summer's day upon the banks of a rivulet that led its diminutive stream not far from his mother's abode. Oh! these were happy hours. Then were our hearts buoyant with hope and gladness. They knew not the sorrows of age, for then prophetic 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 not have that "anchor" to support him—judging from the past what the future would be, a complete disgust of existence 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 doted on him. At the age of 12, I was sent to a distant Seminary for the purpose of acquiring a classical education. I heard frequently from 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 "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream."—The companions of my boyish hours were scattered far away upon the world's wide waste—new faces greeted me from every dwelling. My father's cottage now lay in ruins, and near it I beheld a stupendous mansion which seemed to smile as in contempt upon what was once my home. And even a change, a woful change, had taken place in

our own family—"eloquar an sileam." The bones of my beloved parent were now mouldering in the receptacle of the dead. The epeurean worm was at its feast! He had left a world of sorrow and of sadness, to reap in the arms of his God the joys prepared for such as he. I visited his grave—the grass was yet green and beautiful that grew upon it, and it seemed a fit emblem of the immortal verdure in which, as I believe, his soul is now blooming. The cold marble tomb-stone that rose above his head only told the passing traveller that S..... B....., had lived and died. A fond mother welcomed me with a smile as I entered the home-dwelling. The glittering tear of affection stood in her eye, as she embraced her son. What a moment was that! After her numerous enquiries were answered, I asked her for my early friend. It was with reluctance that I drew the following particulars from her.

He had, soon after my departure, set up in business for himself: it was his unhappy lot to throw himself into company where the baleful, nay Satanic principles of infidelity were believed in. His noble nature at first, shrunk from them as it would from a pestilence. The principles which had been planted in his mind by his pious mother, for a long time resisted the effects of his poisonous companions. But when he was laughed at, and the finger of scorn was pointed at him as a mad enthusiast, a fanatic, and a fool, he could resist no longer. He reeled for a moment upon the summit of vice, then fell! and his fall was as Lucifer, never to rise again. Thus through a false pride, he sacrificed every hope of future happiness. The humble follower of virtue, was now transformed into the proud, blaspheming infidel. And was this all? surely not! The blighting effects of infidelity never end here. The demon which urged him to thus throw himself from the pinnacle of happiness did not stop here. INTemperance was the next step to which he was urged—like the stone hurled from the summit of a hill, the nearer he approached the depths of crime and degradation, the swifter he was urged on in his mad career. As may be expected, he failed in business: his time was now spent in the brothel and the ale-house. "I saw him," said my beloved parent, "a few moments since—oh! he was fearful to look upon: his cheeks were bloated, and the flush of health that once stood upon his manly brow, was changed for the pallid and sickly hue of the drunkard. His eyes, that once sparkled with joy and gaiety, now sunken and glassy, and his gaze, oh! it is the wild and vacant stare of insanity; and he now stands a memento of the effects of infidelity. He seems to discover "a fearful looking for of judgment," and well may he say of himself;

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

"And now, my son," said my beloved mother, as the tear of affection stood in her eye, "learn here a lesson, and beware!"

Pittsford, Dec. 1830.

ALEX.

Those who are easily flattered, are always easily cheated

From the Diary of a late London Physician

DEATH AT THE TOILET.

"Tis no use talking to me, mother, I will go to Mrs. P——'s party to-night, if I die for it—that's flat! You know as well as I do, that Lieutenant N—— is to be there, and he's going to leave town to-morrow—so up I go to dress."

"Charlotte, why will you be so obstinate? You know how poorly you have been all the week, and Dr. —— says late hours are the worst things in the world for you."

"Pshaw, 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 be wet and catch cold, rely on it. Come now, wont you stop and keep me company to night?—That's a good girl!"

"Some other night will do as well for that you know; for now I'll go to Mrs. P——'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 before her than bleak single blessedness. A weaker, more frivolous and conceited creature never breathed—the torment of her amiable parent, the nuisance of her acquaintance. Though her mother's circumstances were very straitened, sufficing barely to enable them to maintain a footing in what is called the middling genteel class of society, this young woman contrived by some means or other to gratify her penchant for dress, and gadded about here, there, and every where, the most showily dressed person in the neighborhood. Though far from being even pretty-faced, or having any pretensions to a good figure, for she both stooped and was skinny, she yet believed herself handsome; and by a vulgar, flippant forwardness of demeanour, especially when in a mixed company, extorted such attentions as persuaded her that others thought so.

For one or two years she had been an occasional patient of mine. The settled pallor, the sallowness of her complexion, conjointly with other symptoms, evinced the existence of a liver complaint; and the last visits I had paid her in consequence of frequent sensations of oppression and pain in the chest, which clearly indicated some organic disease of her heart—I saw enough to warrant me in warning her mother of the possibility of her daughter's sudden death from this cause, and the imminent peril to which she exposed herself by dancing, late hours, &c.; but Mrs. ——'s remonstrances, gentle and affectionate as they always were, were thrown away upon her headstrong daughter.

It was striking eight by the church clock, when Miss J——, humming the words of the song above mentioned, lit her chamber candle by her mother's, and withdrew to her room to dress, soundly rating the servant girl by the way, for not having starched some article or other which she intended to have worn that evening. As her toilet was usually a long and laborous business, it did not occasion much surprise to her mother, who was sitting by the fire in their little parlour, reading some book of devotion; that the church chimes announced the first quarter past nine o'clock, without her daughter's making her appearance. The noise she made over her head in walking to and fro to her drawers, dressing table, &c. had ceased about half an hour ago, and her mother supposed she was then engaged at her glass, adjusting her hair, and preparing her complexion.

"Well I wonder what can make Charlotte so very careful about her dress to-night!" exclaimed Mrs. J——, removing her eyes from the book, and gaz-

ing thoughtfully at the chair; "Oh! it is because young Lieutenant N.— is to be there. Well, I was young myself once, and it's very excusable in Charlotte—heigho!" She heard the wind howling so dismally without, that she drew together the coals of her brisk fire, and was laying down the poker when the clock of — church struck the second quarter after nine. "Why, what in the world can Charlotte be doing all this while?" she again inquired. She listened—"I have not heard her moving for the last three quarters of an hour! I'll call the maid and ask." She rung the bell, and the 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 one of her curls out; and she said, she should soon be ready.—She's burst 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 o'clock," said Mrs. —. The servant accordingly went up stairs, and knocked at the bedroom door—once, twice, thrice, but received no answer. There was a dead silence, except when the wind shook the window. Could Miss J.— have fallen asleep?—"Oh, impossible! She knocked again, but unsuccessfully as before. She became a little flustered; and after a moment's pause opened the door and entered. There was Miss J.— sitting at the glass. "Why, la, ma'am!" commenced Betty in a petulant tone, walking up to her, "here have I been knocking for these five minutes and"— Betty staggered horror struck to the bed, and uttering a loud shriek, alarmed Mrs. J.—, who instantly tottered up stairs, almost palsied with fright.—Miss J.— was dead!

I was there within a few minutes, for my house was not more than two streets distant. It was a stormy night in March; and the desolate aspect of things without—deserted streets—the dreary howling of the wind and incessant pattering of the rain—contributed to cast a gloom over my mind, when connected with the intelligence of the awful event that had summoned me out, which was deepened into horror by the spectacle I was doomed to witness.—On reaching the house, I found Mrs. J.— in violent hysterics, surrounded by several of her neighbors who had been called to her assistance. I repaired instantly to the scene of death, and beheld what I shall never forget. The room had but one window, and, before it was a table, on which stood a looking-glass, hung with little white drapery; and various paraphernalia of the toilet lay scattered about—pins, broaches, curling papers, ribands, gloves, &c. An arm chair was drawn to this table and in it sat Miss J.—, stone dead.—Her head rested upon her right hand, her elbow supported by the table; while her left hung down by her side grasping a pair of curling irons. Each of her wrists was encircled by a showy gilt bracelet. She was dressed in a white muslin frock, with some bordering. Her face was turned towards the glass, which, by the light of the expiring candle, reflected with frightful fidelity the clammy fixed features, daubed over with rouge and carmine—the fallen lower jaw—and the eyes directed full into the glass with a cold stare, that was appalling. On examining the countenance more narrowly, I thought I detected the traces of a smirk of conceit and self complacency, which not even the palsy touch of death could wholly obliterate.—The hair of the corpse, all smooth and glossy, was curled with elaborate precision; and the skinny sallow neck was encircled with a string of glistening pearls. The ghastly visage of death thus leering through the tinsel of fashion—the vain show of artificial joy—was a horrible mockery of the fooleries of life!

Indeed it was a most humiliating and shocking spectacle. Poor creature! struck dead in the very

act of sacrificing at the shrine of female vanity! She must have been dead for some time, perhaps for twenty minutes, or half an hour, when I arrived, for nearly all the animal heat had deserted the body, which was rapidly stiffening. I attempted, but in vain, to draw a little blood from the arm. Two or three women present proceeded to remove the corpse to the bed, for the purpose of laying it out.—What strange passiveness! No resistance offered to them while straightening the bent right arm, and binding the jaws together with a faded white riband, which Miss J.— had destined for her waist that evening.

On examination of the body, we found that death had been occasioned by disease of the heart. Her life might have been protracted, possibly for years, had she but taken my advice, and that of her mother. I have seen many hundreds of corpses, as well in the calm composure of natural death, as mangled, and distorted by violence; but never have I seen so startling a satire upon human vanity, so repulsive unsightly, and loathsome a spectacle as a corpse dressed for a ball!

THE FASHIONS.

PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS:
 FOR JANUARY, 1831.

WALKING DRESS.—Cloak of blue merino cloth, stamped with a black figure; collar of black velvet. Lining of the cloak, white satin. Black velvet hat, very much elevated in front, with a small low crown, and white egret feather. The hat trimmed with broad satin riband. Ruffle for the neck of quilled bobbinet. Blue cloth gaiters.

EVENING DRESS.—Dress of lilac aerophane; over, and under frock, of white satin, with a pointed lapel cape, trimmed with narrow blond edging, laid on plain. The corsage of lilac satin, trimmed also with narrow blond. Sleeves to correspond, having a double row of small point edged with blond, extending from the wrist nearly to the elbow. Scarf, of white blond gauze. Head-dress, a bandeau of pink gauze riband slightly twisted, having scoloped bows at intervals, and a drooping ostrich feather, shaded with pink, is attached and falls over the head.

Early Rising.—There is no time spent so stupidly as that which inconsiderate persons pass in a morning, between the sleeping and waking. He who is awake, may be at work or at play; he who is asleep, is receiving the refreshment necessary to fit him for action; but the hours spent in dozing and slumbering are wasted without either pleasure or profit.—The sooner you leave your bed, the seldomer you will be confined to it. When old people have been examined in order to ascertain the cause of their longevity, they have uniformly agreed in one thing only, that they "all went to bed, and all rose early."—*The Circular.*

All the Boston papers tell us that the "Hon." Daniel Webster has left home for Congress. Do, brethren of the noble city, leave off that honorable. It was well enough once in the better days of the Republic; but remember that Isaac Hill is "Hon." Thomas Moore is "Hon." Lee is "Hon."; Daniel Webster is above the epithet; it does not honor him; he needs no such honor. Give us the plain Dan. Webster, for—as the Englishman said of his beef—"there is something to chew upon."—*Portland Adv.*

Bankrupt Dividends.—The anecdote of the barber's failure, in Wednesday's paper, reminded a friend to call and tell us of a loss he met with a few days since, by the bankruptcy of a professional polisher of boots. The disciple of Day & Martin, had his only change pair of snow-trackers in possession, for the purpose of "gibin on e'm do reel shine,"—but as they did not appear at his door in due time in the morning, he put on his yesterday's dull pair and found his way to the shop of Cuffee Brush, which was fast as a door nail could make it. Cuff, however showed the dark of his countenance through a broken pane, and said,

"Good mornin' Massa."

"Open the door, Cuff."

"Oh, Massa, I berry sorry I cant admit your honor."

"Cant, why not?"

"Why I met misfortune, and been 'bliged to turn bankrupt."

"Ah, that's bad—how much have you failed for?"

"Tirteen dollar sebenty one cent, Massa."

"Well, hand out my boots, make an honest settlement with your creditors, and you'll do well enough."

"Here's one Massa"

"Hand along the other"

"Oh no, Massa, I only pays dibedend of fifty cent on de dollar."—*Bos. Eve. Post*

Detention of Mr. Taylor.—The Indian Board have received intelligence, that Mr. Taylor, so conspicuous lately in forwarding the steam navigation intercourse in the Indian seas, has been captured in the desert by the Arabs, on his return to Europe.

ANECDOTE.—A little boy went to a baker's in Boston, and bargained for a loaf of bread—"You must charge this to Father," he said to the baker. "I don't know your Father," said the man of loaves. "Don't know him," replied the boy, with the utmost simplicity, "don't know him—now I know him *jest as easy!*"

ANECDOTE.—An elephant being advertised as newly arrived in town, it was asked if it was going to tarry a great while. "I suppose so," gravely replied a by-stander, for I perceive that he has brought a *very large trunk with him.*

The following sign may be seen in Salisbury, England:—"Table bear sold hear." A wag asked if the bear was the man's own *bruin,*

Duties are ours—events are God's. This removes an infinite burden from the shoulders of a miserable, tempted, dying creature. On this consideration only, can he securely lay down his head and close his eyes. *Cecil.*

VALUABLE RECIPE.

When a crack is discovered in a stove, thro' which the fire or smoke penetrates, the aperture may be completely closed in a moment with a composition consisting of wood, ashes, and common salt, made into paste with a little water, plaistered over the crack. The good effect is equally certain, whether the stove, &c. be cold or hot.

The following affecting incident, made doubly so by being the work of savages, we extract from the "History of the Indian Wars."

The case of Miss M'Crea, 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 him and his followers, he halted within 3 miles of fort Edward, on which an assault 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 provincials 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 with the vestiges of his former flame, or to remain unconcerned for her safety. Amidst all the dangers of arrests, love, which is fruitful in expedients, 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 even 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 assurances of her most perfect safety. Her maid uttered nothing but shrieks and cries at the sight of the terrific savage; but the young lady's faith was as strong as her love. She set 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 the 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 her 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 guilty to punishment.

Foreign Extracts.

The Packet Ship John Jay, Capt. Holdredge, 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 by ever change in the temperature of the air that sweeps by it. At the date of our last advices, all was despondency and gloom. The Russian Bear was taking the attitude *salient*, and the Black Eagles of Prussia, were leaving the royal *eyrie*, and screaming for the prey. A single week has passed, and the bears are quietly in their dens, and the eagles in their nests.—In other words 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 fact ascertained, within that period. We tho't ourselves, and so intimated, 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 naked poinard 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 where those who ought to reform what is wrong will not do it, they may find 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, 12—*intemperate adults*, 968—children of intemperate parents, 108—*total*, victims of intemperance 1076,—temperate persons and persons not known as victims of intemperance, 60! Not one fortieth part of the persons received into that institution during the time mentioned, are known to be free from the influence of intemperate habits; while more than *seventeen eightieths* of them are known to be the victims of such habits!

We state the above facts on the authority of a gentleman of our acquaintance, who has lately visited the institution referred to, and whose accuracy may be relied on.—*Gen. Temp.*

HISTORICAL SCRAPS.

Julius Cæsar fought 50 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.

Detantus fought 120 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 Cæsar 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, falling from his horse, and being trepanned, became very remarkable for the spightfulness of his genius.

The great orator, Carvinus, forged his own name.

Mithridates spoke to the ambassadors 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 calico 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 out 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 bombazette, &c.

AWFUL RAVAGES OF THE CHOLERA MORBUS AT ASTRACHAN.

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. Petersburg. 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 requested to inform the watchmen, who stand night and day at the watchhouses, 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 every thing 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 it as he had done. But, ah! 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 agonies were 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 are left as sheep without a shepherd. But he is gone: his tongue is now silent in the grave, and his pen is laid down forever.

The next person who was seized in our house was good Mrs. Lovets, another of our German friends. She was the wife of the Sarepta commissioner. The disease rapidly preyed upon her frame, and she sunk into the arms of death. After the funeral, her bereaved husband hastened away with his three

motherless children, in the hope of escaping the contagion; but he carried death with him; and three stages from Astrachan he died, and was buried by the road-side; for such was the fear and horror of the villagers near him, that they would not permit him to come near them while he lived, nor to be buried near them after he was dead.

Next, my beloved wife was attacked.—Our family physician was at this time also affected by the cholera; but he prescribed for Mrs. Glen, who, after lingering in awful suspense for some time on the brink of eternity, was mercifully restored.

Having stated what particularly referred to my own family, I will now give you a more extensive view of it. In general, business of every kind was at a stand.—The bank suspended its operations. In the bazaar not a whisper was heard; even the Kabaks, those scenes of iniquity, those moral pests, were abandoned, and a general gloom spread over the countenances of the few solitary individuals who were to be seen walking through the streets. This gloom was heightened by their attitude, moving pensively about with handkerchiefs at their noses, perfumed with, or containing, camphor, so as to counteract the infection with which it was supposed by medical gentlemen that the open air was in a measure saturated.

According to the best accounts, when the disease was at its height, the number of funerals, on one particular day, was 500, and another 480. More than 1000 were buried about this time in a large sand-pit, for want of graves, which could not be dug so fast as required, nor at a rate that the poor could afford; twenty-five roubles being demanded for each.—Such a time was never before seen in Astrachan.

On the roads leading to the burial grounds, which are out of the city, scarcely any thing 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, beside 1,000, or, as some say, 2,000 of those from the interior of Russia, who were passing the summer here, 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 indescribable hardships on their passage up the riv-

er, as the Cahmucks 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, 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 thoughtless 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!

Georgia Spirit—an example for the whole world.—A gentleman from Georgia says, that such has been the change in the habits and feelings of the people in his part of the State, that, should a candidate for office give ardent spirits, as formerly, it would prevent his election!

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 previous, high up the Arkansas, between two parties of Osages and Pawnees, in which the former were victorious, having killed 18 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. 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 decidedly 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 sully 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 evidently 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 Yourou, 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 canter, when I found myself all 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. And 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; as had our late worthy disciplinarian, Sir David Dundas himself been looking on, I think that even he would have admitted that he never saw any one stand so fiercely upright as I did behind mine, while the balls were rapping into it as if a fellow had been hammering a nail on the opposite side, not to mention the number which were whistling past, within the eighth of an inch of every part of my body, particularly in the vicinity of my nose, for which the upper part of the tree could barely afford protection.—*Kincaid's Memoirs.*

Punctuality.—Nothing begets confidence sooner than punctuality. In business of religion it is the true path to honor and respect, while it procures a felicity to the mind, unknown to those who make promises only to break them,

or suffer themselves to be so entangled in their own concerns, as to be incapable of being their own masters. Whoever wishes to advance his own interest, and to secure the approbation of others, must be punctual.

Craniology.—Philosophy is a very pleasant thing, and has various uses; one is, that it makes us laugh; and certainly there are no speculations in philosophy, that excite the risible faculties more than some of the serious stories related by fanciful philosophers. One man cannot think with the left side of his head; another, with the sanity of the right side judges the insanity of the left side of his head. Zimmerman, a very grave man, used to draw conclusions as to a man's temperament, from his nose!—not from the size or form of it, but the peculiar sensibility of the organ; while some have thought, that the temperature of the atmosphere might be accurately ascertained by the state of its tip! and Cardan considered *acuteness of the organ* a sure proof of genius!

Lying.—A Dutch ambassador, entertaining the king of Siam with an account of Holland, about which his majesty was very inquisitive, amongst other things told him, that water in his country would sometimes get so hard that men walked upon it; and that it would bear an elephant with the utmost ease. To which the king replied, "Hitherto I have believed 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 persevere 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 those fabulous trees described by St. Odeic,—the fruits which they bring forth are no 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 inviolable fidelity, good humor, 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 when compared with a wall which is conducted over high mountains, some of which rise to the height of five thousand two hundred and twenty-five feet; across the deepest vales, 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 massy bastion. The extent is computed at 1500 miles, and is of such enormous thickness that six horsemen may ride abreast upon it.

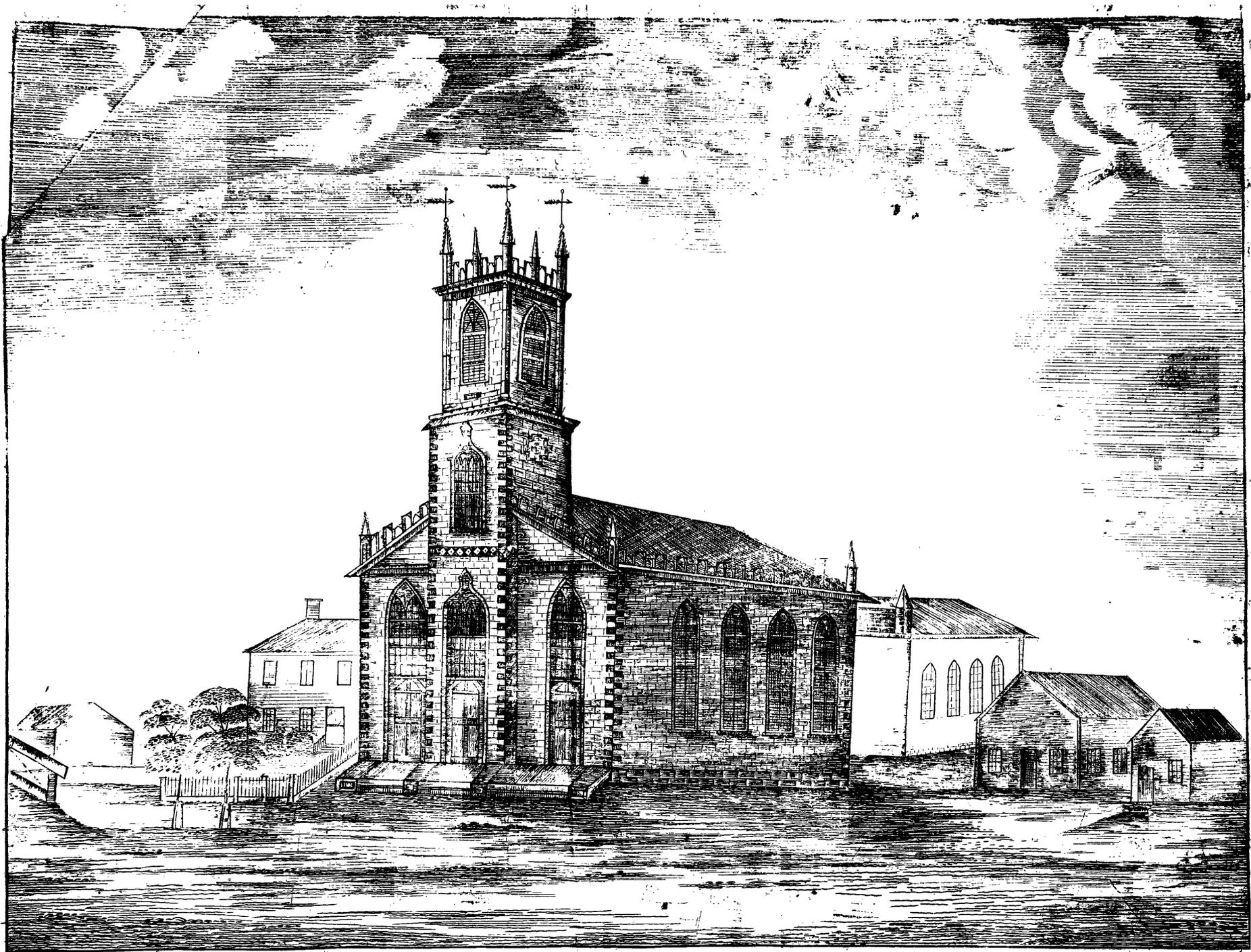
Sir George Staunton, who accompanied Lord Macartney in his embassy to China, considers this great barrier to have been erected at least 2000 years.—Du Halde also says "this prodigious wall was constructed 215 years before the birth of Christ, by the order of the first emperor of the family of Tsin, to 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. Thienemann, 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, or to the night, but are present, in favorable circumstances, at all times, but are only distinctly visible during the absence of the solar ray.
2. 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. S. W.
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 cross a river 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 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 and take the mare. "Oh! botheration to ye," exclaimed Pat, in all his tribulation, "it's no time now jontlemen, to talk about swapping horses."



ST. LUKE'S CHURCH ROCHESTER

M. GABLE
ROCHESTER - NY

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 pearl and costly bracelets deck
Her round white arms and lovely neck.

Like summer's sky, with stars bedight,
The jewelled robe around her,
And dazzling as the noontide light,
The radiant zone that bound her;
And pride and joy were in her eye,
And mortals bowed as she passed by.

Another came—o'er her mild face
A pensive shade was stealing,
Yet there no grief of earth we trace,
But that deep, and holy feeling,
Which mourns the heart should ever stray
From the pure fount of truth away.

Around her brow, a snow drop fair,
The glossy tresses cluster;
Nor pearl nor ornament was there,
Save the meek spirit's lustre—
And faith and hope beamed from her eye,
And angels bowed as she passed by.

From the Gem of a Farmer.

SUN FLOWER.

As we have noticed this plant growing year after year in the fields in our country, without cultivation, we are induced to believe that the soil and climate are extremely well adapted to the growth of it as a field crop. We were particularly struck with the growth of it in a field, a little west of Penfield, on the interval; it continued to grow several years without cultivation, and yet the plants were large and vigorous. It may be said, that there are no mills for extracting the oil: granted; but once commence the cultivation of the seed, and you may rest assured that some Yankee will furnish a mill, or purchase the seed of you.

"In Philadelphia, a beggar upon crutches lately entered a bar room, imploring charity. He had a dog, which he offered to sell for 25 cents. One of the company, pretending to be a constable, entered and charged him with stealing a dog, and took him into the street, as if to take him to a magistrate, when, giving him a chance, the beggar threw away his crutches, and scampered out of sight in a minute."

"Female Worthies"—They are the charmers after all. Can't we devise a system of "Equal Republican Education" for the creatures? How to make good puddings, and catch good husbands? How to dress simply and charmingly, and how to talk sensibly and feelingly? They have more influence upon the rising generation of heroes and statesmen, than all the schoolmasters and 'Domine Sampsons' from Dan to Bersheba.

A friend in a western county says:—"In several towns in this vicinity, indeed as far as my information upon that subject extends, the cause of temperance advances and outruns the efforts of its friends. In this town 400 names are on the rolls of the society. In the adjoining town of E—, the "Anti Orthodox Temperance Society," has gone down. In the town of F—, another equally anti still exists. It is called by way of distinction the "Christian Temperance Society." Its founder is a preacher of the Gospel and professes to follow the example of Christ. Their constitution allows only of the temperate use of strong drink, and strictly prohibits swearing and gouging. Its disciples become amenable to discipline when they say Sa-
rday

instead of Saturday; and when they make more account of the breadth than of the length of the road."—*Rochester Observer.*

THE GEM.

Rochester, Saturday January 26, 1831.

"When in plenty you sit by a good fire-side,
Sure you ought to remember the poor."

Winter reigns. The sound of the 'merry sleigh-bell' peals constantly upon the ear, and all is bustle and hum. The fields are a blank, and the snow-clad hills lift their whited heads in the distance, all proclaiming that winter sits. And now while his chains bind fast the energies of nature; when the storm-spirit moans at the lattice, and the freezing wind, with its invisible fingers finds its way into our sitting-rooms—let those who are protected from its chilling influence remember, that there may be some who are shivering before the piercing blast—unprotected either by sufficient shelter or food. Let them go out and distribute comfort among the distressed and the destitute, and then when they find themselves snugly enjoying comfortable quarters and listen to the howling of the storm, they may easily imagine that they hear the voice of gratitude mingled with the howl of the bleak wind, and feel a double comfort in the reflection that they have helped to turn away the piercing gale from a breast already scathed by poverty's blight.

☞ The person who has the first No. of the Lady's Book, belonging to us, will please return it.

☞ "Horace," in our next. "W." will please to give us more of his thoughts. Where is "Afton."

The Gem of a Farmer.—We omitted to mention this publication in our last. The Farmer is published by Messrs. Tucker & Stevens, weekly, at \$2 per ann. in advance. It is devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture, &c. The editors remark, "that while practical improvements have flowed like streams from the press, agriculture and horticulture 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 handsome semi-monthly sheet, and appears to be well conducted. Price \$1 per ann. 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 \$2 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 Etna, capt. Belcher, has sailed upon her voyage to survey the western coast of Africa, from lat, 10 deg, to 30 deg. N.

A comet may be seen in a clear morning, from 3 to 6 o'clock. It rises about 3, in an E. by S. E. direction.—*Albany Argus.*

There is no jewel more precious than charity.

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH.

The engraving of this edifice for public worship has been politely furnished us by a gentleman of this village, and a particular friend to St. Luke's. We applied for, and expected a minute description of the building, but were disappointed. St. Luke's Church was erected in 1824 5 by the congregation attached to it, who for some time previous worshipped in a wood building which appears in rear of the new church. Since its first erection it has been considerably enlarged by an addition of 30 feet to the length; and its present dimensions upon the ground are 102 feet by 53. It is built of stone, elegantly pencilled and finished, and is in style entirely Gothic. In the inside a gallery runs around it except upon the west end, supported by six triple-post pillars, painted in imitation of the grey marble. The wall overhead consists of a single arch running lengthwise over the body of the house. Above the galleries is also a parallel arch to that over the body of the house, and there are six counter arches—one before each window—which rest upon the marble pillars mentioned, forming a quadrangle at the base, and running up to a junction with the main gallery arch. The finish of St. Luke's is said to be unsurpassed in the United States. It is neatly ornamented with carved and stucco work, and every part highly finished and fretted, particularly the pulpit, the altar and chancel. From the centre of the six arches mentioned, are suspended six heavy lamps. There is a large Organ placed in the gallery, which bears a comparison to the rest of the house: This Church stands on Fitzhugh-street, fronting the Court-House square. Several improvements about it have been made since this plate was taken.

Height of the principal buildings in Europe.—A discussion having arisen, on the continent respecting the height of the cathedral of Anvers compared with that of St. Peter's at Rome, the following are the results of the enquiry, expressed in English feet:—

Highest pyramid of Egypt,	476,27
Cathedral of Anvers,	472,66
Cathedral of Stratsburgh,	466,27
Spire of St. Stephen's, Vienna,	452,95
Spire of St. Martin's, Landshut,	449,75
Cupola of St. Peter's Rome,	433,76
Spire of St. Michael's Hambeurg,	428,43
Spire of St. Paul's, Rome,	491,43
Cathedral of St. Paul, London,	391,02
Cathedral of Ulm,	359,16
Cathedral of Milan,	358,09
Towers degli Asinell, at Bologna,	351,09
Dome of the Invalids, Paris,	344,66
Cathedral of Magdeburg,	338,58
Cupola of the Pantheon,	359,03
Bulustrade of Notre Dame,	216,67

New Church at Rome.—The Presbytery of Oneida have this week taken steps for dividing the church in the village of Rome, and setting off about one hundred of the members, principally the fruits of the recent revivals, and organizing them into a second congregational church to be connected with the presbytery, on what is termed "the accommodating plan."—*Utica Chris. Jour.*

ORIGINAL POETRY



WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TO A SNOW-BIRD;

ON SEEING IT LIGHT IN MY WINDOW.

Trembling warbler! why linger here?
The summer's sun has gone;
Autumn's leaf is faded and sere,
And the flowers of the lawn;
Bright sheets of snow, cloak yon high hills,
And hide the blooming plains,
Winter's cold blast is on the rills,
And holds their voice in chains.

A summer's sky cheers not their hours,
Nor nature's gladd'ning voice;
The fragrant breath of dew-kiss'd flowers,
Bids not thy heart rejoice:
The trees are robb'd of their sweet bloom,
And droop in deepest sadness;
Nature's bowers are enwrap't in gloom,
Are strip't of all their gladness.

A winter's sky, and hail, and snow,
Greet now thy trembling form;
Spring's sweet smile, nor summer's glow
Cheers thee now—the cold storm
Its blighting breath is whisp'ring by,
And robs thee of thy rest,
The leafless trees sigh mournfully,
With winter's chains opprest.

Mark ye yon playful, warbling throng,
Now so sweetly singing?
They bid adieu with a farewell song,
An early flight are winging
To milder climes, where blooming trees
Spread their boughs to greet them,
Where the flower-breath's playful breeze
With odour sweet will meet them.

But stay, I would not have thee go;
I love to hear thy song
In softest, sweetest numbers flow
The chilly air along:
Nay, do not go, I'd have thee stay,
To cheer my hours of sadness;
And with thy mildest, tuneful lay,
Fill all my heart with gladness.
Auburn, 1830.

ANNA.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

The following lines are the production of the widow of Joel Luce, who was murdered in 1812, in Hubbardton, Rutland co. Vt. by a banditti who were engaged in running and dealing in contraband goods. The authoress 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.

STANZAS.

To mark prosperity's decay,
And life's endearments die away,
Without one friend to weep our fall,
Deplor'd by none—but shunn'd by all—
This, this is envy's bitterest curse,
Nor height of spite can form a worse:
And ah! 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 envy's sport we be,
And pierc'd with keenest gales, that blow
From adverse fortune's ceaseless snow.

If aught bespeaks a heart repin'd,
If aught adorns a noble mind,
If aught attraction has for me,
'Tis pity's tear—and charity.
From highest source of purest worth,
Those heavenly traits receiv'd their birth—
And with a lustre sacred shine,
And shed on earth a ray divine.

Let vain philosopher's decree,
And vainer sophists madly try
To bar their stubborn hearts with steel,
And sense condemn they cannot feel—
Nay, proudly make the stoic's boast,
And scorn the pain affliction cost:—
They cannot soar the piercing gales,
When cold adversity assails.

'Tis mere chimera—bombast vain,
To say it costs no poignant pain—
When ills beset on ev'ry side,
When friends forsake, and foes deride.
They scorn to ask, yet wish to share
That pity sweet, which soothes despair—
That spark which glows with heavenly fire,
Which even angels must admire.
Cambria, N. Y. 1831.

P. B. L.

From the Connecticut Observer.

"WHAT IS OUR LIFE?"

Life—'tis a path through this valley of tears,
Where enjoyment and sorrow alternately grow;
'Tis the sunlight of hope, o'er a landscape of fears;
The minglings of joy in the chalice of wo.
Tread, tread ye that path, with your eye on the sod;
And mingle that cup for the glory of God.

Life—'tis an hour of probation, that's given
In mercy to man while a wanderer here,
'Tis a time to prepare for the glory of Heaven,
When the spirit shall soar to a holier sphere,—
Seize, seize ye that moment, for on it doth hang
Eternity's joy, or eternity's pang.

Life—'tis a vanishing vapor—a dream,
Whose passing delusion we vainly deplore;—
'Tis a wave, rolling swiftly o'er time's troubled stream,
To break and be dash'd on eternity's shore.—
Heaven's breezes improve—may their influence blest
Waft you safe o'er that wave, to the haven of rest.

Life—'tis an Eden—but ah! in its bowers,
The serpent of shame and of anguish is found;
And the bright flaming sword of calamity lowers,
To prohibit approach where our blessings abound,—
Be prepared, when as outcasts from Eden ye rove,
To enter an Eden eternal above.

Life—'tis a journey, whose joys of to-day,
Are dash'd by our fears of the evil to come;
And affliction and sorrow but urge us away
From its wearisome course to a sorrowless home.
Ye pilgrims of earth, on that life's thorny road,
Hasten on to the heavenly "city of God."
So live that the past shall not waken a sigh,
When the angel of death sends you summons to die.
Hartford, Nov. 1830. N. S.

We are assured that the following lines constituted the superscription of a letter, received at the Post-Office in Sandy Bay, lately:—

Unto Miss Lucy Morris go,
Who lives about Castine,
She's all the go, with every beau,
You know the one I mean.

From Castine go, it must be so,
For now I well remember,
She went away to Sandy Bay,
Sometime in last September.

Ambition travels on a road too narrow for
friendship—too steep for safety.

Dr. Franklin says that "seven hours sleep
is enough for a scholar, eight for a labourer,
and nine for a hog."

Items of news.

Mr. Bloodgood, the Mayor of Albany commenced his official duties on New Year's Day, by throwing open the doors of the Debtor's prison, and letting the captives go free! The Mayor himself paid the debts for which the inmates were immured.

The Closing Scene.—J. J. Knapp, Jr. was executed at Salem on Friday morning, at about nine o'clock. His department was much like that of his brother. He was calm and collected. The parting interview 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 partings with his wife and father were both affecting scenes. His wife was borne from the cell.—*N. Y. Spect.*

The population of the Territory of Arkansas is ascertained to be about 59,000, 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 Potomac, now lying at the Navy Yard at Washington. She 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 utterly destitute is computed by the Limerick Post to amount to over 30,000.

Gold.—Upwards of \$200,000 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 the other "Georgia Gold."

ITALY—Illness of the Pope.—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 Pontificate had been put in commission. The Holy Father was not expected to live many hours when this courier left.

THE GEM,
A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.

2d VOLUME—TO CONTAIN 4 ENGRAVINGS.

TERMS, &c.

The GEM will be published every other Saturday, in quarto form, and paged 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 SCRANTOM.

Office in the Globe Building, East end of the Bridge.

Sets 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.

THE GEM,

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

BE OURS THE PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 20.

ROCHESTER, FEBRUARY 5, 1831.

VOL. II.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.
POETIC SKETCHES.

By Joseph Single.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Editor—Away on yonder hill
Which rises to the east of your good city,
I take my station—and with ink and quill,
I've been hovering 'twixt the grave and witty,
To see if I could not, where all is still,
Weave out a something, which, tho' truth condemn,
You might insert, as "written for the Gem."

II.

What a high hill is this!—and this old wreck
Of a wood building, how its trappings rattle!
As the cold wind drives o'er its upper-deck
Which gapes and trembles in the stormy battle!
My conscience! what a doubly chilling chill
The wind has, on the summit of this hill!

III.

But this old building—this deserted hut,
With all its windows gaping, without sash,
And broken doors that cannot now be shut
Against the storm, or whirlwind's fearful dash—
I would e'en tell you how 'twas wreck'd thus, but
I fear 'twould shock you—for the deed was rash—
And carried one, most illy fit to die,
Swift as an arrow, to eternity!

IV.

This house was once a kind of a retreat,
Where those who'd clamber'd up the craggy flight
To see the beauties which the eye can meet
From every point about this dizzy height,
Could enter in and rest their weary feet,
While gazing off with telescopic sight—
Indeed, in summer 'twas a kind of bower,
Protecting both from sunshine, and from shower.

V.

Its builder was—but how my heart revolts!—
I knew him in the sunlight of his youth,
When his young soul was not all marr'd with faults,
Or if it was, the world knew not the truth:—
Oh! what an awful time 'tis when one halts
'Tween vice and virtue!—'Tis life or death for-
sooth!

He turn'd alas! from virtue, and from right,
And oh! how quick there came a fearful blight.

VI.

But I was saying, that the builder's fate
Was seal'd in his own house. He had drank deep
Of those vile death-potations which of late
Had steep'd his senses with destruction's sleep—
Close by his fire-side stupidly he sat,
And death seem'd o'er his blunted sense to sleep.
The fire dart sped!—and down the trembling hill
A thundering peal roll'd forth—and all was still!

VII.

High o'er that shatter'd frame a volume rose,
And sat portentous on the cloud-capt hill,
And silence reign'd there at the evening's close,
As deep as death—as awful—and as still!
The secret of the mystery, but One knows—
'Twas powder that had caus'd the dreadful ill—
And a poor wretch, all black and scarr'd with crime,
Had launch'd his soul beyond the bounds of time.

VIII.

But this is quite too sad—I'll e'en dismiss
It for the present time—Yet I would say,
That if I've time, anon, I'll take up this
Mournful subject in another way.—

Here's what I've written this time—such as 'tis—

It may not please your readers, and it may—
I send it down—'tis something of a gingle—
Respectfully I am yours—, JOSEPH SINGLE.
Mount-Hor, January 19, 1831.

From the New-Haven Palladium.

HEROICS.

"Money! you young spendthrift!" said
my uncle Jerry Turntumble, as I asked him
for a shilling to celebrate Independence;
"money! money! let me see; perhaps I may
have an odd copper for you." He fumbled in
the side pocket of his coat, and, seemingly
with much hesitancy, lugged out a ponderous
pocket book of very aboriginal appearance,
which probably had not seen the light for
many a day. For uncle Jerry was an ex-
ceedingly prudent man, that never show'd
off his money for fear of being robbed, and
never spent it, for a still greater fear of being
starved. Yet as he was also of rather a be-
nevolent turn, he always carried the huge old
pocket book by him, lest peradventure, he
should be caught in a fit of charity, without
any means of gratifying the extemporaneous
quail. I watched the fat old gentleman's
round face, with boyish curiosity, as he open-
ed the book of destiny, and turned leaf after
leaf, without appearing to be very anxious for
the object of his search. His portly person
projected even farther forward than the arms
of his venerable elbow chair, and his bald
head crowned with a circle of light gray locks
rested easily against the back. My uncle
Jerry Turntumble tapp'd lightly with his foot
on the floor, to keep time to the current of his
ideas—casting auguries on the smiles and
the impatient snivels that alternately waddled
over his lazy countenance, and lurked in the
wrinkles that rallied round his mouth, nose
and eyes, as he plodded through nooks and
crevices of the old pocket book. At length
hestumbled on something that attracted his
attention from "top to toe;" for his head start-
ed up from its posture—he gave a start at the
leaf of the pocket book, brought it up close to
his face, then thrust it off at a distance till he
had fixed it in the focus for observation and
finally raised his feet to my chair, which stood
before him, he pushed himself backwards on
the extremities of the rockers. All who are
acquainted with the yankees, know what an
uncontrolable propensity they have to this
awkward position, which gave them frequent
opportunities of displaying their agility at a
side spring to save themselves from tumbling
backwards, and perhaps a broken head.—
Thus situated, uncle Jerry, with vest gravity
examined the object of his curiosity. He
turned it first on side up, then the other gave
it a front start, then a side squint; pish'd poh'd,
rubbed his face, and burst into one of those
confidential fits of laughter, which frolic so luxur-
iantly over the whole frame of a very fat

man. His cheeks so loosely plump, and his
front so ponderously corpulent, did dance
most gloriously to the internal glee of his
heart. I was half astounded, and half tickled
at his inexplicable merriment. "It's droll,
uncle an't it?" ejaculated I, after waiting in
vain, for the end of this comic performance.
"Yes, boy ha! ha! ha!" and he as if excited
to fresh efforts, roared even louder than be-
fore, but throwing his head back with a trium-
phant flourish, to give force to his mirth, un-
fortunately destroyed the balance of his posi-
tion and over went the arm chair, uncle
Jerry and all

Never did the ripe pumpkin put forth a
more pithy pumb! pumb! or utter a more
eloquent ventriloquial rumble, than did uncle
Jerry, as his round, pudding stuffed corpora-
tion emptied itself out of its perch on chair on
the floor. Away he flew with much
velocity and dignity. I involves
thro' philosophical speculation, I talk-
ed of poles which his progress, that ve-
ry well represent, as the centre of
motion with infinite certainty, and never so
much as thought of coming in contact with
the plane on which his central rotundity was
moving. But as his progress was trans-
versely through the room his head first put a
period to his masterly performance by a vio-
lent contact with the wall. I pursued, with a
mixture of comedy and tragedy in my face:
and, by dint of boosting and tugging, at
length succeeding in restoring the fat old gen-
tleman to an erect position. Uncle Jerry's
face, at that moment, resembled the closing
scene of a feudal banquet, where the rem-
nants of excessive mirth are odly enough
contrasted with the broils and perhaps brok-
en heads to which it has given occasion.—
Looking at him with the expression of half
ridicule and half condolence, I again hailed
him with, it's droll, an't it, uncle Jerry?"—
He said not a word, but rubbed his head and
sighed, I picked up the pocket book, and saw
that what had given cause to so much both of
merriment and sadness, was, in truth, no-
thing but a rude sketch with a pencil of a wo-
man standing up, and a man lying down.—
Now there was nothing very marvellous in
this; but yet uncle Jerry, in spite of his mis-
fortune, seemed hard tempted to burst out a
laughing again, when I handed it back to
him. "Ah, Dorothy," said he, seating him-
self and shaking his head, "ah, Dorothy,
Dorothy! this an't the first time you've floored
me." "Why, aunt Dorothy is dead; she can't
hurt you." "Yes, yes; she's dead, and it's all
for the best, no doubt, for she used to make a
terrible racket here on earth. Ah, boy, you
never got knocked down with a soap ladle,
as I have. Faith, she was a splasher, that
Dorothy. This picture I drew of a scrape

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 round the house then, almost up to the doors, you know. On that side of the house, there was a prodigious thicket, so close that you couldn't see through it at all. Well the war broke, out, and I began to feel a little skittish about living alone there, in the woods, where I was exposed to the attacks of the wild beast and the Indians, and Dorothy, all at once.— So I went out by the thicket one day, where Dorothy was boiling a whopping great kettle of soap, and down I set on a log, and says I, "Dorothy," we'd better be moving back where somebody lives?" "No?" says she.— "Why?" says I. "Cause says she. (You know your aunt Dorothy always had a reason for every thing.)—"Why, Dorothy," says I, "we shall all be killed here, as sure as a gun." She began to look, tarnal 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 of your hot soap on me," says I. "Keep out of the way then." I began to think as much for I had no taste for hot soap. But, just as I was starting, what a yell, and four horrid gr—ped out of the thicket. I hid beh— they didn't see me." "Why, Dorothy, why did you leave us?" "Why, you silly coot, we were four of them. What could I do, I went on with his story. "The Indians yell'd and my wife squall'd. I'd heard my wife before, and the savages before; but it was a rare piece of music to hear them both together. So I peeped out from behind the stump to see how it went.— Spli' me if my good old Dorothy wa'n't dealing out soap over them with a vengeance.— How they did kick and jump, and yell, but she din't stop for that. She dealt out full ladles full of the stuff hissing hot, into their faces and on to their naked arms and legs, while they cut up all manner of capers in the air, and finally took to their heels roaring and howling like the very d—! I couldn't help laughing right out, to see Dorothy pouring out, the boiling soap on them, like a volcano and scalding and biting themselves like mad cats. So when they were out of sight, I ran up to my wife, and was about to bestow around of kisses but she twirled the ladle round, and gave me such a knock on the head as laid me on the ground as flat as a flounder. "It's I, Dorothy, says I, "it's I—it an't an Indian." "I know it," says she.— "How could you then" says I. "Look here sir!" says she, 'you little cowardly puppy! when I've been killing Indians half an hour, I'd have you to know I'm in no mood to be kissed.' 'Very probably,' says I.

Parental Promises.—If a parent make a promise to a child, it should be strictly performed, however trivial; and a child should never be told a falsehood even in the most trifling matter—unless the object be to teach the child equivoication and falsehood, and train him up for the penitentiary or the gallows.

THE INDIAN MOTHER.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

We extract the tender and affecting recital which follows, from an annual called the AMULET, for 1831. It illustrates the method by which the Spanish Catholics were wont to convert the natives of South-America. Father Gomez is the iron-hearted missionary who had charge of their converting machinery.—*Index.*

Among the passions and vices which Father Gomez had brought from his cell in the convent of Angostara, 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, bind them, and bring them off 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 busied in making cakes of the cassava 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; and from time to time, while thus employed, the mother turned her eyes, beaming with fond affection, upon the playful gambols of two little infants, who, being just able to crawl alone, were rolling together 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

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.— Instantly 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 the other to follow, rushed from the hut towards 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 former haunts.

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 community; and then heedless of the tears of the mother, and the cries of her children, he commanded his followers to row back with all speed to San Fernando.

There Guahiba and her infants were placed in a hut under the guard of two Indians; some food was given to her, which she at first refused, but afterwards, as if on reflection, accepted. A young Indian girl was then sent to her—a captive convert of her own tribe, who had not yet quite forgotten her native language. She tried to make Guahiba comprehend that in this village she and her children must remain during the rest of their lives, in order that they might go to heaven after they were dead. Guahiba listened, but understood nothing of what was addressed to her, nor could she be made to conceive for what purpose she was torn from her husband and her home, nor why she was to dwell for the remainder of her life among a strange people, and against her will. During that night she remained tranquil, watching over her infants as they slumbered by her side; but the moment the dawn appeared, she took them in her arms and ran off to the woods. She was immediately brought back; but no sooner were the eyes of her keepers turned from her, than she snatched up her children, and again fled;—again—and again! At every new attempt she was punished with more and more severity, she was kept from food, and at length repeatedly and cruelly beaten. In vain!—apparently she did not even understand why she was thus treated; and one instinctive idea alone, the desire of escape, seemed to possess her mind, and govern all her movements. If her oppressor only turned from her, or looked another way for an instant, she invariably caught up her children, and ran off towards the forest. Father Gomez was at length wearied by what he termed her 'blind obstinacy;' and as the only means of securing the three, he took measures to separate the mother from

her children, and resolved to convey Guahiba to a distant mission, whence 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 towed away.

The unhappy Guahiba sat at 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 up towards the sun, 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 farther 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 withers 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 thunderstruck for some moments, unable to give utterance to the extremity of his rage and astonishment. When, at length, he found voice, he commanded his Indians to pull with all their might to the shore: then to pursue the poor fugitive, and bring her back to him, dead or alive.

Guahiba, meantime, while strength remained to break her way through the tangled wilderness, continued her flight; but, soon exhausted and breathless with the violence of her exertions, she was obliged to relax in her efforts, and at length sunk down at the foot of a huge laurel tree, where she concealed herself, as well as she might, among the long interwoven grass. There, crouching and trembling in her lair, she heard the voices of her persecutors hallooing to each other through the thicket. She would probably have escaped but for a large mastiff which the Indians had with them, and which scented her out in her hiding-place. The moment she heard the dreadful animal snuffing the air, and tearing his way through the grass, she knew she was lost. The Indians came up. She attempted no vain resistance: but, with a sullen passiveness, suffered herself to be seized and dragged to the shore.

When the merciless priest beheld her, he determined to inflict on her such discipline as he thought would banish her children from her memory, and cure her forever of her passion for escaping. He ordered her to be stretched upon that granite rock where she had landed from the canoe, on the summit of which she

had stood, as if exulting in her flight,—THE ROCK OF THE MOTHER—as it has ever since been denominated—and there flogged till she could scarcely move or speak. She was then bound more securely, placed in the canoe, and carried to Javita, the seat of a mission far up the river.

“It was near sunset when they arrived at this village, and the inhabitants were preparing to go to rest. Guahiba was deposited for the night in a large barn-like building, which served as a place of worship, a public magazine, and occasionally, as a barrack.—Father Gomez ordered two or three Indians of Javita to keep guard over her alternately, relieving each other through the night; and then went to repose himself after the fatigues of his voyage. As the wretched captive neither resisted nor complained, Father Gomez flattered himself that she was now reduced to submission. Little could he fathom the bosom of this fond mother! He mistook for stupor, or resignation, the calmness of a fixed resolve. In absence, in bonds, and in torture, her heart throbbled with but one feeling; one thought alone possessed her whole soul: her children—her children—and still her children!

Among the Indians appointed to watch her was a youth, about eighteen or nineteen years of age, who, perceiving that her arms were miserably bruised by the stripes she had received, and that she suffered the most acute agony from the savage tightness with which the cords were drawn, let fall an exclamation of pity in the language of her tribe.—Quick she seized the moment of feeling, and addressed him as one of her people.

“Guahibo,” she said, in a whispered tone, “thou speakest my language, and doubtless thou art my brother! Wilt thou see me perish without pity, O son of my people? Ah, cut these bonds which enter into my flesh! I faint with pain! I die!”

The young man heard, and, as if terrified, remained a few paces from her, and kept silence. Afterwards, when his companions were out of sight, and he was left alone to watch, he approached, and said, “Guahiba!—our fathers were the same, and I may not see thee die; but if I cut these bonds white man will flog me:—wilt thou be content if I loosen them, and give thee ease?” And, as he spoke he stooped and loosened the thongs on her wrists and arms; she smiled upon him languidly, and appeared satisfied.

Night was now coming on. Guahiba dropped her head on her bosom and closed her eyes, as if exhausted by weariness. The young Indian, believing that she slept, after some hesitation laid himself down on the mat. His companions were already slumbering in the porch of the building, and all was still.

Then Guahiba raised her head. It was night—dark night—without moon or star.—There was no sound, except the breath of the sleepers around her, and the humming of the mosquitoes. She listened for some time with her whole soul; but all was silence. She then gnawed the loosened thongs asunder with her teeth. Her hands once free, she released her

feet; and when the morning came she had disappeared. Search was made for her in every direction, but in vain; and Father Gomez, baffled and wrathful, returned to his own village.

The distance between Javita and San Fernando, where Guahiba had left her infants, is 25 leagues in a straight line. A fearful wilderness of gigantic forest trees, and intermingling 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 along 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 pathless woods, where rivulets, swollen to torrents, intercepted her at every step; where thorny lianas, twining from tree to tree, posed an almost impenetrable barrier; where the mosquitoes hung in clouds, and where the jaguar and alligator lurked to devour her; where the rattlesnake, the water serpent lay coiled up in the damp grass, ready to 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 directed—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 quitted 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 a mat: they screamed at her appearance, so changed was she by suffering: but when she called them by name, they 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

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 too was increasing and threatening not a temporary and short-lived calamity but a permanent 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!" When we see it consigning multitudes to eternal woe; would not an enlightened people take measures to eradicate it, or at least inquire if there is no remedy? Now christian friends, I call upon you to look at the evils which have come upon us, and the still more threatening distresses approaching from the luxury and intemperate use of our food. We have been blessed with a fulness of the good things of this life, and how have we used them—in such a way that they become 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 those in the higher walks of life are making it their business to give directions, those of the lower class are subjected to drudgery, and their minds wholly bent to the great work of preparing luxuries to pamper and feed the body. While females are thus engaged, how can they find any time, or have an inclination to serve the Lord? The mind is drawn wholly away from the salvation of the soul, and the best laid aside, and a virtuous woman is lying under the sin of self-indulgence, striving to outdo the other women in eating, and after the food is melted in the month, they begin to make a thousand excuses over it, telling of the mortifications and trials which have been encountered, and the accidents which have befallen some of it. Thus have christians met together and spent their breath and squandered away their precious time.—Where is the example of Christ in all this? Instead of making a plain repast, and calling in the poor and maimed, the halt and blind, as Christ especially commanded, they are joining hands with the world, eager to partake of their dissipation. Is not this acting the part of fools in the strictest sense of the word? When will the mother who is a professed follower of her Saviour feel that she is bringing ruin on her tender offspring by gratifying their appetite with luxuries, and thus creating an unnatural desire for food, instead of convincing them of the necessity of their diet being the most plain and simple. Children are every hour in the day, asking for something to eat or drink, just to gratify the appetite. Their minds are thus sickly and polluted, unprepared to seek for the bread of life, and secure the salvation of the soul. Dejection and gloom, dyspepsy, cholera, and the various consumptions that are sweeping off our inhabitants in early life, are mostly in consequence of the immoderate way of living: the constitution is weakened and destroyed. How different was the course of our respected forefathers, the first settlers of the country? They were healthy and robust, able to endure hardships and privations: and how did they live? on plain fare. They partook of the most simple productions of their native land—they knew not the use of tea or coffee, and satisfied themselves with coarse bread, and sought not for luxuries. Christian parents, will you not follow their example, before your tender offspring have imbibed the strong habits of self-indulgence? Teach them to drink milk, or water, instead of tea and coffee, and to eat bread instead of cakes and pies, and set the noble example yourselves to them and your impenitent neighbors, and see what will be the result. See if

you will not have health and vigour in your families, in the place of sickness; and have the satisfaction of seeing the rising generation pursuing virtuous habits, and our happy land soon converted to God. Then I believe we should not hear of such difficulties in families—servants and domestics complaining of their food, and thinking because they have not luxuries they are hardly dealt by.

O, christian, look at the expense of your tables, loaded with varieties entirely unnecessary, and then think of the millions that are going down to the abodes of misery for the want of having the gospel sent to them. Shall we say, because our fellow creatures have been heathens so long that we are excusable for letting them remain so, and say there is nothing can be done for them? If all christians would lay aside unnecessary expense only in food, how many Bibles might be sent to those who are beginning to feel their famishing state, and are crying, "Send us the bread of life—send us Missionaries."

O, awake christian! while God spares your life, lest in his wrath he come out in judgment against you, as he did against his covenant people of old. Awake I say, and use your influence not only to put away intemperate eating in your own families, but to convince the public of its ruinous consequences.

This foolish course of indulgence leads to a disordered, distracted mind, and in some cases is the sole cause of insanity; and how many have been called suddenly into eternity from some violent attack of disease, their bodies being wholly in an unprepared state to receive medical aid. Can an enlightened public any longer remain silent. Will not christian parents and heads of families be resolved to attempt a speedy reformation, as 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 under. A fixed resolution to change immediately the course of living, and live on plain food, is indispensably necessary. There are numerous motives placed before us to make it a pleasure rather than a task. The dumb beast subsists on the simplest productions of nature; and shall man, blest with the noble faculties of an immortal mind, privileged with holding intercourse with heaven, and of obtaining an inheritance, at last, in that blissful abode of peace and love, forever to praise God—shall he be guilty of debasing himself below the brute creation: far, far be it from him to be longer the dupe of such folly and wickedness.

If we can find no enjoyment except when directly engaged in seeking our own happiness, our pleasure must be necessarily limited, as well as selfish. But if, with the love of God and the love of man reigning in the heart we take delight in rendering others happy, our sources of pleasure may be abundant and perpetual. S.

Filial Piety Exemplified.

"An officer, having remained some time at Kingston, in Surrey, for the purpose of raising recruits, received orders to rejoin his regiment. On the evening before his departure, a young man of the most engaging aspect made his appearance, and desired to be enlisted 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 it—"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 hear-

tily; but why should you imagine a refusal?" "Because, the bounty 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 that 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 indeed 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, 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 to the 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 was 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 and 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 proffered 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 Elytherean or Red Sea.

Slaves 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,—

One of them has been ordered to a third reading in the Senate, (23 to 11.) It prohibits jailers from receiving slaves into jail, unless by due process of law, under pain of being removed and fined \$50, the object being to prevent slave traders from using the county jails to facilitate their operations. The other declares that none shall be slaves in Kentucky, except those who may be such on the first of June next and their descendants or those who may be introduced for other purposes than those of merchandise, 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, i. e. to reject it, but failed by a vote of 46 to 49. Should the bill pass, the effect will be, to allow any slave who can show that he has been brought into the State for sale, to demand, sue for, and obtain his freedom, as one whom the law will not recognize as a slave.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

Humorous.

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 beneath the western horizon?—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 against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beams end! What next.

It is said that the unsuspecting tars, reminded of former perils on the deep, as if struck by the power of the magic, arose with united voice and minds, and exclaimed, *Take to the long boat!*—*Mirror*

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 return home, he gave it the following recommendation, 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 upon it."

A musical definition.—A gentleman whose real name was George Sharp, but who generally 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 rather on low key that evening. O, replied a lady with a good deal of naivete, every body knows that G. Sharp is A flat.

Ingenious Anagram.—The following anagram on the well known biographer, William 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 MSS.

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 believe 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 careened on one side for the purpose of being repaired. Among other tools which had been borrowed from the U. S. sloop of war Vincennes, 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 conversation 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 didn't 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, stunned with the unusual turmoil of the water, 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.

'Hallo, Jack! cries one of the sailors, 'what do you call that when tis boiled?'

'Why, man it is an earthquake—see what a dust it has kicked up.'

'Log me! that's a good one,' ejaculated the first sailor, slapping his shipmate on the back. 'We'll tell the Skipper that the earthquake shook the hammer overboard!'—*Constellation.*

A Saucy Fellow.—Not long since, a gentleman from Kentucky was standing at the door of one of our hotels, whence he was about starting for the steamboat. Wishing for some one to carry his baggage, and seeing a spruce looking negro passing along the street, he called out to him—Here you Nig, take my trunk and carry it down to the boat.

The negro stopped and raising his quizzing glass to his eye, stared at the Kentuckian with a mixture of indignation and astonishment.—Having scanned him sufficiently with his glass, he gave his hat an independent twist to one side, pulled up his dickey about his ears, drew himself up to his fullest height, and thus replied—"Did you 'dress that language to me, sir?"

"Yes, you black rascal; I want you to take my trunk to the steamboat."

"Indeed! I guess you came from a slaveholder's 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 *supersilly* 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 dont 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 gouging nor gagging in this free state, and one man is as much *inspected* as another, if he behaves 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 *supersilly* manner you did me."

Having finished his *gouge* colored beau again raised his quizzing glass to his eye, and giving his antagonist a look of ineffable 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 Edwin Furman, of Clarkson, to Miss Harriet Emeline Jane, daughter of Joseph Johnson, Esq. of Rochester.

On the 17th inst by the Rev. Mr. Filmore, Mr. Thomas Connell to Miss Eliza Morrison, both of this village.

In Hopewell, Mr. Oser Brundage, to Miss Sally Knapp.

In Avon, Mr. Joseph T. Pitney, of Auburn, to Mrs. Harriet Trask, of the state of Mississippi.

In Lakeville, John Handy, to Miss Margaret Begole. Mr. Hiram Cowless, Merchant of Bennington, Genesee County, to Miss Juliaett Caulkins, of Lakeville. Mr. Cyrus Bateman to Miss Harriett Dobb.

In Covington, Daniel Cameron, Jr. of York, to Susan Douglass.

In Caledonia, Andrew Simpson to Catharina Mc'Nabb.

In York, Henry Holmes to Miss. Sally Blossom.

In Lockport, Mr. Stephen B. Bond, to Miss Delia daughter of Jared Darrow, Esq. Mr. Eldridge Little, of Mendon, to Miss Sophrona P. Peabody, of Mass.

In Royalton, Mr. Samuel R. Doty, to Miss Almira Kingsbury.

In Clarence, Mr. Samuel R. Long, to Miss Mariette Eggleston.

In Brockport, Mr. Fowler Baldwin, merchant of Holly, to Miss Sarah J. Sharroll, of Rome.

On Tuesday morning, 25th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Penney, Mr. George A. Avery, to Miss Frances M. Stanton.

(The Indian Mother—Continued from page 155.)

them to her. Suddenly she remembered where she was, and why she was there: new terrors seized her; she rose up hastily, and, with her babies in her arms, she staggered out of the cabin; fainting, stumbling, and almost blind with the loss of blood an inanimation. She tried to reach the woods, but too feeble to sustain her burthen, which yet she would not relinquish, her limbs trembled, and sank beneath her. At this moment an Indian, who was watching the public oven, perceived her. He gave the alarm by ringing a bell, and the people rushed forth, gathering around Guahiba with fear and astonishment. They gazed upon her as if upon an apparition, till her sobs and imploring looks, and trembling and wounded limbs, convinced them that she yet lived, though apparently nigh to death. They looked upon her in silence, and then upon each other; their savage bosoms were touched with commiseration for her sad plight, and with admiration, and even awe, at this unexampled heroism of maternal love!

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 Javita approached in haste, and commanded them to be separated. Guahiba clasped her children closer to her breast, and the Indians sunk back.

"Who," answered the monk, "will ye suffer this? Will ye steal two precious souls from heaven's members from our community? See ye not, that while she is suffered to approach them, there is no salvation for either mother or children? Part them, and instantly!"

The Indians, accustomed to his ascendancy and terrified at his voice, tore the children of Guahiba once more from her feeble arms: she uttered nor word nor cry, but sunk in a swoon upon the earth.

While in this state, Father Gomez, with a cruel mercy, ordered her wounds to be carefully dressed: her arms and legs were swathed with cotton bandages; she was then placed in a canoe, and conveyed to a mission far, far off, on the river Esmeralda, beyond the Upper Orinoco. She continued in a state of exhaustion and torpor during the voyage; but after being taken out of the boat, and carried inland, restorative brough her back to life, and to a sense of her situation. When she perceived, as reason and consciousness returned, that she was in a strange place, unknowing how she was brought there—among a tribe who spoke a language different from any she had ever heard before, and from whom, therefore, according to Indian prejudices, she could hope nor aid nor pity;—when she recollected that she was far from her beloved children;—when she saw no mean of discovering the bearing or the distance of their abode—no clue to guide her back to it: then, and only then, did the mother's heart yield; to utter despair:—and thenceforward refusing to speak or to move, and obstinately rejecting all nourishment, thus she died.

The boatman, on the river Atabapo, suspends his oar with a sigh as he passes the **ROCK OF THE MOTHER**. He points it

out to the traveller, and weeps as he relates the tale of her sufferings and her fate. Ages hence when those solitary regions have become the seats of civilization, of power, and intelligence; when the pathless wilds which poor Guahiba traversed in her anguish, are replaced by populous cities, and smiling gardens, and pastures, and waving harvests,—still that dark rock shall stand frowning o'er the stream; tradition and history shall preserve its name and fame; and when the pyramids, those vast, vain monuments to human pride, have passed away, it shall endure, to carry down to the end of the world the memory of the Indian Mother.

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 however, were far more anxious to obtain the news, than to purchase the commodities of the Yankee 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 similar import, saluted the ears of our captain, who hoisting up his wide spread trowsers— an operation, of which from the want of suspenders, there was frequent necessity—and squirting out a mouthful of tobacco juice, thus replied:

"Yess, tis all a fact—a right down fact—true as a sarmunt, every bit on't. The king has absconded and they've advertised him in the York papers for a runaway, and general de la Fayette is made the president, sure as guns. As to the other combustions of France I dont know so much about'em—cause why, d'ye see? I a'nt none of your speculating characters, and dont trouble myself about the consarns of other people—but if any on you want to buy some raal silver skin eenions, I'm skipper of the Mary Jane and have got a lot right from Wheathersfields in Connecticut there, as good as ever ye see in your lives, and should be happy to sarve ye."

Thus ended the speech of the captain, but whether he found a market for his 'eenions' we did not stop to ascertain. The last we saw of him, was in the little tavern on the island, endeavoring to swap off a bunch of "the raal Wheathersfields" for a glass of gin; but on mine hostess informing him that she had nothing but brandy and rum in her decanters, the captain said "he guessed he wouldn't trade, as he did'nt drink them are sinfulliquors ever since he joined the temperance society in Connecticut there, and they'd make a terrible towse about it if they knew he drank any thing stronger than gin."—*N. Y. Constellation*

Always think before you speak, say and do neither hastily or unadvisedly.

THE SCORPION SPIDER.

The most dangerous insect found in Gorgia is the "Phalangium araneoides" or Linnaeus, scorpion-spider. It attains to the length of three inches, and so perfectly resembles the spider; that the observer would not conceive it to possess any affinity with the scorpion. The body is oblong, of a greyish tint, somewhat approaching to a light brown, and has a black spot in the centre. Its feet are long and delicate, and furnished with hair considerably longer than that with which the body is covered. On the palms of its hinder feet are six small transparent scales, which form distinguishing characteristic of its species. Its head is terminated by two bladders, filled with poison, which extend nearly the length of the corselet, and each of them armed with two sharp vertical fangs, by means of which the animal effects its bite, infecting into the wound a portion of the venom contained in the two receptacles. The consequences of its attack are by no means unfrequently fatal; indeed, it would seem, that probably with the solitary exception of the rattle-snake, there is no animal, whose venom is so virulent as that of the scorpion-spider.

In a few moments the swelling its bite occasions, spreads from the part attacked thro' the entire frame, and produces symptoms of the most violent inflammation; the whole mass of blood partakes of the infection, and unless powerful remedies are instantly applied, the unhappy sufferer is speedily released from his pains by the hand of death. The genuine terantulla is a far less dangerous enemy; and many naturalists are of opinion, that much of what has been reported by ancient writers as to the effects of its bite, is more correctly referable to the scorpion-spider.—*Athenæum*.

Lieutenant Young, United States Navy.—This respectable officer has received from government a designation to the superintendence of the naval hospital at Norfolk. The appointment derives additional interest from Mr. Young's peculiar misfortunes, with which perhaps all our readers are not acquainted.

Lieutenant Young was one of the officers of the lamented sloop of war Hornet, then cruising in the Gulf of Mexico for the protection of commerce in those dangerous seas. One day while in a chase of a vessel supposed to be a pirate, he was directed to fire one of the bow guns to bring her to; when the breechings gave way, and the gun swung around in such a way as to crush both his legs. Immediate amputation became necessary, and he came home crippled by the loss of both legs just below the knee.

This happened but a short time before the memorable gale in September 1829, in which the Hornet was lost. Had it not been for his misfortune, he would have been in her. It was a singular providence that saved his life, by depriving him of his limbs.

FIRE IN UTICA. Between the hours of one and two o'clock, on Thursday 27th, the stables of Jason Parker & Co. proprietors of the old line of stages, were entirely consumed. About an hour after another fire was discovered in a building belonging to the same, in West Utica. Strong suspicions of incendiaries,

From the Rochester Observer.
Mr. Editor:—The following lines may be new to some of your readers: they are at your disposal.
H. B.

Osmyn, who ruled the Persian throne
In high tyrannic sway,
In night 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 wake a slave at morn.

Morn to the king restored the crown,
And made poor Calid cry;
Returning night threw Osmyn down,
And raised the slave on high.

This hail'd with joy the rising morn,
That saw its beams and grieved;
Night to the one restored the crown,
The other Day relieved.

Ye casuists, 'tis a doubtful thing—
An answer quick I crave;—
Pray tell me, was the slave a king,
Or was the king, a slave!

From the London Evangelical Magazine.

THE WIDOW'S MITES.

Believer! hath the Lord increased,
With bounteous hand thy store?
And while thy neighbor's wealth had ceased,
Doth thine augment the more?
Then let the poor, the wretched share
A portion of thy gain;
But give in faith, and give in prayer,
Else all thy gifts are vain.

'Tis writ that once the Saviour stood,
While crowds the temple sought,
And with unerring glance reviewed
The varied gifts they brought,
The rich, the great swept proudly by,
And cast their offerings in;
But oft the haughty step and eye,
Defiled the act with sin.

At length a widow, poor and lone,
Comes, bent with years and woes;
Two mites are all she calls her own,
And in those mites she throws;
And can that weak and shrivelled hand,
The scanty pittance spare?
But faith and love the gift demand,
And lo! the gift is there.

And doubtless some the gift beheld
With wonder and with pain;
And some the act had fain repell'd,
With ill concealed disdain:
But Christ the holy motive prized,
And heard the contrite sigh,
And taught that deeds by men despised,
May have their praise on high.

"That widow mark, whose hoary head
Has long with anguish striven;
Hers, is the noblest gift," he said,
"Which has this day been given;
The rich, the great, whose means o'erflow,
A fraction here let fall;
But she, from home of want and woe,
Comes forth, and gives—her all.

BATTLE 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,

and, with a tremendous roar, sprang at the tiger. The tiger was equally eager for the combat, and in a paroxysm of fury, flew at his assailant, whilst the tigress fiercely seconded her mate. The roaring and yelling of the combatants resounding through the yards excited in all the various animals the most lively demonstration of fear or rage. The timid tribes shivered with dread and ran round their cages shrieking with terror, whilst the other lion and tigers, with the bears, leopards, panthers, wolves and hyenas, flew round their dens, shaking the bars, with their utmost strength, and uttering the most terrific cries. The lion fought most bravely, but was evidently overmatched, having to contend with two adversaries not more than a year from the woods, whilst he had been upwards of seven years in confinement. Still the battle raged with doubtful success, until the tiger seized the lion by the throat, and flung him on his back, when, after rolling over each other several times, the exasperated tigress pinned her enemy against viranda. In that situation the prostrate lord of the forest still struggled with an indomitable spirit, roaring with agony and rage. By this time, however some iron rods had been heated, the red hot ends of which were now applied to the mouths and nostrils of the infuriated tigers, which were, by this means, forced to relinquish their grasp; but no sooner was separation effected, than the lion and the tiger seized in their mouths—the one the upper the other the lower, jaw of his antagonist, biting and tugging at each other with deadly fury. So excited was their animosity that it was with the greatest difficulty, by the insertion into their nostrils, of the glowing iron, they could be disengaged, and the lion driven back to his cell, the door of which was instantly closed upon him. The battle lasted full half an hour. The tiger, in the last onset, lost one of his tusks.

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.

Southern Religious Telegraph.

The end of the Drunkard.—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 wail—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.

THE GEM.

Rochester, Saturday February 5, 1831.

Our agents are reminded again to recollect us.

Mr. Solomon Doty is our authorized agent in this village, and elsewhere.

NEW AGENTS.—Walter Goodell, P. M. Chaplin, Windham co. Conn.

Orange Allen, P. M. Orangeburgh, Genesee co. N. Y.

Royal A. Stow, at the Post-Office, Auburn.

Among our selections for the present number of the Gem, "The Indian Mother," will be found to possess a very deep and thrilling interest. Every *Mother* will read it with intense feeling, if not with tears. There are some parts of it that no one but a *Mother* could have written. Seldom, indeed, have our pages presented a story which depicted in stronger colours, the brutal ferocity of our own sex, or the patient endurance of intense sufferings of body, or the heart-rending agonies of feeling, which the softer sex, whether Savage or civilized, occasionally have left on record for our admiration. Let those who read it, thank heaven that the clear light of the benign religion of our Saviour, has raised the female sex to an equality with our own—and that more enlightened views of religious liberty have put a stop forever, as we humbly trust, to a repetition of such horrid cruelties.

The N. Y. Amulet has passed into the hands of Mr. S. Wild, who will continue the 2nd volume.

A thousand stories are told about the snow. There is not a paper that lies on our table but has something about it, and some have compared the storms that have of late pervaded various parts of our country, to one in 1717, in Cotton Mather's time, when "ye Cattel, and ye Sheep, and ye Hogges" died for want of attendance, and this attendance was prevented by "an horrid snow." In fact the roads have been pretty generally clogged in this region. Yesterday, in particular, it having been very windy and blustering, one of our friends from a little distance told us, that in coming to this village he passed eight loaded sleighs that were fast in the drifts, and the owners were endeavouring to 'dig out.'

Several communications will appear in No. 21.

MARRIED,

At Pittsford, on the 31st ult., by Rev. Mr. Mahan, Mortimer F. Delano Esq. to Miss Sarah E. Guernsey, daughter of James K. Guernsey, Esq. of that place.
In Canandaigua, on Thursday evening last, by Rev. A. D. Eddy, Mr. Ira Marsh, to Miss Olive Redfield.

DIED,

At Tuscarora, very suddenly on the 28th ult. Mr. David Cusick, a member of the Tuscarora Mission Ch., aged 45 years.
In Seneca on the 20th ult. Deacon Thomas McCauley, aged 64. He was in his usual health, and while sitting at the breakfast table, he suddenly expired without a moment's warning. "Be ye also ready."
John Knapp, of Canadice, was found dead in the high way, on Monday morning last. Verdict of the jury—that he came to his death by freezing, being at the time intoxicated.

ORIGINAL POETRY.



WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

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 cam'st not in that joyous hour,
That hour of mirth and gladness;
Thou wert far away from thy native bower
And thy heart was fill'd with sadness.

But come again to thy glittering bower,
When the moon is high in heaven;
Come in the dewy twilight hour,
And thou shalt be forgiven:
And thou shalt hear this voice of mine
Breath'd out in mirth and glee—
I'll seek no other glance than thine,
And love but only thee.

ROSAMOND.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

RHYME WITHOUT POETRY.

[A Lawyer and Mechanic meeting.]

"Good morning Mr. Fees," said he,
As having he pass'd by—
"You're not as fat as formerly?"
"Quite probable," says I.

"Have you seen Col. Flashington
Within a day or two?"
"I saw him when his suit came on,
And he inquir'd for you.

Left his respects, and bid me tell
You to call, as you had said—"
"Thank you—you told him we were well
I hope?"—"I think I did."

"The sleighing 's very fine," said he—
"Yes, it makes quite a stir—"
"Good morning, sir," he said to me,
Says I—"Good morning, sir."

N.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE TOKEN.

Maiden mild, with the sunny brow,
Pass this token, nor heed it now,
For I would not that a cloud should rise
To darken thy youthful paradise.

Yes, maiden, thou with the laughing eye,
Read this token, and pass it by,
For its augurs are nought but of weal and woe
To the heart from whence its numbers flow.

And yet it is passing strange, I ween,
That clouds so dark, at this hour are seen;
For the sky reflected fair Phoebus' smiles,
From her orient bed in the emerald isles.

And the sun rose bright from the blushes of morn
And drank the dew from the flowery thorn;
All, all was fair as thy youth, and gay,
When I conned for this page my rustic lay.

I pluck'd two flowers from their parent stem,
And wreath'd for my muse a diadem;
But wither'd and pale on the ground they fell,
As rose on the air a lute's soft swell.

That swell seem'd a strain of joy and gladness,
But soon it chang'd to a tone of sadness,

And its echoes fell on my trembling ear
Like the knell of joys to my heart once dear.

Then pass'd a nymph all lovely and gay,
And follow'd, a beldame wither'd and gray,
And then to the dance in the bridal-hall
A sexton pass'd with a sable pall.

And nought 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 urn.

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,
Should sorrow come, and thy charm be broken,
Remember the bard and heed his token.
Buffalo, 1830. HORACE.

*That a vow once spoken, or an obligation in any sort religious, taken in any moment of excitement "binds the soul," is perhaps, one of the most deep-rooted superstitions with which ignorance and the designing have ever enslaved the mind of man.

☞ We copy the following from the Cincinnati Ladies' Museum. The editor was doubtless in a very pleasant mood when he made the remarks, and gave the advice the article contains. We wish him and his, much happiness.—Ed.

Married.—On Monday evening last, January 10th. by the Rev. Mr. Mullen, Mr. Joel T. Case, to Miss Rebecca C. Purcell.

There reader, you have now a plain statement of the Case before you, and we would only ask you to make such comments upon the fact, and its announcement, as in your own judgement, and in the kindness of your hearts you may think best. The rites of Marriage are not such as we have ever felt disposed to make ourselves merry with, and now that we have passed through its sacred and imposing forms we feel no inclination to turn the ceremony into mockery and profanity, by handing forth a budget of stale and untimely jests on the occasion. To our friends particularly those of the profession, who have blessed us with their congratulation, we return our hearty thanks. To those friends and companions of ours, who are yet lingering in that cheerless and desolate region from which we have made an escape we have but one word of advice to give, it is this "Go ye and do likewise"

MR. CASE,—

They tell me you have taken your name off the list of Bachelors, and have taken to yourself a wife. Accept the congratulations, (with the following couplet) of your old correspondent. I. M.

I saw a lovely, blushing flower,
(Rich dewy sweets breathed round it.)
That Hymen stole from Cupid's bower,
And on thy bosom bound it.

O may it ever be a source
To thee, of joy and pleasure,
And prove, as time rolls on his course,
The cherish'd—choicest treasure.

A gentleman finished an eulogium on a lady with these words:—"Ah, Sir! nothing beats a good wife.—"I beg your pardon," rejoined a bystander, "a bad husband does."

Items of news.

Schuylerville Church Burnt.—On the 1st inst. the elegant Church belonging to the Dutch Reformed Congregation at Schuylerville, near De Ridder's ferry, accidentally and burnt to the ground.—Loss estimated at upwards of \$2000.

Awful Visitation.—On Monday last a man was brought before a magistrate in our borough, on a charge of having attempted to rescue a prisoner from custody. On examination he denied the act of which he was accused, and with awful emphasis, "hoped that the Almighty would strike him dead if he were guilty." The words were no sooner uttered than he fell down speechless and insensible.—Tel. & Reg.

Naval.—It is stated that the command of our squadron on the Pacific Ocean is to be given to Cap. John Downes, who will proceed thither in the frigate Potomac, as soon as she is ready for sea. The corvette John Adams, which has recently received a thorough repair, is to be put into commission for the same station.—Our naval force now in the Pacific consists of the frigate Guerrier, Com. Thompson, and a sloop of war St. Louis, Capt. Sloat which have been absent about two years.

Newspapers in the State of New York.—An extract from Mr. Williams's forth-coming State Register for 1831, gives the number of Newspapers in this state at 234, of which about 70 are favourable to the present Administration, and 80 against it; 49 of the latter number are Anti-Masonic. In Putnam and Rockland counties only, no newspapers are published.

Military trainings.—Mr. Myers has offered a resolution in the House of Assembly, reducing the number of the militia trainings in each year from three to one.

The Cherokee Phoenix of Dec. 25th states that upwards of forty Choctaw Indians passed the Head of Coosa on the 17th, for Washington City, all on foot.—They were accompanied by two white men and intended to pass through the principal towns in the Southern states.—"Their conductor represented the mass of the Choctaw people to be in a state of confusion and dissatisfaction, owing to the late treaty which has been negotiated by the Hon. Secretary of war with their Chiefs."

THE GEM,
A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.

2d VOLUME—TO CONTAIN 4 ENGRAVINGS.

TERMS, &c.

The GEM will be published every other Saturday, in quarto form, and pagged 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 SCRANTOM.

Rochester, N. Y. 1831.

Full sets of the present volume can be had on application, by those who desire it.

Editors with whom we exchange will please publish this advertisement.

Office in the Globe Building, East end of the Bridge.

THE GEM,

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

BE OURS THE PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 21.

ROCHESTER, FEBRUARY 19, 1831.

VOL. II.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.
POETIC SKETCHES.

By Joseph Single.

CHAPTER II.

What a production is the telescope!
And how allied 'tis to the mind of man—
'T would seem to be a something just like hope,
When we would e'en the doubtful future scan—
Hope brings things from a distance, to the scope
Of our ideas—as if they'd e'en began—
And we look on, and see without resistance
Those hidden things thus call'd up from a distance.

II.

E'en now from this high hill I see the hum
Of all your streets—I look upon your faces—
And as you buy and sell, and go and come,
Morning and evening from your dwelling-places,
I take note of you all—indeed there's some
I see, who've shown me their good graces—
And here I sit alone, and spend my time
In looking on this wondrous pantomime!

III.

Al!igh! oh, what a scene!—for e'en my glass,
Like packet-boats, forsooth, runs 'day and night!—
Then when the rotund moon, like 'shield of brass,
Reflects the gone down sun from heaven's blue
height,
Whose rays from dome and spire do meet and pass
Like meteors thro' the air before the sight,
Then, with the train that dot the limpid sky,
Are things that fall most gladly on my eye.

IV.

But where shall I begin my observation!—
E'en now my eye rests on your high Arcade,
And what a family, of rank and station,
Of high and low, indeed of every grade,
There is beneath that roof—the calculation
With reference to its inmates when once made.
Would give a lengthen'd table of degrees,
That could not fail to interest, and please.

V.

First, there's the Merchants—What a solid rank!
Supported too, by Justice at their heels—
Next—see them come—a strong and brassy flank
Of Lawyers with their papers and appeals!
And editors, so full of 'scheme and prank,'
Who cause such grating 'mong the public wheels,
And visitors in scores—if you would see 'em,
Call in at Mathies', or the Athæneum.

VI.

Oh, what a most prolific place this is,
The very centre, too, of gravitation;
Through which this mighty town, nor only this,
But others, hold their converse with the nation—
For who don't know, that a Post-Office is
The very head and front of information—
Indeed the news in bulk, that here is made,
And all you get—goes through this great Arcade.

VII.

See, what a multitude do go and come
In lines unbroken, through that marbled hall—
And what a pleasing aspect glows in some—
In others see the wormwood and the gall!
Me thinks I feel the pressure and the hum
That must pervade where this vast phalanx fall
To meet their expectations and their rates,
In dealing with the whole United States.

VIII.

The Post-Office! How much is here express,
How many hundred souls are watching there,—
It brings to many a fond and faithful breast
Deep-heaving joy—to many deep despair!
And loaded with the impress and the zest
Of all the nations scatter'd ev'ry where,
Is, in a sense, a camp, where is unfurl'd
Each nation's flag—a brief of all the world!

IX.

But I'll away—the wintry winds do howl
Like hungry lions, o'er the hills of snow,
And in the distance, with portentous form,
The gathering storm-cloud rises deep, and slow—
Aye, all above is shrouded with a scowl,
And whiten'd heaps stretch over all below—
Nature is in her grave, and all things here,
Feel deep the battering storm, the season's sere.
Mount-Hor, Feb. 10, 1831.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

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 there sat down to wait the hour of meditation, when the contending passions and emotions excited in the world of conflicting cares, 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, that brilliant shadow of celestial coloring, the sky, and the eternal limitless wilds of ether. I gazed at the heavens till star after star appeared in every part of the great arch; and sent my wondering thoughts into that shadowy wild beyond them, for the yet undiscovered displays of Omnipotent power.— A low, yet heavy sound, began to fall upon my ear. It was not the soft murmur and hum which generally comes floating upon the evening breeze; but it seemed the sound of some mighty conflict of contending elements, dying away in the distance. It became gradually more distinct, and finally brought to my imagination that wonder of the world, the cataract of Niagara, with all its grandeur and sublimity. Imagination, enlarged and animated by the view, went forth into the great world for other scenes of grandeur to fill its panorama of wonders. Etna—angry Etna, burning and roaring, and sending forth its fiery deaths amid the mildest and loveliest

clime in the world: Heckla, with its vast caverns of fire amid the regions of eternal cold; Earth, with its mountains, its deserts, its wilds and its monsters; and the mighty Ocean, its Leviathans and its Malestroms, its Gulf-stream, its storms and its tides; and then a shadowy picture of the Universe, the dominion of the great God, imagination brought in miniature before me. The reverie passed; I found the evening far advanced: the light of the full moon was beaming upon the village, and Man, the family of man, became the theme of my contemplation. Imagination had but little to perform, yet her former pictures remained vivid, and I drew a comparison between them and man. The smallest insect which the eye can discover, bears a greater proportion to man than he does to either of those wonders which I had contemplated. Two hundred generations had sprung up, and grown, and withered away, like the frail stems of the field. Niagara continued to pour her waste of waters into the dark abyss; the Ocean to roar, and Etna to fill the heavens with her frowns, and earth with desolation. I was oppressed with the thoughts thus arisen, and a shuddering and gloom came upon me. I looked around, and nature seemed to wear a gloomy aspect. I heard muffled sounds in the forest. I looked for their cause and perceived the tops of the trees were agitated by the evening breeze which had arisen, and the yellow leaves were falling to the ground. A sigh, as of desolation, came from among the withered and leafless branches and shrubs, and I thought, oh! how sadly 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 almost within my call. Sleep's death in figure, and I looked forth as into the great charnel-house of death. I had no desire to sleep, and instead of repairing to my bedchamber, I wandered on amid the thousand sleepers to the Church Yard of the village. The gates were closed. The lone friend or relative there, the flowers upon whose grave to water with the tears of kind remembrance, I cared not to enter the sacred enclosure, but I gazed in upon the silence reigning there. There was an awe, a solemnity in the very aspect of the place. The moon-light discovered to my view the little mounds of earth which covered the dead, and the monuments which affection had raised to distinguish them. Nearest to where I stood was a groupe without a stone, or any other mark of distinction. I recollected that they were strangers' graves. Yes, I remembered the spot. One I had seen

placed there—he was alone unfriended, unattended. He came a stranger to our dwelling—his appearance was sad and gloomy, and he sat down as if to wait the denial of the reputable master of the house, to his request for food and lodging for the night: but he was not denied, the night passed, and he desired to tarry no longer. He was evidently on the verge of poverty, and his looks betrayed the effects of ardent spirits and licentiousness, yet he appeared far above the grovelling sot, or the vagabond, and his story told of other & better days. Another day passed, and at night he was ill. It was not a common fever, but the effect of his habits of life. Poor man, he was no longer capable of telling the story of himself, he was half insensible, half delirious. We watched over him a few days, the last came: it was afternoon. He had dreamed of health and exerted himself by that kind of mysterious energy which the mind sometimes gives to the body, and talked about his room, and talked of returning to his friends and his business. But that strength soon failed him, and he sank down upon his bed in the powerlessness of death. There was no struggle, and life seemed to make the last burning of the taper. I lay in bed, oh! how intensely I watched that man, for he was the first person I had seen die. Did I think to discover the secret in its exit? I should have done so, but I collected I had not so learnt my creed—it is invisible. Yet, thought I, the body will be some token of its departure. The man ceased to breathe: I placed my hand upon his heart, and there was no motion. I put it upon my own and felt the difference! I bowed over him and placed my hand upon his forehead, and there was no pulsation, and I ran my own busy brain and beating forehead answered “surely there is a spirit in man.” We laid him among the strangers’ graves.

Such were the recollections which came to my mind while contemplating the silent repository of the dead. I paused, and sent my memory back among that evening’s meditations and thoughts, and exclaimed, O foolish and perverse man!—will ye compare physical man in his weakness, and nature in its mistiness, with the mind; the spirit of man which moves thus amid the wonders of creation, and contemplating and admiring, passes on from clime to clime, from moon to star, and sun to sun—and becomes a citizen of the Universe?

Buffalo, 1830.

HORACE.

A CURIOUS CASE.

The narrative which follows is taken from Walter Scott’s book on Demonology. We have ourselves met one similar case, and on one, so far as we can now recollect. The patient in that instance had recovered. We believe medical men have a technical name for the malady here described, but as they contemplate such things in a physical, and not in a metaphysical light, their reasoning and observations will in no wise elucidate the matter. It is a very curious subject, and shows that the mind is not master of itself.

‘It was the fortune of a medical gentleman, well-known to Sir W. Scott, and of whose veracity he gives sufficient testimony, to be called in to attend the illness of a person now long deceased, who, in his life-time, stood, as I understood, high in a particular department of the law, which placed the property of others often at his discretion and control, and whose conduct therefore being open to public observation, he had for many years borne the character of a man of unusual steadiness, good sense, and integrity. He was, at the time of my friend’s visits, confined principally to his sick-room, sometimes to his bed, yet occasionally attending to business, and exerting his mind apparently with all its usual strength and energy to the conduct of important affairs intrusted to him, nor did there, to superficial observers, appear any thing 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 dearest 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 embarrassed 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 no domestic household cat, but as a bubble of the elements, which had no existence, save in my deranged 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, dressed as if 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 chapeau-bras, 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 his presence, and that I alone was sensible of the visionary honors 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 no 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 in vain tell myself, a hundred times over, that it is no 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 emblem 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 spectre was still visible. “Not now, because your person is placed betwixt him and me, but I observe his skull peering above your shoulder!”

‘It is added, that the patient sunk into deeper and deeper dejection, 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.

From Williams' Monthly Magazine.

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 men who bore the corpse, as they went their way, cried with a loud voice—*Room for the dead!*—and whosoever heard the cry fled from the sound thereof with fear and trembling.

"Room for the dead!" a cry went forth—

"A grave—a grave prepare!"

The solemn words rose fearfully

Up through the stilly air.

"Room for the dead!"—and a corse was borne

And laid within the pit,

But a mother's voice was sadly heard—

And a breaking heart was in each word—

"Oh! bury him not yet!"

The mother knelt beside the grave,

And prayed to see her son.

'Twas death to stop—but by her prayers

The wretched boon was won.

And they raised the coffin from the pit,

And then afar they fled;

For the once fair face was spotted now—

But the mother pressed the dead child's brow

And a faint voice said—

"Nor plagues nor spot shall hinder me

From kissing thee lost one!

For what alas! is life or death

Since thou art gone my son!"

And she bent and kissed the livid brow

While tearless was her eye—

Then her voice rang wildly in the air—

"Widow and childless!—God! is there

Aught left me but—to die!"

The words were said—when there uprose

A low and stifled moan;

Then all were still, the spirit of

That stricken one had flown!

* * * * *

They lengthened the grave, and side by side

Mother and son were laid;

No mourning train to the grave went forth,

Nor prayers were said as they heaped the earth

Above the silent dead!

C. P. I.

A HUMOROUS STORY.

A certain governor of Egypt, having occasion for a sum of money, fell upon the following most extraordinary method to raise it.

He issued out an order, commanding the chiefs of all the Jews settled in Egypt, to appear before him on a certain day. On their being conducted into his presence, they found him surrounded with his divan or council, and the Pentateuch in his hand. He then asked them if they believed all that was written in that book; to which they replied, they did, saying that it contained the precepts of their religion; on which he turned to, and read the 11th and 12th chapters of Exodus, in which are recorded the accounts of the Jews, just before their departure from Egypt, borrowing of the Egyptians their jewels of gold, silver, &c.

When he had finished, he told them, that since they had confessed that their forefathers had, about 3000 years ago, borrowed of the Egyptians their jewels, &c. he had sent for them to know if those things had ever been returned, or satisfaction made for them; if not, he added, that it was high time payment

should be made, and that he, being the political father of that people, was in duty bound to see justice done them.

The poor astonished Jews stood silent, and knew not what to say, though they immediately saw thro' the drift of the avaricious governor: he, after waiting some time for an answer, dismissed them, but ordered them again before him in a few weeks, telling them that he gave them that time to deliberate and search the records, and see whether or not they had ever returned or made satisfaction to the Egyptians for the jewels they had borrowed.

When the Jews had retired, they, after consulting among themselves 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 Graah, 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. Graah 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 brot' 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 Confessor that 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 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 remonstrated with the upper man, telling him his conduct was unfair, and that he ought to let his opponent get up and have a chance with him. The fellow looked the gentleman in the face and drily 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 Welch Church, and that it remained nearly half a century unexplained.

PRSVRYPRFCTMN
VRKPTHSPRCPTSTN

By the aid of a single vowel, two lines of poetry are formed.

Written for the Gem,
THE BANCROFT FAMILY.
 A Tale of real Life.

CHAPTER I.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.....Shak.

"Youth is an ever restless ocean;
 Where passions rage with wild commotion.
 Age is the clear unruffled stream,
 Resplendent 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.

"Did I not hear you say, my son," continued Mrs. Bancroft, in a soothing tone, "I will drink no more?"

"Tis false! I did not say so!" said the perfidious wretch,—"I—"

"Do not swear falsely, my son," interrupted his mother.

"Nay, but I do swear;" vociferated George, and hurling a volley of imprecations upon his mother, rushed from the room leaving her distracted.

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 heaven, thus he swore.

"By all that is sacred in heaven, and on earth; I swear never to see my mother's face again—never to look upon my native village again, until I am reformed—until I can bring something as the fruits of this resolution.—Here, on my knees, I give myself up to fate. I set my life upon a cast, and I will stand the hazard of the die!"

Then rising from his knees, he dashed away, and was soon buried in the wilderness.

His mother lay senseless for a time, when recovering, she found herself in a room, in bed—and every thing about her appeared strange. There was no person near her. A fire was burning in the grate, and comfort seemed to be thrown around. By the arrangement of phials and papers she saw at once, that it was a sick room, and her eyes roved in vain, to fasten upon something that was familiar. She felt depressed, and astonished, when her daughter, a young girl of 17, blooming and beautiful, entered the room.—Of the joy that ran through the bosoms of both at the instant that each looked upon the other, I will not attempt to describe. The daughter embraced the mother, and bathed her sunken cheek with tears—and all the mother gushed forth at an exhibition of such tenderness. When the mother found utterance she said,

"Oh! Cora! Cora! my daughter! where am I, and what does this all mean?"

"You are in your own house, my dear mother," sobbed the daughter; "and God be praised that you are again restored to reason, for during these five past weeks, you have raved wildly, a perfect maniac."

"But, my daughter," said the mother, choking with feeling, "where is ———"

Cora anticipated the question, and her

countenance fell. That was sufficient for the anxious mother. That look bore the desolating tidings to her heart, and she closed her eyes, while the tears gushed out from under her closed lids, and filling the cavity of the sunken eye, ran down on each side upon the pillow. Cora gazed upon her mother, in speechless agony, wringing her hands, while her heaving bosom seemed as if it would burst; and her brain whirled, and her senses reeled, and she did, she knew not what.

At that moment, the door opened, and a little boy from the neighbouring tavern delivered a letter. It was superscribed to "Mrs. Phebe Bancroft." Cora seized and opened it. It was destitute of place or date, and ran thus:

"MOTHER—I have broken your heart, and I see you are fast hastening to the tomb. I cannot disgrace the earth that shall cover you by my presence, when you shall be laid away in the cold earth forever. I am ruined. I commit you and my dear sister Cora, to Heaven, and myself to fate. Farewell—*forever!*
 GEORGE B."

I cannot dwell upon the effects that this letter produced. Suffice it to say, that upon both mother and daughter, they were dreadful, 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 widowed 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 mother's first love!—of him whom her soul adored, and to whom she had plighted her vows of eternal constancy, in the deep devotedness of her heart, when youth and hope were glowing. How could she but worship her little Edward, when she looked 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—for the mother was there gazing on that image—and the son—was a "spoiled child."—I have already said that Edward was a reckless young man; but at the age of 21 he married Phebe Worthington, a beautiful and an amiable girl, with whom he was deeply in love, and whom he really adored. Phebe 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 young man becomes addicted to the soul-destroying vices of the gamester, the debauchee, and the libertine, that he can turn, and break off so effectually as not to dash in-

to utter 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, if 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 early loss of her beloved husband, 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 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 from the very person who was the subject of enquiry. Electa blushed, and raised her head with a frown, 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 an under tone which could not be understood, withdrew from the room.

"I don't understand all your insinuations," said Mrs. Mellen, in a tone half jealousy, half anger.

"Nor I either," said a gossiping daughter of twenty, whose curiosity was frequently so overstrained as to 'call up spirits from the vasty deep,' and 'give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name.'

Mr. Thomas Mellen hurried away from his table, seeing the dilemma he was in. His better half was a second wife, and she was very apt to imagine that there was some of his former history that she did not know. Her daughter too, was not very willing to call her mother's second husband, father, though she had been known to do so in presence of company.

"I don't see how you can bear such a man as Mellen," said Electa, entering the room.

"I think as much," added the insignificant Mary Louisa Jane.

"Why, there does seem to be something in what he said this morning that I do not understand—but I perceive you do," replied Mrs. Mellen in a sarcastic manner to Electa.

The storm was about commencing—a war

of words was at hand, when a rap was heard at the knocker which soothed every brow, and decked each with a smile. The visitors proved to be two of the town ladies, who had a little of December about them, making their morning call. It was hinted that they published at least what they knew, and some thought they were frequently in advance of the times. I cannot give in dialogue, their conversation, but if the Bancroft family did not suffer during the time this precious group were assembled, then fame is a very liar.—“I knew that would be an unhappy match, when it took place,” said one. “Yes,” said another, “Phebe Worthington has not made out quite so well after all, as some certain folks thought she had.” “Ah,” said Electa, sighing, “I always knew that he was a false-hearted wretch, and some people have blamed me for saying so—but I guess they will find him out by and by; and I wonder if his wife would not be contented with less riches and more happiness?” A nod of the head, and a “I guess so,” followed this speech, which had its meaning. I will not say they starved that family. They certainly had a right to guess at the causes of their separation, and guess work is as good as the truth if it often hits right,” says the old maxim.

When Mr. Bancroft left his home, every thing about him was prosperous. His little son, George, was then a lad, his daughter Cora, then an infant, was in the arms of its mother. The shock to that mother, may be imagined, but cannot be described; indeed had it not been for her two lovely children, she would have found an early grave. She lived for them, and at length, having closed her husband's business, she retired to a small dwelling in the outskirts of the village, and devoted herself to her children. Here it was that she experienced the benign influences of religion: that religion which softens the affections and which is an anchor to the soul; that religion which binds up the broken heart and fills the void caused by the loss of earthly friends. She was not left destitute of property, but as regarded her former friends, not one clung to her—but she was left as isolated and desolate as the lone palm-tree on the desert sands. No one sympathized with her, but on the contrary, many of her former professed friends villified her character, and heaped upon her reproaches and insinuations that hung upon her with all the blackness of perfidy. Time rolled on, and once during ten long years she had had a letter from her husband, saying, “do not become hopeless—I am alive.” But from what place it came, she knew not, any more than that she found it in the post-office, and without post mark or date.

Oh! how many bitter hours did Phebe Bancroft pass. Hers was a worse than widowhood—for she always hoped to see her husband, and notwithstanding her pious feelings, she was at times, so desolate and so lonely, that it did seem as if her heart would break. Her dreams too, were crowded with visions of her husband, and she always imagined him coming, while he came not. It was in the retreat I have mentioned that she lived

and brought up 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 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 19, 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. During the day above mentioned, Indians signs were seen about half a mile from the station, and at night the savages were discovered prowling near the fort, but no alarm was given. On the following morning early, Mr. Journey moved out with his party in pursuit of Indians. Passing round the fence of a cornfield, adjoining the fort they struck across the prairie, and had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile, when in crossing a small ridge, which was covered with a hazle thicket in full view of the station, they fell into an ambuscade of Indians, who rose suddenly around them, to the number of 70 or 80, and fired. Four of our party were killed, among them was Lieutenant Journey; one other fell, badly wounded, and the rest fled except Higgins.

It was an uncommon sultry morning, the day was just dawning; a heavy dew had fallen the preceeding night; the air was still and humid, and the smoke from the guns hung in a heavy cloud over the spot. Under the cover of this cloud, Higgins' surviving companions had escaped, supposing all who were left were dead, or at all events it would be rashness to attempt to rescue them, from so overwhelming a force. Higgins' horse had been shot through the neck, and fell to his knees and rose again, several times. Believing the animal mortally wounded, he dismounted; but finding the wound had not greatly disabled him, he continued to hold the bridle; for as he now felt confident of being able to make good his retreat, he determined to fire off his gun before he retired. He looked around for a tree. There was but one, a small elm, and he made for this, intending to shoot from behind it; but at this moment the

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, still concealed by the smoke, reloaded his gun, mounted and tuned to fly, when a low voice near him hailed him, with, “Tom, you wont leave me?”

On looking round he discovered the speaker to be one of his own companions, named Burgess, who was lying wounded upon the ground, and he replied instantly, “No! I'll not leave you.”

“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 cool bravery of the former was sufficient for every emergency, 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; and who, when that generous intention was defeated, and his own retreat was still practicable, remained a hazard of his life, to protect his crippled friend.

The cloud of smoke which had partially opened before him, as he faced the enemy, still lay thick behind him, and as he plunged through this, he left it, together with the ridge and the hazle thicket, between him and the main body of the Indians, and was retiring 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 heroic 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 thicket, 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 undismayed at such odds, yet he found it necessary to act the general. Having an en-

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 halt and dance about to prevent him from taking aim; and Tom knew that he could not afford to fire at random. The other two were now closing on him and he found that unless he could dispose of the first one he must be overpowered. He therefore halted, resolved to receive a fire; and the Indian, at 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 him. It is probable that this motion saved his life, for the ball 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 two others, pursued. They soon came near. Higgins had again fallen, and as he rose they all three fired, and he received all their bullets. He now fell but rose several times, the Indians throwing away their guns advanced on him with spears and knives. They frequently charged upon him, but on his presenting his gun at one or the other, they fell back. At last, the largest one, thinking probably from 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 notion. The Indian whom he last slain was the most dangerous of the three; 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 whoop 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 rib, or encountered the opposition of one of Higgins' tough muscles. From this cause, and the continued exertion of his hand and his rifle in warding off their thrusts, the wounds thus made were not deep, but his whole front was covered with gashes, of which the scars yet remain in honorable proof of his valor. At last one of them threw his tomahawk; the edge sunk deep into Higgins' cheek, passed through his ear, which it had severed, laid bare his skull to the back of his head, and stretched him on the plain. The Indian rushed on; but Tom instantly recovered his self-possession, and kept them off with his feet and his hands, until he succeeded in grasping

one of their spears, which as the Indian attempted to pull it from him, aided him to rise; and clubbing his rifle, he rushed upon the nearest of his foes and dashed his brains out; in doing which he broke the stock to pieces, retaining the barrel in his hand.

The other Indian however warily he had fought before, now came manfully into battle. It is probable he felt his character as a warrior at stake. To have fled from a man desperately wounded; and almost disarmed, or to have suffered his victim to escape, would have tarnished his manhood. Uttering a terrific yell, he rushed on, attempted to stab the exhausted ranger, while the latter warding off the spear with one hand brandished his rifle barrel in the other. The Indian, un wounded, was now by far the most powerful man; but the moral courage of our hero prevailed, and the savage, unable to bear the fierce glance of his untamed eye, began to retreat slowly towards the place where he had dropped his rifle. Tom knew that if the Indian recovered his gun, his own case was hopeless; and throwing away his rifle barrel, he drew his hunting knife and rushed in upon him.—A desperate strife ensued, and several deep gashes were inflicted; but the Indian succeeded in casting Higgins from him, and ran to the spot where he had thrown his gun, while Tom searched for the gun of the other Indian.—Thus the two, bleeding and out of breath, were both searching for arms to renew the conflict.

By this time the smoke which lay between the combatants and the main body of the Indians had passed away, and a number of the latter having passed the hazle thicket were in full view. It seemed, therefore, as if nothing could save our heroic ranger. But relief was at hand. The little garrison at the station, six or seven in number, had witnessed the whole of this remarkable combat.—There was among them a heroic woman, a Mrs. Pursley, who, when she saw Higgins contending singly with the foe, urged the men to go to his rescue. The rangers at first considered the attempt hopeless, as the Indians outnumbered ten to one. But Mrs. Pursley, declaring that so fine fellow as Tom should not be lost for want of help, snatched a rifle, from her husband's hand, jumping on a horse, sallied out. The men who would not be outdone by a woman, followed full gallop, towards the place of combat. A scene of intense interest ensued. The Indians at the thicket had just discovered Tom, and were rushing down towards him with savage yells his friends were spurring their horses to reach him first. Higgins, exhausted with the loss of blood had fallen and fainted—while his adversary, too intent on his prey to observe any thing else, was looking for a rifle. The rangers reached the battle ground first. Mrs. Pursley, who knew Tom's spirit, thought he had thrown himself down in despair for the loss of his gun, and tendered him the one she carried; but Tom was past shooting. His friends lifted him up, and threw him across a horse before one of the party, and turned to retreat just as the Indians came up. They

made good their retreat, and the Indians retired.

We repeat this adventure just as it was related to us, and have no the smallest doubt that it is literally correct, or as nearly so as Mr. Higgins' opportunity of observation would admit; for, as he very properly observes he was in a desperate bad luck just about that time, and it was a powerful bad chance for a man to take notice of what was going on around him.

After being carried into the hut 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, one gave him a great deal of pain for several years, although the flesh was healed. At length he heard that a physician had settled within a day ride of him, whom he went to see. The physician was willing to extract the ball, but asked the moderate sum of fifty dollars for the operation. This Tom flatly refused to give, as it was more than half a year's pension. He rode home; he turned the matter in his mind, and determined upon a cheaper plan. When he reached home he requested his wife to hand him a razor. The exercise of riding had so chafed the part, that the ball, which usually was not discoverable to the touch could be felt. With the assistance of his helpmate, he very deliberately laid open his thigh, until the edge of the razor touched the bullets and inserted his two thumbs into the gash, "flirted it out." As he assured us "without costing a cent." The other ball remains in his limb yet, but gives him no trouble except when he uses violent exercise. 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 "too much—too much" "Guess you'd better take it you wont get any less"—"No—you'll have to burn up your *chairs*"—"I wont—I'll burn up my old houses first" "well, you'll have to burn up your *chairs* at that?" This made our citizen shudder that he concluded to take the wood at eight dollars. Another having sold a lot of wood for 3 dollars, was inquiring where he should dump it down, "No matter," replied the chaser, "I'll take it under my arm!"—*Independence Patriot*.

Cure for Ladies' Rheumatism.—Take a warm double Scotch shawl, and apply immediately round the shoulders and chest; add also, secundem artem, a stout Welsh flannel petticoat, and remain at home at least long enough to put them on.

Never give a joke, unless you can take it.

THE GEM,

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

BE OURS THE PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 22.

ROCHESTER, MARCH 5, 1831.

VOL. II.

Written for the

THE BANCROFT FAMILY.

A Tale of real Life.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER II.

"And eyes are dim, and furrows now
Have cradled many a care;
And lights flash sunning on the brow,
To wake but shadows there."

In the village of Corydon, about fifty miles distant from Durham, bordering on the sea-shore, 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. At 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 stillly 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, and 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 brook the dread that falls upon them in these 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 Scotchman by birth, and he 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 his power, must necessarily lie smothered in the bosoms where it dwelt. If the poor man, who was dependant upon him for the farm that he cultivated, dared to whisper that he was a hard master, his hopes were blasted in a moment; and no matter who it was, if he dared to speak, what the community knew to be true about William Bloomfield, he must prepare himself against 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 husks and offals of the heart.

The Bloomfield family had many members, and all of them partook 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, in consequence of not being able to establish his authority over his father's house, had left his home, and his abiding place was unknown to them. He was an Indian in principle, and his inventive genius did not prevent him from executing his designs with an Indian's art; and his physical strength too was fully adequate for the encouing of deeds of terrible daring. As I have already hinted, the Bloomfield family were held in universal

execration by all the community, except it was a very few who ranked high enough in their estimation to be worthy of their favor and notice. These they generally managed to keep on their side. Unfortunately, and very unaccountably too, this family became the persecutors of poor Mrs. Bancroft, and they did not fail to villify the character, and haunt that woman and her daughter, until they drove them to the very verge of despair. But at length the tide flowed back—the community did not like to look calmly on and see a deserted woman borne down by such a merciless oppressor, and this course raised up for Mrs. B. and her daughter some friends, who sustained and shielded them amidst these flying thunderbolts of wrath.

Why do the Bloomfields stoop to destroy the peace of a retired and sorrow-stricken family? was a question which no one could answer, unless it was that they had not then, any other victim. In the midst of these trials, Leander Fleming, a young lawyer of Durham, of high character and attainments, of a noble soul, and much beloved by all, without any particular regard for, or acquaintance with the Bancroft family, became a firm friend of the persecuted, and of course, laid himself open to the violent assaults and the 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 breast the shock of malice on one hand, he had to bar 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 was 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 ire of Wm. Bloomfield.

"Cairne has deserted us!" said Burk 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 Burk.

"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 commended him to the whole assemblage, and he was unanimously chosen their leader. About fifty persons armed themselves, and taking provisions with them, proceed 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 you all, for I have been captured by them, and for six months past have been as one of them prowling about the country. Last week fortune favoured me, and I escaped from the crew. But hark, 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. Every thing, therefore, must be managed with caution. When they find they are betrayed by me, they will be the 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 countenances 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 enterprize would not fail. At this moment young Buckingham stepped forward. His eyes flashed fire, as he gazed upon the countenances of those about him.

"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 just at dark, at the village of Corydon, 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 Sphynx. The Sphynx is a huge promontory of massy 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 strata of rock that joined in one spot

only to the main land, there could have been no gaining the summit of the promontory. Upon the Sphynx 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 that followed it, 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 hat was circulated, and a handsome sum raised to present to 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 contented 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 find they are only 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, 'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor." "'Tis very likely you may, for I am sowing hemp."

From the Lansburgh Gazette.

A SAPPHIC ODE ON THE UNIVERSE.

Rise, contemplation; mount the starry regions;
View the grand concave, drench'd around with spangles;
Boundless! amazing! far beyond conception,
Vast the dimensions!

What skilful artist plann'd the noble structure?
What mighty power rais'd the lofty fabric?
Where the strong pillars, that support the building,
Grand and majestic?

Come, son of science, taste the feast of wisdom;
Bring forth thy glasses, view the starry beauties,
Ponder and wonder—read the noble volume
Of the creation.

See the bright millions through the depths of ether,
Sparkling, like diamonds, on the face of midnight—
Worlds without number, with amazing swiftness,
Rolling around them!

What hand almighty fram'd these shining wonders?
Rings orbs enormous from the womb of nothing;
Hurl'd them stupendous flaming thro' the ancient
Regions of darkness.

Where, ancient nothing, are thy gloomy regions?
Where are the confines of a thousand systems?
Where the vast circle, that surrounds creation,
Wide and stupendous!

Angelic armies, strong in operation,
Princes of Heaven, penetrating powers,
Bright and sagacious, traversing the heavens
Swifter than sunbeams!

Have ye completed the amazing circuit?
Have ye discovered nature's utmost limits,
In your researches through revolving ages,
Since the creation?

Know ye Jehovah's universal empire?
Has any Newton, 'midst celestial sages,
Solv'd the grand problem, while attendant angels
Shouted applauses?

How the celestials fill'd with admiration,
Struck with amazement 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 fiat rais'd the vast creation,
Perfect in beauty.

Who is this dread Prince? Who this King of Glory?
He on the cross hang; bled for human rebels;
He coaquered death's pow'r, broke the tyrant's sceptre—
Rose from the dark tomb.

He, mighty Victor, triumph'd over Satan,
He alone vanquished all the powers of darkness:
Then those apostates felt his awful vengeance
Flaming around them.

When he ascended to the blissful regions,
Round him attended bright cherubic legions,
There sits the God Man on a throne of glory,
King over all worlds!

Come then, ye mortals, join with lofty seraphs,
Sing hallelujahs to the King Eternal,—
Raise loud hosannas to the mighty Saviour:
Hail the Redeemer!

Boundless compassion! Love surpassing knowledge—
Language is lost in such amazing wonders!
Come, meditation,—come in solemn silence,
Muse then his praises. B.

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 instinct than reason; it would be real charity to check this feeling because the good he does may be doubtful, while the injury he does his family and creditors is certain. True economy is a careful treasure in the service of benevolence, and when they are united, respectability, prosperity and peace will follow.

To Wash Calico without Fading—Put a table spoonful of common salt into the suds, and the colors will remain as bright as before washing.

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.

EPITAPH,

On poor *Sam Patch*, who, having a *drop* too much, was killed, by leaping down the Falls of Genesee, a height of 125 feet.

Beneath this *PATCH* of earth LIES *PATCH*,
They LIE too, who say he'd his match.
Ye *DIVERS*, he surpassed you all,
Who *DIVERS* times plung'd down this fall,
A height of six score FEET, or more;
Who ever saw such *fete* before?
Twas brandy, some say with a sneer,
Brought Sam to his untimely *bier*;
But why, with *drunkards* is he class'd?
He stuck to *water* to the last.
Oh! *Jockey* with his *Jenny* here,
At this sad *fall* shall drop a tear—
She'll cry "Alas, poor *Patch*!" While he
Cries "*Jenny*, look at *Gene-see*!"
Each passing *beau* 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 *DIS-PATCH* him!"

WOMAN--AT 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 fantastic. If the ornaments of her house, however splendid they may be, are badly arranged, or incongruously assorted 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 bonnet, 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 cottage, order and neatness are conspicuous in every thing around her. In the dress of her children, she unites simplicity with taste, and attends at once to the improvement of their minds, and the cultivation of those graces which, in a greater or less degree, according to their respective stations in life, will recommend them to society. Such a woman, although she may not be learned or accomplished according to the modern acceptation of the term, will be found to possess judgment, good sense, and a correct taste. With respect to her dress, its "unsuitness" will never be made an apology for not seeing her friends. Her domestic, or other engagements, may with propriety prevent her from receiving

visits; but if she chooses to receive them, her dress, if proper for the business in which she may happen to be engaged, she will never be ashamed of. Both at home and abroad it will always be dictated by a sense of propriety, preserving a proper medium between the extravagancies of fashion, and that homely plainness that usually denotes an ordinary mind.

THE GEM.

Rochester, Saturday March 5, 1831.

In consequence of being snatched away from home as a witness in an important trial now pending in a neighboring county, we have been obliged to put off issuing our paper until this late hour.

THE RIVER.—At the present time the Genesee is foaming and dashing down our 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 distant din of the battle. What a thought, that our Market and the Exchange-Buildings are suspended over such swift and rank destruction! How soon would all traces of them be lost, if a few sticks of oak and pine should refuse to give their support! And the building in whose upper story we keep ourselves, how the waves of destruction lash its solid base and break themselves upon it! But we are in the hands of Him who loses not strength in moving the vast machinery, or in upholding the massy weight of the Universe. This river, and all things else, are the work of his hands, and no man can control the least of events, any more than he can control this mighty river.

A CHARACTER.—While absent in a neighboring county, lately, engaged in court, we could not help noticing one particular character at the bar. He was a young man, not over thirty years of age, of good abilities and fair talents, as we understood, and had occupied a high station in society: but he has at the present time the marks of that soul-destroying practice intemperance about him. Of this he seems to be conscious, and added to this he appears to imagine that all about him are looking upon him as an intemperate man. In view of this, all his actions are unnatural, and not unlike the drunkard who imagines he can hide his disgrace by actions, he is constantly in motion—but ah! that bloated cheek and strained eye, told all he would conceal. Now reader, if you are a "temperate drinker," beware; remember that every drunkard was once a 'temperate drinker,' and that the subject we are speaking of now imagines himself a 'temperate drinker,' when the very features of drunkenness are ripening on his countenance. Should we live and conduct this publication for a few years to come, we will mention the character of the person-

age who is the subject of this article, three years hence—but remember our prophecy is, that he is LOST!

LADIES' MIRROR:

SOUTHBRIDGE.....MASS.

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 second best, a set of Shakspear's works.

For the third do. 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 3d do. a volume of the Mirror.

For the best original ESSAY 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 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.

THE SISTERS.

Both were young artless, and lovely. Aurelia was eldest, yet her eighteenth year had but just passed away. We had lived out childhood's gay and fleeting year together, each the other's friend. All our little cares and petty troubles were shared or pitied alike, and neither knew of joy alone. While we separated, for my studies called me away, both yet seemed like fair young buds, too pure to bloom like this world's flowers, yet I 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 & timed fawn, or, perhaps more like the retiring, violet blushing 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, that 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 purer joy flowed upon her cheek, and a warmer welcome burst from her speaking eyes than all Au-

relia's words could possibly have expressed. "To night you will go to Miss L.—'s ball?" 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 hear no excuse, and I promised to go. How far her pride was gratified in thus being enabled to flirt with a new beau. I cannot say. Surely I thought, before evening was half gone, that Aurelia Munson was the greatest coquette I ever knew. Almost every young man in the room was in the course of the evening, attached to her train a few silly moments, discarded for another as unconcernedly as the glittering butterfly flits from one object to another.

Pleasure was the altar upon which Aurelia had sacrificed all her heart's idolatry, and she loved nothing better than a ball. This evening I was her particular beau, and consequently doomed to hear and witness more foolery and nonsense than I had before supposed one person capable of performing. I need not say I was glad when the party dispersed and my own dear person was snugly lodged in bed. But oh! what a dream disturbed my brain! I was a Fop, jilt, and performed to the very extreme of ridiculousness, and upon either arm most lovingly reclined an Aurelia. Suddenly and unconsciously we began to move—the earth seemed to glide from beneath our feet—we were raised high in the air and as we were borne over cities and villages, other fair companions sprung to my side, and locked their arms, one in the other, till I was sadly burthened with the long train I supported. Still we moved on, yet I knew not how, and I turned my eyes in every direction to solve the mystery. At length I looked upward and, think of my astonishment when I beheld a single butterfly bearing us all, unweariedly, along through the vast realms of space! Utterly bewildered, I gazed upon the airy wings and tiny form of the little carrier, as he gambolled, unrestrained, through the air as if in search of some favorite flower. Borne by a butterfly! I was ashamed of my nothingness, and in order to give my companions a similar idea, significantly pointed out to them our mode of conveyance.

"Oh, la!" lisped one fair speaker, "what beautiful wings?"

"And such pretty eyes!" said another.

"Dear me!" simpered a third, "do look at its feet! did you ever——!" and thus they ran on till not a limb on her of the innocent little butterfly was left unpraised. I began to feel uneasy—was heartily sick of being a fop—so like mere vanity that a single butterfly may bear a hundred of us without fatigue, and I resolved to be one no longer. No sooner was the resolve formed than my fairy companions began to fall away, and soon I was alone, the butterfly disappeared and I awoke.

The sun had already passed the meridian, when I took my hat and strolled into the fields. Three years had glided into oblivion since I trod those meadows, and followed

that little brook to its mouth, where I had sat for hours, watching the speckled trout as they gambolled in their watery element. Time had made many changes, and I was musing upon them when a little girl caught my arm. "O, dear Sir! do come and see my poor mother—she is dying!" sobbed the little girl as she wiped the tears from her eyes.

I followed my little conductress to a miserable hovel which stood near by, and in which 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 extreme poverty. The tattered garments which were hung 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 quick sigh, and a trembling told that the poor woman was at rest.

"She's dead!" I 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 miserable pallet 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 extremely poor. Elizabeth, in the fulness of her charity, had sought her out, and supported her head when she died.

Need I draw a comparison between the sisters? No, I know it is already made in your own hearts, I will only say that Elizabeth is now a loved and lovely wife, while Aurelia still hopes to catch the hand of some fair ball-room fop. The one always brings to my mind a picture of happiness, while the other merely recalls my dream.

LOTHAIRE.

From the Rochester Observer.

Mr. Chipman: Will you, or some of your many correspondents, be kind enough to answer the following questions, and oblige

PHILO.

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 professors 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. May 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?

Confession of Convicts.—Last December, I was in company a hundred miles with a Sheriff, who had the charge of three prisoners going to Sing-Sing prison. I inquired of them how they had spent their Sabbaths. The eldest, a man about 50, said he had been brought up in a tavern and with a team, and used to work on the Sabbath as on other days. His habits had never changed in that respect.

The next oldest said he used to attend religious meetings occasionally, but of late had been at work on the canal, in the furnace, driving stage and team, and could not keep a Sabbath.

The youngest had left a wife, who was a worthy member of Mr.—'s church; he 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 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 bad company, and now it is leading me from my family to the prison. I had known him when he was industrious and respectable, though he was unacquainted with the fact, and I doubt not he told me the truth.

Ah, said I, when he wept and wept again, Memory, O memory! thou deathless worm 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 contemns the Sabbath is 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 one hundred and thirty vessels are known to have sailed from this port since last January. In addition to these encouraging facts, it is recently ascertained that the use of ardent spirits among seamen is discontinued in the large Liverpool packet ships, which sail from this port, as well as in most, if not all, of the Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York regular lines.

Measures have also been taken to ascertain the proportion of sailors, who abstain wholly from the use of ardent spirits both at sea and on shore. In the space of ten months past, two hundred and fifty-nine of this description have been registered, being on an average, about one man in five of those whose names have been entered in within this space of time; quite as large a proportion of strictly temperate men, it is believed, as would be found in the other classes of the community.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

A FRAGMENT.

"Well, well, I think its likely; but don't tease me any more you saucy jade! your brother has married a poor girl, one whom I forbid him to marry, and I won't forgive him if they all starve together, and ther's the end on't."

This speech was addressed to a beautiful girl scarcely eighteen years old—beautiful as the lily which hides itself away under the dark waters. She was parting the silvery locks on her father's high handsome forehead, of which her own was a miniature, and pleading the cause of her delinquent brother, who had married against his father's will, and had consequently been disinherited and left to poverty. Old Mr. Wheatly was a rich old gentleman, a resident of the city of Boston. He was a fat, lazy, good natured old fellow, somewhat given to mirth and wine, and sat in his arm chair from morning until night, smoking his pipe and reading the newspapers. Sometimes a story of his own exploits at the battle of Bunkerhill filled up a passing hour. He had two children; the runaway son, and the lovely girl before spoken of. The fond girl still went on pleading.

"Dear father; do forgive him; you don't know what a beautiful girl he has married, and——"

"I think it's likely," said the old man, "but don't tease, and open the door a little; this plaguey room smokes so! now give me my handkerchief, my eyes are so weak!"

"Well," continued the lovely Ellen, "won't you just see her now, she is so good—and the little boy—he looks so innocent——"

"What did you say?" interrupted the father, "a boy! have I a grand child? why, why, Ellen, I never knew that before! but I think it's likely. Well now, give me my chocolate, and then go to your music lesson."

Ellen left him. The old man's heart began to relent, "well," he went on, Charles was always a good boy; a little wild or so at college, but I indulged him: and he was always good to his old father for all; but he disobeyed me by marrying this poor girl; yet, as my old friend and fellow soldier, Tom Bonner, used to say, we ought to forgive and forget. Poor Tom! I would give all the old shoes I've got, to know what ever became of him. If I could find him I would share my last crumb with him. If I could but find him, or one of his children—heaven grant they are not suffering! This plaguey smoky room—how my eyes water! If I did but know who this poor girl was whom Charles has married—but I have never enquired her name. I'll find out and——"

"Then will you forgive him?" said Ellen, rushing into the room.

"I think its likely," said the old man.

Ellen led into the room a beautiful boy about two years old. His curly hair and rosy cheek could but make one love him.

"Who is that?" said the old man, wiping his eyes.

"That—that—is Charles' boy!" said Ellen, throwing one of her arms round her father's neck, while with the other she placed the boy

on his knee. The child looked tenderly up into his face, and lisped out "Grandpa, what makes you cry so? that's just like mother."

The old man clasped the child to his bosom and kissed him over and over again. After his emotion had a little subsided he bade the child tell his name.

"Thomas Bonner Wheatly," said the boy. "I am named after Grandpa."

"What, what do I hear!" said the old man, "Thomas Bonner your Grandfather!"

"Yes," lisped the boy, "and he lives with Ma'——"

"Get me my cane!" said the old man, "and come, Ellen, you come along—be quick child!"

They started off at a quick pace, which soon brought them to the poor though neat lodgings of his son. There he beheld his old friend Thomas Bonner, seated in one corner weaving baskets, while his swathed limbs shewed how unable he was to perform the necessary task. His lovely daughter, the wife of his Charles, was preparing their frugal evening meal, and Charles, was out seeking employment to support his needy family. Old Mr. Wheatly burst into tears.

"It's all my fault!" sobbed the old man as he embraced his old friend, who was petrified with amazement. When they had become a little composed—"come," said Mr. Wheatly, "come, all of you, home with me, we will all live together; there's plenty of room in my house for us all."

By this time Charles had come. He asked his father's forgiveness, which was freely given, and Ellen was almost wild with joy.

"Oh, how happy we shall be!" she exclaimed, "and, father, you will love little Thomas so—and he will be your pet won't he?"

"Aye" said the old man, "I think it's likely."

ROSAMOND.

THE GEM.

TO AGENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS.—When four numbers more of the GEM shall have been published, with 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 in earnest, and we hope will be attended to.

MIDNIGHT!—Oh! what equals the solemnity of the midnight hour! When the moon is shedding her beams upon a drowsy world, and the stars in heaven twinkle amid the solemn silence. Every thing is hushed, and all seems as if creation was in her grave! Now and then, some sound breaks forth amid the solitude, and rolls along with a fearfulness not less solemn than impressive; and like the voice of wailing sighing at midnight amidst the ruins of some ancient hall, seems more dreadful, because at such an hour! And how deeply solemn is midnight o'er the fearful cataract. The rushing waters, as they dash down the descent, send back a wail upon the stillness, like the wave of desolation; and as its awful thunders pierce the deep silence, one can imagine he hears the voice of mis-

ery mingling amid that ceaseless roar; and when he approaches the awful brink, and casts his eyes down into the depths, amid the craggy rocks that peer out thro' the thick gloom, he may imagine the dashing white foam to be the shroud for spirits that stalk abroad thus on the very threshold of destruction!

When night is in her deep, deep noon, and all is solitude, and silence—then airy Spirits stalk abroad, shapeless, and nameless! Yet bearing every shape, and every name, That can affright the soul!

THE STAGE.—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, how 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 are to bear 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 and turns his back upon his home, there is a feeling of solemnity and pleasure passes 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

"Various—

That the mind of desultory man,
Studios of change, and pleas'd with novelty,
May be indulg'd."

But e'en while we write, the distant stage-horn lights upon our ear. What a stillness pervades the place, and how close drawn are the curtains of the night! We leave now, but hope pierces thro' time, and whispers, "thou'lt return;"—a blessed assurance!

WE hope our offers of premiums will be looked at carefully. Printers who will insert the advertisement for premiums and send us one subscriber, shall receive a full set of volume 2d. if they desire it. And persons who will send us 3 subscribers shall be entitled to an unbound copy of vol. 2d. Vol. 2d contains a plate of Genesee Falls, with the Scaffold of Sam Patch, besides other plates.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The articles signed 'Washington,' and 'Ignotus,' are well enough written, but are destitute of plot.—'Sleigh-Riding,' 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. Alex. will hear from us soon by letter.

Any omissions must be excused, from the fact of our having been called away.

While I was journeying in Vermont I heard from a sociable gentleman somewhere on white river another little equestrian feat, which it is proper to record;

A Vermontese owned a very fine trotter, whose extraordinary speed he illustrated by the following anecdote:—"I was driving him one day in a dearborn," said he, "and I overtook a stranger who was walking the same way, and I asked him to get in and ride with me; so he got in, and I just spoke to my horse, and he started off at a middling good trot. Presently the stranger asked what graveyard it was we were passing through! Oh, said I, its nothing but mile stones."

ORIGINAL POETRY.



WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

LINES.

So pale my boy? has all thy colour fled?
Aye, there are no roses for the chilly dead.

My boy, thou'lt die! I know by thy pale brow
And hectic cheek, that that will be thy doom.
Thy mother's heart forebodes it, too, that thou
Will blight and wither in a span-like tomb.
Aye, death's cold wing is o'er thee, and his breath
Is on thy cheek, and on thy brow of snow,
And yet thou look'st so beautiful in death,
My baby, can I, can I let thee go?

Too beautiful thou wert to linger here,
Where the bright flowers and every thing decay,
And buds like thee, too soon grow cold and sere,
And sparkling sunshine passeth soon away.
Oh! my first born, my beautiful, my dead!
How can I give thee up, my only joy?
How give thee up to that cold, stilly bed?
How can I give thee up, my blighted boy?

Oh! 'twas so bitter, thus to see thee die!
And know the living and the dead most part;
Yet cold and withering as I see thee lie,
Thou cling'st but closer to my yearning heart.
Then, my poor boy, how can I let thee go?
Oh! for this murmuring may I be forgiven!
For in this breaking heart I know—I know,
Thy God hath call'd for thee, my child, in heaven.

ROSAMOND.

FROM THE N. H. SENTINEL.

QUID ODI.

I hate this flummery, fashion:—It would seem
That fancy in an hour most fanciful,
Caprice when most capricious, folly when
Most foolish, had combined to form and send
Among our poor, ill-judging race their worst;
As if there were not shadows and chimeras
Enough already to turn every head.

And what is fashion? Spare, O spare the muse
The dire descriptive task. Enough to say,
It is or seems an animated whim,
Without a form, though mistress of a thousand.
Painter, I leave the rest to thee; should you
Dare risk the reputation of your skill
In the delineation of her charms,
Hear first a friend's advice;—make haste, and give
Precipitancy your pencil strokes,
Lest she, camelion-like, transform herself
Beneath your hand.
And you must here afford your nicest touch,
Since 'tis no common personage you paint:
An arbiter supreme in human things,
That holds reason and conscience in thrall,
Adjusts, accommodates with plastic hand,
Lengthens or abrogates their claims till men
Have not alone a fashionable coat,
Address and air, but also morals, (still
So falsely termed,) and religion, too,
[Now no such thing,) becomes more fashion's crea-
ture.

There is not playing now on this great stage,
The world, a more facetious farce than this.
Some desperate hero, of some desperate trade,
Is forced (forsooth his purse is getting low)
Is forced (how cogent must his motive be!)
To think. See where he sits, all wrapp'd in tho't,
His heated forehead resting on a hand.

To which the world owes less than he the world,
Well nigh to bursting with convolved 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 soliloquizes,—“Let me see!”
Expressive! Who but him?—

It comes to light!

And, lo “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
Exalted suddenly, and *vice versa*.
Green becomes blue, white, pink and scarlet, brown;
What grac'd the head now ornaments the heel;
And what was beautiful is now abhorr'd;
Abhorred for what? Why, fops, all starch and stays,
Pronounce it “out of fashion;” wherefore we
Must fling 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 ere long she shall leave food for worms,
When she assumes a mightier existence
To range where now imagination cannot.
We are no longer prized for intellect,
Or for the virtues that ennoble it,
Rather for what betrays a want of both.

Has any seen and not admired the form
And hue of nature's changeless robe in which
She decks herself at each returning spring?
Is this less charming that it never alters,
Nor ever hath assumed an ornament,
Or changed the fashion of its loveliness
Since the first spring that smiled upon the world?
Eternal green is hers; that paler hue
She wears in Autumn is not hers, but death's.

w.

Love and poetry.—Should there be in this en-
lightened age, any incredulous person who
still denies that love is productive of 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.
But sugar it is sweeter,
And my love as far excels sugar,
As sugar does saltpetre.”

Love.—Every poet that ever had an exist-
ence has written of it—every minstrel has
sung of it—and every maid has dreamed of
it; but we much doubt (we must own, how-
ever, 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 dizziness;
It wanna let a pure boddy
Gang about his bizziness!”

Love.—A wit, describing the universal em-
pire of love, drolly describes its onsets among
the funny race:

Love assails
And warms, 'mid seas of ice, the melting Whales;
Cools cramped Cod, fierce pangs to Perch imparts,
Shrinks shrivell'd Shrimps, and opens Oyster's
hearts.

THE MIND.—The mind is but a barren soil:
a soil which is soon exhausted, and will pro-
duce no crop, or only one, unless it be contin-
ually fertilized, and enriched with foreign mat-
ter.

THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

AND WESTERN REPOSITORY OF BELLES-LETTRES
EDITED BY J. T. CASE.

In presenting his proposals at this time to the
public, the publisher deems it unnecessary to say
many words. The work has been commenced, and
is now entering the last half year of its second
volume. The continuance of the work, under pres-
ent prospects, is no longer a matter of doubt—and
it is no longer doubtful that a publication, embracing
the objects which this professes, is actually called
for, and will be generously sustained in the western
country. A simple reference to the plan and execu-
tion of the work itself will, it is believed, give bet-
ter satisfaction generally, than long explanations and
many promises.

THE LADIES' MUSEUM Embraces in its gen-
eral subjects, Original and Selected Poetry, Tales,
Essays, Notices and Reviews of New Works, Nat-
ural History, Sketches of Biography and History,
Reports of Fashions, occasional articles relating to
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BE OURS THE PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 23.

ROCHESTER, MARCH 19, 1831

VOL. II.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE BANCROFT FAMILY.

A Tale of real life.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

"Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own—
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do the worst, for I have liv'd to day;
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate are mine,
Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour."

After the commitment of the Fighting-Devil, and five of his companions to prison, and depositing the money raised for the gallant leader against the robbers, for the benefit of the poor; the people quietly sought their homes, and the newspapers told the story to the country. The anxiety of the community was dispelled, and the alarm that had pervaded the peaceable citizens of Flambeau Corydon, and the country bordering on the sea, was now at an end.

I will now return once more to Durham—to the disconsolate and persecuted remnant of the house of Bancroft.

It was now two years since George Bancroft had made his oath upon the hillock in the vicinity of his native village, never to return to his home until he could do so a reformed man. The time for the trial of the robbers was at hand, and great numbers felt anxious to witness that trial. Among others in Durham, Mrs. Bancroft expressed a desire to witness the trial of those who had once entered her dwelling, and, in the dead of night robbed her of a great portion of her property. Leander Fleming, who was now intimate at her humble dwelling, learning her desire, offered to accompany her to New-Haven, which she accepted. The day of their departure at length arrived, and they sat off early in the morning, in a private carriage, and arrived at New-Haven in safety the same evening. The next day the trial came on; and, notwithstanding the crowd was very great, insomuch that many could not obtain admittance to the court-room, yet they succeeded in obtaining seats in a convenient place to witness all the proceedings. The hour for the opening of the court had passed, and yet no appearance of business or of the prisoners was manifest. What peculiarly annoyed our guests, as they sat in their seats waiting the commencement of the court, was the appearance of William Bloomfield, who had come to attend the trials. Ever and anon they caught his wicked and malicious eye, wandering towards the box in which they sat, and although this might not have greatly troubled young Fleming, it evidently was a damper upon the spirits of the retiring Mrs. Bancroft.

At length a movement was felt among the

crowd without, and the approach of the sheriff and his guard with the prisoners was manifest. In a few moments they were all inside the court-room, and were walking up the aisle of the house, followed by armed men, towards the bar. The Fighting-Devil was first, and a thousand eyes were upon him. He was a tall, well built man, about forty, and though a little pale from confinement, yet exhibiting the character and appearance of a perfect villain. He had large whiskers which nearly covered his cheeks, and large mustaches, which served to set off his character as a robber to advantage. When he arrived at his seat, he turned his black eyes upon the multitude, and drawing down his brow, seemed to look terror into the heart of every individual. The court-room was at length made still—the crier had pronounced his "hear ye," and the jury had been called, when a disturbance was made in one part of the room, and all eyes were turned towards the place, to discover the cause. It was immediately announced, however, much to the satisfaction of all present, (for the general impression seemed to be that a mob of the friends of the robbers had come to their rescue,) that it was a man in a fit. The judge arose and commanded silence, and then ordered the constables present to withdraw with the man who was ill. At this the stricken man jumped up and cried aloud:

"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 scene of confusion. All was still, as he articulated in a clear and beautiful 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 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 adamant 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 now, where hatred had but just been strong and triumphant!

The trial now proceeded—the prisoners all plead "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 formed to pursue the robbers, George Buckingham, was called, and he came forward to be sworn.—As the oath was being administered, another disturbance took place, by a woman fainting and falling. Business was again suspended until she could be removed, 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 faltering voice, desired the judge would release him for a short time, for particular reasons which he could not explain to the court. To this request the court assented, and young Buckingham, pale and trembling, crowded his way out of the room, and followed, as fast as his strength would permit, the direction in which the woman was carried. He arrived at her room at the inn a few moments after she was carried in—and here, if the reader has not already anticipated me, I would say, that when Mrs. Bancroft, the lady who had fainted, was again restored to her reason, which had been so suddenly thrown from its pivot, she was restored to her long lost son, George Bancroft! Since his departure from home he had assumed the name of Buckingham, that he might the surer be secreted from the knowledge of his family. That son, had indeed reformed. He had seen that his vicious habits and companions was fast hastening him to ruin, and he determined to fly both, when he took that solemn oath. That oath had been rashly made, but nobly kept—as every thing about him both in appearance and actions amply bore witness. This restoration poured into the wounded and torn bosom of his mother, the first true joy that had found its way thither since his departure!—But she was calm—and when she looked upon that long absent, but now restored son, and all the feelings of the mother pervaded her bosom, as she traced the resemblance of his beloved but long lost father in his countenance and form; her heart was lifted up in gratitude to God for the priceless blessing she enjoyed, and she felt even unworthy to receive so great a favor! These were the effects of christianity—that feeling in the bosom which will lead the creature to say, in comfort or affliction, "blessed be the name of the Lord." But I will leave the mother and son in the joyful business of reconciliation to each other, and return to the court.

It had been agreed that one of the five robbers should be chosen as evidence against the rest, and the one so chosen should have his liberty. This was done by the five drawing for the chance. The lot fell to Burk. He

was 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 to join 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 debut 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 travellers 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 *Guilty* without leaving their seats.

"How have you managed to keep your spirits from sinking, and your heart from fainting during my mysterious and uncalled for absence, my dear mother?" said George Bancroft, as the party were returning to Durham.

"I have drawn strength from a fountain that never fails;" said his mother, "I have looked to Him who has said 'my grace is sufficient.'"

"And my sister Cora," continued George, "is she the same kind creature?"

"You shall see when you meet her," said his mother.

"Do you know that steeple George?" said young Fleming pointing towards the Durham meeting-house.

"I think I should know the bell," he replied smiling.

Already they had arrived at their very door, and Mrs. Bancroft was alighting, when Cora, seeing them, came out. But what was her surprize 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 hearts will be softened—but if we become dissatisfied, curse our fate, and seem to think we deserve a better lot, then the heart hardens, and we dishonour 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 audibly to the heart.

Months passed away, and the Bancroft family were comparatively happy. George Bancroft was known, and as he had reformed and become again entitled to the confidence of his former 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 must 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 dark ~~present~~ presented to their burdened minds. With very unchristian feelings, 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 front, 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 expiated 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, had not 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 about 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 admittance 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 a few burning splinters which threw a light athwart 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 festoons of richness and beauty hung above; and he doubtless enjoyed sleep as well as if plenty crowned the habitation where he lay reposing. 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?" enquired the stranger.

"Not long," she replied. "My husband, though 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 thro' any hope of reforming him, for I have long been prepossessed that his 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 farrago. 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, "I 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——!" said the stranger rising, and grasping her hand, "Good heavens! we were intimate in our youth!—we were companions and friends together!—but I must not tarry; I will see you again soon!" Thus saying he rushed from the room in an instant, and soon the sound of his footsteps could not be heard.

* * * * *

"To-night," said Leander Fleming to his sisters, "I am to be married. If you have a regard for my feelings, or your own characters, you will attend at the cottage to-night.—The Bloomfields, our once particular friends, I shall not ask," he continued, rather lightly.

His sisters consented to go, though rather reluctantly, and when the evening arrived, Leander was rejoiced to hear that the whole family had accepted his invitation.

I cannot enter into preliminaries. The wished for evening came, and a numerous and joyful party were in attendance. The hour at length arrived and the couple entered the room with their attendant bridegroom.—Cora Bancroft was an enchanting creature, and that evening she appeared doubly so.—Her head contained a single rose, its petals partly closed, and the stem having on it three leaves: a sparkling diamond, glistened on its stem. Her dress was of pure white, and her cheek, from the emotions that pervaded her bosom, was alternately pale and flushed.—The ceremonies commenced, and the clergyman had repeated the words "if any have objections let them now make them, or forever after hold their peace," when a stranger in a black suit, and of an uncommonly interesting appearance, entered the room.

"I forbid the bans," said he in a faltering voice.

A feeling of astonishment and distress, struck the assemblage dumb. Cora was just in the act of fainting, as the stranger continued—

"Not forever do I forbid this match, but,"—he paused—his lip quivered, yet he proceeded—"let me be restored to my daughter, before I give her away!"

"My husband!—my husband!" shrieked Mrs. Bancroft, and in attempting to rush into his arms, fell senseless at his feet! The utmost confusion prevailed throughout the whole house. The returned Edward Bancroft sobbed aloud, and sank down over-

come by his feelings. His son and daughter and his friends gathered around him, with hearts too full to articulate—and as they grasped his nerveless hand, and poured their tears out with his, let the reader imagine the scene.

I will now detail the marriage, give the history of Edward Bancroft's life, and note the sad fate of the Bloomfields.

Concluded in our next.

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 evasive style as they had adopted on former occasions. They attempted to sooth 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 attendant on the general circulation of the Scriptures. The obstacles thrown in the way tended 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 demonstrating the analogy of Luther's doctrine to the precepts of Scripture, and their ministrations were 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 Spretter, 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 Wittenberg, and in the course of his progress through the town, sung them under Luther's window. The attention of

the Reformer was caught by the subject; he listened with pleasure to the song, and when, 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.—*Bower's Life of Luther.*

THE STORY OF LEAR.

Shakspeare is indebted for the tragedy of Lear, to a translation of an ancient Welsh history, entitled *Bruty Brenhinoed*, or Chronicle of the Kings, written by Tysilia, a Welsh Bishop, at the close of the seventh century. Geoffrey, of Monmouth, has been supposed, by the commentators on Shakspeare, to be the author of the story of Lear; but it has been ascertained that Geoffrey's version is extremely erroneous, and that he borrowed it from this old Chronicle. Lear, in this curious old remnant of antiquity, is called *Llyr*, who built a city on the river Soram, called *Leir Cestyr*, now properly Leicester. The names of his three daughters were *Goronilla*, *Rogan*, and *Cordeilla*; the last of whom he loved most tenderly; but in consequence of offending him, as has been correctly represented by the poet, she was cut off without any share in the kingdom, and was afterwards married to Aganippus, king of France. The poet follows the chronicler very closely, in describing the treatment the old king received from his daughters, but the catastrophe is different. The chronicler makes Cordeilla accompany her old father on his return to England, with the whole military force of France, with which they triumph over Lear's two unnatural daughters and their husbands, and reduce the country to obedience. The death of her husband, Aganippus, at this time, induces Cordeilla to remain in Britain, where, in conjunction with her father, she governed "for a long time in peace and quietness, until *Llyr* died." She then reigned alone for five years, and in the sixth year her nephews Morgan, Prince of Scotland, and Cunedda, Prince of Cornwall, made war upon her, and finally subdued the island, and took and confined Cordeilla in prison. "And when she thought, says the chronicler, of her former grandeur which she had lost, and there remained no hopes that she should be again restored, out of excessive anguish she killed herself, which was done by stabbing herself with a knife, under her breast, so that she lost her soul. And thereupon it was adjudged that it was the foulest death of any for a person to kill himself. This happened 1500 years after the deluge." The parts of the play engrafted upon the original story, are the episode of Gloucester and his sons, which is taken from Sidney's *Arcadia*, and the character of the steward borrowed from the "Mirror of Magistrates." In this tragedy there is a passage which bears a strong resemblance to one in *Lucretius*—with the language of whom Shakspeare, it is said was not acquainted:

Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut aquum est
Cui tan tum vita restet transiro malorum.

Lucretius.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wail and cry—
When we are born we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools. *Shakspeare.*

THE CATACOMBS OF PALERMO.

The following account of the Catacombs of Palermo is from the Journal of M. P. E. Botta, 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 sepulcher vaults of a convent of capuchins, situated about a mile from the city. They have been dug in a soil 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 of Toulouse and that of the Jacobins of the same city were formerly celebrated for producing similar effects. It was there that they preserved among other corpses that of the beautiful Paula; and the curious have sought among these disfigured remains of some traits that wonderful beauty, the extraordinary accounts of which it is difficult to believe. These catcombs, according to the statement of travellers, are more curious than those 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 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 much more expressive than statues. These are dead bodies. Monks and nobles, priests and laymen, are there to be seen standing in the costume of their rank or profession. Each of these corpses occupies a small cell, to which it is attached by the back. It must not be imagined by this description that they resemble a collection of mummies, similar to those with which such a lucrative commerce is carried on at Cario, and which are despatched by cargoes like Newcastle coals. These bodies which seem to belong to humanity less than coffers in which they are lodged cannot be compared with the *corpi defuncti* of Palermo. The latter seem to have preserved their vitality, and to move and gesticulate, and some *Cicerone* even pretended that they have sometimes spoken to the astonished tourist. As, with the exception of their clothing, these corpses are not at all confined, and their numbers are not in the least restrained, they are subject to no other influences than the curious phenomena which result from the greater or less degree of contractibility of their tissues. Some of them are as still and upright as a sentinel in this box; others, again, on the contrary, seem to bend in different positions; others, again, are thrown backward, and their members are distorted as if they were suffer-

ing horrible torments. One appears in a state of demoniac fury; you see another like a victim tied to the stake, and, further on, one whose grotesque postures and manners remind you of the buffoonery of a clown.—There is, indeed, no violent passions nor exaggerated expression which does not find a representation here; and not only are the contortions amazing, but painters might make a study of these remains of mortality, which would do admirably for an illustration of the ‘Dance of Death.’ If Dante had seen these corpses, they would have suggested to his mind new tortures for the damned, and I can recommend this pilgrimage to the writers who delight in describing terrific and horrible spectacles.

“Though some of these corpses have been here for nearly three hundred years, yet it would be in vain to look for a single skeleton, as all their muscles and skin are preserved entire. An old monk with a long white beard has, by his own choice, taken up his residence in this melancholy abode, and he never leaves it. His only companion is a large cat, which continually follows him. The inhabitants of Palermo visit this dismal abode daily, and it is with many of them an object of ambition to obtain a place there. It is not, as I am assured, curiosity alone, nor a desire to render the last sad duties to their friends, which frequently directs their steps thither. They often come to examine the place, and to choose, beforehand, the spot which they would desire one day to occupy. They coolly calculate the advantages of such and such a position, and discuss the merits of those who will be their neighbours. On these occasions, they jocosely remark, that when one undertakes so long a journey, it is impossible to be too circumvent in the ~~use~~ use of companions. When they have made up their minds, they have niches formed, and come from time to time to see if they are of the proper size, frequently suggesting alterations and improvements.—Some of them carry the joke still farther; and the better to serve their apprenticeship to eternity, condemn themselves to stay in the tomb for several hours, remaining perfectly dumb and motionless. Figure to yourself the surprise of a person not acquainted with this practice, who, in traversing these galleries in a sort of darkness visible, should suddenly encounter two sparkling eyes peeping from one of these niches!

“This abode of melancholy, however has its fete day, the *jour des morts*. Upon that solemn occasion, the darkness is dissipated by the lustre of the illuminations, and the accustoming stillness is replaced by the clamor of crowds of spectators. The dead bodies are previously decked out in stylish array; the old clothing of the last year is substituted by new which is to serve for the next, and in order that nothing shall be wanted to set them off, nosegays are placed in their hands, and their foreheads are sprinkled with odoriferous scents. But, as is the case in the cemeteries in France, this pious and melancholy duty is never fulfilled by wives and mothers, for by a strange law no living woman is allowed to visit this tomb, and no dead one to inhabit it.

USEFUL RECIPES.

To clean silk stockings.

Wash with soap and water; and simmer them in the same for ten minutes, rinsing in cold water. For a blue cast, put one drop of liquid blue, into a pan of cold spring water, run the stockings through this a minute or two and dry them. For a pink cast, put one or two drops of saturated pink dye into cold water, and rinse them through this. For a flesh color, add a little rose pink in a thin soap-liquor, rub them with clean flannel, and calender or mangle them.

To extract grease spots from silk and colored muslins, &c.

Scrape French chalk, put it on the grease-spot, and hold it near the fire, or over a warm iron, or water-plate, filled with boiling water. The grease will melt, and the French chalk absorb it, brush or rub it off. Repeat if necessary.

To take stains out of silk.

Mix together in a phial, 2 oz. of essence of lemon, 1 oz. of oil of turpentine.

Grease and other spots in like, are to be rubbed gently with a linen rag dipped in the above composition.

To take spots of paint from cloth, silks, &c.

Dip a pen in spirit of turpentine, and transfer it to the paint spot, in sufficient quantity to discharge the oil and gluten. Let it stand some hours, then rub it.

For large or numerous spots, apply the spirit of turpentine with a sponge, if possible before it is become dry

From the Providence Patriot.

MONEY.—We often hear poor people say, “O, if I only had a hundred thousand dollars, what a deal of good I’d do.” What would they do? “O, I’d feed the poor—clothe the naked—relieve the distressed—reclaim the wandering—and make happy the miserable.” This they think they would do; but they forget that as fast as the purse fills, the heart hardens. Let a man be ever so well disposed to alleviate the miseries of his fellow men, when he is in a state of poverty, raise him to a state of affluence, and he is a different being—he feels with different feelings, and sees with different eyes. His ears are no longer open to the calls of charity, nor his heart to the impulses of compassion. He knows not those who have assisted him, and clings to those who when he was cast down, trampled him under their feet. What was his creed then, he has abandoned for one more sordid, and left his sympathies, his kindness, and his charity as Bunyan did his bundle of sin, at the bottom of the hill. When he was poor, he could say “I wish I was rich, so that I might assist you.” When he is rich he will silence such, appeals, with “Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein,” and thus he goes on, shutting his ears and hardening his heart, till those who have assisted him, turn away in despair, and leave him to pursue his scheme of self aggrandizement alone and in peace. There are those who seek for wealth from a different motive. “If I was only rich,” says one, “what a pleasant life I’d live—I would where I chose—have what pleased

and none of my desires should suffer from restraint—as far as wealth would make me so, I would be happy." All this he might; but

he expected greater happiness with his boundless wealth than he might enjoy with a bare competence, he would be doomed to disappointment. The poorest child who had come honestly possessed of a shilling would enjoy more true happiness in expending that shilling, than the wealthy man in expending his thousand."

The more money some men get, while all their happiness seems to lie in the acquisition of more money, the more miserable they are. They are so fearful that their fortune will in some hidden corner spring a leak—that the dam will break away, and by these means they are kept continually on the rack. Every drop of rain, every gust of wind, every sparkle of fire, are to them pregnant with mischief and ruin. They have vessels at sea, and wind may dash them on the rocks; they have buildings uninsured, and the sparks may light upon their roofs; they have crops harvested, but not housed, and the rain may drench them and lessen their value; they are stockholders in bridges and the freshets may carry them away. In these and a thousand ways is the rich man harassed—his waking hours are full of fears and anxiety, and his dreams are haunted with spectres of dismay and ruin. No happiness is his; and he looks forward with joy to the hour when his troubles shall cease.

There are some people, who backed by the just and excellent proverb, that "it is best, to lay up something for a rainy day," carry every thing to the greatest extent, and for fear of coming to want, deny themselves all the luxuries, and sometimes the necessities of life. The usual fate of these people may be illustrated by the case of a man, who having bought a quarter of beef, salted down the best pieces at the bottom of a barrel; and ate so slow on the poor pieces at the top, that when he reached the bottom in the ordinary course of consumption, he found the richest pieces all spoiled. It was a lesson to him which he never forgot, and whenever afterward, he saw men too penurious in laying up for a rainy day he told the story of the barrel of beef.

ANNALS OF INTEMPERANCE.

The characters mentioned below will be recognized by many of our readers. A young man in this village, who from childhood had been habitually intemperate, became an object of loathing to all, and at last died upon the town. The body was decently laid out at the public expense, when an intimate companion of the deceased, and his usual associate in drunkenness volunteered his services to watch with the corpse. A cent had been placed on each eyelid of the deceased, to keep it closed. The temptation was too strong for the surviving friend; who, watching his opportunity, stole the cents slipped away, and laid them out in

Love thy neighbor. Return not evil for evil.

THE GEM.

Valuable Premiums.

THE GEM---3d Vol. improved: ROCHESTER, N. Y.

In presenting the prospectus for the 3d volume of THE GEM, the publisher would merely say, that the publication has become established upon a permanent basis, and that the success of the work is no longer doubtful. The patronage for the past year has been beyond our expectations, and we have reason to believe that the 3d volume will be equally as well, if not better sustained.

THE GEM embraces in its general subjects, original and selected Poetry—Tales—Essays—Natural History—Sketches of Biography—Reports of Fashions—Anecdotes, etc. It is issued every other Saturday—printed on good paper and type, in quarto form for binding—with two engravings—and afforded at the low rate of \$1 50 per annum, payable in advance. In order to extend the circulation of the Gem, and at the same time give a fair compensation to those who may engage in obtaining subscribers for the work, I offer the following

To every person who will obtain 20 subscribers, and forward the money in advance, free of charge, I will give the following premiums. The Token, for 1829 and 1830, elegantly bound and gilt, each containing 14 elegant copper-plate engravings. The Souvenir for 1829, in case, with 14 elegant engravings. The Letters of Junius, 2 vols bound in calf with engravings. Goldsmith's History of England abridged, and the 2d volume of the GEM bound.

To every person who will obtain 15 subscribers, and remit the money, I will give the following.—Ackerman's Forget-Me-Not for 1829, in case, a London annual, containing 15 rich engravings.—The Souvenir for 1829, in case, containing 14 elegant engravings. Hume and Smollett's England abridged, with plates, and the 2d volume of the GEM bound.

To every person who will obtain 12 subscribers, and remit the money, I will give the following. The Winter's Wreath for 1830, containing 12 rich engravings. Goldsmith's History of England abridged with plates, and the 2d volume of the GEM bound.

To every person who will obtain 10 subscribers, I will give the following. The Souvenir for 1830, containing 12 elegant engravings—the 2d volume of the GEM bound, and the 3d volume unbound.

To those who obtain 5 subscribers, I will give the 2d volume of the GEM bound, and the 3d volume unbound—(or, if preferred, Goldsmith's History of England, with plates.)

It must be observed that in order to ensure the above premiums, the money must be paid IN ADVANCE or ensured to me before the appearance of the 5th number of vol. 3d—the premiums to be given when the money is paid, and not before. All premiums shall be paid promptly.

Persons who gain any of the Premiums here offered, will please direct us how they will have them forwarded.

Those who subscribe for volume 3d of the GEM, can have the 2d volume bound and lettered for \$1 50. Those, therefore who enclose \$3 00 for the two volumes, will please say how the bound copy shall be forwarded—or if subscription be made to an agent in this state, it shall be forwarded to such agent free of charge.

Printers who will insert the advertisement for premiums and send us one subscriber, shall receive a full set of volume 2d, if they desire it. And persons who will send us 3 subscribers shall be entitled to an unbound copy of vol. 2d. Vol. 2d contains a plate of Genesee Falls, with the Scaffold of Sam Patch, besides other plates.

Specimens and subscription papers may be had by addressing the subscriber, Post-Paid. The 3d volume will commence on the first Saturday in May next, previous to which time, all names must be forwarded. Address to EDWIN SCRANTON, Rochester, N. Y. March, 1831.

From the London Congregational Magazine.

THE JEWISH ORIGIN OF THE CELEBRATED POPULAR LEGEND, "THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

As the occupations and pleasures of childhood produce a powerful impression on the

memory, it is probable that almost every reader who has passed his infantile days in an English nursery, recollects the delight with which he repeated that puerile jingling legend,—“The House that Jack built.” Very few, however, are at all aware of the original form of its composition, or the particular subject it was designed to illustrate. And fewer still would suspect that it is only an accommodated and altered translation of an ancient parabolical hymn, sung by the Jews at the feast of the Passover, and commemorative of the principal events in the history of that people. Yet such is actually the fact. The original, in the Chaldee language, is now lying before me; and as it may not be uninteresting to the readers of the Congregational Magazine, I will here furnish them with a literal translation of it, and then add the interpretation, as given by P. N. Leberecht, Leipsic, 1731. The hymn itself is found in *Sepher Haggadah*, fol. 23.

1. A kid, a kid, my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.
2. Then came the cat, and ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.
3. Then came the dog, and bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.
4. Then came the staff, and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.
5. Then came the fire, and burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.
6. Then came the water, and quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.
7. Then came the ox, and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.
8. Then came the butcher, and slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.
9. Then came the angel of death, and killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,

For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.

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 beat the dog,
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 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 still subject.

10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal 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.

Startling Fact.—It was mentioned on Saturday in debate, in the house of Representatives, that there is one tipping shop for every fifty adult males in this Commonwealth! If this does not prove the necessity of Temperance Societies, it is at least sufficient to show that there is a strong offset for any evil which such societies may inflict upon the community.

Boston Courier.

A LION FIGHT.

From "Salathiel, a Story of the Past, Present, and Future."

Dismounting, for the side of the hill was almost precipitous, I led my panting Arab through beds of myrtle, and every lovely and sweet smelling bloom to the edge of a valley, that seemed made to shut out every disturbance of man.

A circle of low hills, covered to the crown with foliage, surrounded a deep space of velvet turf, kept green as the emerald by the flow of rivulets, and the moisture of a pellucid lake in the centre, tinged with every colour of the heavens. The beauty of this sylvan spot was enhanced by the luxuriant profusion of almond, orange, and other trees, that, in every stage of production, from the bud to the fruit, covered the little knolls below, and formed a broad belt round the lake.

Parched as I was by the intolerant heat, this secluded haunt of the spirit of freshness looked doubly lovely. My eyes, half blinded by the glare of the sands, and even my mind exhausted by perplexities of the day, found delicious relaxation in the verdure and dewy

breath of the silent valley. My barb, with the quick sense of animals accustomed to the travel of the wilderness, showed her delight by playful boundings, the prouder arching of the neck, and the brighter glancing of her bright eye.

"Here," thought I, as I led her slowly towards the deep descent, "would be the very spot for the innocence that had not tried the world, or the philosophy that had tried it, and found all vanity. Who could dream that, within the borders of this distracted land, in the very hearing, almost in the very sight, of the last miseries man could inflict on man, there was a retreat; which the foot of man perhaps never yet defiled; and in which the calamities that afflict society might be as little felt as if it were among the stars."

A violent plunge of the barb put an end to my speculation. She exhibited the wildest signs of terror, snorted and strove to break from me; then fixing her glance keenly on the thickets below; shook in every limb.—But the scene was tranquillity itself; the chameleon lay basking in the sun, and the only sound was that of the wild doves, murmuring under the broad leaves of the palm trees.

But my mare still resisted every effort to lead her downwards, her ears were fluttering convulsively, her eyes were starting from their sockets; I grew peevish at the animal's unusual obstinacy, and was about to let her suffer thirst for the day, when my senses were paralyzed by a tremendous roar. A lion stood on the summit which I had but just quitted. He was not a dozen yards above my head, and his first spring must have carried me to the bottom of the precipice. The barb burst away at once. I drew the only weapon I had, a dagger, and hopeless as escape was, grasping the tangled weeds to sustain my footing, awaited the plunge. But the lordly savage probably disdained so ignoble a prey; and continued on the summit, lashing his sides with his tail, and tearing up the ground. He at length stopped suddenly, listened, as to some approaching foot, and then with a hideous yell sprang over me, and was in the thicket below at a single bound.

While I stood clinging to my perilous hold, and fearful of attracting their gaze by the slightest movement, the source of commotion appeared, in the shape of a Roman soldier issuing spear in hand, through a ravine at the further side of the valley. He was palpably unconscious of the formidable place into which he was entering; and the gallant clamor of voices through the hills, showed that he was followed by others as bold and unconscious of their danger as himself.

But his career soon closed; his horse's feet had scarcely touched the turf, when a lion was fixed with fangs and claws on the creature's loins. The rider uttered a cry of horror, and for the instant, sat helplessly gazing at the open jaws behind him. I saw the lion gathering up his flanks for a second bound, but the soldier, a figure of gigantic strength, grasping the nostrils of the monster with one hand, and, with the other, shortening his spear, drove the steel, at one resistless thrust, into

the lion's forehead. Horse, lion, and rider, fell and continued struggling together.

In the next moment, a mass of cavalry came thundering down the ravine. They had broken off from their march, through the accident of rousing a straggling lion, and followed him in the giddy ardor of the chase. The sight now before them was enough to appal the boldest intrepidity. The valley was filled with the vast herd; retreat was impossible, for the troopers came still pouring in by the only pass, and from the sudden descent of the glen, horse and man were rolled head foremost among the lions; neither man nor monster could retreat. The conflict was horrible; and the heavy spears of the legionaries plunged through bone and brain. The lions, made more furious by wounds, sprang upon the powerful horses and tore them to the ground, or flew at the trooper's throats, and crushed and dragged away cuirass and buckler. The valley was a struggling heap of human and savage battle; man, lion, and charger, writhing and rolling in agonies, till their forms were undistinguishable. The groans and cries of the legionaries, the screams of the spangled horse, and the roars and howling of the lions, bleeding with the sword and spear, tearing the dead, darting up the sides of the hill in terror, and rushing down again with the fresh thirst of gore, baffled all conception of fury and horror.

But man was the conqueror at last; the savages, scared by the spear and thinned in their numbers, made a rush in one body towards the ravine, overthrew every thing 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 shade which I had feared on for the seat of unearthly tranquillity, was an old haunt of lions, and the mighty herd were now roused from their noon-day slumbers. Nothing could be grander, or more terrible than this disturbed majesty of the forest kings. In every variety of savage passion, from terror to fury, they plunged and tore, and yelled; darted through the lake, burst through the thicket, rushed up the hills, or stood baying and roaring defiance against the coming invader; the numbers were immense, for the rareness of shade and water had gathered them from every quarter of the desert.

ANECDOTE.—Some eight or ten years ago, there lived near the Log Jail, in New-Jersey a personage who became very eminent in the military line after he was elected to the office of Major. On the morning of the regimental parade, [being the next after his election,] the sun rose as usual, and nature seemed to have lost none of her attributes, when the new made Major determined to exercise a little, previous to associating with his superior officers. He accordingly mounted his own stoop, with all the consequence of a man in power, drew his sword and exclaimed,

"Attention the whole! Rear rank, take distance three paces back!"

He immediately stepped back, and tumbled down cellar. His wife ran from the kitchen

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 Sully—at sea—
Dec. 20th, 1830.

My dear H—

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 she, on the very verge of it, just where the heavens bent 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 not one of them has deigned to show himself during all our passage thus far, except that on one tempestuous day, a few miserable porpoises gambled 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 still is, in the same centre of the same everlasting circle, with nothing better for her pavement than heaving billows, and a canopy over her, for the greater portion of time, hung in black. It matters not how well her decks or her cabin may be peopled—these form but a single household, (though classed, indeed, somewhat aristocratically,) and the eye soon becomes familiar with the every-day objects on which it rests, and then instinctively looks abroad to discover, if it can, something besides these, possessed of life or motion. The first great navigator, when the whole earth was ocean, and his the only ship upon it, could hardly have felt himself more alone in the world, than we have sometimes done in the course of our passage.

When I speak of the monotony of a sea voyage, I do not mean that it is, even at the worst, absolutely without variety. There are changes enough, but no where else on earth are they so rapid as at sea, in a northern latitude, in the month of December. I have often stepped on deck, of an evening, to enjoy a clear atmosphere and a brilliant sky, when not a cloud, so large as a man's hand, could be seen in the whole circle of the heavens. I have stood thus, perhaps for half an hour, gazing intently upward, wondering at the apparent depth of heaven into which my eye could penetrate, and at the host of bright stars, some set and some floating there, which seemed 'infinitely multiplied,' compared with what

I ever witnessed from the land, and which shed down on the surrounding waters a blended, soft, but distinct light—a kind of radiant influence from above, if I may call it so without being poetical; and while I have been yet gazing and wondering, a sudden and unaccountable change has come over the face of the whole sky, like the shifting of the scenes in a drama; the wind was up and the rain was coming down in torrents. There are other changes too, scarcely less rapid. The sea presents itself in a variety of aspects.—There is the unbroken glassy surface of the sea in a calm, when the light which is shot down upon it from sun, moon, or stars, instead of being reflected back strikes through, and illumines its own pathway to an inconceivable depth—then there is a roughened surface of the sea, when the smoothness of polish of the glassy sheet is just disturbed by the lightest breath of wind imaginable, but still remains unbroken, presenting an appearance, to compare great things to small, not unlike the watermarks in a piece of coarse moreen—then there is the broken and agitated surface of the sea, showing here and there a whitecap, from the very comb of which a little light spray is now and then thrown off—then there is the billowy surface of the sea, when it appears every where restless, and its whole bosom heaving, as with some deep internal cause of unquiet—then comes the deeper and loftier swells of sea, showing sometimes a gradual elevation or hill side of water, apparently of half a mile, or more, in extent, and beyond that another and another, which flash back the rays of the sun, if he shines on them, into the very face of the sky—and then, through some intermediate changes, come the mountain waves of the sea, rolling higher than I can tell you of, whitened all over with foam, and seemingly engaged, though in mighty confusion, in a terrible warfare with the tempest which lashes, and howls over them. The noise of the horrible and unearthly roar of wind and sea together, in a storm, cannot fail to strike terror and awe into the bosom of any one who hears it for the first time. These mutations of the ocean are sometimes exceeding-ly rapid, and are constantly recurring, and only a few days experience has convinced me how easily one may become familiar with objects of beauty, sublimity and terror, so as 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 ever to have 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 climates, he has often seen the sails 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* and, 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 country.

Whether I shall find the relief I seek, must be determined by the event. In the mean while, I have much to see and hear, and I shall 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 passed off.

Ever yours,

B.

GAMBLING.—We have been politely favored by a friend with the following copy of a confession, written upon the back of a one dollar bill of the bank of Darien. It utters a more keen rebuke than could be expressed in a volume to those who sanction, by their example, a practice so iniquitous—more especially should it smite the conscience of the individual, whoever he may be—for we know neither the writer nor his despoiler—that has been instrumental in causing this wretchedness and ruin. Let young men, yea, and old men, follow the advice he gives, and take timely warning from the fate of this "ruined young man!" The original is in the possession of Mr. W. Crenshaw, of this town.—[Georgia Statesman.

"Milledgeville, Nov. 23, 1830.

"This is the last dollar which I can call my own out of an estate of \$10,000—And what have I lost?—Not only my fortune, but my character is injured, and my health impaired. Now, young men, take warning; beware of Gambling. I am this day twenty-one years old—far from any friend or relation, and know not where to lay my head. A RUINED YOUNG MAN."

Letter from Europe.—We extract from the Rochester Republican, an article from the pen of a gentleman who lately left this village to proceed to Europe for his health. Our readers will recollect not long since a poetic effusion which was from the same gifted author, entitled "Farewell—written at Grave,"—and later another, "What I leave—on going abroad." It is expected these letters will be continued.

ORIGINAL POETRY

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.
LOVE'S VICTIM.

In solitude she call'd upon his name,
And mourn'd his forgetfulness in silence—
To the world all was hush'd. She never told
The feelings of her heart—or that she'd loved—
Yes! deeply—fondly lov'd. She had consign'd
All her hopes to one In the precious gift
Was hoarded up, the pure, warm, and holy
Feelings of a first love! *She was betrayed!*
The treasure was receiv'd and cherish'd
For a time; and then, as an ignoble
And forgotten thing, it was cast aside.
She never said that he was false—or told
The secret of her grief Her peace was wreck'd;
And she, the gentle sufferer look'd back
Upon the troubled sea, where all was risk'd,
And all was lost—and saw no beacon light,
Not e'en one star, to relieve the darkness
Of her mind. To the past she gave one sigh,
And over blighted hopes most freely wept—
Wept long—shed burning tears—and then resolv'd
She never more would weep, or sigh for him.
And now with resignation meek she gave
Herself to Heaven She knew that she must die,
And murmur'd not—for her heart was stayed
Upon that promise dear to sorrow's child,
That there is a Heaven—where the weary rest—
And troubles and afflictions ever cease.

March 1, 1831.

J.

* J. J. J. is invited to continue his contributions.—Ed.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.
TO *****

If a blooming cheek alone can bring
That heart of thine for an evening,
I tell thee now that thou may'st find
A blooming cheek, but a vacant mind.
Give me a heart now that can feel
Sweet sympathy around it steal;
And love and friendship each impart
Their share of bliss;
Give me, oh, give me such a heart,
I'll ask no more than this.
A heart to feel another's wo,
What though the cheek was pale as snow:
On which the rose had never lighted,
Or in its resting place been blighted.
I care not, give me such a heart.
Of joy, I'll say, this is my part—
Nor offer up one lowly prayer,
For roses to be lingering there.

ROSAMOND.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.
STANZAS.

What was it that fitted across my lone path,
In moments of redolent gladness;
And vanish'd full soon, and in vanishing bath
Converted fond hopes into sadness!
That brighten'd for once, dim futurity,
To sadden so soon?—'twas a spell of soul!
It came, ah, 'tis gone, and a lesson will be,
To raise those fond hopes to a happier goal!

Although the sweet nectar a poison did prove,
Not a poison alone, but a pang cutting keen,
Yet, for aye, there's a solace in soaring above
Misfortunes that come unawares, unforeseen.

Although the sharp arrow pierc'd deep in the bosom,

There are hopes yet remaining which fondly I
cherish:

Nor the frowns of misfortune can ever unloose 'em,
'Till shrouded in darkness they wither and perish.

As thistle's down on earth reposes
Peacefully, at dawn of day,
Or violet its hue disposes,
In the merry month of May;
As the sparkling dew-drops vanish
When the morning sun is up;
As evils dire seem to banish
Before the poisonous, deadly cup;
As a calm succeeds a storm
On old Ocean's briny deep,
As the worm renews its form,
When it wakes from winter's sleep;
As 'fair cheeks' with new life tingle
When keen winds upon them blow;
As the merry sleigh-bells gingle,
When our streets are pav'd with snow—
So Life's path is hedged with bowers
When the wintry months are o'er—
Interspers'd with fragrant flowers,
When a storm has pass'd before:
Welcome then, reviving showers!
Teach our better reasoning powers,
"Happiness is yet in store!"

Tho' we've sunshine and shade—tho' dark boding
fear—

Tho' we've pleasure and sadness, and labor and rest,
Tho' clouds may brood o'er us, yet *hope* will appear,
To light up our path, and give life a new zest!

Z.

From the Boston Recorder.

THE CHEROKEE MOTHER.

Ye bid us hence. These vales are dear
To infant hope, to patriot pride,
These steamlets tuneful to our ear,
Where our light shallops peaceful glide.

Beneath yon consecrated mounds
Our father's treasur'd ashes rest,
Our hands have till'd these corn-clad grounds,
Our children's birth these homes have blest.

Here on our souls a Saviour's love
First beam'd with renovating ray,
Why should we from these haunts remove?—
But still ye warn us hence away.—

Child, ask not *where!* I cannot tell,—
Save where wild wastes uncultur'd spread,
Where unknown waters fiercely swell,
And savage monsters howling tread.

Where no blest Church with hallow'd train,
No hymn of praise, nor voice of prayer
Like angels sooth the wanderer's pain,—
Ask me no more.—I know not where.—

Go seek thy sire.—The anguish charm
That shades his brow like frowning wrath,
Divide the burden from his arm
And gird him for his pilgrim path.

Come moaning babe,—thy Mother's arms
Shall bear thee on our weary course,
Shall be thy shield from midnight harms,
And baleful dews, and tempests hoarse.—

But thou, O Father, old and blind,
Who shall *thy* failing footsteps stay?—
Who heal thy sorrow-stricken mind,
Driven from thy native earth away?—

An exile in thy hoary hairs,
And hopeless when life's toils are o'er,
To mix thy mouldering dust with theirs,
Those blessed sires who weep no more.—

Ye call us brethren: when ye mark
The grass upon our thresholds grown,

Our hearth stones cold,—our casements dark,
And all our race like shadows flown.

Amid your mirth, your festive songs,
Will no remorseless image lower?—
No memory of the Indian's wrongs
Rise darkly o'er your musing hour?

Will a crush'd nation's deep despair,
Your broken faith, our tear-wet sod,
The babe's appeal, the chieftain's prayer
Find no memorial with our God?—
Hartford, Feb 14 1831.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

From the extensive patronage already received, and a desire to make the work still more interesting, the Publisher of the LADIES' MIRROR, (South-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 to that value, with appropriate inscriptions thereon.

For the second best, a set of Shakspeare's works.

For the third do. 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 3d do. a volume of the Mirror.

For the best original ESSAY 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 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.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

The publisher of the RURAL REPOSITORY desirous 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 he flatters himself they will consider deserving of their notice.

For the best ORIGINAL TALE (to occupy not less than three pages of the Repository) \$20.

For the second best, the Tokens for 1830 and 31, and the third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh volume of the Repository, handsomely bound.

For the third do. the Talisman for 1830, and the fifth, sixth and seventh volume of the Repository.

For the best POEM, not less than forty nor over a hundred lines, \$5.

For the second best, the Atlantic Souvenir for 1831, and the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository, handsomely bound.

For the third do. the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository.

Communications intended for the prizes must be directed (post paid) to William B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y. and forwarded previous to the first of July next—each enclosing a 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.

2d VOLUME—TO CONTAIN 4 ENGRAVINGS.

TERMS, &c.

The GEM will be published every other Saturday, in quarto form, and pagged 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,

Rochester, N. Y. 1831

Full sets of the press are for sale by those who desire it. Editors with whom it is published at this advertisement.

THE GEM,

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

BE OURS THE PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 21.

ROCHESTER, APRIL 9, 1831.

VOL. II.

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 are above such small prejudices. But we love the "turban'd, and malignant Turk," because, since the "banner of Mahomet" was first unfurl'd, 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 squaretoed caprice upon sandals, and he does as his father did before him, and cares not a pill of opium for Shultz 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 *moustache*—these are innocent and unobtrusive changes, and we submit—but we hate men-stays Jackson cord and *gigots*—big bonnets and tight knee'd pantaloon—hoops and Spanish dances. They touch our comfort—they spoil our temper.

Our cousin Kate is a round, plump, bouncing girl of sixteen, just "came out." We attempted to take a lesson from her the other evening in waltzing (shade of our deaf grandmother, lie still!) for which we confess the cramp of our editorial chair but little fits us. We caught the step, and whirled round once or twice till we lost our recollection of the perpendicular. We naturally lost our step, became entangled in the "Jackson cord," and have at this present time a large pumb on our forehead, upon which phrenology has no chapter. We have no opinion of waltzing for sedentary or awkward people. We are too angular for grace, and old to out live the ridiculous. Tempt us not, cousin Kate! we shall lay by for the cotillon.

And these "gigot sleeves!" We have no comfort in church,—we are afraid to stir in a party,—we are hag-ridden at night with phantoms of fat women whose faces should be familiar. Our idea of beauty grows daily indistinct. We are forgetting the contour. We must buy a Venus to refresh our memory of human form and comeliness.

Then who in these days can walk round the common without bursting his coat buttons! Or sit down without splitting out his knees? Or turn his head for the embankment of his broad collar. We are fashion-sick. Will the world never turn natural? Is simplicity—dead?

*The Sacred Banner is said to be made of Mahomet's breeches.

Life is a dream, and death is the time of waking, and man flits between the one and the other like a phantom.

THE BANCROFT FAMILY.

A Tale of real Life.
(Concluded.)

CHAPTER IV.

Whatever of of fight, or misery, or care,
Had been, nought now but happiness was there.
"How worse than wretchedness to fling
The joys away that round us cling!
The distrust and coldness come
To shed its blight upon our home"

The confusion consequent upon the return of Edward Bancroft, having in a measure ceased, and all parties having become possessed of their reason, a general explanation from Mr. Bancroft was called for.

"Is it possible," said George Bancroft, gazing intently upon the face of his father, "is it possible that *my father* was the gallant leader of the band that captured the robbers?"

"And is it possible," said the father, looking upon the speaker with astonishment, "that the gallant and brave George Buckingham of that party was *my son*?"

"We cannot wait now for an explanation of that affair," said Mrs. Bancroft, impatiently, "that will be a business for by and by."

"Aye, that indeed," said the father, "but let the nuptials that have been so unceremoniously broken in upon, be consummated, and then, if the company please, I will give a history of my own wanderings."

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 all having been seated, Mr. Bancroft commenced his narrative. Every eye was upon him with intensity as he began—

"My friends," said he, in a smooth, beautiful voice, "I thank heaven that I am again returned to you all, and especially to that family, who have been deprived of the protection of a parent and husband for many years. At the time of departure from home, I little thought that near twenty long years would roll over my head in a distant and foreign land, separated from my family, and unknown to all my former friends—but alas! such has been my destiny. A few weeks previous to my departure from Durham, I had had a difference with William Bloomfield. I had learned that he had emigrated from Scotland with money not his own, and in the heat of

the dispute I twitted him of it. At this he became enraged, and swore with an oath that he would ruin my prospects and drive me from Durham. The collision took place in his counting room. He added that I had no proof of his declarations, and that if I circulated the report he would make me abide the consequences of such report. Being highly incensed, I determined to privily depart for Scotland and learn his character. I judged I could perform the journey in one year, and when the time for the consummation of my purposes arrived in my own mind, I departed unbeknown to any one for that purpose. On my passage to Liverpool, we came along side a merchantman bound for New-York, by which vessel I forwarded, directed to my wife, care of myself, a letter making known to her my intentions. A few days after my arrival at Liverpool, I chanced to read in a paper an account of the loss of the very vessel on board of which I had put my letter. I proceeded to Edinburgh, but all my inquiries for the character of the Bloomfields were fruitless, no such person having ever been known there. This operated as a damper upon my spirits—here it was that my reason and better judgment seemed first to have returned to me; but I had taxed my pride to too great a length; I could hardly think of returning home and divulging the object of my journey; I could not I thought stand the tide of ridicule that would be poured upon me, and I resolved to postpone my return for the present; yet flattering myself that all would be well at home, and that I should return before a long time.

Fortune favored me; I returned to Liverpool and there engaged in mercantile business in the house of Stennett & Burns, and for the last four years, I have been, and I am now, one of the house of Stennett, Burns & Co. of that city. About four years since, I accidentally came in possession of the history of the Bloomfield family. They were from Edinburgh, but their real names are Brockland. The Brockland family is one of great wealth, and many an heir of the family, as the story goes, is little obliged to William Brockland, *alias* William Bloomfield, for the money he dishonestly took from them. Having learned the facts with regard to the Bloomfields, I determined to immediately return to my native country, look up my lost estate and my lost family, and end my days among my kindred. But obstacles, one after another, have interposed, and for four years I have constantly been coming, but never came, until the close of the present business season, when I determined to set out, against all opposition, and effect my purposes. Ten months ago I took passage in the ship Caspian, from Liverpool, bound for New-York. Since that time my life has been one continued

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 nought in this wide world could have preserved me amidst the elements, but Him in whose hand are we all. The third day after my 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 dismembered hull, 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 by a passing ship; but whether my companions are now in good quarters or in the bottom of the sea, God only knows. Oh! what a parting was that on board the ill-fated Caspian! I shall remember it to my latest breath. The sun rose that morning clear, though there was a strong wind and a heavy sea. We all crawled carefully together near the cathead of the ship. One of my companions was the son of a widowed lady in Hartford, who was returning with a competence of this world's goods to his aged parent; the other was a young sailor, who had gone before the mast for the purpose of exercise, and to gratify a desire he had for the sea.

"Companions!" said the young sailor, "our graves are prepared, we die in the sea; even now let us part with one another for ever!"

"I feel," rejoined the other in a low and choked utterance, "as if the last spark of hope had expired! The extent of sea before us is broader than our lives are long. The saving of life upon the ocean by miracles, seems entirely beyond our case; no such miracle can rescue us. Our destiny is certain!"

"Companions!" I said, "it is indeed a dark hour; but hope may beam in the next. Tho' for my own part I think death is certain!" So saying, we all embraced; and mingling our tears together and beseeching God to have mercy upon us, each sought his particular place on the wreck, and thus we parted for ever! In a few moments after, neither knew the other's destiny. I was taken up by the merchantman Neptune, and in four months from the time of my departure, and after having gone through a fever in consequence of starvation and peril on board the Caspian, I was landed in New-Haven, in a feeble state of health and without money.

At New-Haven, after making some fruitless inquiries respecting my family, I determined to remain for a time until I could draw on a house in Baltimore, where our establishment had

funds; which I accordingly did, and in due time received returns of money. From New-Haven, I commenced my march towards Durham, and at a tavern at Corydon, learned the situation of my family, and that of the Bloomfields. At this tavern there were quite a number of gentlemen, all strangers to me, and being in a happy frame of mind, I was led to say much that referred to the character and standing of the Bloomfields—their tyranny, and the universal detestation in which the whole country held them. Among the company I observed one person who seemed eagerly to catch and swallow down all I said against the family in question—and from his frequent rejoinders of "no doubt of that," &c. and the significant toss of head, I thought I could observe that he had been a victim to the hatred and enmity of that family. The evening passed off, and in time all, except myself, were comfortably at repose. In the morning I arose early—sleep had been a stranger to my eyes during that night. Every moment I meditated on meeting with my family; and as the heavy hours, like a dull snail, "limp'd tediously away," my thoughts were of my family—my family—and still my family! Ere the daylight had streaked the east, or the orient sun had gilded the tops of the tall trees that lift themselves above 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 that 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 due time, they led into the woods, and about sunset of that day, after a hard day's travel we arrived at the Lion's Den, and passed over Crane-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 one side of which is a most fearfully majestic promontory. Here, in a short time, we came to a stone edifice, the fastness of these robbers. On entering, I was ordered into a room with their chief, while the remainder of the company retired to their well known places. The chief who was the Fighting Devil, then told me he was a kindred of the family of William Bloomfield, and that he was a guest the evening I was at the tavern in Corydon—that from the infliction of frequent wrongs upon him by his father, and in such a way that no justice could be had for the wrong, he had determined to have vengeance upon him, and that it was his only purpose to scatter some of his property, and benefit community. I remonstrated with the chief—told him how peculiarly I was situated, and of my anxiety to return; but all in vain. I could not have my release until I had accompanied them on a scout for the purposes mentioned. Here then I had to be content. All possible communication was cut off with my friends, and all comfort to me, except in the anticipation of a release, was dead. Twice we came to Durham for the unholy purpose of robbing

the chief's father, and once we did rob a house of some two thousand dollars in silver, my part of which is yet secreted in a cell on the Sphynx."

"Oh! merciful Heaven!" screamed Mrs. Bancroft, breaking in upon the narrator—"then you have helped to rob your own house!"

"My own house!" ejaculated Mr. Bancroft clasping his wife, "is it possible that it was you we robbed? What, this the house?"

"This was the house," interrupted the new bride, the now charming Cora Fleming, "and I shall long remember the dismay that filled us all. But little thought we that our greatest earthly friend was one of that band!"

The company all gave vent to their pent up feelings by ejaculations of wonder, astonishment, and surprise. They had all listened to the narrative of Mr. Bancroft with intense interest, and each bosom had become laden with the overflowings of its own heart. But the narrative must go on. The company could not delay, and Mr. Bancroft proceeded—

"Being suddenly put to flight in our adventure at Flambeau, and having got somewhat scattered, I took this opportunity, which was the first one I had had since my entering their fastness, to escape. This I did by knocking down Burk, one of the robbers, (and the only one then with me,) taking his gun, and making the best of my way immediately towards Corydon. It was at this place I learned that a party were forming to proceed against 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 the capture and punishment of the Fighting-Devil and his lawless companions, you are all of you acquainted. Thus after a six month's apprenticeship in the school of robbery, I graduated—not a finished scholar, by any means, but to say the least, well acquainted with the theory. I have remained absent from the time of the capture of the robbers until their punishment, for particular reasons. If William Bloomfield has not had in the execution of his son for robbery sufficient chastening, I have a tale to unfold, that will close in upon him with a vengeance as keen as it would be merited—but I forbear."

Here ended the narration of the wanderings of Edward Bancroft. The hour had got to be very late, and the company began to retire—and here we will leave the reader to judge for himself of the rapturous feelings that pervaded the bosom of every individual of the Bancroft family. How all the associations of early life, and the sunny spots upon the green waste of memory, shone anew in all their magic at this hour! And how the memory retraced the long line of its wanderings, and touched upon every hour of endearment, and lived it all over again! The mind at such a time as at the return of long lost and fond friends, seems to gather up the fled years of sorrow before it, and compromises all the wo and wretchedness for that hour of bliss!

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 as 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, heightening 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 that family was happy in being all again united. He learned too, that the very man whom he had sworn to ruin, had now the rod in his own 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 most poignant sorrow. But his time had come. Death waits for no man to arrange his earthly business, and it waited not for him.

Immediately after this that once powerful family dissolved. The three sons went different ways upon the world's wide stage, unused to any thing except the exercise of tyranny, and each in turn played his part. I shall mention only one of these sons; and this one came to ROCHESTER. Here he came with his 'high head and proud heart,' and entered the ranks of the dissolute and unprincipled. Methinks I can look back upon the career of this fellow, and witness the fragments of ruin yet visible. Desolation and destruction followed close in his wake. He captivated many young men who, like him, attempted to scale the high walls of virtue and principle. Who that can remember a few years back, but can point out the places where have once flourished young merchants, who owe their downfall to this very scorpion.—Methinks that if one of our streets could tell its tale, it would give up the names of more than three who went shoulder to shoulder to ruin, by pursuing the steps of one who seem-

ed bent on his own ruin, not only, but all those on whom he had any influence.

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 that to the account of this pernicious young man. If one is recollected 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 houseless 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 callous 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 fearful and dark account—and when his spirit fluttered upon the verge of dissolution, and life flew from side to side of its clay tenement, as if unwilling to depart and seal the destiny of such a wretch, with all his guilt fresh upon his soul, and unrepented of; how fear and horror fell upon that soul, and how like a maniac he raved himself out of the 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 vengeance will finally sink him who may indulge such unholy feelings. The Bloomfields are scattered:

“The world's wide stage
Had nought of pleasures left for them—and fame
Told all their wondrous deeds and did their works
proclaim.”

The Bancroft family were now happy, and the tide of life was as peaceful and smooth with Leander Fleming and his bride as in this world of storm and sunshine, of hope and despondency, our situation can be.

ADRIAN.

ADVICE TO APPRENTICES.

1. Having selected your profession, resolve not to abandon it; but by a life of industry and enterprise to adorn it. You will be much more likely to succeed in business you have long studied, than in that of which you know but little.

2. Select the best company in your power to obtain; and let your conversation be on those things you wish to learn. Frequent conversation will elicit much instruction.

3. Obtain a friend to select for you the best books on morality, religion, and the liberal arts, and particularly those which treat on your own profession. It is not the reading of many books that makes a man wise, but the reading of only those which can impart wisdom.

4. Thoroughly understand what you read;

take notes of all that is worth remembering, and frequently review what you have written.

5. Select for your model the purest and greatest characters; and always endeavour to imitate their virtues, and to emulate their greatness.

6. Serve God; attend his worship and endeavour to set an example of piety, charity, and sobriety to all around you.

7. Love your country; respect your rulers; treat with kindness your fellow apprentices; let your great aim be usefulness to mankind.

8. Get all you can by honest industry; spend none extravagantly; and provide largely for old age.

9. In a word, think much; act circumspectly and live usefully.

Infant's Sleep.—Dr. James Wilson in a paper upon the ‘Affections of the Heart,’ read some weeks since before the Royal College of Physicians, indulged in the following sweet strain, in speaking of an infant's sleep:—“So motionless is its slumber, that watching it, we tremble, and become impatient for some stir or some sound that may assure us of its life; yet is the fancy of the little sleeper busy, and every artery and every pulse of its frame engaged in the work of growth and secretion, though its breath would not stir the smallest insect that sported on his lip: though his pulse would not lift the flower-leaf of which he dreamed from his bosom; yet following the emblem of tranquility into after life, we see him exposed to every climate—contending with every obstacle—excited 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.—Egmont, 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 MATRIMONY

Tom praised his friend, who changed his state,
For binding fast himself and Kate

In union so divine!

“Wedlock's the end of life,” he cried;

“Too true, alas!” said Jack, and sighed—

“I will be the end of mine.”

A Blockhead.—A fellow perplexed by reading a multitude of books.

Error.—People that are sincere in their errors may be set right; but I know of no means of convincing those who only affect to be wrong, except giving them offices.

A Question.—If Woman is “Heaven's best gift to Man,” what is Heaven's best gift to Woman?

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

From the Rochester Republican.

LETTER V

Paris, January 4th, 1831.

My dear Friend—When I arrived at Paris, the city 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 silence of their graves. Their surviving friends and relatives cheerishing in a manner 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 freer and happier 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 constitutional remedy was at least doubtful. Whatever 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 protraction as possible, public indignation was daily gathering intensity. This was cherished and aggravated in a variety of ways. The fresh graves of the slain, several of which are still seen in the most public places in the heart of the city, 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 their 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 such 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 defence of order and peace, they hastened to the point of danger and attack as one man, and placing themselves fearlessly between the infuriated populace and the objects of their indignation, by their intrepidity 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 besieging the Luxembourg. Fortunately, at the moment, a rumour was spread amongst them, that Polignac, at least, was condemned 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 unquestioned, and by a circuitous route, reached Vincennes in safety. This was at six o'clock in the evening. At eleven, 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 gallantly risked in behalf of the accused. When the officer of the Chamber of Peers, immediately after the decree was pronounced, accompanied by a file of soldiers, entered the apartments of the condemned Ministers, in the hurry of the occasion, with only time to utter the ominous words, "*suivez moi*," they did not doubt that they were to be led to instant execution. Polignac took the first occasion afterwards to acknowledge—that he owed his life to Lafayette. This is not the first time that Polignac 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 pres-

ence of the First Consul, threw herself at his feet, and begged the life of her husband. His instantaneous reply, in his usual rapid manner, "*levez 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 an individual whom he must have equally hated for his liberal principles.

Ever yours, B.

A SLAVE MARKET.

The following affecting sketch of a Slave Market, extracted from Dr. Walsh's Views of Slavery in Brazil, we think 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 Vallongo, 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 comes in, they are turned up before him; such as he wishes are handled by 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 their purchases, 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 a kind of morbid curiosity in seeing, as a man looks at objects which excite his strongest interests, while they shock 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 cotton, tied around the waist.

The first time I passed through the street, I stood at the bars of the window looking through, when a cigano came and pressed me to enter. I was particularly attracted by a group of children, one of whom, a young girl, had something very pensive and engaging in her countenance. The cigano, 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, endued, 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 endued with a like feeling and a common nature with your own daughters. The seller was about to put the child into all the attitudes, and display her person in the same way as he would a man; but I declined the exhibition, and she shrunk timidly back to her place, and seemed glad to hide herself in the group that surrounded her.

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 strong 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 being left only on the fore part. 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, particularly the males, were affected with eruptions of a white scurf, which had a loathsome appearance, like a leprosy. It was considered, however, a wholesome effort 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 bare boards; and among the rest, mothers—with young children at their breasts, of which they seemed passionately fond. They were all doomed to remain on the spot, like sheep in a pen, till they were sold; they have no apartment to retire to, no bed to repose on, no covering to protect them, they sit naked all day, and lie naked all night, on the bare board or benches, where we saw them exhibited.

Among the objects that attracted my attention in this place, were some young boys, who seemed to have formed a society together. I observed several times, in passing by, that the same little group was collected near a barred window; they seemed very fond of each other, and their kindly feelings were never interrupted by peevishness; indeed, the temperament of a negro child is generally so sound, that he is not affected by those little—morbidity sensations, which are frequent cause of crossness and ill temper in our children. I do not remember that I ever saw a young

black fretful, or out of humor; certainly never displaying those ferocious fits of petty passion, in which the superior nature of infant whites indulges. I sometimes brought cakes and fruit in my pocket, and handed them to the group. It was quite delightful to observe the generous and disinterested manner in which they distributed them. There was no scrambling with one another; no selfish reservation to themselves. The child to whom I happened to give them, took them so gently, 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 arrive at Rio are sent up the country, and we every day met cofilas, such as Wungo 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, distinguished by his large felt hat and puncho, bringing up the rear on a mule, with a long lash in his hand. It was another subject of pity to see groups of these poor creatures cowering together at night in the open ranchos, drenched with cold rain, in a climate so much more frigid than their own.

From Hood's Comic Annual.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

"Good heaven! why even the little children in France speak French." Addison.

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 billies;
They call their mothers mares,
And all their daughters fillies
Strange it was to hear,
I'll tell you what's a good'un;
They call their leather queer,
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 bully,

Moo! I cried for milk:
I got my sweet things snugger—
When I kiss'd Jeanette,
'Twas understood for sugar,
If I wanted bread,
My jaws I set a-going;
And asked for new laid eggs
By clapping hands and crowing.

If I wished a ride
I'll tell you how I got it;
On my stick astride,
I made believe to trot it.
Then their cash was strange,
It bored me every minute,
Now there's a hog to change,
How many sows are in it!

From the Philadelphia Album.

DECEPTION.

Not long since a lady speaking to me of the habit an individual had of attempting to appear witty, said she was not pleased on that account with him; "I am obliged to laugh though I feel very much disposed to be serious," said she, "because it would be impolite not to do so." Having reflected on this remark, I have come to the conclusion, that the lady was in no wise required to appear pleased in this case, and furthermore I think her duty and interest required a different conduct, and I now proceed to state my reasons not only for believing this lady's conduct wrong, but also, that all ladies ought always to avoid deception. That deception is always wrong, it requires no argument to show, but it would seem that all were not aware that "honesty is the best policy;" it certainly is much more convenient to practice this than deception, it does not require a constant forethought and entail continual dread. By practicing deception, a lady cannot fail to lose the regard of the very person she desires to please; because the moment he perceives her becoming the instrument of his caprice, he will withhold his attentions, or at least esteem. This we find is common, and when we wish to reproach any one we think it done most effectually if we call him the instrument of some other. There can be no possible reason why a lady should not be allowed to express in a proper manner her opinion on all occasions. She is not obliged to appear of the same opinion of those with whom she happens to be, and by possessing herself of correct principles, which is not difficult, and being governed by them, though she is obliged to dissent sometimes, she cannot fail to raise herself in the estimation of all worthy persons. I think ladies cannot be aware of the pain which those men, whose society they ought most to desire are obliged to feel when they witness deception in any shape. It is a most undeniable truth, that a great many men of high mental and moral worth are induced to avoid almost entirely the company of ladies, because they have seen among them so much deception. And how is it possible, a man of sense should not experience pain when he witnesses deception? he sees at once that he cannot repose full confidence, and therefore knows not on what to rely, consequently is held in doubt and suspense, which he is wholly unable to remove. If ladies would avoid making themselves foolishly the sport of men's fancies, they would elevate their character in no small degree, in the estimation of the better part of the community, and extend very greatly their influence. They would then receive the attentions of those who now avoid them, and avoid the visits of many whose company they cannot desire, and which to say the least of it, is worth nothing. R

The ignorant is not a man, and the learned without virtue is not learned.

Whatever perfections 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 malady, than old age.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PALESTINE.

The Hebrew muse 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 finest imagery gathered from historical events; but the prophetic poetry is by far 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, both 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 Hebrew, as well as his duty, to have the law and the testimony inscribed upon his heart. A Jew, well instructed, could almost repeat the contents of the sacred Books from memory. On their study the utmost expenditure of wealth and labor was lavished. They were copied with the richest penmanship; they were incased in jewels; they were clasped with diamonds; they were deposited in golden arks. The whole of the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm is composed in praise of their wisdom, and to inculcate their perusal. How striking was the last charge of Moses to the people: "and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up—thou shalt say unto thy son, "We were Pharaoh's bondmen in Egypt; and the Lord brought us out of Egypt with a mighty hand!"

Powerful indeed must have been the influence of such familiarity with those sublime compositions! The unceasing frequency with which their remarkable passages are referred to by the sacred poets show with what prevailing power they dwelt in the popular imagination. How could it be otherwise? Almost every rite in the ceremonial of the Hebrews was founded upon or in some way connected with the remembrance of supernatural interposition. Almost every spot in the land of the Israelites was associated with the history of those glorious events. Three times a year, the whole Jewish multitude went up to the tabernacle or to Jerusalem at the feasts. Did they pass through the valley of Hebron? There lay the bones of the patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.—Did they stand on the plains of Mamre? There Abraham erected an altar to Jehovah, and entertained the angels. Did they visit the borders of the Dead Sea? Its sluggish waves rolled over the cities of the plain, and they traced the ruins of the fire-storm from heaven. If they looked towards Nebo, 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 fame of a devout Jewish patriot, every time he remembered that sublime composition.—*North American Review.*

Our readers will 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, found guilty on each, and sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment in the state prison at Sing-Sing. The following, from the *New York Evening Post*, exhibits another chapter of his skill.—*Pough. Telegraph and Obs*

A scene at Sing-Sing.—A few mornings 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 trowsers and tarpaulin hat; and as the sentinels walked to and fro on their posts, they now and then cast a sidelong glance to 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 swelled out by the breeze, and a boat belonging to the vessel, which had been detained at the dock, apparently waiting for some one, seemed on the point of leaving it, and pulling off to the sloop. At this moment the stranger turned, and seeing at a glance the situation of affairs, an expression of anxiety passed over his countenance.

"My stars," exclaimed he, "there goes the sloop and the jolly boat is going to shove off! I shall be left to a dead certainty." As he spoke thus, he stepped quickly towards the shore at a point where one of the sentries was walking to and fro.

"Stand there!" said the sentinel—"you cannot pass this way."

"But my dear fellow, there goes the sloop, and I shall be left behind unless you suffer

me to pass. I have just returned from an India voyage, and am taking a bit of a round turn 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 dropping his musket 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, turned and walked hastily to another part of the ground, where he met with an equally 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 to cast sundry doubtful glances upon the stranger and 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 tar, "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 apparel was effected behind a rock that 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 an 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."

CROSSING OF PROVERBS.

Proverb—The more the merrier.

Cross—Not so; one hand is enough in a purse.

P—He that runs fastest, gets most ground.

C—Not so; for then footmen 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 surfeiting.

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 is good for something.

C—Not so; nothing is not good for anything.

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 gal- lows.

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, 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 ignorant man, with a miser, with a liar, with a vulgar man, or a calumniator.

The only way of not being bored in good company, is to say witty things yourself, or sit still and listen to the witty things of other people.

The crow will become white before the man who seeks for knowledge without application will become learned.

The world is an inn; in which the traveller 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.

Excerpt.—“We ought to accustom ourselves in the world to see fools pass for men of abilities, cowards for brave, and bad for good; to fret and 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. The struggle and difficulty consequent on establishing a paper of any kind, we have lived through, and we trust planted our paper on a permanent foundation. As we grow older, we attract the attention of literary men, and we are glad to be able to say that new friends who are gentlemen of good talents, have lately risen up to our aid, and given us the most kindly and confident 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 unfeigned thanks to our editorial brethren for the favourable 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. ELIJAH A. WEBSTER is our authorized agent to obtain subscriptions, and collect money for the GEM. We shall expect our subscribers on whom he 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 rods 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.” will find a note for him in 88. 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 coloured staff being no more than a sign that its master—could open a vein as well as mow a bread, & professed bleeding as well as shaving; custom once being, which is yet observed in some villages, for the practitioner to put a staff in to the hands of his patient while the latter was undergoing the operation of bleeding.

THE MUSES.

The Muses originally consisted of three in number,—viz. Mnemosyne, Memory—Melete, Meditation—Acde, Song. They were augmented to nine, because the inhabitants of their ancient town, being desirous of placing in the Temple of Apollo, the statues of the three Muses, and they being of extraordinary beauty, they ordered three of the most skillful sculptors to execute, each the statues of the three Muses, which made up the number of nine, and from which it was proposed to select the three most perfect statues. But

when the choice came to be made, they found the whole nine so beautiful, that it was agreed on to take them all, and call them the “Nine Muses,” and place them in the Temple of Apollo as such; and from this accident, [it is thought] they derived their origin, and the six other attributes of poetry were given to the additional sisters.

O YES!

Few persons would suppose, that a crier, when bawling in the courts of justice, or in country towns. “O YES! O YES!” was commanding the talkers to become hearers, in the old French phrase *Oyez* (to listen) which has been retained by this officer ever since legal pleadings were conducted in that language—this, however, is the fact.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Moore's Byron—2d volume.—We commend these letters to the perusal of the friends and enemies of Byron: to his friends, for we have seen no account of the poet's life which so fairly unravels the mysteries of his character: to his enemies, for we think here is a complete vindication from the charge of malignity. Galt found great difficulty in reconciling the anomalies of Byron's character, and his attempt to metamorphose him into a copyist is feeble 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 biographers, to show the tendency of one to drag into the public view the foibles of private life, and of the other to ascribe actions to motives the most consistent with the general character. Moore's Byron would be better if pruned a little, but, as it is, it forms a valuable commentary on his writings. We hope our readers will not neglect the opportunity of perusing it.

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 works of the day. It is an interesting book, and a very useful one. It belongs to that class of works which those only will relish whose prime object is instruction. It contains a fund of information upon the Northern World, 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 our village. It is a book of fashions, amusements and episodes, made up of the sage reflections of Miladi. Were it a tangible work, and had we the time, we would mark the parts of it which appear peculiarly frothy—but *n'importe*. 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.

ORIGINAL POETRY.



WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

ODE TO SPRING.

Sweet season, fain we welcome thee,
For with thee joy and gladness come,
To bless the dwellings of the free
With life, and light, and nature's bloom.

No slavish hearts thine altars crown,
No menial spirits offered here,
Beneath a lordly tyrant's frown,
Shall welcome on the bright'ning year.

On Erie's wave so sunny now,
Thou'lt gambol out thy smiling May;
Then bless her sailor and his prov,
Her blooming shores, and hie away.

Then hie thee on, another land
Awaits thy renovating power,
Which desolation's ruthless hand
Full long has rudely revelled o'er.

No blight shall meet the on thy way,
But Greenland's naked isles, shall bless
Thy transient smiles that sweetly play
Around, and charm her barrenness.

Oh, that some secret power like thine
Could charm the barrenness of mind;
Could bid the waste to bloom and shine,
Like nature, beautiful and refined.

Again returned to southern plains,
Unscathed thou wilt repass the line;
And weave anew thy rosy chains,
For Chilo's stormy spirits' shrine.

When the sun when Sol has gone,
The ocean isles thou'lt pause and view;
And shed a smile on Amazon,
And bless the land to freedom true.

And pausing then in orange grove,
Or brightning the Magnolia's bloom;
Thou'lt bless the raptures and the loves
That spring and grow in their perfume.

Our selfish hearts would not detain
Thy joyous smile throughout the year;
While other buds, in gloom remain
Till thou in vernal bloom appear.

Ah! no, for if man's roving eyes
Even living beauties cease to charm,
His wayward heart the treason own,
And spurn affection's hallowed arm.

A tribute he might cease to bring,
Of brightning hopes, on thy return;
Might cease thy genial influence spring,
And thy enchanting beauties spurn.
Buffalo 1830

HORACE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

PANORAMICS.

Let Spain boast the treasures that grow in her mines,
Let Galia rejoice in her olives and vines;
In bright sparkling jewels let India prevail;
With her odours, Arabia perfume every gale;
'Tis Columbia alone that can boast of the soil,
Where the fair fruits of virtue and liberty smile.

So sung the young Colin when home he'd return'd,
One evening, so gay, from his plough,
To Kitty, whose heart with true love for him burned,
As the hearts of our maidens know how.
The night had set in, for the evening had gone,
And Kitty's persuasion, went on:

They tell of Italia—her mountains and plains,
The former for craters, the latter for fanes;
Of cheeks made of roses, and eyes soft and dark,
Whose expression both quenches and kindles the spark;
Of balls and ridottos abounding in fun—
But, hist! that without?—'tis the robber-man's gun!
The scorpion crawls in your ear while you sleep,
He stings, and you're dead ere you've e'en felt his creep.

We visit the Turk: the oppressor and slave
Are joined in each man from the *serf* to the *brave*:
He curses your beard for the sake of your sect,
For Mussulmen hate that we Christians respect.
Let him live in his ignorance—feed on his pride—
Enjoy his fine gold, and his women beside:—
Who envies the Sultan must sure be a fool,
And does not belong t' the American school.

The Muscovite monarch our notice deserves,
For he ne'er from the track of 'consistency' swerves,
Which is, "bind on the chains of our vassals, the Poles,
And quench the rebellion that fires their mean souls,
Lay a tax on the blackguards to pay for their lives,
In answer for "mercy!" push for blood your keen knives,
My Cossacks for fighting and carnage were made,
Give a chance to the fellows to show their fine trade!"

Old England, for navies and admirals famed,
As the "queen of the seas," well deserves to be named,
But ever her flag must be courteously furled,
Where Columbia's stars show the "queen of the world."
We are proud to be named as men sprung from her soil,
For the faults of her chiefs are not those of the isle.
Her sons are oft brave and her daughters are fair,
And the seeds of true freedom are now rooting there.

Columbia! Columbia! we hail thy great name!—
May a deed of dishonour ne'er darken thy fame:
May thy councils with wisdom still judge of thy laws,
And thy eagle sail on in fair liberty's cause:
May thy rivers flow on through their valleys of peace,
Bringing Commerce the wealth of thy sons to increase;
May the green hills of plenty o'ershadow thy clime,
Brought low by the road of 'improvement' sublime.
Spread thy wand, Education, quite over the land,
Plant thy nourishing olive on every hand—
Let our men become stars in the Church or the State,
Till their names, by the voice of the world, are termed great
And when ages on ages by Time have been piled,
When tyrants and knaves shall be justly reviled,
When empires and kingdoms are on the decline,
The stars of Columbia untarnished will shine. O. X. A.

THE BELL AT SEA.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The dangerous inlet called the Bell Rock,
on the coast of Fife, used formerly to be
marked only by a Bell, which was so plac-
ed as to be rung by the motion of the waves,
when the tide rose above the rock. A light-
house has since been erected there.

When the tide's billowy swell

Had reached its height,

Then tolled the Rock's lone Bell,

Sternly by night.

Far over cliff and surge

Swept the deep sound,

Making each wild wind's dirge

Still more profound.

Yet that funeral tone

The sailor bless'd,

Steering through darkness on,

With fearless breast.

E'en so may we, that float

On life's wide sea,

Welcome each warning note,

Stern though it be!

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Rochester, N. Y. March, 1831.

THE GEM,

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

BE OURS THE PLEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 25.

ROCHESTER, APRIL 16, 1831.

VOL. II.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

POETIC SKETCHES ;

By Joseph Single.

CHAPTER III.

I.

Some two, or three weeks since, it may be longer,
I wrote some stanzas for your glittering sheet,
And if my body had been somewhat stronger,
It would have figured what my mind thought meet.
But I'm not free from ill, though mayhap younger
Than half the men you pass upon the street—
Life is a school, and sickness but a part
Of the sad lessons which we learn by heart.

II.

I've thought, before now, when I've seen the dying
Rack'd with deep pains, that seem'd to separate
The very life-strings—when the pulse was flying—
And the poor sufferer given up to fate—
How better 'twould be, when that bitter sighing
Should be reliev'd by death—and when the state
Of that poor one should have the final blow
That places him beyond what man can know.

III.

But how the spirit in the darkest hour
Will cling to life—will wrestle e'en with Death!
With what a most unconquerable power
Must Death be master of, to take our breath!
Hope always sits, to us, within a bower—
We see her at a distance—and the wreath
We make her weave, is but a brilliant crown—
And something whispers, "it will be your own."

IV.

Then when we gaze on Death with all its blight
Of earthly prospects—when we think that he
Consigns our spirits to that fearful night
That intervenes before Eternity!
When looking up to Him, who, ever right,
Will judge the universe most righteously:
Our souls arouse! we cannot meet the doom!
We dare not venture to the silent tomb!

V.

In days of sickness how we seem to think
We'd prize the blessing, if once rais'd again—
But turn the scale—remove us from the brink
Of threatening danger, and how strange the vein!
We seem to see in life no parting link,
And magnify the web, into a chain!
Making our God a being, like physicians,
Only to be besought in sad conditions!

VI.

But then I must be brief—my whirling head
Will soon obstruct my stanzas—and I feel
A kind of something, that a 'downy bed'
Might have a tendency to help, and heal.
I shake,* but not through any fear or dread,
Except from pains that o'er my back will steal,
So fare-you-well—I feel the want of care,
And must resort to that, and Dr. WARE.†

J. SINGLE.

Mount-Hor, April 10, 1831.

*Our correspondent is evidently afflicted with the Ague and Fever—we hope he will have a speedy recovery from such a nauseating, bones-aching disease.

†The pain in the back is said to be almost insupportable during the shaking part of the ague and fever.

‡Reference is here made to Dr. J. S. Ware's Antinetus, said to be a sovereign remedy for the disease in question.—Editor Gem.

GAMBLING,

OR, RAIN AND SUNSHINE.

"Why do you keep me so long at a time at the door?" said Edward F. passionately to his wife. The night had passed; and it was cold wind entered the house, as Mrs. F., with a sorrowful heart, undid the lock.

"It is late, Edward and I could not keep from slumbering."

He said nothing in return to this, but flung himself into the chair, and gazed intently on the fire. His son climbed upon his knees, and putting his arm around his father's neck, whispered, 'papa, what has mama been crying for?' Mr. F. started—shook off his boy, and said with violence, 'Get to bed, sir: what business has your mother to let you be up at this hour? The poor child's lower lip pouted but he was at the time too much frightened to cry. His sister silently took him up; and then when he reached his cot, his warm heart discharged itself of his noisy grief. The mother heard his crying, went to him, but she soon returned to the parlor. She leaned upon her husband and thus addressed him:

"Edward, I will not upbraid you on account of your harshness to me; but I will implore you not to act in this manner before your children. You are not, Edward, as you used to be. Those heavy eyes tell of wretchedness, as well as of bad hours. You wrong me, you wrong yourself, thus to let my hand show I am your wife, but at the same time let your heart know singleness in matters of a moment. I am aware of the kind of society in which you have lately indulged. Tell me, Edward—for heaven's sake, tell me—we are poor—we are reduced—we are ruined. Is it not so?"

Edward had not a word for his wife: but a man's tears are more awful than his words.

'Well, be it so, Edward! Our children may suffer from our fall; but it will redouble my exertions for them. And as for myself, you do not know me, if you think that circumstances can lessen my feelings for you. A woman's love is like a plant which shows its strength the more it is trodden on. Arouse yourself, my husband. It is true your father has cast you off, and you are indebted to him in a serious sum; but he is not all the world! Only consider your wife in that light'—

A slight tap was heard at the door, and Mrs. F. went to ascertain the cause. She returned to her husband: 'Mary is at the door—she says you always kissed her before she went to bed.'

'My child, my child,' said the father, 'God bless you; I am not well to night: go to rest now: give one of your pretty smiles in the morning, and your father will be happy again.'

Mr. F. was persuaded by his affectionate

partner to retire; but sleep and rest were not for him: his wife and his children had once given him happy dreams, but now, the ruin he had brought upon them was an awakening reality.

When the light of the morning faintly appeared above the line of the opposite houses, Mr. F. rose.

'Where are you going, Edward? said the watchful wife. 'I have been considering,' he replied calmly, 'and I am determined to try my father. He loved me when I was a boy; was proud of me. It is time, I have acted dishonorably by him, and should, no doubt, have ruined him. Yesterday I spoke harshly of him; but I did not then know myself. Your dear affection, my wife, has completely altered me. I never can forget my ill treatment towards you: but I will make up for it; I will; indeed, I will. Nay, do not; do not grieve in this way; that is worse to me than all: I will be back soon.'

The children appeared in the breakfast room. Mary was ready with her smile, and the boy was anxious for the notice of his father. After a short space of time, Mr. F. returned.

'Why so pale, my husband? will your parent not assist you?'

'We must indeed sink, my love; he will not assist me. He upbraided me, I could not answer him a word. He spoke kindly of you and our little ones: but he has cut us off for ever.'

The distressed man had scarcely said this, when a person rudely came in. The purport of his visit was soon perceived. In the name of F.'s father, he took possession of the property, and he had the power to make F. a prisoner.

'You shall not take papa away,' said the little son, at the same time kicking at the officer.

'Mama,' whispered Mary, 'must my father go to prison? Wont they let us go too?'

'Here comes my authority,' said the deputy sheriff.

The elder Mr. F. doggerly placed himself in a chair.

'You shall not take my papa away,' cried the boy to his grandfather.

'Whatever may have been my conduct, sir,' said the miserable Edward, 'this is unkind of you. I have not a single feeling for myself; but my wife; my children: you have no right thus to harrass them with your presence.'

'Nay, husband,' responded Mrs. F. 'think not of me. Your father cannot distress me. I have not known you, Edward, from your childhood, as he has; he shall see how I will cling to you; can be proud of you in your poverty. He has forgotten your youthful days

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:

'I 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 him unfeeling as that world 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 gets to vice by single steps; and many think the victim must return by degrees. I know Edward's disposition, and that with him a single leap is sufficient. That leap he has taken. He is again in my memory as the favorite of his poor mother; the laughing-eyed young pet of a—pshaw—of an old fool; for why am I crying.'

Little Mary had insensibly drawn herself towards the old philosopher; and without uttering a word, pressing his hand, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. The boy also now left his parent, walked up to his grandfather, and leaning his elbow on the old man's knees, and turning up his round cheek, said, 'Then you wont take papa away.'

'No! you little impudent rascal, but I'll take you away, and when your mother comes for you I will treat her so well that I'll make your father follow after.'

Thus came happiness at the heel of ruin. If husbands would oftener appreciate the exquisite and heavenlike affection of their wives, many happier fire-sides would be seen. *One in love and one in mind* ought to be the motto of every married pair. And *as* would many times check improvidence if they were to make use of reflection and kindness, rather than *as* and strictness.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

ADELAIDE MONTVILLE.

A SKETCH.

I knew Adelaide well. We had been intimate and endearing 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 beaming, sunny countenance, was not that sameness which we so often behold, but on the contrary united with it that pleasing variety that 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. Her fine talents, and brilliant tact at wit, in conversation, added a prominent feature to her beauty, and strengthened the imagination that she claimed kindred with the skies. I loved, fervently loved Adelaide, and I knew a separation would be painful. But it was no orders! Business required my attention

at a very remote part of the country from where she lived.

* * * * *

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 surmounted with a marble slab containing the simple 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 shore vessel was frozen up in this river, and her provisions exhausted, the Captain went on shore to see "how the land laid;" 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 length he agreed to give a silver dollar for a shot among the poultry, & 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 or two, 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 level with the muzzle, and turned on shore, reinforced by his mate and cook. The old lady, after trying the ramrod, very deliberately took off 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 poultry mounted the rails and began to feed, with their heads between the rows, Bobstay took a position so as to enfilade the whole defile—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,---hiss went the geese---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.

Sporting Magazine.

AN OLD ANECDOTE.

"How do you do, Cuff?" said a colored gemmen to one of his *Crow-nise*. "Why you no come to see a fellow? If I lib so near you as you do to me, I'd come to see you every day." "Oh, cause," replied smut, "my wife patcha my trowser on so all to pieces, I shamed to go no wheres."

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 my dinner for a number of years; but I lately for the sake 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 uneasiness in my stomach, something like the dyspepsia." "Then would I advise you to take an emetic," said the physician." "O! Sir I am not sick enough for that, but I was thinking a tea-spoonful of brandy or gin might relieve me as I stopped it all at once." "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.

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 pawning 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 and broke its hip, besides doing much other injury.—*Roch. Obs.*

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 to 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, adjoining Tiff's woods; we had the curiosity to enquire what could have called him out at so early an hour.---The old gentleman replied, "For sixty years, it has been my constant practice, "when the rosy morn appeared," to visit a spring of the purest rock water, take a fine draught and wash my face and hands from this fountain, return home after two miles walk, with a fine appetite for my breakfast, and never put any spirituous liquors into my mouth---sixty years ago, I first visited this spring and then all around was a dreary wilderness."---This is truly an example worthy of all imitation.---*Providence Patriot.*

The Bar.---The bar is emphatically the school of eloquence, says a distinguished novelist. Let us present two or three examples:---

"Behold him! see him! look, gentlemen of the jury," exclaimed one of the legal gentry in a moment of inspiration---"there he stands walking about with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, trying to withdraw three oak trees out of my client's pocket."

"Sir," said another, "a man who could do

that sir, must have a heart sir, gem'men o' the jury--as black, sir--as black, sir--" [a bystander saw his distress, and thrust out his hat towards him]--"as black, sir--as your hat, gem'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 with--

"How much do you ax 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 ax I say?" 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; 'wal, that's as reasonable as a body could ax. 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 trowsers pocket. Hetty, have you got sich a thing as two shillings about ye?"

"Me!" said the bride, with a mixture of shame and indignation---"P'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 would'nt 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; "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 sich a trick.*"
N. Y. Constellation.

COWEY STAKES.

The public have lately been informed thro' 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 Cæsar 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 Cæsar relates, defeated in all of them. Want of success produced disunion; the auxiliaries deserted their leader, who being thus disabled, retired to this 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 Cæsar, "being only fordable at one place, the Britons, to prevent Cæsar'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." Cæsar, 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 Cæsar 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 Cæsar 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 Sheperton. As the second invasion of Cæsar 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 deluge. 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 innholder 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."---*Tattler.*

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

GIRL'S SONG.

In answer 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 content, dear Ellen and me.

Where the violets softly sleep,
And the water lilies gently weep,
Gazing out on the deep blue sea,
That's the place for Ellen and me.

At our dear mother's cottage door,
The baby playing about the floor,
And the pet bird singing chee-wee, chee-wee,
That's the spot for Ellen and me.

And what though thou should'st drive us away,
Nor let us join in your noisy play,
We'll go and sit by the bright green tree,
That will be better for Ellen and me.

Nor night's coming on, and we must away,
Nor linger to gather a bright nosegay,
We'll breathe out our prayers at our dear mother's knee,
And then go to sleep, dear Ellen and me.

ROSEANON.

Reported for the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

A POCKET-BOOK LOST.

A tall man with sleek hair and great equanimity of countenance, who had evidently taken a drop too much, presented himself before the sitting magistrate at the Police Office 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 ha'n'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 its so funny 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 talked with him. He was duced clever, you may depend on't; and so I told him that I wanted to buy some paper, and did'n'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 longest day I live: for the man that keeps the store wears spectacles and spells stationary station-ery; at least so he's got it on his sign. Well, I bought some paper, and the fellow was mighty clever, and helped me to hold my pocket-book, and talked a good deal---he was dreadful clever. Well, after we came out of the store, I was thinking now Webster spelt stationary; for I was pretty certain the man was wrong in spelling it with an e, and yet I was not exactly sure. So I was thinking I would look at Webster when I got home. So all at once, I turned round and saw the chap running up the street no, I wont say it was up the street, because you see, I don't know whether it was up or down; because I am a stranger here, and you've got so many ups and downs that I don't see how you can hardly tell yourselves, which is up and which is down. But never mind that, for I can take you to the identical place. Well, I thought it plaguy queer, and felt my pockets and found my pocket-book gone, with \$35 in bank bills, all on the U. S. Bank, a promissory note, and a recommend. Well thinks I, that's plaguy fine, and I tacked to, and chased the fellow, and followed all the time take care of your pockets; and every body set of his pockets; but the chap was too slick, for he run up a street and then turned round a corner, not the first corner though, for he turned two or three corners, and I after him as fast as I could split, but the last corner where he turned round was quick as a flash, there I lost him.

Mag.---When did this take place?

Comp.---Well, let me see---I could tell exact---I had my pocket-book here---but that

you see is gone, and I wont be sure, but I rather guess it was five weeks ago day before yesterday.

Mag.---Have you seen the fellow since?

Comp.---No, I havn't cause I've heard he's gone to sea.

Mag.---Well, what do you wish me to do about it?

Comp.---Why, I've heard much about old Hays, and that he's a tarnal cute man in this ere kind of business, and I thought may be if I mentioned it, it might be better.

Mag.---Is that all you want?

Comp.---Why not exactly. You see I had a note in the pocket-book---I can tell exactly how it read---"Sea Konk, Sept. the 5th, one thousand and eight hundred and thirty. We jointly and severally promise to pay to---, or order, five hundred doliars, one year after date, with interest for the same, for value received." Now I should like to know whether the fellow can collect that note, if I never order it over on the back.

Mag.---Certainly not.

Comp.---Well then I an't so bad off as I thought I was.

Mag.---What is your business---are you a mechanic?

Comp.---Why yes---and not exactly neither I teach the young idea how to shoot.

Mag.---You are a schoolmaster then, I suppose.

Comp.---Why yes, and not exactly neither, I taught a school right over across at Brooklyn, or rather at Newtown, but my quarter is up, and I mean to go home. I am going to Providence in the Washington, which I guess is about as good a boat as any.

Mag.---What do you call home?

Comp.---Why I don't exactly know what I call home now. You see I was born in---, in Massachusetts. My father and mother live there, but we have a very large family. I've got six brothers and six sisters. The oldest is Carlton, and then come the two twins Nathan and Anstice, and then Seth, & Anne, and Rachel, and Phebe, and Orman that's my name--- and Arvin, and welcome, and Pardon---that's the youngest. But I've missed two, Thankful and Patience---they are before Pardon. I've been teaching school at Newburg. There's where I got my recommend.

Mag.---What do you call a recommend?

Comp.---Why that I was a moral character---there were twelve recommends, and they all run out the very day that I lost my pocket-book.

Mag.---How did they run out?

Comp.---Why, because that day I got a little swisley. I was as regular as clock-work at Newburg, but since I came down here, I've been pretty bad I tell you.

Mag.---What makes you drink so?

Comp.---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---you see what you have lost by it.

Comp.---Why yes, that's true and may be I will, when I go home to father'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 apparant feeling of commingled 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.---Why, how did you know that, I never told you afore?

Hays.---I heard you tell the Justice only a minute ago. What kind of bills had you fives 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 be going home 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 sake 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 wretches 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. the work no doubt of an idle hour 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 pirate, then in sight, and at anchor, was the celebrated Sarragosiana, a large topsail schooner, mounting one long heavy pivot-

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 audaciously 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, ahoy!" resounded from the throats of a rough, honest boatswain and his mate—and the sails of the cutter were quickly brailed up and hauled down. "Get out the sweepers, and run in the guns clear for sweeping; hurry, and get grummets on!" The order was obeyed with alacrity, and ere the land was perceptibly clear of the morning's misty veil, the cutter moved at a rapid rate, propelled by the pipings and cheering efforts of as lively a crew as e'er graced the decks of a man of war. "Give way, my bullocks, and we'll get the fox out of his hole before breakfast—and give Gallows point such a decoration as it has never had!—Give way and they are ours;" exclaimed the commander, encouraging the exertions of his men.—"Mind your helm, and keep her N. E. that will run us clear of the cape's shoals, sir," said the captain to his executive officer; "Aye, aye, sir."

By this time the sun was out, and the fog broke and scattered itself in small columns around the undergrowth of the cape and edge of the horizon, rendering plainly visible the object of their search—the daring Sarragosiana—then deliberately weighing her anchor, and with part of her men aloft casting loose her sails. The spot she chose for her temporary harbor was a narrow channel, hemmed in by shoals that the only outlet was through the narrow channel the Grecian was then entering by, so that no probability existed of her getting away from them in the minds of these hardy Britons.

"Unbecked your grummets—lay in your sweeps, and run out your guns," cried the officers—"and pipe to quarters, Mr. Catharpin."

The order was obeyed, and the men mustered at their respective guns.

"Lay off your aprons and out tompions—ram home a grist of grape extra for those fellows, they like forced meat balls better than cold rolls—prick your cartridges—prime—cock your locks; stand by. Second Captain;" "Sir;" "handle your matches; are they lit?" "Yes, sir." "Then mind, 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 closing, 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 and on the mouth of this channel, waiting her antagonist, 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 fore-foot, she may be a Spanish cruiser."

"Aye, aye, sir;" and the weather bow gun rung a wide reveillie on the placid sea, while the shot hissing and tapping the waters, dashed the briny wave, it struck under the Pirate's bow, on her deck in glittering spray. The wind from the N. and E. had now commenced; and first favoring the Pirate, she luffed, 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 marine civilities; a caraje was heard, and she fired 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 ha'! 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."

"Bravely done, cheer, hurrah," shouted the British tars, as the foremast of the pirate, tottering, fell over the bows, declared they had them at their mercy.

For a moment or so, a deathlike stillness prevailed on either side, and a crowd of men on the schooner's decks, with hatchets, cutting away the rigging that held the wreck of the foremast alongside, showed they were getting it clear of their long gun for further hostile purposes.

"A good aim, my hearties, among those red shirts; ready, fire;" and the Grecian's last broadside carried death to at least twenty of these desperadoes, of whose bodies some in agony were hurled on the water, dying it with their blood; and others dropt lifeless across the head rails, with their hands hanging down like fenders over her bows:—this was the home thrust of the Grecian's success. The pirate propelled sideways by the sea-breeze, fell along side of the Grecian, and the Britons, headed by their officers and captains, boarded this common enemy. The pirates fought, and owing to their still superior numbers, forced the brave tars of old England back to their vessel, bearing some eight or ten wounded and dead of their numbers on the pirate's deck; "Rally, boys, rally; at it again." And they reboarded the pirates, who now gave way; "Down, you son of a —, kill him;" resounded from tar to tar as they hacked and hewed their way through the motley groupe of their antagonists crew.

On one side of the deck 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, dull, and his 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 aqui," said several, pointing to a thick set man who lay dead across the britch of the long gun. "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 waistband of his duck trowsers was written *Mitchell*; but no farther 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 forestay and rove fresh gear, took her in tow and proceeded on to 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 action lasted near an hour and a half—the greatest part of the time nearly within pistol shot.

From New-England Legends.

A NIGHT AMONG THE WOLVES.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

"The gaunt wolf,
Scenting the place of slaughter, with his long
And most offensive howl, did ask for blood!"

The wolf—gaunt and ferocious wolf! How many tales of wild horror are associated with its name! Tales of the deserted battle-field where the wolf and vulture feast together—a horrible and obscene banquet, realizing 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 corpses of the fallen;—or of the wild Scandinavian forests, where the peasant sinks down, exhausted, amidst the drifts of winter, and the wild wolf howl sounds fearfully in his deafening ear, and lean forms and evil eyes gather closer and closer around him, as if impatient for the death of the doomed victim.

The early settlers of New-England were, not unfrequently, greatly incommoded by the numbers and ferocity of the wolves which prowled around their rude settlements. The hunter easily overpowered them, and with one discharge of his musket, scattered them from about his dwelling. They fled, even from the timid child, in the broad glare of day—but in the thick and solitary night, far away from the dwellings of men, they were terrible, from their fiendish and ferocious appetite for blood. I have heard a fearful story of the wolf from the lips of some of the old settlers of Vermont. Perhaps it may be true.

language of one of the witnesses of the scene.

"'Twas a night of January, in the year 17—. We had been to a fine quilting frolic, about two miles from our little settlement of four or five log houses. 'Twas rather late—about twelve o'clock, I should guess—when the party broke up. There was no moon; and a dull, grey shadow or haze hung all around the horizon, while overhead a few pale and sickly looking stars gave us their dull light as if they shone through a dingy curtain. There were six of us in company—Harry Mason and myself and four as pretty girls as ever grew up this side of the Green Mountains. There were my two sisters and Harry's sister and his sweetheart, the daughter of our next door neighbor. She was a right down handsome girl—that Caroline Allen. I never saw her equal, though I am no stranger to pretty faces. She was so pleasant and kind of heart—so gentle and sweet spoken, and so intelligent besides, that every body loved her. She had an eye as blue as the hill-violet, and her lips were like a red rose leaf in June. No wonder that Harry Mason loved her—boy though he was—for we had neither of us seen our seventeenth summer.

Our path lay through a thick forest of oak, with here and there a tall pine raising its dark full shadow against the sky, with an outline rendered indistinct by the thick darkness.—The snow was deep; deeper a great deal than it ever falls of late years—but the surface was frozen strongly enough to bear our weight, and we hurried on over the white pathway with rapid steps. We had not proceeded far before a low, long howl came to our ears. We all knew it in a moment; and I could feel a shudder thrilling the arms that were folded close to my own, as a sudden cry burst from the lips of all of us: "The wolves; the wolves!"

Did you ever see a wild wolf; not one of your caged, broken down show animals, which are exhibited for sixpence a sight—children half price—but a fierce, half starved ranger of the wintry forest—howling and hurrying over the barren snow, and actually mad with hunger? There is no one of God's creatures which has such a frightful fiendish look, as this animal. It has the form as well as the spirit of a demon.

Another, and another howl; and then we could hear distinctly the quick patter of feet behind us. We all turned right about, and looked in the direction of the sound.

"The devils are after us," said Mason, pointing to a line of dark, gliding bodies. And so in fact they were; a whole troop of them; howling like so many Indians in a pow-waw. We had no weapons of any kind; and we knew enough of the nature of the vile creatures who followed us to feel that it would be useless for us to contend without them. There was not a moment to lose; the savage beasts were close upon us. To attempt flight would be hopeless. There was but one chance left, and we instantly seized upon it.

"To the tree: let us climb this tree!" I 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 placing the terrified 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 and shake, like so many sailors on the topmast of an Iceland whaler. But there were no murmurs; no complaining among us; for we could distinctly see the gaunt, attenuated bodies of the wolves beneath us, and every now and then we could see great, glowing eyes, staring up into the tree where we were seated. And then their yells; they were loud and long, and devilish!

I know not how long we had remained in this situation, for we had no means of ascertaining the time; when I heard a limb of the tree cracking, as if breaking down beneath a weight of some one of us; and a moment after a shriek went through my ears like the piercing of a knife. A light form went plunging down through the naked branches, and fell with a dull and heavy sound upon the stiff snow.

"Oh God! I am gone!"

It was the voice of Caroline Allen. The poor girl never spoke again! There was a horrible dizziness and confusion in my brain, and I spoke not; and I stirred not; for the whole was at that time like an ugly unreal dream. I only remember that there were cries and shudderings around me; perhaps I joined with them; and that there were smothered groans and dreadful howls underneath. It was all over in a moment. Poor Caroline! She was literally eaten alive. The wolves had a frightful feast, and they became raving mad with the taste of blood.

When I came fully to myself; when the horrible dream went off; and it lasted but a moment; I struggled to shake off the arms of my sister, which were clinging around me, and could I have cleared myself I should have jumped down among the raging animals. But when a second thought came over me, I knew that any attempt at rescue would be useless. As for poor Mason he was wild with horror. He had tried to follow Caroline when she fell; but he could not shake off the grasp of his terrified sister. His youth, and weak constitution and frame, were unable to withstand the dreadful trial; and he stood close by my side, with his hands firmly clenched and his teeth set closely, gazing down upon the dark, wrangling creatures below, with the fixed stare of a maniac. It was indeed a terrible scene. Around us was the thick, cold night—and below, the ravenous wild beasts were lapping their bloody jaws, and howling for another victim.

The morning broke at last; and our frightful enemies fled at the first advance of daylight, like so many cowardly murderers. We

waited until the sun had risen before we ventured to crawl down from our resting place. We were chilled through—every limb with cold and terror—and poor Mason was delirious, and raved wildly about the dreadful thing he had witnessed. There were bloody stains all around the tree; and two or three long locks of dark hair were trampled into the snow.

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 shocked at our wild and frightful appearance; and my brothers have oftentimes told me that at first view we all seemed like so many crazy and brain-stricken creatures. They assisted us to reach our homes; but Harry Mason never fully recovered from the dreadful trial. He neglected his business his studies and his friends, and would sit alone for hours together, ever and anon muttering to himself about that horrible night.—He fell to drinking soon after, and died, a miserable drunkard, before age had whitened a hair on his head.

For my part, I confess I have never entirely overcome the terrors of the melancholy circumstance which I have endeavored to describe. The thought of it has haunted me like my own shadow. And even now, the whole scene comes at times freshly 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 first presbyterian church, by Mr. Weld, is thus presented by the editor of the Baptist Register:—

The address, or the talk, as the gentleman termed it, occupied two evenings, and through both an unflinching interest was maintained. We are glad to say the audience was very large; and if the whole population of the Union could have heard it, we should have been exceedingly gratified. Not that there were any new facts presented; no, none at all.—The stale old facts which have been before the public for years, were again spread out; but the origin the concomitants, and the tremendous bearings of these facts, vividly portrayed, gave them their thrilling and heart affecting interest.

All have read again and again, of the 30-000 drunkards which annually fall victims in the United States, to intemperance; of the 200,000 paupers, the inmates of almshouses and poor-houses, from this vice; of 20,000 convicts, secured in the cells and dungeons of the prisons; and of the 1500 maniacs, chained in our asylums; but comparatively few have seen this army mustered, and marched in regular review. This was done by Mr. W. The mighty host, more than two hundred thousand strong, was picked from the gutters and sewers, the groceries and grog-shops, poor houses, prisons, asylums and marshalled with their shocking visages, their staggering gait,

their filthy and tattered habiliments, their fettered limbs, and their clanking chains.—The first grand division was 150,000 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 piled up 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 merest sippers. At the close of the year, those in front were tumbled into the grave before them; and the rank next behind marched up to take their places; and each posterior rank compelled to make the like advance. The next year, another 30,000 were swept into the tomb, and the host was seen in regular advance; and so on, year after year, until the self-secure sippers 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 objections of venders of ardent spirits, were resistibly refuted. 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, in making and vending ardent spirits, was overthrown by a most searching admonition 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 for 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 vicious, when let out into the street, had severely wounded several children, and gored to death several others. The inhabitants called on him, and informed him of the dreadful facts, and presented the mangled bodies at his door, and demanded of him to bring out his cow and kill her; but he refused on the ground that she was the entire support of his

wife and children. Would such a reason be accepted? Would they not demand the death of the deadly creature more loudly than before? And if he persisted in interposing the claims of his family against her destruction, would the citizens become pacified and retire? Would they not rather become more vociferous for the death of the cow, and let the owner know if he did not kill the creature immediately, they would do it for him, and pull his house down over his head? They certainly would.

Several other objections were obviated by illustrations no less convincing; but we have neither time nor room to present them.—One more however we will briefly mention. The justification which many offer for not relinquishing the sale of ardent spirits, is, that they do not sell to drunkards; they only sell to the temperate. These he compared to a physician, who, being rebuked for administering poison, replied that he only administered it to those who are well; he did not dispose of it to any of those who were already mortally affected with it. Also to a man with a cage of deadly serpents, which had fastened their fangs on several persons near him who were just dying with the poison; and being reproved for what his snakes had done, he should turn around, and throw them among a multitude of unbitten people, and say, "Oh, I don't let them loose upon those who are unpoisoned!"

These hints, though imperfectly given, may afford some little idea of the resistless character of an address occupying four hours, and filled with illustrations no less appropriate and powerful than those we have mentioned. If manufacturers & venders of ardent spirits, who were present on the occasion, could return to their distilleries, and shops, and prosecute their business with their consciences untouched, seared indeed they must be. But we cannot think that any vender of the poison, who loves his country, and has any belief in a future judgment, heard the address, and then returned back and drew off the poisonous liquor for his customers, with an untreble hand.

Prince Hohenlohe has predicted the immediate destruction of Paris, Lyons, 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 to happiness under the paternal sway of Charles X.!!

A Respectable Fraternity.—Accounts just received from Spain, announce the death of the Prior of the Convent of Basilius.—It appears that the Monks of Basilius are reputed gamblers, and, in consequence of a dispute arising out of a turn of a card, a quarrel ensued the other night, "when," adds the account, "the Prior was found murdered in his bed, with his hands tied!" The ghostly fathers were all taken into custody

THE GEM.

The Canal.—We were present when the water was let into the Canal. It was an interesting sight to hundreds who had been waiting for the event. There were in scores, boatmen with their painted hats and everlasting coats, marching to and fro, making remarks upon the canal. &c. There were also, the impudent drivers with hats turned up before, and whips "tip'd with plenty of silk."—There were groupes of second hand captains reconnoitering along the canal banks, with smiling faces and light hearts—together with various other groupes, that seemed all interested in the filling up of "the big ditch." We could see that many a rusty bugle had been brightened up for the coming season, and that many a dingy boat had been newly repaired, painted and furnished. The dealers in "small wares," that line the canal in the summer season, were all in motion, brightening up their cook-rooms, and "buying up a stock." Among this class, a variety of kegs and bottles made glad the hearts of the wanton and intemperate. Pity, we thought, that any one should live upon the ruin of a fellow mortal. But so it is.

A few days after, we visited the canal again. The hum of business already pervaded the docks, where boats in abundance lay displaying their labels of departure and destination. All appears busy and prosperous—the world of people who live about and upon the canal are all in motion—the long note of the bugle often falls upon the ear—and, altho' we have no pecuniary interest upon the canal, it does our heart good to look on such a scene.

Bound Copies.—These persons who would have their copies of the Gem bound, are informed that we have made arrangements for binding a number of copies, and that if they will leave their sets with us, accompanied with three shillings, we will procure them bound in good style.

CONUNDRUMS.

"Trifles light as air."

1. Why is a person who has unceremoniously left a house which he has rented, like an officer in the army?
2. Why is a nail in a post like an aged man?
3. Where was Saul going when he was 10 years old?
4. Why is a hard blow like my hat?
5. What is highest and handsomest when the head is off?
6. Why is the letter F like death?

Answers in our next.

For the Gem.

Mr. Editor—I forward you the solution to your riddle in No. 21 of the Gem. It has reference to the ten commandments. D.

Persevere ye perfect men,

Ever keep these precepts ten.

DIED,

In Gates, on the 8th inst. of a short, but distressing illness, which she bore with christian fortitude and resignation, Miss Lydia Hinckley, aged 17 years, youngest daughter of Zenas Hinckley.

Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
Thus we ripen for the tomb,
The youth as well as aged must
Hasten away for all their blots.
The lov'd, the beautiful and bright,
Too quickly droop and fall decay,
As fairest flowers feel the night,
That first succor is the genial ray.

But when life's short, uncertain day,
Is closing o'er our brief career,
When all we value fades away,
And racks our souls with doubt and fear—
How sweet to think, amid the gloom,
Of Christ and his Redeeming blood,
That though we wander in the day,
Our souls securely rest with God.

ORIGINAL 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 gaz'd 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 fix'd it aye within my soul,
As bright as when I found it,
Forever there to shine and bless
A waste of gloom and barrenness.

And there upon an Album's page,
I read a lay of thine;
And there I might have dwelt an age
Upon each perfect line,
An emblem of the hand that wrought
Such beautiful 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 refin'd,
And beauty's self e'en shining through,
Giving a grace and lustre true.

Yet I have trac'd a form for thee,
All woman I have made it;
In love as I think'st I'm saying free,
Without a cloud to shade it—
Of flowers, and stars, and sky combined,
To grace a heart and soul refin'd.
Buffalo, 1830. HORACE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT,

Over the remains of her two Infant Children.

Sleep on my babes, I know you're now at rest,
I freed from the pains that made your frail forms rack
With torture, and the tender infant breast
With anguish heave! But can I call you back?
Ah, no! you're past beyond the dismal track
Of death's dark shade, eternity to test.

Why this afflictive stroke? this grievance why?
While all on earth was peace and happiness?
Why am I doomed to see my children die,
In infancy cut short from earthly bliss?
Alas! a parent mother's wretchedness,
To think of them,—but only think to sigh.

O, tide of woe, in this our little sphere;
Fang after pang comes unexpected on,
No placid calm but that a bubble's near;
It bursts full soon—our brightest hopes are gone,
And we, poor earthly mortals left to moan
O'er blighted hopes, and linger in despair.

But there's a grief-consoling power above,
With endless life it ransom'd mortals pays,
And gives them being, where with saints they move
In heavenly courts, and chant their Maker's praise.
To thee, O God, my feeble voice I'll raise,
And ask a blessing for the babes I love!

Sleep on then now, and take your lasting rest,
I'm well perhaps that thou did'st not e'en live
To see the anguish that pervades the breast

Of her, who'er your dust is left to grieve.
Sleep on then now—some day ye will revive
To tune your infant voices with the blest.
Rochester, March 10, 1831.

Z.

BOY'S SONG.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
Where to trace the homeward bee,
That's the place for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water, and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

I have no mother!—for she died
When I was very young;
But her memory still, around my heart,
Like morning mists has hung.

They tell me of an angel form
That watched me while I slept,
And of a soft and gentle hand
That wiped the tears I wept:

And that same hand that held my own,
When I began to walk,
And the joy that sparkled in her eyes
When first I tried to talk—

For they say the mother's heart is pleased
When she sees her child
I wonder if she thinks of me
In that bright happy land:

For I know she is in Heaven now—
The holy place of rest—
For she was always good to me,
And the good alone are blest.

I remember, too, when I was ill,
She kissed my burning brow;
And the tear that fell upon my cheek—
I think I feel it now.

And I have still some little books
She learned me how to spell;
And the chiding, or the kiss she gave,
I still remember well.

And then she used to kneel with me,
And teach me how to pray,
And raise my little hands to Heaven,
And tell me what to say.

O mother! mother! in my heart
Thy image still shall be,
And I will hope in Heaven at last
That I may meet with thee.

A False Report of a friend's death.

A lie is bad, but give this lie its due,
'Tis ten times better than if it were true.

Religion.—Religion ought to be left in her native
simplicity, rather than hang her ears with counter-
feit pearls.

Atheism.—Is a folly, and Atheists are the greatest
fools in nature; for they see there is a world that
could not make itself, and yet they will not own
there is a God that made it.

Wit is a bubble, cast up from the weak recesses
of the mind.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

From Legends of New-England—by J. G. Whittier.

"One hundred years ago!—How has New-England changed with the passing by of a single century! At first view it would seem like the mysterious transformations of a dream, or like the strange mutations of sunset clouds upon the face of the summer Heavens. One hundred years ago!—The Oak struck its roots deeply in the Earth, and tossed its branches softly in the sunshine, where now the voice of industry and enterprise rises in one perpetual murmur. The shadows of the forest lay brown and heavily, where now the village church-spire overtops the dwellings clustered about it. Instead of the poor dependent and feeble colonists of Britain we are now a nation of ourselves—a people, great and prosperous and happy.

And those who battled with our fathers, or smoked the pipe of peace in their dwellings, where are they? Where is the mighty people which, but a little time ago, held dominion over this fair land, from the great lakes to the Ocean? Go to the hunting grounds of Maintonimoh and Annawon—to the royal-homes of Massasoit and Metacom and Sassacus, and ask for the traces and the memorials of the iron race of warriors, who wrestled with the pale Yengeese even unto death. There perhaps remain the ruin of their ancient forts—the fragments of their ragged pottery—the stone-heads of their scattered arrows; and, here and there, on their old battle-fields, the white bone of their slain! And these will be all—all that remain to tell of the perished race of hunters and warriors. The Red Man has departed forever. The last gleam of his Council-fire has gone up from amidst the great oaks of the forest, and the last ripple of his canoe vanished from the pleasant waters bosomed among them. His children have gone to the grave of the sun; and though the share of the stranger is busy among the bones of his fathers.

One hundred years ago! The hunter, who ranged the hills and the forests of New-England, fought against other enemies, than the brown bear and the panther. The husbandman, as he toiled in the plain, or the narrow clearing, kept closely at his side a loaded weapon; and wrought diligently and firmly in the midst of peril. The frequent crack of the Indian's rifle was heard in the still depths of the forest—the death-knell of the unwary hunter; and, ever and anon, the flame of some devoted farm-house, whose dwellers had been slaughtered by a merciless foe, rose redly upon the darkness of the night-time. The wild and fierce eyes of the heathen gleamed through the thick underwood of the forest, upon the passing by of the worshippers of the only true God; and the war-hoop rang shrill and loud under the very walls of the sanctuary of prayer."

LEARNING.—Is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands—in unskilful the most mischievous.

MAXIMS.—All is not gold that shines. Better suffer wrong than do wrong.