THE

ROCHESTER GEM:


Devoted to Polite Literature, History, Biography, Essays, Poetry, Morality, Sentiment, Wit, &c. &c.

VOLUME FIFTH.

We'll grasp the works of nature and of art——To raise the Genius and to mend the heart.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
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The Capitol of the United States is situated on an area enclosed by an iron railing, and including 23 1-2 acres—the building stands on the western portion of this plat, and commands by the sudden declivity of the ground, a beautiful and extensive view of the city, of the surrounding heights of Georgetown, &c., and of the windings of the Potomac as far as Alexandria. The dimensions of the building are as follows:

- Length of Front: 352 feet 4 inches
- Depth of Wings: 121 do. 6 do.
- East projection and Steps: 65 do.
- West do. do. 83 do.
- Covering 1 1-2 acre and 1280 do.
- Height of Wings to the top of the Balustrade: 70 do.
- Height to top of centre Dome: 170 do.

The Capitol is surrounded by a balustrade of stone, and covered with a lofty Dome in the centre, and a flat Dome on each wing.

The Representatives' room is in the 2d story of the south wing—is semi-circular, in the form of the Ancient Grecian theatre—the chord of the longest dimensions is 96 feet, the height to the highest point of the domical ceiling is 60. This room is surrounded with 24 columns of variegated native marble, from the banks of the Potomac, with capitals of white Italian marble, carved with a specimen of the Corinthian order, still remaining among the ruins of Athens.

The Senate Chamber in the North Wing is of the same semi-circular form—75 feet in greatest length, and 45 high—a screen of Ionic columns with capitals, after those of the temple of Minerva Polias, support a gallery to the East, and form a loggia below—and a new gallery of iron pillars and railings of a light and elegant structure projects from the circular walls—the Dome ceiling is enriched with square caissons of Stucco. The Rotunda occupies the centre, and is 50 feet in diameter, and 96 high. This is the principal entrance from the east Portico and west stair, and leads to the legislative halls and library. This room is divided in its circuit into panels by lofty Grecian pilasters, which support a bold entablature, ornamented with wreaths of olive; a hemispherical dome rises above, filled with large plain caissons, like those of the Pantheon at Rome. The panels of the circular walls are appropriated to paintings and has reliefs of historical subjects. Passing from the Rotunda, westerly, along the gallery of the principal stairs, the Library room door presents itself. This room is 92 feet long, 34 wide, and 36 high; it is formed into recesses or alcoves for books on two sides by pilasters copied from the portico of the Temple of the Winds at Athens—a light stair in each corner of the room leads to a second range of alcoves, and the whole is covered by a rich and beautiful stuccoed ceiling. This room has access to the western loggia, from which the view of the city and the surrounding country appears to great advantage. Besides the principal rooms abovementioned, two others deserve notice, from the peculiarity of their architecture—the round apartment under the Rotunda, enclosing 40 columns supporting ground arches, which form the floor of the Rotunda. This room is similar to the substructions of the European Cathedrals, and may take the name of Crypt from them; the other room is used by the Supreme Court of the United States—of the same style of architecture, with a bold and curiously arched ceiling; the columns of these rooms are a massy Dorick, imitated from the Temples of Poestum. Twenty-five other rooms, of various sizes are appropriated to the officers of the two houses of Congress and the Supreme Court, and 45 to the use of Committees; they are all vaulted, and floored with brick and stone. Three principal stair-cases are spacious and varied in their form; these, with the vestibules, and numerous corridors or passages, it would be difficult to describe intelligibly; we will only say that they are in conformity to the dignity of the building, and style of the parts already named. The building having been situated originally on the declivity of a hill, occasioned the west front to show in its elevation one story of rooms below the general level of the east front and the ends; to remedy this defect, and to obtain safe deposits for the large quantities of fuel annually consumed, a range of casement arches has been projected in a semi-circular form to the west and a paved terrace formed over them; this addition is of great utility and beauty, and at a short distance exhibits the building on one uniform level—this terrace is faced with grass bank, or glacis, and at some distance below, another glacis with steps leads to the level of the west entrance to Porters' Lodges—these, together with the piers to the gates at the several entrances of the square, are in the same massy style as the basements of the building; and the whole area or square, is surrounded with a lofty iron railing.
THE CUP OF HONOURS.
AN ITALIAN TALE.

It was one of the finest evenings that ever shone on the shore of Naples. The sea lay under the sunbeams like a hugo golden plateau, edged with the innumerable buildings of the city and the suburbs, that looked in the distance like incrustations of silver. The echoes of music from the various boating parties, and even the sounds of the city that came up softened and mingled, filled the air with harmony. The eye ranged from Misenio, with its bold purple promontory overshadowing the waters, to Vesuvius, on the opposite side of the most lovely of all bays, sitting like a gigantic guard of this fairy region, crowned with a diadem of cloud and fire. All the heights were filled with travellers enjoying the magnificent landscape in the cool of the sea-breeze—even the peasantry, accustomed as they were to the sight, stopped on their way home up the hills, and exulted in their having a country which the world could not equal.

But in the midst of all this beauty and exultation there sat a man, who seemed neither to see the one, nor share in the other. He was evidently young, and as evidently under some heavy misery of mind; for, as he sat on the side of the Solfatara, he was observed to start up frequently and hurry forwards, as if he had forgotten the hazardous height, or had intended to throw himself down the precipices on the difficult spot on which he had fixed his seat. He was observed to throw himself down the precipices on the difficult spot on which he had fixed his seat repeatedly, and those who, at last reached him, received such repelling answers, more amusing object; there was a felucca race from the point of Capri. The king's whole swept and sparkled along like a flight of flying-fish. But as they came towards the centre of the bay, a boat with a single rower alone kept them behind, and evidently did not exert half his strength. As he came nearer the shore, the thousand telescopes that were pointed to the water had but one object, the extraordinary boatman. To the general surprise, he seemed scarcely to touch the oars; he sat, throwing an occasional look at the crowd of gilded vessels that were ploughing the sea into foam far behind, then dipped his oar into the water, and then paused again, while the boat absolutely shot along over the surge.

Night falls rapidly in the south; the scene below had been gradually darkening for some time, and the boatman had scarcely dared to look around, and disappeared under one of the little wooded hills at the foot of Puzzuoli, when the whole royal show sank in shade, and but for the innumerable lamps that twinkled on their tops and rigging, would have been invisible. But they were still at some distance from land, when the cloud that had sat during the day, gathering upon Vesuvius, moved towards Capri, and began to discharge its thunders and lightnings. The rapidity and fierceness of a Mediterranean storm are proverbial; the breeze had now become a fierce succession of gusts that tore up the bosom of the waters; guns of distress were heard from time to time, but all earthly sounds were speedily extinguished in the incessant roar of the thunder. The only light was from the long flashes that burst round the horizon, throwing a blaze of peculiar and frightful redness over the earth and sea. The young Italian gazed from his height on this conflict of the elements with strange delight: it seemed to have renewed life within him; he lifted his arm to the burning and serpent flashes, as if to bid them do their worst; he cried aloud through the roarings of the wind, as if to challenge and defy the storm in his despair. The cloud that had been rolling heavily along the bay, at length sailed towards the Solfatara; the sulphurous vapours of the hill caught fire, a yellow flame rushed around it like a garment; and the last look cast upward by one of those who had fled in terror towards Puzzuoli, showed the Italian sitting calmly in a circle of configuration, evidently awaiting his catastrophe.

"Ho! friend, will you sleep forever? Here, take a drink of this, and be a man again."

The Italian opened his eyes, and to his astonishment found himself in a low chamber, evidently hewn out of the rock; and his surprise was not diminished, when he saw standing opposite him the boatman holding wine to his lips! It was evidently to the activity and courage of this bold fellow that he owed his preservation. His last perception had been that of the cloud stooping deeper and heavier round the spot where he sat in gloomy eagerness for death; a broad burst of intolerable light flamed across his eyes, and he felt smote by the flash, and felt no more! He now attempted to thank his preserver, but was answered roughly, by, "Come, come, no words, I have not time for talking now. Here you are safe for a while, against every thing but starving. The Doughtiers will look twice before they come after your old acquaintance Malatesta." The Italian recognized the name as that of a famous contrabandist, who had either eluded the vigilance or defeated the force of the officers of the customs for many years.

"Malatesta!" repeated he in surprise.

"What!" said the boatman, "you know Malatesta then? Do you expect to get the information money for giving me up to the sharks in the king's pay? But, no!—though I defy them, the rascals generally contrive to keep clear of me; and when, now and then, we have come athwart each other about the bay, I think I have given them pretty good cause to steer another course in future. I suppose you saw the dance I led them this evening?"

The Italian expressed his astonishment, the boatman acknowledged that he had been too much absorbed in his own griefs to have looked long.

"Aye, that," said the boatman, "was a specimen of what I could do any day in the week, the wind on an end, or larboard or starboard, aye, or in the teeth, it is all the same to Malatesta—all the same to Malatesta. All winds, hours, seas and times, all the same to Malatesta."

The repetition of the name came with a tone which struck the Italian as the most peculiar that he had heard in his life—but in what the peculiarity consisted, he was unable to define; it however roused him out of the half stupor into which he was fallen from exhaustion, and made him look in the face of his preserver.

"Malatesta?" said he, "why can you be that prince of smugglers? Impossible! I have been hearing of him since I was in the cradle, and then they talked of him as a very old man; he must be ninety or an hundred by this time."

The boatman laughed aloud. "Aye, those are Neapolitan stories; give the honest people there enough of sun-shine, macaroni, and nothing to do, and they will find tongue for the world. Look at me, do you take me for ninety or an hundred?"

"Quite the country," said the Italian, "you look scarcely as old as myself; but I have had troubles enough to make me old at thirty, and it is case of mind, after all, that keeps one young. Yet you are remarkably active, strong-looking, and fresh-coloured."

"Aye, case of mind," muttered the boatman, "and his countenance lost its open expression. "Words, words, human folly; but this is no talk for us. Come, let us see what provision there is on board." He now pulled down a few stones from the side of the cell, and showed a rude receptacle of wine-flasks and sea-stores. "Here," said he, "is the true receipt for good looks of all kinds. Look at the small faces of Naples; the nobles lolling in their coaches, the citizens stuffing themselves with every beast of the earth, fowl of heaven, and fish of the sea, without taking an hour's rest. This has ever glistened on the Chiaja—no, not for the customs for many years."

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of gold as high as St. Elmo. Drink, friend, and thank your night's work, bad as it was, that we are both hungry and thirsty."

The Italian acknowledged that he had earned at least an appetite; and the wine and salt fish appeared to him delicious. He remarked the singular pleasure which he felt in this simple fare, and acknowledged that hunger and fatigue were the true secrets of enjoyment after all.

"Yet," said his jovial entertainer, "an hour ago, you would have tossed yourself down the side of the Solfatara, or jumped into Vesuvius supperless. You see the advantage of waiting awhile in the worst of times—you would have been a cinder already, but for my luck in seeing you as I stepped out of my boat. I had amused myself long enough with the king and his fools—long enough to bring them into the way of the gale—as it happened; and if it does not give a handsome account of some of them, it is no fault of mine." He laughed long and loud. "Aye, by to-morrow morning there will be something besides fish to be caught in the bay, and something to be seen in the palace yonder besides bowing knaves covered with gold lace and rascality. I saw, aye, it was the last look I gave them; I saw," said he, in a low wild voice, and one of those erisive gestures peculiar to the Neapolitans, "we royal fool less in the world."

The Italian started and pronounced, "The king lost!"

"Well," said the boatman, "and where's the wonder!—there are heirs enough to follow him. When his time is come what is to hinder his going, in the way of quiet like yours,—or mine?" He broke off, and writhed on his seat as if in an internal pang, "No—not mine! No—never, never!" He buried his forehead in his huge hand, and remained for awhile convulsed, but in silence; then recovering suddenly and completely, he said, with a flashing eye and a deeply reddened cheek, "Come another flask, brother, let me hear of Malatesta's wine. Come, no thanks—but I thought that you might be the better for a cup of gold this night light and lightning, but he had a friend at his elbow who gave him longer sleep. I confessed not three hours ago, the wife of the excellent and trust-worthy minister who plunged him over the poopo. To-morrow the Count Matteo Flores, would have been brought to look for robbing the exchequer, and looked through the bars of a dungeon; but to-morrow he will be appointed prime minister to the new king, for reasons best known to each other and the bay of Naples."

"And you kept this horrid treason to yourself?"

"Why not," was the reply; "I should not have been believed if I had told it: the couriers would have marked me for a fellow who could not be trusted in an emergency; the king would never trouble his head about me; Count Matteo would have had me assassinated for half a ducat; and if I escaped his braves, the Capuchins would have thrown me between four walls, with leave to live as long as I could upon a loaf and a pitcher of water. Excellent thanks per Bacco, I should have had of it—and deserved them too for meddling with matters out of my line. But you see I can keep a secret, at least when there is nothing to be got by telling it, and that is a monkish law from Ireland to Indoostan. Now for your story."

The Italian had been startled by the reckless familiarity with which crime was talked of. But the customs of the confessional were notorious—the man before him was his preserver, and he himself felt too much out of sorts with life to care about concealment. His story was, in fact, but brief and common. He was an advocate in one of the royal courts of Naples, and in the receipt of a moderate competency for his time of life; but he had been for some time soliciting a superior appointment in the court, and it had been alternately promised to him and given away to others with high interest. The disappointment had worn out his patience, and with every occasion of its being snatched from him, the place had grown upon his imagination until it was equivalent to death or life. He had at length mastered all his interest and hope for a final effort; he had actually seen the instrument of his appointment made out for him, and had on that morning the congratulations of his brother, or advocates. On his returning to his home, a rumour reached him that it was again lost; he soon ascertained that the rumour was true; it had been given to an inferior advocate, whose brother shaved the minister's valet. He felt his brain turn round—he flew furiously to the minister—there he was beaten from the portico, and had a narrow escape of being run through by one of the hurlers, for his wrath at ministers and mankind. He then rushed among the mountains, determined never more to associate with human beings; the storm had seemed to offer him an easy way of escaping from all his anxieties at once, and he availed himself of it with a fierce philosophy.
The Italian had already taken more wine than was usual with his temperate countrymen, and he felt no reluctance to farther hospitality. In a kind of frolic of acquiescence, he raised the empty cup to his lips: casting his glance into the bottom, he saw it, to his astonishment, tre of a circle of fearful forms, above him stood a colossal shape, with his lower extremities covered with a cloud—a fiery crown was down to consume the victim. The flashes

Come, try my wine!**

now? you look as white as my mainsail.—not had wine enough to bring back your sen-

fit fo* any thing now. That wine is absolute " it gets both into my head and heart. I fee

inside is as smooth as the queen's hand—look

strong hand of his entertainer was suddenly

again!" The Italian still drew back, but the

flavor struck him as incomparable. " This is no

gon came from is a profound secret. But don'

for love or money? By San Januario, for co

its name? or where can any more of it be hac

the finest I have tasted in the whole course oJ

above his head, and the cup was all but forced

Determined he was about to choke the Mr. Advocate, as remarkable clean

sobered and his cup was all but forced upon him. He swallowed some drops—the

flavor struck him as incomparable. "This is a

native wine," said the Italian almost breathless,

"but wherever it has been grown, it is the

finest I have tasted in the whole course of my

life. Where does it come from? what is its

name? or where can any more of it be had for

love or money? By San Januario, for colour,

fragrance and flavor, I never saw its equal." He now drank deep and delighted.

"Why, Mr. Advocate, since you have found

the use of your tongue at last, I will treat you

with sufficient of it to turn his accu-

"He hesitated. "Besides, I have no

proofs," said the Italian.

"Proof! folly. Suspicion is enough where

the public concern is concerned. The fellow is

too cunning to leave proofs to be picked up in

the streets against him. I take an interest in

you. You have been atrociously treated in

this business. Leave it to me to find proofs.

In the mean time all you have to do will be
to write a note—anonymous if you like—to

the minister, warning him of the rascal he

has to do with. Leave the rest to me, and

now for a health to his successor." The cup

was filled again—

* * * * * * * *

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEN.

WINTER.

He has come, he has come, begirt with a storm, An an icicle binds his brow—

And the forests quake at his ghastly form, And disrobed, to their conqueror bow.

Yes, Winter his indeed come, and we have

seen the Summer glories, as it were, burn out; the softer beauties of Autumn have receded from our view, and nought is left but a scene of desolation and Death. Yet there is something awful sublime in his features. When he comes like a giant, in the pride of his

strength, scattering his manifold storms over the desolate Earth, or rolling his chariot of

wrath among the clouds, we are awed at his presence, and feel as if the Grand Architect

was displeased with the workmanship of his own hands. How swells the soul as the whis-

perings of his voice echo along the mountain-

side, and the groanings of the lofty pines as

side, and the groanings of the lofty pines as

they bend their dark green plumes to the fifth

blast, mingle in wild anthems of Nature's own

composing! Then Earth appears like

an extended amphitheatre, and the great

God and his mighty Elements the Actors. But

when we look at his desolate grasp upon the

blooming cheek of earth, and behold her

verdant lawns, her flower-clad vales, and the

rich luxuriance of her fields withered beneath

his deadly touch, we are struck with the

embarrassment of our own dissolution. Yes, when we see the rivers from a thousand

hills struggling beneath his icy fetters, her sky-crowned

mountains clad with sleet and frost—the sun toiling up the skies, like some pale ghost wafted in a

winding-sheet of clouds, our pride is humbled,

and our vanities are crushed. Then we reflect

that we too are hastening to that period when

our own life-streams shall run cold beneath the

hands of age, our heads whiten with the

frosts of time, and our sun of reason darkened and obscured by the mists of years shall shed

but a faint and imperfect light. From my

childhood's earliest dawn I have hailed the

Spring's approach with joy. "I have loved

the liquid fragrance of her flowery urns," and

in the balmy freshness of her gentle breezes

have bathed my brow, and for awhile forgot

my own mortality. "Then comes his glory in

the summer months." Ah, truly is the

summer glorious, when every spreading field

teams with the richest boons of heaven—each

grove re-echoes with the song of birds, and

June, with all her retinue of flowers, has deco-

rated earth for man's enjoyment. But gloom

is in the face of Autumn, and Winter is sy-

nonymous with Death. Thus I have revelled

in the spring of youth, and gazed with eager

eye towards the approach of life's meridian,

when all the faculties of soul should be in full

perfection, and reason's light all-glorious,

should check each wayward thought, and

reign sole leader over each movement of my future days. Then comes the chilling thought of age, decrepitude and dotage; when man-

hood's glorious prime shall sink into a second

childhood, and nought shall remain of the

proud and lofty one, but a wreck of his former

self. Thus I have muse, and in the pride of

my heart have prayed for an early grave, to

lie down in the full perfection of strength, and

mingle with the silent dwellers of the tomb.

Twas impious!—the voice of Religion sweetly

tells of a better land, and Hope is pointing to

those sunny shores. There, may the aged

cones of this dark land resume the garb of

youth, the maimed and blind rejoice in the

restoration of strength, and the dumb shout

forth the fadeless glories of Eternal Spring.

MARGARETTE.

Decency is the least of all laws, and the

most respected.

A man who neglects his business to follow

after the follies of life, will soon find that his

business will leave him.
As an article of poetry, it is no mean performance, for one who is quite an amateur; yet that part which will be found the most sat-

To view the scene strikes boldest hearts with fear.

They foam, they boil, and headlong urge their way,
And onward drive before the howling storm;
Crowned with tall forests time

No glittering plows the barren surface stir;
Where winter undisturbed holds eight months sway,
Far north this region lies, where rein deer roam,
Six hundred feet the cliffs their summits rear,
And their white tops salute the bending skies.
That through its flats my tributes never toil.

Compared to some, 'tis but a smooth champaign.
But rolling hills my distant source supply;
The shores receeding spread on either hand.
And green they're tinged by copper's green oxyde. (a)

Here nature's conflicts shake the distant pole.
Ontonagon rolls north his rapid surge,
From White-Fish lake Michipicotton springs;
Chafed by the wind, like maddened furies rave ;
Round Fond du Lac her limpid waters gleam ;
In Gloucester bay she pours his thousand springs.
But bright and joyous are those happy isles,
Home of those souls for virtuous actions blest.
Placed by high Heaven amid their sounding deeps,
Till skutter-glutted their fierce passions tiro
Whose lofty crest the warlike bulwarks crown,
With freemen's death. Here fierce Tecumseh strode
Beside this stream Detroit frowns o'er the wave,
High o'er the pass fort Gratiot sternly frowns,
With fruits spontaneous Ceres' horn is crowned;
Severn's clear stream, lake Simcoe's tribute brings,
St- Lawrence's tribute, and Ouisconsin's stream.
St. Clair's small lake, its bottom filled with mud,
And the river of St. Mary its mouth to meet the lake.
And gentle streams through tall woods murmuring flow.

The rich peninsula his waters kiss,
And gentle streams through tall woods murmuring flow.

The current quickens and the surge leaps high,
The boiling stream. The Maelstroom's horrid course—
Is scarce superior to the awful force,
With which my surges sweep their circling round,
His power the Almighty here shows wide and far,
And hushed in silence is the battle's roar.
Round Maurepas their bending course they hold,
By whose lofty crest the warlike bulwarks crown,
With freemen's death. Here fierce Tecumseh strode
With fruits spontaneous Ceres' horn is crowned;
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The current quickens and the surge leaps high,
The boiling stream. The Maelstroom's horrid course—
Is scarce superior to the awful force,
With which my surges sweep their circling round,
The U.S. hopes for success against the navy of Spain.

The copper mines on the southern shore of Lake Superior, and on the north shore of Lake Huron.

The Indians around Lake Huron believe that a chain of islands in the eastern part of Lake Huron is inhabited by beneficent souls, whose name is Maniouth, or Sacred Isles.

The Pictured Rocks as described by Gov. Cass, are a chain of red-lichen-covered eroded cliffs, and so near the surface that the small tributaries of the Ontonagon and the neighboring streams are tinged green by its oxides, and wash them from the hills.

The appearing savage struck with strange surprise, and stood like frightened deer.

The appearance of the icebergs is truly grand and sublime; sometimes rising in slender points like the spires of churches, at others forming the rims of some outstretched clouds, whose white tops resembling the tops of a snowy cypresses, with their beauty like the song of the Syrens, is charming only to destroy. Those on the right are soon demolished by being dashed against each other by the waves, or freezing into a warmer latitude they are dissipated by the heat of the sun.

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and prepare his children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her ambition should carry her no farther than his welfare and happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her sole aim, the theatre of her exploits is in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much in making a fortune as he possibly can do in the common world. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy, it is what is saved from his earnings. A good and prudent husband makes deposits of the fruits of his labor with his best friend; and if that friend be not true to what has he to hope? If he departs from the duty of his bosom where is he to place it? A wife acts not for herself only, but she is the agent of many loves. She is bound to act for their good and not for her own gratification. Her husband's good is the end at which she should aim his approbation is her reward. Self gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can entertain, are equally pernicious. The first adds vanity to extravagance; the second fastens a doctor's bill to a long butcher's account, and the latter brings intemperance, the worst of all evils, in its train.

N. Y. Mirror.

Vol. v. THE ROCHESTER GEM.

OUR PAPER—AND ITS PROSPERITY.

Four years ago, this publication came into being. It was a time when the whole Union was a political whirlpool, and when almost every one was dead up on all subjects but politics. We were not without our strong fears that its existence would be hæmis. Time has put an end to these ideas however, and we may now with safety, that it almost amounted to an absolute certainty. Our worst fears, however, were soon clased away, as prosperity calmly settled upon us.

We have ever aimed, in our course, at one object, the elevation of the standard of Literature—and we have seemed to have been successful. In this direction, it has been either error in judgement, or caused by circumstances which we could not control. On one point we must be allowed a few remarks, and that is relative to the matter with which we have filled our sheet. We have, heretofore, (and we should have done so) published much of the native productions of the West, believing that there was Genius even in these wilds. In this we have not been mistaken. We never had any idea that we could establish a literary paper in the country, that would ever vie with our city publications of a like nature. We never had pretended that we had any claim to as much worth or distinction—on the contrary, like the country merchant who retains his vares in a small way, we have, if you please, always considered ourselves retailers in literature.

Since we established the Gem, we have seen numbers of like publications come up, and in a few months die. From these facts we have endeavored to draw a lesson—and in the publications alluded to, (we will not call names,) with scarce an exception, we have noticed some things which we consider very foolish, not to say wrong. One of these is, that within the first few months they have made the most positive ascriptions of their permanency and prosperity. Some, even in the last stages of dissolution, have assured their readers their success was so unparalleled, that they were contemplating improvements which would far outstrip their prospects. Whether these were deliberate untruths, or as the best example of human error, we will not decide. This we only know, that the public begin to think such protestations are no security for their money. Again we conceive it to be folly to assert, as many editors of literary publications do, that they do not intend to be a whit behind the best publications of the day, and that they will not give us up our Editor's voice to the howling that special class of bad tales, and worse poetry! In a few months no one remembers the egregious picture-sheets, the same publication falls into oblivion, never, perhaps, having reached "Vol. 2."—What a comment upon its pretended refinement!—But we will not extend our remarks further on this subject.

The prosperity of the Gem is increasing. If we can extend our past support, and present prospects, our inducements to continue are now more than two-fold above any previous years. We will here mention a fact not generally known, which may in its bearing effect our interests. Out of all
the literary publications in this country of which we have any knowledge, there are only two or three that are made up from the columns of some other paper, or are so connected, that the type once set up can be used twice. This, of course, is a great saving, and this may be the secret why so many of the literary papers of the present day are offered at a price so low as to be very injurious, if not destructive to the business. The advantage alluded to, we have never enjoyed. The matter for the Gem is set up for that paper alone, and in this respect we are, and ever have been, at double the expense of any literary paper around us. In conclusion, we will say, our best excusations are pledged to the interests of our paper, and the facility of the publisher for furnishing us the best evidence which we can form of its intrinsic value, lies in the patronage it has enjoyed. Suffice it to say, with this we are satisfied.

THE NEW YEAR.

Patrons and friends—we meet once more! Another year is closing upon us—a new one is opening up. Time is like the restless and destructive volcanos. It is ever heaving up the poor diseased spirits that cluster upon its verge—it is ever bursting and dashing the clods of earth in a tulip bed. His breeches were both of leather, and his shoes were tied with leather strings. We approach, and they break, and they fall, and they stack upon each other, and yet his march is on. Time cannot outstrip him—No, he makes Time help him on in his dreadful work. But Death is the door-way to Eternity with its victims, as if to fill its shore-less portals! Each year it changes its cognomen, as if to notch in each century the eventful periods of its life. Each year it is to be under the protection of the Buffalo Lyceum.

Our second number will be issued on Saturday the 12th of January.

Fifteen or twenty years since, a pupil of Professor Silliman, went out with him on a geological excursion in the vicinity of Yale College, found that many of the farmers there had built their common stone walls, for one hundred and fifty years, with some of the most beautiful marble in the world, without a suspicion that it was anything more than common limestone.——Family Lyceum.

Bartram, The American Botanist.—Arrived at the Botanist’s garden, we approached an old man, who, with a rake in his hand, was breaking the clods of earth in a tulip bed. His hat was old and flapped over his face, his coarse shirt, was seen near his neck, as he wore no cravat or kerchief; his waistcoat and breeches were both of leather, and his shoes were tied with leather strings. He approached and accosted him. He ceased his work and entered into conversation with the ease and confidence of a gentleman. His countenance was expressive of benignity and happiness. This was the botanist, traveller and philosopher we had come to see.

Sobriety of mind is one of those virtues which the present condition of human life strongly incites. The uncertainty of its enjoyments checks presumption; the multiplication of its dangers, demands perpetual caution, the multiplicity of its events strongly inculcates. The uncertainty of its enjoyments checks presumption; the multiplication of its dangers, demands perpetual caution, the multiplicity of its events strongly inculcates. The uncertainty of its enjoyments checks presumption; the multiplication of its dangers, demands perpetual caution, the multiplicity of its events strongly inculcates. The uncertainty of its enjoyments checks presumption; the multiplication of its dangers, demands perpetual caution, the multiplicity of its events strongly inculcates.

A true Master.—One day, when the people of Athens desired Euripides to retrench a certain passage from one of his tragedies, he came upon the stage, and exclaimed, "I do not compose any works to learn of you, but to teach you"

MARRIED.

In Plymouth, Mich, on Sunday, the 18th of Nov., by J. D. Davis, Esq. Mr. H. B. HOLBROOK, merchant, to Miss SARAH WOOD.

RUFF, formerly of Canandaigua, N. Y.

DIED.

In Parma, Nov. 28th, Mr. Jonathan Marsh, a soldier of the Revolution in his 77th year. Printers in Mass. and Vt. will offer a favor by inserting the above.

In Greece, Nov. 29th Esther MARSH, wife of Luther Marsh, aged 25.

Printers in Mich are requested to insert the above.

Atkinson’s Casket for December, with an elegant engraved title, has come to hand. Its contents are good.

LIST OF AGENTS.

The time for the return of all new subscribers to this office is December 31st. Agents will be notified of this in order to see this attention to the business. The advantage alluded to, we have never enjoyed. The matter for the Gem is set up for that paper alone, and in this respect we are, and ever have been, at double the expense of any literary paper around us. In conclusion, we will say, our best excusations are pledged to the interests of our paper, and the facility of the publisher for furnishing us the best evidence which we can form of its intrinsic value, lies in the patronage it has enjoyed. Suffice it to say, with this we are satisfied.

THE ROCHESTER GEM. Vol. 5. CENTRAL LIBRARY OF ROCHESTER AND MONROE COUNTY · HISTORIC SERIALS COLLECTION

Prospects of a new volume.


The Fifth Year of this paper commences January 1st, 1833. The increasing patronage bestowed upon the Gem, induces the Proprietor to renewed efforts to make it worthy the liberal support it receives. He has therefore, made arrangements to have the Fifth Volume surpass any one that has preceded it.

The Gem is devoted to the dissemination of useful Knowledge—to Fictitious, Historical, and Biographical writings—to Essays, Poetry, Moral Readings, Sentiment and Wit—and is intended to foster and encourage Native Genius. A patronage of upwards of one thousand names for three years past, is the only evidence of what our subscriptions.

The Gem is published at Rochester, Monroe co., N. Y. every other Saturday at 50 cents a Copy. The time for the return of all new subscribers is December 31st. Agents will be notified of this in order to see this attention to the business. The advantage alluded to, we have never enjoyed. The matter for the Gem is set up for that paper alone, and in this respect we are, and ever have been, at double the expense of any literary paper around us. In conclusion, we will say, our best excusations are pledged to the interests of our paper, and the facility of the publisher for furnishing us the best evidence which we can form of its intrinsic value, lies in the patronage it has enjoyed. Suffice it to say, with this we are satisfied.

This is no mean display of genius, and we have endeavored to make its appearance equal, if not superior to any other. We rely confidentially upon our good friends, that they will not delay in sending us names and remittances. We have issued this number in advance of its date, that it may be seen, and we must urge upon all who wish to subscribe, that compliance with our terms is expected. We cannot consent to blacken this volume with such a cloud of duns as we were obliged to wield in our last. Those who pay punctually, (and we have many such,) do not like to see them.
A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED TALES.

THE CUP OF HONOURS;
AN ITALIAN TALE.

Concluded from our last.

Five years after, the Italian was sitting at twilight in his cabinet, surrounded by books and papers, when he heard a low knock at the door, and a stranger entered, who seated himself, and addressed him by his name. He was altogether unconscious of the acquaintance. "Do you forget your old friend Malatesta?" said the stranger.

"You Malatesta! impossible. I had certain intelligence of his being taken up by the Inquisition and dying in his dungeon. Besides, friend, you are at least fifty years older; he was in the prime of life, but you—"

"I am what I say, and I am not what I look. Five years of hard weather and tossing about in the world, sometimes half starving, and sometimes half burned to death under a tropical sun, would be enough to make some alteration in a man's outside. Why, I don't think that even you look much better for your staying at home; you don't seem to have recovered that night on the Solftara yet."

The Italian started at the name. It let him at once into the full conviction that the decrepit being before him was the boatman. But how changed! His black and curling hair was thin and white as snow; his florid complexion was jaundiced and wrinkled; he walked with extreme difficulty; the athletic limb was shrunk, the whole noble figure was dwindled and diminished into that of one on the very verge of the grave.

"Accursed be the memory of that night," exclaimed the Italian: "better I had died. From that moment I have been a miserable man."

"But you got the deputy-treasurership, and have it still, I think?"

"Aye: the letter, that you persuaded me to write in drink and madness, did the business. I was never asked for proofs: but I might as well have stabb'd him at once—the suspicion was enough—he was turned out of his office, and in despair—"Went up the Solfatara," said Malatesta, with a loud laugh.

The Italian shuddered, and, with his eyes cast on the ground, said, "the unfortunate man died by his own hand, even in this very room." There was silence for a while; then he resumed:

"you may have heard the rest—or if not—the place was given to me without any solicitation. I had even shrunk from what I must look on as the price of blood; but refusal would have been suspicious and fatal. I soon after married. The emoluments of my new situation were considerable. I launched myself into life, as is expected from every man in office. My wife had her expenses too, and I became embarrassed."

"But the public funds were in your hands; you might have relieved your difficulties, and replaced the money at your leisure."

"Dreadful expedient! I need conceal nothing from you—you have some strange power over my confidence. I have been in the habit of employing that expedient; and till now all has been safe: but this very day I have received an order to pay up my balances to the minister, who is fitting out an expedition against the Algerines! I am not at this hour master of a zecchin. Matteo Flores is a villain—but he is rigid to infallible villains—and I am undone."

"Matteo Flores! My old enemy, and yours too, my dear friend. Oh for an ounce of opium in his soup to-night; it would be but justice to you, to me, to all mankind! I swear it by the majesty of evil," exclaimed the old man, springing up from his seat with the vigour of a man of health; "have you thought of nothing to save yourself? I know Matteo well; he is corrupt to the bottom of his soul—but he is vindictive, unprincipled, merciless. Ah, my young friend, how soon, if he were in your situation, he would extinguish all his fears: the tiger would have your blood before he laid his head upon the pillow to-night."

"And yet Flores, said the Italian, is not wise in being too hard upon me; I know some of his proceedings that might ruin him. We have had private transactions—for he has been constantly in want of money; and, if I am not altogether mistaken, he is at this moment engaged in a desperate design. I am even convinced, that nothing but the urgency of this enterprise could make him press me now for the money, which he must know I cannot raise, if I were to search the world."

"Then why not inform the king of it at once? You thereby save yourself, and extinguish his credit at a blow. You may remember, Matteo Flores has had the life of one king to answer for already. Smite him, and get yourself the name of a patriot—it is the most thriving trade going; and if you then want to have the handling of the public gold, you may have it to your heart's content, and have all the honor and glory that the rabble can give besides."

"I have thought of it. But all access to the king has been of late-impossible. Flores has had him surrounded by his creatures. The result of discovery on my part, would be an order for my hanging within four and twenty hours. I am inevitably a ruined man."

Malatesta had cast his eye upon a case of pistols, hidden, on his entrance, among a mass of papers. He took up one of them, and murmured: "a man's accounts when nothing else can—you and I agree at last." He took up the fellow pistol and began to examine the priming.

"Yet Flores, said the Italian, is not the only one that you can make answer to. He has had him surrounded by his creatures. The result of discovery on my part, would be an order for my hanging within four and twenty hours. I am inevitably a ruined man."

"Madman!" exclaimed his visitor, seizing him, "shoot your enemy, your destroyer, the public enemy, the regicide, if you will, or if you have a sense of common duty about you; but as to shooting yourself!—he sank back in his chair, with a laugh—"would you make yourself the sneer of all Naples, only to oblige him? Now, listen to me with all your ears. I have, from particular circumstances, a strong hope of bringing that villain to justice."

"Justice!" exclaimed the Italian: "it is now you that are the madman. Justice in Naples! Justice with a bigoted government, a besotted people, and every soul in the tribunals bribed, or bribable, from the lowest hussier up to the supreme judge! No: the only chance for me is my instant death. Are there no fevers, no pestilences under heaven!" He rose and walked restlessly about the room. Malatesta's eyes followed him. "Are there no opium draughts, no aqua tofana drops? Is there no doctor in the whole length of the toledo?"

The Italian heard him—but returned no answer: he continued pacing the room. A loud knocking was suddenly heard at the outer door. He glanced out of the window; and, starting back, flung himself on the floor in
They are come," said he, "the officers of the tribunal, to take me before the minister—my disgrace will be public: I am beggared, outcast—crushed to the dust forever." He writhed upon the floor.

"At all events, you must not be left in the hands of those blood-dogs," said the old man, attempting to lift him. "One word for all—gave me carte-blanche, and let me save you; there is but one way." The wretched treasurer, still upon the ground, paused in his agony, and threw up a melancholy look of doubt on his preserver. "What I say I can do," whispered Malatesta: "but Flores must die.

"Honour!" repeated Manfredonia, with a bitter smile; "well, so be it. The King has insulted and injured me beyond human forgiveness. Nay, I have certain intelligence, that I have grown too important in the public eye to be endured by the low jealousy of the race that infest the court, and that before this night was over I was to be arrested; and probably sacrificed in my dungeon!—He turned away. "Accursed ambition! would that I never knew you—sin of the fallen angel! it is still their deadliest temptation to miserable man:" he bowed his head on the casement, and even wept.

The officer made no observation: but a tumult outside now attracted the Hungarian to the casement. The glare of the torches first led Manfredonia's eye to the figure before him.

He was a remarkably handsome man, tall, and noble-looking; and the rich costume of the imperial guard, covered with orders, gave the Hungarian a most conspicuous and brilliant appearance. Yet in the handsome countenance, bright with manly beauty and intelligence, he recognized some traits with which he was familiar. There was a glance of dark fire, at times, in the eye, to which he had never seen the equal but in one man. "I think, Sir," said he, "we must have met somewhere before; at least, you have the most striking likeness to a person whom I have not seen these five years. Yet his excessive age—a Neapolitan—obscurse, besides—impossible."

"I am the Count de Rantzau," said the stranger, proudly drawing himself up, and laying his hand on the diamond-studded hilt of his sabre; "none but Hungarian blood, and no stranger, proudly drawing himself up, and striking his sword in the air. Marvellous!—did repeated from earth and air. Manfredonia cast one look towards the bay, on which a huge crescent of ships of war, with lamps in their bows and rigging, were advancing, like a host of new fallen stars. At that moment the door was burst open behind him—he was grasped by the neck—and the king and a crowd of armed men stood in the room.

The delay was inevitable," pronounced the officer firmly; "precautions were necessary— they take time—and the court was to be put off its guard: but now we must proceed to execution. The archduke is actually within three hours' march of Naples, with a strong column of cavalry; the Genoese fleet are only waiting for a rocket from your roof to come round Miseno, and by this time to-morrow the fools that now fill the throne will be on their passage to Africa; and you prince and governor of the Calabrias, for yourself and your posterity. You may depend on the archduke's honour.

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It was in the month of November; the weather was stormy; and the chilliness of a Neapolitan winter night is often such as to try the feelings of men accustomed to the coldest climates; yet, through that entire night, the Chiaja was filled with the thousands and ten thousands of the Neapolitan multitude, to see the preparations for an illustrious execution. A scaffold was raised in front of the mansion of the celebrated and unfortunate Count of Manfredonia. He had been tried in secret, and consigned to the dungeons under St. Elmo. His crime was not distinctly divulged: but he was charged with some strange offences, that apparently belonged to the tribunals of the church, as well as of the state. Traitor and magician were a fearful combination; and the city was in a state of boundless confusion. The bells of the citadel roared Manfredonia from a broken slumber, and a few minutes before day break the governor of the castle en-
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tered his cell, with the confessor, to give him notice that his time was come.

"Holy father," said the miserable man, "I have but one sin to confess: but that one is the mother of all—ambition." He then disclosed the singular succession of events which had led him from obscurity to rank, and at each step with its accompanying crime. "But had you no adviser, no accomplice in those acts of guilt—no tempter?"—said the confessor. "Holy father," said the miserable man, "I am but the mother of all—ambition." He then disclosed the singular succession of events which had led him from obscurity to rank, and at each step with its accompanying crime. "But had you no adviser, no accomplice in those acts of guilt—no tempter?"—said the confessor. "But my chief tempter was my own hatred of unhappiness man's ear.

Vengeance, my friend,—grievous, complete, the next moment may see the fortation, the whole filling of the whole of human ambition, smote through him like lightning. The conflict was fierce: he grasped the lamp, and felt that he had the fates of a dynasty in his hand. But an inward voice, such as he had not heard for many a year, seemed suddenly to awake him. He flung the lamp on the pavement: "Under this stone," said he, "is the powder magazine. The King and his nobles are now in the fort waiting to see you set out for the scaffold. I have a key to every door in the prison: we can escape in a moment, and the next moment may see the fort and all that it contains blown into the air. Vengeance, my friend—glorious, complete, magnificent vengeance! But command me to lay this lamp upon the train. Nay more, the extinction of your enemies would leave the world clear for you—from a dungeon you might be in a palace—from a scaffold you might mount a throne. One word—! The monk waved the lamp before his eyes, and the sudden thought of vengeance and mighty retribution, the whole filling of the whole of human ambition, struck through him like lightning. The conflict was fierce: he grasped the lamp, and felt that he had the fates of a dynasty in his hand. But an inward voice, such as he had not heard for many a year, seemed suddenly to awake him. He flung the lamp on the ground: "No more blood—no more blood!"—was all that he could utter, as faint and half-blind, he took up a goblet in which some wine had remained, and hastily put it to his parched lip. He saw it suddenly covered with sculptures of the same strange character that had startled him in the cave of the Solfatara. "Leave me, Malatesta," the confessor remained with him for confession. "Aye—too surely I had. But my chief tempter was my own hatred of unhappiness man's ear.

The storm of that morning is still remembered in Naples. The wind unroofed a number of the principal mansions along the shore, tore the scaffold into a thousand fragments, and dispersed the multitude. The sea rising, committed great damage among the more exposed buildings, and swept away all the smaller vessels, and every thing that is generally loose about a beach. The scaffold was gone totally into the Mediterranean. In the burst of the hurricane on St. Elmo, the first care had been to secure the amunition and other important stores of the fortress. The illustrious criminal was partially forgotten. When at length the governor and the guard entered his cell, they found him alone. He was kneeling, with his hands fixed as in prayer—but utterly dead. The countenance was calm: but on lifting the cloak that had fallen over his forehead, they found a deep red impression of a cross burned through to the brain. His death was attributed to the lightning!

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

GHOSTLY ADVENTURES.

BY AN AMATEUR.

"Un est du véritable amour comme de l'apparition des esprits; tout monde en parle, mais peut de gens en croient.—Isaac C. Kinsey.

"He looked up into that sweet earnest face, "But sternly, mournfully: nor yet the band. "Let not unbelief d'love of everlasting band.

Records of Women.

Comments have been made on the force of superstition in all ages, and nearly all of them have been accompanied with sneers at the weakness of those who give power, "a local habitation & a name," to beings, the creations of their own distempered fancies. But when we find a Johnson believing in the apparitions of disembodied spirits, and a Dryden in judicial astrology, it is surely not beneath an enlightened and philosophical mind to inquire whether such belief may not rest on some foundation in fact.

The best evidence we have of some facts are the vague traditions relating to them which are found in all ages all agreeing as to the fact itself. Thus the Mosaic account of the Deluge derives additional confirmation from the fact that the people of every country have held such a tradition: the polished Greeks of old as well as the gentle Hindoo, or the savage Indian of our continent.

Now in every nation we find the people firmly believing in the apparition of spirits, and the ability of man to form an alliance with them, and thereby obtain supernatural power. It is scarcely credible that this conviction could be so widely spread without having had some foundation at some remote age of the world. And even now, when the lights of science have done so much to dispel the delusions of our imaginations, there is still something lurking in our hearts which owns the power of supernatural agency.

In the deep solitude of midnight when all nature is hushed as in deathlike repose, and nothing is seen but the glorious stars wheeling in silent majesty thro' the heavens, who has not had his soul awed and subdued and felt as if the spirits of the dead were around him? But there is a pleasure mixed with the awe we feel in thus communing with our hearts. We are not all earthy, and, although debased by the vile clippings of mortality, there are moments in which raised and purified from the pollutions of this sordid world, we imagine we can almost claim a participation with the bright beings of another sphere.

Thoughts similar to these passed through my mind while sitting by the side of my friend Henry Montfort. He had just returned from Europe, and his present indisposition was the recurrence of an old complaint which he had aggravated by some indiscretions after landing. Montfort had left the country with a high reputation for talents, but was thought by many to be tinged with a too great desire for hidden and mysterious knowledge—with a wish to penetrate the darkness of futurity and hold converse with disembodied spirits. So strongly indeed had his imagination become imbued by his studies and speculations on these subjects, that his health became impaired, and a voyage to Europe was advised in the hope that the excitement attending it would remove the settled gloom which oppressed him. The happiest effects resulted for a while; his native buoyancy and elasticity of feeling once more returned; but his long residence in Germany destroyed the expectations that had been raised of a radical cure of his morbid state of mind. He there fell in with men who entertained the same ideas with himself, but pushing their inquiries farther, had condensed them into a system, and thrown around it the charm of a subtle and mysterious philosophy, which made it doubly seducing to Montfort's ardent and enthusiastic temperament.

He returned to his native country worn and haggard, like one who had long been familiar to fearful sights. The noble brow whose beauty nothing could defile, and on which divinity seemed to have impressed its seal, was still present; but his eyes shot forth an unearth-
ly glare revealing more than could be uttered by mortal lips.

Immediately upon hearing of his indisposition I hastened to see him. I found him at his favorite place of residence—an old stone house that had been built by one of his ancestors upon a high rocky ridge close to the sea-shore. The place was every way calculated to foster such ideas as preyed upon my friend. It was entirely shut off from society by the boundless waste of waters in front, and bare, giant crags, behind, with nothing to break the sad monotony of the scene but the fierce and angry rushing of the tempest and the ocean, or the mournful screams of the sea-gulls lazily sailing around the turrets. Montfort was seated in a chamber overlooking some of the wildest portions of this scenery. The room I believe had formerly been an oratory—one of Montfort's ancestors was a catholic—the style retained somewhat of a stern monastic look. The hangings represented the martyrs of the early christians, and the panels of dark larch, with which the room was wainscoted, grew black with age, rendered it still more sombre and dreary. A painting by Salvador Rosa of a party of travellers robbed and murdered in the defiles of the mountains of Abruzzi, in which the savage ferocity of the brigands and the wild convulsive throes of their victims in the mortal agony, were depicted with fearful force and truth, hung over the mantel-piece. A single lamp of antique form suspended from the ceiling, served to light the gloomy chamber.

Montfort had taken opium in large quantities to relieve his pain; it had had this effect, but served also to render him wakeful and talkative. His favorite subjects of mysticism and diablerie were the principal topics. And as I sat listening to his proud eloquence in the solemn stillness of midnight, unbroken save by the low sepulchral tones of his voice—the solitary lamp gleaming athwart his features—I almost became a convert to the wild dreams in which he put such beauties of her countenance, and redeemed it from that insipidity of expression which too frequently are apt to wear. As she hung with delighted fondness over Montfort, he gazed on her "sweet earnest face," with the ardent impassioned look of boundless affection, but a shade of sadness was upon his brow.

"Would to God, Imogen," said he, "that we had never met! Why should one of thy pure and gentle nature be doomed to bear a part in my dark and wayward destiny!"

"Oh, hush! do not speak thus," said Imogen.

"When you plunged into the Rhine and saved me from a watery grave,—when you saved me from worse than death—the insults of that fierce Prussian soldiery—I vowed that that life you had twice preserved should be dedicated to you."

"And nobly have you kept your vow," said Montfort. "You have always been my better angel, shedding light and happiness upon my path, and mingling sweetness with the bitterest drop in my cup of life. Pardon me, my dearest Imogen, I will ne'er offend again."

The fair girl threw back her clustering ringlets and looking up saw me standing by Montfort's side. Her face was instantly overspread with a blush of maidenly confusion. "This is that friend of whom you have often heard me speak. But these late hours will destroy your health—you must take the repose that nature demands."

When she had retired Montfort answered my inquiring look by saying, "she is my wife—and now let us proceed to business. I have a dark and fearful presentiment that my course is soon to end. I know what you will say that this is the gloomy fancy of a distempered mind. I would it were so but I feel its reality in my inmost soul. The talents and the wealth which God gave me I have wasted in the pursuit of forbidden knowledge. I have gained what I so ardently strove for, but it has been a curse to me. But this is idle now,—will you see that Imogen is provided for and restored to her native country—she will be happier there than among strangers, but she will not long survive me."

"You will find all the necessary directions in this paper," I promised to faithfully obey all his wishes, and endeavored to reason with him on the folly and sin of cherishing such thoughts; but it was all in vain. He smiled mournfully at my arguments, and appeared to be exhausted with the discussion. He soon fell into a profound sleep and I left him.

The cool night wind felt grateful as it fanned my fevered cheek. It was profoundly dark, and not a sound broke upon the ear except the hoarse monotonous dashing of the waves which harmonized well with the current of my thoughts. Was there then reality in all that Montfort so devoutly believed? Who could say that it was a fiction? How little do we know even of the matter by which we are surrounded, and who will dare prescribe bounds to the soul of man with its insatiable craving after knowledge and its godlike capabilities? We are surrounded by mystery—we are a mystery even unto ourselves. Confounded and overpowered by this train of thought I began to muse on other things.

The faint humming sounds that precede the dawn now could be heard, the wind had freshened and the eastern sky was streaked with clouds of the most delicate pearly hue. I had paused a moment to contemplate them when turning to pursue my way Montfort stood before me. His features no longer had their worn and haggard aspect. Although not united with melancholy there was a loneliness and nobility in his steady gaze which awed and rooted me to the spot. In a low musical voice, but which made me thrill to the very core of my flesh creep, he said "Remember!" and disappeared.

Montfort was found dead that morning. Imogen, who was a native of one of the small German States on the Rhine, returned to her own country.

A year or two afterwards when travelling in Germany, I visited her village; she had been dead about six months.

**Reflections,**

*Upon the close of the year.*

"Thou desolate and dying year!—
Emblem of transitory man,
Whose wearisome and wild career—
Like thing, is measured but a span,
It seems but as a little day,
Since nature smiled upon thy birth,
And spring came forth in fair array,
To dance upon the joyous earth."

And the dear scenes of my childhood arise before me in all their beauty and innocence, and the hallowed recollection of the past; the gleeful laugh, and bounding heart of one untouched by sorrow—and then too, will come the bitter remembrances with a sickening pang, to blight the beautiful and sunny spot that seems amid the distance like some dazzling, glowing speck in the heavens, surrounded by the dark lowering clouds of a scowling angry sky—and then perchance the mind loves to call to remembrance the loved, the lost, the sainted dead! Yes! I love to call up from the narrow dwelling the image of her, who slumbered there, calm and motionless—who once was beautiful, whose step was light and boyant, with the warm elasticity of youth! and in whose beaming eyes and expressive features shone the virtues and graces of her sex with a charm almost surpassing human excellence.
Yes! her bright and spotless image, now floated before me beautiful as in days of yore; and the fanatical saint-like virtues that adorned this noble minded woman!

But you grass clad hillock is all that now remains of one who was the delight of every eye, and the charm of every being with whom she associated; and of whom it may truly be said, she never had an enemy;—and the stone, that marks her resting place, speaks of the virtues of the departed. But she needs no stone for costly monument, to tell what she once was, for her name is embalmed, in the hearts of all who knew her. I see the group of mourning, sorrowing friends, bearing her along to the cold mansions of the dead, and her youthful partner following her to her long home! and the big tear rolling down his manly cheek, telling in speechless agony, that hearts utter desolation! I see too, that laughing boy, that knows not, cannot know, the invaluable worth, of a mother's enduring love—and yet, I have seen him weep when it seemed as if his little heart would break, at the sound of his mother's name, and he says, she is not dead, but God has taken her up to the skies!

"Green rests the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days,
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

Thou desolate and dying year, fit emblem of transitory man, that to day is, and to morrow where is he! ask yon son of anguish, whose wasted form and feverish brow, speaks to us, in language not to be misunderstood, if he too, like the desolate and dying year is approaching his final end! But no! he shall rise again where ere he stood, and soothe, and pain, shall cease, and forever. Does he call death a terror? No, for he looks forward to the unfading bloom of a world where winter and storms can never come—alas! that this little year has withered the hopes of thousands, and that cantering care has dried the fountain of life's purest, best enjoyment, and given in its stead a draught of the bitter cup of afflictions; and the reflection causes the tear to gather in my eye, while I write, that the grave has closed over "the loved, the lost, the dead; too many yet how few." The desolate and dying year farewell.

Buffalo, 1832.

Conjugal Afection. —One of the western departments of France, a kn of the name of Le Fort, accused of conspicious against the republic was seized and committed to prison. His wife, trembling for his life, used every means that courage and affection could inspire to restore him to liberty, but with success. She then bought, with a sum of money, permission to pay him a single visit in prison. At the appointed hour she appeared before her husband, clothed in two suits of his apparel. With the prudence of not allowing herself, at so critical a juncture, to give useless demonstrations of tender she

Messire Le Fort escaped, and the stratagem was not discovered till the succeeding day. — Unhappy wretch! cried one of the enraged committee, "what have you done?" — "My duty," she replied, "do thine."

FOR THE GEM.

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

I stood in that emblazon'd hall,
Where artist's magic decked the wall.
It was, as though the painter's skill,
Had formed each feature to his will.
For paibled age was portrayed there,
The forrow'd brow, the silver hair,
The tottering step, the look of care,
The dark one main glance of dread.
As though the stills picture said,
My day of death is near at hand,
Upon the grave's dark brink I stand—
Oh could I pierce futurity,
And know my spirit's destiny!

And there was childhood's look of glee,
The sunny curls, and purity—
And one could almost hear the shout
Of little voices ringing out,
As the gay kitten caught the string,
Thrown to it from the merry ring.

And school boys in their Sunday clothes,
In stripling beauty there arose:
And there the heroes of the main,
Seemed fighting battles o'er again:
The judge with spectacles and wig,
And lawyer, with his look so big.

As if he said, just stand aside,
Of college, sirs, I was the pride!
And physics champion there arose,
With pill-bags, and a turn-up nose!
As tired of smelling drugs so long,
It upward turned to shun the throng!

But there was one bright, beauteous thing,
The artist's fairest offering—
She was the brightest thing of all,
As the gay kitten caught the string,
Thrown to it from the merry ring.

The night's dark lashes rested on
A cheek which death had breathed upon I
The soft lips were parted, where the breath
Of little voices ringing out.

She looked so young, so fair, so pure,
Of snow, lay there unheeded now—
And physics champion there arose,
With pill-bags, and a turn-up nose!
As tired of smelling drugs so long,
It upward turned to shun the throng!

A country gentleman was boasting of having been educated at two colleges. 'You remind me,' said an aged divine, 'of a calf that sucked two cows.' 'What was the consequence?' said a third person. 'Why, sir,' replied the old gentleman, very gravely, 'the consequence was that he was a very great calf.'
which, had been buried by his wife, he was discharged, but a confidential servant was taken up, and confined, it being proved that he was prior to the transaction. Every possible mode was tried to prevail upon him to discover the place where this treasure was deposited, and he was repeatedly offered his life on this condition. The president himself repaired to the prison, released him from the oath of secrecy which he had taken, and commanded him to disclose the particulars of the transaction. The faithful domestic, however, replied as follows: "When I was entrusted with the secret, both your wife and myself knew before hand that it would be improper to confide it to you, and my firmness will hereafter prove beneficial to your children." Having said this he walked forward to the scaffold prepared for the occasion, and was instantly executed.

FAMILIAR ESSAYS.—NO. 2.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

DRESS.—THE CATERPILLAR.

As I was mingling with the crowd that thronged the streets of our busy village the other day, with an airy figure by my side, she broke forth in the following strain:

"I wish I could have a fine satin cloak with a bonnet like Helen,—a nice carriage to ride in, and a fine house besides; I should then be happy."

"But do you think Helen—is happy?" inquired.

"Certainly," she replied; "she has fine clothes in abundance, and every thing she wants is instantly procured for her—she has nothing to vex her, and every thing is according to her wish."

"And yet this girl who you think enjoys so much, is one of the most discontented, peevish and unhappy beings in existence; for being indulged in everything, she has contracted a habit of fretting at everything that happens to cross her desires. And this very indulgence has beenher ruin; for being allowed to do as she pleased, she has never applied her mind to study, and it has grown up like a piece of waste land—full of briars and thorns. The highest and most refined objects of her contemplation is the colour or fit of her dress. Had she been put under the care of some good instructress who flutter for a day decked in the borrowed finery of some insect of more consequence to the world than themselves—who amuse the eye, but like the fabled fruit of the Dead Sea, when tasted are but dust, and bitter ashes!"

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"But do you think Helen—is happy?"

"Certainly," she replied; "she has fine clothes in abundance, and every thing she wants is instantly procured for her—she has nothing to vex her, and every thing is according to her wish."

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WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

STANZAS.

Could all our care thou setting sun
Be buried with thy sinking ray;
Or could new pleasures be begun,
When thou begin'st the rising day?

Could all our care thou setting sun
Be buried with thy sinking ray;
Or could new pleasures be begun,
When thou begin'st the rising day?

Gambling.—An extract of one of Dr. Nott's addresses to the students of the Union College

* * * But you do not mean to gamble nor advocate it. I know it. But I also know if you play at all you ultimately do both. It is but a line that separates between innocence and sin. Whoever fearlessly approaches this line, will soon have crossed it. To keep at a distance, therefore, is the part of wisdom. No man ever made up his mind to consign to perdition his soul at once. No man ever entered the known avenue which conducted to such an end with a firm and undaunted step. The brink of ruin is approached with caution, and by imperceptible degrees, and the wretch who now stands fearlessly scoffing there, but yesterday had shrunk back from the tottering cliff with trembling.

Do you wish for illustration? The profigate's unwritten history will furnish it. How inoffensive its commencement—how sudden and how awful its catastrophe! Let us review his life. He commences with play; but it is only for amusement. Next he hazards a trifle to give interest, and is surprised when he finds he is a gainer by the hazard. He then ventures, not without misgivings on a deeper stake. This stake he loses. The loss and the guilt oppress him. He drinks to revive his spirits. His spirits revived, he stakes his fortune. Again he is unsuccessful and again his spirits flag, and again the inebriating cup revives them. Ere he is aware of it, he has become a drunkard; he has become a bankrupt. Resources fail him. The demon despair takes possession of his bosom; reason deserts him. He becomes a monster. The peal of the organ closes the scene, and with a shriek he plunges unwpest and forgotten into hell.

* * * As we have said, the finished gambler has no heart. The club with which he herds would meet though all its members were in mourning. They would meet though the place of rendezvous was the chamber of the dying; they would meet though it were an apartment in the chateau house. Not even the death of kindred. An effect the gambler. He would play upon his brothers coffins; he would play upon his father's sepulchre.

A Miser.—A man once at Paris a short time ago, who had long had an inferior office, with a salary of about 100 dollars, the principal part of which he wasted. He often dined with some of his associates, and was in the habits of filling his pockets with bread, upon which he subsisted on his days of eating at home. His clothes were always kept clean, but were most elaborate, mended, and patched, and he contrived to pose with stockings, and by means of his shoes and stockings to visto unusual length. His illness of some months duration, but he was absent himself from his office, lest a detection should be made from his salary and, had, without having consulted a physician, to the persons at whose house he frequently dined, not having seen him for some,
days, went to his lodgings, and finding the door fastened sent for the Commissaire du Police, by whom the apartment was opened, and the body of the miser was found in a state which showed that he had been dead for some time. Furniture worth 3000 francs was found in the house; among other articles, a large wardrobe containing a large quantity of very fine linen, boxes filled with morsels of bread, and bundles of sticks, which he had picked up in the streets, a library of excellent and expensive books, a chest full of bottles of essence, and two sacks, one filled with tarts (farthings) and the other with small kills the deceased lived with one only companion; of the cholera, and to whom he allowed 20 cents (4 cents) a day for her subsistence.

He replied, "I will pardon a man who had been convicted of murder, at your request, but take notice, and remember it is said, to more than 10,000 francs per cent of the amount.

Suppress those rising storms. Perhaps ten thousand years!"

Character of a Gentleman.—A lawyer at a circuit town, in Ireland, dropped a ten pound note under the table, while playing cards at the inn. He did not discover his loss until he was going to bed, he then returned immediately. On reaching the room he was met by the waiter, who said, "I know what you want, sir, you have lost something." "Yes, I have lost a ten pound note." "Well, sir, I have found it—here it is." "Thanks, my good lad, here's a guinea." "Here's two guineas!"

Retort Amiable.—When Dr. Johnson offered his hand to Mrs. Porter, he told her he was without money, and had an uncle hung; she replied that she had no more money than she had, and though she could not boast of anything relating a relation hung, she had fifty who deserved it.

The Duke of Orleans, when Regent of France, was solicited by several nobleman, to pardon a man who had been convicted of murder, and who had been paroled for committing two other offences, replied, "I will pardon him, at your request, but take notice, and keep this in your memory, that I will certainly pardon the man, whoever he may be, that kills either of you."

The primitive inhabitants of Mexico believed that the soul had to pass through places full of snow and thorns, and encounter many hardships before it arrived at its destined abode; and they therefore buried them with all their apparel, vestment, and shoes.

Animal Sagacity.—The following curious fact is related by Professor Scopes, in one of his valuable anatomical works. A duck, accustomed to feed out of his own hand, was offered some perfumed bread. The animal at first refused, but afterwards took it in its bill, carried it to a neighboring pond moved it briskly backwards and forwards under the water, as if to wash away the disagreeable smell, and then swallowed it.

A dandy most shockingly in love, in one of his extravagant fits of delirium, exclaimed to his mistress—"I swear by the constancy of my bosom, that my passion is unforgiven, and sincere!

"Swear not by thy bosom," said the lady, "for that is false! He was a fashionable man and wore a dickey.

Doctor Sharp of Hart Hall, Oxford, had a trick of repeating, in almost every sentence he spoke, the word I say. To his friend who ridiculed him for the practice he made the following speech:

"I say, they say you say I say, I say."

"Well, what if I do say they say you say, I say!"

A Connecticut Jonathan in taking a walk with his dearest, came to a toll bridge, when he, as honestly as he was wont to be, said after pausing, "I have paid my toll, (which was one cent), "Come, Suck, you must pay your own toll, for just as like as not I shant have you arter all."

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We gave two months notice in our last volume, that those who wished a discontinuance might return to us No. 1, of Volume 5. We suppose those who wished a discontinuance have done so, and shall therefore, now consider our remaining subscribers as having subscribed anew to Volume 5. A few of our old patrons have ordered a discontinuance without paying up their dues. In no case, hereafter, will we submit to such an insult without exposing the name of the person.

To our Correspondents.—At the present time we are extremely busy in arranging our business for the year. Many communications which have been received lately, will therefore, be unopened, at least until next month. Will "Guliano" be pleased to let us hear from him often? Where is "House," and "Simondi?"

NEW AGENTS.


The Ladies Book Philadelphia, with its wonted beauty and excellence, is required for December. It being the commencement of a new Volume about this time, it is now a good time to subscribe.

L. B. Swan, Druggist, is agent for this village.
May disappointments ne’er their bosoms press,
That the light heart, in age, too often shares:
The young, the lovely, beautiful and bright;
No griefs are theirs, no cares their bosoms fill,
Tripping along as blithe as merry May.

Then we have seen the sprightly and the gay,
No doubting hopes shall hover o’er their doom.
So may they live, that when they grace a tomb,
To soothe each grief, and calm each rising fear.

From place to place, towards our eternal home:
And trace a pleasure in each by-gone year,
Nor shall earth’s brightness woo our longer stay,
And thou canst tell where rest the sacred few,
Drains to the dregs affliction’s bitter bowl.

Unfelt may ever be the thousand cares,
The aged, happy, filled with love divine;
Wreck’d and destroyed. The high aspiring soul
Soon have the pleasures of summer departed,
But Spring will return with its buds and its blossoms
The wood-dove now eheerless, and e’en broken—
Has check’d the sweet wild-song he sung on the ways full.

Past Year! once more I bid farewell,
Rochester, January 1, 1833.
LARA.

Geneva Lyceum, Nov. 12. ALFRKD.

The road to destruction and death is al-
There is no jewel like honesty.

Prospectus of a New Volume.


Vol. v—With 8 Plates.

The Fifth Year of this paper commences January 1st, 1833. The increasing patronage bestowed upon the Gem, induces the Proprietor to renewed efforts to make it worthy the liberal support it has received. He has therefore, made arrangements to have the Fifth Volume surpass any one previous to it.

The Gem is devoted to the dissemination of useful Knowledge—to Fictions, Historical, and Biographical writings—to Essays, Poetry, Moral Readings, Letters, and correct and elegant reading, and encourage Native Genius. A patronage of upwards of One Thousand names for three years past, is all the editor offers by way of recommendation.

The Gem is published at Rochester, Monroe co. N. Y. every other Saturday at $1.50 per annum, payable in advance. It is printed in quarto form and pages for binding—and an index and title-page furnished at the end of the work.

Moneys can be safely sent by mail. All Letters must be paid for, and addressed to the proprietor.

Edwin Scramont.

Rochester, Oct. 13, 1832.

Premiums for Subscribers.

To any person who will obtain Four subscribers and remit $6 post-free, will be given the Souvenir or the Token, richly bound with 5 fine engravings.

For Eight subscribers and the money, will be given the Forget-Me-Not, 10 engravings, and Junius’ Letters, 2 vols. elegant.

For Six subscribers and the money, will be given the Christian Offering, and Affection’s Gift, both elegantly bound with 5 fine engravings.

And for 12 subscribers, the Winter’s Wreath and Junius, will be added to the premium for six.

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ARE OUR EARLIEST DAYS
OUR HAPPIEST DAYS.

When burdened with cares, and oppressed with the sorrows of life, it is pleasant to be born back to those verdant spots of memory, which fancy paints in all the lively colors of morning, and adorns with all the pleasing varieties of spring. The season of childhood and youth may best furnish this lovely spot, over which fancy delights to linger. At this season we are apt to imagine the heart is free from those stains of passion, and a thousand other boisterous gales, which rend life's voyage one incessant scene of toil and danger.—Here we suppose are felt none of those pains of disappointed ambition, none of those sting of remorse, none of that thirst for gold, or those longings after fame, to which our riper years give birth. Envy had not at this period dealt us her envenomed portion, nor deceived practiced her wiles upon our unsuspecting confidence; the cold helping hand of selfishness had not been extended to us in prosperity, and deserted us in adversity, nor had careless practice its corrodung seat in our bosoms. But I am far from believing that this season is so comparatively happy as is generally imagined, or that any other time or station in life can claim for itself a greater share of enjoyment than another; and hope to show that the prevalence of this belief, is owing to our partial views, and to the different circumstances under which we contemplate the enjoyments peculiar to the different seasons of life. Human happiness is not to be estimated by the actual quantity of good which we enjoy; but by the proportions in which good and evil, pleasure and pain are combined. The capacities of men for enjoyments are different. Some men are capable of enjoyments much deeper and longer than others; but such are also susceptible of deeper and more lasting troubles. But we are not to infer that the greater the capacity, the greater the happiness, nor the contrary. The smallest cup, when full is as completely so, as the most capacious vessel. If two capacities be filled with happiness and misery in equal proportions, the enjoyment is the same, though one may contain a much greater quantity of positive happiness than the other. And since it is the lot of human nature that every sweet must have its bitter, I believe observation will show that they are mingled in nearly equal proportions for all ages and stations; and that the golden cup will be found to contain as much of the bitter drug as the vilest mug, and the smallest vessel its fair proportions with the most capacious. The poor man has not indeed the means of enjoyment which the rich man possesses; but, in turn, he is free from the care and solicitude which always haunt the rich. He cannot please his appetite with the luxuries which load the rich man's board, nor can he repose his limbs on the soft down which composes his bed; but he is free from the pains consequent upon luxury: and gentle sleep, frequently a stranger to the sumptuous couches of the voluptuous, is woed on his pallet of straw. The man in the private walks of life feels not the pleasure which the music of popular acclamations and expressions of approbation, brings to the ear of a favourite minister, nor can he enjoy the contemplation of his exalted station, the attentions and respect which it secures; but in turn, he feels not the solicitude of him, who is borne on the shoulders of a fickle populace, the fearful apprehension of meeting their frowns, the chilly dread of being dashed from such a height, the care of responsibility, or the bustle of business.

The sources of enjoyment are different and various as the constitutions and dispositions of men. It is unfair to conclude, because one man does not enjoy the same that we do, that he is less happy, by so much as we gain from this source. His may be an enjoyment of a different character, springing from a source of which we are ignorant; or he may be compensated by freedom from the pains which accompany our pleasures. Music is capable of raising sensations of exquisite pleasure in some, while others remain unmoved by it; and we are apt to conclude in such cases, that the latter lose so much real pleasure, as is afforded in this way to the former. But this defect may be compensated by freedom from those intolerable pains, those excrutiating torments, which a discord, or a bad performance brings to a delicate ear. If the equality of happiness holds true in all other seasons and stations of life, why may we not suppose that it extends to this period of life also? It is said that troubles increase from the cradle to the grave; but this is looking at the dark side of things only. Do not the sources of pleasure increase with the same? Is not the increase of knowledge continually opening new sources of pleasure? All are in pursuit of happiness, and no one would refuse to exchange his condition for a better; yet no one would seriously wish to exchange his present state for childhood. And this offers at least a presumptive evidence that we do not believe ourselves when we magnify the happiness of that period as superior to that of all others. But let us consider for a moment how trifling an incident is sufficient to mar the happiness of a child. The loss of the nearest toy may as completely impute his cup, as the loss of a fortune would that of a man; a defeat in his juvenile sports may as completely fill his cup with bitterness, as a defeat in a pitched battle would that of a general. And how frequent is the recurrence of such incidents? How often are his inclinations crossed? But we are apt to measure the reality and magnitude of such troubles by our present capacities; and they seem but a thin veil, scarcely sufficient to impede the rays of happiness. If, with our present means of enjoyment, we could be as free from their attendant vexations as at that period, we should be indeed happy; but we quite forget that the evil of that period, probably bore as great a proportion to the good, and to our capacities as they now do. We gladly forget the pains, while we fondly cherish the memory of the pleasures.

NAVIUUS.

INFLUENCE OF NOVELS.

In the mind of man a prudence for vanity is early discoverable. The first opening of the infant mind displays an attachment to whatever is new or variegated. Any thing which possesses the charm of novelty immediately excites earnest attention, and doubtless this earthly habitation of mankind was thus adorned with variety by the hand of a beneficent creator, for the innocent gratification of this disposition. Perhaps nothing is more highly calculated to gratify this desire of the natural heart, than that class of reading styled novels. Is sensibility a necessary part of female education, place in the hands of the pupil the pathetic story of Injured Innocence, of suffering virtue, and who can forbear to sympathize with the lovely heroine, as she sinks in the depths of sorrow forsaken by all her friends, or rejoice when she rises to perfect felicity, triumphant over her persecutors. Is it desirable to possess the power of fixing the attention
in any situation, the most noisy assembly will scarcely be able to divert the thoughts from an interesting novel; and if an instructor wishes his pupils to acquire a taste for history, let him place in the hands of the student, the Waverly Novels, as they are said to be purely historical.

This kind of reading, no doubt may be favourable to sensibility, but is it that kind of sensibility which alleviates real sufferings, as well as weeps over fictitious sorrow? "No!" says the sentimental fair one, surrounded by all the elegance which wealth can purchase, as she wipes a tear from her eye, "I am so deeply engaged in this enchanted volume I cannot leave it," and the poor sufferer, wasted by disease and exhausted by famine, wanders from her door to find some one whose every feeling of pity is wasted on sorrows which never were.

And instead of inspiring perfect command over the thoughts, this cultivation of the imagination only, will rather lead the mind astray from the subject before us, and tend to produce absence of thought, which renders a person but a poor companion. With regard to history, the enquiring mind may be led to search among the pages of sober narrative for the facts he has found dressed in the splendid attire of fiction: but might not these facts be found far more correct on the historical page, and without the trouble of looking over so much rubbish? That the intention of novel writers is the promotion of virtue, perhaps may not be denied, but they have taken a dangerous way to promote their object, they hold out the attractive of fiction: but the heart, whose finest feelings have been chilled by the icy hand of misfortune—whose fondest hopes have been destroyed in the bud—never recovers from the shock, but remains ruined, desolate and forsaken!

OLD PLAY.

"May I never see the white cliffs of Old England again, if I am not heartily glad to escape from this horrid hole!" cried, or rather muttered a weather-beaten, rough, haggard looking seaman, as we seated ourselves under the awning of the steamboat that was to convey us, with several other passengers from the city of New Orleans, to vessels which were waiting for us at the English Turn. "I am an Englishman," continued he, "and I care not who knows it there is my home; and if ever I set my foot on that dear shore again, let me go to Davy's locker if they again catch me."

"Several months!" echoed with an air of astonishment; "Why, I had not been in port two days, before I had occasion to tell a Kentuckian he led—by my soul he did—when he gave me a broadside that stove in my head, and before I could muster to quarters I was fairly carried by boarding—down upon him! but it was the first time that Anson Humber was obliged to strike his colours to a land lubber."

"I admit," I replied, "that these Kentuckians are not the most polite people in the world; but if you keep the right side of them, you will find them your firm friends till the last moment."

"May I dangle from the yard arm this minute," cried the irritated sailor, "if I was ever able to tell the larboard from the starboard side of these fresh water lobsters: wear your ship which you please, they always strike you across the beam, and are ready for raking or boarding—and by Nelson's right arm, peace to his memory! I had rather ship the heaviest wave of the Atlantic, than have one of these madmen to deal with."

"Perhaps," I replied, "you ought to blame yourself for some of the treatment of which you complain: You know when John Bull gets a plenty of corn in his garret, he is apt to be a little proud and dictatorial."

"Likely enough," said he, "you know too well when a sailor gets his three sheets spread to the wind," he fears neither God, man, or the Devil; all seas are clear, and he cares for neither shores, rocks, nor quicksands. But what can be the reason why you have escaped so well? It must be because you are a gentleman:—No! that can't be the cause either; for here gentlemen shoot one another for sport."

"But that," I answered, "is a kind of sport I think I should not like—and the simple reason why I think there is no difficulty is because I have attended to my own affairs."

"Perhaps so," he replied. "Yesterday morning I got up early, and took a tour up the river—what do you call it—levy—levy—hang it! let the name go,—Levee, my good friend you mean."

"Yes, that's it,—on the levee, where I saw a boat's crew anchor a wagon and approach the spot, where like a rat in the hold, I was snugly hid behind some orange trees. A couple of them took their station on line, and I perceived that as soon as they could bring their guns to bear there was likely to be blood shed. Good thought! I if you will only kill each other—the more the merrier. An attempt was made to induce one of them to strike his colours; but they were nailed to the mast, and could not be taken down. The battle commenced, and the first broadside told well. One was damaged in the rigging, but the other was hulled and went to the bottom completely bloodlogged."

"That was a curious affair, indeed;—what became of the rest of the party?" I asked.

"Why, they made all sail for the city; and as soon as they were out of sight I steered for the same port, and soon found myself safely lodged in my old birth," was the answer.

During the latter part of the conversation, a person whom I had not before noticed, attracted my attention; his countenance, when I witnessed, he arose from his seat, and with haste and irregular movements paced the deck, but maintained a steady and total silence. His form was of that robust and muscular kind..."
which indicates strength purely mechanical; but there was a firmness in his step, a lightness in his movements, and an ease and gracefulness in his carriage, which denoted strength, quickness, and delicacy. He was well-dressed, and at his side hung a sabre of the most formidable dimensions; a pair of pistols showed themselves from his belt—but, as at this place all went armed, his appearance in this respect would excite no remark. His complexion had once evidently been fair, but a southern sun browned his cheeks till few lines were left of that roseate hue, which, from the traces visible where his curling hair had shaded his temples it was evident had once pre-dominated. His features were femininely regular, his forehead high and proudly arched; while beneath his eye brows black and waving, shone a pair of eyes, which, when agitated appeared to flash lightning, and at a glance penetrate the recesses of the heart. I confess I trembled involuntarily when my eyes met his, as he started to his feet when Anson described his position during the duel. Brown as was his complexion, an instant flash passed over his countenance, and he placed his hand on the hilt of his sabre in a manner which showed he was accustomed to its use. It was however as instantly dropped to his side, and he resumed his former position with as much indifference as if nothing had occurred. A pair of whiskers of the most enormous size shaded his cheeks and nearly met under his chin, proving the service to which he was attached, and completed the outline of the person who had so strongly engaged my attention, and who exhibited an appearance of coolness, daring, and intrepidity, which I had never before witnessed.

While I was surveying this person, Anson, undisturbed by my nonattentiveness, had continued his chatter, and it was not until I heard the word pirate that I was roused from my reverie.

"What is it about pirates?" I enquired.

"Was there anything said about them in the City?"

"Nothing," answered Anson, "but there are some of the sharks off the mouth of the river, and I heard one person swear roundly that he yesterday saw the piratical chief."

"Why I replied, "did he not lodge his information against him, and let him receive the punishment due to such a crime."

"Ah, that is the very question I asked the fellow," answered Anson, "and offered besides to assist in securing him to the yard arm if necessary; but the fellow said it would be as much as his head was worth to think of any such thing; besides, he might want a favor himself in that line some day or other—and it was best never to meddle with other folk’s matters."

"Well, Anson," said I, "If they meddle with us, we must pay them in their own coin, and it will not be your fault I presume that they do not receive change to the full amount."

"No, it will not—but they said," continued Anson, "that the chief of the gang killed a man yesterday, because he recognized him—and charged him with being the robber of his vessel and cargo. I do not mean that he stabbed him in the dark as a Frenchman or Spaniard would, but I told him it was idle, so they shot at one another like gentlemen."

The stranger again rose from his seat and walked across the deck, but remained silent, by this time Anson had talked himself out of breath, and concluded to take a "bit of a nap" on the deck; and, as the stranger appeared to shun observation, and showed no disposition to converse, we dropped down the river in silence.

Evening found us on board the fine stout brig Cleopatra, laden with indigo, cochineal, and a quantity of spice. She was a British vessel, just arrived in the river from Santa Cruz, and now employed as a scartel in exchanging some prisoners by directions of the commanding officer on the West India station. From New Orleans she was to proceed to New York: and I gladly availed myself of the opportunity offered to visit my native region, from which business and war had so long detained me. The stranger, on parting with us, as we went on board the Cleopatra, bid us adieu with the manners of a gentleman; and while Anson was cursing some of the rigging alongside the steamboat in which we had descended the river, and amidst the dusk of the evening was soon out of sight among the craft which almost covered the surface of the water.

"By the powers," exclaimed Anson, who had caught the tones of the stranger’s voice, low as they were uttered; "that is the very man who killed the man up the levee yesterday morning; ah, I smell a rat too—he is the pirate himself," continued Anson with a kind of shudder—"my head does not seem half so safely seated on my shoulders as it did ten minutes ago: but can we not overhaul him? I should like to lay myself alongside of him armed as he is."

"If you should, Anson, brave as you are, it is my opinion you would find yourself in a more disagreeable predicament than when you were boarding a Kay enught. If, however, we meet with a pirate we need fear nothing. A dozen such fellows as you are, might enable us to bid defiance to old Neptune himself."

"You are right, sir," replied the sailor; "while that flutters, (pointing to the colours which streamed gaily in the wind,) I will in- sure the safety of the Cleopatra. But I am so sleepy, that if the vessel was striking on the breakers, or pirates were boarding, I could hardly keep awake."

So saying, he stowed himself in his hammock—and in a few minutes nothing was to be heard but the wave of the Mississippi as it dashed against the vessel, the measured tread of the sentinel, as he paced the quarter deck, or the heavy breathing of those of the crew, who after a hard day’s service were refreshing themselves in the sweet embraces of sleep.

I too, threw myself upon my bed, but not to sleep. A thousand circumstances united to interest my mind and keep me wakeful—I was about to return to the land of my fathers, the home of my childhood. Home! that en- dearing word!—what tender recollections crowd upon the mind when the ten thousand charms of that delightful place present themselves in all their sweetness and freshness. Long as I had been separated from my native State,—long as I had traversed the various regions of the globe—long as it had been since half the world had interposed between me and the place where I had first tasted the pleasures and pains of life; I had not for- gotten a single scene around which memory lingered with such interest. The village spire, which threw its shadow over the green, where, with the companions of my boyhood, we wrested, jumped, ran, laughed, and sported while the bull flew rapidly round the circle; the gloomy churchyard, which, when a truant boy, I had so often shudderingly passed when the pale moon glistened through the marble which crowded the sacred enclosure, and, to my affrighted imagination, appeared to people the dreary place with the tenants of that world from which no traveller returns—the hills I had so often climbed—the green vallies I had so often crossed—the mountains, among which I had so often roved in pursuit of such game as they afforded, all passed in review; and I even thought with rapture on the huge rock which was shaded by the favourite walnut tree, and where, happy as the squirmed which barked over my head, I had spent many an hour cracking the nuts which every breeze made to rattle around me.

The various countries and scenes through which I had passed since first I became a wanderer from the land of my childhood, now that my imagination pictured these wanderings as drawing to a close, rose in all their various shades before me; and the pains and pleasures of my peregrinations were again presented in bold relief by the powerful affect of memory. Over civilized plains of Europe, and semi-barbarous regions of Asia, I had roved. I had seen the auburn borealis dance over the regions of eternal frost—the sun in vain attempt to dissolve the chains which an arctic winter had formed—and I had felt its fervid heat where equinoctial skies shed their debilitating and pernicious influence. I had traversed the plains of Orinoco and the banks of La Plata; I had climbed the Cordilleras, and, with the enthusiasm of youth, beheld the setting sun gild those bright Isles of the Pacific which are sprinkled with such profusion over the surface of its broad blue waters, and whose inhabitants are as guileless and unsuspecting as their skies are bright and cloudless.
I had seen the St. Lawrence rolling its majestic stream, collected from a thousand lakes, to the Ocean—and was then floating on the bosom of the father of rivers, which, rising among the frozen lakes and interminable forests of the north, discharges its turbid waters into the Mexican Gulf, amidst the orange groves and sugar plantations of the south; while after years of absence had elapsed, I was about to revisit the paternal roof with the intention of bringing my wanderings to a close and spending the remainder of my days in contentment and peaceful happiness. Nor was my interview with the stranger of such mysterious character and appearance forgotten. His apparent connexion with the pirates, who, if report stated correctly, frequented the islands which lie off the Mississippi, and whose inhuman atrocities formed the topic of conversation at New Orleans, I felt to be ominous of the result of our voyage; and although his words to me afforded a ray of hope, I wished I had not seen him.

Such were my feelings as I vainly woosed the god of sleep for a temporary oblivion to my perturbed ideas; and it was not until the watch had been changed for the last time, that I fell into a slumber, from which I did not awake in the morning until the vessel was already several miles on her voyage.

When I went upon deck, the vessel was floating along the current, between the high woods which covered both banks of the river. Scarcely a breath of wind was to be felt—the sails hung idly against the mast, and we depended on the current alone to speed us to the Ocean.

If ever there was a country, over which the genius of desolation might be said to hold undisturbed dominion, it is the region around the mouths of the Mississippi. Below Plaquemines it is one dreary and desolate marsh, covered with cane and reeds, and sinking gradually to the dead level of the Gulf. For miles before we reached the mouth of the river, the sea could be distinctly seen from the mast head stretching away on each side of the point of land formed by the continual depositions of this mighty stream. Subject to overflow by the rise of the Mississippi, or the inundation of the Gulf, and frequently submerged to the depth of six or eight feet by the autumnal tornadoes, no living animals are to be seen, but the cormorant, as he wings his lonely way along these dreary fens, to find a resting place these marshes.

Whatever is connected with Napoleon, possesses deep interest. The engraving prefixed, which represents the tomb of this distinguished man in the island of St. Helena, will be found upon close examination to exhibit a strange phenomenon, being his full length portrait in his favourite musling attitude. As we have selected this subject in order to exercise the ingenuity of our readers, we will not lessen their curiosity by any further explanation, remarking only, that when they have traced the mystery, they will admire its excellence not less than its singularity.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

REVOLUTIONARY EVENTS.

1775.

The principal operations of the war during this year took place in the northern States. As the province of Massachusetts had been foremost in opposition, the British government sent their forces to Boston, the capital, and held it in possession during the year. Soon after the battles of Lexington and Bunker's Hill, Gen. Washinton, who was appointed commander-in-chief of the American forces, arrived at Cambridge, and took the command of the Army in July. The army investing Boston amounted to about 15,000 men. They were mostly destitute of good arms, ammunition, clothing and experienced officers. Washington's first and most difficult task was, to organize and discipline the troops. Owing to his uncommon exertions and influence, he succeeded in bringing high-minded freemen to know their respective places, and to have the mechanism as well as the movements of a regular army.

In the autumn of this year, a body of troops under the command of Gen. Montgomery, besieged and took the garrison at St. John's, which commanded the entrance into Canada. Gen. Montgomery pursued his successes, and took Montreal. At Quebec, being joined by Gen. Arnold, who had marched a body of men
through the wilderness to his assistance, Montgomer made an assault on Quebec, on the last day of the year. In this attack he was killed, his troops defeated, and the American army was finally compelled to evacuate Canada.

During this year nearly all the old governments of the colonies were dissolved; and the royal governors, and the crown officers adhering to British measures, were obliged to leave the country, or suspend their functions. From that time temporary conventions were held for the purpose of administering the laws, and making regulations to meet the public exigencies. In some of the colonies, however, the British adjutants (who were called tories) were numerous, and powerful; which weakened the opposition to the British arms.

1776.

This year was opened by the burning of the large and flourishing town of Norfolk in Virginia, by order of Lord Dunmore, the royal governor of that province.

The British king entered into treaties with some of the German States for about 17,000 men who were to be sent to America this year, to assist in subduing the Colonies. These troops were generally called Hessians, from the circumstance of many of them being raised in Hesse Casel in Germany. Gen. Washington who still continued before Boston, in the opening of the spring planted his batteries so judiciously before that town, that the British general Howe, on the 17th of March abandoned the place, and Gen. Washington marched into the place in triumph.

During the summer a squadron of ships commanded by Sir Peter Parker, and a body of troops under generals Clinton and Cornwallis, attempted to take Charleston the capital of South Carolina. The fort on Sullivan’s Island near Charleston was attacked with great fury by the ships of the squadron, but the British were repulsed with great loss and the expedition was abandoned.

On the 4th of July, Congress published the Declaration of Independence. Soon after the declaration, Gen. Howe with a powerful force arrived near New-York; and landed the troops on Staten Island. Gen. Washington at this time was in New-York with about 13,000 men who were encamped either in the city, or the neighboring fortifications. The operations of the British began by attacking the Americans on Long Island. The Americans were defeated with severe loss, and Gen. Washington probably saved the remainder of his troops by ordering them to retreat on the night after the battle.

In September, New-York was abandoned by the Americans, and taken by the British, and in November, fort Washington on York Island was taken, and more than 3,000 men made prisoners; about the same time Gen. Clinton took possession of Rhode Island.

The American army being greatly diminished by the loss of men taken prisoners, and the departure of large bodies of others whose term of enlistment had expired, Gen. Washington was obliged with the remnant of his army which had been reduced from 25,000, to scarcely 3,000, to retreat towards Philadelphia, pursued by their victorious enemies. This was the most gloomy period of the Revolution. Washington saw the necessity of striking some successful blow, to reanimate the expiring hopes of his countrymen. The battles of Trenton and Princeton revived the hopes of America, and confounded their enemies. Congress also made great exertions to rouse the spirits of the people, and sent agents to solicit the friendship and aid of foreign powers.

1777.

The plan of the British Ministry during this year was to separate the Northern from the Southern States, by sending an army under Gen. Burgoyne from Canada, to penetrate into the Northern States and endeavor to effect a communication with the British at New-York. If this plan had been successful, it would probably have had a fatal effect on the American cause. But the defeat of Burgoyne at Bennington and Saratoga, and the surrender of his army at the latter place, produced important results in favor of the Americans. At the South the British were more successful. Gen. Howe embarked his forces at New-York, sailed up the Chesapeake, landed at the head of Elk river, and began his march to Philadelphia. Gen. Washington endeavored to stop his progress and a battle was fought near Brandywine Creek, but the Americans were overpowered by superior numbers and discipline, and Gen. Howe took possession of Philadelphia. The American Congress now retired to Yorktown in Virginia.

THE WIFE.
The following lines were written under the print of a monument, bearing the words — 'To a Wife.'

I knew her when a playful girl,
With sunny cheek and brow —
Her flowing hair and glossy curl
I well remember now.
For her I plucked the sweetest flower —
The earliest of the fruit,
And sought rich shell's upon the shore,
To string upon her lute.
I saw her when the simple days
Of children all were o'er —
As unafflicted in her ways,
And perfect as before!
She was the brightest gem I met
Within the halls of mirth;
And every feature was so sweet,
I deemed her not of earth.
Next I beheld her with a wreath
Of fairest flowers allied;
And brilliants sparkling bright beneath,
As if she were a bride.
Her fairy form and buoyant air
Bespeake a spirit free —
And graceful as the gossamer
She passed away from me.

I saw her next in holy hour
Float up the sacred aisle,
And with the faithless kneel before
The altar for a while.
I saw the priest, the book, the ring,
And heard the vow they spake:
I knew he did a heartless thing,
And vow'd not to forsake.
With hasty steps I saw her go
In splendor to her home —
Without a shade of present woe,
Or fear for time to come.

But oh, the change! Her laughing eye
Retained its luster not —
For he who shared her destiny
 Became a loathsome lot!
I left her and sought fortune's hand
In places far away —
But dream'd of her—a pearl in sand;
A jewel broken—cast away!
I came again—my heart was rent; —
She was not then in life!
I only found a Monument
Engraven—' To A Wizr.'

FULFILLING A CONTRACT.

A nervous old gentleman, tired of trade.
By which, though, it seems, he a fortune had made,
Took a house 'twixt two sheds, at the skirts of a town,
Which he meant, at his leisure, to buy, and pull
In eight years.

This thought wrack'd his mind when he view'd the estate;
But alas! when he enter'd he found it too late;
For, in each dwell a smith; a more hard working two
Never doctor'd a patient, or put on a shoe,
At six in the morning, their anvils at work,
Awoke our new squire, who raged like a Turk.
"These follow's," he cried, "such a clattering egg,
That I never can get more than eight hours sleep!"

From morning till night they kept thumping away,
No sound but the anvil the whole of the day;
Within the halls of mirth;
A jewel broken—cast away
I left her and sought fortune's hand —
In place far away —
Without a shade of present woe,
Or fear for time to come.

But oh, the change! Her laughing eye
Retained its luster not —
For he who shared her destiny
 Became a loathsome lot!
I left her and sought fortune's hand
In places far away —
But dream'd of her—a pearl in sand;
A jewel broken—cast away!
I came again—my heart was rent; —
She was not then in life!
I only found a Monument
Engraven—' To A Wizr.'

To attempt much is always laudable, even when the enterprise is above the strength that undertakes to do it; to rest below his own aim is incident to every one whose fancy is active, and whose views are comprehensive.
THE CHURCH YARD.

You have sauntered perhaps of a moonlight evening, out of the precincts of the living, moving world, to linger and contemplate among the grass grown memorials of those who have gone.

"The body to its place, the soul to Heaven's grace.

And the rest in God's own time."

An appalling chill shoots through the current of life at the undisturbed and universal silence of the scene—the stars tranquilly shining on the white marble, and feebly illuminating the name that friendship had carved for the slumberer beneath. Here the grass waved in rank luxuriance, as if to hide the triumphs and the trophies of death—and there a human bone unearthed from its time-worn sepulchre, a ghastly visitor to the realms of day, a wooden tablet, marking the repose of the humble—across, the sign of a sleeping believer—and lofty and magnificent memorials over the mortal relics of the wealthy and the great. Ah! Who in such an assemblage as this can be accounted great? What gold survives the crucible of death?

We can learn nothing from the living which the dead do not teach us. Would beauty be modest and unpretending, let her visit the ball and the festival for a moment, and carry her toilet to the tomb. Would the proud learn humility; the resentful, good nature; the penurious, charity; the frivolous, seriousness; the bigoted philanthropy, would the scholar ascertain the true objects of knowledge—"the man of the world the true means of happiness here and hereafter—"the ambitious, the true sources of greatness, let them retire a while from the living to commune with the dead.

We meet all sorrow to the mournful silent level of the grave. Our boxes must mingle in one common mass. Our affections should travel in the same path, for they must terminate in one fearful issue. Life is full of facilities of virtue and of heaviness, and when you would neglect or abuse them, go and purify your affections, and humble your pride, and elevate your hopes at the tomb of a friend, when the stars are shining upon it, like the glorious beams of religion on the mansion of death.

A Fair Inference.—A gentleman of reduced fortune came to a person who had formerly been his servant, to borrow money of him in the same path, for they must terminate in virtue and of heaviness, and when you would vacate beneath. Here the grass waved in rank luxuriance, as if to hide the triumphs and the trophies of death—and there a human bone unearthed from its time-worn sepulchre, a ghastly visitor to the realms of day, a wooden tablet, marking the repose of the humble—across, the sign of a sleeping believer—and lofty and magnificent memorials over the mortal relics of the wealthy and the great. Ah! Who in such an assemblage as this can be accounted great? What gold survives the crucible of death?

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A gentleman, being forced to sell a pair of his oxen to pay his servant his wages, told his servant he could keep him no longer, not knowing how to pay him the next year. The servant answered him, he would serve him for more of his cattle. "But what shall I do," said the master, "when all my cattle are gone?"

The servant replied, "You shall then serve me, and so you will get your cattle again."

It was the late Sir C. Price who used, when he gave a dinner, to have a regular pun-trap in place of footman in her family, if he could whistle. "Why is that necessary?" said the man. "Because," said the lady, "I expect my footman to whistle all the time he is in the cellar, to be certain he is not drinking while he is there."

At the period in England, when stocks were exchanged for cravats, a friend asked Churchill what could have caused the sudden rise of cravats—"The fall of stocks," he replied.

A gentleman of reduced fortune came to a person who had formerly been his servant, to borrow money of him in the same path, for they must terminate in one fearful issue. Life is full of facilities of virtue and of heaviness, and when you would neglect or abuse them, go and purify your affections, and humble your pride, and elevate your hopes at the tomb of a friend, when the stars are shining upon it, like the glorious beams of religion on the mansion of death.

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THE ROCHESTER GEM.
As she gazed upon the glories of the
Sweeter than all the joys of such a world as this!

And Death's hearse; I press upon my cheek—
Adieu fond friends—yet hold—no, there
I feel the fever gnawing at my heart,
I know from life that I must soon depart:
Adieu bright ones, would I could follow too!

No Jericho, thy fate is sealed,
Thy Eternal will is now revealed,
That thou art doomed to fall;
Almighty power thy ramparts strike
And from its deep foundations shook,
Was hurled thy lofty wall.

Earth trembled with the direful shock;
As when the time enduring rock
Convulsive earthquakes heave;
Promiscuous rain spreads around,
The brow and earth and profound,
The Cumrous lead receive.

Loud shouts again the concave rend,
And with the trumpets clangor blend
In one tumultuous roar,
And 'er the breach with swords unheathed,
Breathing destruction, rage and death,
Vitriolic legions pour.

But drop the curtain here my muse,
Nor scenes of blood and carnage choose,
To grace thy artless song
The patriot's wall, the virgin's e'en,
The blood stained field where warriors lie,
To other lands belong.

Enough, that with resistance scarce,
As bellowing of the angry deep,
The exterminating band
On Jericho's ill fated race,
Fell like the wild tornado's blast,
And swept them from the land.

Enough that now her final hour
Was come, and heaven's almighty power
Her ruin had decreed,
Her sanctified sons unblest,
Driven out, and all their wealth possessed
By Israel's chosen seed.

To Printers—A Rare Offer.
The undersigned, owing to declining health,
will sell the establishment of the GEM, with
the Job-Office attached. The establishment
enjoys a substantial patronage, and has the
best location in this village. A literary
man can here avail himself of a first rate chance.
A part of the purchase money would be
required in hand, and a good chance given to
pay the remainder, by giving good paper. Whether
I sell or not, the GEM will be contin-
ued regularly, as heretofore. Address, post-
paid, to}

**Vol. v.**

**THE ROCHESTER GEM.**

**WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.**

**THE LAST HOURS OF THE VISIONARY.**

She sat in her solitary chamber
In the still hour of the night—she pale moon
Gleamed faintly there, upon her pale brow,
As she gazed upon the glories of the
Brilliant sky. A feeling then of ardent
Enthusiasm thrilled through each fibre of
Her throbbing heart, and her beaming look told
The admiration of her gifted soul—
The rich warbling of the songbird from his
Leafy bough, and the murmuring song of
The mountain stream fell on her ear like the
Tuneless notes of the minstrel's lyre, touched by
An unskilled hand; or the harsh creaking of
The village sign stirred by the sullen storm.
The music of earth's voices had no charms
For her; they called up memories of the
Eventful past, when, the images of
Love, and beauteous Hope held to her bright
View, rich and beautiful shadows, when the
[The Young heart admired each coming hour blest with
Sweetness of happiness, wafted from the rich
Parterres of life's immortal maze.
Her youthful heart was estranged, and
She had cast such treasures from her lone heart
And sought to read the mysteries of yon
Bright star, whose destiny she had fancied
Linked with her own.—

She was a lone one on
Earth, one by one, the friends of her youth had
Dropped in the voiceless tomb, and she was left
An orphan, refusing to commingle
With the beings of earth, seeking to shun
Them in all the walks of life. The world to
Her was nothing, the vasty dance, and the
Gay festival, with all their lure of show
And happiness; had no pleasure to win
With thee to hold converse; for thou mayst be,
A herald of my own sterility.

And then I feel there are no ties
Which bind me to earth, no responsive heart,
Of whose love mine share a part;
From the impulse, I've sought to rise
To witness the scenes of thy revolucy.

See! the tints of morn are breaking
In the east—every loved star is on the wane,
The moon is gathering up her robe again;
And all Nature is awake;
There are no gems now in yon liquid blue,
Aheu bright ones, would I could follow too!

Ha, my sight grows dim—I'm weak—
I know from life that I must soon depart;
I feel the fever gnawing at my heart,
In one tumultuous roar,
And the trumpets clangor blend
In hollow notes that round the plain
The trumpets pour the blast again
In hollow notes that round the plain
The trumpets pour the blast again

There is a coldness on my brow,
And something thrilling through my frame—I feel
A sudden dampness o'er my senses steal:
Ah, I die! as hast thou marked—
I go on viewless wings, to the bright home
Of my beautiful star: I come! I come!!

Hers was a gifted spirit, and her high
Feelings were too pure, too holy to mingle
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Feelings were too pure, too holy to mingle
Her from her solitary thoughts. Aye, she
And from the unconscious world her onward way,
From the impulse, I've sought to rise
To witness the scenes of thy revolucy.

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And something thrilling through my frame—I feel
A sudden dampness o'er my senses steal:
Ah, I die! as hast thou marked—
I go on viewless wings, to the bright home
Of my beautiful star: I come! I come!!

For now the extended wings between;
The mystic ark of God is seen,
With Levi's sons surround:
A sky blue banner o'er it raised,
That like a trailing meteor blazed,
To mark the holy ground.

The tribes in ordered ranks arrayed,
Their various ensigns each displayed,
A splendid glorious show;
And chief of Ephraim's martial clan,
Nun's valiant offering bid the van
As Generalissimo.

The signal given, the chiefs advance,
Nor did hard fate or lawless chance
Heaven's purposes fulfill:
Army's like these no place could find
In councils of the Almighty mind,
Or move His sovereign will.

The trumpets pour the blast again
In hollow notes that round the plain
Responsive echoes send,
The Hebrew warriors catch the sound,
And from the whole embattled ground,
Their defying shouts ascended.

Now Jericho, thy fate is sealed,
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That thou art doomed to fall;
Almighty power thy ramparts struck
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Earth trembled with the direful shock;
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Hers was a gifted spirit, and her high
Feelings were too pure, too holy to mingle
In life's varied scenes, she passed from earth;
And in the tomb the Visionary slept.

Asbourn.  
G. S. B.
Humorous.

Lalande.—This eminent astronomer, during the most perilous times of the French revolution, confined himself closely to the pursuits of his favorite science. When he was asked to what happy cause he was indebted for escaping the fury of Robespierre, he jocosely answered, "I may thank my stars for my preservation."

Burns.—He was standing one day upon the quay at Greenock, when a wealthy merchant, belonging to the town, had the misfortune to fall into the harbor. He was no swimmer, and his death would have been inevitable, had not a sailor, who happened to be passing at the time, immediately plunged in, and, at the risk of his own life, rescued him from his dangerous situation. The Greenock merchant, upon recovering, gave a little from his pocket, and generously presented the sailor with a shilling. The crowd, who were by this time collected, loudly protested against the contemptible insignificance of the sum; and Burns, with a smile of ineffable scorn, entreated them to restrain their clamor, "for," said he, "the gentleman is of course the best judge of the value of his own life."

"Pray, Mr. Abernethy, what is a cure for the gout?" was the question of an indolent and luxurious citizen. "Live upon sixpence a day, and earn it!" was the pithy reply.

Blackberrying.—"Oh! Mother! Mother!" exclaimed a little girl, the other afternoon, as she cried for her blackberrying. "Oh! Blackberrying!"

What's in a Name?—The proprietor of a respectable ladies' seminary, in the neighborhood of Greenwich, has lately had the following rather astounding announcement displayed over her gateway:—Young ladies educated and belonging to the town had the misfortune to fall into the harbor. He was no swimmer, and his death would have been inevitable, had not a sailor, who happened to be passing at the time, immediately plunged in, and, at the risk of his own life, rescued him from his dangerous situation. The Greenock merchant, upon recovering, gave a little from his pocket, and generously presented the sailor with a shilling. The crowd, who were by this time collected, loudly protested against the contemptible insignificance of the sum; and Burns, with a smile of ineffable scorn, entreated them to restrain their clamor, "for," said he, "the gentleman is of course the best judge of the value of his own life."

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SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DESCRIPTION.

This splendid edifice stands on the southwest corner of Fitzhugh and Ann streets, a short distance from the centre of business in the village of Rochester. It was erected in 1827-8 at an expense of near ten thousand dollars. It is 60 by 70 feet on the ground, with a projection of 8 by 32 feet for the tower and vestibule. The basement is divided into three rooms, for the accommodation of the Sunday School, the Session of the church and the Charity Infant School. The walls from the foundation to the top of the basement are of stone, 2 feet thick; on the top of the basement is the water-table, projecting one inch from the wall below, above this the walls are of brick, 17 inches thick, including the pilasters, and 32 feet high from the water-table to the top of the cornice. In front of the vestibule are four pilasters of the Doric order, 32 inches wide having a projection of 8 inches, the pedestals, capitals, entablature and other trimmings are painted to resemble red stone, the door and window sills and caps are of cut red stone. On the top of the main roof is a ballustrade surmounted by urns. Immediately above the cornice of the main roof is erected a tower section, 38 feet long, 18 feet wide, and 18 feet high, ornamented in front by four pilasters of the Ionic order, the capitals and other ornaments of this section, and the base of the section above are also painted and smalmented to resemble red stone, surmounted by urns. — Just above, and on the red base just mentioned, is the clock-section, twelve feet in height, of wood painted white. Next is the ball-section, nineteen feet in height with each corner ending in a point. From this rises an octagonal spire, terminating in a ball and vane, capped by an open lily.

The entrance is from Fitzhugh St. by a flight of steps and three doors into the vestibule and from thence by two doors to the body of the house, and by a flight of stairs to the galleries, which are supported by eight fluted pillars of the Ionic order. The pulpit is in a recess formed by two Corinthian pillars supporting an arch between the doors.

This church is under the pastoral care of the Rev. Wm. Wisner.

At the late anniversary of the Typographical Society in Philadelphia, the Nullifiers are technically hit off in the following Toasts, by Wm. Hill, and Mr. M'Kelly.

"Calhoun, Cooper, Hayne, and Hamilton — The leaders of the Nullifies; may their heads be used for mallets, and their arms for shooting-sticks to tighten the quoins of the form of twenty-fourths!"

"The Union — A capital form of Government, having no || in the history of nations — may a new § in the Constitution, put a stop to the fatal attempt to erase a * from our country's banner: otherwise a † will be planted in our reputation, which will cause the §* of scorn to be pointed at us. Let the American press so publish the infamy of Southern Nullifiers, that neither the influence of British £s, nor the loss of American $s will induce any citizen to resist his country's laws. If one drop of blood is spilled in the cause of disunion, may the ambition of its movers receive such a § of exaltation that their †s may be cut short by the § of a hempen cord."

The spirit of truth dwelleth in nakedness. Nothing is so secret but time and truth will reveal it.
Thoughts on Astronomy.

What is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him? says the inspired penman. This question is responded to by the naturalist or philosopher, to our view, which surpasses all others in diminutive opinion of our own importance, that their common centre; and holding the middle mercury, the smallest, and nearest the Sun, is rank among them, three being smaller and

is urged through space at the inconceivable a ponderous globe of 3000 miles in diameter, of 68,000,000 of miles, flying at the rate of 81,000 miles per hour, and being 7,600 miles in diameter.

Next comes Jupiter, the largest of all the System, being 1,000,000 times larger than the, and is 883,000 miles in diameter, dispensing light and heat to the rest of the bodies which compose the Solar System.

Now, if we would draw a map of our system of worlds, allowing but one inch to a million miles, it would require at this almost infinite contraction, a circle of 300 feet in diameter to represent the orbit of Herschell. The Sun, from being 883,000 miles in diameter, will be narrowed down to a puny ball of ,8 of an inch in diameter, while Mercury from a globe of 3000 miles, becomes an almost invisible speck of but,.003 of an inch in diameter and at the distance of 3 feet from him.

Venus, is lessened down to,.0076 of an inch at the distance of 5 feet 8 inches, and our own ,great globe, becomes nearly the size of a tobacco seed!, being ,008 or nearly the one hundredth of an inch in diameter. Take a carpenter’s rule, and divide an eighth of an inch which you will find marked upon it into ten parts, and you will have it exactly.

Yet on this tobacco seed are 1,000,000,000 of our race,—here roll those broad oceans which present an almost impassable barrier to the progress of man—and here rise the frowning mountains, which are the freezing peaks of the Andes which have defied the utmost efforts of this lord of creation to reach their frozen summits—here Alexander, the conqueror of nations, with Tamerlane, Genghis Khan, Charles XII. and in our own times Bonaparte, have successively fought for the momentary possession of a small part of this puny sphere. Here the miser sits starving in the midst of his gold and striving to lay up more of the dust of this almost invisible part of creation—here thousands of fools have striven to earn a name that shall last forever, and here is displayed all the pomp and grandeur of kings and princes, the beings of a day, the glittering insects of an hour.

Distant less than a quarter of an inch would be the moon, and her regular proportionate size but the ,002 of an inch. These bodies are carried through space 68,000 miles per hour.

Next in order is Mars, the second in size, and the fourth from the center. It is 4,000 miles in diameter, and 144,000,000 from the sun, moving 56,000 miles per hour.

Next comes Jupiter, the largest of all the planets, being 1500 times larger than the earth and 89,000 miles in diameter, and revolving round the sun at the distance of 491,000,000 of miles from him, taking up 12 years in performing its circuit, and traveling 30,000 miles per hour. This planet has four moons, revolving round him at different times and distances.

Next is Saturn, with his broad rings or belts and seven accompanying moons, 79,000 miles in diameter, and 100 times larger than the earth, flying at the rate of 22,000 miles per hour, and consuming 29 1/2 years in making its revolution, which is performed at the distance of 901,000,000 of miles from the Sun.

Farthest removed of all the planets, Herschell goes through space at the rate of 15,000 miles per hour, accompanied by 6 moons, at the enormous distance of 1,800,000,000 of miles from the Sun. It is 35,000 miles in diameter, and it consumes 83 1/2 years in making one revolution.
draw them into one general chaos, as would be the case if the centripetal and centrifugal forces were not exactly balanced.

There has already been seen one hundred millions of fixed stars, which are without doubt suns like our own, the centres of other systems—the sources of light and heat; and if, as it is but fair to conclude, that they are at least equal to our own, in the number and size of their planets, and as our embezzles 7 primary, and 18 secondary planets, with five hundred comets, we have an aggregate of more than 50,000,000,000 of ponderous globes wheeling their mystic dance under the supervision of the Almighty! The swiftest motion which weak, puny man has been able to create, and that for the purpose of destroying his own race, is that of a cannon ball, which, at its first discharge does not exceed 1000 miles per hour, and is at most but a few inches in diameter; while Herschell, together with his six moons goes at the rate of 15,000 miles per hour, or 15 times swifter than a cannon ball; Saturn, 22 times; Jupiter, 30; Mars, 56; Earth, 68; Venus, 91, and Mercury 111 times swifter than the greatest velocity which man can communicate to so small a body as a cannon ball! The great comet of 1869, when nearest the sun, flew at the amazing velocity of 800,000 miles an hour! Compared to this display of power, what is the dreaded might of a despot, with his myriads of slaves?—Could men any longer continue to waste each other's lives, inconceivable as they are, if they could have one soul humbling view of that blaze of glory which encircles them on every side! Compared to which the highest honors that a nation can confer upon a successful warrior, or a profound statesman, are but the blackness of darkness! Can regal honors feast the soul? Can the blood stained wreath of the conqueror bedewed with the tears of the widow and the orphan, elevate the mind, and raise the thoughts of him who has waded through the blood of thousands to obtain it, and who has filled the world with mourning, whose music has been the clangor of arms and the groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying, the very wine of whose cup has been as it were mingled with the gore of slaughtered thousands, and whose whole life has been a scene of rapine and carnage, up to Him whose lights in mercy! If such actions are worthy to employ men, why not higher intelligences? Would it gratify the mind of Gabriel to bestride the sun, and, like a demon, ride through the universe, hurling planets from their orbits, extinguishing suns, and dashing worlds to atoms in his headlong course, thus scattering death and destruction on every side, and involving this fabric in universal ruin? Such an employment might befit Lucifer, but it never could an angel of mercy!

And yet it is possible that this part of the universe with which we are acquainted is but the entry, or porch of the grand temple which has been erected by the great Author of all things for his own glory, and the residence of pure and holy beings; for with every improvement of our glasses we discover new stars and nebula, or clouds of stars which were before entirely invisible; and says Mr. Herschell, "It is evident that the whole of the heavens with which we are acquainted, are moving through space round some unknown centre!" What a sublime thought! that motion, or activity is impressed upon everything that exists. Not only have the heavenly bodies a motion round their own centres, but are possessed of a double, treble, or even quadruple motion, entirely different, and yet not in the least interfering with each other; for instance, Jupiter's moons have a motion round their own axis—round Jupiter himself, and with him round the sun; and if our sun in common with the other stars has a motion round some unknown centre, Jupiter and his moons in common with the other planets partake of it with them. And who can tell but this centre, with an innumerable number of similar centres, with their brilliant retinue of stars, glittering like diamonds in the diadem of Jehovah, are wheeling their trackless course round some other great centre, and this again in company with others, round another, and so on through countless changes, till the congregated millions of systems circle the throne of Omnipotence itself?

Some have even suppose that the universe has absolutely no bounds! while others have imagined that it has, which no reasonable man doubts, and have even fixed them. But can our weak minds presume to limit the extent of the works of Him who has created what we have seen! Let us therefore rest from these wild conjectures and once more view this part of the handiwork of Almighty God. To an eye, not infinite, that could take in at a single glance, that portion of the universe to which we belong, the absence or annihilation of our sun with its attendant globe; and if our sun in common with the other planets partake of it with them. And who can tell but this centre, with an innumerable number of similar centres, with their brilliant retinue of stars, glittering like diamonds in the diadem of Jehovah, are wheeling their trackless course round some other great centre, and this again in company with others, round another, and so on through countless changes, till the congregated millions of systems circle the throne of Omnipotence itself?

Looking over an old escrutoire the other day, I chanced to find letters which I had received while yet young, and the perusal of them so absorbed my attention, that though it was but midday when I commenced, yet the shades of evening had thickened around me, ere I aroused from the abstraction into which my reading, and the train of thought which they had thrown me. Here were letters written in all the spirit and gaiety which characterizes the buoyant young man, and did not fail to excite my rambles faculties. Ah, how soon were these feelings checked by reflecting that the writer was not! Here was one which touched the tenderest chord of my feelings; it was the outpourings of a proud and lofty soul, crushed while yet young; it seemed to whisper in low distinct accents, "beware of woman!"

But here is a package neatly folded, and bound with a faded ribbon, what is it?—

I have opened and read it, and the big tear drops rolled down my face in the perusal.—

Chapter 1.

The first is written in a fair round hand, the sentences are polished, and apparently laboured, though no one wrote with more ease, and the tone of the letter throughout is captivating from its gentleness and candor. The next is an index of the character of the writer, now written in a plain legible manner—now running off in an angular hand—then rising in a large, bold manner, which was succeeded by writing so fine that it could scarcely be read. The style was as varied as the writing, and the third was written in a scribbling, off-hand manner, and would have been known by any of his acquaintance, the work of Dare-devil Dick as we used to call him.

I had intended to give the letters to the world as they were, without comment; but, recollecting the remark of the Spectator, that a man's works are better liked when you know the writer, and calling to mind also, that it is absolutely necessary to the understanding of the letters I thought a short explanatory pref- ace would be advisable.

It was in the year 18—, that I entered college. Among the young gentlemen, who belonged to the same class, were some of the pride and flower of the land, some of whom are now mounted on the top of Fortune's wheel, some are groveling vagabonds, many I have never heard from since, and not a few repose in their last slumber, to wake only when the last trump sounds.
With all, I was on friendly terms, and for a
spree Clever Will Jackson was indispensible. My
room mate was a young gentleman from
the western part of the state of New York, of
tired, thoughtful habits, reserved in his man-
ers, and somewhat haughty behaviour. It
was some weeks before I became acquainted
with the "recluse," as he was nicknamed, or
as the ladies termed him, "the handsome re-
cluse." Such were his retiring habits; but a
slight accident that occurred, and in which I
befriended him, and which it is useless here to
mention, unfolded his real disposition and made
us inseparable friends. Poor Edward! how
a poet,) and had once given
been actually detected in preparing his own ex-
panion he was generally liked, though he had
jo plotting schemes of mischief, and his in-
ance of all his duties, both as scholar and com-
genuity in executing them, made him an in-
a cool judgement, and prudence mixed with
— the most studious, as far as the; ordinary rou-
est gentleman in college, I should have said
the western part of the state of New York, o
Richard Cooper.
his supplies were liberal to profusion, and that
other intimate friends, Robert Tillotson, and
ccount of his profession, and for distinction,)
 supposed that it was pecuniary affairs which
Tillotson—the greatest wit, Robert Tiilotson
was some weeks before I becqame acquainted
with the scene that followed. I should be sacriligeously treading upon holy
ground; suffice it to say that he returned a
christian in every sense of the word, and from
that time ardently devoted to the cause of his
Almighty Father, not Pharisianically, for save
that he was not present at our camouflas, there
was scarce any perceptible alteration in his
bearing towards us. He had been bred for the
law, but in compliance with the wishes of a
dying mother and his own inclination, he be-
came a clergymen.

It would be useless for me to waste words
on such a character as Dick Cooper. To form
such a character as he was, take equal quan-
ties of good humor, impudence, independence,
drollery ;md reckless daring, put them togeth-
ter, and you have the counterpart of Dare-devil
Dick. Of a stern and grave appearance, he
was loud and boisterous, and seemed to fancy
what was too often the case, alone and melancholy, a prey to morbid sensi-
tions towards us. He had been bred for the
thine and with careless gaiety conversing on some
low tones of rich and impassion-
ed eloquence on some subject that had touched
his feelings, his soul seeming to shine in his
eye, or with careless gaiety conversing on some
indifferent subject while his auditors were con-
vulced with mirth, and anon he might be seen in
hours of recreation, seated in some lone
corner, devouring the pages of some poet with
a longing insatiable, or on some lofty emulation,
wrapped in admiration at the beautiful scene
before him, or what was too often the case,
alone and melancholy, a prey to morbid sensi-
bility, which ever forced him to look on the
dark side of the picture of life. He was de-
pendent on an uncle, and we all for some time
supposed that it was pecuniary affairs which
kept him from mingling in the gay scene.—
But although his heart ever revolved at the idea
of his supposed dependence, we learned that
his supplies were liberal to profusion, and that
it was habitual disrelish. With all these
peculiarities, he was a general favourite. Such
is a faint outline of the character of Edward
Blackstone, (for so we shall call him, on ac-
count of his profession, and for distinction,) my
earliest, dearest, best friend.

In the next room adjoining were my two
other intimate friends, Robert Tillotson, and
Richard Cooper.

Had any one asked me who was the great-
est gentleman in college, I should have said
Robert Tillotson—the most popular, Robert
Tillotson—the greatest wit, Robert Tillotson
—the best hand on a scale, Robert Tillotson
—the most studious, as far as the ordinary rou-
est gentleman in college, I should have said
the western part of the state of New York, o
They go—and with them is a crowd, For human rights who thought and did, We rear to them no temples proud, Each hath a mental pyramid.

All earth is now their sepulchre— The Mind, their monument sublime— Young in eternal fame they are— Such are thy triumphs Death and Time!

(a) Goethe, and his Faust.—(4) Cuvier.—(c) Spurzheim.—(d) Scott.—(c) Champlain.—(f) Crabbe.—(g) Jeremy Bentham.—(h) Adam Clarke.—(i) Charles Carroll.

LAFFITTE, OR THE BARITARIAN CHIEF.

Continued from our last.

Finding his attempt to board unavailing, the pirate hauled off out of the reach of our small arms which had done great execution among his crowded decks. The cessation of the contest was however but momentary—our assailant returned to the attack with fury, and in spite of our exertions succeeded in grappling our vessel.

His decks exhibiting a motley assemblage of ferocious looking villains, black, white, and yellow, whose horrid imprecations and oaths were enough to appall the bravest heart, as expelled from our bulwarks in their attempts to board it we was only to renew the assault with double desperation and rage. Several of our bravest fellows had already fallen, when twenty or thirty of these tigers took advantage of a swell of the sea which brought the vessels in contact, and sprung on board the Cleopatra sabre in hand.

They were met by our crew with such vigour that scarcely had a minute elapsed before their numbers were reduced one half, and the remainder was wavered when a fellow threw himself on board from the pisartical vessel, put himself at the head of the assailants, and with shouts and imprecations urged his followers forward. "Hell and furies!" cried he—"shall these few men escape in this way I send them to perdition in a moment—remember all or nothing!"

Capt. Bowden threw himself before the pirate, and a combat of the most obstinate kind ensued, terrific and desperate. A pause of some moments ensued among the other combatants, who suspended the work of death to witness a contest on which so much was depending. At last British valor rose triumphant, and the pirate dropped mortally wounded upon the deck.

"Capt. Bowden for ever!" shouted Anson, as the blood spouted from the mouth of the marauder mixed with curses and execrations, while he flew to finish the work of death upon the remainder. Anson's bravery carried him so far that he was surrounded, and a blow was aimed at him which 'twould have speedily sent him to Davy's Locker, had not a blow of my sabre dropped the fellow's head from his body, and his spouting trunk tumbled lifeless to the floor.

"That fellow is anchored where he wont slip his cable this hundred years," cried Anson, as he gave the head a kick which tumled it nearly across the deck, but never let me taste the roast beef of old England again, if I don't believe that you have wicied the sabbre before now.

"Very likely, my good fellow," I replied, "but before we think of roast beef we must rid the vessel of these villains.

"Have at the rascals then" shouted Anson, as he thrust his sword to the hilt through the body of a huge negro, and before he had time to drop, seized him and tumbled him into the ocean.

"The sharks may have him in welcome if they can stomach the black dog: I won't have such a stinking fellow on the Cleopatra's deck," said Anson, as the waves splashed against the vessel from the negro's fall.

Anson, however, had no time for soliloquizing, for he was confronted by a tall, weasel, faced Frenchman, whose rapid thrusts and skillful maneuvers it required all his attention to meet. At last, thin as was the mark, Anson's sabre hit and the Frenchman fell.

"Cursed poor!" said Anson, as he placed his foot on the fallen foe and extricated his weapon, "thin as your frog soup—a fellow might read the Assembly's Catechism through.

At this instant another vessel which was within a few miles at the commencement of the struggle, and which as soon as the firing commenced, haphazardly arrived and poured a volley of balling upon the Assailants, and with his drawn sabre freed me from their grasp. I was hardly on my feet before the cry, "They are boarding us on the starboard quarter!" was heard, and I perceived that a fresh band of murderers were already on board.

"If we must die let us sell our lives at as dear a rate as possible," said I to Capt. Bowden; and we rushed upon the gang who were pouring upon the starboard quarter of the Cleopatra. Our swords soon thinned their numbers, but we were weary with slaughter, and there appeared no end to our toils. Four of our crew were left, and we felt that we must soon sink under the overwhelming force which was pouring upon us from all sides. At this instant a volley of musketry killed every man of our crew, who had hitherto escaped to assist us in stemming the torrent—and Captain Bowden and myself found ourselves surrounded by wretches, whose yells, oaths and imprecations, made them more resemble demons than human beings. To prevent being placed in a situation where we could not keep our enemies at bay, we retreated, or were rather carried by the crowd of assailants to the corner of the vessel where a pile of alain rose around us, and the deck was flooded with gore.

"Fools to throw away your lives in this manner!" shouted a stentorian voice from a person who was seen struggling through the crowd of assailants; "give them the cold lead!"

And this order was obeyed by a volley of balls which brought Capt. Bowden to the deck, while the life-blood flowed in torrents from his numerous wounds. "My dear wife and children! Great God protect them!" was all he could utter before he was a lifeless corpse at my feet.

The man who had given the order, and from his commanding manner appeared to be the chief of the pirates, had cleared his way through the assailants, and with his drawn sabre confronted me. I rejoiced to see him; for his strength and the manner he wielded his instrument of death, convinced me that if he conquered, my death would not be lingering, and if he fell I should have the satisfaction of freeing the earth of a monster.
The combat was obstinate. I fought with the helplessness of desperation, and pressed my assailant so closely that he found himself unable to resist the assault, when, by an unlooked-for blow my sabre was snapped in a dozen pieces, and I stood before him unarmed and defenceless. Baring my bosom, I inwardly exclaimed:—"Not when unarmed, brave men honor me, or hell prevent," cried Laborde, his eyes flashing fire, his features distorted with rage, and yelling like a maniac.

His un gov ernable temper threw him off his guard, and as he made a desperate plunge at my breast, I parried the blow; his heart received the point of my weapon, and he fell lifeless upon the blood-covered deck. What would have been my fate from the rest of these wreathes had not Lafitte at that moment recovered his feet and stifled the commotion which was rising, is unknown.

"Brave followers," said he, in Laborde you behold the fate of him who dares to disobey my orders; shun his examples! Let these vessels be taken to Barataria and in them we shall find treasures equal to our utmost expectations, and which shall be equally shared by all."

A shout of approbation and "long live Lafitte" rent the air. The decks were now cleared of the dead, who, as well as the badly wounded; were committed to the waves, and when the setting sun threw his last rays on the topmasts of the Cleopatra, we were in full sail for the island of Barataria, which I found was the rendezvous of the pirates who frequented the Gulf, and of whom Lafitte was the acknowledged chief.

The island of Barataria, at which we arrived on the day after the capture of the Cleopatra, is one of those low sunken islands, or rather clusters of sand bars which are so numerous in the Gulf of Mexico:—hardly elevated above one reach of the equinoctial tornadoes, and owing to drought are scarcely habitable for a considerable part of the year. Here, after considerable difficulty from the intricacies of the navigation, or the unskilfulness of the pilot, we found ourselves at anchor and Lafitte, accompanied by myself, immediately went on shore. A few groves of orange trees—scattered peach trees—and luxuriant vines, were the very name carries terror from Carthagena to Havana, mix with the society of civilized men? Would the laws be silent? Would not these pestilential humors in the body politic: is there not quite as much hope that justice will be done to them when collected in one mass, as when scattered abroad to pollute the fountains of society and spread their poisonous influence through the streams of social compact, and order? As to this mode of living, it is the danger alone that to me furnishes its own charm; it is not for the sake of wealth; it is not for the bad eminence of being a sovereign among pirates; but it is because, when once unfortunate circumstances have made a man an outlaw, it is difficult to obtain admission to the pale of society;—it is because I would willingly set my life on the hazard of a shot to free myself from the misfortunes which have followed close upon my heels ever since I had an existence, that you find me a pirate—a native of Barataria."
I understand you, then," I replied, "you would not hesitate to leave this place and these wretches to their fate, if the past could be buried in oblivion; if your offences against the laws could be cancelled, and your safety ensured."

"Were there none concerned but myself," he answered, "you would be perfectly correct, but these men I must not forsake, their safety must depend on my own:—As to the rest, I can even bear your implied assertion of my guilt without being offended; it is perhaps scarcely possible for you to feel otherwise; but it is invincible necessity alone that compels me to endure my present situation; most gladly would I quit it, but the hope is vain, and I must be content to use my influence in restraining the atrocities of these men in the most effectual manner possible."

"Perhaps not," I replied, "I know the chances are indeed small, but I think there is one in which exists a possibility of effecting your wishes, and I should be happy could I be the instrument of accomplishing them."

"Name but the means by which it can be effected, answered he with earnestness, and I shall feel myself for ever indebted to you."

"I shall deal frankly with you," I replied; "I know not on which side your feelings are enlaced in the contest which is at present raging between the United States and Great Britain; but I shall put the question plainly. Would you yourself embark in the cause of America, and use your exertions to induce your men to do so, if an act of pardon and oblivion could be obtained under the Presidential seal?"

"Most willingly," he answered; "let but the name of pirate be buried, and I pledge myself that these men will be found among the bravest defenders of the republic."

"Then my best exertions shall be used in your behalf; your services will soon be wanted where they will produce the most effect. Great Britain is fitting out a powerful fleet and army, in the West Indies which are probably destined against New Orleans, and, from your thorough acquaintance with the whole coast of the Gulf, and the necessity of collecting a formidable force at that point, the government of the United States would no doubt listen favorably to whatever overtures might be made in your behalf. There is one favor, however which I shall insist upon from you, and which you will not refuse—a relation of the circumstances which induced you to become what you now appear to have been from youth, a pirate by professions."

"By profession!" said he, smiling—"I am a pirate, but the time when I was not. If it would be gratifying to you to have a knowledge of some of the events of my past life, I will cheerfully comply with your request, although the recital will recall to my bosom scenes which have wrung my heart to its centre."

To be Continued.
Miscellaneous Selections.

The hungry Arab.—An Arab was once lost in the desert. For two days he found nothing to eat, and was about to die of hunger. Fortunately he hit upon one of the wells which lie on the tracks across the desert; and whilst assuaging his thirst, found a little leather bag on the sand. “God be praised,” he said, as he lifted it, “these I must be dates or nuts; how reviving they will be!” With these sweet anticipations, he opened and looked into the sack and exclaimed in a mournful tone “Aha! they are nothing but pearls.”

In the reign of Henry the Eighth, of England, no less than seventy-two thousand criminals were executed.

Goethe.—A medal to commemorate this celebrated writer, has been struck at Berlin.—On suaging his thirst, found a little leather bag on the tracks across the desert; and whilst assuaging his thirst, found a little leather bag on the sand. “God be praised,” he said, as he lifted it, “these I must be dates or nuts; how reviving they will be!” With these sweet anticipations, he opened and looked into the sack and exclaimed in a mournful tone “Aha! they are nothing but pearls.”

The following answer to a piece of poetry to “To Deaf and Dumb girls,” which we published in the 20th number of the 4th vol. of the Gem, at the 100th page has been handed to us with a request that we publish it.—Ed. Gem. [From the Ontario Repository.]

Oh no! I’ve not a tear to sigh
I have not a lock of braided tongue
Nor has the tear beaded mine eye
When round me other voices ring
In staves of loneliness, while I was last s, as though night was song
I knew that beauty’s smile, but still I bowed submissive to will
I may not hear the nightingale,
In plaintive lay till evening’s hour;
I may not wonder in the vale,
And p’stler to each opening flow
Nor note the sigh as soul nang wing,
Of those that feel ambition’s power,
I thought that if I could not be,
Earth hath a thousand chains for me.

Think, though I know not passion’s glow,
The quickening tip, the glowing eye
’Tis not that I may never know
The soft tear I touch’d, the deep drawn sigh,
Yet I may see to the farthest star,
Or note the bravery-bright, high,
And feel, though hope may not express,
That Earth hath both for me of loneliness.

And know not when anger burns
And boils tumultuous in the breast
No see the dawn of age that spars
The last one that would invest
Nor seek the sight that wildly turns
And fly’s fast in the receding wheel
And thinkst thou that I may not feel
The passions that other steal.

I said, that Earth hath both for me,
And many a joy this side the grave,
The gem that is the weakness of the strong
The Ocean with its cloud-entwined wave,
The toiling mount, and wildly grove,
The stream that here and there may flow;
But oh! I love the head of Heaven
That hath not all my senses riva.

The best court of equity is a good conscience.

The Season.—Summer lingered in the embrace of winter, for while we write, the bright sunbeams flash through the window, and the warm rays at the dawn of the day,许可 me to forget the muffled stones and cloaks. A glance at the streets, however, warns us of the approaching season, and the prominent sign of coming winter is not the pleasant warm glow of the returning spring! Life has its “sunny spots,” and the present is a “sunny spot” amidst the desolations of winter; an emblem, perhaps, of that approaching season when the bird shall revisit his now silent bowers, and then we shall find the joyous earth.

“T’ll do it.”—This was the expression of a young man, who had been urged to quit drinking. We saw him at twenty-one, and he had kept his promise nobly. His countenance was then flushed with the glow of youth, health and his bowers appeared to have put it all on the promise. Four years afterwards we saw him again. But had lie lied?—The distended veins of his blood shot eye, and the livid hue of his bloated face told how fearfully he had lied! Intemperance, with its hundred eyes, had looked out amidst the rage that almost eluded his body, and seemed to exalt that he had taken the place of that youthful promise. Thus he could not only make a promise but he could keep it—now he may make one but he cannot keep it. He is a drunkard at twenty-five, and is the third brother that has gone to swell the already too long list of those in that quarter.

Complaints have frequently reached us, and quite frequently of late, that some post masters are in the habit of allowing officious persons to open and read the Gem, sent to subscribers—that they are not unfrequently allowed to grease and otherwise soil them, which renders them unfit for binding. In some instances persons have on this account discarded their papers, and others have commenced to call at the office for them, or send for them as opportunities present. We have borne this already too long, and heretofore we intend when such complaints reach us, to call on the postmaster complained of for an explanation.

The Plate.—In the cut of the 2d Presbyterian Church which embellishes our first page our readers will find a fine proportioned and beautiful life, presuming many will be wanted by our village friends. The account, which are for sale at our office.

New Post Office.—A new P. O. has recently been established at South Livonia, Liv. Co. and O. Hastings, Esq. formerly of this place appointed P. Mr. II., will act as agent for the Gem, if any of our friends in that quarter are disposed to add their names to our list.

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EDWIN SCRANTON.
"The county of Westchester, in the state of New-York, was my birth place, my name is Mortimer Wilson. In what manner I acquired my present name will you learn from my story, it is sufficient that to the pirates I am known only as Lafitte. To be born of honest, industrious and respectable parents be an advantage, that advantage I enjoyed; to be born of parents destitute of wealth, and compelled by misfortune to use every exertion to support a helpless and dependent family be a disadvantage, that disadvantage I have suffered.

One of my earliest impressions, and to support a helpless and dependent family be their's noticed with pleasure my playfulness, one that I distinctly remember, was a determination to be rich; for my parents felt the evils of poverty, and riches I imagined furnished the means of gratifying our wishes of whatever kind they might be. I had an uncle, living in the city of New-York, a merchant of responsibility, who, when on a visit to my father's noticed with pleasure my playfulness, reparation independence, and obtained my parents' consent that I should live with him in the city, with the intention of introducing me into the mercantile business, should my progress answer the expectations he had formed respecting me. I was then ten years of age, and my situation with my uncle was as agreeable as I could wish—his family was small, an only son and daughter, affectionate and lovely—treated me as a brother, while being a few years younger than myself, I obtained a complete ascendancy over them; and I can safely say that I knew no greater delight than witnessing and partaking in their happiness. I gave my uncle, by my proficiency in my studies, by my undeviating attention to business, and by the love felt for himself and family, the highest satisfaction; nor do I remember his knowing on my fair attendant, as before, my sickly appearance, hung over me, as she bathed my burning brow with sweet music of the piano, which from an admission of a beautiful form which appeared to be hovering around me, and administering to my wants. My imagination had converted her into an angelic being—and I fancied that I had already passed the tremendous ordeal which awaits the departed spirit—had been admitted into the mansion of the blessed, and that the form in which I had beheld was my guardian angel, sent to console me for the troubles of the world, I imagined I had left. Perhaps the sweet music of the piano, which from an adjoining room distinctly reached me, as fairy fingers pressed the keys contributed to the delusion; for that I conceived to be the music of Heaven's minstrelsy. Returning reason, however, soon dispelled all these illusory dreams and instead of a disembodied spirit, I found myself a tenant of earth, and subject to the mutations of time.

"I said all these illusory dreams were dispelled; but it was not so: There was one from which I could not, from which I did not wish to awake—with steps light and noiseless as those made by fairy feet—eyes brilliant and speaking as any that ever sparkled under the delightful skies of Italy—a form, which, accustomed as I had been to the beauties of the north, far surpassed all that my imagination had ever conceived—this lovely creature watched over my bed, and though to me utterly unknown, manifested a sympathetic feeling for my welfare, a solicitude for my recovery, which endeared her to me, and caused my heart to flutter with an emotion it had never before felt.

"Unable to lift my hand or utter a syllable without the greatest difficulty, I lay for hours viewing with rapture the angelic creature who hung over me, as she bathed my burning brow in the cooling fluid, or administered the reviving cordial; and when I recovered strength enough to make the attempt of expressing my gratitude, she placed her white taper finger on my lips, with an accent which like an electric shock thrilled through every fibre of my heart, required me to be silent. "I am your physician," added she, smiling, and if you wish restoration to health, (heaven knows how much pleasure such an event would give!) you must follow my directions implicitly." I moved my head in token of submission to her will; pressed her hand to my lips, and the blushing girl hastily quitted the chamber. The mystery which I had been unable to solve when reflecting on my fair attendant, as before my sickness I had never seen her, was unravelled when I had so far recovered as to be able to converse. I found myself under the hospitable roof of Col. Morton, a brother of the merchant on whose account I had visited Charleston, and to whose house I had been removed on account of its more refined character, and where I should be less liable to be disturbed by noise and bustle of the city. My fair attendant was an only daughter of the Colonel's, who had arrived in the city from a visit to Columbia during the first week of my sickness, and by devoting herself to my attendance had voluntarily deprived herself of the charms which that season of the year presents to youth, when all is thrist and gaiety, and crowded theatres, brilliant assemblies, splendid parties and the fascinating ball-room, more than com-
pensate for the deserted and dreary appearance of the city, during the season when the malaria compels the inhabitants to seek a refuge in the more elevated parts of the country, or by a journey to the north combine the objects of pleasure and health which are frequently so widely separated.

"My health returned slowly, but never were days more delightfully passed than those which glided away in the company of Mary Morton; the lovely person who had obtained so complete an ascendency over my whole soul that the thought that returning health, such as I desired it, would but hasten my separation from one whose presence I felt to be absolutely necessary to my happiness, threw a chill over my feelings, and I dismissed the unwelcome intruder as an enemy to my peace and happiness. I had now so far recovered as to be able to see company, and had even attended a few select parties, where I was introduced to a young lady, an intimate acquaintance of the lovely Mary's of the greatest accomplishments, and as she fondly imagined, unrivalled beauty. On the most friendly terms with Mary, Miss Hanson was always received with pleasure at Col. Morton's, and now that the rounds of pleasure had once been enjoyed, she became a daily visitor. Intent only on the transcendent excellences of the lovely Mary, I had no time to make comparisons between them, and had I undertaken it, they would undoubtedly have been partial: A brother of Miss Hanson's whose name was George was frequently a visitor at my residence, sometimes in company with his sister, sometimes without: and although his cold, haughty, supercilious overbearing manner was far from agreeable, yet his rank, his situation in society and his prospects in life, contributed to give him an ascendency in all parties, which few felt inclined to dispute.

"He had returned from Europe but a short time previous to my arrival at Charleston, and the imposing superiority when a voyage across the Atlantic enables a man to assume as a judge of manners and men, I concluded might not have been wholly laid aside. As it concerned myself personally I cared little about him, but there was one subject which gave me more uneasiness than any other, and that was the marked attention he paid to Mary. Tho' I closely observed her, I could perceive nothing in her conduct to justify my apprehensions, yet I confess I felt it would be morally impossible for her to reject the superior advantages which a union with this man presented above any I could offer.

"That is the most charming creature I ever saw," said George to me, one evening as we were together sitting on a sofa, while Mary and her sister were playfully discussing some question of fashion or taste in another part of the room; "I have visited London and Paris, but among all their fashionable circles and their beauties I never saw a Mary Morton."—

Who could have thought the rosebud I so heedlessly overlooked three years ago, when I left Charleston for Europe, would so soon have expanded into such a beautiful flower!

"Perhaps no one," I replied with an air of indifference which accorded with my feeling. The compliment my heart told me was just, and I was inwardly pleased to hear it awarded, although I felt fearful of the result, should his preference be openly avowed.

"Mary is indeed a fine girl; but I must be permitted to say the same of the greater part of the Charleston fair with whom I have had the happiness to become acquainted.

"Ah! Mortimer," said George, tapping me on the shoulder, "that maidenly blush of yours gives the lie to the pretended coldness of your words; but you had better be upon your guard, and not to suffer her to run away with your heart, for it is well understood that Mary is to be mine.

"I started to my feet as he pronounced the last words, and was in the act of demanding an explanation, when I fortunately reflected that by so doing I must disclose what I most wished to conceal, and that I had no right whatever to make the demand: so I carelessly answered him, that I did not consider my heart in so much danger as he supposed, and that Mary, if he obtained her, would doubtless make an agreeable companion.

"At this moment Mary came laughing up to us, and taking my hand,—Mortimer," says she, "our Miss Hanson insists upon your passing the afternoon with her to-morrow: and I have promised you shall comply with her request: May I say you will do so?"

"Certainly," I answered; "I am too much indebted to you to make any objections to what you propose.

"Then I propose," said Mary, that you invite our friend George to forget Europe and become an American. He talks and acts so steadily as if he thought of nothing less than Catholic Cathedrals, London Monuments, or Egyptian Pyramids. New George, (continued she, peeping archly in his face,) tell me seriously and soberly—did the belles of London or Paris eclipse the stars of our Western Hemisphere!"

"Upon my honor, Mary," he replied, "the question has been fairly put, and shall be as plainly and promptly answered: It is no! no!

"Such I knew would be your answer," replied the lovely girl; "I give you full credit for the sincerity of your reply.

"My answer was given in sober earnest," said George; "and I again repeat that the most fashionable circles of London or Paris cannot produce a parallel in beauty and loveliness to Mary—

"Stop," said she, interrupting him; "not another word of your European gallantry: remember that Mary Morton is a plain American girl, unaccustomed to compliments, and upon whom all those fine sayings are entirely thrown away."

"You seem to speak, Mary," he answered, "as if I had forgot my country, I protest against such a supposition."

"To-morrow we will see," replied she, smiling, "whether I am correct."

The carriage at this moment drove to the door, and as I handed Miss Hanson into it, she pressed my hand and whispered: "You will not forget your promise—remember my happiness depends on you!"

"Be assured I will not," I hastily replied, as she drew her veil over her beautiful features—the carriage drove off.

"Mary," said I, after they departed, "you were too unmercifully severe with our friend George: it is well you are not a man, or you would be called out to answer for your plainness."

"I knew him well," she answered,—at least as well as a person can know such a compound of hauteur and hypocrisy—and I neither fear nor love him; but I must endure him—tis a disadvantage under which we girls suffer, that we are obliged to listen to the impertinence of fools, and we are charged with doing so because it pleases us."

She looked down and sighed as she pronounced the last words; and I felt so confounded at the consequences I found myself involuntarily drawing from his assertion, "she is to be mine," and her implied admission, "I must endure him," that I had no inclination to speak—and there was a silence of a minute or two."

"I see," said Mary, "that my company, after that which we have enjoyed this afternoon, is welcome to you; and with your leave I will bid you good evening.

"You must not," I replied, eagerly taking her by the hand and seating her beside me on the sofa: 'Forgive my rudeness—attribute it to ill health—to ill breeding—to want of confidence—to any thing rather than the cause you have named—rather than indifference to your company.'

"Well," she replied, "I forgive all: I forgive it all; but you must remember that I am still your physician, you have no right to indulge in reflections which would injure your health by being pursued, and of which I am ignorant. I see (continued she, smiling archly in my face) you are afflicted with the awful disorder, the jealousy! You are afraid of George—and well you may be; for he is a dangerous fellow."

"I am not without apprehension on this account," I answered, "You admit that you do not love him; and yet you are to be his—"

"To be his! Mary Morton to be his!" interrupted the lovely girl, rising from the sofa, her countenance flushed with animation: "Who told you so! George has not dared to intimate any thing of the kind—yet why should he not! He has no idea that any person could differ with him on this subject—but he is
mistakes: 'Never, never Mary Morton con-
 sent to receive that man for a husband—death
 would be a preferable bridegroom.'
‘But who will blame George for endeavor-
 ing to possess such excellence?’ I replied;
‘for desiring the happiness of calling such a
 treasure his own! Yes, Mary, you will believe
 me when I tell you, that though I would rath-
er die a thousand deaths than witness such an
 event, yet his feelings are so far in union with
 my own, that I feel more disposed to pity than
 to blame.’

‘No more, Mortimer; no more: So far I
 believe that you are in earnest—that you do
 not intend what you have said to be merely
 complimentary, yet let me intreat you to be
 cautious: Should George become apprehen-
sive on my account, his suspicions might fall
 on you—and remember the consequences
 would be fatal.’

‘Only say, Mary,’ I replied, ‘that you would
 feel an interest in thy happiness—and forgive
 me for doubting it after the proofs I have al-
 ready received; only say that the most ardent
 attachment of a person as unworthy as I am
 would not be mixed with indifference by you,
 and I could venture the displeasure of a
 world.’

‘You are becoming too serious for a sick
 man,’ said Mary, smiling; ‘but if it would be
 any pleasure to know that I felt interested in
 your happiness, or willing to contribute to it
 (since I have never been in the habit of dissem-
 bling my sentiments,) I shall tell you frankly
 that if the sincerest wishes for your welfare
 will be the means of averting evil, you will
 long be happy.’

I was in the act of attempting to express
 the emotions of my throbbing heart, when Ma-
 ry again placed her finger on her lips, and
 blushing in all her loveliness met my embrace
 as I clasped her to my bosom.

‘The next day came, and, accompanied by
 the lovely Mary, we repaired to General
 Garnett’s, with whom George & Miss Han-
 son resided. We were received with all that
 attention, that ease and courtly politeness which
 distinguish the well-bred in all countries. Miss
 Hanson received the compliments that were
 paid her without embarrassment, & George al-
 most forgot the air of a man “who had seen
 vastly fine things in his day.”

‘He soon seated himself by me. “Mori-
timer,” said he, “I vow I would be sick half a
 year myself, if by that means I could secure
 the company of Mary as you have done.”

‘There is little pleasure in the sickness,’ I
 replied; ‘yet I acknowledge it might be some-
thing of a temptation to suffer, if we could be
 certain of having the hours chanced by the atten-
dance of such girls as Miss Hanson and Mary.’

‘But every one,’ he continued, ‘would be
 noticed in the manner you have been: It is I
 believe natural for the female sex to bestow
 their sympathy and their love on strangers
 with whom they are unacquainted, and of
 whose characters they can know nothing.

There was an ill-natured emphasis given to
 this last sentence, which I suspect slightly
 crimsons my countenance; but, instantly re-
gained my composure without appearing to no-
tice the manner in which the words were spo-
ken, I replied: ‘believing he must be miska-
 ten; for although I was a stranger, and felt
 most sensibly the favors which had been con-
ferrred upon me by the polite attention of the
 Charleston fair, yet I could never believe that
 a man who conducted himself as became a
 gentleman, would suffer in their esteem and ac-
quaintance.’

‘Perhaps not,’ answered he coolly;
‘but—

‘Gentlemen,’ said Mary, interrupting him, ‘I
 take the liberty of protesting in Miss Hanson’s
 name and my own against your having all the
 conversation to yourselves; we must be per-
mitted to assist you;’ and her eyes met mine
 with an expression which said, ‘remember—
 beware.’

‘Certainly,’ said I: And she took her seat
 between us, while Miss Hanson placed herself
 beside me, and, with her usual gaiety and volubility, commenced a con-
densation. But a few minutes however elapsed be-
fore a servant entered with a message re-
questing Mary to return immediately, as her
 carriage was immediately ordered; and Mary took the advantage of the
 momentary absence of Mr. Hanson to re-
 quest me to spend the afternoon where I then
 was.

‘I shall obey you,’ I replied, ‘though un-
 willingly.’

‘I know it, I feel it answered she smiling;
still you must obey. Remember I am to be
 your guardian angel. Come, George, (who
 still you must obey. Remember I am to be
 your guardian angel. Come, George, (who
 was at that moment entered the room,) you shall
 be my beau; Mortimer I shall leave to make
 your sister amend for my absence.’

‘Ah! Mortimer,’ said she as we seated our-
selves on the sofa, ‘how happy am I to have
 this opportunity of convincing you how much
 I am interested in your welfare; any thing
 that my fortune can command or my influence
 accomplish, is at your disposal.’

‘I fully estimate the value and kindness of
 your offer,’ I replied; ‘and should circumstan-
ces make it necessary, shall not hesitate to
 avail myself of its advantages; now, however,
 I must not think of nothing but my return to
 my friends at the north, from whom I have
 been so long absent.’

‘Then,’ said she, ‘you intend to leave us
—but when among your friends at the north
 you must remember there are some at the south
 by whom you will not be forgotten.’

‘And there are some, I replied, ‘who, while
 this heart shall continue to beat, will be re-
 membered with feelings of the purest delight
 and, though I am compelled to leave them
 now, they will never be effaced from my re-
collection.’

I spoke with an earnestness and warmth of
 which I was insensible, till I perceived the
 cheek of my fair companion suffused with
 blushes; and I hastened to correct the im-
 pression which I found I had made by saying,
 that the kindness and tenderness with which
 I had been treated since I had arrived in
 Charleston, could not but leave the most fa
 vorable impressions on my mind with regard to
 its inhabitants, and would ever be remembered
 with gratitude.

‘Is that the only emotion which will be exis-
ted by a remembrance of the south?” asked
 she, with a look and manner which left no
 room to mistake the meaning.

‘I can hardly say’ I replied, what feelings
 will predominate when reason shall be left to
 her away; for here I feel more under the
 influence of my passions than my judgment.’

‘You appear determined,’ said she, smil-
ing, ‘to remain ignorant of the subject on
 which I feel a trembling anxiety to know
 your opinion; but whatever indifference you
 may manifest, my feelings will not permit me
 to remain in suspense. Perhaps what I have
 to say will lessen me in your estimation,—per-
haps will by you be viewed as a violation of
 female propriety and decorum: but I throw
 myself on your compassion—I fling myself on
 your mercy for forgiveness—Mortimer, I
 love you!—cannot live without you—you will
 make me yours: then my whole life shall be
 spent in making you happy!’

Heavens! what a moment!—Her beautiful
 countenance flushed with the purple glow of
 love, reposed on my bosom, and while she
 threw her arms around my neck as she finish-
ed speaking, her snaky bosom throbbed
 against my beating heart with electric effect;
 her coral lips almost touched mine, and he must
 have been more or less than man who could
 have refrained from invading their vermillon
 sanctuary! But the hallucination was but
 momentary; reason assumed her station
 as umpire, and the passions, victorious as they
 had been for a moment, now bowed in quiet
 submission to her sceptre. A single recollec-
tion of Mary, lovely, artless and unassuming,
 would have sufficed to have broken the chains
 which a thousand such females might have
 woven around me;—but though I could not love,
 most sincerely did I pity her.

‘My dear Miss Hanson,’ I replied, as soon
 as I could summon resolution enough to trust
 my voice, ‘most readily do I forgive you: I
 know full well the emotions of the heart are
 uncontrollable; and you must forgive me for
 saying that you have addressed me on a sub-
 ject of which I as yet know nothing, except
 that I shall always remember with pleasure
 the happy hours I have spent in your compa-
ny; and that in the important affairs of love
 I must be guided by the wishes of that man
 who has been to me a second father, and on
 whom I am dependent.’

‘And it is money that influences you in
 your decisions?’ she replied with earnestness;
You shall have it to the extent of your wishes: Why continue to be dependent on him, when it is so easy to be entirely independent?" "Ah, my dear Annette," I answered, "the warmth of your feelings makes you overlook the consequences that would flow from my acceptance of your proposals; you have forgotten that I am young, unsettled in business, destitute of property, without powerful friends, and dependent for everything: what would the world say—what would her parents say—would the rich, the gay and the accomplished Annette Hanson throw herself away on a stranger, friendless and hopeless?" "Say not," she said, "that you are friendless; that will never be! All your excuses only show that you do not, that you will not love me; but I deserve to be miserable. Some more fortunate, but not more faithful girl, will be blessed with that affection, that love for a more fortunate, but not more faithful girl, when I could hardly forbear weeping. At this juncture George entered the room: he looked at me with surprise. "I perceive," said he, "that I have intruded." "Not at all," I replied, "your presence will be a relief to us both. With your leave Annette, I will retire and call again to-morrow, when I shall hope to find you in better health and spirits." "Never!" she answered; but go—I shall expect you to-morrow." [To be continued.]

**THE SENTIMENTALIST.—NO. 5.**

**WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.**

**INGRATITUDE.**

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

I can look, with some small degree of complacency, on many of the abstractions, from the path of virtue in mankind, but upon ingratitude with noce. I look upon the ungrateful man as a monster, and shun him as I would a pestilence, or a savage with uplifted tomahawk, and hands reeking with blood. His contact is even more to be dreaded than the hostile savage, who comes boldly upon you as an enemy; the ungrateful man is the viper you have warmed to life in your bosom, and whose secret venom touches the finest sensibility of soul. One would think it hard enough for a man to become an enemy, who has no cause to remember you with gratitude; but when one you have cherished to your bosom, one to whom you have extended the hand of friendship, which he has accepted with eager grasp, when such an one becomes without cause an enemy, there is a sting of the soul which a friend would not envy. Under such circumstances, I cannot but look around upon the world with a suspicious eye, and ask who can be trusted? If the man, who, but yesterday, acknowledged himself under lasting obligations to me, will to-day break over those obligations, and strike the poniard to my heart, upon whom may I rely? Ingratitude is the sister of slander, and, in hand, they are to be soon walking over the hand, and wihering, as by a subtle poison, the fair prospect before them. Devotion marks their progress, and the agonizing sighs of many a broken heart tell of their baseness, and the enormity of their wickedness. But they heed not these last remnant's of the bright and beautiful, and while a single flower rears its blushing head toward Heaven, their course is onward, onward. New victims are beyond them—and must be conquered as others have been before them. Those who have not felt themselves, the blow of ingratitude, can form but little idea of it. History informs us, that, when great Julius Caesar was defending himself in the capitol from the assaults of the conspirators, he turned around and beholding one of his dearest friends aiming a deadly blow at him, he exclaimed "Et tu Brute?" And then Eratus? and yielded himself to the murderous stroke. 'This,' in the language of Mark Anthony, "was the unkindest cut of all: For the noble Caesar saw him stab, Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms, Quite vanquished him; then burst his mighty heart. And in his mantle musing up his face, Even at the base of Pompey's statue, Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell." And yet there are few, perhaps, in the world, who cannot recall at some time of having been ungrateful. They might not have thought so at the time, but after circumstances convince them of it. Who, that in early youth has lost a parent, or a much esteemed friend, does not often sigh over his repeated acts of ingratitude, trivial indeed in themselves considered, and yet no less criminal? Who has not dropped a tear over the grave of the departed, and wished them again among us, that we might ask their pardon for the past, and promise amendment for the future? We would not distress their feelings with acts of unkindness again, nor awake their sensibilities by an ungrateful word or act. No—we would give the sacred pledge, with a tear, that we would plant no longer the thorn of bitterness in their pathway, but aid in cultivating the beautiful flowers of friendship, love and happiness. Brockport, 1833.

**Getting Premium.—** An agricultural society offered a premium for the best mode of Irrigation, which was printed irritation by mistake, whereupon an honest farmer sent his wife to claim the prize.
Miss, and lowering her voice she added and a handsome man he is too!" I blushed to the ears.

The majority of the congregation seemed to think like the young lady, for I was waited upon by a deputation in the course of the week who made offers which were accepted, and I have been since duly installed Pastor of Clow-ndale, one of the loveliest spots in existence. A beautiful little church, a good neighborhood, and an attentive congregation. I live contented, I hope to die obscurely but happily as the simple pastor of a simple flock." Do try my dear fellow to come and see me.

Ever your very affectionate friend, and well wisher,

ROBERT TILLOTSON.

WM. JACKSON, ESG.

My friend is still pastor of the church where he was installed more than twenty years since; a true emblem of that doctrine which taught me that in some instances not in the right way, but this is our own fault, for in such cases we do not think right and mean well, or we soon forsake the wrong for the right way, which is a way of happiness. Independence of purpose should be a permanent trait in our character, that we may better surmount difficulties, and be not easily overcome by trials, having learned by experience to "honor the king for the time being, and make shift for your lives.

The secret of being happy is within the reach of every man; it does not require a giant in intellect to learn to live and "enjoy the blessings of God's free bounty gives," but every one can attain to this knowledge, if he desire, but it requires time, hence our latter days should be our happiest days, and be spent in learning to "grow dearer and better as life wears away."

ARE OUR EARLIEST DAYS OUR HAPPIEST DAYS.

Mr. EDITOR—I perfectly coincide with your correspondent Navillus, that our earliest days are not so comparatively happy as is commonly supposed; but will not so willingly admit that we are not happier one season of life than another. That portion of life when we ought to be, and if we think and act right, are most happy, is the latter, (second childhood excepted.) That misfortunes are fewer and of an easier spirit, that in some instances not in the right way, but this is our own fault, for in such cases we do not think right and mean well, or we soon forsake the wrong for the right way, which is a way of happiness. Independence of purpose should be a permanent trait in our character, that we may better surmount difficulties, and be not easily overcome by trials, having learned by experience to "honor the king for the time being, and make shift for your lives.

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The service commenced and I prayed with fervour and earnestness for my congregation, and that His blessing would shower down upon me as "the dew upon Hermon," that I might not displease His name. When I commenced speaking my voice was low and tremulous, but gradually becoming warmed with my subject I raised it to a higher key and swelled it to its boldest note, I spoke of Paul and his sufferings, of his eminent services to the Christian Church, and I drew a parallel between the persecutors of that day and this, of the sublimity of the religion which could thus under its very ministers be loved without being feared, of the dangers and privations to its servants to despise the things of this world and anticipated enjoyment. It requires some time and persevering effort to overcome these feelings, and prevent their recurrence in future; but it is our duty to be scholars and gain instruction from these, as well as all events which occur in life, and thus be happy in obtaining wisdom from the circumstances which were formerly the sources of pain & the means of stirring into violent action the worst passions of our selfish hearts. A knowledge of truth is calculated to make us happy.

Progress is the order of the day, and the age in which we live is justly celebrated for the "march of mind" though we must confess that in some instances not in the right way, but this is our own fault, for in such cases we do not think right and mean well, or we soon forsake the wrong for the right way, which is a way of happiness. Independence of purpose should be a permanent trait in our character, that we may better surmount difficulties, and be not easily overcome by trials, having learned by experience to "honor the king for the time being, and make shift for your lives."

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A LESSON.

Buckingham's New England Magazine for January 1, 1833, contains among its interesting and instructive variety, "A Chapter of Sea Life." We extract only a part which is certainly well written. It is the narrative of Liston, a common sailor, who is spinning long yarns. Reeves is a young midshipman—After the ship was brought more before the wind, and every thing was quiet on board, I strolled forward as usual, where I found the sailors, under the excitement of the chase and the former recollections which it received, entertaining each other with some of those narratives which a sailor loves so well to recount.—My tall friend, Jack Liston, had just taken his preparatory quid, and, with his tarpolin a little askew, upon locla which had long scorched all aid from shears, was about commencing the story of an adventure, which oecel him upon the lakes.

"Did I ever tell you, Mr. Reeves," said he, as he perceived me on the edge of the listening circle, "how we cut off and burnt the English brig, when we were up at Lake Ontario?"

"No, Liston," said I, "but it would afford me great pleasure to hear it now."

I cannot expect to give any of Jack's spirit to my diluted narrative; but this was something of the rambling style in which he proceeded; I
The Rochester Gem

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

A copy of the following Constitution fell into our hands and we have ventured to insert it in the Gem. Certainly the object of such an association cannot be other than for the benefit of the young and rising generation. Who is there among us, if asked which he prefers, an association of mothers to invent and decide upon some fashion which their children should next put on; would hesitate in deciding the question? When mothers thus right appreciate their responsibilities, their sons and daughters, like the immediate descendants of the Pilgrim fathers, will gladden the world with their good examples and precepts. — Ed. Gem.

CONSTITUTION OF THE SECOND MATERNAL SOCIETY OF ROCHESTER.

Article 1st.—This Association shall be called the second Maternal Association of Rochester; to which any Mother or any female superintending a family of children may become a member by subscribing these articles.
Article 2d.—This Association shall meet once in two weeks—From April to October, at 4 o’clock P. M. and through the other months of the year, at half past 2 o’clock P. M. Every meeting shall be opened and closed with prayer.

Article 3d.—The time allotted for our weekly meetings shall be spent in reading such works as relate to the great object for which we are associated, in conversation and in prayer, for the immediate conversion of our children: also that God would glorify himself by rendering them eminently useful in the world, and that God would glorify himself in the year, be spent in reading the scriptures and in prayer.

Article 4th.—Once in three months viz: In January, April, July, and October, the members shall be allowed to bring to the meeting such of their male children as are between three and twelve years of age, and their female children from the age of three so long as they are under the care of their mothers; and shall be considered members of this Association. At these meetings the exercises shall be of such a nature as may be best calculated by the aid of the Holy Spirit to instruct the minds and impress the feelings of the children that attend. There shall be a contribution by the children at these meetings for religious purposes.

Article 5th.—Every member of this Association shall be considered as sacredly bound to pray for her children daily—and with them as often as convenience will permit, and to give them from time to time the best religious instruction of which she is capable.

Article 6th.—It shall be the indispensable duty of every member to qualify herself by prayer and as opportunity may allow by reading for performing the arduous duties of a Christian mother, and to suggest to the sister members such hints as her own experience may furnish or circumstances render necessary.

Article 7th.—Every member shall consider herself obligated by her baptismal covenant in behalf of her children prayerfully and perseveringly to restrain them from every course of conduct that would naturally lead to pride, vanity, or worldly mindedness, and shall look upon herself as renewing this covenant every meeting of the Association.

Article 8th.—When any member is removed by death, particular attention shall be paid to her children in furnishing them with religious books, in bringing them to the quarterly meetings &c. as circumstances may render proper. The more particular friends of the deceased shall two of them as members of this Association, assemble at the house of the deceased at a convenient time between the death and burial to pray with the surviving children, and give them suitable instruction.

Article 9th.—The Officers of this Association, shall be three Directresses, whose duty it shall be alternately to preside at the meetings and call on the members for devotional exercises—to select suitable books and articles to be read at the meetings, and feel bound always to have one of their number present at the appointed place to conduct the exercises. A Secretary, who shall keep a minute of the meetings, and whose duty it shall be to keep a register of the names—to furnish each member with a copy of the constitution and a list of the names, to prepare an annual report and at each meeting to read a record of the preceding meeting—conduct the correspondence of the Association &c. She is at liberty to call upon one of the Directresses for assistance and advice whenever needed. A Treasurer, who shall take charge of the money and appropriate it according to the votes of the children.

Article 10th.—It shall be the duty of each member to feel her personal responsibility in this matter; to stimulate and encourage every effort of her sisters to promote this object; and all feel obligated so to co-operate that the Association shall not wither and die, but so flourish that it may send forth streams to gladden Zion.

Article 11th.—Any article of the constitution may be amended by a majority of the members present at any annual meeting, such meetings to be held the last Monday in the year, and to be observed as a day of fasting and prayer by the mothers on their own account, and in behalf of their children. It is recommended that those under our care & in our employment be particularly remembered at a throne of grace at our meetings.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

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And the birds of the night
have flown from their nest,
And light doth illume the hills at the west,
With the isles of the sun, afar they have spread,
And the stars', one by one, have all vanish'd away,
With the dew oft liy Heavens resplendently shed.

Away let us range through the forest and lawn,
First on', 'he/i another, to open began
The niooi beams above gave so brilliant a light,
And then for amusement—perchance it was cold—
Here came out a woman—thete came out a man,
And the warder he laughed* as he witnessed th
Went clirkey—elackely—just like, the tones
Though not by his comrados the trick had bee
But the shroud it must have—not a moment he stays;
Swift as thought it was done—in an instant he fled
Andhead the betrayer speak soft in hi-ear,
lie rushed to the door—but fell back with a shock—
But tapping at every grave-hill, there stayed
For well for the weight of the be|J and thf clock,
Now wo to the warder—for sure he must die,
And they put on their shrouds, and stepped off on

THE SKELETON DANCE.
(After the German of Gotha.)

I. The warder looked out at the mid hour of night,
Whe e the grave hill—silently lay;
The moon beams above gave so brilliant a light,
That the church-yard was as clear as by day;
First on, then another, to open began:
Here came out a woman—thete came out a man,
Each clad in a shroud long and white.

II. And then for amusement—perchance it was cold—
In a ci cle they seemed to advance;
The poor and the rich, the young and the old—
But the grave clothes impeded the dance;
And as nobody thought about modesty there,
They flung off their garments, and stripped them- selves bare,
And a shroud lay on each heap of mould.

III. They kicked up their heels, and they rattled their bones,
And the horrible din that they made,
Went clirkey—elackely—just like, the tones
Of a castanet noisily played.
And the warder he laughed as he witnessed the cheer,
And hea-d the betrayer speak soft in his ear,
"Go and steal away one of their shrouds."
LAFITTE, OR THE
BARITARIAN CHIEF.

Continued from last.

I returned home. But my perturbed imagination forbid my rest; and when at last feverish anxiety overcame my senses, and I slumbered for a few moments, my terrific visions were far more intolerable than the walking reality. The image of the lovely Mary flitted before me; but impassable gulf separated me forever from her; while the beautiful and weeping Annette, with dishevelled hair and disordered dress, seemed to reproach me with something of which I was unable to form the most distant idea.

Morning at last arrived, and the breakfast table with the cheering influence and delightful company of Mary, soon dispelled these unpleasant impressions, and restored the usual elascity of my spirits.

"Well, Mortimer, you had a pleasant visit yesterday," said Mary, as, after breakfast, we took our customary walk in the garden and seated ourselves beneath a cluster of orange trees, your countenance showed the impresions made on your heart.

"If my countenance was a true index to my feelings," I answered, "I must have looked frightfully, for my impressions since yesterday have been none of the most delightful kind."

"I cannot say the same," replied Mary, laughing, "for I have fairly obtained a new lover; one too who thinks he combines in his own person all the excellencies of his sex, and who would not hesitate to blow out the brains of any one who should dare to hint that he was mistaken in his estimate of himself:—Yes, Geo. has at length stooped so low as to tell Mary Mornton he loves her."

"If that is the case," I answered, in the same careless manner, "I may as well give up my pretensions at once, and the sooner I leave Charleston for the north the better."

"You have spoken the truth," said Mary—her countenance at once assuming the utmost seriousness; "the sooner you leave Charleston the better—danger may attend you here perhaps misery to us both."

"Mary," said I, seizing her hand, "for heaven's sake explain yourself; suspense is worse than certainty."

"I have for sometime," continued she, "seen to what point his attentions were directed, and my object in leaving you with Miss Hanson when I was sent for yesterday, was to give him an opportunity to throw in his declaration, as the lawyers call it, if he chose, and, by at once letting him know my case was hopeless, put an end to the tedious formalities of such a suitor."

"I have the utmost confidence, Mary, in your management," I replied, "but I formed a very wrong opinion of George if he is a person who, when his pride and will, if nothing more, are interested, will quietly take 'No,' for an answer and tamely surrender such an object of pursuit."

"You are perfectly correct," answered Mary, "from all fools, good Lord deliver me!" but especially from a self-conceited, obstinate one.

"I concluded after you left us last evening," said Mary, "that evil awaits you if you remain in this place:—Remember you are under my directions, and I command you to depart for the north immediately—yes, to-day, if possible;—that fellow would not hesitate to sacrifice you to his passions."

"And is it you, Mary, that commands me to leave you? It is you that would bid me forsake the society of the only person that can make life tolerable? Is it you that would interpose a distance between us that might forever prevent our union? and all because a blustering bragadocio threatens.—No, let me perish first—I fear him not!"

"You talk like a boy," said Mary smiling; "I am not so willing to part with you as you seem to suppose, and it is to prevent a separation, which I, of all others, should most dread, that I have laid my commands upon you, and you will obey—I know you will—and live for happiness—Mary!"

Bewitching girl," I replied, "you shall be obeyed, however painful your requests—but think not that I can long absent myself from you; I shall soon return, be the consequences what they may."

"When you receive my leave," said the lovely creature, "when I have fairly disposed of George—not before; remember, not till you have my leave—if you do, it is at your peril."

"At that moment a servant arrived with a request for me to return to the house, as a gentleman wished to speak with me. I accompanied him, and at the door was met by Mr. Mornton, who, informed me that Mr. Hanson had called to see me, and was then in my room, whither I repaired and found George in waiting. The cold and insolent manner with which he received my salutation; the changeableness of his countenance, and the snake-like glance of his eyes, intimated plainly the tempest of the passions within.

"I concluded after you left us last evening," he said, "to pay my compliments to you in person, this morning. I presume we shall remain uninterrupted."

"Certainly, sir, if you wish."

"I do reply, and I stepped to the door and turned the key."

"Now," he said, "I demand without circumlocution or periphrasis, the reasons of your attempting to ingratiate yourself into the affections of Miss Mornton, when you must have known her engagements to me, and especially after you had pledged yourself to my sister."

"Your language," I replied, "is so extraordinary and so unbecoming a gentleman, that unless you state on what authority you make the demand, you will excuse me if I take no further notice of it or you, except to show you the door where the cool air might benefit you by producing a return of your reason."

"I will let you know," said he, "his countenance pale with rage, before I leave you, that..."
am not to be trifled with. I demand the satisfaction of a gentleman for the imposition you have practised on my sister and are now attempting to react on Miss Mornton.

"If your sister has given you information that has led you to this conduct she has grossly belied both me and herself. I, however, do not believe a syllable of it respecting her; and so far as Miss Mornton is concerned, she is at hand and can speak for herself."

I moved towards the door, when he arose from his seat; placed his back to the door; drew a pistol from his pocket, and swore most tremendously that but one of us should leave the room this moment in spite of me, and no one knows my intention of giving it the chastisement it deserves. Your impudent "Of murdering me.'

"I need not," said he, "the information of any one to assist me in detecting your villany; and as to your sister, were it not that I have no wish to injure her, and I had walked part of the distance across the room, to resume my seat, when hap-

"I despise you and your threats," said I, "and would leave the room this moment in spite of you, were it not that I have no wish to injure you, and I do not intend to give you the chance of murdering me."

"I need not," said he, "the information of any one to assist me in detecting your villany; and as to your sister, were it not that I have no wish to injure her, and I had walked part of the distance across the room, to resume my seat, when hap-

I was unarmed—my pistols which lay in the drawer were unloaded, and he had so much of the maniac in his actions that I thought it prudent to accept the weapon offered, but with a determination to use it only in self defence. He cocked the pistol himself, as he handed it to me, and I had walked part of the distance across the room, to resume my seat, when happening to cast my eye towards him, I perceived him to be in the act of firing.

"Stop!" said I, as I faced him, and almost involuntarily presented my pistol.

He fired; the ball slightly grazed the side of my head, and lodged in the wall of the chamber. Perceiving that he had not accomplished his purpose, and mad with desperation, he threw his pistol with all his might at my head. It struck my right arm near my shoulder, and gave it so violent a blow that the pistol which I still held in my hand was discharged; the ball passed through his heart! and he dropped dead upon the floor. I flew to him; raised him up; placed him on the sofa, and unlocking the door called for help. The report of the pistols had alarmed the family, and I was met at the stair case by Mr. Mornton, Mary and several servants.

"For God's sake Mortimer," said Mr. Mornton, "what is the matter?—You are as pale as death?"

"Follow me," was my answer, pointing to the open door, 'and you will see for yourselves."

"The struggles of death had ceased when we entered the chamber; but the floor was swimming with blood, in which lay the pistol he had intended would accomplish his murder. Our purpose, while his right hand still grasped the dagger he had convulsively seized at the moment of falling. I briefly recounted the circumstances that led to the rencounter and its fatal termination, and requested Mr. Mornton to give me his advice respecting the line of conduct I should pursue, promising to abide by his decision, let it be what it might."

"Mortimer," answered Mr. Mornton, "I believe you to be innocent, and that this man has met the fate he intended for yourself; but can you establish your innocence? Your declaration will avail nothing; his friends are powerful; you are comparatively a stranger; the penalty of the law will overtake you unless you prevent it by an instantaneus flight—Most sincerely do I regret this unhappy occurrence, since it leaves but the alternative of flight, or disgraceful death! A vessel of mine has left the wharf this morning but will not pass she bar till you can reach it;—it is bound to Havana; from that place you can reach New York without difficulty,—or should circumstances render it possible for you to appear in this pace in safety, most gladly would we welcome you to our mansion. You will decide immediately; I will myself make the necessary arrangements for seeing you on board the vessel if you choose—there you will be in safety; if otherwise——"

I looked at Mary—she understood my meaning.

"Fly Mortimer," said the lovely girl, "fly, fly!—would to heaven I could fly with you! preserve a life dear to others as yourself;—this storm will blow over and we will yet be happy! Innocence in this case will avail you nothing—you will find your enemies powerful and implacable!"

"Mary," said I, as I clasped her convulsively in my arms, "I go because you command, because you desire it; but I feel as though I should subject myself to a living death by a separation from you.—Farewell! and what ever may happen remember that Mortimer is yours and yours alone!"

I carried the fainting girl in my arms to her chamber, again pressed her to my bosom, again kissed her snowy forehead, tore myself from her, and in company with Mr. Mornton hastened to the wharf.

"This gentleman," said Mr. Mornton to a number of boatmen who were standing on the wharf, "wishes to get on board the Speedwell before she passes the bar; name your price, and huzza for the oars."

"We would willingly oblige you, sir, said one of them, 'but its impossible. Father Neptune himself could not work a boat against this swell!"

"It must be done," said Mr. Mornton. "It cannot be done," answered the other.

"It will be done," 'remember you make your own terms,' taking as he spoke, a handful of silvery dollars from his pocket.

"These fellows look tempting to your oars, lads! but if we take three times the usual fees you will not think it unreasonable; we cannot afford to run the risk of becoming food for sharks in such a sea as this for nothing."

"Here is four times the usual amount. Away as for life or death," said Mr. Mornton.

I pressed Mr. Mornton's hand; entreated him to neglect no exertion in my favor, and sprung into the boat which immediately pushed off.

"Mr. Mornton is quite flush with his cash this morning," said the master of the boat, "but he knows his object; some speculation to add to his already overgrown fortune."

"When George gets Mary it will go as fast as it comes," answered his companion.

"George doesn't catch the finest girl in Charleston so easy," replied the other; 'I heard one of the clerks at the warehouse say this morning that a young merchant from the north was all the toast now, and if that is the case you may depend George's hopes are all aback."

"Head to the starboard!" exclaimed the master, at that moment a wave struck us and half filled the boat with water; 'bale away lads! one more such wave as that and we shall be drinking grog in Charon's ferry boat!"

We, however, reached the Speedwell in safety at the instant they were getting under way, and I bid a sad adieu to the place where was concentrated all my hopes and all my fears, and I retired to the cabin reflecting that I was separated from Mary, perhaps forever!!

Our voyage was prosperous until we arrived, at Key West, when we were hailed by a small black looking schooner, having the Spanish colors, and ordered to send our papers on board. Some little delay occurred, and a shot was fired at us which passed between our masts, without, however, doing us any injury. The mate went on board with the papers, but was instantly seized and stabbed to the heart, while the
rest of the boat’s crew attempted to save themselves by jumping overboard, with the hope of reaching the Speedwell, by swimming. But one reached us as repeating volleys of musketry were fired at them from the pirate, and they sank forever; while the waves were crimsoned with their blood. It was a dead calm at the time, and two boats, filled with atrocious looking wretches, had left the vessel evidently with the intention of boarding us; and they succeeded after a desperate conflict, in which they lost nearly one half their crew.—When they at last reached the deck, we were instantly overpowered but what was the fate of the vessel I knew not, as I was knocked down at the termination of the combat, and remained senseless for several hours. When I recovered I found myself on board the pirate, with several of the gang standing round me, and to my inquiries, what had become of the Speedwell and crew, only one answer was given. We sent them to hell—two, for their obstinate resistance and you would have been there too, had we not owing to the confusion of the moment and your being covered with blood, mistaken you for our lieutenant, and brought you on board before we discovered our error; but cheer up, you are now safe—for d—n it, bad as we are, we would murder any body in cold blood, but when our blood is up look to consequences.'

The vessel, with the plunder, was taken in among the Keys which line the coast of Cuba, and on one of these which are inhabited by the British, her crew were landed, while she proceeded to Havana to dispose of the plunder of the Speedwell. Day after day, and month after month passed away, and no information whatever was received of the vessel which had left us in that distressing and hopeless condition. My companions became raving, and it required the exertion of all the influence I possessed to keep them from murdering each other. Nor were my sensations much more agreeable than those of my companions. I reflected almost to madness on the opinion that must be formed of me by my indulgent uncle in New-York, and my adored Mary and her benovolent father in Charleston. There was no possibility of escaping from this place, as there was not wood enough on the island to construct a raft which would float a man across the waters which separated us from the main land.

After we had remained nearly half a year, and after every project of escape had failed, a boat which had drifted from some wreck during a storm had struck upon the island, and its appearance was hailed with rapture by myself and my companions. In this we coasted Cuba, and arrived at Havana. Here I found the seaman who had taken care of me when on board the piratical vessel suffering under the effects of the wound I received in defending the Speedwell. From him I learned that
and fashion. He slipped a letter into my hand when about starting, telling me it was written nearly two months before, that he had neglected to mail it, and that he had brought it out that morning intending to put it in the first post-office he came to. Oh how I longed to see the contents, and was barbarian enough to inwardly wish my fair companion elsewhere. I was nearly exhausted. If it ever falls in my power I'll be re-grateful, but for my was nearly exhausted. If it ever falls in my power I'll be re-grateful, but for my

A patient! dear Will; a patient! And glad I am too for my patience was nearly exhausted. If it ever falls in my power I'll be re-engaged on Dr. G— for he gave me a thorough sweat in examining me, and wound up by inviting to his house, which was an emetic, so that a more vinegar, grim, and weasen fellow than Dr. Cooper—never was seen at a family dinner.

Well, my diploma fairly in my pocket, I published an advertisement setting forth my wondrous virtues, but nobody came. Day after day I spent in study, till grown tired of this, I grew listless, and from that got the hypot. I commenced husbanding with great care what I used to term my old pantaloons, and looked sad whenever I thought of new coat. I grew fretful, and peevish, and began to examine into the nature of leg-bail. I swore roundly at a boy who asked me if I was Dr. G—and came nigh kicking an old woman down stairs who told me she had a "real power of yarbs and quite a resortment of salves and inte-ment to sell!"

It was one day I was sitting about half asleep, when I heard a slight tap at the door. The sound was unusual, so I arose and opened it, expecting, however, a vexatious visit, and slept, when I heard a slight tap at the door. The sound was unusual, so I arose and opened it, expecting, however, a vexatious visit, and

Wm. Jackson, Esq.

Since that time Dr. Cooper has continued to have an increase of practice and of friends. He alleged his old formal advertisement which raised his reputation very much.

He is now the most scientific physician, the greatest drunkard—and were he to be judged by the company he keeps, the most degraded man in the country where he resides.

His death will be that of the sot, though in the arms of honor and affluence, will assuredly "come out at the little end of the horn." Moreover, though they buckie down, the one to his farm, the other to his trade, yet their wives and daughters, instead of practising the like industry and the like good management within doors, are busy here and there, "what is brought in at the door, goes out at the window,"—all is gone. See you that farm, overgrown with thistles, and thorns, and briars, and its fences broken down. How comes it about? Is the owner one of Solomon's sleepers?—No, he is not a sluggard, he is a very stirring man; he is busy here and there, but seldom in the proper place. Perhaps he is doing headwork abroad; is chaffering in horses, or cattle, or sheep, or peddling over the country, or is pursuing in a small way, some other schemes of speculation; or peradventure, he has either got a little commission that occupies his attention, or is seeking after one; in whichever case, "the hand writing on the wall" clearly shows what he is coming to.

Lo, an auction! What's for sale? The goods of a grocer, and the tools of a mechanic. Are they profligate? No. Are they inanimate clods? Far otherwise. What then? They are lovers of chat, of company; of fun and so, instead of attending diligently to their calling, they were "busy here and there."

Mark the interior of that house—no useful industry goes on—no order—nothing is in its right place—more wasted than is eaten. Is the house wife a doll? So far otherwise, that she is one of the most sprightly and lady-like wo-
men in the place, but she has no time to bestow
upon the affairs of her household—she is "busy here and there."

Look upon that comely young man in the
hands of the Bailiff—has he committed any
crime! Not so, his reputation is fair—how
comes it then? He is in debt. Is he wanting
in faculties? He possesses excellent faculties
both of body and mind. Is he indolent? No,
he is quick in motion all the day long. How
happens it then that a single man, who never
met with any misfortune is unable to pay his
debts? He has been busy "here and there."

"Not ready," says the sly lawyer when the
case is called up, and when the witnesses have
been waiting at court day after day.—And
why not ready? Being busy "here and there,"
something has been forgotten or neglected by
him. Here the circumstances are, however,
materially altered. If the not ready lawyer
obtains a continuance, he increases thereby his
own emoluments—partly by his craft he has
wealth. It is the pigeons only that are pick-
ed.

Burying Alive.—The late Capt. Ebenezer
Chapman Kemp, who, in 1816, commanded the
Meira, in which I sailed to India, related to me
his own emoluments—partly "by his craft he has
wealth."

Vol. v. THE ROCHESTER OEM.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

SELF TAUGHT MEN.
They possess some peculiar advantages over
all other classes of men. They have confidence
in their own power. Whatever of character they possess has been tried in the
school of severe discipline. They have breas-
ted the billows, in a great measure, alone.

Affliction nourishes hope. Disappointment is
the parent and precursor of success. A reso-
lution so strong is sometimes formed, that it
seems to enter into the nature of the soul itself.

It swallows up the whole man, and produces
a determination, an iron obstinacy of pursuit,
which nothing but death can break down.

I have seen an individual commence a course
of preparatory studies for a liberal education.
Weakness of sight compelled him to suspend his
labors. After a season of relaxation he resumed
his books, but the recurrence of the same
disorder induced him to abandon the pursuit.

He then assumed the duties of a merchant's clerk; but the same inexorable necessity fol-
lowered him. He entered into the engagements of a third profession, with as little success as
before. But he was not discouraged.

An unconquerable determination took possession of his soul, that, come what would, he would not
despair. In the merciful providence of that
Bong, who "helps those who help themselves,"
he was directed to the manufacturing of a cer-
tain article which was new in that part of the
United States, and his labors were rewarded with
entire success. In a few years, he became one of the most affluent individuals in his
vicinity.—Annals of Education.

BEAUTY SOON FADES.
I well recollect when I first saw this expres-
sion. I looked at it attentively, and turning an
eye around and contemplating the world, true,
indeed, thought I, 'Beauty soon fades.' I have
seen the blooming rose, unfolding its tender
leaves to meet the warm gaze of the morning
sun, and have almost envied in my volatile gai-
ety the beauty and innocence of the flower.—
But when I retired at evening, and stopped to
give a passing look at the flower, it was gone
—some rude hand had dashed it to the ground,
and I left it with a sigh, exclaiming 'Beauty
soon fades.' I have seen those whose morn-
ing rose bright in an unclouded horizon, and
those whose path was sparkling with hope, and
anticipation of pleasures already begun—and
yet, ere that sun was far advanced towards the
meridian, it was veiled with all the melancholy
darkness of midnight. It was vain to
hope in this world, that the things now bright, and beautiful, should always be so. No far our sorrows and griefs are mitigated by the cess of delight, and pleasure; in the one case let him into the inmost recesses of our heart. The world whose tempers and dispositions are always are partakers of it.

But to a man of the world whose sole and only source of happiness is the amassing of wealth—to whom every shilling he may add to his store however unworthily, gives more satisfaction than the performance of any noble or generous action which should take one from it sentiments like the above will be considered as an unerring indication of impiety, insomuch that few who are desirous of establishing a reputation as men of business would venture to avow them. I think in your own village feelings and sentiment of the kind I have last described exist to a greater extent than in almost any place with which I am acquainted—and a young man who goes among you if he would secure the respect and confidence of those persons it is necessary he should in order to meet with success, must, however revolting it may be to all the finer feelings of his nature conform to the habits and practices of those among whom he is placed.

Heartlessness and a want of regard for the feelings of those who take up their abode among you I deem to be a prominent characteristic of the inhabitants of your village—honorable exceptions I am aware there are—but this does not affect the general truth of the remark. These opinions are not the effects of prejudice but they have arisen from a familiar acquaintance and a close observation of the general character of your citizens, and they are submitted in the hope that they may have a salutary effect upon them.

I have for sometime ceased to be a resident among you, consequently the above cannot be charged to any feeling of jealousy or envy. S.

A HYMN AT SUNSET.

The mellow eye is gliding Serenely down the west; So, every care subsiding, My soul would sink to rest.

The woodland hum is ringing The daylight's gentle close; May spirits round me singing, Thus hymn me to repose.

The evening star has lighted The chrysal lamp on high; So when in death Bennett, May hope illumine the sky.

In golden splendor burning, The mowers day shall break; O, on the last bright morning, May I in glory wake.

ON AN INFANT.

Beneath a sleeping infant lies To earth his body's bent; The arch angel's trump shall flow, To earth his body's bent;

More glorious he'll hereafter rise, Tho' not more innocent. The mowers day shall break; O, on the last bright morning, May I in glory wake.

THE MASQUERADE.

To go as Charles the Second.' Tom felt for repose a threat, And thus to Richard said: 'You'd better go as Charles the First, For that requires no head.'
The Last Scene in a Long Courtship.

By a Plain Man.

Scene—A room; Curtains drawn. A young Gentleman and Lady in close conversation.

Watchman in the street. "Twelve o'clock and all's well."

Gentleman. Ha! so late? It is time for me to return home.

Lady. Don't go so soon; you have not yet fixed the day when our hands shall be united, for our hearts have long beat in unison, I trust.

Gent. You know that I hold it best never to do any thing blindfolded, but with both eyes open; and perhaps when you have heard what I have to say, you may alter your opinion; but I will be frank.

Lady. I wish you to be so, sir, of course; let's hear. My mind will not change.

Gent. As you have said nothing about future prospects, I will: we are neither of us possessed of wealth; but, with rigid economy and persevering industry on the part of each, we shall, I doubt not, be able not only to live comfortably, but to lay by a competence of this world's goods, that we may not want in time of old age, or adverse circumstances; and perhaps wealth may be ours: but I will not paint too fair a picture. What say you to this?

Lady. You surprise me, sir! What expect me to labor with my hands, after I'm married?

Gent. Why not? Our Grandmother Eve, helped to dress the garden, and Solomon shows in the character of a good woman, one whose hands labored at the distaff, and her feet moved in her own house. You would, I conclude, from what you say, like to see a new married couple agree as well as a gentleman said his matched-cattle did, viz: One was willing to draw the whole load, and the other was perfectly willing he should.

Lady. My opinion is, and it is like that of most other young ladies, that no man ought to marry a young lady unless he can support her; and for my own part, I think that I have done work enough, and ought to live more at ease in time to come: so if you expect me to work after I become yours, we had better remain as we are.

Gent. I think so too, and also perceive that what I thought probable, and you impossible, has taken place—a change in your feelings. I must bid you good-bye. [Takes his hat; she lights him to the door.]

[Gent. solus, as he walks home.] Pretty much as I expected. "Caution is the parent of safety." Better to know the truth now, than when too late. "I'm off," as the fly said.

The best thing to be done when evil comes upon us, is not lamentation, but action; not to sit and suffer, but to rise and seek the remedy.

The Rothchester Gem.

Sketch.

—I came to my native village. I sat down by the fountains where I had sat in my childhood. The wind whistled in bleak murmurs through the grove, and my heart was sad! I drank of the water of its fountain, but its sweetness had flown, and the stealing tear dropped from my dim eye. I beheld a maiden, she was lovely, but I could not be glad. "Here, said I, is Mary, of the dark and smiling eye! She was fair. Dark was her hair, as the plumage of the raven's wing, and it floated in the morning breeze as you wild waving trees nod to the winds.

"Mary was fair, said the maiden, but she sleeps beneath yon silent mound, where the dark grass waves. Ten Autumn winds have scattered the promises of fair Spring upon her tomb. The cypress shades the place of her rest, but she went down to the earth alone; no kindred hand scattered flowers upon her lowly bed. Her lover went forth to war, and she died in his arms; his name was dreaded by his foes. ***** The clarion of war sounded victory; he left the clamour and came to the grove where they had pledged their vows. Bright honours had gilded his banner, but the dreams of his early love had vanished as the unseen wind;—she was at rest! ***** The thistle now nods over his resting-place, and his ears drink not the sound of the trumpet, or the clattering of the war-hoof. Peace be with his ashes; he hath passed away, and my soul is sad.

Lockport, 1833.

ALEXANDER.

Miscellaneous Selections.

The seven wonders of the world were lately exhibited at Washington City, in a new museum of natural curiosities.

1st. A widow at the age of 80 refused an offer of marriage.

2d. A dandy with only five cravats on his neck.

3d. A contented old maid.

4th. A lawyer who refused to be freed.

5th. A moderate doctor's bill.

6th. A tailor that was never known to cabbage.

7th. A Congressman that wished to adjourn the session, when there was money in the treasury.

Since exhibiting the above, a printer has arrived in this city, who has paid all but four thousand dollars.

"Celtic," says Doctor Franklin, "greatly lessens a man's value. An old volume of a set of books, bears not the value of its proportion to the set. What think you of an old half pair of scissors? It can't well cut any thing; it may possibly serve to scrape a trenched.

There could be no fitter emblem of a modest woman, than flourishing in the retirement of home, secluded from the vanities of a "crowded life," and adorning with her bloom the abode of domestic affection.

WINTER EVENINGS.

"Impress the marks of wisdom on the wing."

Children: do you wish to be learned, wise and useful to yourselves and fellows when man or woman shall take the place of childhood, spend your "Winter evenings" in study, in reading, and in some occupation that will give growth to the mind as well as the body.

Young Ladies: would you have health, friends, good characters, and good husbands; spend your Winter evenings in acquiring useful general and domestic knowledge: let your companions be your mother, industry, neatness, modesty; good books, and worthy Suitors; and you will not feel the pangs of hope deferred.

Young Gentlemen: are reputation, and enjoyment of the social relations your aim; spend your Winter evenings in familiarizing your minds with practical sciences and business habits: read, reflect, and examine yourselves; associate only with the good, the wise, the virtuous and the fair, and you will find in perseverance certain success.

Parents: would you be honored in honoring your families, spend your Winter evenings in teaching honesty, morality, temperance, industry, frugality, economy, friendship, kindliness, charity, knowledge, self-education, and self-exertion, by example as well as precept to your own firesides, and your children shall in due time rise up and call you blessed.

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EDWIN SCRANTON.
LAFITTE, OR THE BARITARIAN CHIEF.

Concluded from our last.

The door was opened by the same servant who attended when I had before resided with Mr. Mornton. I was shown into the same room where I had often sat, but on inquiry for Mr. Mornton, I was informed that he was out on business, but would return in an hour. I told the servant I would wait his arrival—took up a volume there, and seated myself with apparent composure. Every thing in the room reminded me of her I most wished to see; a beautiful full length portrait of her was suspended over the mantel piece, and on opening a book the first thing that met my eyes were the following lines in the well known writing of Mary:

"Ah, why delays his wish'd return?—Forgive me, O, forgive me, Mortimer! but joys deferred
Makes my heart sigh, and hope with all its powers,
Can scarce suppress the anguish of my bosom!
But peace each murmur, fate itself may strive,
But cannot sever, thy faithful heart from mine."

The agony of suspense was intolerable; I longed to inquire for Mary, but prudence forbade. I perceived that the servant had entirely forgotten me, and I waited with impatience the arrival of Mr. Mornton. I walked the room, I listened to every step with the hope of catching the sound of the light and fairy foot-fall of my tenderness. I waited with impatience the approach of rest. I reflected on my loss, and mean time no information whatever was received of the loss of the Speedwell, the manner in which you left Charleston. Though it was immediately known that Mr. Hanson fell by your hand, my endeavors were successfully exerted in preventing any attempts to pursue you till you were safe beyond its reach, and as the event was one of no uncommon occurrence, it soon ceased to be a subject of remark, and Mary flattened herself that soon you would be able to return to this place and visit your friends in safety. In the mean time no information whatever was received of the Speedwell, and we began to fear that she had perished at sea and all on board had been lost. It was not until several months after her departure that the account of the execution of the pirates reached us in the papers from Jamaica: In their confession the captain in which I was preserved from death, my last bijection for your kindness to my departed Mary, to render more visible to the watchful eye of parental anxiety, the hectic flush of her dying countenance. Hoping that a change of objects, a sea voyage to New-York and the diversity of objects which we should meet with in that place, might have a beneficial effect in restoring her to health, I proposed her accompanying me to the northern metropolis. Accustomed to yield implicit obedience to my wishes she made no objection to the proposal, although she assured me it would do her no good; and the result verified the prediction. She declined rapidly on our voyage home, was carried from the vessel to her chamber, which she never again left. Annette watched over her with the tender anxiety of a sister, and alleviated the wearisome hours of sickness by every consolatory word of friendship to bestow. Not a murmur escaped her;—"My dear father," she would say, 'why weep for me? We shall again meet to be forever happy.' While life lasted, of earthly objects you were uppermost in her affections, and the last quivering accents of her tongue vibrated with your name!

"Lovely martyr!" I exclaimed, when he ceased speaking, 'O, why could not I have flown to thee? Why could not my bosom have received the fatal arrow, that I might have accompanied thee to a brighter and better world? And, endeared Annette, heaven bless thee for thy kindness to my departed Mary. May thy hopes never be blighted like those of that lovely victim; but may the smiles of heaven shower down blessings upon thee and thy pathway of life be strewed with flowers.'

"Though I would not deny you the sacred luxury of grief," said Mr. Mornton, 'I would intreat you not to indulge in it to excess. Tears will relieve your bursting heart, and reflection will give you fortitude to support your loss. You will retire to your chamber, for we shall never be weary of conversing and thinking of our Mary.'

'No never!' I replied, wringing my hand, as he accompanied me to my chamber, and left me, as he concluded, to my repose. Vain attempt! my burning brain forbid the most distant approach of rest. I reflected on my loss.
still my imagination could bear it no longer. I became bewildered, and the last that I can recollect was my smiting my forehead and exclaiming—O Mary! would to heaven I had died with thee!

"In what manner I left Charleston is to me utterly unknown. It was on the fifth day after I landed at Charleston that I found myself within twenty miles of Savannah, in Georgia, nearly destitute of clothing and reduced almost to a skeleton. The events through which I had passed appeared like a distressing dream from which I had but just awaked, and it was a considerable time before I recovered to a full sense of the distressing reality of my destitute situation. I immediately proceeded to Savannah, where the kindness of a few individuals, among whom was the captain of a South American privateer, then fitting out at that port, relieved my necessities and by his persuasion I consented to engage in the service as second in command. I was accordingly, by my request, introduced to the crew who were already enlisted, as a brother of the captain recently arrived from—— and the name of Lafitte, which I then assumed, I have continued to bear. My fortunes were desperate; I had nothing to lose; the situation was one which well accorded with my feelings, and I did not hesitate to accept. Our commission was from the republican government of Buenos Ayres. For several years we were prosperous; I had amassed a considerable fortune, and entertained serious thoughts of returning to New-York, when one evening as we were on a cruise off St. Domingo, looking for some merchantmen which we knew were daily expected from Spain, we fell in with a British vessel, of superior force, who ordered us, under pain of being fired into, to send a boat on board, and heave to till morning. Capt. Lafitte refused; a short altercation ensued, and an action of the most desperate kind commenced. The British vessel was carried by boarding after a great slaughter; Capt. Lafitte was killed early in the engagement—I was severely wounded by a sabre in the head, and the third in command, vindictive in disposition and exasperated by opposition, ordered no quarters to be given, and the conquered were exterminated. By the time the government under whose orders we were acting, had been put down by the royalists, who had effected a counter revolution; we were declared to be acting without orders from any government, and, refusing to surrender ourselves for trial, were outlawed and a reward offered for our heads. It became necessary to provide for ourselves. On the death of Capt. Lafitte I succeeded to the command, and we established ourselves on the north west part of the gulf, and lived on our enemies. When the South Americans were again found in arms I espoused their cause, but a majority of my men declined acting in concert with their marine, or having our fate linked with theirs.

Our numbers had increased so much that I added several vessels to our establishment; appointed Labarde to be second in command, took possession of this island where we have successfully maintained ourselves against any attempts against us. My correspondence with New-Orleans is direct, and I receive information almost weekly of the most important transactions going forward. When the present war broke out between the United States and Great Britain, we declared ourselves on the side of the former, and have acted accordingly, and though we fight with the halter around our necks, being considered by the government as pirates, still unless we are driven to extremities, we shall be found faithful friends to the republic. Thus, sir, I have given you a short account of the manner in which I became chief of this establishment, and I can sincerely say that if our present disabilities could be removed, most cheerfully would we perform any duty which might be assigned us in aid of the government."

"My most persevering exertions shall be used in your favor," I replied, "and I have reason to believe with success. I am not entirely unknown to some of the officers of government at Washington, and a representation of your wishes would undoubtedly meet with immediate attention from the executive."

"For your friendly proposal I thank you," Lafitte replied; "it promises to restore me to that world which was once enlivened by the bewitching influence of Mary."

"Lafitte," said I, "I should have thought that the perils you have passed through, would have obliterated every trace of that victim of love from your memory."

"When this tide ceases to ebb and flow, when yonder Mississippi rolls its turbid waters to the frozen north; when the needle forgets to point to the pole; when this heart palpitates for the last time—then, and not till then shall I cease to remember Mary. Forget her!—impossible!" he said, and with a look from his bosom a small morocco case suspended by a ribbon, from which, wrapped in a paper, he took a beautiful miniature portrait of Mary. He kissed it with enthusiasm. "This," said Lafitte, "that lovely girl gave me at our last sad parting, and in dreams of bliss the months unheeded roll; with winged haste to pass away and die."

"When the dark tomb US jaws insatiate close, on those dear forms whose souls were twined with ours; no stoic's soul could blame the tear that flows, or chase the memory from those painful hours."

When the dark tomb its jaws insatiate close, on those dear forms whose souls were twined with ours; no stoic's soul could blame the tear that flows, or chase the memory from those painful hours.

"Then let the Muse indulge in sighs and tears, O'er love's past, and joys forever flown; Oh! why so short our bliss!—it but appears—Charms our fond hearts, and is forever gone.

"When the Muse indulges in sighs and tears, O'er love's past, and joys forever flown; Oh! why so short our bliss!—it but appears—Charms our fond hearts, and is forever gone."

"Farewell our joys as is your opening flower, That spreads its fragrant bower to the skies, Pluck'd by th' intruder's hand, in one short hour, Its bloom is wither'd, and its fragrance dies."

"Swift pass the hours when friendship spreads her charms, In dreams of bliss the months unheeded roll; Nor dream we ought can tear from our fond arms, Those dear delights that twine around the soul."

"Oh! happy moments I still I think I view That tender bosom; and that pale blue eye, Melting in love—then blame the joys that flew, With winged haste to pass away and die."

"Yes—they are dead!—yet remember lives to fly Her snowy fingers over thy engraven heart; And trace those lines of love, which read, will bring Remembrance of those joys from which we never part."

"Then all farewell—or blit, or weal, or woe; All are forgotten—buried from this hour—The Muse resigns her harp to tears that flow O'er Love's sweet memory, and her pleasing power.

"As I finished reading my eyes met Lafitte's, and I saw a tear trembling in his eye, which was hastily wiped away. "Who comes here?" lifting his glass to his eye and mine took the same direction. A sloop of war had just hoisted in sight, and the British flag was flying at the main mast. Lafitte replaced the portrait in his bosom, and hastened to give orders for clearing his vessel for action; this was speedily done, and all the hands were at quarters,—In the mean time, the sloop had anchored, and a boat fully manned, with the white flag flying.
was approaching the shore. The bearer of
the flag presented Lafitte with a letter, to
which he respectfully requested an answer. La-
fitte ordered some refreshments for the boat's
crew, as he requested me to accompany him to
the hut he had just left, and which he always
occupied when on shore. He seated himself
at the table and breaking the seal read as fol-

kows:—

"To Capt. Lafitte, Commander in chief of the
revolutionary flotilla in the gulf of Mex-
ico:"

Sir,—His Brittanic Majesty's forces will
soon visit the south-western part of the United
States with an overwhelming force: and I, as
commander of his majesty's navy on the A-

nghiana, am authorised to offer you an
office in my power to bestow together with any
sum of money you may demand, if you will
consent to become chief conductor to the Flot-
tilla, which will be employed on this service,
& which your intimate acquaintance with these
shores enable you to do with so much honor to
yourself, and advantage to his majesty's ser-
vice. On your answer will depend whether
we are to consider and treat you as a friend or
an enemy.

With sentiments of the greatest respect, I
remain your servant,

A. COCHRANE, Admiral, &c.

At Sea, Sept. 1814.

Lafitte took his pen, and, without saying a
word, endorsed on the margin of the letter,
"No terms with tyrants!" enclosed it in the
envelope, re-directed it, and handed it to the
officer with "You have my answer!" the
boat returned to the vessel, which immediately
weighed anchor and stood out to sea.

"These fellows if they dared, would destroy
us without ceremony," said Lafitte, as they
remained a short while in the vessel inscrut-
ance. Intimately acquainted with the
appearance. Intimately acquainted with the
young lady, who entered the apartment lean-
ging a slight shade of melancholy in his features, and
there was another vessel in sight. It is my trair-
der from New-Orleans. I shall now be able
to liberate you, and in a few days land you at New-Orleans or Mobile, as you please.

Lafitte was true to his word; on the third
day after the schooner's arrival, I went on
board and sailed for Mobile, as from that place
greater facilities were offered for reaching
Washington than from New-Orleans. Before
I left Lafitte I was persuaded, should my mis-
sion to Washington be successful, to return my-
self with the glad news to him in person. I
landed at Mobile, reached Washington, suc-
cceeded in obtaining the full pardon of Lafitte
and his associates, and returned to New-Orleans
just as the storm, which had so long been gather-
ing, burst with all its fury upon the coast of
Louisiana. I immediately returned in a gov-
ernment vessel to Barataria and was received
by Lafitte with the warmest expression of
gratitude. He had a few days previous return-
ed from a successful cruise, in which among
others, he succeeded in capturing a British tran-
sport, containing a large quantity of cannon,
arms, &c. destined for the attack upon New-
Orleans.

On my arrival Lafitte called his followers
; communicated to them the intelligence
of the free and full pardon guaranteed
them, and upon what conditions it had been re-
guarded and gave them liberty to accept or re-
ject the offer.

"Long live the president of the United
States!!" and "Long live Lafitte!!" repeated
ly rent the air, and they unanimously resolv-
ed to follow him as their leader.

"Brave fellows," said Lafitte, "we will prove
by our swords, our high sense of the benefit
conferred!"

All hands were now busily employed in con-
veying on board the vessels the valuable prop-
erty which had been collected at that place, and
the quantity of specie dragged from its vari-
sous lurking places far exceeding in quantity,
my ideas of Lafitte's wealth. We arrived in
safety at New-Orleans, and were received by
Com. Patterson, who commanded on theestation,
with every mark of respect. Lafitte had an
honorable command assigned him, and his he-
roic conduct previous to and on the ever me-
orable eighth of January, is already deeply
engraven on the page of history. When the
British, confounded at their loss and covered
with disgrace, had retired to their shipping,
and all the apprehension of a renewed attack
had subsided, New-Orleans exhibited a scene of
unbounded gaiety and mirth. A splendid
ball was given in honor of General Jackson,
at which most of the officers of the army and
the navy were present, and all the beauty and
bravery of the south appeared to be concen-
trated on the occasion.

In the course of the evening, my atten-
tion was strongly engaged by the appearance of
a young lady, who entered the apartment lean-
ging on the arm of the mayor of the city. She
was very beautiful, yet the freshness of youth
seemed to have passed away and a slight shade
of melancholy gave her a most interesting ap-
pearance. Intimately acquainted with the
mayor, I was introduced as a friend to Miss
Hanson, from Charleston, and chance soon
gave me an opportunity of entering into con-
versation with her fair companion. The con-
versation turned on the remarkable deliverance
New-Orleans had received from the invading
enemy.

"I little thought," said Miss Hanson, "when
I left Charleston two years ago to reside in this
city, that I was to witness such a scene of tur-
moil as that through which we have just pass-
ed; and but a few days since my expectations
were still more fraught of beholding such a hap-
py termination of our troubles as the evening
affords."

"It did appear extremely improbable," I re-
piled, "and our friends in different parts of the
union will heartily rejoice at our escape from
such watchwords as "beauty and booty."

"It makes me shudder," she answered, "to
think of the danger from which we have been
rescued! Not a fortnight ago I sincerely wish-
ed myself at Charleston, now we are safe and
sound. 'Are you then, a native of Charle-
soton? I inquired; 'A few years ago was I con-
siderably acquainted in that city,' I am," she
replied, '"it is but two years since, at the
earest entreaties of my uncle who is at pres-
ent mayor of this place, I left Charleston and
accompanied him here. ' Were you acquain-
ted at Charleston with a young lady by the
name of Mary Mortmon? I asked. 'I was
acquainted with her,' replied Miss Hanson, she
was my most intimate friend; but Mary re-
poses quietly in the grave, the victim of unfor-
tunate love."

"Was her lover a villain! "Oh, no, he was
so far from that as day is from night," she an-
swered, 'he was one of the most amiable & en-
gaging persons I have ever seen. An unfortu-
ate affair drove him from Charleston, and the
vessel in which he sailed was taken by the pi-
rates, and all on board murdered! Mary's
	ender heart was unable to sustain the shock,
and she added another to the number who have
fallen victims to the effects of that pleasing,
painful passion, faithful love. No," she added,
"it is impossible for Mortimer Wilson to be a
villain." 'You speak with warmth,' I replied,
'but you are perfectly pondeorable; it is so
difficult to find such a person, that it is no won-
der he should attract universal admiration.'—
She blushed deeply. 'Are you acquainted
with Lafitte? I continued. 'I have never seen him,
she replied, 'nor have I the least anxiety to
become acquainted with him; after all his he-
roism and courage, he is but a pirate and mur-
derer. 'Our heresay opinions are sometimes
incorrect,' I answered; 'I once thought as you
do; you shall have an opportunity of correct-
ing your unfavorable impressions as I have
done; pardon my absence a moment.'

I flew to another room, where I found Lafitte
in conversation with several officers. There
was an air of melancholy in his features, and
I beckoned him to follow me. He took my
t hand, pressed it in his. 'Once, and he, too
could be happy—but where is my Mary?'

'Could you still be happy, if love can make
you so without Mary,' I replied. He was a-
bout to speak, but I placed my finger on his lips
and we, in a moment were beside the side of
Miss Hanson. 'Miss Hanson,' said I, 'I have
the pleasure of making you acquainted with Capt.
Lafitte, of the South-American service, and a
volunteer in defence of our city.' She exten-
ded her hand with an involuntary shudder; but
their eyes met—she tottered towards him:—'O
Mortimer!—O Annette! and they were lock-
ed in each other's arms. Her heart recover-
ed from her perturbation, a full and satis-
factory disclosure was made. Lafitte had not
forgotten her, she was second only to Mary
—and, to make short the detail, before I left
New-Orleans, I saw her made the happiest of
mortals by her union with the adored Morti-
mer Wilson.
When, in the voyage of human life, the hopeless mariner, borne on the foaming billows to the sky, or cast deep into the yawning abyss below, toss’d by the howling tempest that once promised to be the gentle breeze to swell his sails, or dash’d upon the ragged rocks or sinking quicksands that lie beneath the surface, finds at every successive step a still more stormy sea, a still more raging tempest, or a still more dangerous bottom, with wishful gaze he turns his eyes back to the peaceful waters of childhood, where his little bark first floated, fanned by the soft breathings of Aeolus, and regrets that he may never retrace his wanderings, and his course must evermore be onward. True at times he may find a wooing breeze, an unruffled sea, and a rockless bottom, and fancy himself again traversing his original path; but his exaltation is but momentary ere the tempest bursts with renewed violence upon his head and the changes of the present overcome all the pleasures of the past. If in childhood’s hour he courted not the gale of Ambition, nor spread every sheet to the wind, neither did he at the same time feel the unsparing violence of the tempest that succeeded, or bear the shattered masts and faded colors that ever attend. If he did not then pursue with unceasing ardor after wealth, he did not find the treasure when obtained a bubble—obtained by toil, care, and anxiety, retained through pain and fear. If in childhood’s gay career he did not venture with his bark in the Gulf Stream of Fame he was not ‘shipwrecked on its boisterous reefs,—If he did not listen to the sweet songs of the thousand versed mountains, vales and flowery meads, or to the soft melodies of the thousand warblers of the grove during many a summer’s day? These are scenes to which the memory of fourscore turns with pleasure. Again, he that is free from care cannot but be happy, when every thing is calculated for his happiness and amusement,—And thus it is in early life—free from the cares and anxieties of maturer years, the child finds nothing but amusements before him, and those amusements, by the hand of nature or affectionate parent, fitted for his juvenile capacity. It is acknowledged further that true Happiness cannot exist in the minds of the guilty and conscience smitten. Innocence if ever known by man is peculiar property of childhood, and consequently the pleasures attending it must be theirs; and who will contend that the happiness of our first parents was increased by their theirs?—While he muses upon the happy circle of friends who will there greet him, the parental expressions of joy and gladness that will beam in the eye of an indulgent father, and a tender and affectionate mother, the solicitous and innocent inquiries of youthful brothers and sisters, he even then, though alone in silent contemplation enjoys all the pleasures of reality. The Christian with enraptured feelings mediates in sweet contemplation upon that blissful scene which shall burst upon him when having endured the opposition, the scoffs, and sufferings of a wicked world, when having “kept the faith,” and accomplished the object of his creation, he shall enter upon that new existence which will be joyous and eternal.

The Christian with enraptured feelings mediates in sweet contemplation upon that blissful scene which shall burst upon him when having endured the opposition, the scoffs, and sufferings of a wicked world, when having “kept the faith,” and accomplished the object of his creation, he shall enter upon that new existence which will be joyous and eternal.

CENTRAL LIBRARY OF ROCHESTER AND MONROE COUNTY · HISTORIC SERIALS COLLECTION

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

E. W. H. E.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

"Thy pleasures must we feel, when most alone.

The only pleasures we can call our own.

There are numberless sources whence intellectual beings derive happiness. Poetry has its charms, music captivates the soul by the softness of its notes, and the melody of its strains, Fiction elevates the fancy, and allows it to sport in the wide fields of imagination, Science expands the mind, enlarges the understanding, and renders it susceptible of drinking deeper at every fountain of pleasure.

But there is another source more sublime, more noble, richer in unalloyed happiness, imparting that which passing time cannot destroy, and drawing forth those emotions which lie beyond the sphere, or influence of any other charm. This is Contemplation. It needs no defining. It is an exercise in which every thinking being is more or less engaged; the contemplations of one may be far different from those of another.
without equally gratifying emotions, though differing in character, has marked this same glorious orb as descending the western sky, about to retire from our view, cast his soft and golden rays over the landscape gilding the village spire and the mountain’s brow. And who will describe to me those pleasing sensations of delight, which he enjoys who wanders forth upon the calm, clear evening, when Lune, casts her silverly light afar, and the twinkling stars sparkle like gems in the concave sphere? What sublimity of feeling glows in his breast while he contemplates them as worlds, the habitations of intellectual beings, while he dwells upon their magnitudes, and the exactness and precision with which they perform their revolutions through the “trackless ether,” —exhibiting the Almighty power of Him who made them! And who, to avoid the sun’s direct array, has retired alone to the distant grove, or sylvan bower, decked by nature in its richest attire, and pensively reclined upon the verdant green, and listened to the feathered songsters’ wild carols, and the gentle zephyrs as they sport among the trees, or fan the waving fields; that has not those unearthly sensations which neither poetry or music can inspire! L. S.*

Penn Yan, Feb. 22, 1833.

"L. S." will always find a welcome to our columns when he comes with such claims. We invite him to an enlarged and constant correspondence.

—Ed. Gem.

THE SENTIMENTALIST.—No. 4.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

INCONSTANCY.

"Even as one heat another heat expels, Or as one nail by strength drives out another; So the remembrance of my former love Is by a newer object quite forgotten."

Shakespeare.

There is no expression of this great explorer of human nature more true than this; Man is inconstant in his affections. The nature of his heart is such that he is constantly desirous of some new object, as soon as those already present become familiar, in a measure, insipid.

A great deal I know is said about constancy; it forms one half the subject matter of every Romance of the present day—and yet the reality is scarce. One need but look at the daily record of actions for Breaches of Promise, to be convinced of this fact—and a fact it is of not much credit to poor human nature. There are so many circumstances in the world to lead us to inconstancy that it is little wonder its opposite is so seldom found. Wounded pride often rises up in rebellion to constancy—avaricious thrusts against its claims to attention—vanity often demands immediate notice, and all the baser passions of nature frequently conspire to root it out. Under such circumstances, the man, who escapes their fascination may be said to have passed the fiery ordeal, and hence it is that those whose life flows along smoothly, and are not easily awayed by passions are less frequently guilty of inconstancy. They are the true magnets, uninfluenced by minor circumstances upon whose integrity, the mariner in his voyage through life, may rely with safety. They see, as others do, the allurements on every side of their way, but fix their eyes abroad upon the polar star. The rest of us are the gilded butterflies of life, sporting from flower to flower—alighting on every verdant spot under Heaven,—constantly in search of something more beautiful and alluring—and yet not tarrying long enough to ascertain the beauties of any one spot. We are pleased with each alike, and leave each perhaps with some slight feeling of regret, but there is another flower beyond, and we hasten to it to drown in oblivion, all the recollections of those we have met before.

E. W. H. E.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

MY THREE FRIENDS AND THEIR THREE LETTERS.

Chapter 4—and last.

"They come, the lost, the beautiful the dead," were the first words that met my eye upon opening a volume of poems this morning. I threw down the book which I had taken up to amuse me, because I was sad. Everything conspired to make me melancholy, and I feared that I should do Edward Blackstone an injustice. But better that his name should go down to posterity with small honor than none at all.

Almost every mail after we left college brought me letters from Blackstone, and no private person contributed more liberally to support the Post-Office Department than did Ned and myself. I was surprised to find that most of them were written in a tone of careless gaiety, which I knew accorded little with his general character. He had entered the office of one of the most eminent lawyers in the state, and his letters appeared to say that he was a dancing on the high road to fame and honor. Then came a letter in all the phrenzy of an impasioned lover, and from that time I had a regular journal of his advances and failures in the progress of his suit. I received a note from him one morning requesting my immediate attendance at his boarding house. Never washed thirty miles traveled quicker than that, and when I had expected to see him sick I was surprised to see him equipped as if for a journey. What was my horror, when I found that he was about setting out for Hoboken, where he had agreed to meet a gentleman, and that I was to be his second on this occasion. I will pass over this scene as lightly as possible, barely remarking that he had the good fortune to "wing" his antagonist, or in less sportsman-like phrase, he broke his left arm.

A few days after I returned home, I was surprised to see in the notice of a county meeting, the report of a speech of Edward Blackstone Esq. I had never supposed that my friend had confidence enough to address an assembly of people, yet I saw that his speech abounded in oratory. I instantly subscribed for the paper. I will pass over the details of about two years—suffice it to say, that he was a candidate for assembly and defeated; was the poet and orator of his place of residence, and the life of a party, which was then the minority in that district, and consequently received a very liberal share of abuse.

More than three years had now passed away, when he one morning sent me word by a mutual friend that he had got his portion from the "big wigs," had raised his sign, and that a client had just called "with a promise of more anon." A few days after this I received the following letter:

P. N., July, 18.

Well, my dear Sir, the first thing I shall write is to caution you to address me in future, Blackstone Esquire, Counsellor at Law, for verily having by dint of three years’ hard study, and a combat with the examiner’s, got amongst the worshipful community of Attorneys, I am entitled to the address of Counsellor by courtesy. That is not all, scarce had I got my japanned tin in a conspicuous situation, before in walked a gentleman, and announcing himself as “John R. Smith” by which title he said I "ought term him" to designate him from the other John Smiths who stalk abroad in the land, he proceeded with very little ceremony to take a new quid and unfold his tale of grievances. He had scarcely commenced his tale, however, before a large mastiff came running in. "Get out," bawled John R. Smith, and, suitling the action to the word, he struck at him with yeness, with a tremendous ox gad he had in his hand, but having grasped it near the middle, as much of the weight came on my devoled head as upon unlucky jowler. "Humph," said I, "poor Tray was cruelly beaten for being caught in bad company”—and I heartily wished his Satanic Majesty had both the amiable John R. Smith and his dog. It may not be amiss to state that this Mr. John R. Smith is a tall, thin, spare man, with a most indefinable spare red face, large green bottle nose, and a curly head of hair. However having extricated ourselves from this unpleasant dilemma, and having heard a long apology from John R. Smith, he proceeded in his narrative. In the month of March then last past, Mr. John R. Smith of this county, farmer, being sadly in want of a quantity of the "root of evil," and being utterly destitute of funds, had drawn a note due ninety days after date, in which he had, for value received promised to pay the President, Directors & Company of the United "Fiddlers and Barbers Bank, at Mutton Hollow," fifty dollars. Pay day having come, the gentle John R. Smith was very unwilling to refund, as he found it excessively inconvenient to raise the ready, and therefore chose to abide by the terms of the law; and wishing to have a veteran in the good fight, I was the happy counsellor. The trial comes on Tuesday of next week, when you shall hear from...
me again. Meanwhile rest assured that I am your devoted friend, and very humble serv’t.

E. BLACKSTONE.

W. JACKSON, Esq. GENT.

That was the last letter I ever received from Blackstone. Tuesday arrived, and it being for his interest to have the suit adjourned, he had arisen to address the Court to that effect, when a note was put into his hand. He read it, and it seemed to parallize all his faculties—his eyes seemed to shoot fire, and he turned deadly pale, and finally reeled and fell.

A physician was sent for, and he recovered slowly, after a fit of sickness. Of course his prospects as an attorney were ruined by the name of one of his servants, ordered by the name of one of his servants, ordered

A physician was sent for, and he recovered slowly, after a fit of sickness. Of course his prospects as an attorney were ruined by the name of one of his servants, ordered

He calmly arose, stretched out his hand, and being for his interest to have the suit adjourned.

And evening hails the modest moon,
As she glides, half veil’d along the sky:

Or fill’d with joyous glee;
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.

I will think of thee.

I will think of thee, when I am far away.

Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.

I will think of thee.

I will think of thee, when the radiant sun
Has sunk below the western sea;

Or fill’d with joyous glee;
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.

I will think of thee.

I will think of thee, when the wintry blast
Is fiercely howling o’er the sea;

Or fill’d with joyous glee;
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.

I will think of thee.

I will think of thee, when the sun shall shed his cheery light for me;

Or fill’d with joyous glee;
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.

I will think of thee.

I will think of thee, when the beauty of spring
Is seen in every tree—
Reclining in bower, or plucking the flower,
I will think of thee.

Or fill’d with joyous glee;
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.

I will think of thee.

I will think of thee, when the water’s edge
And the voice of the storm, as it rushes past,
Is drown’d by their cheerful voices—
I will think of thee, when the beauty of spring
Is seen in every tree—
Reclining in bower, or plucking the flower,
I will think of thee.

Or fill’d with joyous glee;
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Or fill’d with joyous glee;
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.

I will think of thee.
Humorous.

One of Queen Elizabeth's Proclamations, which were allowed to have all the authority of law, was to forbid her subjects from wearing their ruffs more than a quarter of a yard in width, and their rapiers more than a yard long. Officers were appointed to tear the ruffs and break the rapiers of those who transgressed the Queen's edict against them.

A briefless barrister on the northern circuit, the other day, was rather troublesome to a friend of Mr. Brougham, who told him at last to be quiet. "Oh, never mind him," said Mr. B.; "he's a mere counsellor of necessity." "What do you mean by that, sir?" inquired the legal cock-a-tout. "Nothing but a brief quotation," replied Mr. B.; "necessity has no law."

Sir W. Scott, in his article in the Quarterly Review, on the Culloden papers, mentions a characteristic instance of an old Highland warrior's mode of pardon. "You must forgive even your bitterest enemy, now," said the confessor to him, as he lay gasping on his death bed.—"Well, if I must I must," replied the chieftain; "but my curse be on you, Donald," turning towards his son, "if you forgive him."

When Charles Yorke was returned a member for the University of Cambridge, 1770, he went round to thank those who had voted for him. One of these was Mr. —, who had a large and very uncomely physiognomy. In thanking him, Mr. Yorke said,—"Sir, I have great reason to be thankful to my friends in general; but I confess myself under a particular obligation to you for the remarkable caution you have shown me on this occasion."

When Richard Coeur de Lion, in one of his crusades, had fallen into an ambuscade which the Soldan had placed for him, and vainly contended against numbers, was on the point of being captured, William de Porcelles, a baron of Provence cried out, in the Saracen tongue, "I am the king." The infidels immediately turned towards his son, "if you forgive him."

A husband, whose ears were constantly assailed by the unruly tongue of his wife, bore the sound of her incessant alarm with the greatest patience. "It is very clear," said one of his friends, "that you are afraid of your wife." "I am not afraid of her," said the husband, "but of the noise she makes."

Dear Mr. Editor—I was tormented to death last night with the tooth-ache; the only momentary cessation of pain I experienced was while I composed the following conundrums, and laughed therewith.

What street in London puts you in mind of a tooth which has pained you for a length of time? Long-Acre! When should you apply a sovereign remedy to your tooth? When it is a-king! By what ejaculatory exclamation would you declare that your tooth pained you? It aches by gun! Why does an aching tooth impose silence on the sufferer? Because it makes him hold his jaw! To what town in Poland should you go to have it extracted? Pulaws! Which of your teeth are like a mantu-maker's fingers and thumbs, when she is cutting out a dress? Incisors! When do your teeth usurp the functions of the tongue? When they are chattering! Why is it, then, not to be wondered at that your teeth cause frequent disturbances in your mouth? Because they often make there more than one row.

The conundrum, which gave me the greatest delight, and after the making whereof, I was so satisfied with myself as to have well-nigh fallen asleep, and forgotten my pain, was the following highly classical conception:

When does an aching tooth put you in mind of Paris, with his bow and arrow, giving Achilles his mortal wound? When it shoots in the Tempe! Ha! ha! ha!—London Court Journal.

In the Netherlands as soon as a girl has given a promise of marriage, the apartment in which she usually resides, and all the furniture in it are decorated with garlands of flowers. Everything belonging to the bridegroom elect, even to his pipe and tobacco box, are decorated in the same manner. All the wine and liquors at weddings is called the Bride's Tears.

Witchcraft.—From 1602 to 1681 8,192 persons were burnt in England alone for witchcraft, the Judge made favor with King James the First, by burning witches in order to prove the truth of his theory on Demonology. Sir Matthew Hale, in his charge to the jury when he burnt two poor creatures for witchcraft concluded by wishing that the Great God of Heaven would direct their hearts in this weighty matter. Such was this pious Judge, and such our wise ancestors. In Spain, from 1481 to 1608, 32,932 were burnt alive for heresy, 17,790 burnt in effigy, and 291,459 imprisoned for life and deprived of their estates. Such is superstition.

There are ideal trains of events which run parallel with the real ones. Seldom do they coincide. Men and accidents commonly modify every ideal event or train of events, so that it appears imperfect, and its consequences are equally imperfect. Thus it was in the Reformation—instead of Protestantism, arose Lutheranism.
LOVE AND REASON.

An Allegory.

One night, when Love, oppressed with pain,
Had thrown aside his golden quiver,
And gone to cool his throbbing brain,
To roam awhile by Reason's river:

Upon the bank of roses gay,
Which fringe the edge of Reason's water,
And gone to cool his throbbing brain,
Upon the bank of roses gay,
Let's roam among those roses wild;
At length there rose a tempest wild
To roam awhile by Reason's river;
Which fringe the edge of Reason's water,
To roam awhile by Reason's river;

And he was bare but with his breath.

And presently the latch flew up,
The pledge of jovis dauntless knight:
And the Bacchanal fell at the phantom's feet,
Broke forth in the lighted hall,
A voice arose in that place of mirth,
And the joy of the thrilling draught,
And there was many a merry laugh,
And the glass was freely pass'd around,
And many a heart felt light with glee,
And the Bacchanal fell at the phantom's feet,
Broke forth in the lighted hall,
A voice arose in that place of mirth,
And the joy of the thrilling draught,
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And many a heart felt light with glee,
I saw the tears more than once springing to the eyes of the judges; never before or since have I felt such an interest in a client. I pleaded for him as I should have pleaded for my own life. I drew tears, but I could not sway the judgment of stern men, controlled more by a sense of duty than the compassionate promptings of humanity. Stedman was condemned, I told him there was a chance of pardon if he would ask it. I drew up a petition and requested him to sign it, but he refused. "I have done," said he, "what I thought my duty—
I can ask pardon of God and my king, but it would be hypocrisy to ask forgiveness of these men for an action I should repeat were I a gentle placed in similar circumstances. No! ask me not to sign that petition. If what you call the cause of American freedom requires the blood of an honest man, for the conscientious discharge of what he deemed his duty, let me be its victim. Go to the judges and tell them I place not my fears nor my hopes in them." It was in vain that I pressed the subject, and I went away in despair.

On returning to my house I accidentally called on an acquaintance, a young man of brilliant genius, the subject of a passionate predilection for painting. This led him frequently to take excursions into the country, for the purpose of sketching such objects and scenes as were interesting to him. I found him sitting at ease, giving the last touches to the picture which attracted my attention. He asked my opinion of it. "It is a fine picture," said I, "is it a fancy piece or are they portraits?" "They are portraits," said he, "and save perhaps a slight embellishment, they are I think striking likenesses of the wife and children of your unfortunate client, Stedman. In the course of my rambles, I chanced to call at his own house in H—. I never saw a more beautiful group. The mother is one of a thousand, and the twins are a pair of cherubs."

"Tell me said I," laying my hand on the picture, "tell me, are they true and faithful portraits of the wife and children of Stedman?" My earnestness made my friend stare. He assured me as far as he could be permitted to express himself in all honesty and steadfast loyalty to his king, that he would not creep out of a hole at night, and sneak away from the rebels, to regain your liberty; we have made a breach in the prison through which you can escape.

To their astonishment Stedman utterly refused to leave the prison. In vain they expostulated with him; in vain they represented to him that his life was at the stake. His reply was, that he was a true man, and a servant of King George, and that he would not creep out of a hole at night, and sneak away from the rebels, to save his neck from the gallows. Finding it altogether fruitless to attempt to move him, his friends left him with some expression of spleen.

The time at length arrived for the trial of the prisoner. The distance to the place where the court was sitting at that time was about 60 miles. Stedman remarked to the sheriff, when he came to attend him, that it would save some expense and inconvenience, if he could be permitted to go alone and on foot. "And suppose," said the sheriff, "you should prefer your safety to your honor, and leave me to seek you in the British camp?" "I had thought," said the farmer reddening with indignation, "that I was speaking to one, who knew me. 'I do know you indeed,' said the sheriff, 'I spoke but in jest; you shall have your way. Go, and on the third day I shall expect to see you at I—.' The farmer departed, and at the appointed time he placed himself in the hands of the sheriff.

I was now engaged as his counsel. Stedman insisted before the court, upon telling his whole story; and when I would have taken advantage of some technical point he sharply rebuked me, and told me he had not employed me to prevaricate, but only to assist him in telling the truth. I never had such a display of simple integrity. It was affecting to witness his love of plain unvarnished truth, elevating him above every other consideration, and preserving in his breast as a sentiment even superior to the love of life.

It is a moth pointing to the picture, "is very beautiful,—striking representations. I asked no further questions. I seized the picture and hurried at it to the prison where my client was confined. I found him sitting, his face covered...
with his hands and apparently wrung by keen emotion. I placed the picture in such a position that he could not fail to see it. I laid the petition on the table by his side, and left the room. In half an hour I returned. The farther grasped my hand, while tears stole down his cheeks, looked on the portrait, then on the petition. He said nothing, but handed the latter to me. I took it and left the apartment.

He had put his name to it. The petition was granted, and Stedman was set at liberty.

**From the Metropolitan for December.**

**STORM AT SEA.**

It really was a very awful sight. When the ship was in the trough of the sea, you could distinguish nothing but a tumultuous water; but when she was borne up on the summit of the enormous waves, you then looked down as if it were upon a low, sandy coast, close to you and covered with foam and breakers.

"She behaves nobly," observed the captain, stopping a little to the binnacle, and looking at the compass; "if the wind does not baffle us we shall weather." The captain had scarcely time to make the observation, when the sails shivered and flapped like thunders. "Up with the helm; what are you about quarter-master?"

"The wind has headed us, sir," replied the quarter-master, coolly.

The captain and master remained at the binnacle watching the compass, and when the sails were again full, she had broken off two points and the point of land was only a little on the lee bow.

"We must wear her round, Mr. Falcon,—hands, wear ship—ready, oh, ready." "She has come up again," cried the master who was at the binnacle. "Hole fast there a minute."

"What is it, captain?" "If she breaks off again we may have no room to wear; indeed there is so little room now; that I must run the risk."

"Which cable was ranged last night—the best bower anchor. Mr. Wilson, at melancholy prospects; and steward see what you can find in the "way of comfort." Some bread and cheese, with the remains of yesterday's boiled pork, were put on the table, with a bottle of wine, procured at the time, we spliced the main-brace; but we were all too anxious to eat much, and one by one returned on deck, to see how the weather was, and if the wind at all favored us. On deck the superiors in conversation with the captain who had expressed the same fear that O'Brien had in our behalf. The men, who knew what they had to expect—for this sort of intelligence is soon communicated through a ship—were assembled in knots, looking very grave, but at the same time not wanting in confidence.

They knew that they could trust to the captain as far as skill or courage could avail them, and sailors are too sanguine to despair, even at the last moment. As for myself, I felt such adoration for the captain, after what I had witnessed that morning, that whenever the idea came over me, that in all probability I should be lost in a few hours, I could only help no-
knowing how much more serious it was that such a man should be lost to his country, I do not intend to say that it consol'd me; but it certainly made me still more regret the chances with which we were threatened.

Before twelve o'clock, the rocky point which we so much dreaded was in sight, broad on the lee bow: and if the low, sandy coast appeared terrible, how much more did this even at a distance; the black masses of rock covered with foam, which each minute dashed up in the air higher than our lower mast-heads. The captain eyed it for some minutes in silence, as if in calculation.

"Mr. Falcon," said he, at last, "I must put the main-sail on her."

She must bear it," was the reply, "Send the men aft with the main-sheet. See that careful men attend the hauling." The main-sail was set, and this effect of it upon the ship was tremendous. She careened over so that her lee channels were under water, and when pressed by a sea, the lee side of the quarter deck and gangway were afloat. She now reminded me of a goaded and fiery horse, mad with the stimulus applied; no resistance could check, or prevent her going on as if it had stupified her:—she reeled, trembled, and staggered her way as if it had baffled her.

The first lieutenant looked at the captain, as if to say, 'this will not do.' "It is our only chance," answered the captain to the appeal. "That the ship should pass abreast of them. We were in the midst of the foam, which boiled around us; and as the ship was driven nearer to them and car- reened with the wave, I thought that our main-yardarm would have touched the rock; and at this moment a gust of wind came on, which laid the ship on her beam ends and checked her progress through the water while the accumulated noise was deadening. A few moments more the ship dragged on, another wave dashed over her and spent itself upon the rocks while the spray was dashed back from them, and returned upon the decks. The main rock was within ten yards of her counter, when another gust of wind laid us on our beam ends, the forecastle down upon the deck below. Four men were secured to the wheel—the sailors were obliged to cling, to prevent being washed away—the ropes were thrown in confusion to leeward, and down upon the deck below."

"In a calm tone;* the captain resigned the helm and walked aft to look at the point, which was now broad on the weather quarter. In a minute or two he ordered Mr. Falcon to get new sails up and bend them and then went below to his cabin. I am sure it was to thank God for our deliverance; I did most fervently not only then but afterwards I atid some time at Rheims, whence he was removed to the college of Louis le Grand. On leaving college, he entered upon the study of civil law, at Bourges; from which

The ship was now within two cables length of the rocky point; some of the men I observed to clasp their hands, but most of them were silent taking of their jackets and kicking off their shoes that they might not lose a chance of their escape provided the ship struck. "Twill be touch and go, indeed, Falcon," observed the captain, (for I had clung to the delaying pins, close to them for the last half hour that the masts had been set.) Come aft you and I must take the helm. We shall want you here now."

The captain and the first lieutenant went aft and took the fore-speaks of the wheel, and O'Brien, at a sign made by the captain, laid hold of the spokes behind him. An old quartermaster kept his station at the fourth. The roaring of the sea on the rocks with the bellowing of the wind was dreadful noise. For a few moments I shut my eyes, but anxiety forced me to open them again.

As near as I could judge we were not twenty yards from the rocks at the time that the ship passed abreast of them. We were in the midst of the foam, which boiled around us; and as the ship was driven nearer to them and car- reened with the wave, I thought that our main-yardarm would have touched the rock; and at this moment a gust of wind came on, which laid the ship on her beam ends and checked her progress through the water while the accumulated noise was deafening. A few moments more the ship dragged on, another wave dashed over her and spent itself upon the rocks while the spray was dashed back from them, and returned upon the decks. The main rock was within ten yards of her counter, when another gust of wind laid us on our beam ends, the forecastle split, and were blown clean out of the bolt ropes, the ship righted, trebling fore and aft. I looked astern; the rocks were to windward on our quarter, and we were safe. I thought at the time, that the ship, relieved of her burden, would have the better wind, was certain; but just before we arrived at the point, the gale increased in force. 'If any thing starts we are lost, sir,' observed the first lieutenant again.

I am perfectly aware of it," replied the captain, "in a calm tone; but as I said before, and you must now be aware, it is our only chance. The consequence of any carelessness or neglect in the fitting and securing of her rigging, will be felt now; and this danger if we escape it ought to remind us how much we have to answer for if we neglect our duty."

The lives of a whole ship's company may be sacrificed by the neglect or incompetence of an officer when in harbor. I am sure it was to thank God for our deliverance; I did most fervently not only then but when I went to my hammock at night. We now were comparatively safe; in a few hours completely so; for strange to say, immediately after we had a reef out of the topsail.

When the clouds look sunny and soft, curling themselves into shapes of peacefulness and rest, when the brooks long chained in the silence of the frosty winter, begin once more to bubble, and the mellow south winds to breathe over the snows, and kiss the hill tops, and fan the leafless boughs—we know that spring is at hand—even at the door."

FOR THE GEN. BIOGRAPHY.

Mr. Scrafton.—If you do the following Biographical sketch of the last of the signers of the declaration of Independence worth a place in your paper, please publish it. It has been carefully compiled from 'the lives of the signers to the declaration of independence,' and from other sources, expressly for the Gen. One of the most remarkable circumstances attending the fortunes of the signers of the declaration of independence, is their long lives. They were fifty six in number; and the average length of their lives was about sixty five years. Four of the number lived to the age of ninety years, and upwards; ten exceeded eighty years; ten exceeded seventy years, and fourteen attained the age of eighty years, and upwards. The longevity of the New England delegation, was still more remarkable. Their number was fourteen, and the average length of their lives seventy four years. The New York delegation, was four in number, whose lives averaged seventy eight years. Twenty one lived to the commencement of the present century; six of these brave patriots lived to see the United States come out victorious over Great Britain in the second war. Three lived to see the fiftieth anniversary of the American Independence, and one lived to see the fifty sixth. Dr. Franklin was the oldest man, and E. Rutledge was the youngest that signed the declaration, the former being in his seventy first year at the time he annexed his name to that memorable instrument, and the latter in his twenty seventi. Only two of the whole number—Guinnette, of Georgia, who fell in duel in his forty fifth year, and Lynch, of South Carolina, who was shipwrecked in his twenty ninth—died violent deaths. Never in the world had the leaders in any bold and grand political movement more reason to congratulate themselves and their country on its issue. The exertions and perils of their manhood were succeeded by a peaceful and honoured old age, in which they witnessed the happy result of the institutions they aided in devising, and they were gathered to their graves amid the regrets of the generation which was in its cradle when they laid the foundations of the Republic.

CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was born on the 20th of September, 1737, at Annapolis, in the State of Maryland. He descended from a highly respectable Irish family, who had emigrated to this country in the reign of William and Mary. At the age of eight years, he was sent to France, for the purpose of obtaining an education. He was placed at a college of English Jesuits, at St. Owen's, where he remained for six years. Afterwards he staid some time at Rheims, whence he was removed to the college of Louis le Grand. On leaving college, he entered upon the study of civil law, at Bourges; from which

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place he returned to Paris, where he remained till 1757, in which year he removed to London, and commenced the study of law at the Temple. He returned to America in 1764, an accomplished scholar, and an accomplished man. He had lived abroad, and might naturally be supposed to have a preference for the monarchial institutions of Europe. At this period the discussion between the mother country and the colonies commenced and were soon after carried on with great warmth. Mr. Carroll did not hesitate, but took side with the lovers of liberty. He wielded a ready pen, and was soon known as one of the most powerful political writers in Maryland. He foresaw early that an appeal to arms must be made, and boldly recommended preparations. From what has been observed respecting Mr. Carroll, it may justly be inferred that his mind was made up at an early day, as to the course of duty required him to take in respect to this coming storm. An anecdote is related of him, which will illustrate his influence with the people of Maryland. By a resolution of the delegates of Maryland, on the 22d day of June, 1774, the importation of tea was prohibited. Sometime after, however, a vessel arrived at Annapolis, having a quantity of this article on board. This becoming known, the people assembled in great multitudes, to take effectual measures to prevent its being landed. At length the excitement became so high, that the personal safety of the captain of the vessel became endangered. In this state of things, the friends of the captain made application to Mr. Carroll, to interpose his influence with the people in his behalf. The public indignation was too great to be allayed. This Mr. Carroll perceived, and advised the captain and his friends, as the probable means of safety to himself, to set fire to the vessel, and burn it to the water's edge. This alternative was indeed severe; but, as it was obviously a measure of necessity, the vessel was drawn out, her sails set, her colors unfurled, in which attitude the fire was applied to her, and, in the presence of an immense concourse of people, she was consumed. This atonement was deemed satisfactory, and the captain was no farther molested.

In the early part of 1776, Mr. Carroll, whose distinguished exertions in Maryland had become extensively known, was appointed by congress, in connexion with Doct. Franklin and Samuel Chase, on a commission to proceed to Canada, to persuade the people of that province to relinquish their allegiance to the crown of England, and unite with the Americans in their struggle for independence. In discharge of their duties, the commissioners met with unexpectedly great difficulties. The defeat and death of Montgomery, together with the conclusion which the American troops found it necessary to exercise, in obtaining the means of support in that province, conspired to diminish the ardor of the Canadians in favor of a union with the colonies, and even, at length, to render them hostile to the measure. To conciliate their affections, and bring to a favorable result the object of their mission, the commissioners employed their utmost ingenuity and influence. They issued their Proclamations, in which they assured the people of the disposition of congress to remedy the temporary evils, which the inhabitants suffered in consequence of the presence of the American troops, so soon as it should be in their power to provide specie, and clothing, and provisions. A strong tide, however, was now setting against the American colonies, the strength of which was much increased by the Roman Catholic priests, who, as a body, had been opposed to any connexion with the united colonies. Defaring of accomplishing the wishes of congress, the commissioners on length abandoned the object, and returned to Philadelphia. The great subject of independence was, at this time, undergoing a discussion in the halls of congress. The Maryland delegation, in that body, had been instructed by their convention to refuse their assent to a declaration of independence. On returning to Maryland, Mr. Carroll resumed his seat in the convention, and, with the advocates of a declaration of independence, urged the withdrawal of the above instructions, and the granting of power to their delegates to unite in such a declaration. The friends of the measure had at length the happiness on the 28th of June, of procuring a new set of instructions, which secured the vote of the important province of Maryland in favor of the independence of America. On the 4th of July, the same day on which the great question was decided in congress, in favor of a declaration of independence, Mr. Carroll was elected a delegate to that body from Maryland, and, accordingly on the eighteenth of the same month, he presented his credentials to the Continental Congress of Philadelphia, and took his seat.

Although not a member of congress at the time the question of a declaration of independence was settled, Mr. Carroll had the honor of greatly contributing to a measure so auspicious to the interests of his country, by assisting in procuring the withdrawal of the prohibitive instructions, and the adoption of a new set, by which the Maryland delegates found themselves authorised to vote for independence. He had the honor, also, of affixing his signature to the declaration on the second day of August, at which time the members generally signed an engrossed copy, which had been prepared for that purpose. From the printed journals of congress, it would appear, that the declaration was signed on the fourth of July, the same day on which the final question was taken. This is an error. The declaration, as first published, had only the name of Hancock affixed to it; and it was only on the nineteenth of July, that a resolution was adopted, directing the declaration to be engrossed on parchment, with a view to a general signature on the part of the members. The following anecdote will show that Mr. Carroll was one of the most fearless men of the age in which he lived. The name of Carroll is the only one on the declaration of independence to which the residence of the signer is appended. The reason why it was done in this case, we have understood to be as follows. The patriots who signed that instrument, did it almost literally with ropes about their necks, it being generally supposed that they would, if unsuccessful be hung as rebels.—When Mr. Carroll had signed his name, one at his elbow remarked, "you'll get clear—there are several of that name—they will not know which to take." —"Not so," replied he, and he immediately added 'of Carrollton.' He was considered the richest individual in the colonies. Millions would have gone, had not success crowned the American arms, in the long fought contest. On the first day he entered congress he was appointed to the board of war, of which he was an efficient member. During the whole of the war he bore his part with unabated ardor, often being at the same time a member of the convention of his native state and a member of congress; a double duty which required great energy and industry to perform; but, so ably did he discharge his duties, that both bodies were satisfied with his attention to each. Mr. Carroll was continued a member of congress until 1778, at which time he resigned his seat in that body, and devoted himself to the interests of his native state. He had served in her convention in 1776, in the latter part of which year he had assisted in drafting her constitution. Soon after, the new constitution went into operation, Mr. Carroll was chosen a member of the senate of Maryland. In 1781, he was re-elected to the same station. When the Constitution of the United States went into operation, Mr. C. was elected a senator from Maryland, and took his seat at the City of New York, at the organization of the Government, on the thirteenth of April, 1789. In 1791, Mr. Carroll relinquished his seat in the national senate, and was again called to the senate of his native state. This office he continued to hold until 1801, when he quitted public life at the age of sixty-four—and for thirty years and upwards, has passed a life of serenity, tranquil happiness and prosperity. This eminent man and distinguished patriot, closed his earthly career on the fourteenth day of November, 1832, in the ninety-sixth year of his age. He was the last survivor of an assembly of great men as the world has witnessed, in a transaction, one of the most important history records. Few men have been permitted to number so many years—none have filled them up more honorably and usefully, than Charles Carroll. The age in which he lived has been distinguished by events, which have perhaps no parallel in the annals of the world. Revolutions have succeeded revolutions. Crowns have fallen—empires and kingdoms were overthrown. In his day the whole continent of Europe, has been lighted up with the flames of anguinary war, in which were continued
Kings, Emperors and Governments, and their opinions which upheld them. He had seen
Britannia, when in the pride of her glory, hold every civilized nation in awe—he had seen
her armies defeated by the undisciplined forces of the East to the dark forests of the West. But
before his eyes were sealed to earthly chan-
ination has since his birth increased from nine
hundred thousand souls to more than twelve
potent, elevated or abased, is exempt from these
however high or low, rich or poor, weak or
sires are such, that it would be against and in
violation of the laws of nature to be destitute
or free from alternate apprehensions and enli-
ded and circumstanced, our disposition, our
ice and the suggestions of soaring ambition,
age and the suggestions of soaring ambition,
where female character is drawn, make.
life as one continued chain of
hopes to be disappointed, desires never to be
realized. He pronounces the disposer of events,
the cause of his misfortunes. How erroneous
the idea! It is his untampered, unbound,
restained ambition, which has entailed upon
him, his woes. It is his attempt to elevate
himself above the commonality which has
brought him low.

The avaricious man, whose hopes and fears,
and calculations and desires, are wholly and en-
tirely confined to the acquisition of wealth and
prosperity, who devotes his nights to the crea-
tion of schemes of robbing the poor man of
his little domain, and his days to the execution
of his machinations, who turns the tottering
beggar from his gate unclothed, unfed, uncom-
forted, and laughs at his nakedness, his hun-
ger, his poverty, his sufferings, also meets with
his misfortunes—he curses human life, and dies.
His barns and granaries have been consumed,
his money has been stolen, and his crops blast-
ed.

I might proceed to enumerate many more
examples of like character; but what I have
already done is sufficient.

For my part, I am not so inclined to be dis-
satisfied. Human life has its joys, as well as
sorrows. Weigh them in the scale of truth
and candor, and the latter will not preponder-
ate. If mankind were divested of the self-
ishes passions which they now entertain, if they
would be more contented with their present
condition, and would refrain from the mental
speculations in which they now indulge, if they
would turn a deaf ear to the whispers of avar-
ace and the suggestions of soaring ambition,
I would engage that their condition would be
much happier, their pleasures more numerous,
and their disappointments less. But I am ap-
prehensive this state of things will never be
brought about. Mankind will always have the
same dispositions, inclinations, and passions
which at present constitute the mountains from
which the major part of their miseries spring,
until that mountain is removed or dried up, the
stream will continue to flow.

Although many pretend that life affords no
comforts to them, yet when the hour of trial
comes, when the period of their separation
from the scenes they have so often cursed, ar-
ives, see how they tremble, see how they re-
coil from the awful verge of life, and plead the
grim messenger of death, for a few moments
longer.

Life is dear. The most glorious and melan-
choly estimate it as a pearl above price or val-
ues. They say it pours unutterable woes into
their bosoms, but they would not part with it.
It has its pleasures too, as well as sorrows.

The works of nature around us present in-
umerable sources of joy. The heavens above us call for our admiration. Then let
us be content.

G. D. A. P.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

EMAIIE ACCOMPLISHMENTS, &c.

Mr. Editor—I do not often write in vindica-
tion of my own sex, but a few lines I think
are called for at present. One class of writers
deal out fulsome (to us) adulation, and one
would suppose they thought us beings of a
superior order, while the other, is equally lavish
of biting cynicism, as if we were a species of
demons. Why is it that most men, writing
books, where female character is drawn, make
the fair ones somewhat more than we see them
in this our day, is more than I can divine. I
think it is reading such books as are highly
seasoned with knight errantry, where the un-
fortunate female is diligently sought out and
rescued at the risk of the life of the noble
youth by whom she is treated as angelic, at
least, that fills the minds of so many of my
own sex with the ideas so opposite to the sober
realities of life. "No doubt it was one of this
class with whom your correspondent, "Abel,"
had an interesting conversation, well described
in your sixth number. That there are faults
other than reading novels, which exercise an
evil influence on the minds of females, I will
not deny. Parents are in a great degree res-
ponsible for the habits and character of their
children. Solomon well said "train up a
child in the way he should go, and when he is
old he will not depart from it."—and Pope,

"The education forms the mind :
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

The truth of these sentiments is universally
acknowledged, yet some parents so educate
their daughters, that they are wholly unfit for
the duties of domestic life, that is in accord-
ance with the present useless fashions, and en-
tirely regardless of every thing that can ren-
der them useful and happy. Such shudder at
the idea of being called into active, useful life,
and choose to spin out years in single blessed-
ness, rather than form a union, which may
render it necessary for them to have some care
and responsibility resting upon them.

Again other parents are so strict and severe
in family discipline, keeping so tight the reins
of government, as to deprive their daughters
from all privileges; teaching them nothing but
to labor like slaves. Those daughters, as is
perfectly natural, seek for a release, and too
often throw themselves under the protection of
the first man who proposes to become their
husband, and with them live if possible, still
more unhappy than before. Parents who pur-
pose the medium, wisely avoiding either ex-
ample too, to love and practice virtue, will
never have the pain which is often felt by both
the other classes, on seeing misfortune a con-
stant attendant on their children, & beholding as
the cause, their own neglect in training them up. The daughters of the latter class grow up in a school which makes them happy in proportion to the good they do, and when called to act for themselves carry out in practice the principles imbibed in youth. Mark the path they tread; see light and peace diffused by them, their whole time spent usefully, consequently happily. Bearing cheerfully misfortune themselves, alleviating misery, when possible, in others, contented to act in their own sphere, not desiring to usurp authority, but to fulfill every duty devolving upon them, that others seeing their good works may be led to go and do likewise, and be like them happy, walking in the ways of truth and righteouness down to the tomb, followed by their good works.

Greece, April, 1833.

F. L. S.

THE SENTIMENTALIST——NO. 5

WRITTEN FOR THE GEN.

A SONG,JOURNEY.

Pride seems to be a principle implanted in the breast of every person, by the hand of nature—a principle often necessary for the preservation and proper defence of the individual. It is pride that makes us feel independent among our fellows, whatever our rank or station in life may be. We may be poor; we may eat the bread of poverty, and walk the streets with a threadbare coat—and yet we may feel as good as our neighbors, and feel ourselves on a level with the proudest. Pride steps in to our relief when misfortune with its heaviest blow comes upon us, and we are enabled to withstand the fury that pride—does some hand unwittingly, or maliciously, injure the fine sensibilities of nature—

Or when thou hearest the warbling throng, That sweetly clout the woods among,

Then may we hear in the sweet song

The charm of nature's scenery.

Or touch again " the trembling string" When other's sorrow softly string,

In melting strains the requiem sing

To soothe the soul of misery.

But is it so?—Oh! is it ever, And shall we hourly sorrow more? In all its mellow numbers pour Its wild, its austerous melody!

It must be so—we hear the soul, And like the charm of setting day, Or like some warbler's dying lay

It lingers round the memory.

Murray, May 1833.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEN.

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE;

Woe, come away my little lass; The dew is falling on the grass, Her strains of rustic minstrelsy— But let me stay and weep beside My Brother's new made grave.

For I remember when I used To sit upon his knee, And when I felt my elf abused, To him for succour flee.

And on the day my father died, He kissed away my tears, And said he would for me provide, And tis to calm my fears.

But when he saw my mother die, He pressed me to his heart— And then I felt his bosom sigh And saw his tear-drops start.

And when they laid her with the dead, He stood and wept awhile, Then turned to me and gently said Poor little orphan child.

I could not tell what he inferred. And so I asked him o'er; I knew not, or I'd never heard These cruel words before. But sadly now do I full well Their every morning know, And all of them I now can tell, For I have felt their wo.

We had no friends, we had no home, And so he carried me, And laid me in a neighboring done, And then he went to sea.

And oft I looked, and oft I sought To see him come on shore; He came—and never was, I thought, So beautiful before.

He elder eye and redder cheek Than when he left the land.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEN.

LINES TO HORACE.

 Lay not aside thy tuneful lyre, But wake again its wonted fire, And let thy muse again inspire Her strains of sweetest melody.

Again sound "Thy friendship's hallowed shrine," Thy ever blooming wreaths entwine, And wake again in souls like this The thrill of heart felt ecstasy.

Or when thou hearest the warbling throng, That sweetly clout the woods among,

Then may we hear in the sweet song

The charm of nature's scenery.

Or touch again " the trembling string" When other's sorrow softly string,

In melting strains the requiem sing

To soothe the soul of misery.

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And oft I looked, and oft I sought To see him come on shore; He came—and never was, I thought, So beautiful before.

He elder eye and redder cheek Than when he left the land.
The voice of kindness—it is sweet
To hear each well-intended one.
Which tells there are warm hearts that beat
Responsive to our own.
To find, as onward we press
Though life's all-darkened hours,
Some kindly ones our way would bless,
And strewn its path with flowers.

Oh, if there can be ought to cheer
It is that sunny blandning,
To glances mild, the smiles of love,
And though we mourn each sundered band
We sometime meet, though far we rove
To mark the look of sympathy,
And it is doubly dear to me,
And Hope within my weary breast
Yet if we tread in virtue's way
Responsive to our own,
To hear each welcome tone,
This is no vain assurance;
If we'll but keep the path of virtue,
We'll find our way unerring:
In every place of human heart
There's room for Hope and Love.

Miscellaneous Selections.

"Oh! I'm only a passenger!"

At a certain time—no matter when—a vessel, which was crossing the water, sprung a leak, and it was with the utmost difficulty she was afterwards kept afloat. The pumps had to be incessantly in motion, and the hands, by their constant fatigue night and day, were nearly exhausted—while the water slowly increased in the hold. While matters were thus going on, a person who had been in the habit of walking the deck with his dignity in his pockets, was saluted by the captain after this manner—Come sir, take hold and help us at the pumps, or we shall certainly go to the bottom!

"Well, Captain (said he), that's nothing to me; I'm only a passenger!"

We may laugh at the folly, selfishness or indolence of such a man. But his likeness is to be seen in thousand of persons all over the land. Indeed the mass of men of the present day are as like him as you can imagine. Do you doubt? Call upon the first man you meet and ask him what he is doing to destroy licentiousness. Ten to one he will say, he has no time to devote to such matters; his influence is nothing and what little he could do would be of no avail; "it's nothing to him—he's only a passenger!"

Go to another; urge him the multiplied evils of lottery and other gambling; point him to the families who have been beggar'd; he many who have been ruined, for the want of effort on the part of those who disapprove of such things. "He does not gamble—and if every one would look out for himself, there would be no need of it." He's only a passenger!"

Ask another to help forward the temperance reform—to drink no intoxicating liquors and to pledge his influence to put an end to the evils arising therefrom; "O, say he, "I can govern myself; and as for the rest of the world, that's nothing to me; I'm only a passenger!"

In fact, almost every man who makes any pretensions to morality, is too apt to consider himself only a passenger; and therefore, under no obligation to stir afoot society from the difficulties and depravity with which it is encumbered. If they finally land safe, it is well; but if universal destruction were threatened against human morals, and the combined efforts of those who claim to be virtuous were amply sufficient to stay the desolation, you could hardly prevail upon them to take off their gloves and consider themselves in any other character than "passengers."

Mechanic's Magazine.—Mr. D. K. Minor, the enterprising publisher of the American, has added to the various useful periodicals in which he has previously engaged, another, under the title of the "Mechanics Magazine, and Register of Inventions and improvements." The number before us is double—embracing the two publications for January and February. It contains nearly one hundred articles, upon various subjects coming within its comprehensive plan—many of which are illustrated by engravings. We have for several years been familiar with the London Mechanic's Magazine, from the plan of which Mr. Minor's work has been copied—save only that the former is a weekly publication, and the latter a monthly—and have often wished that the Mechanic's of our own country were favored with a similar repository of instructions, and register of inventions. The desideratum is now supplied, in a manner that promises great usefulness, while the getting of it up in such handsome style reflects credit upon the enterprising publisher. We wish him all deserved success, tendering him at the same time, our hopes that he will not burn his fingers by having too many irons in the fire. —N. York Spectator.

New Electro-Magnetick Experiment.—Professor Emmet of the University of Virginia, has succeeded in so arranging the horse-shoe magnet as to enable him to obtain at pleasure brilliant incalculations, nearly as perfect as those produced by the flint and steel. The most remarkable discovery, however, is a sure mode of giving strength and even unpleasant shocks, which bear great resemblance to those from a voltaic pile, of about 100 pairs of plates. Some other results, tending to show that this new force has properties intermediate between Electricity and Galvanism, have been obtained and will be shortly made public. —National Gazette.

The march of Mind.—A Boston paper says:—"A female domestic called at the dwelling house of a gentleman a few days since, to obtain a place in his kitchen as cook. She had under her arm two volumes, which proved to be Don Juan and Moor's Life of Byron. She had just borrowed these of a literary friend, who was serving as cook in the family of Mr. S."

Tippling.—The following is the German method of preventing Sunday tippling. All persons drinking and tippling upon Sunday and holidays, in coffee houses, &c., during divine service, are authorized to depart without paying for what they have had. This would have a most beneficial tendency in improving the morals of the lower orders of society, and greatly contribute to the comfort of their families.

Dignified Conduct of a Young Lady.—Eliza, a young Parisian, resolved to discard a gentleman to whom she was to have been married the next day, because he ridiculed religion. Having given him a gentle reproof, he replied, "That a man of the world would not do and be so old fashioned, as to regard God and religion." Eliza started! but quickly recovering herself, said, "from this moment, then sir, I cease to be yours. He who does not love and honor God, can never love his wife constantly and sincerely." The match was broken off.

Munificent Donation.—Intelligence has been received at the office of the Colonization Society, of a second legacy of $10,000 from New Orleans. Mr. Ireland, of that city, lately deceased, has left by his will to the American Colonization Society, one-third of his estate, the whole of which is valued at $30,000. This makes $20,000 from New-Orleans in one year, for this noble charity.

Socrates.—When Socrates was asked why he had built for himself so small a house, he replied, "small as it is, I wish I could fill it with friends." These, indeed, are all that a wise man could desire to assemble; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.

Sir P. Bacon observes, that men in great places are thrice servants; servants to the state, servants to fame, and servants to business. "It is strange," says he, "that men will desire place to lose liberty; the rising in to place is laborious; by pains, men come to greater pains; and by indignities to dignities."
THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Almost every Mail of late has brought us Subscribers to the Gem. A' handsome number has been added to our list during the first quarter of the present volume—this is encouraging.

The Magdalen.—We intend to commence this thrilling story in the next No. of the Gem. It is well worthy of being read and preserved.

We would refer our readers to the description of the "Storm at Sea," given in the preceding columns. Landsmen, however, who have never rode on the mighty deep or witnessed its tempestuous heavings, can have but a faint idea of the awfully grand and sublime appearance of such a scene.

Our Correspondent "L. c. D." has given us an interesting Biographical Sketch of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, "Who have gone to their rest full of honor and years. Each crown'd with a wreath of glory, Embalmed in the dew of a nation's tears, And eternalized in Liberty's story."

The author of a testy letter from Lockport, dictating to us whose writings we should, and whose we should not publish, is informed that he has much more impudence than brains.

"Alexander" of Lockport, need not furnish us with any more original (as he calls it) as the late article from him turns out to be an old one copied.—Such business we consider detestable.

The communication of "Simon Parley," inadmissible. The writer seems inclined to hold a parley with public opinion as to the necessity of total abstinence to reform intemperance. We suppose he is in favor of reformation by degrees. Now we have heard intemperate drinkers say that since, Miss Electa Seymour received a verdict of fifteen hundred dollars against Mr. Leverett Tuttle, for a breach of promise of marriage, the arguments, as is always said in such cases, were "ingenious on both sides": that is, we suppose very abusive.—Bost. Gaz.

New Article for Trade.—A trader in this town advertises "Gentlemen's Bosoms." If he will sell Gentlemen's Hearts, the Ladies will patronize him. Perchance the bosoms are false—hearts certainly are, at least so say the women.—Lowel Compend.

Conundrums.—Why is a debtor confined in jail, like a leaky boat? D'ye give it up? Because he wants bailing out!

Why is John Randolph like brown bread? Because he is part Indian. Why is water just frozen like a Magistrate? Because it is just ice. Why is a two wheeled vehicle in danger of being robbed? Because it has a nave each side of it.

What is your name? said a gentleman to a porter. My name, replied the fellow, is the same as my father's. And what is his name? said the gentleman. It is the same as mine. Then what are both your names? Why they are both alike, said the porter.

MARRIED.

In Scottville, on the 8th inst. Mr. Daniel Willson, of Panfield, to Miss Amy Miller, of Chili. In Livonia, by the Rev. Mr. Allin, on the 16th Feb. Mr. Simms Risden, to Miss Betsey Ford. In the same place, on the 6th March, by the Rev. Mr. Jester, Mr. William Thorston, to Miss Abigail Hannah, both of the same place. In this village, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Luke Lyons, Mr. Orenzo Eaton, to Miss Harriet Lindsey, both of this village.

DIED.

In Scottville, on the 15th of February last, at the house of her father in Galway, N. Y. in the 20th year of her age, Mrs. Emer Ayer Guernsey, daughter of Mr. Ezra Kellogg, and consort of Mr. L. Goodrich, merchant of Scottville, late of this village. "All that's bright must fade; The brightest, still the fleetest." It is a melancholy business to note the passing away of the beautiful—to follow with gushing eyes and breaking hearts to the silent tombs the lovely, the affectionate; the tender friend, the ardent lover. The hopes of all youth's dream-visions are crushed, and the desolate heart of the survivor is as blank and cheerless as if he were, indeed, left entirely alone in the world! The subject of these remarks had but just left her paternal roof, and linked her destiny with the hand of her youth, ere the ghastly monster had set his hand on her for his prey. But she sunk not in despair. She had long before her death learned that the Saviour was precious, and he stood beside his redeemed daughter in the dreaded hour of sepulture. The following lines, express very forcibly all that she felt, and the bereft husband will no doubt long carry them fresh on his memory:

T H E W I F E ' S A D I E U.

I soar to the realms of the bright and the blest, Where the mourners are solaced, the weary at rest, I rise to my glories while thou must remain In this dark vale of tears, of dejection and pain.

And hence, though my heart throbs exultant to die, And visions of glory expand to mine eye, The bosom that struggles and pants to be free, Still beats with regret and affection for thee.

I fear not another, more fond and more fair, When I am forgotten, thy fortunes should share: Oh! find but a bosom devoted as mine, And my heart's latest blessing forever be thine!

I fear, lest the stroke, that now rends us apart, From the faith of the Christian should sever thy heart, Lest, seeking in anguish relief from despair, The vain world should lure thee to look for it there.

But O! should it tempt thee awhile to resign A treasure so precious, a hope so divine; Should the light of His glory be hidden from thee, In the hour of thy darkness, O think upon me!

Remember the hope, that enlivens me now, Though the dews of the damp grave are cold on my brow; The faith, that has nourished me with transport to see The hour of thy doom, though it tears me from thee!

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

A few copies of Volumes 2nd, 3d, and 4th of the GEM, handomely bound;—also, several volumes of Literary Works printed in different parts of the country;—also, a few excellent Plaques, suitable for insertion in literary publications.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING, Such as handbills, horsebills, cards, pamphlets, showbills, blanks, blank notes and receipts, circulars, &c. &c., will be at all times nently and promptly executed at the office of the Gaz. New Script, and other new type, will soon be added to the office, and our friends, and the public, are invited to give us a share of business.


The Gem is published at Rochester, Monroe co., N. Y. every other Saturday at $1.50 per annum, payable in advance. It is printed in quarto form and paper binding—and an index and title-page furnished at the end of the year.

No subscription taken for a less term than one year, and no paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

Moneys can be safely sent by mail. All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed to JOHN DENIO, by whom it will be printed and published, for the proprietor.

MRS. WILLARD, of Troy, N. Y. has recently published an "Appeal in favor of Female Education, especially in Greece."
From the Diary of a Physician.

THE MAGDALEN.

About nine o'clock on a miserable Sunday evening in October, 18—, we were sitting quietly at home around our brisk fire, listening, in occasional intervals of silence, to the rain which, during the whole of the day still came down heavily, accompanied with the dreary whistling of the wind. The gloom without served but to enhance by contrast the cheerfulness—the sense of snugness within. I was watching my good wife discharging her regular Sunday evening duty of catechising the children, and pleasing myself with the promptitude and accuracy of my youngest child's replies when the servant brought me up word that I was wanted below. I went down stairs immediately. In the hall, just beneath the lamp on which was written, Miss Edwards, No. 11, Court, Street, (3d floor.) The hand-writing of the paper, hasty as was the glance I gave at it, struck me. It was small and elegant but evidently the product of a weak or unsteady hand.

This here lady wishes to see you, sir, said she, rising with a somewhat tipsy tone and air and handing to me a small dirty slip of paper, on which was written, Miss Edwards, No. 11, Court, Street, (3d floor.) The hand-writing of the paper, hasty as was the glance I gave at it, struck me. It was small and elegant but evidently the production of a weak or unsteady hand.

Pray what is the matter with this lady? I enquired.

Matter, sir? Matter enough, I warrant me! The young woman's not long to live, as I reckon. She's worn out—all! she replied, with a freedom amounting to rudeness, which at once gave me an inkling of her real character.

Do you think it absolutely necessary for me to call on her to-night? I enquired, not much liking the sort of place I was likely to be led to.

She does, I fancy, poor devil—and she replies, with a freedom amounting to rudeness, which at once gave me an inkling of her real character.

Is it any sudden illness?

No, sir—it's been coming on this long time—ever since she came to live with me. My daughter and I thinks 'tis a decline.

Could not you take her to a dispensary?

She does, I fancy, poor thing—and she replied, with a freedom amounting to rudeness, which at once gave me an inkling of her real character.

Well, you'll be paid for your visit, I suppose. Isn't that enough? said the woman, with an impatient air.

Well, well—I will follow you in a minute or two, said I, opening the street door, for there was something in the woman's appearance that I hated to have in my house.

I say, sir! she called out in an under tone, as I was somewhat unceremoniously shutting the door upon her. You mustn't be put out of your way, mind, if any of my girls should be about. They are noisy devils to be sure—but they would not meddle. The closing of the door prevented my hearing the conclusion of the sentence. I stood for a few moments irresolute. My duty, however, seemed clear—and all minor considerations, I thought, should give way; so I equipped myself quickly, and set out on my walk, which was as unpleasant as wind, rain and darkness could make it.

I do not see why I should mince matters by hesitating to state that the house in which I found myself after about ten minutes walk was one of ill fame—and that, too, apparently of the lowest and vilest description.

No. II. I found was the last house in the court; and just as I was going to enquire of a filthy creature squatting on the doorstep, she called out to some one within, Mother! Mother! Here's the Doctor come to see Sally! Her mother, the wretch who had called upon me, presently sauntered to the door with a candle in her hand. She seemed to have been disturbed at drinking; and a little to my alarm, I heard the gruff voice of a man in the room she had just quitted.

Please to follow me, sir! This way, sir.—The young woman is up stairs.

The moment that the bedroom door was opened, another emotion than that of apprehension occupied my mind. The apartment was little, if at all, superior to that which I have described in a former paper, as the residence of the Irish family, the O'Hurdles. It was much smaller, and infinitely filther. A candle that seemed never to have been snuffed, stood on the chimney piece, beside one or two filthy cups and jugs, shedding a dull dismal sort of twilight over a chair or two, a small rickety chest of drawers, an old hair trunk, with the lid broken in, a small circular table, on which stood a phial and tea cup; and, along the further extremity of the room, a wretched pallet, all tosed and disordered.

There was a tolerable fire burning in a very small grate, and the inclemency of the weather seemed completely excluded by a little window, two-thirds of whose panes were, however, stuffed with rags, paper, &c. I felt disposed, immediately on entering, to remove one of them, for there was a horrid closeness in the room.

Well, there she is in the bed, poor devil, ill enough, I will answer for it, said the old woman, panting with the effort of ascending the stairs. Reaching down the candle from the chimney piece, she snuffed it with her fingers, and set it upon the table; and then, after stiring up the fire, she took up the candle she had brought, and withdrew, saying as she went out, Miss Edwards said she'd rather see you alone, so I'm off, you know. If you want anything that I dare say you can call out for it; some of the girls will be sure to hear you.

I was happy to be relieved of her presence! When the door had closed upon her, I drew one of the chairs to the bedside, together with table and candle, which showed me the figure of a female lying on her back amidst the disorderly clothes, her black hair stretched dishevelled over the pillow, and her face completely concealed beneath both hands.

Well, madam, are you in much pain? I inquired, gently trying, at the same time, to disengage her right hand, that I might both feel her pulse and see her countenance. I did not succeed, however, her hands were clasped over her face with some little force; and, as I made the effort I have mentioned, a faint sob burst from her.

Come, come, madam, I continued; in as gentle a tone as I could, renewing the efforts to dislodge her hand, I'm afraid you are in much pain! Don't however, prevent my doing what little may be in my power to relieve you! Still her hands moved not. I am Dr. ——; you yourself sent for me! What is ailing you? You need not hide your face from me in this strange way! Come—

There, then!—Do you know me? she exclaimed in a faint shriek, at the same time starting up suddenly in bed, and removing her hands from her face, which—her hair pressed away on each side by her hands—was turned towards me with an anguished affrighted stare, her features white and wasted. The suddenness and singularity of the action sufficiently startled me. She continued in the same attitude and expression of countenance,
breathing in short quick grasps, and with her eyes fixed wildly upon me.

I gradually recognised the face as one known to me. A cold thrill that passed through me—the sickening sensations I then experienced, crept over me now that I am writing.

Why—am I right? Eleanor! I exclaimed faintly, my hands elevated with consternation, and at the same time almost doubting the evidence of my senses. She made no reply, but shook her head with frantic violence for a few moments, and then sunk exhausted on her pillow.

I would have spoken to her—I would have touched her; but the shock of what I had just seen, had momentarily unnerved me. I did not recover, my self-possession until I found that she had fainted. Oh, mercy, mercy!—what a wreck of beauty was I gazing on! Could it be possible? Was this pallid, worn out, death-stuck creature, lying in such a den of guilt and pollution; was this the gay and beautiful girl I had once known as the star of the place where she resided—whom my wife knew—whom in short we had both known, and familiarly? The truth flashed in a moment over my shuddering, reluctant soul. I must be gazing on the spoil of the seducer! I looked with horror, not to say loathing, on her lifeless features, till I began to doubt whether, after all, they could really be those I took them to be. But her extraordinary conduct, there could be no mistake when I thought of that.

With the aid of a vinaigrette, which I always carried about me, and dashing a little cold water in her face, she gradually revived. The moment her softly opening eyes fell upon me, she closed them again, turned aside her head with a convulsive start, and covered her face, as before, with her hands.

Come, come, Miss B——. a stifled groan burst from her lips on hearing me mention her real name, and she shook her head with agony unutterable—you must be calm, or I can do nothing for you. There is nothing to alarm you, surely, is it? I am come at your own request, and wish to be of service to you. Tell me at once, now, where do you feel pain?

Here! replied the wretched girl, placing her left hand with convulsive energy upon her heart. Oh, the tone of her voice! I would to Heaven—I would to Heaven, that the blackest sinner on earth could have been present to hear her utter that one word!

"Have you any pain in the other side?" I inquired, looking away from her to conceal my emotion, and trying to count her pulses. She nodded in the affirmative.

"Do you spit much during the day? Any blood, Miss B——? Miss B——!" she echoed, with a smile of mingled despair and grief; "call me rather Devil!—Don't mock me with kind words! Don't Doctor! No, not a word—a single word—a word," she continued, with increasing wildness of tone and air.

"See—I'm prepared! I'm before hand! I expected something like this!—Don't—don't dare me! Look!" She suddenly thrust her right hand under the bed-clothes, and, to my horror, drew from under them a table-knife, which she shook before me with the air of a maniac. I wrenched it out of her hand with little difficulty. Well, then—so—so—she gasped, clutching at her throat with both her hands. I rose up from my chair, telling her in a stern tone, that if she persisted in such wild antics, I should leave her at once; that my time was valuable, and the hour besides growing late.

"Go—go then! Desert one whom the world has already deserted! Yes, go, go away, I deserve no better—and yet—I did not expect it!" exclaimed the miserable girl, bursting into a flood of bitter, but relieving tears. Finding that what I had said, had produced its desired effect, I resumed my seat. There was a silence of several moments. "I suppose you are shocked—to see me here—but you've heard it all!"—said she faintly. "Oh—well, I'll talk about that by and by; I must first see about your health. I am afraid you are very ill! haven't you been long so? Why did you not send for me earlier? Rely upon it, you need not have sent twice!"

"Oh, can you ask me, Doctor? I dared not! Oh, how I wish I had not sent for you now! The sight of you has driven me nearly mad! You must see that it has—but you did not mean it? Oh! oh! oh! she groaned, apparently half choked, "what I feel here!" pressing both her hands upon her heart "what a hell," quivering forth the last word with an intonation that was fearful.

"Once more, I entreat of you to check your feelings, otherwise, it is absurd for me to be here! What good can I possibly do you, if you rave in this manner?" said I sternly. She made no reply, but suddenly coughed violently; then started up in the bed, felt about in haste for her handkerchief, raised it to her lips, and drew it away marked with blood.

I proceeded immediately to bleed her, having obtained what was necessary—with great difficulty—without summoning any one for the assistance till she comes, with the woman of the dispensary.
her beginning to grow drowsy with the effect of the medicine I had given her, so I slipped quietly out of the room. Having no candle I was obliged to grope my way down stairs in the dark. I was shocked and alarmed to hear, as I descended, by the angry voices both of men and women, that there was a disturbance downstairs. Oh, what a place for such a patient as I had quitted.

I thanked God heartily, on quitting the house and neighborhood, that I found myself once more in the open air, cold, dark, and rainy, though it was. I breathed freely for the first time since entering within the atmosphere of such horrible contamination. A rush of recollections of Miss B——, once virtuous, happy, beautiful; now guilty, polluted, dying——of former and present times—overwhelmed my mind. What scenes must this fallen creature have passed through!

Full of such reflections as these, I found myself at the door of a dispensary. The hour was rather late, and it was with great difficulty, that I could find such a person as I had undertaken to send. I prescribed the requisite remedies, and gave them to the nurse with all fitting directions, and despatched her to the scene of her attendance, as quickly as possible, promising to be with her as early as I could in the morning, and directing her to send for me without hesitation, at any hour of night, if she thought her patient exhibited any alarming features. It was past eleven when I reached home. I told the reader, a little way back, that I knew I should break my promise, if she thought her patient exhibited any alarming features. It was past eleven when I reached home. I told the reader, a little way back, that I knew I should break my promise, that I could not help informing my wife of what had happened. I need hardly say the shock gave her a sleepless night. I think the present the fittest opportunity for mentioning, shortly to the reader, the circumstances under which we became first acquainted with the adventitious Miss Edwards.

Several years before the period of which I have been writing, my wife's health required the assistance of change of scene and fresh country air. I therefore took her down, in the spring of the year, to what was then considered one of the fashionable watering-places, and engaged lodgings for her at the boarding-house of a respectable widow lady, a little way out of the town. Her husband had been a captain in the East India service, who, as is but too frequent with that class of men, spent his money faster than he earned it; so that on his death, nothing but the most active exertions of numerous friends and relatives preserved his widow and daughter from absolute destitution. They took for Mrs.—the house she occupied, when we became her lodgers, furnished it with comfort, and even elegance; and in a word, fairly set her a going as the proprietress of a boarding-house. The respectability of her character, and the comforts of her little establishment, procured for her permanent patronage. How well do I recollect her prepossessing appearance, as it first struck me! There was an air of pensive cheerfulness and composure about her features, that spoke eloquently in her favor; and I felt gratified at the thought of committing my wife and family into such good hands. As we were coming down stairs after inspecting the house, through the half-open door of a back parlor, I caught a glimpse of an uncommonly handsome and elegantly dressed girl, sitting at a desk reading.

"Only my daughter, sir," said Mrs. B. observing my eye rather inquisitively peering after her.

"Dear! How like she is to the picture of the Madonna I exclaimed my wife.

"Yes Madam; it is often remarked here," replied Mrs. B——, coloring with pleasure; "and what's far better, Ma'am, she's the best girl you'll meet with in a day's walk: through a town! she's all I care for in the world!" added she with a sigh.

We congratulated ourselves mutually; expressing anticipations of pleasure from our future intercourse. After seeing my family settled in their new quarters, I left for London, my professional engagements not allowing me more than a day's absence. Every letter I received from my wife, contained commendations of her hostess, and the "Madonna," her beautiful, accomplished, and agreeable daughter, with whom she had got particularly intimate, and was seldom out of her company.

The visits, "like angels, few and far between," that I was able to pay to, made Miss B. as great a favorite with me, as with my wife—as with all that knew or saw her, I might say. I found she was well known about the place by the name of the Madonna; and was so much pestered with the usual importunities of dandies, as to be unable to go about as much as she could have wished. The frank, simple-hearted creature was not long in making a confidant of my wife, who in their various conversations, heard with but little surprise of frequent anonymous billet-doux, copies of verses, &c. and flattering attentions paid by the most distinguished strangers, and in one instance, even by royalty itself. She had refused several advantageous offers of marriage, pressed upon her to a degree that was harassing, on the score of her mother, to whom she was passionately attached, and from whom she could not bear the thought of the most partial separation. Her education—her associations—her cast of character—her tastes and inclinations, were far beyond her present sphere. "I once should have laughed, indeed, at any one talking of my becoming the daughter of a lodging-house keeper," said the proud swan-like creature; "but I can never have come within sight or reach of a disappointed girl!"

The predominant taste of Miss B——, was novel reading, which engaged her attention every spare hour she could snatch from other engagements. Hence what could she imbibe but false sentiment—what gather but the most erroneous and distorted views of life and morals? Add to this the conscientiousness of her own beauty, and the large tribute it exacted from all who saw her—the intoxicating, maddening flumes of flattery—ah me! I should have trembled for her indeed, had she been a daughter of mine! The doting mother, however, seemed to see none of these dangers—to feel none of these apprehensions; and cruel, surely, and impertinent would it have been in us to suggest them. For nearly three months was my wife a guest of Mrs. B——'s, and a familiar—an affectionate companion of her beautiful daughter. On leaving, my wife pressed Miss B—— (the mother was, of course, out of the question) to pay her a speedy visit to town, and exacted a promise of occasional correspondence. Long after our return to London, was the Madonna, a subject of conversation, and many were the anxious wishes and hopes expressed by my wife on her behalf. Now, I suppose the reader can form some idea of the consternation with which I recognised in Sally Edwards" the "Madonna" of a former day! The very watch-pockets at the back of our bed were the pretty presents of her whose horrid story I was telling my sobbing wife! I could have torn them from the bed-head, for the sake of their torturing associations! They would not let us sleep in peace. I was startled, during the night, from a doze rather than from sleep, by the sobs of my wife. "What's the matter, Emily?"

"Oh!" she replied; "what has become of poor Mrs. B——! Rely on it she's dead of a broken heart?"

For two hours before my usual hour of rising, I lay awake, casting about in my mind by what strange and fatal course of events Miss B—— had been brought into the revolving, the awful circumstances in which I found her. Dreadfully distinct as was the last night's interview, in my recollection, I was not wholly
from transient fits of incredulity. I could not
identify the two—Eleanor B— with Hall Edwards! All such notions, however, were
dismissed by mine o'clock, when I found my- self once more by the bed-side of " Miss Ed-
ward's." She was asleep when I entered; and I
motioned the nurse to silence as I stepped
noiselessly toward the chair she quitted to make
room for me. Oh, my God! did the heart of
man ever ache more than mine on that occa-
sion? Was the pitiable object before me Ele-
nor B—? were they her fair limbs that now
lay beneath the filthy bed-clothes? Was the
baby face—the hollow cheek—the sunken eye
of a former and happier day. And thou,
Fiend! the door of all this—would that thou
hadst been there to see it!
A sudden noise made by the nurse awoke
Miss Edwards. Without moving from the post-
ture in which she lay, on her side, with her
face away from me, as she had slept, I found,
nearly all the night, she opened her eyes, and
after looking steadfastly at the wall for a few
moments, closed them again. I gently took
hold of her hand, and then felt her pulse. She
turned her head slowly toward me; and after
fixing her eyes on me for an instant with an
air of apathy, they widened into a strange
stare of alarm, while her white face seemed
blanched to even a whiter hue than before.—
Her lips slowly parted—altogether, I protest
my blood chilled beneath what I looked upon.
There was no smile of welcome, no ap-
arance of recognition, but she seemed as if she
had been woke from dreaming of a frighten-
some spectre that remained visible to her waking
eyes.
Oh, Doctor—! exclaimed the poor girl,
in a reproachful tone, turning her head
slowly away, as if she wondered I thought it
necessary to tell her I would use her kindly.
Well, well, tell me then—how are you? how
do you feel? have you any pain in breathing?
Tell me in the softest whisper you can.
Alive, Doctor, that's all. I seem disturbed
in my grave! What has been done to me?
Who is that? she inquired faintly, looking
at the nurse.
Oh! she has been setting by you all night,
she has been nursing you. Miss Edwards of-
pered her hand toward the nurse, who gently
shook it. You're very kind to me, she mur-
mured; I—I do not deserve it.
Every one, Miss Edwards, must be attended
to when they are ill. We want no thanks—it
is our duty.
But I am such a base girl—

**THE SENTIMENTS LIST—NO. 6**

**SYMPATHY.**

Oh, there is nothing half so dear,
As when in sorrow pining,
The tears of sympathy sincere
In others' eyes are shining.

Who, that has ever tasted the cup of bitter-
ness in this world of sorrow, has not felt the
soothing consolation of disinterested sympathy?
If there did exist such a man he is one who
has tasted but half the pleasures of life. A
friend in need is a friend indeed, says the old
adage, and true is it that many gay and
jovial companions that flock around us in our
prosperity, there are few, very few, who can
claim the appellation, 'friend indeed.' There
are a few however who will not desert us
when the clouds of adversity are settling aro-
und us, and threaten with their dense mists,
to smother every ray of hope—a few upon
 whose arms we may recline for support—a
few who will listen to our tale of woe, and drop
the sympathising tear at the rehearsal of our
mishaps. Others, who proffered false pro-
fessions of friendship while on the wing of
prosperity, are now looking with a haughty
air of arrogance upon us, and desire us for
our adverse fortune—but these sacred few are
yet unwavering and true. I have often thought
how must the heart of the orphan swell, who,
while he tells his simple tale of woe, with a sad
countenance, and strives to hide the tatters of
his garment, beholds in your eye, as you reach
forth the ready assistance, the tear of sympa-
thy just starting from its pure fountain! And
what emotions must the poor African feel, who
has suffered under the severity of a hard task-
master, if he behold you dropping a tear upon
his chains! I well recollect when one held dear
by the sacred ties of nature was relit from
unfeeling Death. I was silent under the af-
ters, confining my inquiries to the state of her
condition, and giving me no reply for several minutes. I
repeated the question.
I—and I think I see his face, it seems
vague—there,—I never saw his face, but it was
in my dreams, and I heard his voice, and I
thought I saw him—

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**THE ROCHESTER GEM**

Vol. V

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**B. W. H.**
promising talents, pleasing manners, and correct deportment; and in his youth bid fair to become a useful member of community, a source of pride to his friends and an honour to his connexions. Modest in his daily demeanour, retired in his disposition, gentle in his mien, and docile to his instructors, he gained the good wishes of every inhabitant of the town of H——; attracted and riveted the admiration of his acquaintances, and acquired the reputation of a quick scholar, and a more than ordinary intellect.

After progressing through the primary and lower branches of science, or in other words, having laid the foundation for the study of higher departments of education, he was sent to college to complete his course, and to prepare for a profession. In College, he did not fail to sustain his enviable moral and mental character; but stood foremost in his class in the affections and esteem of his tutor. He graduated in about three years, and then returned home leaving a good name among the students, and possessing the confidence of his instructors. Being now fully prepared in point of learning for any profession, all his father had to do was to choose one for his son. Although Charles Morton would have graced the pulpit, or adorned the medical fraternity, still his inclinations and the predilection of his parents run towards the bar. He was consequently placed in an Attorney’s office in the city of New York, under the charge and superintendence of a distinguished advocate who had solicited the responsibility and labour of instructing so talented and promising a young man in the science of law, and of conducting him through the season of apprenticeship to the period of admission. It would be needless and foreign to the purposes of the author of this little narrative to enter into a detail of the many uninteresting events which occurred while Morton was engaged in the study of the law at New York; and tedious to the reader to give an account of that portion of his juvenile days which he devoted to the task of pouring over dry commentaries, innumerable reports, and such other works as constitute a lawyer’s library. Suffice it to say that he obtained a very thorough knowledge of the law, and gave reasonable promise of becoming a useful member of and a bright ornament to the bar.

He was admitted, received his diploma, and established an office for himself. Here, the pleasant portion of his history closes, whilst sad and mournful truths are recorded on the succeeding pages. It was in the argument of his first cause that the event happened which “clipped the wings of his aspiring genius,” saecul’d the ardour of his ambition, and ultimately laid him in a straitened and dishonoured grave. He did not disappoint the anxious and even sanguine expectations of his audience for eloquent display; he did not fail in soundness of reasoning, clearness of expression or beauty of language; he did not travel out of the precincts of the laws; he did not violate the laws of decency, modesty or morality.

The opposing counsel, who had the management of the cause for the opposite party, and who was remarkable for the roughness of his manners, and unfairness of his practice, had in summing up to the jury, indulged in some severe and gratuitous remarks upon the youth, and juvenile appearance of his antagonist, which stung him to the quick and aroused all the excruciating feelings of his bosom. Morton, who was counsel for the plaintiff, in his address to the jury, expressed by sparkling eyes and a change of countenance, that he was not totally devoid of spirit; and, also gave a few sharp and pungent thrusts of wit at his opponent mingled with some exclamations of anger. While he was engaged in pouring his direful anathemas upon the object of his anger and detestation, the court interposed, and said that such attacks as those were not allowable in a tribunal of justice. Young Morton tenacious of his right to vindicate and defend himself when unjustly insulted, and determined to exercise that right when occasion required, replied to the remarks of the judge in rather an irreligious and contumelious manner, and proceeded to open the wounds of his haughty foe afresh. The court then imperatively ordered him to stop and forthwith convicted him of contempt, for which he was amerced, and committed to prison. Here we may date Charles Morton’s destruction.

Although the offence for which he was fined and confined, was far from being heinous, and had many mitigating circumstances attending it; although the spectators admired the proud spirit which he displayed more than they disliked the stubbornness with which he maintained his rights; and, although it could all be easily imputed to an overwarmth of feeling, yet young Morton whose moral principles were uncorrupted, and whose moral character was without reproach or suspicion, could not support for a moment the idea of confinement, of separation from the world and from companionship, of the deprivation of his liberty, of association with the adepts in guilt and hardened in crime, and all this while in the bloom of manhood. During the term of his imprisonment he perceptibly pined away in review of the stigma which attaches to incarceration; his once bright and expressive eye sunk into dulness, his lately blooming countenance assumed a pale hue, his fine fresh features wore the garb of yellow melancholy, his handsome frame unable to support itself looked like the ruin of some once splendid structure, and his whole appearance, told of blighted hopes, blasted prospects and ruined expectations. Each day seemed longer than his whole previous life, and the term of his imprisonment an eternity. After a while, the prison doors were thrown open, and he was again restored to freedom.

But now, the fresh, unainted and pure air has no charms for him. He looked over the landscape, but it smiled not. He saw his friends, but they seemed distant to his mind, cold in their affections, and unfailing in their friendship. He exchanged with them the common tokens of kindness and peace, but their grasp was not half so hearty and so warm as it was before. They smiled, but their smiles seemed forced, hypocritical and tinctured with deceit. Charles could not brook so altered a state of things, friends lost—companions careless—associates unfrequent in their visits. He became desperate. He wept, but tears did not relieve the burden which rested on his heart. As a last and I must say too common a resort for desperadoes to drown reflection and prevent their reason from holding its empire in the mind, he resorts to the poisonous cup and the intoxicating bowl. He became a confirmed drunkard. The young, the promising, and the interesting Morton, degenerated from what he was, sacrificed himself, his character, and all his possible hopes at the smoking altar of intemperance. As the closing scene of the tragedy, he killed himself, and his grave is now to be seen in the grave yard of——over which a tomb stone has been lately erected with this simple inscription:—“Charles Morton, a feo de se.”

Despair was the effect of confinement, and the consequence of a little excitement; drunkenness was the effect of desperation, and intemperance wove a winding sheet, and laid him in the urn of everlasting death. Thus will the sensitive young man, in an unguarded and thoughtless moment be led on from folly to folly and from immorality to crime. Had Charles Morton restrained his passions just as he was decked his youthful brow with the first laurel, he could never have directed the suicidal dagger to his heart, never have raised the inebriating bowl to his lips, and his prospects which were then in the bud could never have been nipped by the blustering frost of early disappointment.

Reader, let not this simple and undecorated narrative of Charles Morton be lost upon you. From it a good and salutary lesson can be learned, and useful instruction derived:—restrain your passions.

JUVENES.
it is, every man is proud, and fancies himself in the possession of some good qualification, which is wanting in his neighbor; he loudly rails (in the circle of his acquaintance) at the vices of the age, and vaguely reasons himself into the belief that his creed is the true standard; and that all opinions are right or wrong, as they approximate to, or diverge from the touchstones of his. Look at two men, rational beings, exulting in the strength of their own mighty intellect, both scorning that sure word "deal justly, love mercy, and walk humble before his face." Which is a light shining in a dark place, wherein men do well to take heed; and which is able to make us wise unto salvation?—do they arrive at the same results? No, not often. One believes all immaterial, and nothing substantial; the other a materialist, in the strongest sense of the word; one says "all nature cries aloud there is a God," the other very reasonably concludes there is no power superior to himself.

So a great majority of mankind, high and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, spend life's little span, wrangling more or less about vain questions. The poor, and ignorant man dies, seeing when too late the error of his way, and is laid by his friends "In our mother earth, from whence he sprung: Unwept, unhonored, and unsung." The rich man, glorying in his intellectual vigor, strong powers of mind, natural and acquired abilities, finds himself near the gates of death. But some there are, and not a few I rejoice, to deeds of Christian love,—that there is rear'd a monument for him which hath no dread though the Justinian walls with their mighty march of time have been all but erased; and the moss looks bright where my step has been. By the winds which tell of the violet's birth, the rose opes her bud on the barren rock. And the "Sea Spirit" chaunts for the sailor dead.

The following admirable lines, a tribute to the memory of Dr. Adam Clarke, are from the pen of the "Sweet Singer," Mrs. Shawbury. They must be read with great pleasure by the lovers of the muse and those acquainted with the writings of Mrs. S. as well as by those who respect the memory of the great and good Dr. Clarke. —Ed. Gem.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I come, I come! ye have called me long; I come o'er the mountain with light and song! Ye may trace my steps o'er the waking earth, By the winds which tell of the violet's birth, By the prim-rose stars in the shadowy grass, By the green leaves opening as I pass. I have breathed on the south, and the chimney flowers Bythose have burst from the woodland bowers, And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes, Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains. —But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom, To speak of the ruin of the tomb! I have passed o'er the hills of the stormy north, And the larch has hung all his tassels forth; The fisher is out on the sunny sea, And the rein-deer bounds thro' the pasture free, And the pine has a fringe of softer green, And the moss looks bright where my step has been. I have sent thro' the wood-paths a gentle sigh, And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky, From the nightbird's lay thro' the starry time, In the groves of the soft Hispanic clime, To the swan's wild note by the leeland lakes, When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and fountains I have loosed the chain, They are sweeping on to the silvery main, They are flashing down from the mountain-brows, They are flogging spray on the forest-boughs, They are bursting fresh from their stony caves, And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, 0 ye children of gladness, come! Where the violets lie may now be your home; Ye of the rose cheek and dew bright-eye, And the bounding footsteps, once too me but, With the lyre, and the reed, and the joyous lay, Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay!

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men, The waters are sparkling in wood and glen, Away from chamber and dusky hearth, The young leaves are dancing in beery mirth, Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains, And youth is abroad in my green domains.

From the Literary Tablet.

THERE'S SORROW IN THE CUP.

Love hath its hour of bliss. The bright world smiles, And joy and sunshine kindle in the soul, As when the syren Pleasure youth beguiles, And dazzling Fancy urges her control. 0' trust not man. You look in vain below, For love's unmingled overflowing stream. Upward, from God, the living waters flow, And he that drinketh, ne'er shall thirst again. —LEWELLEN.

From the N. Y. Messenger and Advocate.

MOTHER WHAT IS HEAVEN?

Mother, they tell me of fairy lands, Where the rivers roll o'er golden sands; Where the "sea nymph" floats on the sunny tide, And the lamb sleeps in peace at the lion's side. Where the "Ocean God" sleeps in his coral bed, Where the jessamine creeps on the mountain's top, And the "Sea Spirit" chaunts for the sailor dead.}

Greece, April, 1833.
That affection shines brightest in poverty's hour;
That envy and hatred, and slander's foul gloom,
Are banish'd away, and return to the tomb.
Mother is that Heaven!

No Child! Child, I will tell thee of a happier land,
Where nought but the tree of life shall stand;
Where the weary forever shall rest from their care,
But the just and the good can alone enter there.
Child, that is Heaven.

Child, I will tell thee of a holier place,
Where the saints shall rejoice in a Savior's grace;
Where the song of thanksgiving the ransom'd shall sing,
Till the arches of Heaven with echoes shall ring.
Child that will be Heaven.

New York, March 15, 1833.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

SHAKESPEARE—WALTER SCOTT.

While few aspire to the character of eminent writers, and still fewer attain it, all consider themselves able critics and well qualified to pass judgment on the productions of others. So prone are we to criticise and find fault, that we ought ever to be on our guard, lest we transgress the bounds of candour and impartiality; censure where we ought to approve, and condemn in others what we practice ourselves. Perhaps no writer has been subjected to greater illiberality of stricture than Shakspeare. Those however, who censure most, have probably, studied him least; while those who have not read him at all, often manifest an asperity as bitter as it is unjust. That Shakspeare is always chaste we do not pretend to assert. That he never trifles, nor sleeps, we do not contend. But experience teaches that

"He who thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

These thoughts were suggested by a recent parallel, in which the Bard of Avon appears to be introduced as a foil to display the glories of Sir Walter Scott. But in what can we give Scott the preeminence? In native genius? Never. Shakspeare was bred in obscurity; Scott in splendor and opulence. The one was an underling at the theatre; the other a nobleman. The one wrote in the comparative barbarism of the 16th century; the other was initiated into all the knowledge and refinement of the 19th. In circumstances so unfriendly to the development of genius, it is matter of wonder that Shakspeare should have emerged from the darkness of a comparatively uncultivated age, to dispute the precedence with one of the most distinguished writers of the present day. Shakspeare with little education was far in advance of the age in which he lived. It was not so with Scott. Sir Walter Scott superior as a writer to Shakspeare? In what? Parity and chasteness? It may be so. But then we should consider the character and influence of the drama in the time of Shakspeare. It was not then, what it is now—but formed the principal public amusement of the great. Nobleman and princes were its patrons. It was at least as chaste as the age,

whose taste and manners it improved. Is Shakspeare, then, so much in his expressions? It is the fault of the age, to whose taste he was obliged in some degree to conform. Does Scott on the other hand even sufficiently the cheek of modesty with a blush, he is unparadizable. For England has not now a queen endued with a standing color, to resist all weather. Is Shakspeare sometimes a little equivocal? Virgil, Horace, and Juvenal are absolutely obscene; and yet we do not utterly discard them. The writings of Scott are valuable chiefly for style. But nothing can be more flattering than language. Who then can say that Scott will continue to please? But the Bard of Avon has passed the test of time, "which while it is continually washing away the dissolutive fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakspeare." Indeed his excellence consists not so much in style as thought; not so much in language as passion. Scott is smooth and elaborately elegant; in description sometimes tedious; reminding us that

"Words are like leaves, and when they most abound,"

"Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

In a word he is highly finished, but copious; correct but artificial. While Shakspeare is naturally concise, elegant and energetic; he excites too great a disposition to play upon words. But we know how to pardon a small fault, amid so many unrivalled beauties. Scott sometimes wearies by dwelling upon an incident too long. Shakspeare touches it with a masterly stroke, and has done. In boldness and originality of conception, Shakspeare surpasses Scott. The latter a classical scholar, and a great reader, is constantly weaving into the rolling rotundity of his regular periods, second hand ideas, and illustrations derived from the ancient or English classics. The former had neither access to the castalian fount of nature's bosom, nor even the means to extract the beauties of Spring. We hope soon to hear of Sir Walter the productions of a traveller, which was begun. Every verse which was pilfered, Piron took off his hat, and bowed; and so frequent had he occasion to do this, that the author, surprized, asked him what he meant? "Oh," replied Piron, "it is only a habit I have got of saluting my old acquaintances.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Calmé's Dictionary of the Holy Bible, as published by the late Mr. Charles Taylor, with the fragments incorporated—the whole condensed and arranged in alphabetical order,—revised, with large additions, by Edward Robinson, Professor extraordinary of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary Andover—illustrated with maps and engravings on wood. Boston, Crocker & Brewster: New York, Jonathan Leavitt.

Letters to a Young Student, in the first stage of a liberal education. Boston, Perkins & Mervin: Philadelphia, French & Perkins. These letters are on the following subjects: Formation of character, intellectual habits; moral habits; college life. A valuable work for all who are fitting for college, and even for college Students.

Journal of Travels in Armenia and the neighboring countries, in the years 1826 and '27, by the Rev. Eli Smith and H. C. Ogwright, American Missionaries—2 Vols. Boston, Crocker & Brewster. These vols. possess uncommon interest. The regions which the travellers passed were the ancient seats of the human race, and are consecrated by many classical and sacred associations.

SELECT LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Great Britain. Many parts of the United Kingdom are vying with each other in testimonials of respect for Sir Walter Scott. The inhabitants of Glasgow and its vicinity are taking measures to erect a monument, on an elevated ground near Abbotsford, which will command a view of thirteen counties. London subscribes on a subscription is on foot to purchase the creditors of Sir Walter, the mansion and grounds of Abbotsford.

India. A mail coach has been started in the Island of Ceylon, between Candy and Colombo, the first in the Indian possessions.

United States. The new translation of Motsh-
im, by Mr. Mordock, of New Haven, has been com-
pleted in three vols. octavo. A publication called
the Select Journal of Foreign Periodical Literature,
under the care of Messrs. Norton and Falsome, of
Cambridge, has been commenced by Charles Bowen,
Boston.

George Dearborn, of New York, has in the course
of preparation for the Press, a series of publish-
tions to be called the "Library of Standard Literature." The
first of the series now in the hands of the Ste-
reotypers will contain the works of Edmund Burke,
to be called the "Library of Standard Literature."

A little rivulet—its voice was scarcely heard
around, and its shallow and narrow stream might
be overlooked by the traveller. This brook, al-
though small, was inspired with a proud
spirit, and murmured against the decree of
Providence, which had cast its lot so lowly.

I wish I were a broad river performing some use-
ful duty in the world. Shame on my weak wave
never been, as to be thus puny, insignificant and
useless thou mayest be; useless thou art
determined :—

when I first sprang on my course,
what purpose I was destined to fulfill! What
happy beings were to owe their bliss to me?
What lofty trees, what velvet meadows, what
golden harvests were to hail my career! Let
not the mock and lowly despair; heaven will
supply them with noble inducements to virtue.

SPANISH WOMEN.

They are remarkable for the beauty of
their hair. Ofthis they are very proud, and
indeed its luxuriance is only equalled by the at-
tention which they lavish on its culture. I have
seen a young girl of fourteen, whose hair
reached her feet, and was as glossy as the hair
of a contessa. All day long, even the lowest
order, are brushing, curling, and arranging it.
A fruit woman has her hair dressed with as
much care as the Duchess of Ossuna. In
the summer, they do not wear their mantilli (black
silk shawl) over their heads, but show their
combs which are of very great size, and are
worn on the back of the head. The fashion of
these combs varies constantly. Every two or
three months you may observe a new form. It
is the part of the costume which a Spanish wo-
mans is most proud. The moment a new comb
appears, even a servant wench will run to the
mothers with her old one, and thus with the cost
of a dollar or two, appear the next holiday
in the newest style. They are of tortoise shell,
and with the very fashionable they are white.

Contarini Fleming.

How the mighty have fallen. Go
to the grave of Martin, of Maryland, who thirty
years ago stood at the head of the American bar;
but who died a cot. Go to the Senate of
the United States, and witness that vacant
court: of which a Senator tumbled into a
drunkard's grave. Witness the end of Mir-
beau, of Savage, of Sheridan, of Burno, By-
ron, and of more than one Doctor of Divinity.

One minister I knew, who, if human el-
cuence could avail would have scattered sal-
tation as from angels' wings, had he not found
a drunkard's grave. The more mind the more
deranger. Excitement was the food of the
mind; and ho who has so little knowledge
and of more than one Doctor of Divinity.

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and other new type, will soon be added to the office,

THE ROCHESTER GEM:
Volume V.—With 8 Plates.
Edwin Scrantom, Editor.
Monday, October 15th. Yesterday morning I told Miss Edwards that I thought we might venture to remove her to our Dispensary on the following day; an intimation she appeared to receive with indifference or rather apathy. I also informed the infamous landlady of my intention, directing her to furnish me with whatever account she might have for lodging, &c. against my patient. Oh! how my soul abhorred the sight of, and sickened at speaking with that hideous bloated old monster! This morning I was at Court by ten o'clock. Finding nobody stirring about the door, passage or stairs, I ascended at once to the room of Miss Edwards. As I was passing the landing of the first floor, I overheard, through a half open door, the voices of persons conversing together. No apology can be necessary for stating that on distinguishing the words Sall Edwards, I paused for a moment to listen what plot might be hatching against her.

I tell you we’d better loose no time, said the voice of a man in a gruff undertone; we’ve been here shilly-shallying day after day to no purpose all the week, till its nearly too late. I know that keeps it always under her pillow. [The physician thus overheard the plan to rob and murder the unfortunate victim, but proceeding with all speed for a police officer, arrived just in time to prevent the villain from effecting his purpose and took him into custody.]

Oh mercy! mercy! mercy! shrieked the voice of Miss Edwards, whom the loud voice of the thief had awoke from the deep sleep procured by sedative medicines. She started suddenly up in bed, into a kneeling posture, her hands clasped together—her face turned towards the group at the door with the wildest terror. I hurried to her side—implored her to be calm—and told her that it was nothing but a slight disturbance—that I would protect her. Mercy! mercy! murder! mercy! she continued to gasp regardless of all that I could say to her. The officer had by this time prevailed on his prisoner to quit the room peaceably—calling me to bolt the door after him, and remain there till he come back. In a few moments all was quiet again. I passed the next quarter of an hour in a perfect ecstasy of apprehension. I expected to see a second fit of blood-spitting come on—to hear the vile people of the house rush up to the door, and burst it open. I explained to Miss Edwards as she lay panting in bed, that the man who was taken off had entered the room for the purpose of robbing her of her five pounds.

I saw—I saw his face! she gasped—they say—it is said—he murdered one of the—she could utter no more, but lay shaking from head to foot. Will he come back again? she inquired in the same affrighted tone. By degrees, however, her agitation ceased, and, thank God! (though I could not account for it) there was no noise, no uproar heard at the door, as I had apprehended. I gave my patient a few drops of laudanum, in water, to aid in quieting her system; and prayed to God, in my heart, that this fearful accident might not be attended with fatal consequences to her!

The drowsy effects of the laudanum were beginning to appear, when the officer accompanied by another, gently knocked at the door for admission.

He’s safe enough, now, sir, and we’ve secured the money, he whispered, as I met him half way, with my finger on my lips.

The hackney-coach, sir, is waiting at the door, said he in a low tone—the coach you ordered from the dispensary, they say. I asked your pardon, sir, but hadn’t you better take the lady away at once? the sooner she leaves such a place as this, the better. There may be a disturbance, as those houses swarm with thieves and villains of all kinds, and there are but two of us to protect you!

How is it, said I, that the people of the house make no disturbance, that they let you take off your man so easily?

Lord, sir, they durstn’t! They’re all at home, but they know us, and dare not show their faces. They know ’is in our power to take them off to the office as accomplices if we like! But hadn’t you better make up your mind, sir, about removing her?

True. I stood for a moment considering. Perhaps his advise is the best; and yet, could she bear it, after all this agitation? I stepped to the bedside. She was nearly asleep (our conversation had been carried on in the lowest whisper,) and her pulse was gradually calming down. I thought it, on the whole, a favorable moment for at least making the attempt. I directed the nurse, therefore, to make the necessary preparations immediately. In less than a quarter of an hour’s time, we had Miss Edwards well muffled up, and wrapped in a large cloak. Her few clothes were tied up in a bundle; and the officer carried her down with as much ease as he could an infant. There was no noise, no hurry; and as the coach set off with us, I felt inexpressibly delighted, that at all events I had removed her from the hateful situation in which I had found her.

We had not far to go. Miss Edwards, a little agitated, lay quietly in the nurse’s arms, and, on the whole, bore the fatigue of removing better than could have been expected. The coachman drove through the quiet streets he could find, and by the time we stood before the Dispensary gates, Miss Edwards had fallen asleep—for, ’twas remembered, the influence of the recently given laudanum was upon her.

On alighting; the nurse helped her into my arms. Poor creature! Her weight was that of a child! Though not a strong man, I carried her across the yard, and up stairs to the room that had been prepared for her, with all the care imaginable. When I laid her on the bed, her short quick breathing, and flushed features, together with her exhausted air, and occasional hysterical starts, made me apprehensive that the agitation and excitement of the last hour or two had done her serious injury. I comforted myself, however, with the recollection, that under the peculiar exigences of the case, we could have pursued no other or better course; and that my unhappy patient was now where she would receive all the attention that could possibly be paid to one in her melancholy situation. As I gazed at her, there seemed fewer traces than before, of what she had been formerly. She looked more haggard—more hopelessly emaciated than I had before seen her. Still, however, I did not despair of bringing her round again. I prescribed a little necessary medicine; and being much behind-hand, with my day’s engagements, left, promising to call, if possible, again in the evening. I comforted myself throughout the day with hopes of Miss Edward’s recovery, or her restoration, even in some measure, to society—
ter smile, "and think that I was once called beautiful? Beautiful? Oh! that this face had been the ugliest of the ugly, frightful enough to scare off the Serpent! But Heaven is wise! I am not vain enough to hesitate about owning that I saw how much I was admired—and admired sometimes in quarters that made my pulse beat high with ambitious hopes—hopes framed in folly, and to be, I need hardly say, bitterly disappointed. I read daily in the baneful novels which helped to unsettle my principles, of beauty alone procuring what are called high marriages; and would you believe, Doctor, foolish girl that I was, I did not despair of becoming myself the wife of a man of rank—of wearing a coronet upon my brow! Oh! my guilty heart aches to think of the many worthy young men who honored me with proposals I spurned with scorn, with insolence. If reason, if common sense had guided me, had I rather listened to the will of heaven, uttered through the gentle remonstrances, and instructions of my poor mother—I might have been to this day a blooming branch on the tree of society, and not a withered bough soon to be cast away by them.

I was fool enough to listen to him, and feel pleased that he spoke to me. I begged that he would not blame himself, and said that he had done nothing to apologise for. He said not another word on the subject; but bowed respectfully, and talked about the beautiful evening—the silence—the scenery—and in such language! so glowing, so animated, so descriptive, that I thought I must be a poet. All the while he was speaking, there was a diffident distance about him—a sort of fear lest he was displeasing me, that charmed me more than what I could express, and kept me rooted to the spot before him.

"I presume, madam, as you are so fond of waterside scenery," said he, "you often spend your evenings in this way?"

I replied, that I often certainly found my way there.

"Well, ma'am," said he, with a sweet smile, "I cannot think of interrupting you any longer. I hope you will enjoy this lovely evening."

"With this he took off his hat, bowed very low, and passed on. If he had but known how sorry I was to see him leave me! I felt fascinated. I could not help looking behind me to see him, and, to be sure, caught him also looking towards me. I would have given the world for a decent pretence for bringing him to me again! My heart beat—my thoughts wandered too much, to admit of my reading any more, so I closed my book, sate down on the white roots of a great tree that overshadowed the river, and thought of nothing but the strange gentleman. I wondered who he was—for I had never seen him before in the place, and teased myself with speculations as to whether he really felt towards me any thing further than toward a mere stranger. I went home. I sat down to the piano, where I began twenty hours I have spent there! I was walking along the river side, and in such language! so rapturous, so descriptive, that I thought I must be a poet. The absurd notions I had got from novels came into my head. I thought of fate, and that it was possible our meeting might be for a decent pretence for bringing him to me again! My heart beat—my thoughts wandered too much, to admit of my reading any more, so I closed my book, sate down on the white roots of a great tree that overshadowed the river, and thought of nothing but the strange gentleman. I wondered who he was—for I had never seen him before in the place, and teased myself with speculations as to whether he really felt towards me any thing further than toward a mere stranger. I went home. I sat down to the piano, where I began twenty different things, but could finish none of them. My mother wished me to write a letter for her; I sat down to the piano, where I began twenty different things, but could finish none of them. My mother wished me to write a letter for her; I obeyed but made so many mistakes, that she was convinced I had been engaged with some other thing about my nature—some thing about my nature—some thing that was similarly engaged. He started back when I almost stumbled against a gentleman whom I had talked to. And ha had been in a duel! Oh, Doctor, I dropped the newspaper which told me the circumstance. I trembled—I felt agitated, as if he had been, not a stranger, but a relative. There was no concealing the truth from myself. I felt sick and faint at the thought of the danger he had been exposed to; and such an interest in him altogether, as I could not describe. Doctor—fool, wretched, weak fool that I was—already I loved him. Yes, an utter stranger—one who had never given me even a look or word beyond the commonest complaisance! The absurd notions I had got from novels came into my head. I thought of fate, and that it was possible our feelings were mutual—with much more nonsense of the same sort. I was bewildered all day—and told my mother I felt poorly. Poor, good, deceived mother! she was for having advice for me!

To be Continued.

THE SENTIMENTALIST—NO. 7

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE CHARMES OF NATURE.

What tho' like commoners of air,
We wan'd out, we know not where,
With neither house or hall?

Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweetest valley, or foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.

Bums.

It is certainly no small consolation to the poor man, who at every step meets the arrogant glance of the affluent, to know that of the many beauties which nature has spread out before him, he may partake with as much independence as the wealthiest. He may clamber the Alps, and from the high precipice, look down upon the blooming valley below, verdant as the sweetest groves of Spring—or he may stand beside the cataract and see the vast torrent plunging far below and rising again to play around in circling eddies—while the varied tints of the rainbow, and the roar of the troubled waters, fill his soul with admiration and wonder. He may walk abroad in the verdant fields—or listen to the warblers of the forest, or sit down by some meandering stream, and watch the playful ripples, as they haste along to their destination—and wherever nature is beautiful he may, as well as the prudent,

'Look thou Nature, up to Nature's God.'

He pleases himself with the reflection, that though, on some may be showered the gifts of
aye, even of introducing once more into the fold this tainted lamb of the flock!

Really there does seem something almost magical in the alteration visible in Miss Edwards! I am not the only one that thinks so. Some of her worst symptoms seem disappearing—all is eaten, she says, with relish. Her voice is not so feeble as it was; the pain in her chest is not oppressive now; her spitting sometimes intermits; the evening fever burns slacker: the wasting night sweats abate a little. I am not, however, prematurely sanguine about her; I have seen too many of these deceitful rallying stoic to be easily deluded by them. Alas! I know too well that they may even be looked upon as symptomatic of her fatal disorder! But courage! Nil desperandum, auspice Deo: she is in Thy hands, I leave her there, and bow!

Then again, may we not hope, in turn, to minister successfully to the mind diseased—to cleanse the foul bosom of that pernicious stuff—which, not removed, will defy all the efforts of human art? Yes, let us hope, though against hope—for methinks there is stealing over her features an aspect of serenity of which they have long been stripped—there are signs of rejoicing in the desert—of gladness in the wilderness and solitary place, and of blossoming around, her. She has so won upon the attention of the affectionate nurse, that the faithful creature will not hear of her place being supplied by another. Rays of her former sweetness of temper and manner are perceptible—which, with the knowledge of her sufferings, endear her to all around her. She has so won upon the attention of the affectionate nurse, that the faithful creature will not hear of her place being supplied by another.

Well, Eleanor, said I to her this morning, I'm delighted to find your pulse and tongue speak so well of you; that the nurse can bear witness to the good night's rest you have had! I don't hesitate to say, that if you go on in this way a little longer, I think I can hold out to you strong hopes of recovery.

Recovery, she exclaimed, with a deep sigh, shaking her head, do you think I am glad to hear it?

Dear me, exclaimed the nurse, impatiently, that's just the way the young lady keeps on with all the night and day through! I tell you 'tis wrong, Doctor—Isn't it?

'Tis always wrong, surely, I replied, with a serious air, to be unthankful to the Almighty for his blessings, especially such as Miss Edwards has received.

Ah, Doctor, you wrong me! I wish you could read my heart, and then tell me how it beats with gratitude towards him! I have so heavily offended! But why should I recover? What is there in life for me. Forgive me, if I say, Oh that Heaven, in its mercy let me die now! I am happy, yes, happy in the prospect of death; but when I think of life, my joy fades suddenly!

Reason yourself, Eleanor, to the will of God!

No, she replied, at length, with a profound sigh, closing her eyes with her left hand. It has never been polluted by his touch; it should perish if it had! No! no! it is not the price of my shame! Oh, Doctor, Doctor, am I then fallen so deeply, lower than I suspected even, in your estimation? Could you think I would sell myself for money? Oh, to think this with more bitterness of heart and horror than I had ever seen in her.

Well Eleanor, be calm! Forgive me! I am very sorry I spoke so foolishly and hastily. I did not, however, dream of hurting your feelings! She continued, Eleanor, don't you forgive me? I inquired, taking her hand in mine.

You have not offended me, Doctor, you cannot, she replied, in tears. It was the thought of my own guilt, my own infamy, that shocked me; but it is over! Oh, is it for such a vile wretch as me? She ceased suddenly, and buried her face in her hands.

Doctor, at length she resumed, though in tears. I say this large sum of money is mine, wholly mine. It came to me thro' the death of a cousin at sea; and was left me by an uncle. They knew not of the polluted hands it was to fall into! Again she paused, overwhelmed with her feelings. But though I knew it was mine, could I claim it? A wretch like me? No, the vengeance of God would have blighted me! I have never applied for it; I never will! I have often been starving, driven to the most fearful extremity of crime, scarce knowing what I was about; yet I never dared to think of calling the money mine! Guilty, depraved as I was, I hoped that God would view it as a penance, an atonement for my crimes! Oh, God! didst thou, wilt thou now accept so poor, so unworthy a proof of my repentance! Even in dust and ashes it is offered!

She ceased. My soul indeed felt for her.—Poor girl, what a proof, though a mistaken one, was there of the bitterness; the reality, of her contrition and remorse! I scarce knew what reply to make to her.

I have now, however, made up my mind how to dispose of it; in a manner which I humbly hope will be pleasing to God; and may he accept it at my hands! I wish—

At this moment the returning footsteps of the nurse were heard. To-morrow—to-morrow, Doctor, a long history, she whispered hastily.

I took the hint, opened the door, and the nurse entered. Miss Edwards was much exhausted with the efforts she made in conversation; and I presently took my leave, reminding her, significantly, that I should see her the next evening. Her concluding words led me to expect a narrative of what had befallen her; but unless she proved much better able than she seemed now to undertake such a painful task, I determined to postpone it.

The next evening convinced me that I had acted imprudently in suffering her to enter into conversation on topics so harrowing to her.
spirits. I found she had passed a very restless disturbed night; and one or two painful symptoms reappeared during the day. I resolved, for a long time to come, to interdict any medical topics, at least, till she could better sustain excitement. Acting on this principle, little interest transpired during any of the almost daily visits I paid her for the long period of eleven weeks. I persevered in the most anxious efforts, which I also enjoined on all about her, to supply her mind with cheerful topics, in the shape, chiefly, of works of innocent entertainment, chaff, sewing, &c. &c.

But let us here make devout and thankful mention of the inestimable support and comfort she received in the offices of that best, nay, that only solace of the bed of sickness and death—Religion. Let me also bear testimony here to the honorable and unwearying exertions in her behalf made by the intelligent and pious chaplain of the institution. If he be now alive, and I have no reason for supposing he is not, I know he will feel that satisfaction in reflecting on the services this narrative must call to his recollection, if he see it, which not even the most flattering and public acknowledgment can supply to him. He watched over her with a truly pastoral care, and untiring zeal, that found its reward in bringing her to a full sense of her mournful condition, and in softening her heart to the hallowing and glorious influences of Christianity. He was at her bedside almost every other day, during the long interval I have mentioned. She several times recited the sacrament; and though she was more than once unexpectedly brought to the very margin of the grave, her confidence was not shaken. Truly, in the language of Scripture, a new heart was given unto her. On one occasion of her receiving the sacrament, which she did with all the contrition and humility of Mary Magdalen of old, I heard from Mr. W.—that she was so overcome, poor girl, as that, in the very act of taking the cup into her hand she burst out into hysteric weeping. The excitement increased; she described her features as wearing an expression of all but sublimity; and she presently burst into a strain of the most touching and passionate eloquence.

"O Saviour of the world," she exclaimed, her hands clasped in an attitude of devotion, and her eyes fixed upwards, "for my polluted lips to kiss thy blessed feet! that thou shouldst suffer me to wash them with my tears! Oh, wilt thou vouchsafe unto me such enthusiasm, such delirium!

The little attentions my wife paid Miss Edwards in calling with me to see her, and sending her, from time to time, such delicacies as her circumstances required, called forth the most enthusiastic expressions of gratitude. My pen can do no justice to the recollections that force themselves upon me, of her constant, overflowing thankfulness—of the peace and cheerfulness she diffused around her, by the unwavering serenity and resignation with which she bore her sufferings. She persisted in expressing her convictions that she should not recover; that she was being carried gently, not flung with headlong horror; into eternity. If ever a gloomy shadow would pass over her mind, and blanch her features, it was when her mind suddenly revolted to the dreadful scenes from which she was so providentially rescued. The captive could not look back with wilder anguish upon the tortures of the inquisition, from which he was flying in unexpected escape, his limbs yet quivering with recollections of the rack!

It was an evening in March, the ensuing year, that was appointed by Miss Edwards for communicating to me the particulars of her history—or of her sufferings and her shame. She shrunk from the dreadful task, self-imposed though it was—saying, the only satisfaction she could experience in telling it, would be a feeling that it was in the nature of an expiation of her guilt. I had promised the preceding day to spend a long evening with her for the purpose of hearing her story. I arrived about half past six o'clock and the nurse, according to her instructions, immediately retired.

I wish the reader could have seen Miss Edwards as I saw her on that evening! She reclined, propped up by pillows, upon a couch that had been ordered for her, and which was drawn near the fire. In the beautiful language of Sterne, "affliction had touched her face, even in total! ignorance of her personal appearance—Oh, wilt thou vouchsafe to me such enthusiasm, such delirium!

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"Eleanor! Don't say so; I assure you I have great hopes!"—"Doctor—forgive me," she said emphatically, waving her arm with a serious air. "I do not do the task my skill; but I shall never recover; and if it be the will of God, I would a thousand times rather die than live! Oh, Doctor! I find I must begin with the time when you saw me both happy and virtuous, living with my mother. How little did I then think of what was before me! how differently you were hereafter to see me! Perhaps I need scarcely to tell you that my heart in these days was rank with pride—a pride that aside me in my ruin! My poor mother has often I dare say, told you of the circumstances which led her to seek a livelihood by keeping a boarding-house at a summer watering place. I endured the change of circumstances; my mother reconciled herself to them—and a thousand times stove, but in vain, to bend the stubborn heart of her daughter into acquiescence with the will of Providence. I concealed my rebellious feelings, however, out of pity to her; but they often choked me! They said, Doctor, that at that time I was beautiful. Yes, Doctor look at me now," said she with a bit-
ter smile, "and think that I was once called beautiful! Beautiful? Oh! that this face had been the ugliest of the ugly, frightful enough to scare off the Serpent! But Heaven is wise! I am not vain enough to hesitate about owning that I saw how much I was admired—and admired sometimes in quarters that made my pulse beat high with ambitious hopes—but I bowed respectfully, and talked about the beautiful evening—the silence—the scenery—and in such language! so glowing, so animated, so descriptive, that I thought he must be a poet. All the while he was speaking, there was a diffident distance about him—a sort of fear lest he was deceiving me, that charmed me beyond what I could express, and kept me rooted to the spot before him.

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I replied, that I often certainly found my way there.

"Well ma'am," said he, with a sweet smile, "I cannot think of interrupting you any longer. I hope you will enjoy this lovely evening."

"With this he took off his hat, bowed very low, and passed on. If he had but known how sorry I was to see him leave me! I felt fascinated. I could not help looking behind me to see him, and, to be sure, caught him also looking towards me. I would have given the world for a decent pretence for bringing him to me again! My heart beat—my thoughts wandered too much, to admit of my reading any more, so I closed my book, sate down on the white roots of a great tree that overshadowed the river, and thought of nothing but the strange gentleman. I wondered who he was—for I had never seen him before in the place, and teased myself with speculations as to whether he really felt towards me any thing further than toward a mere stranger. I went home. I sat down to the piano, where I began twenty different things, but could finish none of them. My mother wished me to write a letter for her; I obeyed but made so many mistakes, that she got angry, and wrote it herself after all. All night long did I think of this fascinating stranger. His soft voice was perpetually whispering in my ear, his bright piercing eyes were always looking at me. I woke almost every half hour, and began to think I must be surely, as they say, bewitched. I got quite alarmed at finding myself so carried away by my feelings. Can you believe all this? You may call it love at first sight—anything you choose. Would to Heaven it had been hatred at first sight! That evening fixed a spell upon me. I was driven on I do not know how. I could not help taking a walk the next evening. It was nonsense—but I must needs take my book with me. My heart beat thicker whenever I saw the figure of a gentleman at a distance; but I was disappointed, for he whom I looked for did not come that evening. The next evening, and the one after that, foolish that I was, I did not repair with a fluttering heart to the same spot—but in vain—the stranger did not make his appearance."

"On the Sabbath evening, however, I unexpectedly met him, arm in arm with another gentleman. Gracious me! even how pale and languid he looked—and his right arm in a sling! He bowed, smiled rather pensively at me—colored a little I thought—and passed me. I found soon afterwards that a duel had been fought in the immediate neighborhood, on Tuesday last, the day but one after the meeting I have described between a Lord—and Captain——, in which the latter was wounded in the arm. Yes—then there could be no doubt—it was Captain—— whom I had talked to. And he had been in a duel! Oh, Doctor, I dropped the newspaper which told me the circumstance. I trembled—I felt agitated, as if he had been, not a stranger, but a relative. There was no concealing the truth from myself. I felt sick and faint at the thought of the danger he had been exposed to; and such an interest in him altogether, as I could not describe. Doctor—fool, wretched, weak fool that I was—already I loved him—Yes, an utter stranger—one who had never given me even a look or word beyond the common complaisance! The absurd notions I had got from novels came into my head. I thought of fate, and that it was possible our feelings were mutual—with much more nonsense of the same sort. I was bewildered all day—and told my mother I felt poorly. Poor, good, deceived mother! she was for having advice for me!"

To be Continued.

THE ROYALTY OF ROCHESTER.

Vol. V.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE CHARMS OF NATURE.

What the like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.

Burns.

It is certainly no small consolation to the poor man, who at every step meets the arrogant glance of the affluent, to know that of the many beauties which nature has spread out before him, he may partake with as much independence as the most wealthy. He may clamber the Alps, and from the high precipice, look down upon the blooming valley below, verdant as the sweetest groves of Spring—or he may stand beside the cataract and see the vast torrent plunging far below and rising again to play around in circling eddies while the varied tints of the rainbow, and the roar of the troubled waters, fill his soul with admiration and wonder. He may walk abroad in the verdant fields—or listen to the warblers of the forest, or sit him down by some meandering stream, and watch the playful ripples, as they haste along to their destination—and wherever nature is beautiful he may, as well as the proudest,

"Look thro' Nature, up to Nature's God,"

He pleases himself with the reflection, that though, on some may be showered the gift of
TASTE IN FEMALE DRESS.

Personal neatness both in manners and dress may be classed, if not among, yet very near the cardinal virtues. Lavater observes, that "persons habitually attentive to dress, generally display the same regularity in their domestic affairs". They who neglect their toilette, and manifest little concern about dress, indicate in this very particular, a disregard of order, a mind but ill adapted to the details of house keeping; a deficiency of taste, and of the qualities that inspire love; they will be careless in every thing. The girl of eighteen, who desires not to please will be a slut and a shrew, at twenty-five." The style of a female's dress, should, in some measure, depend on the figure of the woman—and the next thing worthy of notice is, the substance of which dresses are composed—but colors are of the most importance, most difficult of choice, and the most delusive to the wearer, and colors ill chosen are quite offensive to the eye.

"Let the fair nymph, in whose plump cheek is seen
A constant blush, be clad in cheerful green!
In such a dress the sportive sea nymphs go;
So in their gay away fresh roes blow!
Grass green, however, for the pale woman appears not well—and the poet says,
"—Maid grown pale with sickness and despair,
The sable's mournful dye should choose to wear;
So the pale moon still shines with purest light,
Clad in the dusky mantle of the night.

And of the Brunet,
"The face whose skin is like the hazel brown,
With brighter yellow should o'er come her own."

She may assume the orange, the scarlet, the flame color or the deep rose—either of which will heighten and animate her complexion, and impart a more dazzling lustre to her eye.

JOHN N. MAPPITT.

Intemperance is a monster among the sins of mankind. It starts kindred wickedness and walks through realms polluted with its breath as a deeper deformity than common depravity has power to generate. Not illustrious for a single semblance of virtue, it stalks a loathsome, moral pestilence wasting at noon day as well as in the midnight shadows—and wherever its path lies on the map of this earth, there is more than the ruin of the grave—there is more than death there—there is the abomination of the united decay of soul and body—the walking, breathing rottenness of the unburied masses of corrupted humanity. The dreadful scenery of the world of woe, as painted on the canvass of inspiration, has not a spectacle of horror that may compare with the sluggish, drowsy and horrible sight of a community drenched, drowned, overwhelmed in the Stygian pool of Intemperance. Pain, intense and stretching forward through the inextricable terminations of eternity, cannot convey to the mind a thrill of horror compared to that which must pervade it, when, to all the tortures of the damned, are added the loneliness of brutality. To see the noble form of the Creator in rotteness and blight, like fruits by untimely frosts and decay, sacred, drowned, and consigned to an unbearably infamy, is bitterer to the heart than to conceive of suffering under which, although tremendous, the soul might glow with the intensity of action, as metal shines under the fires of the furnace.

This is a subject on which there has been much declamation. Here genius has wasted its strength to create a hyperbole of language bold enough to give the measure of this monstrous evil. In vain has poetry wrong from broken hearted sorrow her strains of lamentation; the drunkard's woe is yet unsung. The Harp that mourned plaintively in concert with the murmurs of Babylonian waters, pouring forth the misery of a captive nation, had no wretchedness in its tone to express a drunkard's immemorable destruction.

JOHN N. MAPPITT.

HUMAN NATURE.—A man in prosperity forgets every one; and in adversity every one forgets him. In prosperity he appears to have lost his senses; and when loaded with misfortune as 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.

"There is no place like home."

OFTEN in our dreams do we look back to the old red mansion where we spent our childhood, seeing that as we left it on a beautiful afternoon in the month of June. The old poplars, whose growth had not been perceptible in our recollection, throwing their shadows across the green in front of the house, as fresh in our memory as when we engraven our names upon them; the old wicket fence, the clusters of lilacs and rose bushes, that were before our birth planted on either side of the gravelled walk leading to the front door; the flower beds in the garden, the orchard on the hill, and the murmuring of the small stream in the valley that carried the village mill, are all in our mind as if the past had in reality come to visit us. With what restlessness, tender and soul subduing influence do the recollections of past scenes and pleasures rush upon the mind. Our native hills and valleys, the meandering rills, the groves, the meadows and the fields which witnessed the innocence and spiring of our youthful years, arise before the imagination, arrayed in all their beauty. With some, the memory of home and other days, is a morning of light, a day of cloud. There are those to whom the map of memory is evil and forbidding; who dare not turn to their early years because of the sin which attended their steps. The past is clouds and darkness, the present a dull indistinct sense, the future full of thick darkness and sorrow. To us the leaving of the paternal home and other days, is a morning of light, a day of cloud. There are those to whom the map of memory is evil and forbidding; who dare not turn to their early years because of the sin which attended their steps. The past is clouds and darkness, the present a dull indistinct sense, the future full of thick darkness and sorrow. To us the leaving of the paternal home and other days, is a morning of light, a day of cloud. There are those to whom the map of memory is evil and forbidding; who dare not turn to their early years because of the sin which attended their steps. The past is clouds and darkness, the present a dull indistinct sense, the future full of thick darkness and sorrow. To us the leaving of the paternal home and other days, is a morning of light, a day of cloud. There are those to whom the map of memory is evil and forbidding; who dare not turn to their early years because of the sin which attended their steps. The past is clouds and darkness, the present a dull indistinct sense, the future full of thick darkness and sorrow.
When first I saw
Parnassus' topmost height,
The scene brought rapture to my youthful breast,
And gazing on its brow of Heav'ny light,
Long'd the pure beauties of its mount to taste.

Oh, with what ardour did my sculd arise
And gazing on its brow of Heavenly light,
That soon I shall have drain'd my cup of woe
For wings there are to thy precious hoard,
Winds that編 an ocean sleeping,
Emerald Isl as on Ocean sleeping—

When I am dead.
Yes lov'd one, I shall die. Full well I know,
That soon I shall have drain'd my cup of woe—
And this pained heart—this restless, aching head,
Will take their lasting sleep—low with the dead.

Yes, I shall die. Around my lovely bier,
No kindred forms may lend me—for me no tear
My flow—buts light some hearts with merry tread,
It's snow-wreaths are melting away,
Every fruit of earth, and flower—

When I am dead.
Yes lov'd one, I shall die. Full well I know,
That soon I shall have drain'd my cup of woe—
And this pained heart—this restless, aching head,
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No kindred forms may lend me—for me no tear
My flow—buts light some hearts with merry tread,
It's snow-wreaths are melting away,
Every fruit of earth, and flower—

Both Scene brought rapture to my youthful breast,
And gazing on its brow of Heav'ny light,
That soon I shall have drain'd my cup of woe
For wings there are to thy precious hoard,
Winds that编 an ocean sleeping,
Emerald Isl as on Ocean sleeping—

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And this pained heart—this restless, aching head,
Will take their lasting sleep—low with the dead.

Yes, I shall die. Around my lovely bier,
No kindred forms may lend me—for me no tear
My flow—buts light some hearts with merry tread,
It's snow-wreaths are melting away,
that lay in silence and desolation. The sun comes forth like a bridegroom from his chamber, to diffuse light and life over every thing it beholds; and the breath of Heaven seems to brood with maternal love over that infant creation; it has so lately awakened into being.

I can't.—These are words which were never found in the vocabulary of a man of business. They have no relation to the accomplishment of any act; on the contrary, they imply a defeat in every thing. A lazy man always has them at his tongue's end;—they are engraved upon the forehead, and in the palms of his hands; and even while he plods his way carelessly along the side-walk, you can hear something which seems to say at every step, "I can't." It is one of the worst diseases that ever became fastened upon a young man, to have I can't written upon him by the world. It frequently leads to drunkenness and to crime, and always has its thousand and other bad effects. I can't transforming tribes into formidable barriers, mole-hills into mountains, and operates to most minds as a magnifying glass does to the eye. "Help me out of this difficulty," said a man to Hercules, who had tried the wheels of his cumbersome wago in a slough. "Put thy shoulder to the wheel, and lift," said Hercules; "thy strength will extricate thee." The man tried. "Stop," said Hercules; "I will help thee out; but if thou hadst tried with thy might, thy wheels had rolled in the slough before I had helped thee." This anecdote is just in point. A weak body filled with perseverance will overcome seemingly insurmountable barriers, while the stout handed man with I can't in his mouth, will stand with hanging arms, and so augment his slough as to do emphatically, nothing.

THE OLD POT-A-SHIRT.*

About half past 11 o'clock, a few nights since, a sudden crash was heard, and many were very much frightened by it. The sound echoed along through our streets, which were comparatively still and deserted. In the morning the cause was found out, upon discovering that the building known as the old Pot-A-Shirt,* for many years, standing upon the west bank of the river had fallen. A little history of the origin of this building may not be uninteresting. It was built many years since, when this village was quite young, and was occupied as a Distillery. We remember distinctly the years that it turned upon this community and the surrounding country, its liquid poison. We remember some of the hundred drunkards who were made, and the drunken revels that took place about the building. Yes, the bad influence of this same distillery is by no means rooted out, though a number of years have elapsed since its destroying effects have been blotted out. There are drunkards living now, who can date their first drunkenness from this distillery, and have upon their children come forward with the awful inheritance of their fathers! It is impossible to tell the extent to which the baneful influences of this same distillery will penetrate: How long drunkenness begat there may be handed down from father to son. If all of the ruined, at this day, could cluster around the ruins we speak of, and the spirits of the departed be permitted to join the living, no doubt the staggering, haggard multitude would astonish this community by their numbers! But we forbear—it is written in the great book of Heaven who are they who have perished in consequence of this establishment, and the sins of its erection and carrying on, is also written opposite the names of those to whom it belongs. Let them give account in that day when that awful Book shall be opened to an assembled Universe.

By referring to our plate of the Genesee Falls, which may be found in the 2d Volume of the G. A. M., the reader will find upon the right side of the picture being two torses, the names there referred to. It will be known by its having upon it standing—previous to its falling it had stood many years in the same state, leaning, and apparently tottering to its fall.

Inquisition—Plagiarism.—We would inform the Editors of the Cincinnati Mirror, that the beautiful lines signed "Kemble," published in their paper, 30th March, are not "original with the person by whom communicated." They first appeared in the Washington Republican, and we refer the writer of this article to that paper. Publicity to them, eighth of May, in a paper in Massachusetts; and now, lest our statement should be doubted, we have transposed one verse, and exchanged the best signature, which is all the alteration we perceive.

C. Bowen, Boston, has in Press a collection of Familiar Letters and Miscellaneous Papers, of Benjamin Franklin, never before printed. The work is edited by Jared Sparks, and will be in one 12mo.


Temperance Cause.—Two temperance Societies—of the principal, of total abstinence—one by the men, and another by the women—have been organised in this town, by the colored people. A person by the name of Jos. Thayer, was lately detected, by watchmen, in the act of setting fire to a dwelling house, in Boston, between the hours 11 and 12 at night, in which dwelling 10 persons were sleeping. He has been sentenced, for twenty one years, to the State Prison, for this crime.

In three of our principal Cities, there were 1300 Deaths, in 1832—viz. in Philadelphia, 6,699, in New York, 10,359; in Boston, 1,761.

A disorder, called "La Grippe," is raging in Illinois. In Chicago, it is said, three fourths of the persons employed in the manufactories have been attacked by it—and at Moscow 16,000 were ill in the disorder.

Mr. Editor, you hinted in your last, that the communications sent to you, contained too many quotations, which no doubt is the case—hence I would not object to selections, when sent to me.

I therefore send the following plain truths. Etc.:—

From the Pen of A Friend.

POLITENESS.

There is not, probably, in all the English language, a word more sadly abused, and in a port than politeness; and what is the most unaccountable, the more refinement the less politeness, in its true essence.

In the refined circles of society, those forms of etiquette are duly regarded; the bow, the courtesy, the complimentary inquiries after health, &c. are poured forth, without weight or measure; and a stranger, who for the first time enters into the world of fashion, might suppose the inhabitants did little else but please and be pleased by others. But would he lift the covering, could he see the sly intrigue, the finished cunning, if not the downright knavery, practised there, he would sigh for his own native cot, and if he were a savage, long to return to it.

The savage, who finds you faint and tiring, far from your abode, welcomes you to his hut, spreads his skin for your repose, gives you his chosen venison, tells you on your way homeward on the morrow, and from the heart says, "remember poor Indian when you find tired and hungry," and your honest soul responds but the sincerity of his kindness. But in proportion as men mingle in society, he learns how to beguile, how to accommodate himself to the diversity of character he meets, that he may better accomplish his designs; and you not unfrequently see the finished gentleman finish the victor.

This is not necessarily so, and end can be no argument against the highest cultivation of manners; it is because man is not like his Maker, might long to return to his wigwam, and for his own native cot, and if he were a savage, long to return to it.

It is one of the worst diseases that ever became fastened upon a young man, to have I can't written upon him by the world. It frequently leads to drunkenness and to crime, and always has its thousand and other bad effects. I can't transforming tribes into formidable barriers, mole-hills into mountains, and operates to most minds as a magnifying glass does to the eye. "Help me out of this difficulty," said a man to Hercules, who had tried the wheels of his cumbersome wagon in a slough. "Put thy shoulder to the wheel, and lift," said Hercules; "thy strength will extricate thee." The man tried. "Stop," said Hercules; "I will help thee out; but if thou hadst tried with thy might, thy wheels had rolled in the slough before I had helped thee." This anecdote is just in point. A weak body filled with perseverance will overcome seemingly insurmountable barriers, while the stout handed man with I can't in his mouth, will stand with hanging arms, and so augment his slough as to do emphatically, nothing.

DIED.

In this village, on the 23d ult. of consumption, Miss Elizabeth Wilcox, in the 21st year of her age, only child of Mr. Aaron Wilcox.

AN ENIGMA.

I am a small word of five letters—notwithstanding I am a powerful fellow; my strength is so great that I can perform wonders; yet you can see me every day especially in cold weather. Omit my first and I am useful; transportation and agriculture. Omit my last and I am the means by which many accumulate wealth, and I like to afford sustenance in a great proportion to
most nations. Omit my second, and I am what a tailor never did nor can make a garment without. Omit my first, second & last, and I am a duphong. Omit my last and transpose the others, and I am an active verb in the present tense, and what is indispensable to all. Omit my first and last, and I am a favorite to some gentlemen and of the ladies generally. What am I? 

**Ruraland Herald.**

**CURIOSITY INDULGED.**

A young lady not quite out of her teens, who from some unknown motive had long indulged a curiosity to view the Park Theatre from the gallery, was gratified on Friday evening last to an extent that far surpassed her expectations, and led to a result as disagreeable and unpleasant, as it was in all probability unforeseen. It appears that plan after plan was devised to gratify this inclination to view the audience and stage, from the topmost point of access, but from the seeming impracticability of carrying them into operation, almost as rapidly abandoned as they were conceived, until the night in question; when the lady resolved upon the accomplishment of her object by the following expedient. She in the first place put on an old bonnet and some of the cast off clothing of a servant in the kitchen, but still the disguise was deemed insufficient to answer the purpose, so long as the face was unconcealed—that some of the watchmen, and kindly conducted her to the residence. The ceremony of the present was conducted to the house, but the spectacle she presented on entering must be left to the imagination, as we shall not attempt to describe it. The lamplight and ill which had been regularly laid on at the outset of her evening’s adventures, had by this time assumed the forms of streaks down her face, and by repeated wiping of her tears, each eye was so far relieved of the jet black which had originally surrounded them, that some of the watchmen affected to believe she was something more than earthly.

After setting a few minutes she became somewhat composed, and then confidentially informed the officer who and what she was, who benevolently withdrew her from the gaze of the watchmen, and kindly conducted her to her residence. 

**N. Y. Cour. & Eng.**

**PRESENTATION OF PLATE.**

On Saturday, the Board of health met at the City Hall for the purpose of presenting to the physicians of the Second Ward, the pieces of Plate which had been previously voted to them. The articles consisted of ten silver flagons, of the value of $100 each, and two pitchers of the value of $50 each. The workmanship was very fine, and was executed by Mr. Wm. Gale, 116 Fulton street. The Flagon bore the following inscription—*Presented by the Board of Health of the City of New York, to M. D. for his professional services gratuitously rendered to the poor of the Second City Ward, A. D. 1832.*

The ceremony of the presentation was performed by Alderman Murray, Chairman of the Committee for procuring the plate, in an appropriate address to the physicians who was answered by the senior member present. The pitchers were likewise presented to the son and daughter of Dr. Gerardus A. Cooper, who fell a victim to the cholera in his benevolent exertions to relieve the sufferings of the poor during the prevalence of the epidemic.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

*The names of the Physicians inscribed were—Chas. P. Wilcoxen, N. Edison Sheldon, Lyndal C. Find, Joshua C. Wright, Jacob J. Gifford, Eligh McD, Peter Pratt, Benjamin B. Colt, and Thomas Cook.*

**KITH SERLY.**—"Take care grandmam, or you’ll twist your neck off," said a little urchin on an old lady who was trying to get a cob through her tangled hair, till she had pined her head round so that her nose and chin came over her left shoulder. "Go along to sool you plague you," said she; at the same time cuffing his ears and stamping her foot. As she departed, she resumed her task, when, by dint of perseverance, biting her lips, projecting her chin, and pressing her eyes together, till her face was as full of wrinkles as a baked apple succeeded in taking through. Then clapping her hands upon her knees, she sighed exclaiming, "Oh dear me! I don’t see how folks do that comb their hair every day, for I don’t comb mine but once a week, then it just kills me."

"My dear duck," said a Hibernian lady to her lover, a countryman of hers, "I had a swote drame about yourslef the last, that ever was." "And tell me, honey," said Pat, with eagerness. "The civil mind me, if I do." "And by the powres if ye dont, the next time ye are draming sweet, I’ll be after listenin’.

In what month do ladies talk the least?—February: it being the shortest month.

**MARRIED.**

In Henrietta, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Miner, Chandell Malloy, Jn. Esq. to Miss Lydia Barker, daughter of Dr. Josiah G. Barker, all of the same place. 

[Communicated.]

Lines addressed to C. M. Jr. Esq. soon after his union with Miss L. B.

O take her, but be faithful still, And may the bical vow Be seared held in after years, And warmly breathed as at first. Remember 'tis no common tie That binds your youthful heart: 'Tis one that only truth can weave, And only death can part.

The joys of childhood’s happy hour, The home of ripier years, The treasured scenes of early youth, In sunshine and in tears: The poorest hopes her bosom know, When her young heart was free: All these and more she now resigns, To brave the world with thee.

Her lot in life is fix’d with thine, Its good and ill to share, And well I know ‘twill be her pride To sooth each sorrow there. Then take her, and may fleeting time Make only joys increase, And may your days glide ecstatic on, In happiness and peace.

Henrietta, April, 1833. 

**N. N. B.**

**BOOK & JOB PRINTING,**

Such as handbills, housebill, cards, pamphlets, show-bills, black notes and receipts, circulars, c. c., will be at all hours neatly and promptly executed at the office of the Gen. New Script and other new type, will soon be added to the office, and if timely requested, the public are invited to give us a share of business.

**FOIL MAN AT THIS OFFICE,**

A few copies of Volumes 2nd 3d, and 4th of the GEN, handsomely bound; also, several volumes of Literary Works printed in different parts of the Union, also, a few vols. of Lates, suitable for insertion in literary publications.

**THE ROCHESTER GEM:**

**A Semi-Monthly Literary and Miscellaneous Journal.**

**Volume V. With 8 Plates.**

Edwin Scramont, Editor.

The Gem is published at Rochester, Monroe co., N. Y. every other Saturday at $1 50 per annum, in advance. It is printed in quarto form and pagd for binding—and an index and title-page furnished at the end of the year.

No subscription tenable for less than one year, and no payments discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

Moneys can be safely sent by mail. All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed to JOHN DENIO, by whom it will be printed and published, for the proprietor.
"Two or three evenings after, we met again. My heart melted to see his pale features, his languid air. Somewhere or other, I forget how, we got again into conversation; and I at once taxed him with having fought a duel.—What—Oh! what could have prompted me? He blushed, and looked quickly at me with surprise, but not displeasure; saying in a low tone, something about his pride in being an object of my sympathy." Doctor, I can but again and again ask you to bear with me in the history of my guilt and folly! Before we parted, I was actually imprudent enough to accept his arm. We often met at the spot afterwards, and by appointment. I was enchanted with my new companion, there was something so elegant, so fashionable, so refined about him. I found he was an officer in the regiment of cavalry, and staying at——on account of ill health.

He must have been blind, indeed, not to have seen that I doated——yes, sigh, Doctor!——that I doated on him; but when I was one evening infatuated, mad enough to beg him not to appear to know me, if he should happen to meet me walking with my mother or any one else, you will surely believe that I must have been possessed by Satan. The moment the fatal words were out of my mouth I snatched my arm out of his, started back, and turned my face to the wall. He instantly asked me with alarm if I was ill. Ill! I was ready to sink into the earth out of his sight! His winning ways, however, soon made me forget all——forget even alas! alas! that I now stood fatally committed to him! When I returned home, I felt oppressed with a guilty consciousness of what I had done. I could not look my mother in the face. I felt stupidified at recollecting what I had said, but with great effort concealed all from my mother.

It is needless to say, that after this Captain——and I met on the footing of lovers; I expecting him on each occasion to propose marriage; and he walking by my side, talking in a strain that set my soul on fire with passionate admiration for him. What a charming, what a delightful companion! Forgetting, for a moment, all the nonsense of novels, I felt I could have adored him, and made him my husband, had he been the poorest of the poor! When he was not with me, he would write me sometimes two or three letters a day——and such letters! If you, even you, had seen them, you would have owned how unequal was the struggle. At length I felt piqued at his hesitation, in not saying something decisive and satisfactory on the subject that was nearest my heart; but on the very morning when I thought I had made up my mind to tell him we must part, for that I should get myself talked of in the town, and alarm my mother—he saved me all farther anxiety, by telling me, in enthusiastic terms, that he felt he could not live without me, and asked me if I had any objection to a private marriage; adding, that his father was a haughty, selfish man, and all the other falsehoods that have ruined, and alas! alas! will yet ruin, so many wretched girls! Wo, wo, wo is me that listened to them—that I believed all—that, indeed, Captain——could have scared any thing I would not have believed! I must have been, alas! given over to destruction not to understand, never once to reflect on the circumstance of his refusal ever to come to our house to see my mother, or allow me to breathe a hint about what had passed between us! Alas, had a daughter's heart glowed with a thousandth part of the love towards her mother, with which that mother's yearned towards her, a moment's sigh, an instant's confidence, would have broke the charm, would have set me free from the spoiler! I must keep my old father in the dark about this matter, as you your mother, Eleanor, said he, till the marriage is over, and then they cannot help themselves! He talked to me in this strain for nearly a month; for my angelic angel helped me to fight against him so long, flashing incessantly before me the figure of my poor, precious, heart broken mother, and I refused to listen to his proposals. But at last he prevailed. He talked me to death on the subject; persuaded me, that if I would elope, I could leave a letter, telling my mother how soon she would see me the wife of Captain——and at last I began to think in the same way.

Dear, dear Captain——! How much I am trusting to you! said I, one night, weeping, after he had wrung a reluctant consent from me. Oh, don't, don't bring down my poor mother's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave! My dear, dear, good girl! he exclaimed.
I cannot pain you with a particular account of the means by which my destroyer succeeded in effecting my ruin. Once in the accursed travelling carriage, we went, I afterwards found, in a different direction to that of Gretna Green. I think I must have been mad thro' out the journey. I recollect nothing distinctly; all seems yet in a mist, a mist of excitement, of mingled apprehension and delight. Captain was all tenderness, all perscriptions. He kept me in a constant whirl. He never suffered me to be left alone for an instant—to think of what I was doing. No! that was not his plan! For two days I do not think I had leisure to look back, and reflect on what I had left. I felt, strange, dreadful to say—no uneasiness. Oh, my heavy heaven was to be in the company of Captain, to look at him, to hear him speak to me, to think he was now mine, mine for life! But on the morning of the third day—here she shuddered from head to foot, and paused—I awoke in a fright; for I had been dreaming about the serpent I had dreamed of before we eloped. Then it glided about under the drawers at a distance: Now it was writhing about on the very bed on which I lay! The vividness of my dream awoke me, as I said, in horror. Alas, my eyes were opened! Beside me lay the serpent!

I shrieked aloud—I sprang out of bed—I tore my hair with frantic gestures. He leaped out after me in consternation, and attempted to pacify me, but in vain. My cries brought an elderly respectable female into the room. He told her that his wife was only in hysterics—that I was unfortunately subject to them. I recollect nothing more distinctly of that dreadful day. By the next, with Belial cunning and persuasion, he had soothed and flattened me into something like my former insensibility to my situation. I felt as if it was useless to resist his influence! Before the week was over, we were in Paris. Not all the myriad gaieties of that place, however, could dull or distract the worm from gnawing at my heart! For three weeks was I incessantly in tears—often in hysterics. Captain behaved to me with exquisite tenderness. He spent immense sums in procuring me amusement, and in a month longer, I found, spite of myself, my sorrow wearing off. He had accustomed me gradually to wine, and at length he was obliged to check my increasing propensities. I could not laugh, but rather scream with the anguish in my heart! For three weeks was I incessantly in tears—often in hysterics. Captain behaved to me with exquisite tenderness. He spent immense sums in procuring me amusement, and in a month longer, I found, spite of myself, my sorrow wearing off. He had accustomed me gradually to wine, and at length he was obliged to check my increasing propensity to it with anger. Once, once only, do I recollect having mentioned the sacred name of my mother. He produced a letter, which he pretended to have received from a friend at ——, where I have lived: which said that my mother, on finding out what I had done, burnt the letter I had left for her, cursed me, called me an infamous name, vowed solemnly never to receive or acknowledge me again.—

How I recollect one sentence he read me!

The old woman goes on much as usual, on— oh— but I am speaking of other scenes. The Devil, too, had blinded me! From this time, I began to find my feelings dulled, and got in a manner satisfied with my situation: I had talked about marriage till he almost struck me in his fury, and I got wearied and frightened out of my importunities. We spent some time on the bank of the beautiful Rhine, and travelled over the most delicious parts of Switzerland, after which we returned again to Paris. Altogether we spent about seven months in France. Towards the latter end of that time, stiffened as I was, I discovered a gradual but melancholy change in his manner towards me. He seemed trying, I thought, to disgust me with him! He introduced to our table some English friends of his, noblemen and others, and did not seem to care how pointedly they paid their attentions to me, nor how I received them. Then he began to be piqued at my impropriety, as he said. That gave him a handle of offence against me. Our life was one of incessant bickering. He began to talk about his leave of absence having expired, that he must return to England. He told me at length abruptly, that he had but ten days longer to continue in France; as his regiment was unexpectedly ordered off for India, and I must return to England with him instantly. Return to England! The thought was horror! The day before that fixed for our return to England, I eloped with Lord— an extravagant, dissipated, but handsome young man: and we bent our course towards Rome. There I did indeed blazon my shame. I was allowed whatever dress—whatever ornaments I chose to order. I quite shone in jewelry, till I attracted universal attention. Alas, too well I knew the answer given to the perpetual enquiry, Who is she? Bear with me, kind Doctor—bear with me in my guilty story, when I tell you that in less than three months I quitted Lord— for the society of an Italian nobleman, his, for that of a French Count—and there I shall pause!

Within two years of my first arrival in France, I found myself in Paris—alone. Ill health had considerably changed my appearance, and of course unfitted me, in a measure, for the guilty splendors of the life I had been leading. My spirit had fallen into the lowest despondency; so that Sir ——, the man with whom I had last lived, quitted me in sudden disgust, with no more than a hundred pounds in my pocket—to manage as I could for myself. I lived alone in Paris for nearly three weeks, doing little else than drink wine and take laudanum. Then I began to long for England, though I dreaded to see it. The flutter of my heart almost choked me when I thought of home. Restless as an evil spirit, I knew not what to do with myself, or whither to go. Still something drew me to England, and accordingly I abruptly left France, and arrived at London in December. In the packet I happened to meet a gentleman I often met at Captain—’s table. Careless and stiffened, I heeded not what I did; so he had but little difficulty in persuading me to accept his lodgings as mine. I lived with him about a month. Is not all this frightful, Doctor? exclaimed Miss Edwards, abruptly. I shook my head, and sighed.

Yes! she resumed, echoing my sigh from the very depths of her bosom; it is an awful catalogue of crime indeed; but let me hasten thro' it, Doctor, while I have strength, for I sicken with the story.

When I was left alone in London, my spirits grew more and more depressed. I felt sinking into what is called melancholy madness. I went one evening to Drury Lane Theatre, almost stupefied with wine, which I had been drinking alone, for I should really have destroyed myself but for the excitement of wine. I need hardly say to what part of the boxes, a young woman, elegantly dressed, and alone, was ushered. It was that allotted to my miserable sisters in guilt. I sat at the corner of the boxes, a large shawl almost concealing me from head to foot. The orchestra was playing the overture. Oh, how sick, how faint that made me, which all others listened to with ecstasy. It was of a pensive description, sad, but sweet beyond imagination; and it affected me so powerfully that I was obliged to rush from the place and seek fresh air. I returned in about half an hour. The vast house had completely filled while I was away; all was light and splendor; and the merry chorus was shaking with laughter at the scenes of a favorite comedy. I—I could not laugh, but rather sneer with the agonizing intensity of my feelings.

La, how she sighs! Mighty fine, to be sure, exclaimed a rude wretch that sat beside me, glaring in finery. My heart drooped under the insult. I could not resent it. I gazed languidly at the happy people occupying the private boxes. How I envied them! In casting my eye round them, fell on a party in that nearest: but one to me. Gracious God! it was Captain,—with three ladies, one of them very beautiful, and he was paying her the most anxious attentions.

I remember no more till I found myself early in the morning, in bed at my lodgings, attended by a girl in fine clothes. I then found, on inquiry, that I had suddenly fallen back on the floor of the boxes in a swoon, and was immediately carried out, attended by a girl that sat near me, who, having found by a paper in my pocket where I lived, brought me home.—

The woman of the house insisted on my quitting it immediately. I owed her no rent: but that was all one, she said; I was a slut, and must be off.
The girl I spoke of refused to leave my room till I had a little recovered, and easily persuaded me to accompany her to her lodgings. I had about 302. with me, and a few articles of elegant and expensive dress. I lay in bed at my new residence for two days, without once rising; and no one can tell the horror that was upon me. At the end of that time, my companion prevailed upon me to accompany her to the play—whither, half intoxicated, I went. But I could not pause over the steps by which I hurried on to the vilest excesses of infamy. My money exhausted—all the dress, except what I wore, I pawned; what was to become of me? With the wages of shame and sin, I strove madly to drink myself to death; yes, Doctor, to death! I tried to live hard, that my health might fail—that I might die, if it were the death of a dog. I was soon obliged to leave my companion in guilt. She was more dreadfully addicted to drinking, than I; and in one of her sudden frenzies abused me, and at last struck me a blow with a decanter, that felled me in an instant, stunned and bleeding, to the floor. See, Doctor, I have the mark of it! said Miss Edwards, pushing aside her hair, and disclosing a large scar over the corner of her left forehead.

"You may wonder, Doctor, that I have said so little about my mother; but must not suppose that I thought little of her. Her injured image was always before my eyes, and served but to drive me into deeper despair. My own shame and misery were tolerable in comparison with hers. Her treatment of me was, or what I was doing. He looked hard at me, and seemed to pity me."

"Is it worth while to press for sentence on such a wretched creature as this?" said the gruff guard. "No. I was aware of it, his eye fell upon me, and he knew me. He turned deadly pale; and was obliged to return back into the carriage with the lady, his wife, I suppose, and drive home. Perhaps he thought I should make myself known; but no—I turned fainter far than he, and staggered away to some steps, on which I sat down to recover myself. By means of a Court Guide, which, by some accident or other, found its way into my hands, I soon afterwards found out where he lived. I often went late at night, when it was dark and wet, so that no one seemed likely to be stirring, and paced to and fro before the large house where he lived, with the feeling none can tell. How often has my heart’s flattering half choked me, while I have listened to the sound of the piano in the drawing room! No doubt, thought I, his wife is playing to him, fondly! Oh! the hours—the nights I have passed in this wretched way! I thought myself more like a fiend hunting him, than any other human. And yet, dreadfully as he had, injured me, I would have died before I could..."
have annoyed him! And, Doctor, I have done the same thing towards another house in London. There also, have I paced for hours—bitter hours—and that house was yours! She burst into tears, and was several minutes before she could resume her narrative. I suggested that I would hear her proceed with her history at some future day—but she told me it was now nearly over. At length she resumed.

"I once walked several streets after you and Mrs. ——, and felt as if I could have kissed the ground you walked on. I dared not draw near, lest I should pollute you—lest I might, horrid creature, be seen and recognised, and when I lost sight of you, I had had nothing for it but to hurry home, and drown my agony in drink. Did you never hear of my elopement, Doctor, before now? She inquired abruptly. I answered that I had not; that, as the air did not suit my wife, we never went again to ——; and that after she and Miss Edwards had ceased corresponding, the pressure of domestic and professional engagements prevented our enquiring after her. She sighed, and proceeded.

"I have often seen in places of amusement, and in the streets, some of the persons to whom Captain —— introduced me in France, but they either could not, or would not, recognise me—and I never attempted to remind them of me. At length however, even liquor was insufficient to keep up my spirits. I wandered about the streets—I herded with the horrible wretches about me—as if I was only half aware of what I did and where I was. I would have lived alone, but I dared not! The most dreadful thoughts assailed me. The guilt of my past life would often gleam back upon me in a way that almost drove me mad, and I have woke a whole house with my moanings! To occupy my thoughts, when obliged to be alone, I used to send for the papers, in one of which, while carelessly casting my eyes over the list of deaths, I saw the name of my cousin, by whose indistinct tone, she proceeded, I shrieked at the countenance, half covered with blood though it was, showed me the features of Captain ——! Here Miss Edwards again recovered the shock of that terrible occurrence. The next day's newspaper, which you may believe I bought with sickening apprehension, announced that Captain had been killed on the spot, and that his heart-broken widow was within only a few days of her confinement.

To be concluded in our next.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

AN INSTRUCTIVE TALE.

In the village of ——, in the state of N. York, there lived a young and enterprising mechanic, by the name of James Reading, who without parental assistance or aid from any other source but his own untiring industry and application, had established himself in a good and profitable business in the carpenter's trade. After he had erected him a snug, convenient little building wherein to prosecute his employment, and after he had found his pecuniary prospects in life fair and promising, he married a daughter of Mr. Johnson, a mechanic in the same trade with himself, who, although not superior in the beauty of her features, or, ample in external accomplishments, had many qualities of head and heart, which, notwithstanding the disparagements of her countenance and form, were sufficient to win the affections, and attract the esteem of, such an individual as young Reading, who was not so superficial an observer of things as to take in to exclusive consideration the outside, while every thing else was unnoticed. Harriet was modest in her deportment, virtuous in her principles, industrious in her habits, and intelligent in her ideas. She could not urge as an argument to him who designed to unite his destinies with hers, an abundance of gifts at the hand of the graces, or point out to him, as a temptation for the execution of his intention, a multiplicity of riches. No had beauty and affluence constituted the criterion of James's judgment, he never would have had his hand united with Harriet's in the bands of hymen. But this was not the case: far more correct the standard of his decision, far nobler and more elevated his ideals of merit. He watched her in the retirement of rural life, and never detected the workings of discontent within her breast. He saw her in the station of filial duty, and always found her obedient to her parents, and attentive to their interests and their wants. He witnessed her in her conversation, and never heard anything which he could denominate immoral or improper in her language. Being naturally of a cautious turn of mind, and recognizing in the act of marriage the most important event of his life, he waited a number of months, and became complete master of Harriet's character in a moral and mental point of view; became thoroughly acquainted with her disposition, and obtained a perfect knowledge of her good qualities and defects, before he ventured all his hopes and his highest destinies upon the event which was to unite and incorporate them together during their natural lives.

In a year from the time he commenced business for himself, having attained the age of twenty two, and having satisfied himself of the wisdom of his choice, he was joined to Harriet Johnson, who was about six months his junior. A neat and comfortable dwelling house of ordinary dimensions was then built for their occupancy, in which they imagined to spend a pleasant life, and see the last sun that should beam upon them.

James not only obtained a competent support for himself and partner, but in course of time, by untiring diligence and studious economy, acquired quite a handsome property, over and above his necessary domestic expenditures, which permitted him to live in an easier style than what his previous circumstances had allowed him to indulge in. Peace, health and plenty smiled around him. A beloved wife, three blooming children, and a lucrative business cheered him at his fireside when he came home from work, and sweetened his reflections when reposeing upon the midnight pillow. Nothing seemed to embitter the suavity and ruffle the tranquility of his con.
Prosperity could be seen in his shop, in his mansion-house, and in all of his circumstances. He was not only enabled by the profusion of favors which fortune and industry had bestowed upon him to support his own beloved family, but to assist in a considerable degree his father-in-law, who was far from being affluent, although the sin of sloth and idleness never laid at his door.

But ah! how fickle is fortune! how mutable her course! how changing her treatment! what was to be done to retrieve himself? He resorted to an adjoining town where an office was kept for the purpose of vending lottery tickets.

Six years had rolled away since James and Harriet became one, when from the carelessness and negligence of a workman whom he had employed to assist him in transacting his business, which had accumulated to such an amount that his individual labor was inadequate to perform it, he was determined, and his fortune told. But during the time intervening between his purchase and that eventful period, his imagination was not idle, nor his mind inactive.

Judging by the uniform success which has attended all the enterprises which he had undertaken, during his past life, and spurning from him the idea that now he might be abandoned by the fickle goddess who had showered so many of her golden favors upon him, his deranged and disordered fancy was constantly picturing before his jaundiced intellectual vision, heaps of money; and guineas danced before his mind's eye in rich, profuse abundance. He thought the wheel of fortune was steady in its revolutions; and never once allowed himself to indulge the unpleasant thought that possibly his imagination was a delusion, and that all his fine spun expectations might be blasted by the disclosure of his ticket's fate; that his fond hopes might be eternally disappointed, by the next announcement—"BLANK!" was the answer.

Readers, need I tell you what was the explanation of this? I am hereby narrating, on the reception of this sickening intelligence.

"Good heavens! then all is lost." He could say no more, his palsied and enervated organs of speech refused to perform its functions. The reverse of fortune with which he was afflicted could not be imputed to neglect of business, immoral habits, or abuse of the rich gifts of a beneficent providence. It was a casualty, a mere accident. He reflected upon his loss—"the reflection pained him; his enterprising spirit was in a moment cooled—his recently fair prospects were blasted—his buildings laid in a heap of ruins—and the remains of his property scattered to the four winds of heaven.

But he could not bear the thought of repeating the days of labor which he had spent in accumulating the possessions which had thus been in a moment as it were transformed into a mass of worthless ruins. He wanted to pursue an easier and shorter course, in order to accomplish his object.

In this state of things, after pondering upon his poor condition, and turning a deaf ear to the dictates of wisdom and his conscience, he determined, in an unhappy moment, to buy a lottery ticket. The entreaties and the remonstrances of his affectionate wife, who, (more able to suffer the winds of adversity, and more sagacious in foreseeing the results of such a measure, than her husband, had pointed out to him in the eloquent language of conjugal affection, before he took the awful leap, and passed the Rubicon, the effects of this suggestion of desperate feeling,) were all in vain, and fell unheeded upon his unwilling ear.

He was bent upon purchasing a lottery ticket. He resorted to an adjoining town where an office was kept for the purpose of vending these instruments of human misery, and (I must say too frequently of death,) and there bought what in the event made his wife a pauper, his children orphans, and himself a robber. He waited with painful anxiety for the day when the character of his ticket should be determined, and his fortune told. But during the time intervening between his purchase and that eventful period, his imagination was not idle.

Bye and bye, old time, on its tireless wing came a desperado—reckless of his own reputation, who, fain have called fictions of the brain had stern reason permitted. His star of hope had set forever. The pleasant dream of restored wealth and fortune-given property had passed away, leaving in its place stubborn facts, which he would fain have called fictions of the brain had stern reason permitted. From that moment he became a desperado—reckless of his own reputation—careless of his beloved wife, who had thrown her all—her fate, her interests, her destiny, in the same cup with him: heedless of his innocent children whom, before, he delighted to take upon his knee, and impart to them the kiss of paternal affection.
Is it necessary for me to narrate to you the closing scene, and do you not anticipate me when I say, that the partner of his bosom became a wretched inmate of the poor house, where she died of grief; his son and daughter helpless orphans, cast upon the precarious charity of the world for food and maintenance, and himself, a criminal, a robber, a wretch, and a inhabitant of sinning prison.

Reader, draw your own lesson from this undorned but instructive story. Let the moral be—beware of lotteries.

The earliest government of which we have any knowledge was patriarchal. In the early ages of society, parents from their relation to their offspring doubtless received from them reverence and respect, and by mutual consent exercised authority over them, and gave them rules of conduct, the penalty of which was death; and the children reverenced their parents. In time, as families began to multiply, the various households probably united themselves in a kind of civil polity; and referred the adjustment of all differences to their most aged men, distinguished for sagacity and wisdom.

The first monarchial government of which we read, is that of Babylonia, doubtless derived from the patriarchal institutions of the Israelites that of Saul. Republican governments are of much more modern date; the offspring of a more cultivated age.

THE SENTIMENTALIST---- No. 5

THE SLANDERER.

"Oh ye who are sad guid, yoursel, Sae pious and sae holy, Ye've nought to do but mark and tell You should be glad and tell Yon guide at sae a guid folly." Burns.

It is a lamentable fact, that there are a great many in this world, who have no other employment in their leisure hours than to hear and propagate scandal. And to me there can be no plainer evidence of human frailty than to see people so engaged. They forget that charity which as members of the family of Adam they have a duty to exercise, and many of the trivial faults of their fellows into perfect monsters. Self esteem is a frequent companion of scandal, and then she rakes about those who do not come up to her standard of perfection. Like a whitened sepulchre she stands mocking them, and forgets in her scrutinizing gaze at others, the corruption that ranks in her own heart. And when she reviles others for faults in which herself is the greater criminal.

In our decision upon the character and conduct of our neighbor, it is our duty to exercise the greatest lenity and charity possible. We must place ourselves in the same circumstances and ask ourselves if we would do as he has done, and even if in our imperfect balance to be found guilty—we should remember the merited reproof of our Saviour, to 'let him that is without sin cast the first stone.' Guided by such conciliatory principles this world would lose much of its present rancor and discord, and the harmony of Heaven would restore to fallen man in a measure, the golden days of Paradise. But there are others who invent and propagate scandal from a mere wantonness of disposition which delights in the frailties and mis-givings of mankind, but such there can be no penalty too severe. For they are the illegitimate monsters of earth, who would sap the heart of its life giving stream to satiate their vile thirst—or rob the innocent of that reputation which is dearer than life itself. There is not the warm heart that can drop a tear to other's wo', or sympathise with the unfortunate and bid him place his hopes on Heaven, the great heart of that breath of souls to others' calamities, and plunges the poisoned dagger into the unhealed wound.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Modern Improvements.—Why there are many things so called, some of them properly, others improperly; some of them are good—some good for nothing. This is a subject upon which much might be written, but one on which we shall write little.

Truly, ours is an entering age!—Our first republics flourished in Greece and Rome. Again, an unenlightened republic would be unable to distinguish liberty (for want of the corresponding sense) from licentiousness. What then would they not do, on the plea that they were all free and equal? The king of an uncultivated people arrives at the throne by hereditary succession, or is at least raised to that station by a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances over which the people seldom have much control. And he usually retains it for life. There are not, therefore, irritated by the increasing brawls and commotions attendant on republican elections. If the heavens do gather blackness, it is generally succeeded by a long and uninterrupted sunshine. Far different is it in a republic. Even in our enlightened country, what a war is waged at every successive election! what commotions, what investment, what discord! what discord do they generate. Enough, were it not for our virtue and intelligence, to shake the pillars of our political fabric to their base, if not to lay them prostrate in the dust. What kind of warfare would this become among an uncultivated people, should physical place the take of mental force, and unrestrained licentiousness the place of enlightened patriotism and religion?

J. H. A.

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WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

Light and Knowledge Necessary to Perpetuate our Republican Institutions.

The first republics of any considerable extent and duration, were those of Greece. These in their early establishment could boast a Homer, a Hesiod, demagogues by the thousands, orators, poets and prose writers, and a people probably much more cultivated than the subjects of Nimrod. We understand that Nimrod, the mighty hunter, exercised his subjects in the sports of the field, to render them more expert in war. This was oftentimes the case even in enlightened countries.

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And, doubtless, this form of government would be best adapted to the ignorance, warlike disposition of earth, who would sap the heart of its life giving stream to satiate their vile thirst—or rob the innocent of that reputation which is dearer than life itself. There is not the warm heart that can drop a tear to other's wo', or sympathise with the unfortunate and bid him place his hopes on Heaven, the great heart of that breath of souls to others' calamities, and plunges the poisoned dagger into the unhealed wound.

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METHODIST CHAPEL, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DESCRIPTION.

This edifice, which stands on the north-west corner of Buffalo and Fitzhugh Streets, near the centre of the village of Rochester, was erected in 1831—and built of hammer stone, at an expense of $15,000. Its dimensions are 104 by 60 feet on the ground, and it may be classed among the largest and most convenient Protestant Churches in America. Its plainness, simplicity and taste in its architecture, give much credit to the building committee, and the construction and finish, both outside and in, is in perfect accordance with the object for which it was built. The basement story is elevated above the ground, and on one side are seven rooms designed as Offices for lawyers or physicians; on the other, is a large commodious Conference Room, which is also used for a Sabbath School, with suitable Rooms for Library, &c. The Vestibule or Porch is 16 by 75 feet, over which are a number of Class Rooms, making in all throughout the house about 20. In the Church are 4 Aisles, and 208 Slips. The Pulpit is opposite to the Chancel, and caps to the Pews, are trimmed with black walnut, which gives a grave and grand appearance: the Altar is very spacious—it will accommodate about 40 communicants at a time. Immediately in the rear of the Pulpit, and under the Orchesty, is a very convenient Vestry Room.

The Galleries are large and pleasant, projecting about 16 feet from the walls.

There is a Dome, 60 feet diameter at its base, rising 18 feet, and supported by 10 Grecian Pillars. Over this, there is to be a glass Dome elevated about 15 feet above the roof, which will give a magnificent appearance to the interior of the building.

The walls of the building are 2 feet in thickness. The entrance is on Fitzhugh St. as appears on the elevation. In the basement are two well constructed Furnaces, by which the House is made sufficiently warm with heated air.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

We should make it a principle to extend the hand of fellowship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties, maintains good order—who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of general society—whose deportment is upright, and whose mind is intelligent, without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all, natural rule and natural claim as the reluctant—the backward sympathy—the forced smile—the checked conversation—the hesitating compliance, the well-off are too apt to manifest to those a little down; with whom, in comparison of intellect and purity of virtue, they frequently sink into insignificance.
taking out a bank note from his pocket book, which I afterwards found was for twenty pounds; he gave it me, telling me to look after my health; and, a little agitated, I thought; sullen speaking with such a wretched object as pounds and more at my command, accepted the thought; fancying that by so doing, I was, in a manner atoning for the enormity of my crimes. At the moments of my uttermost need, when fainting beneath the agonies of starvation, I felt a savage pleasure in thinking how much money I had within my reach, and yet refused to touch! Guilty, ignorant creature! as if this could be viewed with satisfaction by Him, Him whom I had most offended! With the help of twenty pounds, which I was afraid to trust myself with in the house where I then resided, for fear of being robbed, perhaps murdered by those about me, I went over to a distant part of the town and took up my residence. I forget how, in the filthy place from which you rescued me, I had not been there a week, when I took to my bed, finding it impossible to drag my aching limbs, more than a few steps at a time. I felt that death had at last got his cold arms completely around me; and partly in despair, partly under an influence I knew not how to resist, kind, inestimable doctor, I sent off the letter which brought you like an angel of mercy to my bedside! My life at that place, so for so short a period, was a perpetual hell; worse, I found, far worse than any I had before known.

Why did not I, you may ask me, with the twenty pounds I had been speaking of, seek out a decent and virtuous place of residence? I can only answer, ask the devil, the devil that never once deserted me! Guilty myself, I went naturally to the scenes of guilt; I could not, I dare not go to any other! and suppose I had taken lodgings at a place of good character; that such people would have received a wretch such as I too plainly appeared; what was I to do when the twenty pounds were gone? No! I preferred keeping in the black waters of pollution till they closed over me: But I was saying how dreadfully I was treated in the last house to which I removed, and where you found me. When too late, I discovered that it was a noted house of call for thieves, in addition to its other horrors; and the scenes I was compelled to witness, I cannot describe! Would you believe it, doctor? one morning the woman who called at your house actually struck me upon the mouth till the blood gushed out, because I told her that I was too ill to get out of bed and accompany the rest of her wretched flock to some place of low entertainment! I submitted to it all, however, as to purgatory, thinking I might as well die there as any where else! Believe me, Doctor, in my ignorance, my blindness to the horrors of an hereafter, I looked on death, and longed for it, as a worn out traveller looks out for the place of his evening's rest! I expected to find in the grave, the peace, the quiet, the forgetfulness which the world denied me;—and as for any thing beyond, my mind had grown unable to comprehend the thoughts of it—to understand any thing about it. But from this long and dismal dream—this trance of guilt and horror— the Providence of God—

Miss Edwards here paused, and languidly drew her handkerchief over her face, which shewed me, alas, by its color and expression, how much she was exhausted. While I was speaking to her, in as kind a tone of sympathy as my emotion would admit of—for I need hardly say how I felt overcome with her long and melancholy narrative she fainted. Tho' I used every known means, on the impulse of the moment, to recall her to consciousness, they seemed of no avail, and greatly alarmed, I summoned in the nurse, and the apothecary. As the letter entered, however, she slowly opened her eyes, and a sigh evinced the return of consciousness. I continued by her side for nearly an hour longer, speaking all the soothing things my heart could devise—imploring her not to barrow herself with useless recollections of the past.

But—what a wretch—what a monster must you think me, Doctor! she exclaimed, faintly, averting her face. Is not the air I breathe, pollution?

Eleanor, Eleanor! The Redeemer of the world said not so to the trembling one that washed his feet with her tears. The poor girl overpowered with the recollection, sobbed hysterically several times and clasped her hands in an ecstasy of emotion—murmuring; but so indistinctly I could scarce catch the words. He said—go in peace!

That blessed history, she continued, when a little recovered, is all that makes life tolerable for the guilty such as me—I feel, I know it was! Oh! world, cruel world—I can bear the finger of contempt pointed at me! I can submit to hear my only friend! Not all my most solemn assurances availed to convince her how deeply she was mistaken. She shook her head and wrung her hands in silent wretchedness. She even despairs of the mercy of Heaven. All this, however, I saw, was only a temporary mood of feeling, which I hoped would shortly disappear. She would not allow me, but with difficulty; to shake hands with her on leaving. Herwhole frame shrunken from me as she exclaimed,—Oh, touch me not! To my great regret, and even astonishment, she continued in this melancholy humor for a whole week, till I accused myself of imprudence and cruelty in suffering her to tell me her history. My wife, on her return to London, called upon her: and her cordiality and affection a little reassured the sorrow-witten sufferer, and had far more effect than all the medicine of the Dispensary and the physicians there could do for her.

We supplied her, at her own earnest wish, with a little employment, to divert her mind from preying upon her already lacerated feelings. She worked at small articles of sewing, embroidery, &c. &c., which were afterwards given her in the most inviting frame. My chaplain shall read a prayer beside you! Farewell, Eleanor, till to-morrow! May your black a burden has been removed from your mind. All that our united experience could suggest, was anxiously done for her. Every symptom of danger was anxiously waited for, and, with the blessing of Providence, expelled. All the nourishment she was receiving, was given her in the most inviting frame. My wife, the chaplain, myself, and the resident apothecary, were frequent visitors, for the purpose of keeping her spirits in cheerful and various exercise; and, with the air of Heaven, these combined efforts proved eminently successful. I have very rarely, in the case of consumption, known a patient recover from such a hopeless degree of bodily and mental prostration, so satisfactory as Miss Edwards. Her whole nature, indeed, seemed changed; her gentle, cheerful, graceful piety—if I may be allowed the expression—made pious lovely indeed. Not that she gave way to what is too often found to
be the exacerbations arising from mere superstition acting upon weakening powers; that she affected what she did not feel, and uttered the sickening language of cant or hypocrisy. There was a lowliness, a simplicity, a fervour, a resignation about her, that could spring from sincerity alone!

The chaplain had given her a copy of the incomparable—the almost divine Saints' Rest of Baxter. Morning, noon, and night, did she ponder over its pages, imbibing their chastening, hallowing, glorifying spirit, and would often lay down the book in a kind of transport, her features glowing with an expression that rivalled my recollection of her former beauty. * * * * * *

She was soon able to bear the motion of a hackney coach, and, attended by her faithful nurse, took several drives about the airiest parts of the suburbs. In short, her recovery was marked by the most gratifying signs of recovery. How my heart leaped with joy, after so long, painful, and anxious, often hope losing, an attendance on her, to enter her neatly arranged room, and see her, not stretched upon the bed of agony and death—not turning her pale face to the wall, her soul filled with frightful apprehensions of an infinitely more frightful hereafter, but sitting clothed, and in her right mind, reading, beside the window; or walking to and fro, supported by the nurse, her figure, elegant and beautifully moulded, yet painfully slender, habited in a neat dark dress; for white, she said with a sigh, she was now unworthy to wear—white—the vesture of the innocent! With what honest pride, too, did the nurse look at her,—her affectionate heart overjoyed at witnessing a recovery her own unwarmed attentions had so materially conducted to ensure!

Finding Miss Edwards' convalescence so encouraging and steady, I proposed to her, seriously, to make claim, through a respectable solicitor, to the property she was entitled to, and employ a part of it in engaging a small cottage, a few miles from town, before the beautiful summer weather passed away. I suggested by advertising in the newspapers for such a place as we wanted, to be engaged from year to year, ready furnished; adding, that at a very trifling cost the nurse could be prevailed on to accompany and attend upon her.

Come, Eleanor, now, what possible rational objection can you have to all this? I inquired of her uncle, when written to, came solicitor was duly instructed to put her in the property she was entitled to—and employ a part of it in engaging a small cottage, a few miles from town, before the beautiful summer weather passed away. I suggested by advertising in the newspapers for such a place as we wanted, to be engaged from year to year, ready furnished; adding, that at a very trifling cost the nurse could be prevailed on to accompany and attend upon her.

My heart is so full with recollections of that happy day, that I could spend pages over it; but I leave the few touches I have given as they are. I add not a stroke to the little picture I have here sketched, in all the humility of conscious imperfection.

We did not quit till about 8 o'clock in the evening. Miss Edwards lay on the sofa as we took leave of her, exhausted with the fatigue and excitement of the day.

Doctor, if you should ever write to me, whispered the poor girl, as I held her hands in mine, call this—Magdalen Cottage! The ground is holy—oh, profane it not!

As for Miss Edwards, I learnt from my wife that she spoke but little all the way. Her feelings could scarcely content themselves with the silent tears which perpetually forced themselves into her eyes—the tears of ecstasy. When my wife spoke to her, she often could not answer her.

The cottage was very small, but sweetly situated, at some little distance from the highroad. Its little white walls peeped from the honey-suckle and jessamine, like a half-birth pearl glistening between the folds of green velvet. As my two children trotted on before us with the basket of provisions, and my wife and I followed, with Miss Edwards between us, and the nurse behind, I felt that I was living months of happiness in a few moments of time. My good wife, seeing the difficulty with which Miss Edwards restrained her feelings, womanlike, began to help her fortitude, by bursting into tears, and kissing her. This quite overcame the poor girl. As we neared the cottage, she grew paler and paler—leaned more and more upon our arms—and, as we entered the parlor door, fainted. She soon recovered, however; and gently disengaging herself from my wife and the nurse, sunk upon her knee elevated her trembling hands towards heaven, looking steadily upward, in a silence we all felt too sacred to disturb; and the tears at length flowing freely, relieved a heart overcharged and breaking with gratitude. That was a solemn, a blessed moment; and I am not ashamed to acknowledge, that I felt so overpower'd myself with my feelings, that I was compelled to quit the little room abruptly, and recover myself presently in the garden.

Sneeze, ye ignorant of the human heart! Laugh, ye who have never known the luxury of being an instrument chosen by Heaven to assist in relieving the wretched, and bringing back the contrite mourner to peace and happiness; smile, ye whose hearts are impervious to the smiles of an approving Providence; sneer, laugh on—but away from such a scene as this! The ground is holy—oh, profane it not!

Matters were soon arranged. A respectable solicitor, to the property she was entitled to, and employ a part of it in engaging a small cottage, a few miles from town, before the beautiful summer weather passed away. I suggested by advertising in the newspapers for such a place as we wanted, to be engaged from year to year, ready furnished; adding, that at a very trifling cost the nurse could be prevailed on to accompany and attend upon her.

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and thanks. In the beginning of the second
winter, however, Miss Edwards, in coming
from evening service at the church, about a
mile off, to which though the weather was most
inclement, she had imprudently ventured—
cought a severe cold, which soon revived sev-
eral slumbering and startling symptoms. She
had received, in short, her death-blow. Alas! alas!
how soon I began to hear of profuse
night sweats—of destructive coughing—and
all the fearful train of consumptive symptoms!
Her appearance, too, soon began to tell of the
most serious reproofs I found necessary,
to check the violence of her feelings. I must
now, however, content myself with a few hast-
ty entries from my Diary.

Wednesday, January 18th.—I called on
Miss Edwards about 4 o'clock in the afternoon,
and found from the nurse that she was sitting
up in bed, hearing three little girls, daughters
of a neighboring peasant, in their catechism.
I was remonstrating in the parlor with the nurse
for permitting Miss Edwards to act so impru-
dently, when a little girl came clattering hasti-
ately down stairs into the room, with a frighten-
ced air, saying, "come! come!" I hastened up,
and found the poor girl had fainted in the
midst of her pious task; and the two terror-
struck children were standing by in silence,
with their hands behind them, staring at the
ghastly paleness and motionlessness of their
preceptress. The book had fallen from her
hands, and lay beside her on the bed. I sent
the children away immediately, and addressed
myself to my sweet, suffering, but imprudent
patient. When I had succeeded in recovering
her from her swoon, the first words she
uttered were, in a faint tone, "go, on, love."

"My dear Eleanor—Eleanor! It's I, Dr.
—" said I gently.

"Well, then, you must try it, Mary," she
continued after a pause, in the same soft tone.

"Poor lady! she thinks she's got the chil-
dren—she's not sensible," whispered the nurse,
in tears.

What a lovely expression there was
in Miss Edward's face, blanched and waste-
ded though it was!

"I'm afraid, my dear," she commenced
again, her head still running on the pious duty
from which she had been surprised by her
swoon; "I'm afraid you've been playing, in-
stead—"

"Come, Eleanor," said I, gently.

"No love, I'm better now, go on—that's a
good girl!"

My vinaigrette served at length to dispel the
illusion. With a faint start, she recovered
herself.

"Oh, Doctor! How are you? But,
she added, after a pause, "where are the chil-
dren?"

"They are gone, Eleanor. Really, really
my dear, you must not do so again! It is much
more than your strength can bear. Forgive me,
Eleanor, but I have forbid them to come
again," said I, kindly, but peremptorily.

She looked at me with a little surprise, and in si-
ence.

"Poor things!" she at length exclaimed,

"how little they thought it was the last time!"

The tears came into her eyes.

"Nurse," said she softly, "please do you
give them the little, cakes I told you of?

The poor woman shook her head in si-
ence.

"How do you feel to-day, Eleanor?" I in-
quired, feeling her pulse.

"Very, very weak; but so happy! you
thought I did wrong; but—"—her face brighten-
ed—" He that loved little children seemed
with me!"

"My dear Eleanor, I don't wish to hurt your
feelings, but you miscalculate your strength!
Indeed, indeed, you don't know how weak you
are! Now promise me not to do so again!"

"I will, dear Doctor, I will! For my flesh
is weak! But how is Mrs.—?" (my wife.)

"She is well, and sends her love to you. I
have brought with me some alvve's-foot jelly;
she made it herself for you, and hopes you will
relish it."

"Yes! the Friends of Publicans and Sinners;
I think He will not refuse to receive me! she
replied, the tears dropping from her eyes.

How bright, how clear is all before you!
In a solemn, slow whisper, she looked up-
wards with an air of awful confidence in the
truth of what she was saying, and quoted the
sublime language of Scripture.  • I know that
my Redeemer liveth—and that he shall stand
at the latter day upon the Earth:—And tho,
after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in
my flesh shall I see God!}

Amen, Eleanor! I exclaimed, taking her
hand in mine—we may meet again, my love,
said I, but paused abruptly. I felt choked.

Oh, Doctor, yes! she replied with thrilling
emphasis, gently compressing my hand. You
must not, Doctor, when I am gone, quite forget me! Sometimes Doctor, think of the poor girl you saved from ruin—and believe she loved you! Our tears fell fast. I could not open my lips. I know I am not worthy to be in your thoughts—but, dear Doctor! you will be among the last thoughts in my heart! Will you—kiss me, and promise that you will sometimes remember poor Eleanor?

Almost blinded by tears—unable to utter a word—I bent over her and kissed her. God bless thee, Eleanor, I faltered. She spoke not, but shook her head with unutterable emotion. I could bear it no longer; so I promised that she should see me again within a very few hours—kissed her with a second solemn—it might be final kiss, and left the room. I had ridden half way home, before I could at all recover my self-possession. Every time that the pale image of Eleanor B— came before me, it forced the tears afresh into my eyes, and half determined me to return instantly to her bedside, and continue there till she died.

Thursday, January 28th. —As I hurried up, about twelve o'clock, to the cottage, I saw an elderly woman, a stranger, in the act of closing the parlor shutters. Then my sweet patient is gone! I stepped into the parlor.

She is dead, I suppose? I enquired with a faltering voice.

Ah, poor, good lady, she is gone! She's hardly been dead five minutes, though! Poor nurse is in a sad way about it.

At that moment the nurse came down stairs, wringing her hands and crying bitterly. Oh—I wish I had died with her! Poor Miss Eleanor—I have lost you! I shall never—and she cried as though her heart were breaking.

I hope she died easily? I inquired when she had grown calmer.

Yes—yes, sir! She had been going fast ever since you left yesterday, though she tried, poor, dear thing to do something for you which she had long been about—and—she died with it in her hands!

Without uttering a word more, I went up into the bedroom. I cannot describe the peculiar feelings of awe with which I am struck on seeing a very recent corpse, before it has been touched, before any thing has been stirred or altered in the room about it. How forcibly then I felt them on the present occasion! I am persuaded that his eyes do not fly over a question, but his premises once admitted, the demonstration, however distant, followed as certainly, as cogently, and as inevitably, as any demonstration of Euclid.

All his eloquence consists in the apparently deep self-conviction and emphatic earnestness of his manner; the correspondent simplicity and energy of his style; the close and logical connexion of his thoughts; and the easy gradations by which he opens his lights on the attentive minds of his hearers.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

The person of Mr. Webster is singular and commanding: his height is above the ordinary size, but he cannot be called tall; he is broad across the chest, and stoutly and firmly built; but there is nothing of clumsiness either in his form or gait. His head is very tall, his forehead high, with good shaped temples. He has a large, black, solemn looking eye, that exhibits its strength and steadfastness, and which sometimes burns, but seldom sparkles. His hair is of a raven black, and both thick and short, without the mark of a grey hair. His eye brows are of the same color, thick and strongly marked, which give his features the appearance of sternness; but the general expression of his face after it is properly examined, is rather mild and amiable than otherwise.

His movements in the house, and in the street, are slow and dignified; there is no peculiar sweetness in his voice, his tones are rather harsh than musical, still there is a great variety in them; and some of them catch the ear and chain it down to the most perfect attention.

He bears traits of great mental labor, but no marks of age—in fact, his age is more imposing now in his forty-eighth year, than it was at thirty years of age.

There are men who say that Mr. Webster has been over-rated; this is not true: some of his over-weening friends, have at times, for
want of discernment, spoke of his ordinary efforts at the bar, and other places as wonderful productions; comparing them with his highest efforts. The greatest minds are sometimes common place, and many of his speeches should have passed away as other common place matters have done. It it equally wrong to look to his orations on great occasions for the proudest productions of intellect. These productions are noble compositions, powerful discussions of the subject in hand, abounding in deep strength, pertinent remarks, and striking illustrations; but they are not after all the praise which has been bestowed upon them, his most felicitous labors. He cannot lash himself into passion in the closet; he requires excitement that he cannot find there; he must be roused by some spirit of emulation, rivalry, or resentment; he must be awakened by the cry that the Philistines are upon him, before the strength of his seven locks are felt.

It is before a court and jury, or in the deliberate assembly, that the full extent of his powers can be understood; and even there it depends much on who his opponents may be, whether he shall be great or not.

His manner at the bar, and in the deliberative assembly, are peculiar. He begins to state his points in a low voice, and in a slow, cool, cautious and philosophical manner—he goes on hammering out link by link, his chain of argument with ponderous blows, & while thus at labor, you rather see the sinews of the arm in action, than the strength of his seven locks are felt.

It is when the darts of his enemy have hit him that he is all might and soul—it is then, that he showers down words of weight and fire. Hear him and you will say that his eloquence is founded on no model, ancient or modern, that he never read the works of a master for instruction—all is his own, excellencies and defects. His voice has an extraordinary compass, for he fills the largest room with great effect. His emphasis belongs to himself alone—it is founded on no rule—not can it be reduced to any.

Miscellaneous Selections.

The ladies of Boston held a Fair for the benefit of the New England Institution for the education of the Blind, of which the following is a description from the Boston Patriot. The Fair produced $10,000.—This added to previous subscriptions, will make up the full extent of the $30,000 of the $50,000 required to comply with Col. Perkin's requisition, and it is probable that before the first day of October in each year, shall be exempt from military duty in time of peace, except in aid of the civil authorities. Should any private who will pay one dollar to the trustee of the county seminary, or to the school commissioner, at his discretion, before the first day of October in each year, shall be exempt from military duty in time of peace, except in aid of the civil authorities. Should he choose to pay the money to the school commissioner, in that case it is to be applied to the support of the common schools of the township in which he resides. The fines for neglect of duty under the old law, were $150, to be expended as in our system, "for the good of the Regiment." Indiana supports a system of free schools. This vital change in their Militia System, will not doubt produce the most salutary effects. It will raise a noble fund, to be applied to a most worthy object. Intelligence being the life of liberty, better and every contest a victory. Sincerely

MEMENTO.

A modern fine Lady, is one, who cares more about caps, ribbons and bonnets, than her husband. Who looks more to her personal appearance, than the welfare of her family.—Who studies her looking glass, more than her heart. One who reserves her smiles and good nature, for strangers and visitors; fretting and crowning, for her husband, children and domestics. Is more careful to appear well abroad, than decent at home. Knows more about dresses, music and dancing, than making pies, puddings and bread. Has read more in novels, than in the bible, more plays than sermons.—Had rather go to the house of rejoicing, than to the house of mourning, to the house of fasting, than to the house of prayer.

VIRTUE.

"There is but one pursuit in life which is in the power of all to follow and all to attain. It is subject to no disappointments, since he that perseveres makes every difficulty an advancement, and every contest a victory. Sincerely to aspire after virtue, is to gain her, and zealously to labour after her wages, is to receive them. Those that seek her early, will find her before it is too late; her reward also is with her, and she will come quickly, for the heart of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth, where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivalled influence.

SWEARING.

Swearing is void of all plea. It is not the native offspring of the soul, nor interwoven with the texture of the body, nor any way allied to our frame. For as a great man (Tillotson) expresses it, 'though some men pour out oaths as if they were natural, yet no man was ever born with a swearing constitution.' But it is a custom, picked up by low and paltry spirits, who have no sense of honor, no regard to decency; but are forced to substitute some rhapsody of nonsense to supply the vacancy of good sense. Hence the silliness of the practice can only be equalled by the silliness of those who adopt it.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.
the forest, and now stand a prisoner of war before you, deprived of power, deprived of my liberty—yet, I am a man, and you are no more! You are a warrior!—I am a warrior!—You are the Chief of a Nation!—I am the Chief of a Tribe!—and still, I am a man, and you are but a man! The same Great Spirit fashioned us both! He made you a white man: He made me a red man. That Spirit who rules the sky—who formed the hunting ground—the Parent of you rapid flood—He made us equal! I have been told that Knowledge is Power; that Civilization and Education have given the white men power which the red men have not. And will you use that power to take from us all that the Good Spirit has given us! To crush me and mine to the earth, or drive us into the waters beyond the Great Mountains! Should you not rather use this power to do us good—to better our condition?

A short description of Black Hawk may not be uninteresting to our readers. It is stated that he is rather "short in stature, thick set, and apparently of great nerve and muscle. His complexion tawny or copper colored, and his countenance more expressive of thought than of passion. His nose is large and decidedly Roman; his forehead very high and remarkably broad; and he has an unusual breadth of head behind the ears. His eye is small, black, and as piercing as that of the Hawk of Missouri, from which he derived his name. His age is about 70, but he does not appear to be 50. Unlike most of his tribe he has never indulged in the use of ardent spirits."

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Temperance. — The good cause, we are glad to observe, is moving forward in Vermont. The Montpelier Watchman, of the 6th ult. says "all the merchants of Cornwall, Bridport, Whiting, Shoreham, Orwell, Benson, Hubbardton and Sudbury, have resolved to discontinue the sale of ardent spirits; and one establishment in this village, which does as extensive a business as any in the state, has discontinued the traffic in this article." Here then we find that "all the merchants in eight towns, and one in the village of Montpelier, quitting at once buying and selling the liquid fire. This certainly looks well for the "Green Mountain Boys." We could wish that merchants in every town would act in like manner.

SELECT LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

SCHOOL STATISTICS.

About one third of the population of a country are between the ages of three and sixteen or eighteen; and of course are the proper subjects of school education.

In the United States, more than four millions of children ought to be under the influence of schools.

In Maine, the law requires that the inhabitants of each town pay annually, for the support of schools, a sum equal, at least, to 40 cents for every person living in it. That amounts to about $120,000. Their expenditures are more than $140,000.

In New Hampshire, a separate tax of $90,000 is raised for schools, besides an annual appropriation from a tax on bank stock of $10,000.

In Vermont more than $50,000 are raised for schools, from a three per cent tax on the list, and as much more from district taxes, besides an income of nearly $1,600 from banks.

In Massachusetts are nearly three thousand schools, supported by public taxes and private subscriptions. In Boston, the whole schools contain about twelve thousand children, at an expense of about $200,000.

In Rhode Island are about 700 schools, supported by a legislative appropriation of $10,000 annually, by taxes and private subscriptions.

The Connecticut school fund is nearly two millions, but fails of its desired object. Children in the state, 85,000—schools about 1,000.

In New York are more than 9,000 schools, and over 500,000 children taught in them. School fund, $1,700,000; distributed annually, $100,000, but on the condition that each town raise by tax or otherwise, as much as they receive from the fund. A wise provision.

New Jersey has a fund of $245,000, and an annual income of $22,000.

In Pennsylvania during the last year, more than 25,000 children, out of 400,000, were destitute of school instruction.

Delaware has a school fund of $70,000.

Maryland has a school fund of $73,000, and an income for schools from the banks, which is divided between the several counties.

Virginia has a fund of $1,233,000, the income divided among the counties according to the white population, and appropriated to paying the tuition of poor children, generally, attending private schools.

North Carolina has a fund of $70,000, designed for common schools.

South Carolina appropriates 40,000 annually to free schools.

Georgia has a fund of $500,000 and more than 790 common schools.

Alabama and most all the western and south western states are divided into townships, six miles square and each township into sections one mile square—with one section, the sixteenth, appropriated to education.

Mississippi has a fund of $250,000, but it is not available till it amounts to $500,000.

The legislature of Louisiana grants to each parish, or county, in that state, $2,621 2-9 for each voter, the amount for any other parish not to exceed $1,350, nor fall short of $800. $400,000 are applied to educate the poor.

Tennessee has a school fund of about half a million, but complaints are made that it is not well applied.

Kentucky had a fund of $140,000, but a portion of it has been lost. A report to the Legislature, from the Rev. B. O. Peers, says not more than one third of the children between the ages of four and fifteen attend school.

In Illinois and Missouri, no legislative measures for the support of schools have been adopted. All the schools are supported by private tuition.—Family Lyceum.

"The Philomathesian." The Students of Middlebury College have issued proposals for publishing a literary periodical under the above title. "It is intended," say the Editors, "that the character of the work shall be exclusively literary; and, therefore, unlike any published in the State." We fear an exclusively literary plant will not flourish in the soil of Vermont, at present.—Burlington Sent.

Mr. Freeman Hunt of Boston, who was the first projector of the Ladies' Magazine, Juvenile Miscellany, Scholars' Journal, Traveller and Times, &c. has issued a prospectus for a new publication. It is to be published monthly, to be entitled the Story Teller. Its design is to present to the public a series of tales both original and selected, from the pens of our best writers.

The Western Hemisphere, is the title of a new paper that has recently appeared at Columbus.

The first number of The Family Physician and Geants of Human Life," containing 16 pages octavo, has recently appeared in New York, has appeared. It is to be published monthly, simultaneously in New York and several of our principal cities, at $1.25 per ann. Its object is "to present every subject connected with disease and its treatment, in a manner which, by its simplicity and the perspicuity of its details, shall enable all who wish, to be thoroughly informed on this most interesting and important science."

A FATHER'S GREATEST PLEASURE.

The celebrated Patrick Henry, in a letter to his daughter, written a short time before his death, made the following remark, which ought to be remembered by all females, encircled in letters of gold, and suspended by the side of the mirror, that they may be sure to see it, about a dozen times a day.

"Among all the handsome things, I have heard said of you, what gives me the most pleasure, is to be told of your piety and steady virtue."

Those are the most fond of secrets who do not intend to keep them.

An Old Maid consoles.—A lady complained how rapidly time stole away, and said, "Alas! I am near thirty!" Scaron, who was present, and knew her age said, "Do not fret, madam, at it, for you will get further from that frightful epoch every day."

LAME SINGING.

A few days since, a music seller's boy was sent to the publisher's for a copy of the song, "I'd be a Butterfly," arranged for two trebles. On being desired to repeat his order, he replied, "I'd be a Butterfly, arranged for two cripples."

A TRUE IRISHMAN. An Irish gentleman, wishing to show the excess of his conubial enjoyment, thus addressed the sweet creature, whom he was linked for life by the chains of Hymen—"Heaven forbid, my dear, that I should ever live to see you a widow."
SPRING'S MORNING SERENADE.

Lady —awake—the morn's gay flowers Are wet by mild, refreshing showers,

And warblers, in their leafy bowers,

The lark in joyful chorus sing's—

And nature smiles, with joy supreme

The lovely mead—its sparkling dew,

Wake,—lady,—wake!—survey the scene,

Or waves with slow majestic ease,

O'er the arch'd heavens' expanse of blue;

And thou comeet, rover! back,

Wav'd the palm-tree's feathery crest;

Thou hast roam'd since last

From thy distant sunny home?—

As their embryo leaves expand:

The rainbow's grand and glorious form

In the forest solitudes,

And tell of ruin, death and doom.

Fields redeemed from winter's chain—

There is quiet in the wood:—

There's beauty in the wood:—

There's beauty in the earth:—

Book & Job Printing; neatly and expeditiously executed at this office.

FROM THE AMERICAN STATESMAN.

THE EARTH.

There's beauty on the earth:—

'Tis in her grass crown'd fields so green,

Where nature smiles so gay and sweet,

In every little flower that's blooming,

The violet's hue so unassuming,

The rose's tint so bright and rare

Pure as a maid's young blushes are:

There's beauty on the earth:—

There's music on the earth:—

In every forest leaf that's waving,

In every wave that's gentle laving,

The bank where first young love is stealing

A kiss, the pledge of tenderest feeling;

'There's music in the sigh which there

Blends with the lover's earnest prayer:

'There's music on the earth:—

'There's quiet on the earth:—

'Tis in yon little lowly cot,

Where all but heaven seems quite forgot,

'Tis in that humble dwelling, where

A contrite spirit lives in prayer;

'Tis where you moss-clad rising sod

Proclaims a soul has sought its God.

'There's quiet on the earth:—

From THE MASSACHUSETTS SPY.

THE WOOD.

There's beauty in the wood:—

Its hue is of the brightest green,

And, though above fair flowers are seen,

More softly do the violets glow,

Reclining in the shade below:

The dewdrop's tints are brighter made,

The south wind whispering in his ear?

Yet who does not love to hear

'Tis not alone the thrilling note

'Tis where yon moss-clad rising sod

A kiss, the pledge of tenderest feeling:

'Tis in that humble dwelling, where

'Tis in her grass crown'd fields so green,

May sorrow's sad tear never glow in your eye;

'Tis where the wild flowers thickly bloom,

'Tis not alone the thrilling note

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'Tis not alone the thril...
It was a cold morning in January, that I took my seat in the stage at Albany, with the intention of proceeding to New-York. Before we crossed the river, we stopped to take in another passenger; as rising from a warm bed at 2 o'clock, to pursue a cold journey, is not apt to sweeten the temper, mine could not provide the cold serenity. I sat fuming and fretting at the delay, when a large man bustled into the stage and, after some difficulty, he was settled to his liking, when we proceeded. As we rode over the frozen river, my companion was continually blessing himself, and awakened me from a sweet slumber by swearing with a tremendous oath that the whole concern was going to the D—. "Speak for yourself, sir," said I, peevishly. "Certainly, sir, (he replied) but bad company," said Mr. Rasdale, as the little man entered the vehicle, whistling the while. "No," said the child, with a growling face, and depositing his little body in one corner of the stage, the door closed and the vehicle flashed over my mind,—"can that youth become an object of universal sympathy. His late employer was the first to seek him, and implore his forgiveness, offering him any recompense for his suffering, entreat him to enter his house again; but Herberts could not listen to Mr. W's proposals with composure, and the good man quitted him, miserable at the idea of having caused such wretchedness.

After this occurrence, fortune seemed to take delight in bestowing her favors on Herberts. His uncle who had driven him a beggar from his house, now dying, his wealth was inherited by Herberts. His hero entered into trade, business crowded upon him. He ventured into most daring speculations, and like a successful gambler, he always won the stakes. He became the husband of a lovely wife, and the father of promising sons and blooming daughters. Yet rarely did the smile of happiness light up the features of this fortunate man, that one dark incident of his early life, which all the world forgot, he lived to remember.
Affectation is a greater enemy to the face than the small pox.
ral water is as nutritious to the heart, as it is
invigorating to the body. Why is it that the
young lady
Whose soul by the Cupid never taught to stray
Beyond the Coxcomb who infest Broadway,
no sooner gets to Ballston than her ambition
soars to nobler objects, and she who a few
days before submitted patiently to the addresses
of a dandy, now aims at the subjugation of a
manly heart? No wizard ever invented a
love-inspiring potion so potent as the medica-
ted fountain; but to which of the elements
that enter into the composition of the chaly-
beate draught this effect is to be attributed, I
am at a loss to determine. If I were a chem-
ist I could account for the phenomenon, because
a chemical genius is never at a loss for a the-
ory, and dives into causes with an expertness
which by no means depends upon any previous
or present knowledge of the subject. He who
deals in retorts can solve any question—though
not always by the retort courteous. I once
indeed attempted to philosophize upon this
matter myself, and achieved a moral analysis
after the manner used and approved by the
chemical professors. I carefully examined the
various properties of a celebrated spring, and
in a few minutes arrived at a conclusion quite
as satisfactory as the results of ordinary expe-
riment. "Here is magnesia," said I, "which
corrects acidity, and which by a sympathetic
influence upon the mind converts a sour old
maid into a well-conditioned miss, and neutral-
izing the acerbities of the bachelor's temper,
leaves his mental system in a healthful state,
well suited to the reception of soft and agreea-
able impressions. And here is sulphur which
combined with villain salt petre, commits
such havoc in the world under the name of
gunpowder. Can ladies who imbibe sulphur
water and gunpowder tea, be otherwise than
inflammable? is it any wonder that a maiden
who takes in such combustible materials should
"go off" with any spark with whom she comes
in contact. Then here is iron—mercy pre-
serves the dear girls? what a collection of mor-
 tal engines! what fatal implements of destruc-
tion are here assembled! an artillery officer
would be quite at home in such a magazine of
ordnance stores. We have only to convert
this iron into steel—let it act mechanically up-
on the flinty heart of the lady, and is it
any wonder that Cupid should strike fire, or
Hymen light a match?" Such was my
theory, and I will vouch it to be as correct as
many of the systems in which the scientific re-
pose implicit faith. If it has not more good
of a beauty, and talked a great deal of her real
mourning for her father an opulent broker in
the extremity of bringing again, such
diffident persons into contact, I am inclined to
think the adventure would have ended here;
—had not "chance, which oft decide the fates
of mighty monarchs," decided theirs.

Miss Simper's health required her attend-
ce at the fountain on the following morning
at an unusually early hour; and the Major,
while others were snoring, had satisfied to
enjoy the invigorating freshness of the early
breeze. They met again by accident at the
propius well; as the attendant, who is usual-
lly posted there to fill the glasses of the inval-
idus, had not yet taken his station, the Major
had not only the happiness of performing that of-
lice, but of replenishing the exhausted vessel,
until the lady had qualified the full measure pre-
tsribed by the medical dictator, of this
community. I am not able to say how often they
pledged each other in the salubrious beverage:
but when the reader is informed that the quan-
tum prescribed to a delicate female varies from
four to eight glasses according to the nature of
her complaint, and that a lady cannot deco-
rously sip more than one mouthful without
drawing breath, it will be seen that ample
time was afforded on this occasion for a telc-a-telc.
The ice being thus broken, and the water duly
quaffed, the gentleman proposed a promenade,
to which the lady after some little hesitation
acceded; and when the great bell summoned
them to breakfast, they repaired to the table
with excellent appetites, and cheeks glowing
with healthful hues, produced by the exercise
of the morning.

At ten o'clock the lady issued forth from
her chamber, adorned with new charms, by
the recent labors of the toilet and strollng
pensively, book in hand, to the farthest corner
of the great piazza, commenced her studies.
It happened, at the same moment, that the Ma-
jor, fresh from his valet's hands, tied himself
to the same cool retreat, to breathe forth the
melancholy musings of his soul, upon his flute.
Seeing the lady he hesitated, begged pardon
for his intrusion, and was about to retire—but
the lady assured him it was no 'intrusion at all,
and laid aside her book. The gentleman was
soon seated beside her. He begged to know
the object of her researches, and was delight-
ed with the taste displayed in the choice of her
author; she earnestly solicited a display of his
musical talents, and was enraptured with eve-
ry note; and when the same imperious bell
which had curtailed their morning walk, again
sounded in their ears, they were surprised to
find how swiftly time had flown, and chagrined
that the common place operation of eating was
so often allowed to interrupt the feast of reason
and the flow of soul.

At four o'clock the military stranger hand.
ed Miss Simper into an elegant gig, and drove to the neighboring village;—where rumor united in the holy bands of matrimony. For once the many tongues of fame spoke truly—and when the happy Major returned with his blushing bride all could see that the embarrassment of the lover, was changed for the triumphant smile of the delighted bridegroom. It is hardly necessary to add that such was the salutary effect of this pleasing event, that the "young couple" found themselves instantaneously in perfect health; and on the following morning, they bade adieu to the Saratoga Springs.

"This is a very ungentle affair!" said Mrs. Highflyer. "I never heard the beat of it in my born days!" said a fat shopkeeper's lady. "How funny!" cried one young lady. "How shocking!" exclaimed another. "Egad, that's a keen smart girl!" said a gentleman. "She's a tickler, I warrant her!" said a second. She's a pirate, by thunder! roared Captain Halliard.

In the mean while, the newly married pair were pursu-ing their journey by easy stages to the city of New York. We all know "how the blest charms of nature improve, when we see them reflected," and so on, we can readily imagine "how happy the days of Thalaba past by" on this occasion. Uninterrupted by ceremonious visits, unrestrained by the presence of third parties, surrounded by the blandishments which give enchantment to the rural scene, it is not surprising that our lovers should often digress from the beaten road, and as often linger at a romantic spot or a secluded cottage.

Several days had now elapsed, and neither party had made any disclosure to the other upon the important subject of finance. As they were drawing near the end of their journey, the Major thought it advisable to broach this delicate matter to his bride. It was upon a fine summer evening, as they sat by a window, an inn, enjoying the beauties of an extensive landscape, that this memorable conversation occurred. They had been amusing themselves with that kind of small talk which new married folks find so vastly pleasant; as much as they love one another, and how happy they intend to be, and what a fine thing it is for two fond hearts to be dissolved and melt down into one, &c. Many examples of love and murder were related—the lady told stories and murder were related—the lady told of several distressed swains who had very incomminitely hanged themselves for their mistresses, and the gentleman as often assavoured that not one of those martyred lovers adored the object of his passion, with half the fervor which he felt for his own dear, sweet, darling, precious little Ann! At last, throwing his arms over his wife's chair he said carelessly,

"Who has the management of your property, my dear?"

"You have, my darling," replied she.

"I shall have, when I get it," said the husband—"I meant to inquire, in whose possession it was at present?"

"I am all in your own possession," said the lady.

"Do not trifle with me," said the gentleman, putting her on the cheek—"you have made me the happy master of your person and it is time to give me the disposal of your fortune."

"My face is my fortune, kind sir," said she, laying her head on his shoulder.

"To be plain with you, madam," said the impassioned bridegroom—"I have need of money immediately—the hired gig in which we came to this place has been returned, and I have not the means to procure another conveyance."

"To be equally candid with you sir," replied the happy bride, "I have nothing in the world but what you see."

"Have you no real estate?" said the Major, staring on his feet.

"No, an acre."

"No bank stock!"

"None."

"No securities—no jewels—no money?"

"Nothing of the kind." "Are you not the daughter and heiress of a rich broker?"

"Not I indeed."

"Who are you then?"

"I am your wife, sir, and the daughter of a very honest blacksmith."

"Bless me exclaimed the Major, starting back with astonishment—then covering his face with both his hands, he remained for a moment absorbed in thought. Resuming his serenity, he said in a sneering tone, "I congratulate you madam, on being the wife of a beggar like yourself. I am a ruined man, and I know not whence to supply my immediate wants."

"Can you not draw upon the earl, your brother?" said the lady. "I have not the honor of being allied to the nobility."

"Perhaps you can have recourse to the paymaster of your regiment?"

"I do not happen to belong to any regiment."

"And have you no lands in Arkansas?"

"Not an acre."

"Pray then, sir, may I take the liberty of asking who you are?"

"I am your husband, madam, at your service, and only son of a famous gambler, who left me air to his principles and profession."

"My father gave me a good education," said the lady.

"So did mine," said the gentleman—"but it has not prevented me from trampling the wrong trick this time."

So saying, Major Fitzconnell bounced out of the chamber, hastening to the bar, called the landlord. His interesting bride followed on tiptoe, and listened unobserved. The Major inquired "at what hour the mail-stage would pass for New York," "About midnight," was the reply.

"Please to secure me a seat," said the Major, and let me be waked at the proper hour. "Only one seat?" inquired the host. "One seat only!" was the reply. The landlord remarked that it was customary for gentlemen who set off in the night to pay their fare in advance, upon which the Major paid for his seat.

The Major and his bride retired to separate chambers; the former was soon locked in the arms of sleep, but the latter repelled the drowsy god from her eyelids. When she heard the stage drive up to the door of the inn, she hastily rose, and having previously made up her bundle without which a lady never steals a march, hastened down stairs. Upon the way she met the landlord, who inquired if her husband was awake.

"He is not," said the lady, "and need not be disturbed."

"The seat was taken for you then?" inquired the innkeeper.

"Certainly."

"Oh very well—we'll not disturb the gentleman—the stage is ready, madam,—jump in." Mrs. Fitzconnell jumped in accordingly, and was soon on her way to New York, leaving the gallant and ingenious Major to provide another conveyance, and a new wife at his leisure.

**Biography—No. 2.**

**MAJOR GEN. JOHN STARK.**

John Stark was born on the 28th of August, 1728, at Nutfield, (now Londonderry,) in the State of New Hampshire. His father, Archibald Stark, was a native of Glasgow, in Scotland, and at an early age emigrated to the County of Londonderry, in Ireland—whence in 1720, he embarked with a company of adventurers for New Hampshire. They intended to land at Boston, but were refused permission on account of having the small pox on board, and they were compelled to encounter the horrors of a northern winter in the wilds of Maine, near where Wiscasset is now situated. The following year, after many hardships and sufferings, they established themselves at Nutfield, N. H. then a wilderness, hideous by nature, and rendered ten fold more so by the Savages, who at that period, and for many succeeding years, harrassed the frontier.

Mr. Stark had four sons, William, John, Archibald, and Samuel, all of whom served in the French war; and three of the four held commissions. William, the eldest, was a Captain of Rangers; served with reputation at Lou-Isburg and Quebec, and by his courage and address rendered signal services in those expeditions. He afterward tarnished his well earned fame, by joining the British standard in 1776, from which he never returned. Archibald, his
third son, was a Lieutenant, and died at Hopkinton, N. H. at the advanced age of ninety years.

In 1736, Mr. Stark removed from Nutfield to Derryfield, (now Manchester,) upon the Merrimack river, and commenced a settlement near Amuskeag Falls. John, his second son, the subject of this memoir, resided with his father, at this place, until 1752. On the 28th of April, of the same year, while out with a hunting party, he was taken prisoner by the Indians and kept by them nearly four months. On the breaking out of the French war, he was appointed by the Governor, Lieutenant of a corps of Rangers. In an engagement with the French and Indians, the Captain was killed, and Lieut. Stark succeeded him. Shortly after this, he was appointed commander of Fort William Henry; one of his eccentricities proved the salvation of the garrison. While going the rounds on the evening of the 16th of March, 1757, he overheard the Rangers planning a celebration in honor of St. Patrick; and immediately commanded the Butler to deliver no rum to the Rangers without a written order, (as a great number of them were Irish or their descendants,) the Rangers were accordingly kept sober. The Irish troops composing the remainder of the garrison, could not forget this ancient custom; but poured out copious libations in honor of St. Patrick's wife, Sholah. The French aware of the common practice of the Hibernians, concerted an attack, and would that night have carried the Fort, had they not been repulsed by these sober troops, while the others were coming to their senses.

In 1758, Gen. Abercrombie, Commander in Chief of the British forces in America, resolved to attempt the reduction of Ticonderoga; and the Rangers were ordered to scour the country and open a way for the British forces to advance to the attack. Early in the morning of the 6th of July, the Rangers made an attack on a party of French and Indians, that was stationed at a bridge near the Fort; in a few minutes the enemy fled; Capt. Stark bore a conspicuous part in this engagement; the main army advanced to the attack and in the action Lord Howe was killed, after three days hard fighting the army was ordered to retire to camp, thus ended the disastrous attack upon Ticonderoga. After the close of this campaign, Capt. Stark returned home. In the following spring, he joined the army and was employed with 200 Rangers in cutting a road from Ticonderoga to Charleston, N. H. Under Gen. Amherst, he was present at the reduction of Ticonderoga and Crown Point.

From this period until 1774, he uniformly espoused the cause of his countrymen; at this time he was appointed one of the Committee of safety, and discharged the difficult duties which devolved upon him, with firmness and moderation, using all his endeavours to promote union of sentiment, and preparations for action should it become necessary. Upon the news of the battle of Lexington, he mounted his horse and proceeded directly to the theatre of action, encouraging, as he passed along, the volunteers of New Hampshire to rendezvous at Meojoard. His military services and uniform patriotism and integrity, left him no rival in the minds of his neighbors, who had appeared in arms. He was elected Colonel by an unanimous voice, of a regiment of ten or twelve companies which was soon organised and reduced to a tolerable state of discipline, and immediately joined the army for the campaign. At the battle of Bunker's Hill, Stark's regiment formed the left of the American line, and it is an acknowledged fact, that the attacks of the enemy were sustained in a manner worthy of the brightest days of chivalry. When the Fort was carried, and a retreat became unavoidable, he drew off his men in tolerable order, although his soldiers were very unwilling to quit their position, as they had so often repulsed the enemy, that they considered themselves victorious. Immediately after the retreat, entrenchments were formed on Winter Hill and the campaign passed away without any more fighting. On the evacuation of Boston, Col. Stark was ordered to New York, and assisted in arranging the defences of that city, until May, 1776, when the regiment was ordered to proceed by the way of Albany to Canada. He joined the army at St. Johns, and advanced to the mouth of the Sorell river. He opposed the expedition to Three Rivers as hazardous and imprudent, and after delivering his opinion, obeyed implicitly the orders of his commander. On their return, the remains of this ill-fated enterprise, suffered severe losses by the small pox at Chamblees and Mount Independence. On the 8th of July, the declaration of Independence was proclaimed to the army of the north with shouts of applause.

Gen. Schuyler arriving soon after, assumed the command in chief, and assigned to Col. Stark the command of a Brigade, with orders to clear and mount Fort Independence. Towards the close of the northern campaign, Col. Stark's regiment was ordered to join Gen. Washington at New Town, Pennsylvania, where he arrived a few days before the battle of Trenton; and leading the right of Sullivan's division, contributed his share in that bold and fortunate attack. At the council of war preceding the affair at Trenton, in giving his opinion, he observed to Gen. Washington, "your men have long been accustomed to place dependence upon spades and pick axes for safety,—but if you ever mean to establish the Independence of the United States, you must teach them to place confidence in fire arms." Washington replied; that is what we have agreed upon—we are to march to-morrow upon Trenton—you are to command the right wing of the advance guard, and Gen. Greene the left." Stark observed that he could not be better suited. Col. Stark was with Washington when he crossed the Delaware, was engaged at the battle of Princeton, and continued with the General, until he established his Winter quarters at Norristown. The term of enlistment of his regiment having expired, he was ordered to New Hampshire to recruit another. In the month of April the regiment was completed, and he repaired to Exeter to receive instructions for the campaign, where he was informed that a new list of promotions had been made, and his name omitted. The cause was easily traced to some officers of high rank, and members of Congress, who were displeased with his unbending character.

Upon this, he waited upon Generals Sullivan & Poor, wished them all possible success, and surrendered his commission. They endeavoured to dissuade him from this course; but he answered—that "an officer who would not maintain his rank, and assert his rights, was not worthy of serving his country." He warned them of the dangerous situation of the army at Ticonderoga, the necessity of immediate relief, and at the same time declaring his readiness again to take the field, whenever his country required his services, and he retired to his farm as a private citizen. His zeal for the cause continuing as ardent as before, all of his own family old enough for the service, were fitted out and dispatched to the army.

After the disastrous retreat of the Americans from Ticonderoga, and the advance of the invader from the north, with a powerful and well disciplined army, all the energies of the country became necessary to repel his attack. New Hampshire was called upon to recruit men, and forward supplies. In this emergency, the council of his native state directed his attention to Col. Stark, relying upon his military reputation and popularity, to call out the Militia. They urged him to forget what had passed, and assume the command of their troops. He informed them he had but little confidence in the then commander at the North, (meaning Gen. Schuyler,) but if they would raise a body of troops to hang upon the Vermont wing, and rear of the enemy, he would allow him to use his own discretion in directing their operations without being accountable to any other power, than their own body, he would again take the field. They complied with the proposal, a commission appointing him Brigadier General was accordingly furnished; and laying aside the recollection of his former wrongs, he called upon his friends, the democracy of the country, and they obeyed his voice. In a few days he was upon the frontier with a considerable force. The aspect of their affairs at this time, was to the Americans, peculiarly gloomy and dispiriting. The overwhelming force of Burgoyne had driven them from their strong hold at Ticonderoga, a fortress hitherto deemed improppable, and universal alarm prevailed in the North.

Gen. Stark advanced and took post at Bennington. Gen. Schuyler, who was the commander of the northern army, having receiv-
ed intelligence of the arrival of these troops, at Bennington, directed Gen. Lincoln to assume the command, and conduct them to head quarters. He presented his letter of instructions to Gen. Stark, and proposed an immediate march; but was informed of the objections, which he forwarded to Gen. Schuyler, who reported the case to Gen. Washington, and Congress, at the same time urging the necessity of re-inforcements, as he had been pressed so closely by Burgoyne, as to be compelled to take post south of the Mohawk. The matter was soon brought before Congress, and they resolved "that the council of New Hampshire be informed that the instructions, which Gen. Stark says he has received from them, are destructive of military subordination and highly prejudicial to the common cause at this crisis; and that therefore they desired to instruct General Stark to conform himself to the same rules, which other General officers of the Militia are subject to, whenever they are called out at the expense of the United States."

Before the passage of the above resolve, the commanding General had opened a correspondence with Gen. Stark; and endeavoured to prevail on him to come to the sprouts of the Mohawk. The latter gave him a detail of his plan of operations, which was to fall on Burgoyne's rear, and to harass, and to cut off his supplies, which was approved by General Schuyler.

To be Continued.

VIEW OF A SWARM OF BEES.

I wandered one afternoon of the first week of my stay in this great metropolitan city, in quest of wonderful objects, of one or all of the three Kingdoms. Stopping in my way to observe a swarm of bees, I discovered that their habits were materially different from other swarms which I had seen. The materials for the bread and comb, instead of being gathered by themselves, were furnished partly by small distant hives, but principally by small families which were scattered over every part of the surrounding country, and exchanged by them for ready made honey, which the bees of the hive had nothing to do but manufacture. I noticed in the hive an unusual number of drones: and observing a little closer, I discovered another species, which, though I had frequently heard named, and had sometimes seen, yet I had never seen described, nor had a chance minutely of examining. Their difference from other classes consisted principally in their manners, which were strikingly at variance with their interests. I have reference to their treatment of the working class. I noticed with surprise that they always looked upon them with scorn and contempt. And when they happened to meet any of them, or saw them pass their public haunts, they would suddenly coil up their little proboscis with an air of the highest possomity, put their noses together and seem to "tickles themselves terribly" with the idea that any body should be such absolute fools as to "work for a living!"

And their little stomachs would really seem to throb with aching at the very thought of the monstrous degree of labor, yes, hard labor, which some of their genetics so foolish as to subject themselves!

And when those from surrounding hives, and especially from single families, came to make an exchange of property, they were not only treated with contempt, but were made the laughing stock and butt of ridicule of the whole fraternity. And if they chance to observe a slight variation in the construction or position of any of the body, or any of its members, these poor silly creatures' vanity would lead them to consider it as a mark of their own superiority, and to make it a subject of ridicule, and blackguard, to the utter confusion of the innocent object of their sport!

And they seemed to glory, and take excessive delight, in the discomfiture of others. How they could thus proceed against their own interest, I could not easily conceive. They very well knew their dependence upon those so much despised—They very well knew also that the delicious honey which they sipped so promiscuously, and minerally, was not the produce of their own labor. So that it appeared to me more like a dog quarreling with his own dinner, than any thing else to which I can compare it. But their exceeding vanity, which was their characteristic, was manifest in all their actions, and made them appear to persons but of common discrimination, as much inferior to the working bee, as they considered themselves superior. When the hive was visited by a bee of some nobler class and which they were obliged to acknowledge their superior, their endeavours to obtain his favor for their own interest, were very much like the vain Jackass; who, to receive the cæsuses bestowed upon a favorite dog, was so inconsiderate as to tumble his master shanks into his master's lap. I thought with the Frenchman, as I left the hive, I should like to buy you for what you really are worth, and sell you for what you think you are worth. Do you wish now to know what this silly, lazy, self-conceited, vain insect, who thinks it knows all, and more too, and which is so perfectly different in all respects, except shape, from the working bee, is? Do you wish to know, I say, what class it belongs to? It is called the Boo-bee! (booby.) And there are a plenty of them in every little village. You will see them lounging and hovering under the wide spread wings of the public houses, and in most other high places, from which they take pains to insult every passer by who does not chance to be spindled-shanked, wag- twisting, or balloon-cap'd.

P. S. Since writing the above, I have analyzed several of these insects, and find them to be invariably afflicted with a disease which causes softness of the top of the head; and after repeated experiments, I have discovered the following Receipt for a cure:

Take two ounces of common sense, as much consideration, one of discrimination, and as much prudence; simmer well, spread on to a substantial piece of knowledge, and apply to the part affected. If this does not produce the desired effect, apply strap oil, or oil of hickory to the back, and the disease will be removed as long as the patient uses exercise.

East Chili, May 22.

Miscellaneous Selections.

WAR AND AFFECTED HUMANITY.

An incident at Navarino.—The firing having ceased at Navarino, (after the battle of the English with the Turks) Sir Edward Codrington sent a Lieut, on board Mohamed Bey's vessel, to inquire if he had anything they might want. This vessel, with a crew of probably more than one thousand men, had but one medical officer on board, and he had unfortunately, been the first man killed in action. Her loss had been immense, and they had not thrown the dead overboard, nor removed the wounded to the other vessels. The Lieut. finding that they had presented the scene of gore and mangled bodies. Amidst the frightful spectacle, about a dozen of the principal Turkish officers, superbly dressed sat in the cabin upon crimson ottomans, smoking with inconceivable apathy while slaves were handing them their Coffee. Seeing the English uniform approaching the cabin, they ordered ottomans and coffee for the Lieutenant, who however quickly told them that he had more important business to attend to. He gave the admiral's compliments, and offered any assistance whatever... Shall not our surgeons attend to your wounded? No, gravely replied the Turk, "wounded men want no assistance, they will soon die." The Lieut. returning to the Asia and communicating this scene: Sir Edward, after some meditation said, "Did you observe among them a remarkable fine, handsome man, with a beard more full and black than the rest?"

"Yes, I observed him, he was sitting next to the Admiral." "Return on board, and induce him, perhaps to come with you on board the Genoa, and keep him there until I see him." The Turk repaired on board the Genoa, without any difficulty, accompanied by several persons whom he requested our officer to take with him. Sir Edward, was closeted with him for a long time, when he ordered the Lieutenant and the Secretary to take his companions on shore at day break, whatever they might choose to land. Rowing on shore, they saw the wreck of a mast, on which about a score of wounded or exhausted Turks were endeavoring to save themselves. "I must rescue these poor fellows," said the Lieutenant anxiously... "They are only common soldiers and will soon tire of their misery."

"Laugh!" exclaimed the Turk, with a beard more full and black than the rest. They can show more assistance than they have ever been able to show with the most grave compunction. "It is my duty, and if I do not help them I should disgrace the service and be reproved by the Admiral," saying which the Lieutenant pulled for the mast, and succeeded in saving about a dozen of these unhappy wretches. As soon as they were stowed in the bottom of the boat, the Turk, after a short, but profound meditation, suddenly burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. "What is the matter?" cried the astonished Lieutenant: "good heavens, what is here to laugh at?" -- "Laugh?" exclaimed the Turk, with a beard more full and black.
casm, "laugh!—by Allah! you English are a singular people; yesterday you came into the Bay whilst we were quiet at our coffee; you knocked our ship to pieces, killed or mangled all our men, till the fleet is one vast slaughter house and this morning you pretend to be so humane our men, till the fleet is one vast slaughter house the only thing to prevent it was to change the ball of wax what made him to know what he was doing, telling him he had forgotten to pay for the shoes he had just bought. "And is it what am I doing, you ask am I not doing what you told me yesterday—changing my shoes every morning?"

Original Anecdote.—A wag stepped into a cell in South Market street, Albany, and inquired the price of Oranges. "One cent a piece wholesale, and sixpence retail."—"Then, if you please (at the same time throwing a cent upon the counter) I'll take that fine plump fellow at wholesale."

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

"Watering Places."—Under this head James Hall has given an amusing history of the enjoyments and employments of a watering place, which the reader will notice in the preceding columns. His is a lively, and probably true delineation of these genteele, health-restoring, life-prolonging, pleasure-giving, love-beguiling, retreats, as far as it goes. Our most celebrated public watering places, however, are not, in a very great degree, like the Poel of Siloam, in which, those who washed were made wholly clean. They are the resort of the fashionable and the vulgar, the giddy and the sedate, the gay and the reserved, the virtuous and the voluptuous, the philosopher and the fool, the rich and the poor, the sick and the healthy, the philanthropist and the knave, the spectator and the beggar, the cleanly and the filthy. They are delightful, bewitching places; they are and, awful places; they are places of innocent amusement, and of vice and immorality; they are places were city impurities are in part washed away, and in part transferred. They are rural excursions, and starting posts for rural excursions, and starting posts for Greens.——Ah, but

Avon,—beautiful Avon,—Avon Springs! 'tis not so here. Here is pure water, pure air, purity—and all their invigorating influences. Here may be obtained health, happiness and rural amusements, separate from the corrupt and corrupting masses congregated from the four quarters of the earth.

Our Dependence.—One may readily guess what a printer's dependence is. (25) This No. (12th) completes the first half year of the Gem, and during that time, we are happy in our receipts? barely sufficient to purchase the city of Utica, every other week, on a medium state, recently, on his way to Cincinnati, Ohio, we learn, he is employed as counsel, in oposition to the Hon. Henry Clay, before the Supreme Court, in a suit involving the title of lands. When two such mighty minds meet in opposition, then indeed, a giant contest must ensue. While Mr. Webster stopped in Albany, on his journey to Ohio, Mr. Crittenden, "mine host" of the "Eagle," introduced him to Judge Buell, the
Horticulturist, and said, "This is Judge Buel, who cultivates the finest flowers of the field; and this is the Hon. Daniel Webster, who calls the choicest flowers of rhetoric." Mr. Webster then happily observed, "Your flowers produce fruit; mine, I fear, may prove abortive!" To this Judge B. with equal felicity replied—"My flowers are annual and vanishing, while yours promise a perpetual bloom.

To our Correspondents we must say, have patience; we have a large number of communications on hand, and shall present them as fast as our limits will permit—in the mean time, contributors to the Gem will please continue sending in their favors.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

FALLEN ISRAEL.
How cheerless is this hallowed ground,
How sad and desolate!
A few fond relics here are found,
And scattered remnants lie around,
Of all that once was great.
Here, where the sacred hymn of praise,
To heav'n ascended high;
Where all thy children lov'd to raise
Their sweetest notes in angel lays,
How sad the misery!
Behold the temple of our God
Is crumbling to the dust;
And where thy holy servants trod,
They tremble 'neath a tyrant's nod,
And feed their shameless lust.
How soon must golden prospects fade
Throughout this blighted land!
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Here, where the sacred hymn of praise,
To heav'n ascended high;
From the Bridgewater Amaranth.

THE INDIAN'S RESENTMENT.

This now, fertile and beautiful valley of Connecticut, was before the revolution often the scene of bloodshed and havoc. The few inhabitants, that then dwelt upon the banks of that noble stream, where now all inquiet and peace, in mid-day as well as in the silence of midnight, were disturbed by the warwhoop of the savage Indian. Arms were their constant companions. But frequently, notwithstanding all their care and precaution, the crafty red man would unexpectedly sally forth upon them, burn their houses, put to death the feeble and infant, and sometimes make the more robust and hardy prisoners.

It was a lovely afternoon, when a small party of young people were collected to pass away a jolly hour in festal amusement under the wide spreading branches of a few beechen trees, which stood in a clustere alone. For several rods around them the trees had been felled by the woodman's axe. The woods resounded with sweet warblings of the feathered songsters; the squirrels, chirping, leaped from branch to branch, and the wild flowers gave a delicious perfume; the party also seemed to partake in the general joy. And the thought that any danger surrounded them only occurred, when in the far off distance they heard the howl of the wolf, or thought that the sound of the Indian warhoop was borne upon the gentle breezes to their ears.

These thoughts for the moment passing through the bosom of one of the ladies, convinced them that what they had treated as vague conjecture, was indeed a reality. Fear now seized every heart, and although several of the young men had taken the precaution to carry fire-arms with them, they were of but little service, as the attack was so sudden. The arrow seemed to be the signal for the onset, for it was immediately followed by about twenty Indians. One of the party, however, fired, and the ball passed through the heart of Thundersquall, the son of the chief. This stung the others to the most desperate madness. The chief himself plunged his hatchet into the heads of four victims. All but Gertrude were slain; she on account of her beauty the Indians made prisoner. The lovely orphan was now in the power of those monsters, she so much feared and hated. The air rang with barbarous yells; they danced around the dead bodies of their victims, not having as yet glutted their vengeance upon them; they now, while dead, cast their tomahawks into their bodies. After they had literally cut and mangled them in pieces, they retired into the depths of the forest. Building a fire to keep off the wild beasts, they laid themselves down to rest. The orphan girl was but slightly bound; she was however placed in such a situation that she could not make the least movement without being detected. She passed a sleepless night; no sweet repose locked up her senses. But the murdered and mangled corpses of her companions were continually before her. And when she thought of the extreme anguish that must wring the hearts of parents and friends, she was entirely overcome. She also thought of her own situation, the trials she would have to pass through, the privations she would have to suffer. All was calm, solitary and foreboding in the scene around her.

The howlings of the wolves and the screams of the catamount at intervals broke upon her ear. Morning came, but brought no happiness to her. At the summons of the chief she arose and followed the hard hearted Indians. As she was unable through fatigue and weakness to keep pace with her conductors, they in turn assisted in carrying her, having travelled for several days through marshes, over mountains and dales, suffering every hardship which human nature is incident to. Sometimes the scalping knife would be held over her head in the most threatening manner, and had it not been for the interposition of one of the Indians, doubtless she would have lost her life. The name of this Indian was Wookonett. Often had he placed his own life in jeopardy to save that of the lovely orphan girl. They arrived at their journey's end, in the midst of an almost interminable forest. A few wigwams were scattered round, which the Indians called their home. The squaws could not restrain their demonstrations of joy on beholding Gertrude. They danced around her and filled the whole forest with the sounds of their hilarity. They led her into the wigwam that afforded the best accommodations, and paid every attention possible to her. Still she was most miserable, although a smile played upon her cheek:

"Yet in that maiden breast
Sorrow and loneliness sink darkly down."

Yet in that maiden breast sorrow and loneliness sank darkly down."

The most careless observer could not but notice that Wookonett had a strong attachment for Gertrude; but it was not reciprocated. He used every expedition which Indian ingenuity could invent to excite within her bosom a love for him, but all to no effect. An Indian she could not love. Wookonett taking her by the hand one day addressed her thus:—Thou art the ornament of the day; thy words are like magic which assuages all grief and mitigates all pain. The sun has just set behind the mountain; it has gone down into the great lakes. Thundersquall with his party has gone to hunt deer, and will not return until the moon is high in the heavens. I know you do not love your red brothers and sisters, and do not love your red brothers and sisters, and do not
wish to stay among them. If you will take me as your guide I will conduct you to your friends. The great spirit will watch over us in our wanderings, and before twelve more suns shall have gone over our heads you shall see your own home." "Yes said Gertrude," her eyes sparkling joy, "this night will I follow you, and, if you will safely conduct me to the house of my uncle, you shall bountifully reward me." "I ask no reward replied the Indian only that you will love me." Gertrude cast upon him a benignant smile, which Wookonnet thought expressed more than language could.

Preparations were soon made for departure. He told the women that were left in the wig-wam that he was going out to meet Thunder-squall. The moon was just rising in the heavens when he came to his eye; he watched over her with all that kindness and solicitude, which a mother displays towards her tender babe. When morning came she found herself much relieved and, after partaking of some refreshments, which the Indian had taken the precaution to bring with him, they proceeded on their way.

On the fifth day from their setting out Wookonnet, placing his ear to the ground, informed Gertrude, as she walked along in silence. At last weary and way-worn she sank down upon the ground. Wookonnet seated himself by her side, and covered her with his blanket, and while her senses were locked in sweet repose, no sleep came to his eye; he watched over her with all that kindness and solicitude, which a mother displays towards her tender babe. When morning came she found herself much relieved, and, after partaking of some refreshments, which the Indian had taken the precaution to bring with him, they proceeded on their way.

On the former captors were near. She, instead of appearing to be at all affected, replied, "if they choose, let them, send my spirit to join those of my parents in heaven, where all sighing and trouble are put away." "But," said the Indian, "we must take every measure to preserve our lives, for should we be taken we shall both suffer a most cruel death. There is no time to be lost; our enemies are near; follow me, and you will be safe. Let no sound escape your lips." Then, like a snake, he crawled upon the ground into a very close thicket, through which even the eye of an Indian could not penetrate. Gertrude followed him. The Indians were now but a few paces from them, and even the heart of Wookonnet began to quake for the orphan girl. They were approaching nearer and nearer, and the slightest noise from them might now have been heard. Just at this moment a dear attracted their attention, and all pursued after him. In one moment more they would have been discovered. The agony that Gertrude experienced at this time language cannot paint, although but a few moments before she was so ready and willing to yield up her life. A woman's heart who can fathom it.

Now thinking themselves free from danger they again commenced their march. In six days from this event Gertrude arrived at the house of her uncle, who had long since supposed her dead, although her body was not found among those of her companions. Her reception could better be imagined, than described. In the abode, where gloom and sorrow for the last three months had prevaded, joy now reigned supreme. But this was not unalloyed; it was tinged with sadness, on account of the melancholy reflection, which stole into the mind of Gertrude, as she recollected how many parents were deprived of their children, and how many dear companions had been snatched from her by the unheard cruelty of the merciless Indians. Her return was soon spread among the neighbors, who flocked to the house of Mr. Thompson to learn the particulars of the death of their children. And when she related the sad tale, the house might well be called a house of mourning. But when she spoke of her own trials and hardships, they were, if possible, still more affecting. "Had it not been for that faithful Indian," said she, (pointing towards Wookonnet, who until this time had remained unnoticed) "I still should have been in the lone forest." All eyes were now riveted upon him; and as they looked upon him, some even quaked with fear, and well they might; for they were in the presence of one, who had imbrued his hands in the blood of their cons and daughters. But their fear was but momentary, for they were well aware that he could not commit any injury upon them as he was now alone. And when Gertrude told them with how much kindness he had treated her, and the manner in which he had rescued her, they even began to feel an admiration for his character. He remained in the family of Mr. Thompson for several weeks, during which time he gained the confidence and esteem of all who became acquainted with him. Gertrude seemed to be much pleased with them. They were often seen together in deep conversation, and all supposed she had a strong attachment for the Indian, but few understood the windings of a woman's heart. It was not so, another had her affections.

One pleasant evening the young Indian and Gertrude sat beside each other. Then Gertrude unveiled her heart to him. She told him she should forever feel indebted to him for everything, and that nothing should be wanting which could in the least add to his happiness.—"Never, says she," taking him gently by the hand, "never shall I forget you; may peace and prosperity attend you all your days." The Indian bowed in silence; not a sound escaped his lips; but what he suffered inwardly, subsequent time will show. After this conference, he immediately retired into the forest, and as all supposed had gone to live with his own tribe.

Two years from the time that the Indian left the house of Mr. Thompson, Gertrude stood by the hemenial altar. She was joy and hilarity! A more beautiful and amiable couple never stood up to take on them the marriage vows, than was seen that night in the house of Mr. Thompson. While the clergymen were pronouncing their last benediction, a slight noise was heard among the bushes which shaded the window, in a moment a flash was seen, a report heard, and the bridegroom lay wlicing in his blood! One long warwhoop was heard, as of exulting victory. Gertrude shrieked out: "Oh! Indian vengeance! Oh! Indian resentment!" From that time no smile played upon her cheek; she was bereft of all the joys of earth; and a maniac—she went down to an early grave.
and forty wounded. But the most important
spot, the numbers of wounded were unknown.
arms, seven hundred and fifty prisoners; two
by artillery, were four pieces of brass cannon,
perate band of Tories and Indians, sustained
have been captured." The fruits of his vic-
time, I will never ask you to come again.”
shines again, and I do not give you fighting e-
nought, I do not give you fighting e-
shire Legislature, remarks, "that the enemy
succeeded in checking him, while the others as
the General, "if the Lord should give us sun-
sean, and by rapid advance, the enemy
were forced out of their lines and driven upon
the reserve, which decided the contest in fa-
vor of the Americans. The prisoners were
as possible. They were scarcely secured,
when information was received that a large
reinforcement of the enemy, under the com-
mand of Col. Breymain, was coming up to
their support.
The number required to guard the prisoners,
and those dispersed for refreshments and plun-
der to the left, were ordered to turn his rear and
advance directly to the entrenchments, reserv-
ing their fire until very near. Fortunately,
they reached their stations almost at the same
moment, and by rapid advance, the enemy
were driven from their lines and upon the
reserve, which decided the contest in fa-
vor of the Americans. The prisoners were
collected, and hurried off the ground as soon
as possible. They were scarcely secured,
when information was received that a large
reinforcement of the enemy, under the com-
mand of Col. Breymain, was coming up to
their support.
The number required to guard the prisoners,
and those dispersed for refreshments and plun-
der, left but few for defence. Col. Warner
coming up at this critical moment, from Man-
chester, with part of his regiment, was ordered
to advance and attack the enemy. These
brave troops under their intrepid commander
succeeded in checking him, while the others as
fast as they could be collected, were brought
up to sustain them, and the contest continued
until dark, when the enemy gave way at all
points; many prisoners were taken, but the
main body escaped under cover of the night.
Gen. Stark, in his despatch to the New Hamp-
shire Legislature, remarks, “that the enemy
were pursued until dark, and that one hour
more of daylight, the whole detachment must
have been captured.” The fruits of his vic-
tory obtained by raw Militia over European
veterans, strengthened by a numerous and dis-
perate band of Tories and Indians, sustained
by artillery, were four pieces of brass cannon,
twelve brass drums, several hundred stand of
arms, seven hundred and fifty prisoners; two
hundred and seven were found dead upon the
spot, the numbers of wounded were unknown.
The loss of the Americans was thirty killed
and forty wounded. But the most important
result produced by this signal and unexpected
victory was a restoration of confidence to the
despoothing armies of America, and a death
blow to the hopes of Great Britain. Collec-
tions of the trophies of this victory, were pre-
ented to the States of Massachusetts, New
Hampshire and Vermont. The drum, that was
presented to Massachusetts, is still to be seen
suspended in the hall of the Senate chamber.
The news of the disaster was brought to Gen.
Burgoyne on the night of the 16th by the In-
dians, who fled at the moment the Americans
forced the British lines. This was the first
link in the chain of events, which opened a
new scene to America. It raised her from
the depth of despair, to the summit of hope;
and added laurels to the brow of the veteran who
commanded. At the time the news reached Congress, they were about read-
ing New Hampshire out of the Union, as the
society of Friends read out their refractory
members. They however, in their wisdom,
thought better of it—that although proper, it
was not expedient; and on the 4th of October,
it was “Resolved that the thanks of Congress
be presented to Gen. Stark of the New Hamp-
shire Militia, and the officers and troops under
his command, for their brave and successful
attack upon, and signal victory over the enemy
in their lines at Bennington; and that Brig-
dier Stark be appointed a Brigadier General
in the army of the United States.” Never
were thanks more deserved, or more wisely
given to a military officer. This was the first
turn of affairs in favor of America, in the
Northern Department, since the fall of Montgom-
ery before Quebec. The triumph over his
enemies was complete. His conduct on this
occasion, discovered whether he was or not, a
true friend to his country. When her liber-
ties were in the most imminent danger, his pri-
ate sentiments were forgotten in the pursuit
of public good. He led his hardy yeomanry
to the field; and to them, belongs the honor,
of giving the first fatal check to the progress
of the invader, which led the way of entire de-
feat and capture. When General Gates who
had now succeeded to the command of the
Northern army, wrote to the Commander in
Chief, a few days after this affair, he thus ex-
pressed himself:—"Upon my leaving Phila-
phia, the prospect appeared most gloomy, but
the severe checks the enemy have met with at
Bennington and in the Tryon country, have
given a more pleasing aspect to public affairs."
Gen. Stark went into action with the determina-
tion that his enemies, secret and avowed,
should be confounded by a glorious victory, or
that night he would repose in the soldier’s bed
of honor. The victory which he gained, gave
reputation & courage to the Militia, who found
that neither British, nor German regulars
were invincible.
It had still a greater effect on the royal ar-
my. The British generals were surprised to
hear that an enemy, whom they had contem-
plated with no other feelings than those of con-
tempt, should ail at once wake up, and discover
much of the spirit of heroism. To advance
upon the mouth of cannon, to attack fortified
lines, to carry strong entrenchments, were ex-
plains which they supposed belonged exclusiv-
ely to the armies of Kings. To see a body of
American militia, ill dressed, but little disci-
plined, without cannon, armed only with far-
mers’ guns without bayonets, and who had been
accustomed to fly at their approach; that such
men should force entrenchments, capture the
cannon, kill and make prisoners of a large
body of the royal army, was a matter of in-
dignation, astonishment, and surprise.
This disaster not only added to their delay, but af-
forded Gen. Gates time to obtain reinforce-
ments then on their march. In a few days,
the army which had been driven from Ticon-
deroga in July, moved about, and with new
courage, advanced to meet Burgoyne. He
now perceived the danger of his situation.—
These men of New Hampshire and of Ver-
mont, whom he had hitherto viewed with con-
tempt, he now considered formidable enem-
ies. In a letter to Lord Germaine about this time,
he says, "The New Hampshire Grants, till of
late, but little known, hang like a cloud upon
my left." He finally admitted, that it was
in vain to contend with the Lords of the soil.”
Upon the advance of Burgoyne, Gen. Stark
approached the main army at Bemus’ He-
ights, and finally entered the camp. On the 18th
of September the term of enlistment of his
men expired, and Gen. Gates sensible that a
battle must shortly take place, was desirous of
adding these victorious troops to his camp; but
all to no purpose. They were drawn up and
harranged by Generals Gates and Stark, but
three only of the whole number were willing
to tarry. They said they had performed their
part and must go home. They returned, and
Gen. Stark proceeded to N. H. to make re-
port of his campaign to the Council, receiving,
wherever he came, the warmest expression of
the people’s gratitude. Impressed with the
idea that Burgoyne must now be taken, volun-
ters flocked to his standard from all quarters,
and he was shortly enabled to join the army
with a more numerous and formidable com-
mmand than before. He was zealous for at-
tacking Burgoyne in his camp at Saratoga, and
for that purpose, had placed his little army in
the rear, to cut off his communication with Ca-
nada, by way of Lake George. By this move-
ment, Burgoyne became completely surround-
ed; and Gen. Stark contended that he might
have been compelled to an unconditional sur-
render. The war being now over in the north,
he returned home to obtain recruits and sup-
plies; and was soon after ordered by Con-
grass to prepare for a winter expedition to
Canada, and to proceed to Albany to confer
with Generals La Fayette and Conway upon
the subject. After preparations were made,
Congress thought proper to abandon the expedi-
tion. Early in 1778, he was ordered to as-
tume the command of the Northern Depart

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The British expecting some design from another quarter, suffered this detachment to pil-lage as far as Morrisania, and king’s bridge, for several days, and then quietly return with their booty. The Staten Island expedition was abandoned, and the army soon after, went into winter quarters at West Point, New Wind-sor and Fishkill. Gen. Stark was here visited with a severe fit of sickness, and returned home on furlough with the standing orders for men and supplies.

In the spring of 1781, he was ordered to the command of the Northern Department at Saratoga; some feeble detachments of Militia from New York, New Hampshire and Massa-chusetts, were all the disposable force for the protection of this extensive frontier. The coun-try was at that time overrun with spies and traitors. Robberies were very frequent, and inhabitants carried prisoners to Canada. After the reduction of Cornwallis, and the danger of inroads from Canada had disappeared, he dis-missed the Militia with thanks for their good conduct: and after securing the public stores, was ordered to retire by the way of Albany, to the New England States, to raise men and supplies for the next campaign. During the year 1782, he was afflicted with the rheuma-tism, and did not join the army until ordered by Gen. Washington in April, 1783. He was upon the spot at the day appointed, and received the hearty thanks of Washington for his punctuality.

About this time the celebrated Newburg letters were operating upon the minds of the officers and soldiers. His influence was exerted with that of the other General Officers, in allaying those feelings of discontent, & not suffering their victorious laurels to be tarnished by acts of hostility and violence to the authorities of their country. Af-ter this concluding scene of the Revolution, he bade a final adieu to the cares of public life, retired to his estate, and devoted the remainder of his days to the various duties incumbent upon a patriot, and father of an extensive family.

His long and useful career was terminated on the 8th day of May, 1822, in the ninety fourth year of his age. His funeral was atten-ted by a very large and respectable concourse of people, at his late residence in Manches-ter, on the bank of the Merrimack river. His remains were interred, with Military honors, in the cemetry, which within a few years, had been enclosed at his own request. It is situated on a mound, being the second rise from the river, and may be seen for a distance of four or five miles up and down the Merrimack. On the 4th of July, 1829, a monument was erected by his relatives, to mark the spot. It is a block of granite emblematical of the hero, his character and hope—"Maj. Gen. Stark."
will gambol with the kid, or grapple with the lion. Talent, at best, sports but awkwardly. Talent counts consequences, and looks ahead: Genius seldom does, but darts bravely onward. Talent is instinct, impulse, passion. Genius is coolness, firmness, collectedness. Talent is at times, erratic, wayward, imprudent. Talent is straight forward, direct, prudent. Talent is instinct, impulse, passion. Genius, who has deviated from the path of virtue, although she may be young and unsuspecting, forfeits her claims to sociability and to the esteem of her former associates in life; and yet her base seducer, who is tenfold more criminal than herself, is often welcomed to the society of even virtuous and refined females.

This principle is radically wrong, and the practice growing from it, one which should never be countenanced; for how can it be rational to expect that the libertine will be reform ed while he feels sure that his wickedness will not deprive him of the respect and esteem of the most respectable portion of female community? If your characters are degraded by associating with fallen females, can they be less degraded by the society of those abandoned wretches who have caused their ruin? And I would further ask what security can you have if you admit these unprincipled spoilers to your confidence and esteem, that your own innocence and peace may not fall a prey to their skill and hypocrisy? While you feel a degree of honest and virtuous aversion towards those hapless individuals of your own sex, who have forfeited their claims to your perfect esteem, your aversion should ever be mingled with compassion and kindness; and it becomes you to do all in your power to mitigate their sufferings and restore them to the love and practice of virtue. But towards their vile seducers and unprincipled calumniators, your aversion should ever be unmingled with any tender emotion; and you should shun them as you would the wasting pestilence, or the deadly viper. Their friendship is disgrace; their pretended affection is a snare and the judgment of the base seducer of female innocence. If you entertain the thoughts of those who have fallen females, cease, and be exposed.

And O! that an admonition from heaven, and a warning voice from the scenes of unspangled wretchedness which they have caused, might continually sound in your ears and effectually guard you against their insidious wiles and fatal snares. By the general and long established rules of community, a female, who has deviated from the path of virtue, although she may be young and unsuspecting, forfeits her claims to sociability and to the esteem of her former associates in life; and yet her base seducer, who is tenfold more criminal than herself, is often welcomed to the society of even virtuous and refined females.

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**THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.**

It is a weary thought for the human heart to brood over, that in the wide universe there is no other heart to quicken with our own—no smile to welcome our coming—no eye to brighten with our joy, or weep with our affliction. There is no thought which falls so heavily and darkly on the human spirit. It is, as if a leaden hand had been laid upon it—never to be lifted—never to be warmed by its frozen communion.

Yet there is much in a Bachelor's life which is pleasant—much of real and unadulterated happiness. The romance of the married passes rapidly away, never to return. The cares and duties of domestic life break in upon the dream; and the sunned links of imagination are never again reunited. Not so with a Bachelor. Romance is to him as the bread of life itself; and as age comes on, he gathers back to himself the day dreams of his boyhood and youth; yet less vivid than the long past reality, they are no more sweetly beautiful, as the moonlight hues of memory linger upon them.

**FEMALE REPUTATION.**

By REV. WARREN SKINNER.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is above rubies—Prov. xxxi. 10."

But what shall I say—what can I say of the vile calumniators of female reputation, and the base seducer of female innocence? Language is too poor to express the unmingled abhorrence and detestation in which such characters should be held by every virtuous mind. Virtue weeps—innocence trembles—humanity shudders—and common guilt stands appalled, in view of the desolation caused by these worse than savage monsters. To the villainous arts and intrigues of these unprincipled wretches who riot in the spoilation of virtue, the ruin of innocence, the destruction of happiness, and prostration of the bright, est hopes, you, my dear young friends, may be exposed.

And O! that an admonition from heaven, and a warning voice from the scenes of unspangled wretchedness which they have caused, might continually sound in your ears and effectually guard you against their insidious wiles and fatal snares. By the general and long established rules of community, a female, who has deviated from the path of virtue, although she may have fallen a victim to the most consummate art of studied villany, and although she may be young and unsuspecting, forfeits her claims to sociability and to the esteem of her former associates in life; and yet her base seducer, who is tenfold more criminal than herself, is often welcomed to the society of even virtuous and refined females.

This principle is radically wrong, and the practice growing from it, one which should never be countenanced; for how can it be rational to expect that the libertine will be reformed while he feels sure that his wickedness will not deprive him of the respect and esteem of the most respectable portion of female community? If your characters are degraded by associating with fallen females, can they be less degraded by the society of those abandoned wretches who have caused their ruin? And I would further ask what security can you have if you admit these unprincipled spoilers to your confidence and esteem, that your own innocence and peace may not fall a prey to their skill and hypocrisy? While you feel a degree of honest and virtuous aversion towards those hapless individuals of your own sex, who have forfeited their claims to your perfect esteem, your aversion should ever be mingled with compassion and kindness; and it becomes you to do all in your power to mitigate their sufferings and restore them to the love and practice of virtue. But towards their vile seducers and unprincipled calumniators, your aversion should ever be unmingled with any tender emotion; and you should shun them as you would the wasting pestilence, or the deadly viper. Their friendship is disgrace; their pretended affection is a snare and the judgment of the base seducer of female innocence. If you entertain the thoughts of those who have fallen females, cease, and be exposed.

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of an April landscape, yet both were treasured up, and loved and mused over.

"I had a dream last night,"—he said as he entered his apartment one cold morning in winter—"ah!—my blood chills cold to think of it!—his teeth chattered as he spoke, although there was a glowing fire in the grate; and he had a thick wrapper thrown over his shoulders.

"Sit down," continued he, "and I'll tell you my dream, if I can get through with it without freezing us both into icy statues." "Go on," said I, seating myself comfortable at the fire—"I apprehend no danger from the recital of your dream.""Well—last evening I was all alone—'twas your dream.

"I apprehend no danger from the recital of your dream." said I, seating myself comfortable at the fire—"I apprehend no danger from the recital of your dream.""Well—last evening I was all alone—'twas your dream."

"For a time my visions were broken ant-

How striking the diversity of feeling, when a youth has lost the illusion of childhood; that the hopes and visions of early and uncultivated years, should be allowed, at least, the

From the Western Times.

The light and careless livery, that it wears, than settled age, his sables, and his weeds. Shakespeare.

WHAT rapid changes—what deep impressions, time makes upon the human character! How striking the diversity of feeling, when a contrast is made between life's remote extremes! It is, indeed sometimes difficult to believe, that the form, which now labors under the accumulated cares and infirmities of declining age, once gamboled in the light gayeties, and pastimes of reckless childhood: that the same heart, which now sorrows and withers over the bleak and cheerless prospect of existence, once glowed and flourished with all the buoyancies of life's fresh and living green.

This mortal career, is struck into marked and distinctive periods; not so much by personal and physical developments, as by the internal and moral changes of the heart. Our feelings make us children, and our feelings make us men. These are varied, and associated with all the crises of life, and, if they do not, indeed, form the very element of existence, they are, at least, identified with its pleasures, and its pains. So far as they result from constitutional habits, they are beyond the reach of our control or direction; for all their variations and modifications are cast in the destiny of our nature.
The Storm.—Every one who has scribbled at all, has more or less thrown out a few ideas upon the subject—its mild radiance upon the earth—its beauty upon the waters—its glory upon the hill-tops. And we all know that the sunshine is beautiful, is vivifying. We know that the sunbeam of Spring is reviving when the waters are low, and its rays make all the earth look fresh and green. The Storm.—Let us turn to the storm! Let us for a moment contemplate its devastating wing as it sweeps over the earth, like the ocean's destructive surge.

The 2d vol. Nos. 4, and 5 (being for May and June) of the Shrine: by a number of undergraduates in Amherst College, we have received. It is a handsomely executed periodical, and this vol. is a very interesting one. The contents, original, are "Characteristics of Women, To my Sister, Sketches of American Poets; Brainard, Bryant, Dana, Fairfield, Halleck; Lights and Shadows of Boyhood, The Light, Henry Kirk White, Verses, A Week at Watch Hill, Song, Glad Hours and Sad Hours, My Native Village, The Dead Stranger."—Darkness in the Middle Ages, The Lost Star, My Native Village, Sketches of American Poets—Hillhouse, Percival, Pierpont, Willis, A Moonlight Scene, On Viewing Monuments in a Cemetery, Vacation Anticipated, Sonnet.—To Connecticut River, Detached Passages, Sonnet—To Earth, June, Horse Otosse—No. 4.

This publication will be issued every month, six numbers forming a volume of at least two hundred octavo pages of original matter. Terms $1 per vol. in advance. And "The Light," in the May No. is worth the money.

"I was a stranger" and he deceived me. It has of late years become a practice with many of our brethren of the Type, to place the names of their absenting debtors before the public, in their journals, upon what has been denominated the black list—but to this practice in common cases we are not now, nor ever have been, partial. We have chosen rather to suffer the wrong in silence. But there are instances, when, if not in justice to ourselves, at least from a proper regard for society, we seem called upon to do so—and such an one, the writer conceives, has occurred in the case of ASHEB STEELE, Jr. who has recently absconded from this place, into some one of the western states, owing us $20 for provisions for his family, had last summer and fall—and we feel bound to hold him up to view, to caution the good people of the west. At no time since he received the articles, it is believed, has he had less property under cover and concealed from its just creditors, than fifty times the amount of the above mentioned sum—but, when called on for pay, he could readily assume a countenance much pleasanter than he usually wore, and a most plausible falsehood, smoother than oil, would roll from his lips.

From the Shrine.

SONNET—TO EARTH.

O beautiful Earth, how green and rich thy glories are! I love to gaze upon thy fair and awful forms,

But the sunbeam of Spring is reviving when the rain
Is gilding o'er thy mountains, streamlets, groves and trees,

And the fashion thereof shall all pass away,

But to view, to caution the good people of the west.

Not much I wonder, Earth, that mortals love thee

But to this we have the sunshine—and all

From the Shrine.

TEMPERANCE REPORTER.

Proposals for publishing at the office of the Gem, in the Village of Rochester, a journal, with the above title, to be entirely devoted to the cause of Temperance. Of the merits of this great and interesting cause, it is unnecessary here to speak. It is intended the paper shall be a "reporter" of the condition, progress and prospects of Temperance, throughout our country and the world, and it is believed that such a publication will be useful and can be sustained in this enterprising, populous and extensive section of country. It will be handsomely printed, and issued monthly, each number to contain eight large octavo pages, and at the low price of 25 cents per annum, in advance, or 10 copies for $1. It will be commenced as soon as 500 copies are subscribed for.

Rochester, June 12th, 1833.
The following lines were suggested by reading Irving's animated description of a Thunder Storm, on the high lands of the Hudson.

THE THUNDER STORM.

'Twas now the time when Ceres sheds
And to the joyful swain outspreads
The sultry hour of noon had past,
And on the eastern cloud portray'd,
The sacred bow of promise lone.

AI LEN—A SKETCH.

Oh bright, and beautiful and gay,
I saw the lov'd Aileen;
She bloom'd like some flower of May—
A flower of seventeen.
The rose of health was on her face,
And pleasure in her eye,
And not a tear had darr'd to trace
Its ravages oh'er.

The storm was hush'd, the tempest hied—
The elemental at life was done—
And on the eastern cloud portray'd,
The sacred bow of promise lone.

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

On laying the Corner Stone of the Monument

Of deathless gratitude,—yet may ye raise
May's blooming morn is flying.

The woes, the fears of darker years,
The sun with mild and cheerful form
The flowing streams, their radiant beam,
And pleasure In her magic hand
To the blest mother of her glorious Chief,
May's blooming morn is flying.

No winds the silent waters sweep,
As from the distant western hill,
And nature seems involved in night.

All anxious from the threaten'ing blast,
To save the products of the year,
Yet on the heavens they frequent cast
A hasty glance not void of fear.

Fit homage—such as honoreth him who pays.

The elemental strife was done—
To make the bliss complete,
And shew a race unborn who rests below,—
Wrought out in marble with your country's tears

Is theirs,—with what kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new born mind—
May put the sickle in and reap for GOD,
With thrilling breast and kindling cheek, this
Good seed before the world doth sow its tare?

Wrought in marble with your country's tears,

BOOK & JOB PRINTING,

cautiously executed at this office.

The "Pater Patriae,' —of the deeds that won
Of the might that clothed
Or in their toil decline,—that angel hands
May's blooming morn is flying.

A flower of seventeen.

The "Pater Patriae,' —of the deeds that won
Wrought out in marble with your country's tears

The GEM is published at Rochester, Monroe co.

BOOK & JOB PRINTING,

neatly and expeditiously executed at this office.

To do thee homage,—Mother of our Chief !—

For lovely, bright Aileen,—

BOOK & JOB PRINTING,

neatly and expeditiously executed at this office.

For lovely, bright Aileen.

BOOK & JOB PRINTING,

neatly and expeditiously executed at this office.

The thorn with fioses twining:

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Good seed before the world doth sow its tare?
Original and Selected Tales.

THE BILLIARD TABLE.

BY JUDGE HALL.

On one of those clear nights in December, when the cloudless, blue sky is studded with millions of brilliant luminaries, shining with more than ordinary lustre, a young gentleman was seen rapidly pacing one of the principal streets in Pittsburgh. Had he been a lover of nature, the beauty of the heavens must have attracted his observation; but he was too much wrapt up in his thoughts—or in his cloak—to throw a single glance towards the silent orbs, that glowed so beautifully in the firmament.

A piercing wind swept through the streets, mourning and sighing, as if it felt the pain that it inflicted. The intense coldness of the weather had driven the usual loiterers of the night from their accustomed lounging places. Every door and shutter was closed against the common enemy, save where the

"Blue spirits and red,
Black spirits and grey,"

which adorn the shelves of the druggist, mingled their hues with the shadows of the night, or where the window of the confectioner, redolent of light, and fruit, and sugar plums, shed its refleulence upon the half petrified wanderer.

The streets were forsaken, except by a fearless or necessitous few, who glided rapidly and silently along, as the spectres of the night. Aught else than love or murder would scarcely have ventured to stalk abroad on such a night; and yet it would be hardly fair to set down the few unfortunate stragglers, who faced the blast on this eventful evening as lovers or assassins.

Pleasure sends forth her thousands and necessities her millions, into all the dangers and troubles of this boisterous world.

On reaching the outlet of an obscure alley, where the pavement was a sheet of deep snow, the young gentleman paused, cast a suspicious glance around, as if fearful of observation, and then darted into the gloomy passage. A few rapid steps brought him to the front of a wretched frame building, apparently untenanted, or occupied only as a ware house, through whose broken panes the wind whistled, while the locked doors seemed to bid defiance to any ingress, but that of the piercing element.

It was in truth a lonely back building, in the heart of the town; but so concealed by the surrounding houses, that it might as well have been in the silent bosom of the forest. A narrow flight of stairs, ascending the outside of the edifice, led to an upper story. Ascending these, the youth, opening the door with the familiarity of an accustomed visitor, emerged from the gloom of the night, into the light and life of the Billiard Room.

It was a large apartment, indifferently lighted, and meanly furnished. In the centre stood the billiard table, whose allures had enticed so many on this evening to forsake the quiet and virtuous comfort of social life, and to brave the biting blast, and the not less "pitiless peltings of paternal or conjugal admonition." It polished mahogany frame and neatly brushed cover of green cloth, its silken pockets, and party colored ivory balls, presenting a striking contrast to the rude negligence of the rest of the furniture; while a large canopy suspended over the table, and intended to collect and refract the rays of a number of well trimmed lamps, which hung within the circumference, held an intense brilliancy over that little spot, and threw a corresponding gloom upon the surrounding scene. Indeed if that gay altar of dissipation had been within, the solemn temple of pleasure would have presented rather the desolate appearance of the house of mourning.

The stained and dirty floor was strewed with fragments of segars, paper bills and nut shells; the walls blackened with smoke, seemed to have witnessed the orgies of many a midnight revel. A few candles, destined to illumine the distant recess of the room hung neglected against the walls—bowing their long wicks, and marking their stations by streams of tallow, which had been suffered to accumulate through many a long winter night. The ceiling was hung with cobwebs, curiously intermingled with dense clouds of tobacco smoke, and tinged by the straggling rays of light, which occasionally shot from the sickly tapers. A set of benches, attached to the walls, and raised sufficiently high to overlook the table, accommodated the loungers, who were not engaged at play, or who sat, or reclined, solemnly pulling their segars, idly sipping their brandy and water, or industriously counting the chances of the game, but all observing a profound silence, which would have done honor to a turbanned divan, and was well suited to the important subjects of their contemplation.

Little coteries of gayer spirits laughed and chatted aside, or made their criticisms on the players in subdued accents; any remarks on that subject being forbidden to all but the parties engaged, while the marker announced the state of the game, trimmed the lamps, and supplied refreshments to the guests.

Mr. St. Clair, the gentleman whom we have taken the liberty of tracing to this varied scene, was cordially greeted on his entrance, by the party at the table, who had been denouncing the adverse elements which had caused the absence of several of their choicer spirits. The game at which they were then playing being one which admitted of an indefinite number of players, St. Clair was readily permitted to take ball; and engaging with ardor in the fascinating amusement was soon lost to all that occurred beyond the little circle of its witchery.

The intense coldness of the night was so severely felt in the badly warmed apartment which we have attempted to describe, that the party broke up earlier than usual. One by one dropped off, until St. Clair and another of the players were left alone. These, being both skilful, engaged each other single handed, and became so deeply interested, as scarcely to observe the defection of their companions, until they found the room entirely deserted. The night was far spent. The marker, whose services were no longer required, was nodding over the grate; the candles were wasting in their sockets, and although a steady brilliant light still fell upon the table, the background was as dark as it was solitary.

The most careless observer might have remarked the great disparity of character exhibited in the two players, who now matched their skill in this graceful and fascinating game. St. Clair was a genteel young man, of about five and twenty. His manners had all the ease of one accustomed to the best society; his countenance was open and prepossessing; his whole demeanor frank and manly. There was a careless gaiety in his air, happily blended with an habitual politeness and dignity of carriage, which added much to the ordinary graces of youth and amiability.

Mr. St. Clair was one of that large class who please without design and without talent, and who, by dint of light hearts and graceful exteriors, thrive better in this world, than those who think and feel more acutely. Feeling little had, but it was rather amiable than deep; and
his understanding, though solid, was of that
plain and practical kind which, tho' adapted
to the ordinary business of life, seldom ex-
expands itself to grasp at any object beyond the
narrow sphere. It was very evident that he
had known neither guile nor sorrow. In his
brief journey through life, he had as yet trod
only in flowery paths, and having passed
joyously along, was not aware that the snare
catch the feet of the unwary, lie ambus-
bushed in the sunniest spots of our existence.
He was a man of small fortune, and was hap-
pily married to a lovely young woman, to
whom he was devotedly attached, and who,
when she bestowed her hand, had given him
the entire possession of a warm and spotless
heart. They had lately arrived at Pittsburg,
and being about to settle in some part of the
western country, had determined to spend the
ensuing spring and summer in this city, where
Mrs. St. Clair might enjoy the comforts of
good society until her husband prepared their
future residence for her reception.

His opponent was some ten years older than
himself, a short, thin, straight man—with a
kee eye and sallow complexion. He was one
of those persons who may be seen in
shoals at the taverns and gambling houses of a
large town, and who mingle with better people
in stage-coaches and steam-boats. He had
knocked about the world, as his own expression
was, until, like an old coin whose original
impression had been worn off, he had few
marks left by which his birth or country could
be traced. But like that same coin, the sur-
fice only was altered, the base metal was un-
changed. He aped the gentility which he did
not possess, and was ambitious of shining both
in dress and manners; but nature when she
placed him in a low condition had never in
considered he should rise above it.

It is unfortunate for such people, that like
hypocrites in religion, demagogues in politics,
and empirics of all sorts, they always overact
their parts, and by an excessive zeal betray
their ignorance or knavery. Thus the person
in question by misapplying the language of his
superiors in education, betrayed his ignorance,
and by going to the extreme of every fash-
ion, was always too well dressed for a gentle-
man. In short, he was a gambler—who
roamed from town to town, preying upon
young libertines, and old debauchees; and em-
ploying as much ingenuity in his vocation as
would set up half a dozen lawyers, and as
much industry, as would make the fortunes of
half a dozen mechanics.

Such were the players who were left togeth-
er like the last champions of a tournament—
who, after vanquishing all their competitors,
now turned their arms against each other.—
For a while they displayed a courtesy, which
seemed to be the effect of a respect for each
other's skill. It was natural to St. Clair; in
the gambler it was assumed. The latter hav-
ing found the opportunity he had long eagerly
sought, soon began to practice the arts of his
profession. The game of billiards, requiring
great precision of eye, and steadiness of hand,
can only be played well by one whose com-
pletely master of his temper; and the experi-
enced opponent of St. Clair essayed to touch a
string, on which he had often worked with suc-
cess.

'You are a married man, I believe?' said he.

'Yes sir,--'

'That was a bad play, you had nearly mis-
seed the ball,'

'After you spoke to me just as I was striking,' said
St. Clair, good humoredly.

'Oh! I beg pardon. Where did you learn to
play billiards?'

'In Philadelphia.'

'Do they understand the game?'

'I have seen some fine players there.'

'Very likely. But I doubt whether they play
the scientific game. New Orleans is
the only place. There they go it in style.—
See there now! That was a very bad play of
yours.' You played on the wrong ball.

'No sir, I was right.'

'Pardon me sir. I profess to understand this
game. There was an easy cannon on the
table, when you aimed to pocket the white
ball.'

'You are mistaken,' said St. Clair.

'Oh, very well! I meant no offence.—Now
mark how I shall count off these balls. Do you
see that? There's play for you! You say
you are a married man?'

'I said so. What then?'

'I thought as much by your play.'

'What has that to do with it?'

'Why, you acquainted men are accustomed to
early hours, and get sleepy earlier than we do.

'I did not think I had shown any symptoms
of drowsiness.'

'Oh no! I meant no allusion. There's an
other bad play of yours.'

'You will find, I play sufficiently well be-
fore we are done.'

'Oh no doubt. I meant nothing, you play
an elegant game. But then, you married men
get scared, when it grows late. No man can
play billiards when he is in a hurry to go home.
A married gentleman cannot help thinking of
the sour looks, and cross answers, he is apt to
get, when he goes home after midnight."

'I will thank you to make no such allusion
to me,' said St. Clair. 'I am neither scared
nor sleepy, but able to beat you as long as you
please.'

'Oh very well! I don't value myself on my
playing. Shall we double the bet, and have
another bottle of wine?'

'If you please.'

'Agreed. Now do your best—or I shall
beat you.'

Pestered by this impertinence, St. Clair lost
several games. His want of success added to
his impatience, and his tormentor continued to
vex him with taunting remarks until his agi-
tation became uncontrollable. He drank to
steady his nerves, but drink only inflamed his
passions. He doubled, trebled, quadrupled
the bet to change his luck, but in vain. Every
desperate attempt urged him towards his ruin;
and it was happy for him, that his natural good
sense enabled him to stop, before his fate was
consummated though not until he had lost a
large sum.

Vexed with his bad fortune, St. Clair left
the house of dissipation, and turned his re-
luant steps towards his own dwelling.—
His slow and thoughtful pace was now quite dif-
ferent from the usual lightness of his gracefull
carriage. It was not, that he feared the frown
of his lovely wife; for to him her brow had
always been unclouded, and her lips had on-
ly been slightly affl nation. She was one of those
gentle beings, whose sweetness withers not
with the hour or the season, but endures thro'
all vicissitudes.

It was the recollection of that fervent and
forbearing love, that now pressed like a lead-
weight upon the conscience of the gambler,
when a reflection upon the many little luxu-
ries, and innocent enjoyments of which that
lovely woman had deprived herself, while he
had squandered vast sums in selfish dissipation.
Having never before lost so much at play, this
view of the case had not occurred to him, and
it now came home to his bosom with full force
—bringing pangs of the keenest self reproach.
He recalled the many projects of domestic com-
fort they had planned together, some of which
must now be delayed by his imprudence. That
very evening he had spoken of the rural dwell-
ing they intended to inhabit, and Louisa's
taste had suggested a variety of improvements,
with which it should be embellished. When
he left her, he promised to return soon; and
now, after a long absence, he came the mes-
senger—if not of ruin, at least of disappoint-
ment. The influence of wine, and the agita-
tion of his mind, had wrought up the usually
placid feelings of St. Clair, into a state of high
excitement.*

His indignation wandered to the
past and to the future; and every picture,
that he contemplated, added to his pain.

' I will go to Louisa,' said he, ' I will confess
all. Late as it is, she is still watching for me;
poor girl! She little thinks, that while she has
been counting the heavy hours of my absence,
I have been madly courting wretchedness for
myself, and preparing the bitter cup of afflic-
tion for her.'

In this frame of mind he reached his own
door, and tapped gently for admittance. He
was surprised that his summons was not imme-
diately answered; for the watchful solicitude
of his wife had always kept her from retiring
in his absence. He knocked again and a-
gain—and at last, when his patience was near-
ly exhausted, a slip-shod house maid came shiv-
ing to the door. He snatched the candle
from her hand, and ascended to his chamber.
It was desolate.'
Vol. v
THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Where is Mrs. St. Clair?" said he to the maid who had followed him.

"Gone, sir." "Gone where?" "Why sir, she went away with a gentleman.

"Away with a gentleman! Impossible!" "Yes, sir, indeed she went off with a gentleman in a carriage.

"When?—where did she go?" "I don't know where she went sir. She never intimated a word to me. She started just after you left home."

"Did she leave no message?" "No sir, not any, she was in a great hurry." St. Clair motioned the girl to retire, and sunk into the chair.

"She has left me," he exclaimed, "cruel faithless Louisa! Never did I believe you would have forsaken me! No, no—it can't be, Louisa eloped! The kindest, the sincerest of human beings! Impossible!"

He rose, and paced the room—tortured with pains of unutterable anguish. He gazed round the apartment, and his dwelling once so happy, seemed desolate as a tomb. He murmured the name of Louisa and a thousand joys rose to his recollection. All—all was blasted. He mechanically drew out his watch—it was past two o'clock. Where she had gone—the music is silent—the strong towers of day should bring some explanation of Louisa's conduct.

At this moment a light appeared passing rapidly from the bank of the Allegheny towards the town: in an instant it was lost—and again it glimmered among the ramparts of Fort du Quesne—and then disappeared. He advanced cautiously towards the ruined fort, and clambering over the remains of the breastwork, entered the area—carefully examining the whole ground by the clear moonlight. But no animate object was to be seen. A confused mass of misshapen ridges and broken rocks were alone to be discovered—the vestiges of a powerful bulwark, which had once braced the stream.

"It is deserted," said the bereaved husband, "like my once happy dwelling. The flag is gone—the music is silent—the strong towers have fallen, and all is desolate." Perplexed by the sudden disappearance of the light, and indulging a vague suspicion that it was in some way connected with his misfortune, he continued to explore the ruins. A faint ray of light now caught his eye, and he silently approached it. He soon reached the entrance of an arched vault, formerly a powder magazine, from which the light emanated. The doorway was closed by a few loose boards, leaned carefully against it, and evidently intended only to afford a brief concealment; but a crevice, which had been inadvertently left, permitted the escape of that straggling beam of light which had attracted his attention, and which proceeded from a small taper placed in a dark lantern. Two persons sat before it, in one of whom the astonished St. Clair recognized his late companion, the gambler! The other was whom the astonished St. Clair recognized his late companion, the gambler! The other was a coarse ill-dressed ruffian, with a ferocious and sinister expression of countenance, which at once bespoke his character. They were busily examining a number of large keys, which seemed newly made.

"Bad, awkward, clumsy work," said the gambler; "but no odds about that if they do not fit."

"It's ill working in the night, and bad tools," rejoined the other. "Me and Dick has been at 'em for a week, steady; and if them keys won't do, I'll be hanged if I can make any better."

"Hav'nt I been working in the night too, my boy?" said the gambler. "I've made more money for us since dark than a clumsy rascal like you could earn in a month."

"Clumsy or not you puts us into the danger always, and play gentleman yourself."

"Well that's right. Don't I always plan every thing? and don't I always give you a good share? Come don't get out of heart.—That'll work—and so will that.—"

St. Clair could listen no longer. Under any other circumstances, the scene before him would have excited his curiosity. But the discovery that he had been duped by a sharper—a mere grovelling felon—added to the sorrow that already filled his bosom, stung him so keenly, that he had not patience or spirit to push his discoveries any farther.

"Was it for the company of such a wretch," said he, as he again mournfully bent his steps homeward, "that I left my Louisa? Perhaps she may have guessed the truth. Some coves—droppers may have whispered to her, that I was the associate of gamblers and house-breakers! Shocked at my duplicity and guilt, she has fled from contamination!—No, No!—She would not have believed it. She would have told me. She would have heard my explanation. Her kind heart would have pitied and forgiven me. Perhaps my neglect has alienated her affection. I have left her too often alone, and in doubt. She has suffered what I have felt to-night, the pangs of suspense and jealousy. She could bear it no longer, my cruelty has driven her forever from me."

He again entered his habitation—How changed! No hand was extended to receive him; no smile to welcome him. All was cheerful, cold and silent. A candle, nearly extinguished to the socket, was burning in the parlor, shedding a pale light over the gloom of the apartment; but the bright peculiar orb, that had given warmth and lustre to this little world was extinguished! St. Clair shuddered as he looked around. "Every object reminded him of the happiness he had destroyed; and he felt himself a moral suicide. Half dead with cold, fatigue, and distress he approached the fire—when a note, which had fallen from the card-rack to the floor, caught his eye. The address was to himself, and in Louisa's hand writing. He tore it open and read as follows:—

"That agreeable woman, Mrs. B., who has paid us so many kind attentions, has just sent for me. She is very ill and fancies that no one can nurse her so well as myself, of course, I cannot refuse, and only regret that I must part with my dear Charles for a few hours.—Good night. Your devoted

LOUISA."

The feelings of St. Clair can be better imagined than described, as he thus suddenly passed from a state of doubt and despair, to the full tide of joy. He kissed the billet, and enacted several other extravagancies, which our readers will excuse us from relating. He retired at length to his couch—where his exhausted frame soon sunk into repose.

He rose early the next morning, Louisa was already in the parlor to welcome him with smiles. He frankly related to her all that had happened on the preceding night. Louisa's affectionate heart sympathized in the pain which was pale with watching.

"Do not tell me," said St. Clair, "that I have only suffered that which you often endured.—No, you will not now reproach me, but I know it, I feel it;—and here renounce gaming forever! Never again shall you have cause to complain of my dissipation or neglect."
From the Literary Museum.

THE PATRIOT MOTHER.
[Founded on Facts.]

During the long and sanguinary conflict between the Spaniards and the natives in that part of Terra Firma formerly known as the province of Venezuela, and now recognized as forming an extensive portion of the Republic of Columbia, many brilliant examples of heroic devotion to the cause of freedom shone forth, not only in the ranks of the Liberator's army, but in private families, and even in the less obtrusive walks of female life. Amongst those, who, at the commencement of the Revolution fearlessly arrayed themselves under the banner of Independence, and like Bolivar, staked extensive property upon the result of a hazardous warfare with the armies of the mother country, was the noble family of the Montillas, of Caracas—the capital of the province.

The head of the family was one of the first who conceived the glorious enterprise of emancipating his country from the abasement of European vassalage and captivity, and elevating it to the sublime dignity of freedom and intelligence. After a variety of successes, he perished in the field, in a desperate attack upon an outnumbering body of the enemy—at a time too early for his country, to whom his loss was a national calamity, but in the full maturity of his fame as a gallant soldier; and while the flag of victory waved over him, his dying bequest to the officer, who supported his head upon his knee, was to deliver his sword to his beloved wife to be by her presented to her sons as his dying legacy. His amiable widow, whose devotion to the cause in which he perished, had obtained her the honorable name of "The Patriot Mother," when she received that last token of his remembrance, dropped upon it one tear of uttered anguish for her loss; but dashing it hastily away; and baring the weapon, which was yet red with the blood of the oppressor, while it gleamed on high in her uplifted hand, she raised her eyes to heaven, and exclaimed in accents of mingled hope and imprecation—

"Yes! yes! Montilla! thy death shall be avenged! and thy country yet be free!"

Madame Montilla, who was still young, was a woman of commanding stature. There was in her figure something of queen-like majesty, blended with a degree of elegance and beauty of which she seemed entirely unconscious. Her complexion was clear, yet somewhat embrowned by the rays of a tropical sun; her features regular, yet bold; and her large black eye, without an effort, could speak, in its mildness, the language of affection, or kindle into that of dauntless indignation at the tale of injury. Her glossy black hair escaped in waving masses from beneath the simple cap that confined it, and rested on an ample bosom, clothed in a close mantle of Grecian simplicity. Her gait was erect; not the result of pride, but the dignity of rectitude; and her whole appearance and manner reminded the beholder of the virtuous Roman matron. With a mind enriched by education, she possessed all the sensibilities of the sex; all its capabilities of strong attachment, without its feminine weakness. Her mind was too strong to yield to the sickly sentimentality which too often holds dominion in the female heart; and too refined, not to entertain the most amiable of the domestic affections. She had loved her noble husband with a devotion that had found no utterance in playful dalliance; but was expressed by her unceasing encouragement in whatever could elevate his character and his fame as an honorable citizen. No mother ever felt a warmer attachment to her children: but, when the tear of affection bedewed her eye, she would turn her head, to hide from them her momentary weakness, lest its appearance might weaken that wholesome discipline which she felt it to be her duty to adopt towards her sons, that they might emulate the manliness and virtues of their sire. Her grief for the loss of her lord, was mingled with a holy attachment to the cause in which he had fallen, and chastened by the hope that his sons would avenge his death, and remit the name of Montilla to after ages, linked with the highest of earthly hopes—the emancipation of their country from the yoke of Spain. And, oh! how her bosom palpitated with all a mother's pride, when she marked the martial spirit of her boys, and beheld them growing up in manly beauty—the living likenesses of their lamented sire!

It was soon after the fatal earthquake, that in March, 1812, devastated the province of Caracas, and buried twenty thousand of the inhabitants beneath the ruins of their dwellings, that Madame Montilla's two sons, Pablo and Thomas, entered the independent army; and though both were under age, it was not long before they distinguished themselves by their gallantry in several engagements with the Royalists. She marked their progress with a mother's fondest hopes—not unmingled with a mother's fears; for the conflicts of the exasperated belligerents were generally sanguinary in their result. She heard of their rapid promotion to posts of honor, with unbounded joy; and her very soul was wrapped in the generous cause in which they had embarked.

Her exultation, however, was of short continuance. Her family pride received a blow, which nothing but uncommon strength of mind could enable her to withstand—in the defection of her eldest son, Pablo, from the Patriot army.

He had been induced by the arts of a distant relative, to desert from his regiment, which was encamped near Valencia, and to return to his native town of Caracas, then in possession of the Spaniards, where all persons who did not bear arms against the Spanish cause (and all females) were permitted to reside unmolested—unless suspected of insinual designs.

Pablo, besides the evil counsels of his relative, had another, perhaps more influential, inducement, to abandon his duty. Some months before, during the heat of an engagement, he had rescued from the destructive fire of a party who had attacked the equipage of the Spanish general, Monteverde, a beautiful young female, who turned out to be the daughter of the general. He was smitten by her charms; and her gratitude to her deliverer was, thro' the delicacy and assiduity of his attentions, ripened into a feeling of warmer interest, while they rode together towards Caracas—to which he became her conductor, and whither her father had retired with his troops without being able to learn what had become of her. His ardent desire again to behold Paulina, added to the insidious persuasions of his pretended friend, overcame his sense of duty; and contemplating only a few days' absence from the camp he appeared in the capital as a neutral subject, and easily found access to the object of his admiration. He had not, however, the hardihood to meet the eye of his mother, who, he rightly conjectured, would be deeply incensed at his desertion. He was observed by Monteverde, whose policy induced him to court his friendship; for he considered him a scion of a noble stock, whose virtues and whose name were a sort of national heroon; and he deemed that, could he but win him to his cause, his brother Thomas, who had also obtained a high rank in the Patriot army, might be induced to lay down the standard of Independence, and yield to the ascendancy of Spain. Montilla's name was itself a host; the very archons, as he passed, shouted in his tortured ear—God save Montilla!—and, could he but wean them from their allegiance to Bolivar, he might yet attain the summit of his ambition—the Vice-royalty of the subjected province. He had already paid his court to Madame Montilla with the same insidious views, and had even sought an alliance with her by marriage;—she had proudly spurned him from her as the destroyer of her husband—as the enslaver of her country; and informed him, moreover, that she had heard of Pablo's disaffection, and had instantly disinherited him, as one unworthy of the name or the fortunes of Montilla. Foiled in his attempts with the mother, he contemplated the effecting of his purpose through the son, when a circumstance occurred which he hoped would enable him to prove to the haughty widow, that, to spur his love, was to provoke his hatred. Her youngest son, venturing in disguise one evening with a reconnoitering party, to within a short distance of the outposts of the city, was betrayed into the hands of the Spaniards, by his own relative, who had so basely seduced Pablo from his duty, and conveyed a prisoner to the dungeons of La Guayra, a fortified town on the neighboring sea-coast. The intelligence of
this event renovated the hopes of the Spaniard, and he meditated how best to turn it to advantage.

To be Continued.

From Stuart's 'Three years in North America.'

NORTHAMPTON.

The next place of note where we stopped was Northampton, in the western part of the State of Massachusetts, and between fifty and sixty miles from Albany, and which, whether taking it alone or in conjunction with the neighboring country, is decidedly the most beautiful village that I have seen in this country.

The only place at all to be compared with it is Canandaigua. The villages of New England are proverbial for their neatness and cleanliness. Cooper, the well-known American writer, says truly:—'New England may justly glory in her villages,—in space, freshness, and an air of neatness and of comfort, they far exceed any thing I have ever seen in the mother country. I have passed in one day six or seven of these beautiful hamlets, for not one of which I have been able to collect an equal in all my European travelling. It is, in fact, hardly possible to figure a handsomer country town than Northampton, or a more charming country than in its neighborhood; but the town is not more remarkable for neatness and cleanliness, and for handsome and suitable buildings, and houses and gardens, than for beauty of situation and the delightful scenery in its vicinity. No mere traveller who comes to this country will do justice to it, if he does not visit Northampton. If a traveller in Britain were to stumble upon such a place as this, he would not fail to inquire whose great estate was in the neighborhood, and attribute the decorations of shrubs, flowers, &c. which adorn even the smallest habitations here, to the taste of a wealthy neighbor, or to his being obliged to make them to promote electioneering views. Here, every thing is done by the people spontaneously, and if any authority is exerted, it is by officers appointed by themselves.

The population of Northampton amounts to between 3000 and 4000, and there is only one great broad street, with a few fine trees, in which are situated the churches and courthouse,—buildings decidedly ornamental, and of considerable size. But the beauty of the place, apart from the situation, arises from the great width of the street, and the light, clean appearance of the white, plain houses, with their verandas, porticos, and green Venetian blinds, enclosed with handsome white railings in large pieces of dressed garden-ground, ornamented with large old trees. Northampton consists, in truth, of a number of villages of various sizes but very pleasing, though irregular; architects seeming to vie with each other in the taste and elegance of their external decorations. There is primitive white limestone in the neighborhood, and much of the paved streets and steps are of white marble. The trees in the neighborhood of the town are single spreading trees, principally of elms and of considerable age; the roads are wide, and the foot-paths are excellent every where.—We were shown the old elms that shadowed the house of the celebrated President Edwards.

At the hotel where we lodged, kept by Mr. Warner, the dinner set down to us alone was as good and as well dressed as at any London hotel. A very handsome female waiter attended us and took her seat by us, very much as our equal.

Northampton is surrounded by rising grounds, on one of which is placed a flourishing academy, from which there is one of the best views of the town : but Mount Holyoke, situated on the opposite side of the Connecticut river and about eight hundred feet high, is the hill which all strangers ascend for the sake of the very extensive and glorious prospect from its summit. There is not much difficulty in getting to the top; and the labor is fully repaid by the splendor of the river Connecticut and its windings, and a very rich and fertile valley. This valley contains the most extensive and beautiful plain in New England, well cultivated and populous. About thirty churches, all with spires, are seen from the top of Mount Holyoke, from which too, in a clear day, the hills of New Haven, on Long Island Sound, are distinctly visible.

The whole of the villages from Northampton to Worcester, are handsomely laid out and comfortable places, and every thing about them so neat and so much in order that it is delightful to see them. If we had not been in Northampton in the first place, we should have been more loud in their praise; but about Northampton, there is so much more appearance of real comfort, and of beautiful village scenery, than I have seen any where else, that it is absolutely necessary to moderate the language employed in eulogizing the other villages of New England through which we passed.

BURKE, PITI, AND SHERIDAN.

Burke.—He usually wore a blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, brown breeches, and grey worsted stockings; and a wig of fair, curly hair, made to look natural. He also commonly used spectacles; so that it is not easy to describe his face. But I noticed that he had many wrinkles, and those more of thought than age. He had a double chin as it is termed; large nostrils, a rather long irregular nose, and a wide, and as it were, a loose mouth, such as many public speakers have. His speeches were always worth listening to; for his attitude was often unmeaning, as he would keep one hand in his waistcoat pocket, and the other frequently in his bosom, and swing his body from side to side, while his feet were fixed to one spot. Being an Irishman, he not only spoke with an Irish accent; which might be excused, but with an Irish pronunciation, for which there is no excuse; because English people of good education must needs know how to pronounce their own language, and when an Irishman of discernment and talents speaks differently, it must be because he chooses so to do, which is ridiculous. In spite of these objections, such were the charms of his eloquence, his words flowed in such a torrent, and he so abounded in happy metaphor, and well applied learning, that although I have heard him for several hours together, I do not remember being conscious of weariness or impatience, while he was on his legs.

PITT.—Pitt was a tall thin man, of a fair skin, and with rather an effeminate gait. He had light colored hair, and grey, watery eyes, and a projecting, sharp pointed nose, a little turned up. His forehead, in the part nearest to his eye-brows, came far out, as may be seen in his statues and busts. His manner of speaking in the House was very lordly and commanding; he generally stretched forth his right hand to its utmost length, kept his left hand on his hip, or on the table, near which he usually stood, and his feet in a proper distance from each other, and spoke deliberately, like a person reading from a well-written book, and in a voice as loud and deep almost as a bell.

SHERIDAN.—Sheridan was above the middle height; shoulders somewhat round; he had one leg perceptibly larger than the other. His face, in the lower part, was fat, and all over too rosy for a temperate or very discreet man; eyes most remarkable—large, of a dark color, and shining as if fire came from them; when near, and immediately in front of him, few could bear to look steadily at his countenance. In pronouncing his orations, he had endless grace and variety of action; using both arms with such propriety, that by their movements one might nearly conjecture what he was to say. His voice had in it almost every sort of musical sound; it was sometimes as sweet as the notes of a violin, and at others as mellow as an organ.

PLUTARO.

SCHOOLS IN ROCHESTER.—We have wondered at the apparent stupor which pervades this community on the subject of Education. From the silence of our citizens on this important subject, it would scarcely be surmised by the surrounding country, that Rochester contains any thing worthy of note, excepting a few Churches, an Aqueduct, a Rail Road, and perhaps the Falls on the Genesee. But it gives us great pleasure to be able to state, that an important change is being wrought in the sentiments of this community, on the subject of education. Heretofore schools in Rochester have been ephemeral in their origin and in their duration. The enterprise of the place seems to have been directed more to the accumulation of wealth, than to the improvement of the mind. We do not design at this time to particularize, but take the liberty to call the attention of our readers to the Rochester Sem-
inary, situated in the east part of this village. This institution is organized on the most approved plan, and contains (if we are correctly informed) about three hundred members, arranged in seven different departments, under double that number of well qualified and devoted teachers. The lower departments are designed for elementary instruction, and to prepare its pupils for entering the other departments. The higher departments are designed not only to give a substantial education to such as have not the means of repairing to colleges and higher seminaries, but to qualify young men for entering any of the advanced classes in college, and young ladies for becoming virtuous, intelligent companions. The female department is under the superintendence of a lady, who is favorably known to this community as a teacher of the first standing.

We cannot in justice close our remarks, without adverting to the Rochester Seminary for Young Ladies. This institution is situated in the west part of the village, and is a school of the first respectability. Its instruction is committed to hands of well qualified individuals; and it receives a liberal share of confidence and patronage. These, with the numerous other schools of Rochester, furnish ample provision for the education of the rising generation.—

Am. Revivalist.

From the Shrine.

BOSTON.

Boston is the place!—for what? For any thing, you please. Every genuine Yankee considers her, not only as the pride of New England—but of the world. Her rival looks not out upon the broad Atlantic! There she sits, amid the iron mountains of the north, lovely as a queen;—equally beautiful, to the countryman, who, on a fine morning, for the first time, glances at her dazzling pyramid of palaces; and to the house-bound mariner, who, by the magic of the telescope, beholds the glorious form, slowly rising from the dim, blue ocean.

"Spread every inch of canvas!" cries the captain. 'At sunset, we will drop anchor in Boston Harbor! Ah! now she dashes along, like a sea-serpent! The sands of Minos,—say I, to handle halyard, or harpoon!—I see it now.'

She has withstood the storms of a Revolution. It was hatched there, myself.!

"Cape Cod? Then, this is Cape Ann, at the right, so famous for its fishermen?"

Ay! Ay! and no more, to Cape Cod—than my left arm, slashed off here, at my elbow, to this right arm, with that handful of bones, on to the end of. Give me the right arm, say I, to handle halbard, or harpoon!—Boy, bring me the glass! There, Sir, if you look here away, in this direction, and then again, in that direction, you will see a pretty group of islands, basking in the glittering sunlight, like a shad of porpoises!"

I declare, how beautiful! They start up, like a row of sea-nymphs, directly before me, all clad in living green.'

"Now raise your glass, a bit. There she is! There is Boston!—the pride of the world! London, and Liverpool—Sheffield, and Birmingham, are not to be mentioned in the same day. Hope, I give no offence, Sir. We Yankees are apt to use some freedom of tongue, over our own tea-pot. This is, you know, the very bay—in which, we steeped for old John Bull, such an expensive cup of tea—in the year '75."

"Yes! and if I mistake not—one Commodore Lawrence, commander of the frigate Chesapeake, once sailed out of this same harbor. Can you inform me—if the said Commodore ever returned?"

"No! with odds of two to one, against him he fought, and died, like a Hero! Let no Briton dare—"

"Come, Captain, let us drop this theme."

"Agreed. Now, if you please, just sweep your glass around—and glance at the outlines of the Bay. There, is a framed mirror, for you—such as no city looks into, save the Queen of the North. Dark-eyed Naples looks into a pretty bay—but, after all, it isn't Massachusetts Bay!"

The landsman, if he loves Boston less—venerates her, as much as the seamen. He is mindful of her noble charities. He cannot forget, that she is the very heart of benevolent enterprise. Her name is associated in his mind, with all that is sacred in Religion—all that is lofty in Patriotism. He sees in her, the Parent of the Revolution—the Muse of Learning—and the mother of an hundred colonies. Every one of her ancient buildings is to him a legend of the Revolution. There he may behold the time-tangled walls of the Old South!—the same church, which the fortune of war once converted into a stable, for the horses of the British Soldier! There, too, is old Faneuil Hall!—as immortal as the Eloquence which has consecrated it!

On Boston Common, still stands the great Elm—as fresh, and green, as ever. Stranger! go, stand in the shade of that elm! It has withstood the storms of a Revolution. It has witnessed the sacrifices of patriotism, and the growth of an empire! Beneath it, fresh-lipped lovers have sealed their plighted vows whose dust, perhaps, is now nourishing its root! The gay, the learned, the beautiful, of many generations have stood, where you now stand. They are gone!—sworn away into oblivion, by Time's resistless current! And, thou, Stranger, who art now standing, perhaps, at midnight, beneath its solemn branches, listening to the awful stillness, which hath fallen, like a coffin-lid, upon every thing around you—when thou shalt have passed away, and been forgotten, with the thronging multitudes of the city—the Elm, over thy head, shall still lift its venerable form—the representative of the Revolution—the undying emblem of freedom.

RICHES.

Some idea may be formed of the wealth of the ancient Romans, and their extravagant mode of living, by mentioning the following instances:

Apicus was worth $3,552,000. He expended in luxurious living nearly the whole of his estate, and being forced to look into his accounts, and finding that he had but about $555,000 left, he poisoned himself for fear of starving.

Heliogabalus, the Roman Emperor, expended in a single supper, upwards of $100,000, and the notorious Caligula, a sum of money equal to $250,000. Vitellius is said to have expended in a single year, in eating and drinking, upwards of $32,000,000. This gourmand at four times a day, and each meal cost not less than $15,000. In those days a pair of doves sold for 50 or $60—a single fish, not exceeding ten pounds in weight, sold for upwards of $200.

Demetrius, a freedman of Pompey, was worth $3,000,000; Pallas a freedman of Claudius, possessed money and goods to the amount of $10,000,000, and Seneca, the Philosopher, accumulated an equal amount in four years.

EVENING.

There are two periods in the life of man, in which the evening hour is peculiarly interesting—in youth, and old age. In youth, we love it for its mellow moonlight, its million of stars, its rich and soothing shades, its still serenity: amid these we can commune with our loves, or twine the wreaths of friendship, while there is none to bear us witness but the heavens and the spirits that hold their endless sabbath there—or look into the bosom of creation, spread abroad like a canopy above us, and look and listen until we can almost see and hear the waving wings and melting songs of other worlds. To youth, evening is delightful—it accords with the flow of his light spirits, the fervor of his fancy, and the softness of his heart. Evening is also delightful to the virtuous aged; it affords hours of undisturbed contemplation; it seems an emblem of the calm and tranquil close of busy life—serene, placid, and mild, with the impress of its great Creator stamped upon it; it spreads its quiet wings over the grave, and seems to promise that all shall be peace beyond it.

The oldest member of Congress now living, is the Hon. Paine Wingate, of Stratham, N.H. He was of the first Congress, held in New York, under Gen. Washington's administration. He is the oldest living on the Harvard College catalogue, having graduated in 1758—75 years. He married a sister of Col. Pickering, whom he buried a few years since. He still superintends his farm at the age of about 89 years; is an old school gentleman, and most his revolutionary hat and ruffles.
From the Hartford Weekly Review.

"WEEL IT'S TIME! YOU HAD."

Miss Sarah Ann Webster, of Philadelphia, lately communicated to the editor of the Philadelphia Gazette, the fact of her marriage with Mr. Jonathan S. Paul, a gentleman of that city.

On the publication of the notice, Mr. Paul immediately made a public statement that no such marriage had, or was likely to take place. We suppose Miss Webster was actuated by the same motives as Miss Ursula Wolcott, but her efforts were not crowned with the same success. Between the Wolcott and Griswold families, two of the most ancient and respectable families in Connecticut, there existed a remote relationship. Ursula Wolcott, afterwards the wife of the first Governor Griswold, was a lady of superior intellect and accomplishments, and, perhaps, unequalled in the state for sagacity and shrewdness. Notwithstanding the superiority of her endowments, and the shining excellence of her character, she remained unmarrried until about the age of thirty. Finding it at length indispensably necessary to turn her attention to matrimony, or become in fact, what she already was in name, an old maid, she remarked to her friends that she had come to the conclusion of spending a few weeks at Lyme, for the purpose of courting her cousin Matthew.

On her arrival at Lyme, she found her cousin Matthew, who was also considered an old bachelor, more disposed to devote his attention to his Coke and Littleton, than to his cousin Ursula; but she was determined at all events to bring him to the point. She occasionally would meet him in the hall or on the stairs, and after carelessly passing him, turn round, and eagerly inquire, "what's that you said" to which he would reply, that he had not said any thing. After several unsuccessful attempts to make him understand, she met him one day on the stairs, and after making the usual inquiry, and receiving the usual answer, she hastily replied, "well I think it's time you had." Matthew could not avoid taking the hint, and a short time after, they exchanged civilities with all who were passing a farm-yard, how much a com mon ox would weigh, that stood near, answered—'Well I don't know entirely,' I guess he'll weigh 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 hundred, somewhere along there, no great difference from that any way.'

Retiring from Trade.—"Sir," said a lady foreigner, lately to a freeholder of R—,

"have you a room to let"—yes, was the reply, do you want to hire one?—and I do to be sure, and my husband with me." How many are there of your family? "My husband and I, and we've three little ones"—and what business do you follow?—We are merchants, sir, and keeps cakes, pies, and candies for sale."—Where do you do business?—In Love's Block, sir, but my husband wishes to leave trade, as he is a bit of a Carpenter, such as saws, splits and piles wood, and would like to get a room a little out of the bustle, Sir.

Bunker Hill Monument.—The foundation Stone of this Monument, most of our readers will recollect, was laid on the 17th day of June, 1825, at the celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of the memorable battle of Bunker Hill, in presence of more than 10,000 persons (Gen. La Fayette among the rest) who had assembled to witness the proceedings of that august scene. There has already been expended large sums of money on this grand work, and considerable progress made in its erection. Of late $22,000 have been subscribed for it, and more undoubtedly will be raised, enough, we presume, to complete this splendid memorial of heroism and love of country, in a style worthy of Americans. And although this pile will justly be considered by the present and future generations as a noble and patriotic work—yet it will hardly bear a comparison with a Monument planned and ordered erected by a female, a native woman, a lover of her husband. Artemisia, queen of Caria, in Asia, bore so great a love for her husband Meneleus, that when he died, she resolved to make her own breast his sepulchre, and accordingly drank the ashes of his heart mingled in a cup of wine. She also decreed a prize to him who should write the best panegyric in his praise—and determining to make his name immortal, she built a monument to his memory, which she called the Mausoleum, of the finest of marble, and most exquisite workmanship. It consisted of four fronts, each sixty three feet wide, and thirty eight feet high. In the midst was raised a pyramid, on the top of which was placed a chariot and four horses in marble. The height of the whole from the ground was one hundred and forty feet, and it was accounted one of the wonders of the world—and although Artemisia in died of grief before the work was finished, still it was completed, and since that time all sumptuous monuments are called Mausoleums.

In the present No. we have commenced the interesting Tale of the "Patriot Mother."—It will be given entire in three numbers.

We have in the hands of the Engraver, a View of the Village of Rochester, taken from Mount Hor, two miles from the village, which we hope to be able to present to the readers of the Gem, in our next number.

We have heard a few complaints from our distant Subscribers of the non arrival of the Gem, after it had been regularly put into the Post Office here, and of its being in some instances, 8 and 10 days travelling only 20 & 30 miles. On whom should rest the blame, we know not, but feel satisfied that none should be attached to the Rochester Post Office.

Goodell's Geneesc Farmer.—Mr. N. Goodell, late, Editor of the Geneesc Farmer, published by Messrs. L. Iulio & Co. Rochester, has issued two nos. of a handsomely executed paper, entitled Goodell's Geneesc Farmer—to be edited and published by him, in this village, at 50c per annum, in advance. It will be devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture, Domestic Manufactures, Household Arts, and Domestic Economy, and it is intended that each shall have place, near as may be, in proportion to their importance.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, published by Lilly, Wait, & Co., Boston, is a useful and highly interesting publication. THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE is the title of a work published by the same gentlemen, and devoted to the improvement of the juvenile class of society. They are published semi-monthly at $1 per annum.

To Correspondents.

Jenius.—The literary world has for a long time shown great anxiety and curiosity to ascertain the author of Jenius' Letters, that it might place the laurel crown upon the right head—but, thus far, all attempts to obtain the secret have proved fruitless. It is now said that Lord Greenville has possession of the work, and will publish it when he pleases, and on his death, the long sought for will be found. But one thing is certain, we have many men in this country—yes, in every part of it, where there is a printing press, who if they do not each claim to be Jenius himself, do at least assume his signature. The whole business for obtaining a great name many times produces a great effect—and here we would inform our correspondent. "Jenius", that his communication mailed in Leicester, the 20th of last month, arrived here in the first of this month—and on the one and half sheet of foolscap, of which it consisted, we had 30 cents postage to pay. A short time before, we received a letter mailed from the same office, consisting of two sheets only of writing paper, on which the writer had paid 40 cents postage, just double the regular postage. While taxed in this manner our correspondent must expect that we shall be in a mood that will quite as likely lead us to pay a communication under the table, as on it, unless it is a valuable one indeed.
I went on before, when on Jordan's shore,
The sons of the prophets stood,
And my wings did float, when Elijah smote
The bright, deep rolling flood.
And I shone afar, when Elijah's car
And horses of fire flew.
Which were darkly rolled in the whirlwind's fold,
Till light from my wings I threw.

When Belshazzar's lords, o'er his banquet boards,
Drank from Joshua's cups divine,
I touched every face with an earthly grace,
And filled up the sparkling wine.
Then up on the wall of that banquet hall,
While quivered Belshazzar's lip,
I flew with the light which besaddled his sight,
And wrote with my pinion's tip.

I went through the air when the star was there,
Which shone when Jesus was born,
I stood o'er the place, where the Savior's face
Beamed forth on that hallowed morn;
And I rose in view, and soul radiance threw
O'er that low but holy place,
When the shepherd-band, at an angel's command,
Bowed over His infant face.

When wild, wanont Mirth came over the earth,
And the son of God was slain,
While the startled sky, as it rolled on high,
Seemed disavering with its pain;
And Darkness came out, and breathed round about,
With his black and shame-bearing mien,
I fled far away, encompassed by Day,
And left the horrible scene.

I light o'er the bow, with a golden glow,
When the rain pours down with power,
And my wings shine under the storm-howling thun-
Drer,
And gleams in each cloud-built bower;
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A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

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From the Literary Museum.

THE PATRIOT MOTHER.

[Founded on Facts.]

The tropical sun which in those regions diffuses a perpetual spring, flung his departing rays from the lofty mountains that seemed to rise like giant steps to the azure heavens on the west side of the valley of Caracas. The humming bird had ceased to twitter from the leafy spray, and had sought its nest in the orange tree. Flocks of parakeets were heard in mid air, loud in their ardor to reach their favorite wood for the night; and the wild turkeys had already begun to place their watchful sentinels round the trees in which they settled to roost, with wakeful ear to guard against surprise from larger birds of prey, or the groping hand of the insidious fowler; who might otherwise seize them by the legs as they slept.—The spotted lizards rushed through the withered leaves to regain their excavated mansions. The fields of tall sugar cane, and Indian corn, and the featherly branches of the cocoa-nut, the palm-tree and banana, confessed, by their wavering motion, the gentle force of the night breeze, and from the coffee plantations, on the hills, came the joyous tone of the Indian pipe, mingled with the sound of the negro drum, and the shrill note of their wild melody, "inez pride in my heart,—I am a woman!"

Pablo and Paulina, attracted by the beauty of the evening, had strolled along the groves bordering the river, that winds down the valley of Caracas, and were engaged in earnest and endearing conversation. It is enough to delineate aught that could convey a semblance of one whose charms were so truly luxuriant. Her large and pensive eyes were full of that expression of languor that indicated a soul that shrunk from the turbulent passions incident to ruder natures and sought repose in the tranquil delights of tenderness and affection.

Pablo alluded, in troubled accents, to his absence, (though to gaze upon so much loveliness, from the camp of his brother soldiers,) and spoke of a speedy return to his corps. His timid partner besought him to remain for some days, and urged upon him the treacherous and disturbed state of her father's mind, who, she added, approved of their attachment.

"You will not—shall not leave me yet!" said the fair Andalusian. "Would that these wars were over, and gladly would I forgo with thee all the pride and pomp of power and state; and as if inspired by the theme, in the ardent spirit of romance and poesy, she exclaimed—"

O for a cottage in some vale, Where never yet was heard the cannon's roar, Where never sound around did harrowing echoes sound. Save tinkling of guitar, or castagnet At village dance, or chaunt of village maid, Or the sweet rush of waters from the hill, Or low of herds, or birds in grateful orison.

Scarcely had she concluded ere she observed her companion to start, and he exclaimed—"Behold! it is my sorrowing mother, come to reproach me that I have quitted the field, to worship even so fair a saint as thee." The matron approached. "I greet thee, mother!" said the youth, "with a son's dutiful affection."

"My son!" said the lady, while she seemed to rise in stature as she spoke; "Thou art no son of mine—no son of the noble Montilla. Thou wert some piling base-born brat, thrust into my cradle when my child was stolen. What! leave the camp! desert thy fellow soldiers, and waste the precious moments of reprieve in idle dalliance with an artful girl—the daughter, too of the invader of thy country! Out! out! thou art no son of mine."

"Good lady!" said Paulina trembling, "I have used no guile to draw your son from honor and obedience: and if he desert his country or his parent, I have the maiden pride to burst asunder every tie that binds my heart to his. But, lady, he ever speaks of thee with affection, and his country is still the anxious theme of his discourse."

"Yes, siren!" cried the matron, "his speech, but not his deeds, proclaim his valor; and I have sworn, by yon azure armament, that, although in him I lodged the fondest hopes of a mother, he shall enjoy no inheritance of mine who thus deserts his country in her need—to listen to the fickle prattlings of a woman's tongue."

Pablo felt the force—the justice, though severe, of his mother's imperative decree; and he sought not to palliate his offence. "I have deserved this," he replied, hastily, and oh! my honored parent! how shall I redeem the precious hours I have spent with this blameworthy girl?"

"Go!" said Madame Montilla—"Go to the brindled tygerss when her cubs are shot by the cruel hunters—when she, herself, is pursued to death, or worse, to be encaged and cramped for life—deprived of the free privilege of nature. Go ask the slave who has ever felt the lash. Go ask the widowed mothers of Columbia—the children renounced orphans by the war of the invader. They would define thy duty—and if thou wouldst more, more worthy as thou art of my confidences, meet me to-night, at twelve, at the tomb of thy father; there, as thy purpose be, to receive my blessing or my curse."

"As for thee!" resumed the lady, addressing Paulina, "the world proclaims thee to be of a feeling heart, and at another time my speech may be less stern; now, I must fashion it to stubborn circumstances. Your sire (I blame not you) made me a widow; beware ye not to make my soon a traitor!"

There was a wild and enthusiastic earnestness in Madame Montilla's manner, that left those whom she had addressed without the power of immediate reply, and with their eyes fixed on the ground. When they looked up, they saw but her waving garments as she gradually disappeared amidst the now sombre recesses of the forest.

Paulina, as she hung trembling on her love's arm, while they hastily returned to the city, thus addressed him, Pablo, hold not lightly the mandate of thy excellent, thy heroic mother; and yet, my heart beats for thy safety. Pablo, thou hast a mother. I never knew a mother's fond caresses, but I have a
father, still my only stay—whatever his offens-  
ed to thy country and thy family. Oh! if thou but knewest the warmth of his affection before ambition warped his noble nature, thou wouldst half forgive even all he has done."

"I understand thee!" said Pablo, interrupting her; "thou wasthe same father to be kindly dealt with, should the fortune of war be ours. Enough—he is thy father; and were he not, we should not forget that he is a soldier, commissioned on, perchance, a hateful service."

Madame Montilla, on her return to the city, learned the distressing news that her youngest son, Thomas, was a prisoner; and she found a note awaiting her, from Monte verde, requesting her immediate attendance at the governor's hall. Thither she repaired with a sorrowful heart, exasperated still more at the recent conduct of Pablo, by contrasting it with that of his more manly, but less fortunate brother. She was ushered into the audience chamber, which the general paced with strides that gave indication of his self-importance and complacency.

"Lady," said he, on beholding her, "we give thee welcome. We lament that a sanguinary war should ravage this, thy native soil, and that of his more manly, but less fortunate brother. Thy other son, Pablo, who is free in virtue of our proclamation affecting those who observe neutrality, loves my daughter, and their alliance would restore Columbia to repose."

"Yes!" said Madame Montilla, interrupting him; "Repose! the silence of the slave who crouches to the lash, but dare not murmur!" "Nay, lady! the patriot forces have lost, in your son, one of their ablest leaders, and are in desperate plight."

"No cause," replied the lady, "that is just, is desperate; and there are still some gallant hearts to dare, and some hands to do."

"Lady!" urged Monte verde, "I might detain your son, Thomas, as a hostage—his life to answer for the first attack from the rebel army—until reinforcements reach me from Europe. But I would rather stop the tide of war, that may else overwhelm thee and thine in destruction. Thou hast disinherited Pablo. He loves thy daughter; and, if thou'lt revoke thy will, and restore him to his fortunes, her hand shall be his; Columbia will be restored to her legitimate sovereign; and thy son Thomas to freedom."

Madame Montilla's eyes flashed with indignation, to hear this proposition; and some moments elapsed ere she could reply.

"Am I not yet," she at length cried, with the dignity of a Roman matron, "sufficiently bent with injury, that thou shouldst seek to heap further insult upon me? The base proposal has no sanction from the gallant boy who is thy prisoner: and should my son Pablo join thy hated standard—although thy daughter were a weeping angel, that had seduced him from his allegiance to Columbia's cause, I would that he should sink ignobly into a traitor's grave, with the curses of a mother upon his head; while I should exult in my son Thomas expiring in chains, a martyr to freedom and his country, rather than he should regain his liberty on such dishonorable conditions."

"General in conference at this unexpected example of female intrepidity and patriotism, and was compelled to respect, where he could not punish."

The bell of the convent of St. Salvador tolled out the midnight hour, and was heard at intervals on the stormy blast. The thunder pealed loud and calm the hills, and the vivid lightning darted doun in ceaseless streams upon the valley, which but lately had slumbered in the calmness of a cloudless eye. The earth, which, since the awful earthquake that had laid the city in ruins, had frequently shaken, as if surcharged with internal fire, now trembled, as though in terror of the flashing heavens; and birds and beasts uttered sounds of dread, as if they feared a general wreck of nature.

Pablo leant mournfully on a marble tomb, inscribed—"To the memory of Montilla," in the middle of a cemetery, in a lonely field near the suburbs; and seemed to shrink, as if justly rebuked, when he read on the adjoining tablet—"To the memory of the brave, who fell in the cause of Columbia." A vivid flash from a thunder-cloud revealed the form of his mother, who, regardless of the storm, hastened to the appointed place of meeting. Their interview was one of deep and solemn interest; but, (said my father), my tale has already occupied so much time, that I must refrain from details, that I may furnish the sequel of my story before the hour of rest.

Madame Montilla, after a few enthusiastic remarks on the struggle of her country for independence, that conveyed a stern reprefen- tation of the conduct of her son,—observing him to be moved, and eager to make atonement for the past by his future devotion to the cause, commanded him to endeavor to release his brother Thomas from the dungeon, in Laguayra, in which he was immured, giving him the pass word of the guard, which she obtained through the wife of one of the soldiers. If he succeeded, both were to repair to the camp, the commander of which contemplated an attack on the concentrated Spanish forces, on the following day, at Agua Caliente, some distance from the town of Puerto Cabello. Prosecuting his resolution to devote his utmost exertions to retrieve his mother's confidence, he was about to depart, when he was called back.

"Stay yet a moment," said the matron, "I have a still more sacred charge to deposit with thee; and here, at thy father's tomb, must I have thy oath of a faithful guardianship.

This was his sword!" said she, drawing a shining blade from her mantle,—"never wielded but to succour the oppressed. It was his last—his noblest legacy. Say that thou wilt use it worthily, and it is thine!"

The youth received the gift with pride and gratitude, and called the spirits of the heroes, upon whose dust he knelt, to witness his devotion to the cause in which his honored father bled. Uttering a farewell benediction to his mother, he departed with hasty steps; and, rousing two trusty companions, to assist him in the rescue, they took the road to Laguayra, that they might the better execute their daring purpose before the dawn.

When he departed his mother's heart for a moment sank within her. He is gone, she thought, commissioned, too, by me, on a dangerous game; perhaps to meet his death. But when she remembered the glorious cause in which he had embarked, she flung herself upon her husband's tomb, and exclaimed, animated by inward hope, "Yes, beloved Montilla! thou lookest down with approval on this sacrifice of thy widow;—and thou—thy country—all shall yet be avenged."

*(To be Continued.)*

**A MOONLIGHT SCENE.**

I am a man of a roving disposition, one that likes to steal away from the "hubbub and bustle" of this vain, transitory world, and go into some forest and meditate in sweet solitude upon the works of Nature that may surround me. I love to ramble in the woods and by the lake shore, where I can explore the earth and find golden jewels, precious Gems, &c. &c. I love to go to these places, for then and there it is that I can look "Through Nature, up to Nature's God."

It was with a disposition of the above description, that I left my home one evening, and after a few moment's walk, found myself upon the delicious banks of Lake Ontario. It was a beautiful evening, and a beautiful scene was before me—it almost baffles description. A cool breeze from the north caused the trees to bend majestically, their leaves waving and fluttering like the aspen or poplar, while the Moon, with all her wanton loveliness, shone with a splendid and effulgence almost inconceivable. But this is not all, watch the surging wave as it rises high, and swiftly directs its course towards the shore; here it beats im- nitely, roaring like the Falls of Genesee. I could stand within a few feet of these waves without being disturbed, because He who spoke, and it was done, also said, "Thus far shalt thou come, proud wave, and no farther." To add to the grandeur of this already beautiful scene, imagine to yourself, reader, the appearance of several Schooners, with all their canvas set, every mizzen at his post, and the vessel plunging through the white foaming billows
at the rate of six knots an hour. How beau-
tiful the prospect! How full of interest! How
it ought to lead us to adore Adorable
Being who is the "Maker of the earth, and
all the things that are therein." Reader, hast
thou ever beheld such scenes? Hast not
thy heart ever inclined thee to leave the
avoca-
tions of life, and wander after wisdom, even
in a moonlight evening? If it hast not—
if thou never hast, let thy feet take thee to scenes
like the above, I beseech thee to let them do
it now—hasten to the fair banks of Ontario,
and there get thy desires, like my own, in-
creased to behold "A Moonlight Scene."

The vessels that have just passed by me so
majestically, are now nearly "lost in the ro-
get. Alas, the name recorded on bright
toned sorrows of the heart—must but too soon
memory's page will soon be erased by th
the lamb forever.' There the blight and mill-
dow of time will have lost its power to harm.
There the hungry and the thirsty soul may par-
take of the tree and the river of life, and nev-
er more hunger or thirst. There the weary
in spirit may find a home, radiant with the
smiles of a father's love; for there the wick-
ed cease from troubling and the weary are at
rest.

CUTULIN,
"My tale is simple, and of humble birth, A tribute of respect to real worth."

You are too praiseworthy, Henry," said Mr. D., to one of his clerks, as they were together in the counting house; "I give leave to say that you do not dress sufficiently genteel to appear as clerk in a fashionable store. Henry has a respectable appearance, with a deep blush, in spite of his endeavor to suppress it, a tear trembled on his manly cheek. I did not know that your salary was sufficient to provide more genteel habiliments," continued Mr. D., "I would increase it.

My salary is sufficient, Mr. D., replied Henry, in a voice choked with emotion; I have always thought that pride is the only chance of offending him, which poverty had not been able to divest him of. His employer noticed his agitation and immediately changed the subject.

Mr. D. was a man of immense wealth and ample benevolence; he was a widower and had but one child, a daughter, who was the prize of the market. She was not as perfect an angel, or as beautiful as Venus; but the goodness, innocence, and intelligence of her mind alone in her countenance, and you had but to become acquainted with, to admire, and love her. --So much Caroline Delancy, when Henry first became an inmate of her father's house. No wonder then that he soon loved her with a tenderness and devotion after the fashion of the times, and reader, had you known him you would not have wondered that love was soon returned, when Henry first became an inmate of her house. A venerable-looking old man, who had not forgotten that he was once young and artless, thought he. "Henry's virtue's purest mould, and although their souls were congenial; they were cast out of her young and artless heart,' thought he.

"My salary is sufficient, amply sufficient, Mr. D., reiterated Mr. D., "I should like to have you defer it a week or two longer."

"Henry, conscious that his agitation had been subdued, but when he found that Caroline was by no means abashed, he asked, "Are you happy? you know I wish your happiness, my child."

"I am not, Mr. D., replied Henry, "I have a protector, and as the man of no fortune could not be a mother only could feel: to all of which, Mr. D. replied to her perfect satisfaction."

"You cannot," rejoined Mr. D., "why, you have never, until now, hid any thing from me."

"You cannot," reiterated Mr. D., "I cannot," replied Henry, "I have only one child, and he is my only support."

"It would be no inconvenience, sir, and if it would oblige you, I will wait with pleasure." Mr. D. "It would most certainly oblige me, for Caroline is to be married in about five weeks, and I would not miss having you attend the wedding."

"Caroline to be married, sir," Henry, starting, as if by an electric shock, "Caroline is to be married? is it possible?"

"To be sure it is. What is there wonderful in that?"

"Nothing, sir, it was rather sudden, rather unexpected, that's all."

"It was rather sudden, to be sure," replied Mr. D., "I'll do what I can, and wish to see her have a protector, and another of her choice is well worthy of her, I see no use in waiting any longer, and am glad that you can stay to the wedding."

"I cannot," replied Henry, forgetting what he had previously said.

"You cannot," rejoined Mr. D., "why, you just said you would."

"Yes sir, but business requires my presence in the country, and I must go." But you said: I would put you to no inconvenience, and that you would wait with pleasure."

"Command me in any thing else, sir, in this respect I cannot oblige you," said Henry, rising and walking the floor with rapid strides. Poor fellow, he had thought his passion subdued; but when he found that Caroline was so soon, so irrevocably to become another's, the latent spark burst into an extinguishable flame; and he found it in vain to endeavor to conceal his emotion.

The old gentleman regarded him with a look of earnestness: "Henry," he said, "tell me frankly, do you love my girl?"

"I will be candid with you sir," replied Henry, conscious that his agitation had betrayed him. "Had I fortune, such as she inherits, and you have, a right to expect, I should think myself the happiest of men, could I gain her love."

"Then she is yours," cried the delightful..."
man; say not a word about property, my boy; true worth it better than riches. I was only trying you, Henry; and Caroline will never be married to any other than yourself.

The transportation from despair to happiness was great. For a moment Henry crumpled up his looks, and scowled, remembering what had been.

"I scorn to deceive you, sir," said he, "I am poorer than what you suppose; I have a mother and grandfather, who--"

"I know it! I know it all, Henry," said Mr. D. interrupting him. "I know the reason of your parsimony, as I called it, and I honor you for it; it was that which first put it into my head to give you Caroline; so she shall be yours, and may God bless you both."

Shortly after this conversation, Henry avowed his love to Caroline, and solicited her hand, and it is needless to say that he did not solicit in vain. Caroline would have deferred their union until the ensuing spring; but her father was inexcusable. He supposed he should have to own one falsehood, but it was too much, and he would not endure it; therefore we were sent for, and the nuptials solemnized us old folks forget it; however, if you can postpone your journey, I suppose we must defer it, after all, for you to the inconvenience of staying. You have once been young, sir," said Henry; "I did not wish to witness the sacrifice of my friend's love; we have only to add, that the friends of Henry were invited thither by a most obliging letter from Pope Benedict, and having been invited thither, they would willingly have had them shoulder two, but it was too much, and he would not endure it; they had told Henry she was going to be married in five weeks, and he should not forget his word. "But perhaps," added he, "scorn to deceive you, sir," said Henry. "I am merciful," replied the old gentleman, "for that reason would not wish to put you to the inconvenience of staying. You said that you would willingly oblige me, but you could not, indeed; I could not."

"You have once been young, sir," said Henry.

"I know it, I know it," replied he, laughing heartily, "but I am afraid that too many of us old folks forget it; however, if you can postpone your journey, I suppose we must have a wedding."

We have only to add, that the friends of Henry were sent for, and the nuptials solemnized at the appointed time; and that blessed with the filial love of Henry and Caroline, the old people passed the remainder of their days in peace and happiness.

**Written for the Gem.**

"Ye gentle ladies! in whose sovereign power
Love hath the glory of his kingdom left,
And the hearts of men, as your eternal dover,
In iron chains, of liberty bereft,
Delivered hath unto your hands by gift:
Be well aware how you the same do use."

**Spencer's Fairy Queen.**

As a nation advances in virtue and intelligence, the female character becomes more respected. While the savage leaves his wife at home to cultivate the soil, prepare him food, and minister to his pleasures, in the most servile capacity; the cultivated and intelligent loves to place her on a level with himself, the partner of his toils, the companion of his pleasures, the mother of his griefs. Woman when thus exalted, exerts a powerful controlling influence upon individual and national happiness. When did England make the most rapid strides in civilization and refinement? Was it not at the period of the Crusades, when knightly pranks arose? And what nations are distinguished for politeness, intelligence, and virtue, but where females are most respected?

They refine, they improve, they have important business in the country about them. "I am merciful," repaid the old gentleman, "for it was that which first put it into my head to give you Caroline; so she shall be yours, and may God bless you both."

"The beauty and wit of Aspasia, of Mile."

"The beauty and wit of Aspasia, of Mile."

"And the hearts of men, as your eternal dower,
Be merciful, sir," said Henry, smiling, "I am merciful," replied the old gentleman, "for it was that which first put it into my head to give you Caroline; so she shall be yours, and may God bless you both."

The title would doubtless have been more appropriate, had it been "a woman's view of education."

It is in forming the minds of children that the grand effort must be made to eradicate the prejudice that has so long debarred females an equality of intellect.

"He shall rule over thee," was, in reference to the social condition of man and woman, to be the punishment of Eve's transgression; but remember it is not said he shall have more mind or more knowledge than his helpmate. Authority over the men, therefore, must never be usurped; but still, women may, if they will exert their talents, and the opportunities nature has furnished, obtain an influence in society that will be paramount to authority. They may enjoy the luxuries of wealth without suffering their knowledge be confined to culinary occupations—let not their virtue be unlightened; let not their adorning consist merely in plaiting their hair—but let not their zeal be untempered with wisdom.

J. H. A.

**EDUCATION.**

"There can be nothing new in an article on education," is the thought that will occur to most of my readers while looking at the title. Yet, read it ladies, before pronouncing it dull. It was written expressly for your benefit. The title would doubtless have been more appropriate, had it been "a woman's view of education."

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Vol. v.

THE GLASS OF RUM—WHAT IT COSTS.—There is no class of pieces, perhaps, excepting even lovers, more subject to disappointments, than printers. We call for the Engraving—and lo! we were disappointed. It was not finished. We think we may safely say, 'twill be ready for our next.

Again—and another a worse one. A few weeks since, we called on agents, and all subscribers for this paper, who had not complied with our terms, for immediate pay—and have ever since been daily expecting remittances—and behold! we've been disappointed. Terms are $1.50 in advance; this we expect, otherwise we should say $2.00 per annum. Agents must know, and subscribers must know, our terms, and when they are deviated from, we are in a measure injured, 800 paying-in advance subscribers, are better to us than 1200 non-paying ones. We need pay more than we need numbers—and must insist in future on a compliance with the terms—we say the terms, or nothing. Will agents please assist us in collecting present arrears?

NOTICES OF LITERARY WOMEN.

It appears by a London paper, that Mrs. Hennans is residing in Dublin, occupied in the education of her sons; she is shortly to publish a vol. of sacred poetry. Hannah More is still alive, but in a state that would render death a blessing; a memoir, by a "constant friend," is already prepared. Miss Loudon has been staying at Oxford; on a visit to her Uncle, the head of Worcester College; a new novel from her pen is nearly finished. Miss Milford sojourns at Three Mile Cross; her tragedies laid by till a more fitting season. Mrs. Hewitt, a member of the Society of Friends, who resides at Nottingham, has prepared a series of tragic dramas, with the highest moral tone. Of Mrs. Joanna Baillie, the world hears nothing; she resides at Highgate.
The Rochester Gem.

in comparative solitude, but enjoying daily intercourse with a few chosen friends. Miss Bowles is unhappily not in good health; she lives at Leamington, in Hampshire. Mrs. Fletcher is on the wide sea with her husband, voyaging to India. Mrs. Norton is deserting the Museus for the Court Magazine, and a novel which we believe will shortly appear. Mrs. Opie lately disposed of her house at Norwich, and is now residing at Cornwall.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Poems by Mr. Felicia Hemans, with a preface by the American Editor.—Boston: Perkins & Marvin. These Poems are selected with good taste. Domestic Portraiture, or, the successful application of religious principle in the education of a family, exemplified in the memoirs of three of the deceased children of the Rev. Leogh Richmond.—N. York: J. Leavitt.—Boston: Crocker & Brewster. It is a work of real value and touching interest. If our readers take up the life of Wilberforce Richmond, particularly, they will not lay it aside till it is read through.

Elements of history, ancient and modern, with a chart and tables of history included within the vol. By J. E. Worcester. Boston: Hilliard, Gray & Co. The historical Atlas has hitherto been an essential accomplishment of the Elements of history—but the expense of the atlas has operated as an objection to its introduction, the author has put the Elements into such a state, by folding in the vol. the chart of general history, and a series of tables of history, that it may be used without the atlas. It is a faithful and condensed outline of sacred and secular history, written in a good style for such a work.

Progress of Discovery on the Northern Coast of America, by Patrick Fraser Tyler, Esq. with a map and engraving. It is an entertaining and well digested vol. for such as cannot read the larger works of Parry and Franklin.

The American Lyceum offers a premium of $300, for the best text book on Human Physiology, for the use of Schools, to be offered before the 1st of March, 1834, and to be published under their direction. The size of the book must not be less than 200 pages double, nor greater than 350. The manuscripts may be sent, without expense of postage, to either of the committees—viz. Wm. C. Woodbridge, Boston; Seth P. Staples, Esq., J. D. Kearney Rogers, or Dr. John D. Ross, New York, and the names of the authors written in a sealed note accompanying their respective MSS. It is proposed by the Lyceum to raise $5000, and found a seminary for the supply of instructors of Schools, at which the students are to pay their expenses by teaching and manual labour.

The Prize Essay on a Congress of Nations, Six hundred dollars were offered by the American Peace Society, as a premium for the best tract upon the subject of a Congress of Na-
WELCOME TO BUNKER HILL.

The following address of the Hon. Edward Everett, of Charlestown, Mass., to President Jackson on his visit to the monument on Bunker’s Hill, is worthy of the Augustan age of brief yet pure and refined diction. How diminutive do the sounding periods of our Fourth of July orators appear side by side with such simple yet impressive phraseology!

Weekly Messenger.

Mr. President:—I have been directed by the Committee of Arrangements, on behalf of themselves, of their fellow citizens, and of the vast multitude here assembled, to bid you welcome to the ancient town of Charlestown, and its noble monument.

The inhabitants of a small and fragul community, we cannot, like our brethren of the metropolis and of other great cities through which you have passed, receive you in splendid mansions and halls of state—but here, sir, upon the precious spot. Most of those who have stood here on former occasions, and amid the arch of Heaven, we tender you the united, respectful, and cordial salutations of our ancient town.

There are many interesting historical recollections, connected with this immediate neighborhood, which I will not take time in recounting. I will only say, that on yonder gentle elevation, the first company of the settlers of this colony, the country more than two centuries ago, laid the foundations of the ancient town of Massachusetts,—and upon the hill where we now stand,—on the 17th June, 1775, beneath the thunder of the batteries from the opposite height of Boston, and from the head of the columns of the advancing army of five thousand bravemen—British troops,—while the entire town of Charlestown was wrapped in flames, and every steeple, roof, and hill top of the surrounding country was crowded with anxious spectators of the dreadful drama,—Prescott, Putnam, Stark, and their gallant associates bravely fought, and Warren, with his heroic comrades, nobly fell, in the cause of American Independence. You, Mr. Secretary Cass, may well cherish the memory of that spot where you stand.

The songsters choose the shady grove
To warble out their tales of love:
Their infant prattlers’ smiles to see;
And often too, the whisping breeze
To designate, in all coming time, the place that they will perpetuate in your mind an acceptable association of the 17th June, 1775, and 8th of January, 1815:—the dates of the first and last great battle fought under the American Standard.

To designate, in all coming time, the place of the first of these eventful contests, the gratitude of this generation is rearing a majestic monument on the sacred spot. We invite you, sir, to ascend it, and behold from its lofty elevation the lovely scene around the town and country—a spectacle not unfavorable of this portion of the great republic, whose interests have been confided to your care, as chief magistrate of the United States. We rejoice that you have taken an opportunity of acquiring a personal knowledge of its character. Less fertile than those other portions of the Union, its wealth is derived from its population, institutions, its pursuits—its schools and its churches. We doubt not you will find, in your extended journey, that the great springs of its prosperity are in harmony with the interests and welfare of every other part of our common country.

The spot on which we are gathered is not the place for adulation. Standing over the ashes of our heroes and of our liberty, the mind can speak no language but that of freedom. In an address to the Chief Magistrate of the United States, there is no room for one word of compliment or flattery. But with grateful remembrance of your services to the country—with becoming respect for your station, the most exalted character, and unworn beauty of the first, resolute, and patriotic stand which you assumed, in the late alarming crisis of affairs, in order to preserve that happy union under one constitutional head; for the establishment of which those streets were wrapped in fire, and this hill was drenched in blood—this one voice—we bid you welcome to Bunker Hill.

HEAVEN.

This world’s not all a fleasting show
For man’s illusion given:
He that hath sooth’d a widow’s wo,
Or wip’d an orphan’s tear, doth know,
There’s something here of Heaven.

And he that walks life’s therby way
With feelings calm and even,
Whose path is lit from day to day
By virtue’s bright and steady ray,
Hath something felt of Heaven.

And he that the christian course hath run,
And all his fies forgiven,
Who measures out life’s little span
In love to God and love to man,
On earth hath tasted Heaven.

SONNET TO A FLY.

Enjoy thy halcyon hour poor buzzing thing,
I say, enjoy it, for’tis short at most—
Dip thy proboscis in my Glass of Shug,
And share with me my Coffee, and my Toast.

Then let him to some other place in haste :
The Baccalchardian board perhaps may sit ye,
Or with the Epicure his luxury taste,—
Or softly kiss the roseate lip of beauty.

But after dinner, when I claim repose,
Commence my wasting years; and years—
Frail as may be the creature’s lightness now
Nor hold your noisy relic in my ears.
A host of vampires floating round my head,
Would be more welcome,—and excite less dread.

From the Hartford Times.

There’s beauty on the land.
Its fields are enlightened o’er with flowers;
The blushing rose adorns its bower;
Perchance its bays are not so bright
As ocean’s waves, or lamps of night;
But softer shades can soothe the soul.
Green fields, through which clear rivers roll
Its hills and vales more varied rise
Than sea-green waves, or clouds in skies.

There’s beauty on the land.

There’s music on the land.
The songsters choose the shady grove
To warble out their tales of love;
And too often, the whispering breeze
Sings sweetly through the waving trees.

There’s the distant hum, of weary men
Returning from their toils again.
Their infant prattlers’ smiles to see;
The voice of love is harmony.

There’s music on the land.

There’s quiet on the land.
Dark gloomy clouds, oft hide the sky,
And waves in fury dash on high;
In sea, in air, confusion’s found,
So “life and hatred,” on the ground.
And what light is there to be seen?
When silence rules, with magic pow’r
There’s quiet in the raptured breast,
That dreams of Heaven’s eternal rest.

There’s quiet on the land.

EPIGRAM.

Pray, what is lighter than a feather?
The dust that flies in finest weather.
And what is lighter than the dust, I pray
The wind that blows the dust away?
And what light is lighter than wind?
The lightness of the Dandy’s mind.
And what is lighter than the last?
Hold, hold, my friend—you have me fast.

DIED.

At Richmond, England, on the 15th ult. Edmund Kean, the great Tragedian. In New York, on the 26th ult. Eliza Williams, Esq. In Jackson, Miss. on the 13th ult. of cholera, his Excellency A. M. Scott, Gov. of Mississippi.

BOOK & JOB PRINTING, neatly and expeditiously executed at this office. Such as handbills, horsecars, cards, pamphlets, show-bills, blanks, blank notes and receipts, circulars, &c., &c., will be at all times neatly and promptly executed at the office of the GEM. New Script, and other new type, will soon be added to the office, and our friends, and the public, are invited to give us a share of business.

YOUTH’S COMPANION.

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Prompted at the subscriber’s own risk. All Letters will be safely sent by mail. All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed to JOHN DENIO, by whom it will be printed and published, for the Proprietors.
This view was taken from the hill called Mt. Hor, about two miles S. E. of the centre of the town. The summit commands an extensive view of the country, in almost every direction. To the south, the eye may be delighted with the varied landscape of rolling lands and level lands, for the distance of from forty to sixty miles. One may extend his vision over parts of Wayne, Ontario, Steuben, Allegany, Livingston, and Genesee, and nearly the whole of Monroe County. Several charming villages, too, are distinctly seen, and were it not for some forest trees yet permitted to stand around its summit, we should not hesitate to pronounce Mt. Hor to be one of the most interesting spots in all the great western region. To the north, and north-west, the sight is romantically grand, beyond description. The beautiful expanse of Ontario's waters, speckled o'er with shipping of almost every kind, and the "effy of a day,"—spread out over the country, as on a map—so recently the hunting-ground and the home of the Red Man, combine to make the whole scene one of peculiar novelty and interest.

The country around Rochester, east, west, and south, to the distance of 100 miles, is unrivalled in beauty and fertility, probably, by any other part of the United States. To give even a brief description of the soil and productions, would be deemed unnecessary, since it is already too well known and appreciated to require that at our hands.

In 1811, a log hut was erected on the west side of Genesee river. This was the first commencement of Rochester. The next year, a few buildings were erected, and a bridge was built (where the centre bridge now stands) to accommodate adventurers and emigrants into these then western wilds. Previous to this, the river was forded, immediately above where that stupendous structure, the Aqueduct, now stands. It was exceedingly dangerous to cross, in some seasons, and several persons were known to have been carried away by the waters, and soon dashed to pieces.

In 1815, the whole population of the place was a little over 300; in 1818, 1,000; in 1820, 1,500; in 1822, 2,700; in 1825, 4,300; in 1827, 7,600; in 1830, about 11,000; and at present is 13 or 14,000.

Rochester is the fourth place in the state in population, and the third in point of commerce and manufactures—and probably, it is second to none in the Republic, as regards the variety and extent of the latter. There are 17 Flouring and Grist Mills, together containing 74 run of stones, and capable of grinding upwards of nine hundred thousand barrels of flour annually; 16 Saw Mills, 2 large Cotton and 2 Wollen Factories, besides a great number of mechanical establishments, viz. Furnaces, Axe Manufactory, Window Sash, Clock and Lath Factories, one large Fire Engines Establishment, a Carpet Factory, &c. 

It may be said, we think, in truth, that the
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Genesee River, at this place, presents as excellent facilities for every kind of machinery, as almost any other in America.

There are in the village, 3 Presbyterian Churches, 1 Presbyterian Free Church, 2 Episcopal Churches, 1 Methodist Episcopal, 1 Baptist Church, 1 Free Congregational, 1 Roman Catholic, and 1 African Society.

The Genesee River has its source in the State of Pennsylvania, about 40 miles from the N. Y. line. From thence it runs in a course east by north, about 120 miles, until it empties into Lake Ontario; making its whole length upwards of 160 miles, and it may be applied to machinery for manufacturing purposes, along almost the whole distance.

The fall, from its source to the Lake, cannot be less than seventeen hundred feet. Included in this there are five principal falls, whose whole descent is upwards of four hundred and fifty feet, averaging each 90 feet. The three first are in the County of Allegany; the upper one is about 70, the middle nearly 120, and the lower about 90 feet. The other two are in Monroe Co. each of which is nearly 100 feet perpendicular height.

The river is navigable for the largest Lake craft, as far up as North Rochester, about two miles below where the canal crosses it. A single rail-way road is completed from the end of the Aqueduct to the landing place, on which flour, pork, salt, &c. &c. are transported.

From this Village, the Genesee is navigable for Durham Boats, as far up as Mt. Morris Dam, in the upper part of Livingston County.

**Explanation of the Plate.**

The tower of the 3d Presbyterian Church is first noticed on the right of the drawing. A little nearer the eye, is seen a stone building, the Rochester High School, on the top of which rises a turret about 20 feet high. Next is observed St. Paul's Church, whose steeple appears of a dark cast and large dimensions. Far beyond, a little on the left, is the steeple of one of the Cotton Manufactory's: a little more to the left, the dome of the Arcade Building, rising immediately over the roofs of the Mammoth Mills. Next, the tower of the 3d Presbyterian Church, is seen, and still farther, that of the 1st Pres. Ch. Between these, may be seen the little steeple of the Court House, which rises over the "Rochester House" buildings. Immediately beyond the first Church is seen the towering roof of the Methodist Chapel; and little to the left is St. Luke's Epis. Ch. Near the eye, and nearly in the same direction, the sight glances at the waters of the far-famed Genesee, as they are about rushing and tumbling over the rocks into the village. Casting the eye far in the distance, and near to the left extremity of the plate, may be seen a few houses, near which the great Erie Canal enters the town.

The distance thence from Mt. Hor, is about 4 miles, and after winding along about half this distance, the Canal crosses the river by the Great Aqueduct, so well known to all, and thence follows the east bank of the river half a mile, when it leaves it and passes towards the south-east, where you perceive, below yonder, a Packet-boat, gliding along swiftly upon its waters.

From a point near the middle of the engraving, extending to the right, to be seen are the waters of Ontario. With the aid of a spy-glass, in a clear day, numerous vessels can be seen plying to and fro in all their native majesty and grandeur. The distance from the Mount to the nearest shore of the Lake, is not more than 7 or 8 miles, but the broad forests which yet bound the shores, hide the view probably as many miles farther. The naked eye will sometimes discover vessels, particularly steam-boats, if the atmosphere is clear, moving on the Lake.

**From the Literary Museum.**

**THE PATRIOT MOTHER.**

[Continued.]

The storm had now abated, and was succeeded by a placid and balmy atmosphere, with a rapidity of change known only in southern climates. The moon in cloudless majesty looked out from her starry eminence, throwing a path of silver across the now glassy waters in the bay of La Guayra, and brightening into oxes the heavy drops of rain that hung from the luxuriant vegetation that covered, to their towering peaks the gigantic and undulate hills behind the town. The Spanish sentinel who guarded the dungeons in which were imprisoned the prisoners of war, was pacing to and fro, now listening to the gentle roar of the waves, that lazily broke against the fortified walls, and now cursing the mosquitoes that tormentedly settled upon his face and hands—when he observed Pablo and his companions wrapped in cibaks, and challenged them to stand. His suspicions were allayed when they gave the pass word, and represented themselves as traders, who were thus early on their journey to you, sirs, I must go my rounds—All's well.

In a few minutes Pablo, Thomas, and their two friends passed the drawbridge, at the west end of the bye-path, towards the camp. The belligerent armies had, however, unluckily for the fugitives, changed their position, in anticipation of attack, and they came unexpectedly upon a party of the enemy. A desperate conflict ensued. Pablo was slightly wounded, and was borne off a prisoner, beyond rescue, by some dragoons, to the enemy's head quarters whilst his friends, after gallantly bearing back their assailants, three of whom they left prostrate on the field, found their way to the patriot army.

Meanwhile, Monteverde had joined his troops and was exasperated to learn that Thomas Montilla, whose ability as an officer he had cause to dread, had escaped. His resentment, to know that he had been rescued by Pablo, now his prisoner, knew no bounds, and he ordered the youth to be brought before him, resolving to bid adieu to all further familiarity towards a family who had crossed his path at every turn, and to whose popular standard, hundreds, he now heard, were hourly flocking. The interview was brief. He denounced the prisoner as a traitor—and the charge was fearlessly hurled back upon him by the youth. Boiling with rage, he at length exclaimed, "It was my purpose, to make thy brother's, and his rebels' submission, the price of mercy to thee—but that is over.

"I would scorn a life," said Pablo, interrupting him, "that was purchased by such base..."
ne," and learn, tyrant, that it is your own hand that must cut off the head of death to one, and you destined to become the victim of your oppression; no threat of death to one shall buy the other to thy will.

Monteverde, in rage to be thus defied, and calling his guards, he exclaimed—"Bear him off! Give him one hour to make his peace with heaven—and then to military execution with the traitor: away! away!"

The guards obeyed and the young soldier was handcuffed, and led to the front of the assembled army,—while a whisper of commiseration ran through their ranks, that he was one of the gallant sons of Montilla.

Monteverde was reclining in his tent in moody solitude, when his daughter rushed with frenzied wildness into his presence, and threw herself at his feet, with her hands clasped, in an agony of fear and supplication. Gasping for utterance, and in broken accents, she sobbed out:

"Oh save him! do not doom him to death, for he is more than all the world to me. Oh, rather send him far away—to exile! Keep him a prisoner—anything but death! Oh, save him! save him!"

"It cannot be!" replied the haughty chief. "His fate will quell the daring spirits of the army,—while a whisper of commiseration ran through their ranks, that he was one of the gallant sons of Montilla."
of execution, and who well proved, on that
day, that if he had not yet inherited the for-
tune, he at least possessed all the ardour of his
intrepid sire. The right wing was led on to
tunes, he at least possessed all the ardour of his
glory by Manuel Garcia, a generous priest,
who, on a peaceful mission
a dungeon by the Spaniards, and now, with a
solden cross in one hand, and a resistless sabre
la other, dealt out a tearful revenge upon
most of the combatants ; and there, wherever
there was aught of fearless daunging to achieve,
hesno hesst this day redeemed it : but cheer thee Pa-
obo,' she added, while she led him aside to a
bank, to which Paulina had in despair, found
her way, ' there is another arm to avenge the
death of thy father, and the oppressions of thy
country.'

She placed upon her brow the helmet of her
son, whose head was now rested upon the lap
of the trembling Paulina, and took from his en-
feebled grasp, the sword, yet wet with, the life
blood of many a foe. It was the sacred weapon
which simultaneously drawn with that of the
gallant Bolivar had given the first avenging
blows of an injured people. She looked to
heaven in prayer as she pressed it to her lips,
and dashing into the thickest of the fight, it
gleamed alud in her avengeful arm, to which,
enthusiasm had lent a supernatural strength.

The gentle attributes of her sex were mer-
ged in the subdiner heroism of the moment.—
She gained the side of her son Thomas, who
was about to be overpowered by numbers, and
her animating shout was heard far and wide—
' On Commandes ! on ! for victory— for freedom !
The spirit of Montilla hovers over you !
the daughters of Columbia will bless you—and I,
their humble delegate, am here beside you, if the
day be lost. On ! to glory.

' Montilla and victory !' rang from rank to
rank like an electric essence that gave new
nerve to every arm, and the matron and her
son, heading the foremost of the troops, after
a well aimed volley of musketry, and destruc-
tive discharge of artillery, rushed in one wild
affair of arms, and the retreat of the survivors being frustrat-
ated their yielding ranks.

The fate of the day was speedily decided.
The invaders fell back in confusion, and Monte-
verde, who in vain strove to rally them, was
borne from the field severely wounded, and
conveyed for safety, from the pursuit, to the
fortress of Puerto Caballo. The flower of the
Spanish army was left dead upon the field ;
and the retreat of the survivors being frustrat-
ed by a masterly manoeuvre of Thomas Mon-
tilla, they laid down their arms and became
prisoners of war.

Exhausted with fatigue, the heroic Mad. Mon-
tilla returned amidst the triumphant cheers
of the soldiers, and the blessings of groups of
females, who had now hastened to the ground,
to the spot where her son Pablo rested,—by the
side of the fond Paulina. He had nearly
recovered from his faintness, and rose to meet
his mother, who solemnly returned to him his
father's sword, which had that day done such
fearful execution. And what woman's heart
would not have envied the feelings of that no-
ble matron when, embracing her sons, and pla-
cing the hand of Pablo into that of Paulina,
she exclaimed—

'Thank heaven! thank heaven! no son of
mine is a traitor! Montilla is avenged! Co-
lumbia is free!'

The patriots suffered some reverses in after
years, before their independence was perma-
nently established, but the victory of that day
laid the foundation of the freedom of Columbia;
and her children will record to after ages, with
respect and gratitude, the noble bearing of
'The Patriot Mother.'
they indulge, and the circumstances in which they are placed, that forms the mind, matures the disposition, and brightens the intellect.

The Romans, no doubt, were different in many, very many respects. But was not their government similar to this? Had they not able and talented men to preside over their Councils? Surely this was the case. Now if what I have laid down is correct and true, should not the American nation take measures, to promote that preservative principle, by the neglect of which, Rome received its downfall? Can we expect that the same God who watched over the destinies of Rome, will be any more propitious to us than to her? This cannot be the case. In the second place, would not the American nation be likely to split upon the same rock which has consigned Rome to one mass of ruins, were she placed in similar circumstances? In order to obtain a correct answer of this question, we would inquire what are the circumstances in which this nation is placed, and then see whether they correspond with those of Rome. The situation of this nation can be easily stated: she was, and is now disturbed by two factions, the one engrossing the Northemis, and the other the Southemis, and unless a reconciliation takes place, the bonds which have so long connected these states together will be burst, and one of the finest portions of the Globe will be desolated by civil war. This is a brief statement of the situation of this country at the present time. Now let us see what was the situation of Rome before her downfall: if history does not deceive us, she was also in continual commotion, on account of the numerous factions which prevailed at that time. There were a few individuals— "who rode upon the whirlwind and directed the storm," and who regarded not the interests of their country, but only their own personal aggrandizement, and who also led the deluded populace according to their wishes. Now we can plainly see that had the Romans in general been educated, they would not have been led astray from the path of rectitude, and been made the willing victims of their own destruction. Thus we have seen that the American nation is placed in similar circumstances to Rome previous to her downfall. The one has been destroyed by factions, while the other bids fair to fall by the same cause. It now may become proper to inquire what are the most efficient means to prevent these factions. I fearlessly assert that Education is the sole and only preventative, in a Republican government. When "For propria" is law, the people can then correctly judge what is for their interest, and what is not. And the man who would raise himself to honor and wealth, upon the ruins of his country, would meet the purported contempt which he deserves. "This is the land of Liberty, the soil so rich and fertile. The climate is healthy and salubrious. Our institutions are renowned abroad, and adored at home. But if we wish to preserve entire this noble inheritance, transmitted to us by our brave forefathers, let the interests of Education be advanced and maintained, for if these be neglected, we shall split upon the same rock, which has buried in the gulph of oblivion, the liberties of other nations, and this ark of American Freedom will sink to rise no more.

MRS. HEMANS.

[The following is from that excellent paper the Boston American Traveller. The listre of the sentiments and the beauty of expression running through the whole are truly expressive of editorial talent.—N. Y. Messenger.]

If any thing were wanting to convince man-kind of the exaltation and power of the mind of woman, the productions of finely talented females, now breathing the fine strains of pure and elevated poetry, and now pouring forth the enabling sentiments of philosophy, both in this country and Europe, would be sufficient. The towering genius of Madame De Stael, walking in cloudless majesty like the moon among the planets—the pure lustre of Mrs. Hemans, shining with the clear radiance of the morning star—the sober scintillations of Miss Landon, like the first sweet ray of evening—the departing glory of Hannah More, like an orb just sinking behind the horizon—are specimens of what woman is in the Father-land, while the rose like-beauty of Mrs. Sigourney, the ever-green foliage of Mrs. Hale—the summer savoy fragrance of Mrs. Child—the lily loveliness of Hannah Gould—and the wild flower sweetness of Miss Siddwick—are selections from the flowers of the western wilderness, and evidences of what the "daughters of Columbia" may become.

The true home for woman is in her house— it is there that she shines with peculiar loveliness—there is the proper sphere of her usefulness—and there are the objects which have the strongest claims upon her regard. We wish to see her climbing the rugged acclivities of public life, with Bondicea at the head of her army, or with Catharine upon the throne of state—nor would we have her, like Charlotte Corday or the Maid of Orleans, perilling her reputation and life, in popular insurrections and political feuds. Her abode is in the valley, among the flowers of the garden, and amid the sweets of domestic life—not on the hill top, and surrounded by strife, and debate, and the clashing of armor. She can never with consistency, appear in the forum or the pulpit—in the senate halls or at the polls—still without disparagement of her sexual character, or infringement upon those hallowed feelings, which the delicacy and loveliness of her nature have cast around her, she may devote her leisure to the palflet and the pen, and send forth the emanations of her soul, to enlighten and to bless.

We take up the writings of no female, whose sentiments come to us with a holier freshness, or a more classic purity, than the poems of Mrs. Hemans. She is endorded to our recollections, by some of the finest strains of sentiment poetry in the language—effusions which must ever continue to please, as long as fine feeling and correct taste shall be found. She has won to herself a name, a praise in the whole earth, and wherever the waters of the mighty, deep shall waft an English heart, there will the songs of "England's dead, the Sound of the Sea, and the voice of Spring," be heard.

But her fame is not alone the property of her native land—it belongs equally to the woods of America, whose wilds will long continue to echo the lay of the "Pilgrim Fathers," a lyric which has seldom been surpassed, either in the adaptation of its ideas, or the spirit of its construction. The production of this piece, with the delicacy, dignity, and moral beauty of her whole poems, have secured her a place in every patriotic and virtuous heart, which can only be obliterated with its last throb. There is a loftiness of sentiment, and a pure tone of morality, pervading all her productions, and their fervent perusal must inevitably tend to nerve the heart to deeds of nobility and virtue, and to soften it with feelings of sweetness and tenderness. Her genius is lyric, and her poetry that of sentiment. There is a melancholy sweetness hovering over the scenes which she pictures to the heart—a softened radiance, like that of mellow moonlight, falling upon groves, and majestic ruins. All the better and richer feelings of the mind, and of the imagination, are brought into play—we are soothed, delighted, elevated, enraptured. The images of the beautiful pictures which she presents, dwell upon the mind—the words and tones of music, which her sweet harp has awakened, rest upon the ear—we continue to see, and to hear, and to feel—till our senses are called away to the enjoyment of new beauties, and our hearts delighted with fresh images.

INDIAN NAMES.

The circumstance that the name of Black Hawk has been recently given to a large ship in Philadelphia, reminds us of the great prevalence of the same kind of simple but effectual memorials throughout the country. There is no danger that the red men will be forgotten. Eight of the States, not to mention the territories, have Indian names. They are Massachusetts, Connecticut, Ohio, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi. So have the great bays and harbours on the coast of the Union, the Penobscot, Casco, Narragansetts, Chesapeake, &c. So have the rivers, the Kennebec, Saco, Connecticut, Merrimac, Mohawk, Susquehannah, Roonane, Potomac, most of the Southern streams, all the great waters of the West, the northern Lakes. In a word, the whole breadth of the country is charged with the indelible memory of the brave race, whose canoes and cabins, fittest emblems of their own vanishing finity, have been swept like themselves from the face of the land. Well! Let them be remembered! 'Tis but a poor acknowledgement at the best, for the cession of a hemisphere,—poor atonement for the ex-
termination of its primeval masters. Let their eternal epitaph stand as it is, written in the ‘rocking pines of the forest,’ and in the blue rivers that flow by their fathers’ graves. Let them die, if they must, but let them be remembered.—Boston Journal.

I once heard Doctor Rush relate the following dream to show that the memory sometimes exerts itself more powerfully in our sleeping than in our waking hours, in calling up things that have been forgotten: A gentleman in Jersey, of large property, had provided in his will, that his wife in connexion with his neighbor, should settle his estate. After his death, in fulfilling the intentions of his will, a certain important paper was missing. Repeated and diligent search was made for it, but in vain. The widow at length, dreamed that the said paper was in the bottom of a barrel in the garret, covered with many books. The dream made so strong an impression on her mind that she was induced to make an examination; and there, to her astonishment, she found the paper. The Doctor’s explanation was, that no supernatural agency had been employed, but that during the abstraction of all external objects and impressions from the senses in a sleeping state, the memory exerted itself with an intensity that it could not do in the waking state. He supposed that her husband had informed her at some time of the situation of this paper, and that the fact had become dormant in the memory until the dream called it up. Christ. Adv. & Jour.

HOSPITALITY.

The voice of inspiration has enjoined hospitality as a duty. The dictates of nature concur in pronouncing it a virtue. In the simplicity of ancient times, it flourished as a separate sheet, fine paper, and colored, will be for sale at this office.

Education.—A Mr. Taylor, who has travelled through the States, for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the condition of schools and the state of intelligence among the people, states, that there are 1,000,000 children and youth, between the ages of 5 and 15, in the United States, who are not in school, and have not any means of instruction. In the state of N. York, are 60,000, who are not receiving even a common school education—and 5,000 young men who are unable to read!

PREREQUISITE.—The Premiums lately offered by the Editor of the Buffalo Literary Inquirer, for the best tale, poem, biographical sketch, &c. have been awarded, thus:—

A “gold medal or fifteen dollars,” to R. John Everett, Esq. of Chittenango, Madison Co. the author of “The Landing of Columbus”—A Poem.

A “silver medal or ten dollars,” to Mortimer M. Southworth, of Lockport, Niagara Co. the author of a “Biographical Sketch of James Montgomery.”

A “silver medal or five dollars,” to Gayton D. A. Parks, of Lockport, the author of an “Essay on Education.”

Post Masters.—We have been so late, published in many of the Newspapers, that “every Post Master ought to know, that its newspaper, directed to his office, is not taken out, and he delays beyond a reasonable time to send information to the publisher, he is himself liable for the paper.”—Now who is to decide, what is a reasonable time, in such a case, the Post Master, or the publisher? or must the case be carried to Washington City?—We have not infrequently had Post Masters inform us that our paper was not taken out of their offices, after it had been regularly sent and lain there, in some instances, three months—six months—and even a longer time. In either instance, we consider this unreasonable as to time, and very unreasonable, in Post Masters. But generally, we feel bound to say, we have found Post Masters very attentive, and extremely accommodating, toward us.

Our edition of the present (5th) Vol. of the GEM, for the first half year, is so far disposed of, that we must decline furnishing new Subscribers with any of those numbers. The second half year commences with the 13th No. with which, and the following Nos. subscribers can be supplied. The call for back Nos. has exceeded our expectations, and some of them will be reprinted, before the close of the Vol. to supply deficiencies. Post Masters or Agents having any back numbers on hand, will oblige us by returning the same.

To my Broach.—O thou bosom friend!—what shall I say to thee! what shall I not say of thee! Year after year—yes, thousands of days and nights, you have been my constant, my near and dear companion. Thou art not a keep-sake, presented by the hand of affection, but a purchased one, chosen for thy good-nature. Thou didst never cling to the bosom of another; but in health and in sickness—in prosperity and in adversity, thou hast ever been with me; and in no instance left me alone to buffet the adverse winds and waves of time, or to withstand the varied ebings and flowings of life. But thou hast travelled by my side, over hills, and through the valleys, and on the queerness of plains of nature—and witnessed my joys, and my sorrows, as days, and months, and years, have rolled swiftly on in their appointed course. While some around have been loud and profuse in professions of friendship, thou hast been modest, retired, and quiet. While others have been boon companions at one time, and wiley snakes in the grass at another, thou wast ever the same unchanging one that stuck “closer than a brother.” Though the fawning sycophant smiled “too fine” and frowned on “the morrow,” yet thy bright and placid countenance remained as at the first. For this thy constancy, thy faithfulness, for all thy shining qualities, O thou undeserving friend! thou innocent, sinless thing, I love thee. Thirty years hast thou lain near my heart, felt its heaviings and its throbblings, and kept it covered from the eyes of a gazing world—and I yet hope, long to sojourn with thee, and that thou wilt still incline on my breast, even until time’s corrodling hand shall reduce us—to our native dust.

Mr. M’Leod, of New Haven, has published Memoirs of Eminently Pious Women, a work well deserving of patronage. Messrs. Whitmore & Minor, New Haven, the Miscellaneous Works of Rev. Charles Buck.

The Spirit of Practical Godliness, and Total Abstinence Advocate.—This is a valuable work, published monthly, in New York, at one dollar per annum, in advance, otherwise one dollar and fifty cents. We not only find much useful matter within its cover, but also upon the outside of it.

New Paper.—A paper entitled, THE FAMILY JOURNAL & CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST, is published in this Village, by Messrs. Van Brunt & Cherry, at $1.50 per annum, in advance. It is devoted to the interests of religion, morality, education, agriculture, &c.

A daily paper, edited by a lady, and entitled the Ladies’ Gazette, has lately been commenced in Boston.

We learn that Robert Simpson, of Handford’s Landing, has gone to Ohio, not to return soon. He owes $1,000 for the Gem. Probably he has a bad memory.
JAMES MASON—106 YEARS OLD.
This individual is now a resident in Scott county, Ky., living in sight of the Blue Spring, the residence of Col. R. M. Johnson; he is a member of the Baptist church, at the Crossings, and is in good standing—temperate.

He was born in the town of Waterford, in the county of Tipperary, Ireland, on the 1st of January, 1727, and is now 106 years of age. He was in the French war in America, and took an oath of allegiance, the United States. He was in Braddock's defeat, in 1775, near Pittsburg, 11th July. He was at the taking of Fort Du Quene, now Pittsburg. At the close of the French war he was discharged.

He volunteered at the commencement of the revolution, and was in the battle of Bunker's Hill. He afterwards served till the close of the war in the Virginia and New York Continental line as a regular soldier. He was in the battle of Brandywine, was wounded in the leg, and had one of his big toes shot off. He was at the taking of Cornwallis. He was a soldier during the whole Indian war, and served under Harmer, St. Clair and Wayne. He was in Harmer's defeat, in St. Clair's defeat, and under General Wayne at the defeat of the Indians. He was discharged at Green ville, in (the now state) of Ohio, in 1791. In the late war he joined the mounted regiment of Col. R. M. Johnson, as Volunteer in Capt. Hamilton's company, and was in the battle of the Thames.

He receives a pension for his revolutionary services—and is now very poor, living on rented land. He has been married twice; to his present wife when he was 101 years of age, and his wife, 45. Not long since he walked to Frankfort, a distance of 15 miles, and returned the same day, making 30 miles, without more apparent fatigue than would be experienced by ordinary men of 45. He walks erect and quick—and at the distance of 100 yards no person would suppose that he was under the burden of an ordinary old age. He is of small stature, his eye sight good, his speech plain, his memory seems to be very little impaired. He is sprightly and talkative, and for a man without education, sensible and interesting in conversation. It would appear from the present appearance of his constitution and health, that he is likely to live 20 or 30 years. He has been all his life a temperate man. Such a man certainly deserves the kindness of his country and fellow citizens.—Georgetown (Ky.) Sentinel.

A Physician says, when the cholera arrives at a place, it behoves every active and healthy citizen to make his will, and make his peace with God. Having done this, he should go about his ordinary affairs, fearlessly, in distruously, prudently, avoiding no situation whatever into which duty may call him.—Facts render it certain, that as far as cholera is concerned, there are ninety nine chances in a hundred, he will find himself alive and well at the year's end.

A SINGULAR FACT.—A Frankfort (Ky) paper says:—In many parts of this county chickens and other fowls have died in great numbers, with all the symptoms of cholera. A gentleman of our acquaintance administered spirits of camphor to several chickens which were apparently near death, and they instantly revived and speedily recovered.

A London paper states that the Magnet steam packet lately left London, having on board three hundred and fifty young widows and spinsters, who were about joining a vessel at Gravesend, which was bound to Van Dieman's Land, whether these candidates for happiness were desirous of emigrating? They departed amidst the cheers of thousands of spectators.

NAPOLEON.

The love of power and supremacy absorbed, consumed him. No passion, no domestic attachment, no private friendship, no love of pleasure, no relish for letters or the arts, no human sympathy, no human weakness, divided his mind with the passion for dominion, and for dazzling manifestations of his power. Before this, duty, honor, love, humanity, fell prostrate. Josephine, we are told, was dead to him; but the devoted wife, who had stood firm and faithful in the day of his fruitful fortunes, was cast off in his prosperity, to make room for a stranger, who might be more subservient to his power.—Dr. Channing.

RAISING THE WIND.—The other day a butcher stood by his cart selling meat, he saw a man stoop and pick up something under the cart. What have you got there? asked the butcher. The fellow said, it looks like money. On examination it proved to be a ten dollar bill. The butcher said, I suppose it is one dropped when making change. To which the finder replied, I think I ought to have one half for it had not been for me you would not have seen it again. The butcher knowing it not to be his bill, thought he could not do less than comply with the fellow's request, he therefore took a five dollar bill out of his wallet and gave him, taking the ten. Soon after the butcher was purchasing some goods in a store and offered the bill to the storekeeper, who pronounced it counterfeit. The butcher was somewhat surprised, and then related the manner of his obtaining the bill. He was soon convinced, however, that the best thing he could do, would be to place it in the back part of his wallet, and look out for the future of similar occasions.—Boston Transcript.

A Physician says, when the cholera arrives at a place, it behoves every active and healthy citizen to make his will, and make his peace with God. Having done this, he should go about his ordinary affairs, fearlessly, in distruously, prudently, avoiding no situation whatever into which duty may call him.—Facts render it certain, that as far as cholera is concerned, there are ninety nine chances in a hundred, he will find himself alive and well at the year's end.

Edwin Nutbrown, Editor.

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On Domestic Industry.

ADDRESS TO YOUNG LADIES. 

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Will you permit me, dear young friends, to speak to you freely, as to daughters?—You, doubtless, need no argument to convince you of the excellence of Industry. We will therefore devote a few thoughts only to those branches of it, which belong peculiarly to our own sex. It is one of our privileges, that we have such variety of interesting employments. Time need never hang heavy upon our hands, who have it continually in our power to combine amusement with utility. If we leave any vacancy to ennui to creep in, it must surely be our own fault.

Needle-work, in all its countless forms of use, elegance and ornament, has ever been the appropriate occupation of woman. From the shades of Eden, where its simple process was but to unite the fig-leaf, to the days when the most exquisite tissues of embroidery rivalled Nature's pencil, it has been their duty and their resource. The more delicate efforts of the needle, claim a high rank among feminine accomplishments. But its necessary departments should be thoroughly understood. The numerous modifications of mending are not beneath the notice of the most refined young lady. To keep her own wardrobe perfectly in order she doubtless considers her duty. A just regard to economy—a wish to add to the comfort of all around,—and a desire to aid in the relief of the poor, will induce her to become expert in those inventions, by which the various articles of apparel are repaired, altered or renovated. A very sensible and rational self-complacency arises from the power of making "auld claths look amast as well as new."

I regret that the quiet employment of knitting has become so nearly obsolete. In many parts of Europe it continues a favorite branch of female occupation. It is so, among the classic shades of Greece; and Russell, in his tour in Germany, speaking of the Saxon ladies, says, "they are models of industry, whether at home or abroad,—knitting and needle-work know no interruption. A lady, going to a rout, would think little of forgetting her fan, but could not spend half an hour without her implements of industry. At Dresden, even the theatre is no protection against knitting-needles. I have seen a lady gravely lay down her work, wipe away the tears, which the sorrows of Thackle, or Wallenstein's death, had brought into her eyes, and quietly resume her knitting." Knitting is adapted to those little intervals of time, when it would be scarcely convenient to collect the more complicated apparatus of needle-work. It is the friend of twilight,—that sweet season of reflection, so happily described by a Scotch writer, as that brief period "when the shuttle stands still, before the lamp is lighted."—Neither are the productions of the knitting-needles so valueless, as those who take no part in them are disposed to pronounce. Yet, if there are any who consider so humble a branch of economy unworthy their regard, they may still be induced to patronize it, for the sake of the comfort it administers to the poor. Their laborious occupations and limited leisure often preclude their attention to this employment, and a pair of thick stockings in winter will be usually found a most acceptable gift to their shuddering little ones. Knitting seems to have a native affinity with social feeling: It leaves the thoughts at liberty for conversation, and yet imparts just enough of the serious and self-satisfied sensation of industry, to promote good humor and prepare for the pleasant interchange of sympathy. I recollect, in my early days, sometimes seeing a number of most respectable elderly ladies, collected for an afternoon's visit, all knitting, all happy, all discussing the various topics of neighborly concern, with friendly interest and delight. I saw benevolent smiles beaming from their faces, and withlth my childish mind formed a fancied union between knitting and contentment, which, perchance, is not yet broken. I observed that the fabrics which they wrought, to protect the feet of their households, were often composed of yarn, manufactured by their own hands. And here, permit me to advert to that almost forgotten branch of economy. Still some degree of allience subsists between them. Materials for winter-stockings might be profitably prepared in families. Durable flannels, and even handsome carpets, have been often the production of delicate hands. Among a large family of sisters, the cheerful operations of the spinning-wheel assume the character of an amusement, and are said to promote a happy flow of spirits. Were our own sex as great admirers of antiquity as the other, I might bespeak a more creditable chronology for this same science of spinning, and present a formidable list of princesses, and women of high degree, who patronized it by their example. Yet, inasmuch as there are but few lady-antiquarians, and I have not the temerity to undertake bringing an exploded thing again into fashion, I plead for the great spinning-wheel, solely as a salutary mode of exercise, and one not inconsistent with domestic economy. To females who suffer for want of muscular action,—and there are many such among our higher classes,—physicians have prescribed a variety of substitutes, such as sweeping, polishing furniture, jumping the rope, playing at battledoor, modifications of callisthenics, &c. In some of these the effort is too violent; in others, it may be carried to excess, through excitement, or competition.—But regular exercise upon the large spinning-wheel, has been known to give the valutudinarian strength, and to remove an incipient tendency to pulmonary disease.

With regard to the culinary art, I should be pleased to persuade my young lady to become somewhat of an adept in it. Not that I believe that to tempt the palate with high-seasoned dishes, and induce indigestion and debility among one's guests and dearest friends, is true benevolence, though some benevolent lady may practice it. But that superintendence of a table, which unites neatness with comfort, consults health, and prevents prodigality, and the power of personally supplying it with salutary or elegant preparations, is an accomplishment of no small order. It need not follow that a thorough knowledge of house-keeping, is incompatible with intellectual tastes and attainments. There is, indeed, no native affinity between them; but she will display the greatest mental energy, who can reconcile their discrepancies, compose their welfare, and become an adept in, each. This may be effected; we have had repeated examples. It will suffice our...
present purpose to cite one. The accomplished Editor of the "Juvenile Miscellany," whose prolific pen enters almost every department of current literature, to instruct and to delight, is also the author of the "Frugal Housewife;" and able practically to illustrate its numerous and valuable precepts. You will probably think, my young friends, that an Essay on such homely and antiquated subjects, might have well been spared. But while home continues to be the province of woman, nothing that relates to its comfort, order and economical arrangement, should be held of slight import.—That these complicated duties may be well and gracefully performed, some foundation should be laid for them in youth.

It has been alluded as an objection to the present expanded system of female education, that it creates dislike to the humble occupations of the domestic sphere. It becomes those who enjoy these heightened privileges, to disprove the argument, and to free themselves from the ingratitude of repaying the increased liberality of the other sex, with disregard of their interests and happiness. This responsibility rests much with the rising generation. We, therefore, who are almost ready to pass off the stage, entreat of you, our daughters, not to despise that domestic industry which walks hand in hand with respectability and contentment. We pray you to show, that the love of books is not inconsistent with what republican simplicity expects of its daughters, and that Knowledge need be no hindrance to duty.

Hartford, Conn., May, 1833.

From the Guest.

"There is no new thing under the Sun."—Solomon.

We have often been led into the regions of curious contemplation, when this sentiment of "the wise man" has met us. We have gone back to the anti-deluvian days, when Tubal and Tubal-Cain instructed in music and the sterner arts; to the times of Noah, when "they were enmity and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage;" and to the subsequent exhibitions of Roman and Grecian character. And we have thought of the Arabian literature in the dark ages; the bright periods of English and Italian History; and the delicate refinement of the French people. In short, we have surveyed the world; and the varied forms of national literature, have been scanned; yet, is there anything whereof it may be said, see, this is new?"—

Much is said of novelty; and many have spoken of originality. But to one, who examines with a diligent eye, will the fallacy of such reasoning appear. He looks out upon nature. The herbs of the earth are uniform; the trees of the forest are only ramifications of one original pattern. And last, he brings the human mind beneath his careful scrutiny. The same properties belong to this immortal mind, as whatever covering of earth it is mantled. All the exhibitions of itself seem only modifications of the same first principle. The humblest peasant may have cherished a thought, which inspired the brain of a Newton. Similar objects may present similar trains of thought to different individuals. A variegated scenery will not fail to kindle a poetical enthusiasm, and "Wake to ecstasy the living lyre."

While the general conception of mind is thus strikingly uniform, we must cease to regard with wonder the similarity of its results. We are too often disposed to charge the profligate intellects with the unparagonable crime of plagiarism; when, in justice, numerous considerations would exempt them from the crimination. It is no less amusing than instructive, to follow the critical observations of one Todd, on the immortal poem of the immortal Milton. Should the careless reader study this interesting critic, he would unquestionably regard the unriviled poet in the light of one, who should cull from every production of all antecedent minds; and in a combined form present the result to a deceived world. The bard, to whom all Nature was a blank, "so thick a drop seems" that it may not impart wisdom, and increase the mind been more free from the enthrallments of servility? Was it in the days of Petrarch, of Spenser, of Milton, or Pope?—The former lived in exploring the musty manuscripts of the Latin; the second copied Ariosto; Milton, great in song, was also great in ancient learning, and Pope's "Essay on Criticism" is Horace's Treatise on Poetry.

But, "American literature will be original." And who has such a gift of prophecy, that he may hail the season in prospect, when "we shall no longer need the assistance and advice of our Mother Country?" We would not be slow to believe in the omnipotence and self-sufficiency of American talent; but annihilate the British Isles—and where will the once independent Colonies? Should we "continue to ascend the same paths," or find a retrograde motion? And the spell, too, which has bound us to "classic Greece and Rome"—it is, indeed, "already broken?" rather has it not begun to bind us, and may we not point to one ancient and another intellectual giant in our western plains, who, towering like some tall pine within the wide-spread forest, stands an indisputable witness for ancient learning? True it is, we have such lights in the land, the radiant points of knowledge. While we emulate our Mother Country in her zealous study of the past, and regard ourselves as allies in the general plan of advancing science, "we may reach that pinnacle, whence we can look down on all the nations of the earth," alike the object of admiration for industry and perseverance.

Amherst College—1833.
I was very young when I first saw Mrs. Wilmerton, but I recollect perfectly well how much I was struck with the calm, clear, full tones of her voice. It was indeed music, but music so monotonous and so melancholy, that the voice of Coleridge's Emeline, "Even in its mournful mood, it made me wish to steal away and weep."

Several years afterwards I spent some weeks in the town where she resided, and though not very well versed in human nature, I thought I could discern under her calm exterior the traces of strong and vehement emotions. She was a tall, finely formed woman, with a hand and arm that might have been the model for a sculptor. Her face was chiefly remarkable for the extreme paleness of its complexion and wonderful brightness of the eyes; indeed, had it not been for those long, black, lustrous eyes, that face would have seemed chiseled from the marble, so snowy, so unchangedly white was the hue of lip and cheek, and brow. Her demeanor was always calm, self-possessed and lofty like, but not one among those who were then her associates, had ever marked the faintest shadow of emotion upon her fine countenance. Her tranquility seemed unnatural. Too deep and too profound were the feelings very unlike the gentleness of woman, which accompanied the blessings that had fallen to her lot, and this was sufficient to render all the others useless. From infancy her passions had been excessively violent, and her timid parents, terrified at the sight of her fragile little form, convulsed with rage, had shrunk from the task of subduing those passions, until long habit had rendered them part of her nature.

As she grew up, the decencies of society, of course, compelled her to check the ebullition of a temper which she could not govern—but the evil was concealed, not destroyed; and however refined and elegant her manners appeared, there was an angry spot in her brow, and a flashing light in her eyes, which told of feelings very unlike the gentleness of woman. Those who looked upon her in after life when she exhibited only the immobility of the statue, would have found it difficult to believe that in youth the principal charm of her face was its ever varying expression. Possessing a highly cultivated mind, and unrivalled skill in music, it was delightful to watch her fine countenance when she engaged in intellectual converse, or, when at the pianoforte, she gave her scope to her passionate love for music, and improvised the most exquisite airs that ever thrilled and inspired her heart. The dazzling brightness of the eyes, the quick vibration of the delicate arched brows, the movement of the beautifully chiseled lips, all combined to form a picture of the most exquisite of all styles of beauty, the beauty of expression. But the vividness of the changes which passed over her face was a faint symbol of the violence of her feelings. Every emotion was with a passion; her friendship was a species of tyranny from which all revolted, for she exacted all the demonstrations of the most ardent love; her dislike was perfect hatred, and her love was so deep, violent, so almost turbulent, that by its own excess it destroyed all chance of reciprocal affection.

It may be imagined, therefore, that in married life, where so much gentleness and forbearance and subdued tenderness are necessary, Clara Wilmerton was not destined to find happiness. She loved her husband as only such a heart as hers could love, while his affection for her was simply that quiet, tranquil sort of preference with which most men enter the conjugal state, and which in after years, either ripens into the warmest affection, or degenerates into total indifference. With all the discriminating tact that belongs to woman's character, it is astonishing to perceive how generally they deceive themselves when they attempt to judge of the feelings of a husband. It is seldom that a man marries the object of his first affection; it is seldom that he marries at all until after the freshness of his feelings like the impress upon coin, has worn off by constant collision with his fellow men: and how can it be expected that he should look upon his wife, with the deep and fervent tenderness with which she must necessarily regard him? The object of her first love, the possessor of all her heart's hoarded tenderness. Yet rarely are those things considered: and when a woman looks for affection as fervent as her own, and finds it not, too often does she allow the wailings of discontent to be her husband's only welcome to a home which she alone can brighten. If the husband be a man of principle, it depends entirely upon the wife to awaken that tenderness which will shed over her latter days the "moonlight of nature," and if, through ignorance or wilfulness, she neglects the means of doing this, woes deep, woe, for the guilt no less than the misery is hers.

Had Clara Wilmerton allowed herself to be directed by the dictates of her clear judgment, she would have eventually been happy but her passions were too vehement to submit to such government. The thousand little diversities of character, which render the first years of married life always a period of probation, were to her occasions of uncontrollable sorrow or ungovernable anger. Compared with his strong affections, her husband's warmest tenderness was cold. The fatigues of business, the cares of wealth, the reaction of an over-excitement, all in turn occasionally shadowed his brow; but she considered not these natural causes, while she attributed the gloom which she sometimes marked in his countenance to his diminished regard for herself.—This is another error which often makes shipwreck of woman's peace. Her thoughts constantly occupied by the object of her affections, she forgets that his very situation in society prevents her husband from yielding himself entirely to the influence of the gentler feelings. Love is the whole business of a woman's life—"the daughter—the wife—the mother—in all the cares of wealth, the reaction of an over-excitement, all in turn occasionally shadowed his brow; but she considered not these natural causes, while she attributed the gloom which she sometimes marked in his countenance to his diminished regard for herself. This is another error which often makes shipwreck of woman's peace. Her thoughts constantly occupied by the object of her affections, she forgets that his very situation in society prevents her husband from yielding himself entirely to the influence of the gentler feelings. Love is the whole business of a woman's life—"the daughter—the wife—the mother—in all the cares of wealth, the reaction of an over-excitement, all in turn occasionally shadowed his brow; but she considered not these natural causes, while she attributed the gloom which she sometimes marked in his countenance to his diminished regard for herself.

It is impossible to meet Mrs. Wilmerton in society, gifted as she was beyond her sex.
and not admire her; it was equally impossible
to know her in private life, and not love her.—
Possessing a heart felt tenderness over every
living creature, she yet deprived herself of
every hope of being beloved, by that ungov-
ernable temper which terrified her ordinary
associates, and even repelled her dearest friends.
Mr. Wilmerton soon grew weary of home
where frowns awaited him more frequently
than smiles. The strength of his principles
were a sure defence against vice; but unfor-
tunate modes of dissipating time to him who
found at his own fireside
such means ever fail of meeting their own re-

or twice, but let her resort to them frequently
as means of resistance, and whether her oppo-
tion, the wrongs of the Saracen king, which
cut thro' the mercantile house with which he had been
connected, she sent him a properly executed
copy of the paper, but without adding a sin-
gle word either of explanation or reproach, only, until reft;<jn perished in her citadel, and
the unfortunate Clara became a raving maniac.

The divorce was obtained. By means of
the mercantile houses with which he had been
connected, she sent him a properly executed

The frantic grief and anger of the unhappy
wife knew no bounds. Her very love for him
pride and indignation steeled her against the
attempt to extricate it only urged it deeper into
the wound. Among the many fascinating wo-
men whom he constantly met, was one who
had first attracted him by the extreme gentle-
ness of her manners, and a face that, like
sunshine in spring, seemed to brighten every
thing it looked upon. During their early ac-
quaintance, a number of those trivial circum-
stances occurred which give so deep an insight
into individual character, and Wilmerton was
charmed by the unruffled serenity of her tem-
per. Perhaps the contrast which her sweet
and cheerful temper afforded to that which
had so long harrassed him by its turbulence,
contributed not a little to the charms which
Wilmerton found in her society, and, before
he was aware of it himself, he was uncon-
sciously betrayed into those attentions, which,
as a married man, he never ought to have
returned to his deserted wife, and find her tame-
ly submitting to be recalled whenever he may
descend to claim her duty.

The divorce was obtained. By means of
the mercantile houses with which he had been
connected, she sent him a properly executed

tie that united him to his unhappy wife, and
the deed of divorce. This severed forever the

For five years she lingered in the loneliness
of the dungeon of a maniac's cell. At one
time quiet and melancholy in her madness, but
at others raging like a tigress robbed of
her whelps. Sickness fell upon her at length,
and reduced her to the very brink of the
great blow. Stung by her remarks, Wilmerton
recollected the bitterness of her resentment,
and the violence of her temper, ho felt that no
forbearance was due from him, One course
alone seemed left him to pursue. Clara had
voluntarily burst the bonds which united them,
and he was now at liberty to repair the injury
which he had unconsciously inflicted on the
young French girl. Whatever were his feel-
ings he concealed them within his own bosom,
and the fair Adèle became his wife. A fear-
ful shuddering shook his whole frame, and
his cheek was ghastly pale as he stood before
the altar with his second bride, but she marked
it not, and with the strength of a well-tried
spirit, he mastered his emotion.

Clara knew nothing of the particulars of
the marriage, if she had, they would have a-
forded her no consolation. One only thought
was present with her—she had cast from her
a precious treasure, and that treasure now
glanced in the cabinet of another. The anguish
was more than the could bear. Her spirit
wrestled in vain with this more than mortal ag-
ony, until reason perished in her citadel,
and the unfortunite Clara became a raving maniac.

Five years have passed since his union with
the fair Adèle became his wife. A fear-
ful shuddering shook his whole frame, and
his cheek was ghastly pale as he stood before
the altar with his second bride, but she marked
it not, and with the strength of a well-tried
spirit, he mastered his emotion.

When wearied with the follies of the world,
return to his deserted wife, and find her tame-
ly submitting to be recalled whenever he may
descend to claim her duty.
sung, to a mild and melancholy air, the following words:

I have no heart—I know not where
The wild and restless thing has fled,
It lives not in a mortal breast,
Nor is it with the dead.

I have no heart—love, hope nor joy,
Still not the current of my life,
Nor is my fate a vapour's thrill,
Or passions fearful life.

I have no heart—too early chilled,
It slumbers, ne'er to wake again:
For as the frozen traveller sleeps
Through all life's pining pain.

I have no heart—no power can raise
My spirit from its heavy trance;
Alike to me are love's sweet tunes,
And hatred's withering glance.

I have no heart—nor would I call
The restless thing to life once more:
For if a wish could gain me all,
I dreamed in days of yore.

The song ceased, and Mrs. Wilmerton, pushing the harp from her, rose as if to retire.

What was it that invited her to the spot where she stood? Immediately before her in the doorway stood the long absent husband, and, leaning on his arm, the delicate little creature whose features had been seen so often to light up the room. The attraction of her presence was too much for her, and she stood thereuong the window, gazing at him through the dim light, her eyes fixed on his face with a look of awe and wonder.

In the winter of life, when the gaudy flowers of personal beauty are withered by the "rude breathing" of age, when the lustre blue eye is dimmed, and the bloom of the rosy cheek fled, those golden fetters which only death can sever are beheld without love.

A woman of intellectual accomplishments, on the contrary, in the evening of life, will draw at the fountain of the graces, diffuse the pleasure of instruction to her children, and illuminate by her cheerful conversation all who are circle within the attractive sphere of the society in which she moves. Beauty is as fleeting and as fragile as the blossom of an exotic flower, blown under the chilling influence of a northern breeze; education alone is the towering oak that defies the tempest of years.

The most inestimable blessings which the benign bounty of the creator has bestowed upon man, is the possession of virtuous, amiable and educated woman—her love is the highest delight which gladdens him in the vale of sufferings; it is a green basis that spreads for him his garry verdure on the desert of despair.

In the possession of a lovely, sympathetic woman, even in the solitude of life, only illuminated by her smiles, the soul is more gratified than upon the throne of Napoleon, when the world honoured him with its homage, and was dazzled by the lustre of its glory.

Though Rosseau threw enchantment over the tender passions, though Byron and Ossian transfused the most sublime profound sensibility into love, yet they never experienced those finer feelings of which the pure heart of woman is susceptible. It is the fountain from which piety and ardent effusions gush spontaneously and flow in union. It is in the midst of distress and anguish, that the finest qualities of the female, and the nobles traits of the female character, are displayed in all their characteristic grandeur.

When a husband is suffering under the pressure of unutterable woe, when his prospects are withered by the dissolved illusions of hope, and the cruel desertion of friends, it is then that the consolations of a wife pour the balm of sympathy into the corroded bosom of grief. Adversity only gives an additional impulse of ardor to her attachment, it seems to inspire her with a spirit of devotedness to the object of her love, which rises superior to the inflictions of fortune. No changes or chances can estrange her constancy, or subdue the intensity of her devotion.

STUDY.

While some are lost in dissipation and thoughtlessness, there are others whose minds are absorbed in diligent and laborious study. And, indeed, he who has no taste for intellectual pleasure, seems to be but a small remove from the animal tribe. He who cannot bear the contemplation, or at least has no disposition for investigation, but takes things merely from the report of others, or as they are imposed upon him by custom or prejudice is a mere slave, and hardly can be wise. It is a remark worthy attention, that "Thinking has been one of the least exerted privileges of cultivated humanity." It must be confessed there is too much truth in that observation. That all men think, is not denied; but, alas! few think with propriety; few bend their thoughts to right objects; few divest themselves of the shackles of ignorance and custom; to be, however, intelligent, canid, and useful, a man should give himself to application. In a word, he who would be happy himself, respectable in society, and a blessing to the world, should persevere in the study of those subjects which are calculated to enlarge the mind, meliorate the disposition, and promote the best interests of mankind.

Democritus's application to study was surprising. To be the more removed from noise, and less subject to distraction, he caused a small chamber to be made for him under ground, in which he shut himself up sometimes for whole months, shaving on purpose, half his head and face, that he might not be in a condition to go abroad. It was there, by the light of a small lamp he composed the admirable Orations, which were said by those who envied him, to smell of the oil, to imply they were too elaborate. "It is plain," replied he, "you did not cost you so much trouble." He rose very early in the morning, and used to say, that "he was sorry when any workman was at his business before him." He copied Thucydides' History eight times, with his own hand, in order to render the style of that great man familiar to him.

Mr. Gavelot of Philadelphia, is to receive $90,000 to execute a statue of the late Stephen Girard, the liberal benefactor of the city. The statue to be of the size of life, and the best Italian marble.
A "Venerable Turtle."—In the year 1816, Mr. Jonathan Worthington, of West Springfield, Mass. found a Turtle upon his premises which had "J. W. 1717" marked—evidently cut with a penknife, upon the under shell. The Turtle was set at liberty, after examination, and again found in 1823; again in 1828; again in 1829; and a few days since in 1833.

To those who are not aware of the longevity of the Turtle, it may be well to give an extract from "White's Natural History of Selborne," in which are some interesting facts in relation to the Tortoise. Among others, to show its great strength, it is stated that a common sized Turtle would move with ease a weight of 18 stone on its back—and that a cart wheel passing over the turtle gives it no apparent pain. In relation to the longevity of this "creeping thing," the following extract is from the work above mentioned:

"From a document belonging to the archives of the Cathedral, called the Bishop's Barn, it is well ascertained that the tortoise at Peterborough must have been about 220 years old. Bishop Marsh's predecessors in the see of Peterborough had remembered it above sixty years, and could recognize no visible change. He was the seventh bishop who had worn the mitre during its sojourn there. If I mistake not, its sustenance and abode were provided for in this document. Its shell was perforated, in order to attach it to a tree, &c. to limit its ravages among the strawberry borders.—Hampden Journal.

PHILOSOPHY.—There are very few true philosophers among mankind. True philosophy consists in bearing without flinching, the ordinary ills of life—in holding the passions in subjection, and in being contented with the sphere, however humble, in which providence has cast our lot.

Philosophy is as often found in a cottage as a palace. The gifts of fortune, if dispersed profusely, tend more to misery than to happiness; and few men, however heroically they may bear poverty, can withstand prosperity. It is a mistaken idea that happiness depends within your reach, and that Happiness is externally take fire. Let the individual be in imminent danger from two other fires. Nor do we think it either improper or indelicate to remark here, that in every instance, the fortunate escape was attributable to the presence of mind, the calmness, the collectedness, and persevering energy of Mrs. Stuart herself—a lady, whose uniform conduct on the occasion, forms an admirable contrast to that of many of those who boast themselves 'the lords of creation.'—This is the only distinction we can perceive.

EXTINCTION or FIRE.—It is of importance to observe that flame, by a statistical law, ever attends upwards. Attention to this circumstance might be the means of preventing many a fatal issue when female clothes accidentally take fire. Let the individual be instantly thrown down on to the floor, and the flames are as immediately subdued. A few moments in an upright position are so many moments of imminent peril, which is rendered almost certainly fatal, if the individual endeavors to make an escape by the door way, for the current of air imparts energy and power to the devouring element.

LOWELL.—"The land on which the Manufacturing village of Lowell is built, was a farm, about fifteen years since, owned by a widow woman. A cursory survey of it was made by an engineer in behalf of a manufacturing company who were searching for a good water power, in order to erect their mills. The report of the engineer was favorable. Without suspecting their object, the old lady sold her farm for what she then considered a good round sum, perhaps $2500 or thereabouts. On that very farm there is now a large town, containing 10,000 inhabitants, and a
the capital invested in the various manufactories of six million, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, besides that employed in other kinds of business, from a wholesale store, to a top and whistle manufactury."

Good Advice.—It is better to tread the paths of life cheerfully, skipping lightly over the thorns and briers that obstruct your way, than to sit down under every hedge, lamenting your hard fate. The thread of a cheerful man's life spurs out much longer than that of a man who is continually sad and desponding. Prudent conduct in the concerns of life is highly necessary, but if distress succeed, dejection and despair will not afford relief. The best thing to be done when evil comes upon us is not to lament, but to act; not to sit and suffer, but to rise and seek the remedy.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Manufactories, &c. at Lowell, Mass.—Below will be found an account of the astonishing amount of business done in manufacturing, as well as the rapid increase of it, in Lowell. On reading it over, it must strike the mind of every person at once, that Lowell, furnishes less facilities for building and carrying on its immense business, than does our own place, to mention amount of business done in manufacturing, which was held in the Reformed Dutch Church in New York, on the 17th inst. twenty young gentlemen received the degree of A. B. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on Rev. John Gosman, of Kingston, N. Y., and Rev. Joseph McCarey of Newburgh, N. Y., Professor of Theology in the Associate Reformed Church. The Rev. Jacob J. Janeway, D. D. has been recently appointed Vice President of the College and Professor of Rhetoric, Evidences of Christianity, Political Economy, &c.

It is next to impossible to make a paper interesting to readers, during dog days. A Machine for Milking Cows, operating on one teat at a time, and on the principle of the "Machine Shop," belonging to the Lock and Canal Company, and is probably the largest "Shop" in the country, being built of brick, four stories high, nearly 1,000,000 of bricks have been used in its construction. It will go into operation in about two months, and will contain 2880 spindles, and 64 looms for Cassimere, and 40 for Broadcloths. It will work up about 300,000 pounds of wool annually, and employ 920 operatives.

The edifice in which all the machinery employed in the mills is manufactured, is termed the "Machine Shop," belonging to the Lock and Canal Company, and is probably the largest "Shop" in the country, being built of brick, four stories high, 900 feet in length, and 65 in width. About 200 mechanics, some of them the most skilful and ingenious workmen in the United States, or in the world, are constantly employed. About 6000 tons of cast and wrought iron, too thirds of which are of anthracite coal are annually consumed in the Lowell Manufacturing establishments and Machine Shop, besides immense quantities of charcoal and pine and hard wood fuel.

Issac C. Pray, Jr, Late Editor of the Shining, which publication ceased at the close of the second vol.—has become editor and proprietor of the Bouquet, at Hartford, Conn. Mr. Pray has literary talents, and we think will not fail of making a valuable Bouquet.
Drenching the earth with blood of hundreds slain.
With myriads of spectators, witnessing
Too late! The die was cast; their hour at hand.
Th'o' sightless and in chains, whose youthful arm
For now, led forward at his own request,
As were the lambs and kids beneath its own:
A place of rest, he laid his hands upon
Repent their rashness, and half wish him back
More formidable than a hundred swords
Exult in dreams, their great destroyer slain:
Who till that hour had rang'd the gloomy waste
Of their own city, while his sleeping foes*
To their great sea-born Deity,* whose power,
Deprived of sight and strength, into their hands,
Fof their salvation, and delivered up,
Drowned of sight and strength, into their hands,
The fell destroyer—the long dreaded foe—
So doubtless they believed, had interpos'd
For their salvation, and deliver'd up,
Deprived of sight and strength, into their hands,
The great heroical Samson; and had given
Them rest from their long toils, and leave to breathe,
Unpent in rocks and caves, the air of Heaven.
All this and more, to Dagon they ascribe,
Nor question his omnipotence; for yet
He had not met with that most shameful foil
Before God's ark in Ashdod, where the walls
Of his own temple witnessed his disgrace.
And his main'd Image strew'd the sacred floor
With fragments of his godhead overthrown.
Invincible in power, and might, they deemed
This god of Palestine; and their great Deliverance, from the Danite's wasterful hand,
Ascribe to his protection. Nor did his
Infatuated worshippers perceive
The fatal snare in which they themselves
Were hastening, when with wine and mirth clate,
They call'd for the illustrious prisoner,
To make them sport. Sad sport indeed to them,
Prompted by God, whose spirit wrought within,
The god like man the summons soon obey'd,
And by his herald led, before them stood,
The wreck of former greatness and renown.
He dashing looks, that mock'd the pruning shears,
In wild luxuriance overspread his broad
And ample shoulders, and the golden curls,
Like the red comet's flaming train, portend
Destruction to his foes; but they shrunk back,
And quail'd with dread before the mighty man,
Tho' sightless and in chains, whose youthful arm
Had laid the haughty tyrant of the wood,
All this in fancy they beheld, and now
scenes of the past shall come again,
In sweet review before me,
And sacred feelings yet remain
To spread their lustre o'er me.
And think'st thou, that I'll forget
Thy soothing friendship?—never;
This heart may throb, and break, and yet
'Twill not forget thee ever.
Brookport, July 29, 1833.
E. W. E.

A frightful "Scarecrow."—A few days since we passed the field of a farmer,
and saw dangling by a string from a stake in the middle of a corn field, a RUM BOTTLE. If the keen vision of the birds can discern all the evil spirits which are prone to harbor about objects of this sort, not a ravenous crow or blackbird will dare to approach within gunshot of the premises. If every farmer would hang up his rum bottle for the same purpose, but few of those terrible black crows, who come in the form of asheriff, would be seen preying upon his grain, his vegetables, his fruits, &c, after a year of toil, and greeting the "harvest home."—Portsmouth Journal.

The Patriarch.—Died at Hickory Hill, in Baltimore County, in the 22d inst. Mr. Wm. Thompson. This venerable man, on the 1st day of February last, had attained the very advanced age of 111 years.

BOOK & JOB PRINTING,
Such as handbills, houseleafs, cards, pamphlets, showbills, blanks, blank notes and receipts, cheques, &c., &c. will be at all times neatly and promptly executed at the office of the Gem. New Script, and other new type, will soon be added to the office, and our friends, and the public, are invited to give us a share of business.

TH' ROCHESTER GEM:
A Semi-Monthly Literary and Miscellaneous Journal
Volume V.—With 8 Plates.
Edwin Scrantom, Editor.

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Biography--No. 3.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

LIFE OF TECUMSEH,

THE CELEBRATED INDIAN WARRIOR.

Tecumseh was born about the year 1770, on the bank of the river Sciota, near where Chillicothe now stands. His father, who was a distinguished warrior of the Shawanee tribe, was killed at the battle of Kenhawa, on the 10th of October, 1774, when Tecumseh was only about four years of age. It appears from all the information which can now be gathered, respecting the early years of Tecumseh, that he gave striking evidence in his boyhood of the singular spirit for which he was distinguished through life. He prided himself upon his tern respect to his first battles. Some Shawanees have said that he made bis debut in an engagement with the Kentucky troops, which took place on the banks of Mad River; that in the heat of the battle he most ungenerously left the scene of action, and made the best of his way from the field, with all possible speed,—and that too while one of his brothers stood his ground with the other Indians, and fought till he was wounded and carried off from the field. It must be admitted, that this was not so honorable a beginning in the young warrior’s life, as might have been conceived; but the extreme youth of the party goes some way to explain, as his subsequent conduct did not excuse it. But from this time, whatever might be his animal courage, he was never known to shrink.

He is said to have signalized himself so much, previous to the treaty that Gen. Wayne made with the Indians at Greenville, in 1795, as to have been reputed one of the boldest of the Indian warriors.

He was more troublesome to the first settlers of Kentucky, than any other individual; few could boast of having intercepted so many boats on the Ohio River, or plundered so many houses on the civilized shore. He was sometimes pursued, but never overtaken. If the whites advanced into his own country, he would retreat to the banks of the Wabash, or retire to some unknown swamp, until the storm had abated; and then, just as they were laying aside the implements of war, for the utensils of husbandry, would fall upon them again in their own settlements. It appears that, although, the booty collected in the course of these adventures must have been very considerable in quantity and value, he rarely retained any portion of it to his own use. It goes to show that his ruling passion was not the love of gain; but the love of glory and honor. About the year 1804, Tecumseh with his brother Elskwatawa, the Prophet, first conceived the project of uniting all the Western Indians against the Americans. It appears that in order to execute their plans, it was necessary that Elskwatawa should undertake to personate a religious character, and begin preaching in the summer of 1804. The doctrine which the Prophet preached was, that a radical reform was necessary in the manners of the red people. He then proved that the principal evils which had befell the Indians originated from the whites,—the imitation of their dress and manners, the introduction of ardent spirits, diseases, contentions, and wars by the vast diminution of the means of subsistence, and the narrowed limits of territory which they were now hemmed in; and by various other considerations of the most irritating kind. That point being gained, and a favorable excitement produced, the next thing in order was his own commission from the Great Spirit. This was authenticated by the astonishing miracles he was able to perform, and still more by the great benefits he proposed to confer on his followers.

He then told them wherein they must reform; the following is the substance of it: There was to be no more fighting between the tribes, they were brethren. They were not to drink any more ardent spirits, but to wear skins, as their forefathers had done, instead of blankets. Stealing, quarreling, and all other immoral habits were denounced. The policy of the Prophet and his brother could not be mistaken; it was to promote the independence of the Indian nations, first, by diminishing their dependence upon the whites, and, secondly, by increasing their intercourse and harmony with each other.

Tecumseh was, of course, his first convert and most devoted disciple, but some of their relations or particular friends soon followed in his train. The Prophet then most wisely commenced operations upon the residence of his own tribe. Disaffection and indifference were not the only obstacles the Prophet and his brother were obliged to surmount. The chiefs of most of the tribes were their resolute opponents; they were jealous or suspicious of the new pretenders, ridiculed and reproached them, and opposed their exertions in every possible way. The Prophet determined upon killing every chief who should not believe as he pretended he did. Their satellites and scouts were sent out in all directions to ascertain who were, or who were likely to be, their friends or their enemies.

Among those who fell a sacrifice to their vengeance, was the venerable Delaware Chief, Tetsiboski, whose head had been bleached with more than eighty winters. Another eminent victim was the Wyandat Chief, Shateyaronlah, known to the whites by the name of Leather Lips, whose name appears among the signatures to Wayne’s famous treaty of Greenville. He was in the sixty-fourth year of his age, had sustained a most exemplary moral character, and was particularly attached to the American cause, as opposed to the British.

During the year 1807, Governor Harrison had received such reports respecting the movements of the Indians, and especially those of the Prophet in pursuit of his victims, that he thought proper to send a speech to the Shawanees, couched in very severe terms—Tecumseh, together with most of those addressed being absent, the necessity of replying devolved on the Prophet, and he requested the messenger to indite for him the following address:

"Father! I am very sorry that you listen to the advice of bad birds. You have imprisoned me with having correspondence with the British; and with calling and sending for the Indians from the most distant parts of the country, to listen to a fool that spake not the words of the Great Spirit, but the words of the devil." Father! these impeachments I deny, and say they are not true. I never had a word with the British, and I never sent for any Indians. They came here themselves, to listen and hear the words of the Great Spirit.

"Father! I wish you would not listen and—}
more to the voice of bad birds; and you may rest assured that it is the least of our idea to make disturbance, and we will rather try to stop such proceedings than encourage them."

In the spring of 1808, immense numbers of Indians from the Lakes, began to collect round the neighborhood of Fort Wayne. They had attended on the Prophet so strictly, the year previous, that they had neglected to raise corn for their subsistence, and they now found themselves in a state of starvation.

Governor Harrison considered it necessary to supply them with food, for fear that they might commit depredations upon the frontier settlers of the United States; and he therefore sent orders to the Agent at Fort Wayne to allow them provisions from the public stores.

In the beginning of the summer of the year just mentioned, the Prophet selected a spot on the upper part of the Wabash river for his future residence, which was called Tippecanoe; at which place his motley forces removed, with himself at their head. These now consisted of about one hundred and forty in number.—His movement met with considerable opposition from some of the Miamies, and Delawares in particular, who had determined to prevent it if possible, and for this purpose they sent a deputation of chiefs to effect that object; but Tecumseh, who encountered them on the way, gave them such a reception as at once altered their disposition to advance any farther in the business.

In July, the Prophet sent a message to Governor Harrison, complaining bitterly of the manner in which he had been misrepresented, and proposing to visit the Gov. in person. He fulfilled his promise during the next month, and remained a fortnight in Vincennes. During his stay, long conferences and conversations took place, but it could not be ascertained that his politics were particularly British. His denial of his being under any such influence, was strong and apparently candid. He said his sole object was to reclaim the Indians from the bad habits they had contracted, and to cause them to live in peace and friendship with all mankind, and that he was particularly appointed to that office by the Great Spirit. He frequently in the presence of Gov. Harrison, arraigned his followers, and his constant theme was the evils arising from war and from the immoderate use of ardent spirits.

In the latter part of April, 1810, Gov. Harrison received the information that the Prophet and his brother was again exciting the Indians to hostilities against the United States; and that their force consisted of about three hundred warriors. About the middle of May, rumor magnified this force to six or eight hundred warriors, and that the combination was said to extend to all the tribes between Illinois River and Lake Michigan.

Considerable alarm existed on the frontier; so much so, that early in 1811, Governor Harrison made active preparations for open hostility, by calling to his aid the 4th regiment of the United States' Infantry, under the command of Col. Boyd, and a body of volunteer militia from Kentucky, besides a small body of militia from Indiana. He sent a message to Tecumseh and his brother, for the last effort to effect a compromise with the disaffected tribes. In July, of the year last mentioned, Tecumseh made the Gov. a visit in consequence of the speech which he had sent to him and his brother. He was accompanied by his body-guard, which consisted of more than three hundred men. The Gov. took this occasion to repeat his former complaints of the insults and injuries he supposed to have been offered to American citizens by Indians under their influence. Tecumseh promptly replied to this communication, by promising to visit the Gov. in precisely eighteen days, for the purpose of washing away all these bad stories.

Some delay occurred; but he made his appearance at Vincennes, with his three hundred followers. The Gov. proposed to commence negotiations immediately; which was agreed upon. Gov. Harrison placed himself in front of a full troop of dragoons, dismounted, and completely equipped with fire-arms; and Tecumseh, on the other hand, stood at the head of his thirty band, and the conference commenced with a speech on part of the Gov. This was briefly replied to, but a heavy rain coming on, the conference adjourned until the next day, when Tecumseh made a long and ingenious harangue, both exposing and justifying his own schemes much more openly than he had ever done before. The Governor demanded of Tecumseh, that two Potawatamie murderers should be given up to punishment, who were said to reside at Tippecanoe. Tecumseh at first denied that they were there; and then went on to show, that it would not be consistent for him to give them up if they were there; but finally, he desired that matters might remain in their present situation until he should return from a visit among the southern Indians. Then he would go to Washington, and settle all difficulties with the President; and he would despatch messengers in every quarter to prevent further mischief. The negotiations, of course, were broken off, and Tecumseh, attended by a few followers, soon afterwards commenced his journey down the Wabash for the southward.

This was his last appearance previous to the war. The popular excitement had now become greater than ever. Numerous meetings were held and representations forwarded to the Federal Executive. But before these documents could reach their destination, authority had been given to Gov. Harrison to commence offensive operations, at discretion—In October, Gov. Harrison, placed himself at the head of the troops, and commenced the line of march for the Prophet's town. He entered into the heart of territory occupied by the Prophet, but claimed by the United States, as being purchased of those tribes who had the least disputed claim to it; and on the night of the 6th of November, the day previous to the battle of Tippecanoe, he encamped in the vicinity of the Prophet's force. On his arrival, he was met by the Prophet and some other chiefs, who professed to be peaceably disposed, requested him to encamp for the night, and promised to come the next morning and hold a council of peace. With this request the Gov. complied, unsuspicious of their treachery.

Concluded in our next.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

Our transatlantic brethren have charged us with degeneracy. They have said that since these fair colonies were lopped from the parent trunk, literature has ceased to flourish in this soil. These are but the effervescences of a jealous soul—the outbursts of an enraged rival. But false as these accusations may be, the names of those who have served to render them so—should be held dear by every one, in whose bosom there throbs an American heart.

Foremost among those who have endeavoured to wipe off the stigma which has been attached to our country, stands James Finnin Cooper. In his youth a defender of her rights—he saw that though we triumphed on the deep, there was a warfare in which we were not victorious. Anxious to gain for us a preeminence there also, he dropped his sword, and pen in hand, engaged in this more dangerous contest—more dangerous—as in the one, man meets man, and victory or a glorious death is the sure result. But in the other he contends not only with the literati of a foreign land, but host of his own brethren watch with jealous eyes, all that emanates from the press—and stand ready to crush the opening flower in the bud. Nothing daunted by the dread array of hostile critics; in a propitious moment he determined to embark upon the sea of letters. His first work fell still-born from the press. Precaution was a book which contrary to the advice of his friends, he sent before the public. A common place, trite, newspaper tale; its own insignificance preserved it from contempt. Now, it is known to many of his admirers, as an embryo production of his mighty genius.

Far different was the success that attended his second work—when that appeared a note of joy sounded through the land, and it was hailed as the promise of what maturer age would produce. Faults it had, but it was a truly American work, and one of the first of whose kind that had ever appeared—and on this account, all its inaccuracies were consigned to oblivion. Had the Spy been one of those mongrel works, half English—half American, the countrymen of Washington, would never have forgiven the author, for the insult offered them, in making their beloved General act the part of a spy—or rambling about the mountain,
as a guide to a lovesick damsel. But charm-
with the tale, they forgive all—and looking
upon it as a fanciful romance, honoured the
man whose work it was. Since then, with col-
orary surpassed alone by that magic spirit,
(peace be to his ashes) who for so long a peri-
period held dominion over the region of ro-
mance—he has sent forth book after book—to
gain for himself increased fame, and his own
country a garland of unfading glory. In quick
succession followed Lionel Lincoln, Last of
the Mohicans, Pioneers, Prairie, each equal-
ing, if not excelling, its predecessor, until ap-
peared the Red Rover. This has been shot
his master piece. The scene is founded on
the ocean, where he held undisputed superiority.
Not a ship under full sail before a noble breeze,
bears onward in its course with a more ravish-
ing appearance, than sails he onward, when de-
scribing a sea scene, whether a battle or ship-
wrack be his subject. Soon appeared the
Wept of the Wish ton-W ish. This was looked
upon as a failure, but his friends mindful that
"Great Homer sometimes sleeps" passed it over
still retaining confidence in his genius.—
His succeeding works have not added to his rep-
utation. We fear his sun has reached its mer-
idian. May we never see it in its wane.—

The Water Witch, Bravo, and Benedictines,
have been scanned with anxious eye, and each
found inferior to its predecessor. When the
Bravo appeared, it was hoped the severity of
criticism applied to him, would warn him never
to leave his native land for scenes in
which to found his romances.

But notwithstanding all that has been said,
we find that the Benedictines is a history of the
transactions, occurring in a small portion of
time, in a pretty village in one of the mountains
of Switzerland. There is a want of original-
ity pervading it that has an unpleasant effect
upon the mind of the reader. It carries him
back to the 16th century, when, in the centre
of Europe, feudalism was on the decline; when
the poor serfs and humble villagers looked
with awe and yet with jealous spirit upon the
lords of the castles which crowned the brow of
every mountain: a time when the monks and
abbits ruled, by the use of spiritual weapons,
with as proud a sway as did their rivals, the
warlike chiefs. At such a period have been
found inferior to its predecessor. When the

Cooper—well hast thou striven to gain for
thy country, a name among the nations of the
earth. Thy name shall be high on the list of
her patriot sons. But return. Animate her
spirits thou hast won.

LITERATURE.

The study of literature nourishes youth, en-
tertainment old age, adorns prosperity, solace
adversity; is delightful at home, unobtrusive
abroad, dosereds us not by day nor by night, in
journeying, nor in retirement.
dians, and teachers, early impress youthful minds with sound principles, good morals, patriotism, and intelligence, which are the "life of liberty."

My young friends you have still greater duties to perform if you do justice to yourselves, and your country. The time will soon come when those who now wield the sceptres of our government will resign their offices, and be compelled by age to withdraw from us their protecting bands. Who then will fill their places? Enlightened youth, may it not—must it not be you? I answer yes: before twenty years have rolled their solemn round, many who are now young, and unambitious, will fill very important stations in life. How then will you meet the claims which society will make upon you? By what means? By the fulness of a nation, and to preserve that security, they must remain firm. Should we not then exert ourselves for the good of our country? Certain it is, that the march of intelligence, the extermination of national evils, and the preservation of our republican institutions, must greatly depend upon the tenacity of those measures which we now adopt. It is for us to say whether the liberty which our fathers gained with so much difficulty shall endure.

Let us highly prize the glorious boon. It is a gift which Providence has bestowed upon us. Let us endeavor to preserve it, and press forward in one body and wipe away every evil which might leave a stain upon our national character, and may the flame of our zeal light up a kindred spark in the kingdoms of the east which shall spread till tyranny is no more! and liberty—rational liberty—shall alone survive.

Moscow, 1832.

[From the Legendary for 18—]

VERMONT.

Somewhere out of the world, and in Vermont. Tox. 1849.

'This is a strange world,' said a friend laying down the Token. 'Your remark is more true than original,' I replied. 'The mass of moving and intelligent beings who compose the world are strange enough, no doubt. The world, of itself—I mean this planet on which we dwell—is most beautiful and perfect; but the word has many different meanings. To the fashionable, Washington, New York, and Saratoga, are the world; and provided that is not quite large enough, fashion makes the world extend to Niagara, and down the St. Lawrence. Sometimes a man's home is his world, and occasionally the world is his home, and sometimes too, there may be a poor wretch who has no home in the world.'

'I care not for your explanations and definitions,' said my friend; 'here is a work professing to be purely American—and there are many others—and yet there is no end to the slanders which are cast upon one of the New England States. Is a place out of the world, that is, out of all worlds—it is sure to be in Vermont. Does a man four feet broad and seven feet high appear in the Bay State—he is said to be from Vermont. 'Ah yes! from Vermont,' lisps a dandy, four feet and three inches in length; 'quite a promising young man.' Is a student awkward, ungainly and unmanners—You would think,' says his fellow students, 'he came from Vermont. Does a young Vermonter gaze with rapture upon a fine landscape, No wonder,' the exclamations, 'he never saw anything but pine trees before.'

Does he dwell with still more intense admiration on the fair face of beauty—Why is he only enchaned by the novelty of a white forehead and red cheek: every body knows the faces of the Vermont girls are the color of a Swedish turnip? Has a woman a great angle, She is a native of Vermont—a small town,' says a reigning belle, on Lake Superior. I have always understood lake air was injurious. When my father and I went there, I persuaded him to entrust his affairs to an agent, and hurry away as fast as possible; for my foot and uncle increased the third part of an inch the two days we were obliged to remain in that out of the way place. My son is very unfortunate,' sighs an elderly lady; 'I have been very much distressed on his account.' Has anything in particular happened, madam, to cause so much anxiety? Allow me to hope it may be in my power to relieve you. Still the lady sobbed and wrung her hands, and, as I gathered in the intervals of her sorrow, her son lived in Vermont! Poor young man! doomed to the necessities of business, and in the sad prospect of making a large fortune, to reside in a State where there is nothing but bears and pumpkins! She felt for him sincerely—deeply—nothing but a wilderness—no society, except here and there a family in a log house! This young man however, finds his property increasing, and his prospects good in every respect. He engages himself to a lovely girl; and when he speaks of the time when her dignity and virtues will grace his quiet home—Impossible,' she replies; 'would you expose me to all the trials and dangers of a life in Vermont?' He reasons and expostulates to no effect; and then in the plenitude of his wisdom, removes to the city, because his wife cannot live in Vermont! Poor Mary!' exclaims her friend, she has been used to her comforts and deligeries, and it would not be right to deprive her of them.'—And so he lays down his independence and his good judgment, at the shrine of a woman's whim.

In faith I desire no worse punishment, than to be the owner of such rich tracts of country as this State presents, fertile, cultivated and most romantic. I would sooner be a dweller in some of its towns bordering on the Connecticut, or those rich valleys that bound its western frontier, than to revel in all the luxuries which belong to the most boasted cities. There is no higher enjoyment, which is connected with any thing earthly, than to watch the changing beauty of its landscapes. Mrs. are the hours I have stood on yonder eminence, and marked the beams of the descending sun upon the plains, the river and its villa.
From the National Journal.

EMBLEM OF LIFE.

The Moon o'er the Mountain
Is shining afar;
Her path, like a fountain,
Flows lovely and clear.
The sky is cloudless,
Not a shadow is sailing
Where the Moon walks unshrouded,
Her beauty revealing.

—From the National Journal.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

My Debut into Manhood.

Boyhood—glorious boyhood—how much has been written in thy praise, and yet with all thy sweet, how many a youth has pined to be rid of thee, longed to be freed of thy joy, and eluded me from the rides and parties of those older, and as I supposed, happier, when the letter was given me. I took it and read it, and a load was removed from my heart, a dark vision passed from my soul, and I was elated—happy—satisfied, my hopes, my prayers, were about to be realized, my ambition was to be satisfied.


Written for the Gem.

Value of Married Men.—"A little more animation my dear," whispered Lady B. to the gentle Susan, who was walking languidly through a quadrille. "Do leave me to manage my own business, Mamma," replied the provident nymph; "I shall not dance my rings, let out of curl for a married man." "Oh, of course not, my love; but I was not aware who your partner was."
across my bearded face. But the mainly performance done, I returned to my room, and again rigged myself. All things finished, I seated myself and then I sat fearing to stir lest I should ruffle some things, or disturb some pleate which ought not to be. Thus in pain and anxiety I remained for half an hour, upon looking into the streets I saw two young ladies: I knew them, and they were going to the party. It was now four o'clock, and this was a signal for me to start. I was now to take my station as a man: now to enter upon a new and glorious existence. I again brushed my hair, smiled upon myself a look of exultation and pride, and went forth into the street, a man in all my glory. Although my anticipations were high, I was not refused then! What an appearance I should make!—had there been only a gentleman in the room, if none were to be there:—yes, at the proper time,—was the laconic reply of a tart lady. O how I felt! but I was fairly in the scrape and could not escape. I soon found that the girls had assembled, as has been the custom since the days of Eve, to enjoy a social chat about matters and things, and that the gentlemen were not expected till evening, and then merely to gallant them home. The gentlemen at last arrived, but I remained silent during the evening, and when the time came for parting, I soon found the ladies and gentlemen all arm in arm, and myself left with the old man, but my resolution was formed: I walked home alone, and left her to do the same. Such was my debut—and such the glorious introduction to manhood.

Penn Yan, Aug. 1833.

STEPHEN GIRARD.

No doubt many of your readers have, like myself, after having spent some hours in company with friends, on reflection, when retired, found that the time had been spent in such a manner as to produce no beneficial result to themselves or others, unless these very reflections should cause them to pursue a different course in future. How many of the best moments of our lives, for acquiring useful knowledge are spent in light, frivolous, useless, or worse than that, conversation, as if the gentleman and ladies were supposed to be enemies, and that from the kitchen, or company, on the occasion of laying the corner stone of the Girard College for Orphans, July 4th, 1833.

We all remember, and most of us knew him. Plain in appearance, simple in manners, frugal in all his habits, his long life was one unbroken succession of intense and untiring industry. Wealthy, yet without indulging in the ordinary luxuries which wealth may procure—a stranger to the social circle—indifferent to political distinction—with no apparent enjoyment except in impelling and regulating the multiplied occupations of which he was the center,—whose very relaxation was only variety of labor,—he passed from youth to manhood, and finally to extreme old age, the same unchanged, unvarying model of judicious and successful enterprise. At length men began to gaze with wonder at this mysterious being, who, without any of the ordinary stimulants to exertion, urged neither by his own wants, nor the wants of others,—with riches already beyond the hopes of avarice, yet persevered in this unceasing scheme of accumulation; and possessing so much, strove to possess more as anxiously as if he possessed nothing. They did not know that under this cold exterior, and aloof in that stern solitude of his mind, with all that seeming indifference to the world and to the world's opinions, he still felt the deepest sympathy for human affliction, and nursed a stronger, yet far nobler and wiser ambition to benefit mankind than ever animated the most devoted follower of that world's applause. His death first revealed that all this accumulation of his laborious and prolonged existence, was to be the inheritance of us and of our children, that for our and their comfort, the city of his adoption was to be improved and embellished, and above all, that for their advancement in science and in morals, were to be dedicated the fruits of his long years of toil.

It required the self-denial of no common saint to resist the temptation of being himself a witness and the administrator of this bounty, and to have abstained from enjoying the applause of his grateful countrymen, who...
would have acknowledged with affectionate respect, the beneficence which they derived from him. Yet even this secret and prospective munificence must have had its charm for a mind like his; and we may well imagine that the deep and retired stillness of his spirit was often soothed with the visions of the lasting good, and, perhaps, too, of the posthumous glory which he was preparing. Such contemplations he might well indulge, for to few have they been so fully realized. From the moment that foundation stone touched the earth, the name of Girard was beyond the reach of oblivion. From this hour, that name is destined to survive to the latest posterity; and while letters and the arts exist, he will be cited as the man who, with a generous spirit and a sagacious foresight, bequeathed, for the improvement of his fellow men, the accumulated earnings of his life. He will be remembered in all future times by the emphatic title with which he chose to be designated, and with which he commences his will—a title by which we ourselves may recognize him as "Stephen Girard, of the city of Philadelphia, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Merchant and Mariner"—the author of a more munificent act of enlightened charity than was ever performed by any other human being.

His, will indeed be the most durable basis of all human distinction—a wise benevolence in the cause of letters. The ordinary charity which feeds or clothes the distressed, estimable as it is, relieves only the physical wants of the sufferer. But the enlightened benevolence which looks deeper into the wants of our nature—which not merely prolongs existence, but renders that existence a blessing, by pouring into these recesses of sorrow the radiance of moral and intellectual cultivation—this is which forms the world's truest benefactor, and which embodies all of the world's most enduring of all fame. His glory is the more secure, because the very objects of that benevolence are enabled to repay with fame, the kindness which sustains them.

It is not unreasonable to conjecture that in all future times, there will probably in existence many thousand men who will owe to Girard, the greatest of all earthly blessings, a virtuous education; men who will have been rescued from want, and perhaps from vice, and armed with power to rise to wealth and distinction. Among them will be found some of the best educated citizens, accomplished scholars, intelligent mechanics, distinguished artists, and the most prominent statesmen. In the midst of their prosperity, too, such men can never forget the source of it, nor will they ever cease to mingle with their prayers, and to commemorate with their labors the name of their great benefactor. What human being can be insensible to the happiness of having caused such a succession of good through remote ages, or not feel that such applause is more grateful than all the shouts which ever rose from the bloodiest field of battle, and worth all the vulgar fame of a hundred conquests!

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By a late regulation of the General Post Office, postage must be paid within the United States, on all newspapers to be sent into the British Provinces—consequently, if we continue to send our paper to Subscribers over the line, we shall feel obliged to pay the postage at the Post Office here, in order to ensure their being forwarded to their several destinations. This, therefore, will render it absolutely necessary that our Subscribers should not only forward us immediately the amount of subscription due, but also sufficient to meet the postage.

YALE COLLEGE.—Commencement, Wednesday, 21st ult.—The degree of A. B. was conferred on 87 young gentlemen of the senior class. The degree of A. M. on 34 gentlemen, graduates of the College. The degree of D. D. on Rev. Soren E. Dwight, President of Hamilton College, and Rev. Nathaniel S. Wheaton, President of Washington College. The degree of LL. D. on his Excellency Henry W. Edwards, Gov. of Connecticut; Hon. Ezekiel Chubberson, U. S. Senator, from Maryland, and Hon. Edward Everett, of Massachusetts.

HAMILTON COLLEGE.—Commencement took place on the 14th ult. 20 young gentlemen received the degree of A. B. No honorary degrees conferred.

BURLINGTON COLLEGE, Vt.—Commencement was on 11th ult. Graduates 3.

The Hon. Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, on the 20th ult. delivered an Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College, on Education, as being the grand means of benefiting mankind. "He touched (says the Intelligencer) on a great variety of interesting topics under this general head, and professed himself to be an enthusiastic in regard to the power of education in forming the human character. He could not go into the discussion whether mankind were originally endowed with equal capacities, or were equally capable, in the same circumstances, of making the same attainments; but taking them on the common ground of equality as rational beings, and viewing them in this light, how vast is the difference which education produces! The subject was most beautifully illustrated by a comparison between a New Zealander, on the one hand, in his deep and besotted barbarism, and the commander of a ship, which might chance to visit his island from some civilized nation, on the other. Here were seen, in the ship, concentrated into a small compass, the results of education, in some of the grandest discoveries of civilized life. Education, Mr. B. regarded, as the ultimate, final end of man, on earth; and from three great forces now in operation, but which were unknown to the ancients, viz.: the press, free government, and a pure, spiritual faith, the inexhaustible sources of moral power, he entertained no question that the world would yet be wholly civilized. Had these powers been known to the ancient civilized States, they never could have relapsed to barbarism;—being known and understood by us, it is impossible, in the nature of things, for the dark ages to be rolled back upon us."

In a note to "Readers," the Editor of the Cincinnati Mirror, observes that "one of the first maxims imculcated on children, is that they should never speak without having something to say. We, therefore, bearing in mind this, in our editorial capacity, have this week avoided thrusting any of our own effusions on our readers, for the simplest of all reasons, that we can find nothing on which, interesting to us, or to us, to exercise our editorial acumen. There is nothing on earth to write about.—Every thing seems "stale, flat, and unprofitable;" and having no desire so to appear before our readers,—we have unmercifully rejected all editorial, and present ourselves to them, decked out in the plumage of others;—which cannot fail to be agreeable to most of them, and to lay them under large obligations, for our good sense and discretion." We feel willing at this time to pursue a similar course.

THE PEARL AND LITERARY GAZETTE.

Late the Bouquet, is published at Hartford, Conn. Isaac C. Pray, Jr. editor. The price is $2.00 per an. We have received the first No. and think it bids fair to rank high among literary periodicals.

Lines written on the death of Elzey Elizabeth, infant daughter of Mr. Daniel G. Folsom, Palatine.

Thou art gone! thou art gone! ah, lovely flower! Thou hast faded like light away! And we weep that earth was too cold a bower! To have won us thou longer stay.

Thou camest here like a beautiful bird— Ah transient but sweet was thy lay! For an angel they notes with rapture heard, And bore thee in triumph away! Thou art gone! thou'rt gone to a sunny shore, Where the roses may never fade— Where the blasts and the clouds of time no more Can ever thy path with their shade!—

MARGARET.

Letters containing Remittances, received at this Office, since 25th ult.

S. T. Hastings, Buffalo, N. Y. $1,50; G. D. A. S. Parks, Lockport, N. Y. $1,50; Mary Reed, Greece, N. Y. 1,50; Caleb Wrote, Lyons, N. Y. 1,50; O. S. Holley, and W. Young, Stamford, Conn., each 1,50; Wm. Hills, Vernon, N. Y. 1,50; Joel Graves, Livonia, N. Y. 2,00; John T. Lacy, Chili, N. Y. 1,50; Moses Austin, Pavilion, N. Y. 1,50; W. C. Lawrence, "G. C." and W. W. Young, Stamford, Conn. 1,50; Moses Austin, Pavilion, N. Y. 1,50; several gentlemen in Genesee Co. 15.00.

To Correspondents.—Several communications on hand, apparently first efforts, which we should be pleased to encourage, are not sufficiently correct and interesting, to warrant us giving them place. The Tale, with a little more attention bestowed on it, might be made quite pretty.
and ornament, and transcribes his feelings, or the picture of his imagination in correct and fresh language.

His eye is open on nature and her forms; and the whole broad scene, which he may be creating, rises before him peculiarly definite; not distant and dim, but near to his organ of vision—each portion bright and full, even to truth, as if drawn up by the power of a telescope.

There is a tendency in this accomplished writer, we perceive, to picture out, after the manner of Crabbe, some of the darker feelings of the human heart. The sunlight of his genius does not alwaysiver, and shoot thro' the cloud, in his mental vision, lighting it up into pleasing brightness; but leaves some parts of it dark and shaded, so that the scene which is rising, becomes deeply shadowed and loaded with a heaviness, which cast a gloom on the gazing soul. We trust that this tendency will be checked, as much as possible; or, at the least, that this poet will not hazard such pictures, for the sake of displaying a power, which be, doubtless, possesses.

It is to Whittier, in our opinion, that the American public ought to look for a long and elaborate poem, which may redeem the poetical profligacy of our poets; and we trust that he will be induced to commence one, for we believe that there is no one—and we except not the poets of high name among us—who would succeed so well.—The Sphinx.

The following anecdote from the Norfolk Herald, will be read with interest by every one. There are few Lecostes in the world, and, alas! for the honor of humanity, still fewer such men as the poor sailor.—Richmond Whig.

Anecdote of a Sailor.—During the prevalence of the Cholera last year in this borough, a sailor of decent appearance called at W. S. Lecoste's boarding-house, and frankly told the neighboring physician to give him relief. The doctor, who having lost temper with his patient, said 'don't you know what things heavy or windy?' The blacksmith went off satisfied; but on evolving in his own mind, what kind of food was heavy or {windy}, returned to the doctor, who having lost temper with his patient, said 'don't you know what things are heavy and what windy?' ‘No,’ said the blacksmith. 'Why then I'll tell you,' says the doctor. ‘Your curry is heavy, and your bellece is windy; do not eat either of them, and you will do well enough.'

DIED.

In Lima, on the 4th of Aug. Mr. Darwin Meader, aged 31.

MARRIED.

In Albany, on the 6th last, by the Rev. Dr. Sprague, the Hon. Mihah Sterling, of Watertown, Jefferson County, to Miss Ruth Benedict.

In Bolton, Mass., by the Rev. J. W. Chiering, Mr. Gustavius U. Richards, of New Yok, to Miss Electa B. daughter of S. V. S. Wilder, Esq. of Bolton.

BOOK & JOB PRINTING,

Such as handbills, house-bills, cards, pamphlets, show-bills, blanks, notes and receipts, cleansers, &c., &c., will be at all the neat and promptly executed at the office of the Gaan. New Script and type of every new kind, will be had, and the best and other new type, with the office, and our friends, and the public, arinvited to give us a share of business.


Edwin Scranton, Editor.

The Gaan is published at Rochester, Monroe co., N. Y. every other Saturday at $1 50 per annum, payable in advance. It is printed in quarto form and bound for binding—and an index and title-page furnished at the end of the year.

No subscription is taken for less than one year. No paper directions and until all aera paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

Money can be safely sent by mail. All Letters must be postpaid, and addressed to JOHN DENIO, by whom it will be printed and published, for the Proprietor.
THE NUN OF ST. LAWRENCE.

CHAPTER I.

"You have often begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd and left me to a bootless inquisition; concluding—Stay; not yet!"

Shakespeare.

It was a serene, beautiful afternoon in September, in the year 18__, that I and my friend Charles Jenkins, crossed the Susquehannah river, on our journey from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. The route we chose led us through Reading and Harrisburg to Carlisle, at which place we were to meet another friend, and together pursue the remainder of our journey across the Alleghanies, to Pittsburgh, to which place business of importance called us. Our course was leading us through the fertile and highly cultivated country of central Pennsylvania, where a system of excellent farming, combines with valuable soils, to abundantly remunerate the laborer for his toil. We did not expect to reach Carlisle until the next day; and having abundance of time to accomplish our wishes in that respect, we rode at our leisure, occasionally stopping to catch glimpses of the rich and beautiful valley of the Connedoit, through which that stream was meandering. From a thousand graceful and picturesque curves; or to gaze on the blue range of the North mountain, which swells with a bold and rocky outline, on the right, as far as the eye could reach. Sometimes the stream and the mountain met, and there the road, with great labor, had been dug in the precipitous descent, exhibiting passage where the rocks were on the right, piled in threatening grandeur, and on the left, immediately below, the deep and sluggish Connessen river, which hung the cliffs, high up the mountain side; and the very moment we were, in the narrow pathway below, it commenced a tremendous descent, bearing before it stones, rocks, and the trees which had taken root in the projecting cliffs. Our first warning was a deafening roar, as of heavy thunder—the mountain trembled on its base, and casting a glance upwards, it seemed as if forest and precipice were descending together to overwhelm us. Our good horses were instantly put to the top of their speed, but escape was hopeless; and the last I recollect of that dreadful moment, was seeing a rock, which might have weighed tons, broken in its downward career, by a projecting cliff, and the pieces whirling through the air, or rolling and leaping with the velocity of lightning, down the mountain, exactly upon us.

Four days afterwards, I found myself at the mansion of a hospitable German, who lived about half a mile from the spot where the accident occurred, with my left arm broken, and the back part of my head severely bruised. To me those four days were with those beyond the flood, for I was perfectly insensible of their existence. Jenkins escaped amidst the shower of stones, with only a slight contusion, though his horse was knocked down under him in the melee. Finding that there were signs of life about me, though covered with blood and insensible, he mounted my horse and hastened to the nearest residence, where he obtained assistance, and had me conveyed to that place, while medical aid was immediately procured. On the fourth day, began to have a faint, a kind of twilight recollection of what passed around me, though none suspected that such was the case. It was at first a sensation of simple existence, then a half waking dream. There was a lovely creature that hovered around me—applied cooling liquids to my fevered head—carefully watched every motion of mine—and although I was unable to give the least symptom of recognition, I even remember seeing
the tears dropping from her long silken eye-
lashes, as she hung over me. There were
men, too, who sometimes aided her, and one
who she always met with a smile, and who
sometimes relieved her in her attendance by
my bed side. Almost every one has a re-
membrane of seeing angels in his dreams; so
pure, bright, heavenly and ethereal: such this
beautiful being seemed to me, as with noise-
less step she glistened about the apartment, or
with affectionate attention, administered the
healing draught. On the forenoon of the fifth
day, I fell into a gentle slumber, from which
I awaked to the possession of my reason, was
standing near the bed, watching every move-
ment with anxious solicitude. I was instantly
sensible of the manner in which I had been
injured, and of which, before, I had a very
indistinct impression; but I was unconscious of
the extent, and I attempted to move.

"You must not move," said the lady, in a
soft, sweet tone, while her dark eye was
lighted up with pleasure at the expres-
sion which my countenance assumed; "you must
not move; you are seriously hurt, and your
arm is broken."

"I believe," I replied, "that I have been the
means of occasioning you much trouble, tho'
for how long a time I am unable to tell; but:

"Say not a word," interrupted the lady;
"the pleasure of seeing you so well, more
than compensates for the anxiety we have felt
for nothing, had, on the third day proceeded
for nothing, had, on the third day proceeded
on his journey; and thus the failure of our en-
terprise, which in my first moments of reason
had feared, was, I hoped, effectually pre-
vented.

CHAPTER II.

"For every inch of woman, in this world—
Aye, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
if she be."

Winter's Tale.

But a few days elapsed before I was able to
sit up, and mingle with the family circle; and
the days I spent there will long be remembered
by me, as some of the happiest of my life. Mr.
Lowendorff and his amiable wife, had, I found,
been married about three years; and one lit-
tle son, a sprightly, active child, had formed
another connecting link in the chain of mutu.
lar affection, by which they were united. Lou-
isa did not appear to be more than twenty-two,
although she might have been older. There
was something in her countenance which for-
cibly reminded me of some one I had seen in
by-gone days; and I was constantly, when in
her presence and company, which was much
the greater part of the time, haunted with the
idea that I must have seen those beautiful fea-
tures, though where, I in vain taxed my memo-
ry to ascertain.

Lowendorff, Louisa, and myself, were one
evening sitting in the parlor—Francis climing
upon my knee and amusing us with his inno-
cent prattle—Louisa at intervals, gratifying us
with some of those touching airs for which the
German musicians are so justly celebrated, up-
on a fine toned pianoforte, or listening to Lowen-
dorff, who read for our amusement in a Ger-
man periodical, which he had that day receiv-
ed from Europe, via Philadelphia. I had seen
the same volume in the city, and when not par-
ticularly interested by it, was reading in a
much more beautiful volume, the countenanc-
e of the charming Louisa. She, however, was
unconscious of the notice she received, and
busily engaged with her tambour frame and
needle, was listening to her husband. The
light shone strongly on the side of her face—
a few loose curls were waving around her
white neck—there was a feeling of sadness
depicted on her countenance, as in deep and
glowing colors the writer described the suffer-
ings of his heroine, which I had not before seen
—and the thought, that in the nun of St. Law-
rence, at Vienna, I had seen the lovely being
who was then before me, flashed across my
mind, with all the conviction of undoubting as-
surance.

"The mystery is unravelled," said I, as
Lowendorff closed his book.

"What mystery?" inquired my friend.

"I have been racking my memory these two
days," I replied, "to discover where I first saw
your Louisa, for confident I am that I have met
her before."

"You say the mystery is solved," answered
Lowendorff, laughing; "we should be glad to
know where it was."

"If it is not an absolute impossibility," I re-
plied, "I should say it was at Vienna, and in
the nunery of St. Lawrence."

"There is nothing impossible in it," said
Louisa, "if you have ever visited that place."

"I was in Europe, four years ago," I an-
swered, "and in passing through Germany,
from Hamburg to Trieste, I spent a month in
Vienna."

"Did you visit the nunnery you have men-
don?" inquired Louisa.

"I did, repeatedly," I answered, "and not
merely from motives of curiosity;—there was
one young nun there, in whose fate I was deep-
ly interested; and that person, unless I am
much mistaken, was Louisa Lowendorff."

"I shall always recollect the circumstance,"
replied, as Louisa took from her bosom the
brooch, handed it to me.

"My dear Heerman, we, too, have made a
discovery," said Louisa, smiling; "for our
friend, it seems, is the very American, (Eng-
lishman, we called him then,) to whom we owe
so much for his kind aid in enabling us to es-
tape, and the person of whom you have so of-
ten heard me speak."

They both rose and took my hand; I was
surprised.

"To you," said Lowendorff, "I owe home-
contentment, and wealth; and more than all,
the possession of this lovely creature;" and
"I," continued Louisa, "the escape from a des-
tination dreadful as death, and the happiness
I now enjoy."

Francis, their little son, witnessing the ac-

tion of his parents, ran to me, and clapped my other hand.

"See," said Louisa, "Francis has come to assist us in discharging our debt of gratitude," and as she stooped and kissed the sprightly boy, a tear dropped upon the hand which the child still held.

"You must explain," said I, after a silence of a minute, in which I endeavored to recollect what could have given rise to a scene of such evident feeling.

"You have not forgotten that, when in Vienna, as you were passing down the Prater, one afternoon," said Lowendorff, "you met some soldiers who had seized a countryman, and were hurrying him to the rendezvous of a regiment under marching orders for Italy.

You cannot have forgotten that he requested permission to speak with you—that you promised to assist him—that a handful of silver from your pocket postponed their march for an hour—and that in that time, by your interposition with the chief of the department, and by the judicious use of another handful of silver, I was set at liberty."

"Those circumstances I remember well," I replied, "but I little thought of meeting that countryman, in my friend Lowendorff. I was disposed to listen to your application, because I had seen you bring a basket of wild flowers as a present to the individual in the nunnery, who had interested me so deeply."

"Ever my better angel," said Lowendorff, with a look of affection on his charming wife. "To have my application in my own name, would have ruined me forever—redress would not only be denied, but imprisonment for life would have been the consequence of the disclosure of my name—in that dilemma I saw you—I knew you to be a foreigner—distracted with the fear of losing Louisa, I determined to address you and implore your interposition—I ventured and succeeded. It was my intention to have given you any recompense you could ask; but I could not find you and that afternoon I left Vienna forever."

"In contributing to your happiness, I have been abundantly recompensed," I replied; "but how did you succeed in releasing this fair nun?—of breaking walls and vows, which I fancied bid defiance to lovers, or I might have regretted the use of another handful of silver, I would have ruined me forever—redress would not be found, than the well educated German lady; and any person who will leave the Prater, that favorite resort of the Austrians, when the season call forth the flower and beauty of the capital, without being convinced of the truth of the above remarks, must have less predilection for sparkling eyes and fine forms, than myself. Although, owing to the war which was then raging, strangers to the capital were frequently viewed with suspicion, yet my situation was such, that I soon found myself perfectly at my ease, and my reception was rather flattering than otherwise. Amongst the various places I visited, was the nunner of St. Lawrence—a noble and spacious building, devoted as a religious house to the reception of females from the first families in the empire, who of their own choice assumed, or, as is frequently the case in Catholic Countries, were compelled to assume the veil. I was accompanied by a young lady, the niece of Count Waldberg, who volunteered to be my cicerone. The count's carriage, set down at the door of the convent—we were admitted without hesitation, and conducted to a large and elegant apartment, devoted to the reception of visiters. This apartment was furnished in the best manner, and was separated from a spacious hall, only by an open partition made of polished rounds of wood, about an inch in diameter, which extends from the floor to the ceiling. Sofas were placed against this slight separation, and through this partition all intercourse between the residents and their visiters was carried on.

"I shall show you some of the loveliest females you have ever seen," said my fair companion, as she rang the bell; "but I must caution you against being captivated by any of them," as we good Catholics should deem it a mortal sin to do so."

"You need be under no apprehension on that account," I replied, in the same tone of voice which Theresa had assumed, "so long as there are such sweet flowers blooming in the parterre, I shall not think of selecting from the pale tenants of the shade."

At the summons of the bell, a well dressed matronly lady appeared in the hall, and requested to know our wish.

"I would wish to speak with Louisa Stienberg," replied Theresa, "if she is not employed," and the woman left us to communicate the information.

"I have selected Louisa in preference to the others," said Theresa, "because she is my favorite, and besides she is so lovely and amiable—but here they come."

They did so indeed. The matron was accompanied by three young ladies who each addressed Theresa in the most familiar and affectionate manner. I was introduced as an American gentleman, to each of the fair muses in succession. I had no difficulty in entering into conversation with them—they were intelligent and inquisitive—and to an attentive observer, might have appeared in the perfect garb of perfect content and happiness. With the ordinary topic of the day, I found they were well acquainted, and that circumstance confirmed the information Theresa had previously given me, that they had greater privileges and more liberty than was usually allowed to such fair recluses. The young ladies were all what would be termed handsome; but the one introduced as Louisa, was I then thought, and still think, the loveliest female I had ever seen. Her dress was a white muslin robe, fastened with a girlie secured by a diamond clasp—a necklace of pearls around her neck—a light border of Brussels lace shaded a most bewitching bosom—a wreath of rose buds confined her luxuriant and polished tresses, and her eyes sparkled from beneath their long silken lashes, like the diamond.

Seating ourselves on the opposite sofa, a pleasing conversation ensued; and after a little time, I contrived to place myself opposite Louisa, while Theresa managed by skillful discussion of some matters in which they were much interested, to withdraw the attention of the matron and the two young ladies, entirely from us. I confess I was not less charmed by the conversation of Louisa, than by her personal appearance. Unassuming, she was intelligent without being gay; she was cheerful, though at times I fancied I could perceive beneath her smiles, a sentiment of regret, somewhat, indeed, but still the source of unhappiness. In a short time we were joined by the others, and after a pleasant visit of an hour, we took our leave, and Theresa and myself returned to our dwelling.

CHAPTER III.

"I may disjoin my hand, but not my heart,"

King John.

Strange as it may seem, the visit to the nunner of St. Lawrence, had awakened a tinge in my breast toward delight.

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Vol. v. THE ROCHESTER GEM.

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Biography--No 3.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

LIFE OF TECUMSEH,
THE CELEBRATED INDIAN WARRIOR.

Concluded from our last.

Early on the morning of the 7th, from five to eight hundred warriors, led on by the Prophet, suddenly assaulted the camp, having killed the sentinels with arrows; and one of the most desperate struggles ensued, of which we have any account of in the history of Indian warfare.

After a bloody conflict of two hours, the Indians were repulsed, leaving thirty-eight warriors dead on the field; but their entire loss was estimated at one hundred and fifty. The Americans lost about fifty killed, and nearly twice that number wounded; among whom were many valuable officers. Col. Davis, one of the first men of Kentucky, or perhaps in this country, was found among the slain. The Prophet's town was rifled, and the army commenced its return to Vincennes.

Tecumseh, who was absent when the battle took place, returned soon afterwards from the South, and, as doubt, was very much surprised and mortified at the conduct of his brother, the Prophet. From this time, while the former took a more independent and open part, the latter lost much of his former influence. It cannot be positively decided whether Tecumseh had previously maintained a special understanding with the British; but his subsequent course admits of little doubt. Tecumseh and his brother, soon after sued for peace, which was granted.

At the grand council held at Malden in 1819, both Tecumseh and the Prophet were present; besides all of the distinguished chiefs that resided both in the American and British dominions. Through the influence of Elliot, the Indian Agent, and the British Commanding Officer at Malden, most of these misguided chiefs were induced to take hold of the tomahawk and scalping-knife, and raise the ferocious war-ya at the Americans, rather than to sit around the council fire, and smoke the pipe of peace. At the commencement of the war, he exerted himself to arouse the spirit of war and hostility, among the different tribes, and to induce them to take hold of the war-hatchet, and strike the Americans; and unfortunately his exertions were but too successful.

Those who know, or have read, the history of the late war with Great Britain, need not be informed, that Tecumseh was at the head of the Indian Department, and that greater forces were collected by his influence, and embodied under his command, than in any other instance from the first settlement of the country. In the attack made upon Fort Stephenson, in the summer of 1813, the enemy numbered five hundred British regulars, besides eight hundred Indian warriors, while Tecumseh was at the same time stationed on the road to Fort Meigs, with a body of two thousand men, for the purpose, of cutting off the American reinforcements on that route.
with the appearance of his brave antagonist, hesitated a moment—and that moment was his last. The Colonel levelled a pistol at his breast, and they both, almost at the same instant, fell to the ground—Tecumseh to rise no more.—

The Kentucky volunteers rushed forward to the rescue of their leader, while the Indian chiefs and warriors, surrounding the body of their fallen chieftain, fought with the utmost desperation; but no longer stimulated by his animating voice and example, soon after fled in confusion. Near the spot where this scene occurred, thirty-three Indians were found dead, and six of their opponents. The Indian chiefs now came forward and sued for peace, which was granted to them, on condition of declaring war against their former friends, which they immediately did, and were supported at the expense of the American Government during the ensuing winter. At the time the American army landed near Malden, General Proctor had more than three thousand Indian warriors at his disposal, but the greater part of them had left him previous to the action; but this was not the case with Tecumseh. He was not like some great men in civilized nations, who have had sufficient influence to induce their country to engage in war, and then are the first to shrink from its responsibilities and to flee from its dangers. His spirit of hostility was not greater than his undaunted bravery. In a speech which he made to his father at Malden previously to the enemy’s evacuating that place, he showed that he scorned “to seek safety by flight,” and explicitly charged Proctor with cowardice—of not daring to stay and meet the enemy himself, and of depriving his “red children” of the means of defending themselves. He concludes his speech as follows:

“Father! You have got the arms and ammunition which our great father sent for his red children; if you have an idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go in safety, for our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our land, and if it be his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them.”

But destiny ordered that the bones of this gallant chieftain should be left upon the Thames. We cannot forbear to subjoin the following beautiful lines, upon this distinguished warrior. They are extracted from a western paper:

### Tecumseh.

Abbot on his courser, his plumes waving high, Rage brightening each feature, fury brightening his eye, Tecumseh came dashing o’er the blood crimson’d field, Determined to conquer—with life but to yield!—

When the voice of a foe man sung on his ear:—
Tecumseh! Tecumseh! thy tear-drawn near;—
You high rolling planet, mild beaming so bright,—
To you will no more show the rays of his light;—
In Fate’s dreaded balance, your crimes have been weighed,—
And to-day you consign’d to eternity’s shade.

**Apostrophe to the Moon.**

Beautiful moon! so changeful in thy course and form—how dark, like my troubled spirit, the ray of cheerfulness withdrawn, like the light of the sun from thee—and again, full of life, and joy—hope fluttering his gay pinions over me, as thou renewest thy brightness—What art thou? Inhabited? By what? By whom? And thou glittering gem; dost thou pursue thy way in still and solitary grandeur, without life upon thy bosom? Is there no voice of joy in thy valleys—no sound of gladness on the hills, to be heard? Does not love dwell upon thy orb? Is jealousy there? Does envy inhabit thee? Does ambition contend there for empire, or avarice dig for gold? Has Justice visited thee for transgression, and Mercy arrested his bolt in mid valley? Thou wilt not answer; but all nature teems with life, I will not doubt but life, perhaps in higher form of beauty and intelligence, dwells with thee. Thou wilt not answer, and I pursue my course on the swift wings of fancy—far—far beyond thy felicitable. Farewell. farewell pale moon— and thou bright sun, now dwindled to a twinkling star—fare thee well!—I roam in other systems, where there are other Suns! Oward, thy beams so extinct to me now—thy light has not yet travelled so far. And now, behold, I am as when I start— In the midst of space, surrounded by glittering worlds, Eternal, where is thy

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

Reflections.

It has often been said, and I think with much truth, that America is destined to become a mighty nation; that her sons will reflect glory upon her, and cause her to take an elevated rank among the nations of the earth. The perseverance and energy that inspired our ancestors when they first landed on these rude and unknown shores, that enabled them to turn a howling wilderness into peaceful habitations, has not been forgotten by their children. The same spirit now resides here that originated them. The same undaunted heroism, that enabled them to meet and conquer the savage foe when the settlement was in an infant state, has been repeatedly shown, and if occasion offered, still would be. The unexampled prosperity with which we have been favored, and which in the short space of two centuries has changed this fair country, from a wilderness, in which the Indian built his wigwam, and celebrated with superstitious idolatry his heathenish worship, to a land where Christianity prevails, and whose flourishing towns and cities are as numerous as the stars in the firmament above, gives ample evidence that we shall increase, till unequalled in size and population, we rank first among the nations of the world. While Europe and Asia have been swept by war and pestilence, as with the besom of destruction, we have been left to pursue in happiness our peaceful occupations.

But it is to the peculiar fitness of our country for the cultivation of the fine arts, I would now direct the reader's attention. Who can look abroad upon the face of this fair continent, and not say that such scenes as it unfolds, are calculated to stir up in their deepest, holiest, enthusiasm, the genius of the Poet, Painter, and Musician. In American scenery, we behold all that is lovely, quiet, and peaceful in nature. Here she seems to have done her utmost. He ranges mountains, her gentle quiet valleys, her broad majestic rivers, her sparkling streams with their melodious murmurs, the inexhaustible variety of bright fragrant flowers that enamel every plain, the numerous birds of harmonious song, the solemn dark waving forests, the broad extended prairies, the foaming, roaring cataracts— all—all show that America is a favored land. Who, born and nurtured amid such scenes, can ever forget them? As the child opens his eyes upon the beautiful creation around him, wherever he turns, he sees images of beauty and grandeur. As he grows up, these he loves to dwell upon. Why not long to pourtray with his pen and his pencil scenes fairer than aught which ever glowed in the fancy of ancient enthusiasts? Wherever he turns, as his ears are filled with melody, the song of birds, the rippling cadence of water, and all the harmony of nature, will not the soul of music be lighted up within him?

The Genius of Poetry, loves not to dwell In cities' crowded walls, or midst the mirth And joyous banquetings of palaces:— 'Tis from these in solitude she lives, Amidst the peaceful shades where nature reigns.

Our country then is more peculiarly adapted for arousing such emotions, than any on the face of the world. Let then the Patriot, the lover of his country, rejoice in the prospects that his beloved America shall become glorious in the annals of history, and that her sons and daughters shall make her name famous above all others. Let the countries of the old world boast of their temples, their shrines, their palaces—we will boast of tombs and shrines built on everlasting foundations, reared not by the hand of kings, but called into being by the King of kings, who has given us this lovely and pleasant land to be ours forever.

Simon.

In Greenfield, Massachusetts, is one of the most beautiful, enchanting, and romantic places in America. It is an almost unknown Glen, where the fancy may picture innumerable sights; where the artist's pencil could be engaged upon landscapes of unsurpassed interest and magnificence. Its rocks, hanging as on the air, stand out, and arouse the spectator by the substantial sublimity which they create. — MS. of an English Tourist.

Whew! Pr-r-oo-d-i-g-o-u-s f-a-r-b-o-l-o-w-w! What a bumpy Noddle must the writer of the above have had upon his shoulders! Had he said, the town of Greenfield, Ms. take it in all its parts, "is one of the most beautiful, romantic, and enchanting places in America," he would have stated that which is a fact. For there we see first a beautifully situated village, with its neat dwellings, its handsome court-house, its high-schools and churches. Here "fancy may picture," and "the artist's pencil may play—for here is hill and dale, mead and plain—grove, grotto, and streamlet. Here's the highly cultivated farm, skirted by the wide spreading shade, and the lofty woodland trees. Here the huntsman may climb the rugged hill, or course the thick-set plain, in search for the squirrel and the partridge. The fisherman may follow the deep brook, or the murmuring brook, for the pickerel and the trout. And here may the florist range through green pastures and delightful meadows, and observe how much superior to man's are the works of nature: even the geologist may pleasantly and profitably pass along the shores of the foaming or the placid stream, throw hills, or climb the mountains. Here truly, may be seen, and sung, and enjoyed, the "green fields and sweet groves."

"It is the spot where I would choose To stand, and see my young hopes dawn, And set my weary spirit loose:
For here it seems a soul might be Blest with a world as rich and free As e'er within the mind arose,
For a broken spirit's soft repose." —Pearl.

But this "almost unknown Glen," is the very spot where "fancy may picture sights," of what?—wild turkeys, rattle-snakes and crows. It is about six miles (a fine ride on a pleasant day) from the village, and consists of a brook passing through a gap of rocks and falling 20 or 30 feet down a rocky slope into a basin about thrice the size of a common bathing tub—and a pretty little cascade it is. But when we look around for the magnificent scenery for "the artist's pencil," we behold in the distance the dead water of a mill-pond! and the ruins of a saw-mill! and "rocks hanging as on the air," on either side bedded firm as the everlasting hills—and the "sublimity they create" puts Nahant far in the background! Why, only let this English Tourist come out west, and once see where Sam Patch took his last leap, and he would never wish to see anything more!

We have given place to the Anecdote of Judge Crane, by request; although a good story we consider it quite too lengthy for a work like this. While working hard at our vocation, it is extremely pleasant to be refreshed by such communications as the following, especially, when they come, as this did, from one of our old patrons. A good example for others to do so likewise:—"Sir, seeing the improvements and prospects of the Rochester Gem, I have concluded to take it another year. I have also obtained one new subscriber, and enclose $3. Yours truly."
Shorter after the first Republican Constitution of New York was framed, and the judicial system, was established for the civil department, the supreme court, or that branch of it called the ‘circuit court,’ was appointed for one of the circuits, in Dutchess, and of it called the ‘circuit court,’ was appointed for one of the circuits, in Dutchess, and of which Judge Crane was to preside.

Judge Crane was very wealthy, and highly respected for his public and private virtues, especially for his charities to the poor, but he was always dressed in a plain gown, and would hardly ever wear an overcoat, whatever the weather might be, and it was solemn that he rode when he went abroad, although he owned many valuable horses. On horseback in the stormy weather, all was not in accordance with his character; for he was very charitable to the poor, especially for his charity to the poor, and he was very wealthy, and highly respected for his public and private virtues.

The morning of the day on which the court was to begin, the judge set out before day and walked gently on through rain and snow, to the appointed place. On arriving at Poughkeepsie, cold and wet, he walked to a tavern, where he found the landlady and her servants were making large preparations for the entertainment of the judges, lawyers, and other gentlemen, whom they expected would attend the circuit court.

The Judge was determined to have some sport, and in a humble and pleasant tone addressed the landlady saying, I have no money, but was obliged to come to court, and have walked through this dreadful storm, more than twenty miles. I am wet and cold, dry and hungry. I want something to eat before the court begins; when the landlady put herself in a composure of contempt, said to the judge: You are wet and cold, and dry and hot, how can all that be!—No my dear madam, says the judge, I have a good wife at home, older than you are, who would go into a worse storm than this to milk cows and bring the warm milk to the poorest man on earth, at his request; or to bring milk from the spring house cream and all, without skimming, to feed the most urgent, he would be very likely to stay away without skimming, to feed the most urgent, he would be very likely to stay away. The cider was immediately brought, and Judge Crane partook heartily of the collation during the court hours he presided with dignity and propriety.

Well, said the judge, I will bet a goose that Judge Crane has not had, nor will have, a great coat on his back, or an umbrella over his head; then walked quietly into the tavern. When dinner was announced, the court, not being风俗, was immediately adjourned, and the day being stormy and cold, the judges and lawyers poured into the sheriff’s tavern, where they were sure of good fires and good fare; all except Judge Crane, who walked up to a store and purchased a valuable shawl and put it into his pocket on the inside of his coat; then walked quietly into the tavern. While he was thus detained, the landlady entered the dining room and earnestly inquired of Judge Crane, who had come in? The answer was not yet madam—and perhaps he will not come. The landlady, who was anxious to pay the highest respect to the supreme judge, retired to the kitchen not a little chagrined and disappointed. In the mean time the judge, being at all proper times very sociable, and at times fond of cheering the company he was in, began to make some pertinent remarks and to tell some lively anecdotes, intended to convey good morals; which all who were present into a roar of laughter. And at this instant one of the waiting maids entered the room to inform the gentlemen that they might sit down to dinner. She did her errand and
hastened back to her mistress, with the tidings that the old fussy fellow with the broad brimmed, or had the fore-most gentleman, talking as loud as he could and all the judges and lawyers were laughing at him. Well, has the judge come?” says the mistress. Not yet, responded the maid. Then go says she and whisper to the old man that I wish him to come into the kitchen. The extra was done accordingly, and the lady discovered she was talking with judge O.

“Here the loud laughter burst forth the third time. And after a little pause, he said, “It is a very fine and useful instrument. I saw a good one in your kitchen this morning. Here the landlady discovered she was talking with judge C. and astonished and confounded she attempted some excuses and hastily asked his pardon.

“The judge taking from his pocket the beautiful shawl, said “it is not my province to pardon, but it is my business to judge, and I judge that you and I shall hereafter be friends, and that you receive this as a present, if not as a pension.” And gently laying it across her arms, said, “Be a gentleman, and do not attempt to return it, for it was purchased for purpose for a present to you.” She hastily retired, hardly knowing what she did, and took with her a shawl worth twelve dollars instead of ten.

In Greece, by the Rev. Mr. Clapp, on the evening of the 1st inst. Mr. Daniel Dudge—Choteau—Cleveland, O., A. S. Sanford—Cooperstown, M.


Drummonds—Jamesville, P. J. Smith—Jamestown, J.


Brewster—Neil—C. L. J. Ranney—Ogdensburg, E. N. Fairchild—Orangeburgh, O. Allen, P. M.—

Brown, Esq.—Dunhamsville, N. Payne, P. M.—


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A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

THE NUN OF ST. LAWRENCE.

Continued from our last.

"If I had never seen a nunnery, or witnessed the feeling and proceedings connected with one, I have seen enough to-day to convince me that they are productive of much mischief," said I to my fair companion, as we drove through the Prater, on our return.

"We are never to expect unmixt good in any thing that depends on the human will," said Theresa, in reply; "and I know that sometimes while the broken heart hides its grief within the walls of a convent, it is not unfrequently the case that they are made prisons, in every sense of the term. For my part, I could never think of such a seclusion, without shuddering—those grates always give me a chill, gilded as they are.

"A Catholic, and talk in such a heterodox manner," said I smiling; "I little expected to hear from you sentiments so exactly in accord with mine, on this subject."

"Have you always been so prejudiced against nunneries," inquired Theresa, with an arch look.

"Always," I answered, "at least since I have been acquainted with their pernicious tendencies. You, Theresa, have seen some sweet
thing father to convince me, that for a young
and lovely female, the convent is a prison; and
I have more than half resolved to take her
from it, if I should be compelled to do it by
force."

"Now may the Virgin protect us!" exclaimed Theresa; "here have I been in your company a fortnight, and yet you have never once offered to run away with me; while you are for battering down the nunnery of St. Law-
rence, and carrying off the charming Stien-
berg before you have ascertained whether she
would be willing to leave it."

"You do me injustice, Theresa," I answered;
"what would young Hapsburgh say, were I
to pay you the tribute of admiration you have
mentioned, and which I am sensible you de-
serve?"

"Worse and worse," said the young Austria-
ian; "now going to play the flattering French-
man; I had hoped better things of your ange-
American character."

"Still" Theresa, you wrong me," I an-
swered; "you respect—Louisa pity:"

"And pity is the twin sister of love," said
Theresa.

"I do not feel disposed to dispute you," I re-
plied.

"I knew I should drive you to the confess-
or, at last," said the laughing maiden.

"I could not have chosen a more lovely
confessor," I answered, pressing her hand,
which I held in my own to my lips.

"Louisa Stienberg, always excepted," was
Theresa's answer; "but you need not think I
shall dread her as a rival!" at this instant the
carriage stopped at the mansion of Walberg,
and we alighted.

The time I allotted for my stay at Vien-
na had expired, yet I was reluctant to leave
it. With Theresa I had frequently called at
the convent. There was nothing of constraint
or of sadness came over me, as the beautiful girl
seated herself on the sofa, and I found her soft
hand pressed in mine, with a consciousness that
we were to be separated so soon and so wide-
ly.

"Louisa," said I, "to-day I leave this city for
Venice."

"So soon," she answered with some emo-
tion.

"My time, which I had devoted to my visit
there, has long since expired," I answered, but I
could not bring myself to leave Vienna; and
even now I do it with reluctance.

"You will sometimes think, when you are
far away and happy, of the friends you left at
Vienna," said Louisa.

"Yes, and often—too often it must be of the
Nun of St. Lawrence."

Louisa colored deeply, but did not seem
offended.

"Could I suppose that I should not be for-
gotten," I continued, it would prove a source
of satisfaction, which would much allay the
bitterness of my regret at our separation."

"You know little of Louisa Stienberg," re-
plied the charming girl, if you suppose she can,
ever forget the respect a stranger has shown,
or the deep sympathy and friendship he has
manifested.

"Louisa," said I, "you are not happy: if I
could find the means of freeing you from this
place, while I gave you your liberty could you
give me your heart?"

"O, it must not be thought of—my vow to
heaven—"

"Nay no it not," I replied, interrupting her; it
was involuntary—it was forced—it can never
be binding."

Louisa's warm hand was clasped in mine—
she dropped her head upon her bosom for a
moment, then slowly raised it; and when her
eyes met mine, a tear was trembling in them.
Your kindness deserves frankness," said she; 
"I will not deny that this place is not the one I 
should have chosen. I will not deny that I should 
be more happy in society—in the world, and 
with my friends; but I came here to avoid the 
worst of slavery, and nothing shall induce me 
to promise what I can never perform." She 
dropped her eyes while she continued, "I would 
love you as a brother—but my heart—she 
hesitated.

"Is already disposed of—is no longer yours 
to give, you would say my dear Louisa?" I 
said as I finished the sentence.

"It is so," said the trembling Louisa, "and 
why should I be ashamed to avow it? He 
was, he is worthy of a woman's best affec-
tions."

An hour passed, but still I lingered—I could 
not tear myself away—I took from my bosom 
the portrait I have mentioned; "Louisa," said I, 
as I gave it to her, "when you see that, you 
will remember that there is one who, whatever 
may be his destiny, will never cease to remem-
ber with affection, Louisa Stiebenberg."

She took it—noticed a white ribbon which 
was on her dress—attached it to the portrait 
and kissing it, placed it in her bosom, saying 
as she did so, that nothing but death should erase 
her recollection, the affectionate remem-
brance of him from whom it had been receiv-
ed. The matron who was in attendance, now 
approached us as the bell chimed the hour for 
their devotions.

"Farewell," said the lovely girl—fearwell, 
may you be more happy than I have ever been, 
or can be.

I hastily kissed her hand—she put it to her 
lips—a tear dropped upon it—her white bos-
omen was heaving as if it would burst the mus-
tin folds that confined it—and with her hand 
wavmg another adieu, she followed the lady 
without speaking.

CHAPTER IV.

"Look down, ye gods, and on this couple drop 
A blessed crown."—TEMPER.

I left Vienna for Italy, by the way of Ve-

cince, and from that time never seen or heard 
from the charming nun of St. Lawrence, until 
I had so providentially met her in the mansion 
had been noticed by my remembrance; and my waking 
hours and midnight dreams, had frequently 
furnished testimony to the deep influence she had 
made upon my mind. I had met with Louisa 
again, it is true—she was the same lovely crea-
ture—merry, bright, and enchanting; for 
the shade of sadness which so strongly tinctur-
ed all her actions at Vienna, had disappeared, 
and she seemed the personification of hap-

ciness itself. For a moment I felt disposed to 
envy the man who possessed such a treasure: 
it was but for a moment, and it was banished 
forever; and I felt disposed to thank heaven, 
that by her connexion with the man she loved, 
so much happiness had been secured. I felt 
that I could have loved her—that she was an 
individual who would make life delightful— 
that in whatever society she might be thrown, 
she would always have its brightest orna-
ment—but I should have been a fiend, indeed, 
to have endeavored to awaken in her pure bo-
som, had it been possible, feelings of dissatis-
faction with the man who adored her, and who 
was evidently not less loved in return; and I 
went to sleep with a full determination to learn 
from their lips, in the morning, the circum-
cstances which had so unexpectedly liberated 
Louisa Stiebenberg, from the nurcery where I 
had left her.

Morning came, bright and cloudless—the 
soft south wind wafted to my open windows 
the perfumes of the sweet scented clover fields, 
which were spread in such wanton luxuriance 
far over the valley—the rising sun was ting-
ing the bold peaks of the north mountains, with 
golden tints, and throwing its deeper val-
leys and abrupt precipices into deeper and 
broader shade; and in the far southwest, the 
smokes of Carlisle were just visible, as they 
formed a light fleecy cloud, where they mingled 
light in the atmosphere. The gay and 
bright Baltimore, was chanting its sweet 
notes from the top of one of the majestic alms, 
which stood near the mansion, and on one of 
the depending leafy branches of which, its cu-

dling light in the atmosphere. The gay and 

Right as the sunbeams of the morning were 
spread their flood of radiance over the valley, 
and converted, the slow-flowing Conneaut to a 
long waving line of liquid silver. In a short 
time, breakfast was announced; at the table I 
again had the pleasure of meeting my kind 
friends. Louisa met me with a smile; and 
the unaffected greeting of Lowendorff was 
most cordial and sincere.

After breakfast we entered the parlor, which 
commanded a fine view of the scenery I had 
attempted to sketch; and little Francis, who 
from the time I had been able to admit him to 
my room, had scarcely left me, now clung to 
me round me with a fondness which delighted his 
affecting parents.

"I fear from your looks," said Lowendorff 
"that the pleasure of the mutual discovery we 
made last evening, has kept you wakeful; cer-
tainly the delight we felt, produced that effect 
on us."

"It did so, in some measure," I replied; "the 
events of the past which the discovery of last 

V
and I was immediately carried to the hospital, and my wounds properly attended to. I had an uncle who lived near Ense, on the Danube, above Vienna; and as soon as I was able to be moved, I requested permission to be moved thither; a request readily granted by the archduke. Here I was received, and treated with the greatest kindness, and during the winter found myself gradually recovering from the effects of the wounds I had received. Spring came; and though my arm was far from being entirely well, I requested permission to join my corps in the army, which was again about to descend from the heights of Tyrol toward Carniola, into the plains of Italy. The application was refused, but it was accompanied with a most complimentary note, from the veteran Wurmser, who had witnessed the affair that came so near closing my military career, assuring me that, whenever my health was sufficiently recovered, I would be welcomed to the army and receive an honorable command. I had nothing to do, but to spend my time in the manner that would be the most profitable and agreeable to myself, and that was reading; and as I gained strength, riding and hunting. For some cause, I had contracted an aversion to the society in the neighborhood of my uncle; and having once been subject to the usual routine of receiving and paying their visits, I declined any further acquaintance with them, as much as possible.

"Have you heard the news?" said my uncle to me, one morning, as we sat down to our coffee.

"Certainly not; what can it be?" I eagerly enquired; for the situation of the armies was such, that they were daily expecting important intelligence, and my mind instantly reverted to that as the subject to which he had directed my attention. "My uncle," said he, "did not press the subject he had mentioned, as he found it was so little interesting to me; and Miss Stienberg was not mentioned again by any one, while the conversation turned on the probable issue of the campaign. Two days after, I took my gun, and determined to devote the day to the sports of the field to which I was so much attached. It was a beautiful morning in May; I had already wandered several miles through the sparsely inhabited and picturesque country, through which flows the Steyr, as it makes its way from the mountains to the Danube; when, heartily tired, I threw myself on a moss covered bank, at the foot of which swelled a pure and copious spring, and tumbled over a succession of miniature cascades, into the river, which was foaming along at the base of the rock. My gun was lying by me on the ground, and my faithful greyhound by that. The sky was pure and spotless; far off in the southwest, the blue ranges that marked the valley of the Inn, were plainly to be seen; and nearer, the majestic pine firs. I lay musing on the past, and listening to the murmurs of the gushing spring that flowed from the moss covered rock. In the course of my peregrinations that morning, I had seen a large party engaged in the chase, or a pleasurable excursion, among whom were several females; but they passed at such a distance, that I was undiscovered, and as they were soon out of sight I thought no more on the matter. I was now, however, roused from my reverie, by the near trampling of a horse; and thinking it possible it might be some of the party I had seen, I looked up, and saw that the person who had thus broken into my solitude and musings, was a female, mounted on a fine black steed, which was gracefully cantering up to me.

"I have long ago been forgiven," replied Louisa; and in her affectionate glance she cast upon Lowendorff, showed how readily the forgiveness had been accorded.

At this instant the servant opened the door, and a little rosy-checked, blue-eyed girl, five or six years old, entered the room.

"My mamma is sick," said the girl; "and if you are willing, she wishes you to come down to her house, and see her."

"I will immediately," said Mrs. Lowendorff; and rising, she took from a drawer a handful of sweetmeats, which she gave the child, while she directed the servant to bring her shawl and bonnet. "I am sorry to have you leave at the moment you have been introduced to us," said I, to Mrs. Lowendorff. "I shall leave myself in kind hands," replied the lady, and looking at Lowendorff. "I shall expect your return impatiently, but since Eleanor requires your attendance, it would be cruel to refuse it."

"It cannot be thought of," replied Louisa; "she has been too kind and attached a servant to me, to be refused any favor she may request;" so saying, taking the little girl’s hand, she left the parlor.

CHAPTER V.

H.—My lord, will you hunt?
D.—I will, with pleasure; what is the game?
H.—The hart, my lord.
D.—Your choice is good; the hart is noble game.”

OLD PLAY.

No sooner had Louisa departed on her errand of kindness, than Lowendorff resumed his narrative. "My uncle," said he, "did not press the subject he had mentioned, as he found it was so little interesting to me; and Miss Stienberg was not mentioned again by any one, while the conversation turned on the probable issue of the campaign. Two days after, I took my gun, and determined to devote the day to the sports of the field to which I was so much attached. It was a beautiful morning in May; I had already wandered several miles through the sparsely inhabited and picturesque country, through which flows the Steyr, as it makes its way from the mountains to the Danube; when, heartily tired, I threw myself on a moss covered bank, at the foot of which swelled a pure and copious spring, and tumbled over a succession of miniature cascades, into the river, which was foaming along at the base of the rock. My gun was lying by me on the ground, and my faithful greyhound by that. The sky was pure and spotless; far off in the southwest, the blue ranges that marked the valley of the Inn, were plainly to be seen; and nearer, the majestic pine firs. I lay musing on the past, and listening to the murmurs of the gushing spring that flowed from the moss covered rock. In the course of my peregrinations that morning, I had seen a large party engaged in the chase, or a pleasurable excursion, among whom were several females; but they passed at such a distance, that I was undiscovered, and as they were soon out of sight I thought no more on the matter. I was now, however, roused from my reverie, by the near trampling of a horse; and thinking it possible it might be some of the party I had seen, I looked up, and saw that the person who had thus broken into my solitude and musings, was a female, mounted on a fine black steed, which was gracefully cantering up to me. I am sorry to have you leave at the moment you have been introduced to us," said I, to Mrs. Lowendorff. "I shall leave myself in kind hands," replied the lady, and looking at Lowendorff. "I shall expect your return impatiently, but since Eleanor requires your attendance, it would be cruel to refuse it."

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I find myself here! For myself, I esteem it a fortunate occurrence, since it has procured me a pleasure unexpected, and therefore, in these solitudes doubly welcome," was my reply.

"Philosophy says it is not in courts or camps that we are to look for happiness," replied the amiable girl; "and if the sources of it are within ourselves, why may it not be successively sought and enjoyed in solitude as in a crowd?"

"There can be no good reason assigned why it may not," I replied; "yet in society, if not in the crowd, we are accustomed to look for it in its greatest perfection."

"If society was always composed of such individuals as we ourselves should select, it would undoubtedly be preferred by every one; but it too often happens that in society we are compelled to endure, instead of being permitted to enjoy," she answered.

There was a soft sigh swelling her gentle bosom, as she uttered the last words that convinced me she was unhappy; yet as I gazed upon the beautiful creature, it seemed impossible that any thing that was not of the most ethereal and heavenly origin, could have sought to do with a being of such artless innocence and love.

She now rose from the ground, and said with a smile, I must be hastening my return, although at a considerable distance.

"Ah," said my fair companion, "there comes some messenger after the runaway."

"Are you certain you know them at this distance," I inquired.

"Quite certain," one is my brother Charles, and the other is,—she hesitated a moment,—I disliked him so much that I am unwilling to pronounce his name—the Count Hohenloe.

"Why do you dislike him?" I inquired earnestly.

"O, I see you have some curiosity," she answered, smiling, "and I have promised to gratify you. That man is to be my lord; and whether I will or no, I am by my kind friends, destined to be his bride."

"God forbid!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

Louisa started. "I would say Amen!" said she, "most devoutly, could it avail any thing; but it would not, and I must submit."

"Never! without you choose to do so, said I, hastily; 'you shall not be compelled to a union with any man. Rather than see you reduced to that alternative, I would save you, if it was at the very altar."

"Merciful heaven!" replied Miss Steenberg. "I called you my knight errant, and I think you are becoming so good in earnest."

"Call me what you please," I replied; "I hope I have too much regard for the happiness of Miss Steenberg, to permit her to sacrifice herself, while I have the power to prevent it.

"For your good wishes I thank you," said Louisa, with a slight tremor in her voice, "and believe me I shall never forget your kindness."

(To be Continued.)

Answer to a Challenge.—Through some mistake, a gentleman in the south of Ireland led off the dance at a country ball, out of his turn. The person appointed to the post of honor, challenged the intruder, and received following reply:—Sir, I cannot understand why, because I opened the ball at night, a ball should open me in the morning.—Yours &c.

"A ghost! a ghost! Faith, I've seen a ghost."—"What, Pat, did it look like?" "My faith, like all ghosts."

"The sight of the breeze as it sweeps by the desolate spot will be the sole response. Where is the ancient Babylonish Empire—Persian—Macedonian—or that proud race that sprang from imperial Rome? Faded all before the destroying hand of time. Others have risen on their ruins, and let them vanished—merged in the general gloom of oblivion."

"They have gone—the warrior's call Shall rouse them no more to glory; The records of the grave a-soll, That time has left of their story."

No less frequent and remarkable have been the changes in the opinions and customs of mankind. Heathen mythology has disappeared before the light of Christianity. Her glad beams have dispelled the delusions which encumbered mankind, and man has assumed a nobler and more exalted character. Not least of the advantages arising from the march of mind is the dispersion of those superstitious ideas, which cramped the intellect and debased the human character by their baleful influence. At the time when moral darkness surrounded the world, these noxious principles pervaded the land. Religion, domestic regulations, laws, all were controlled by them. Even our ancestors, who cultivated to the highest degree the noble feelings of our nature, were not exempt from a particle of these contaminating principles.

To ascribe any remarkable, unaccountable circumstance, to the effect of supernatural agency, is an easy way of disposing of an otherwise difficult subject. We find a few, even at this late period, weak enough to give credence to such ideas. The mania is catching. Where this prevails in one family, it spreads, and ere long the whole neighbourhood become infected. The power of association is strong. Does a person of weak nerves hear the croakings of a frog, he is filled with dire apprehensions, particularly, if it is at the time when twilight's sombre hour prevails. Does he see an old decayed dwelling house, rendered venerable by the shade of many elms, he imagines it haunted. We would not blame the inhabitants of New England for notions like these; they are their own both by right of possession and inheritance.

The circumstances that I would relate took place a few years ago, in one of the oldest villages in the state of ——

In one of the principal streets there stood an

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The town we said was one of the first settled; the house was its equal in age. It was a venerable looking building, framed after the good old puritanic style, with a large porch in front, shaded by tall poplars, where the sage old patriarch of the village oftentimes collected the village curchins and gave them goodly instruction. But, at the time when the affair of which we treat took place, the worn eaten fences, decayed out-buildings, and walks overgrown with grass, gave evidence that the younger and more aspiring descendants had left the dwelling place of their fathers.

The house had passed down from father to son, even to the fourth generation, when increasing wealth, together with increased pride, filled the mind of the fashionable possessor with shame on account of the rusty appearance of his habitation. At this time also, very opportunely, strange noises were heard in different parts of the building, as the voices of those in distress—mournful cries, and solemn groans. To account for this was not in the power of the young squire. He called up in rehearsal his own sins. Alas, they were condemnations of two sisters as witches. "The house was left, and another built in a distant part of the village. The parts where the noises had been heard were shut up, and the remainder given to the clergyman, in hopes that the sanctity of his character would screen them to tarry over night. They returned to their place of residence, and in confidence narrated the event to a friend, he to another, and soon the worthy divine heard of it himself. Coming from two such respectable men he could not but give credence to it. Still he wished to be certain. Selecting a windy night, for know readers, "tis only at such times that goblings go abroad, he took his abode in the room above mentioned. Soon noises began to be heard. His excited imagination exaggerated them. He sprang from the couch and fainted on the threshold of the room. The day at length dawned. The wind subsided, and the spirits ceased from troubling. Before descending to breakfast, they mutually agreed to be silent concerning the night adventure. With haggard looks they entered the parlour and found their hostess watching their appearance with much solicitude. For by their looks she was satisfied that something had occurred. But they mindful of their obligation, preserved an impenetrable silence. The day passed on and they discharged their duty to the window. All was still without, save the whistling of the gale. The air shone with crystal brightness, and the wind, whilst it drove them to their beds, rocked the old house like a cradle. The noises in the mean time grew louder, but seemed stationary. Being the only ones in that part of the house, they found it useless to cry for help. Never did captives long for release with greater earnestness than did these two desire for morning.

Gentle reader, I have not been writing a story to the wind, or you will soon have to make your way to shore. The past—aye the future:—Of all who rendered life delightful, one remains, one only, the remainder have flown, not dead, not absent, but dead to me; changed, alienated, filled with other cares, forgetting the associates of youth—but not forgotten. No, still the life-blood flows warm as ever—and as ever, the heart beats with sympathy and love. Yet not as before, for once it flowed for living worth; and now it mourns them as among the dead! Dark, deep, and dreadful rushes back the echo of affection, on the heart, unanswered and uncaressed. Cold and still, like the wounded dove, lies the pierced and bleeding heart, its pulses cease to play. But thou, Oh Time! potent Physician, healst the wounded spirit, startest the pulse's play, and givest new life and vigor to the frame.

Social Hints.

When I see a young man, the nature of whose business imperiously demands all his attention, loitering about public houses, spending his time and money, and what is of as much, his time and money, and what is of as much consequence, his respectable standing in society, then I say to myself, if he does not "tack ship he will be on shore, and consequently among the breakers."

When I see young married persons launching out into great extravagances, beyond what their pecuniary affairs will admit, then I say to myself, you had better "haul aft, and run closer to the wind, or you will soon have to make a looking sketch to get windward again." When I see parents indulging their children in every thing their little fancy prompts them to desire after, then I say to myself, your children will soon be your masters, and it is very probable, should they come to years of maturity, they will be a cause of trouble to you in your old age, and by their improper conduct,
"bring down your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

**WRITINGS FOR THE GEM.**

**THE ADIEU.**

To-day I leave this lonely cot,
Protecting angels gauze the spot;
From night to morn, from sun to sun
Hear round each cherished one,
And let your downy wings be spread
In balmy slumber o'er their bed,
Until with wave of purple plume
Ye dissipate the midnight gloom.

Soon as your smiles attract the day,
Awake them with your morning lay:
Receive their early sacrifices
And waft it upward to the skies.

Swift heralds of a savior's love,
Return, with answers from above;
Show's from your whispering wings outward,
His holiest blessings on their head.

When woes assail, and cares increase,
With some kind promise whisper peace,
And point them to this parting lay,
The wish of one that's far away.

**PARALLEL OF THE SEXES.**

There is an admirable partition of qualities between the sexes, which the great author of being has distributed to each with a wisdom which calls for our admiration. Man is strong—Woman beautiful: Man is daring and Man's sensibility. Man is a being of justice—Woman of Mercy.

Man talks to convince—Woman to persuade
And often to some inferior course
Bends the soul's energy and force,
Till like some vessel, tempest tossed, its foundations are
And the soul is—lost.

Then if thou hast one friend on earth,
When he is in thy summer bower,
Oh cherish him with jealous care,
For his best joys are centered there.

I know thee—and these eyes are bent,
Upon that friend, all eloquent—
To Heaven, which lov'd with thee on earth to dwell
And then I write, and read them right.

Oh, I am sad and lonely now,
And bid each sad'ning thought begone;
Where are my friends? No more I hear
And leave me gloomy and alone;

The wish of one that's far away.

**THE ORPHAN BOY.**

How interesting he appears to every feeling mind! A child robbed of his mother, excites universal commiseration, and affection from every bosom. We look forward with anxiety to every future period of his life; and our prayers and our hopes attend every step of his journey. We mingle our tears with his, on the grave of her, whose maternal heart has ceased to beat; for we feel that he is bereaved of the friend and guide of his youth! His father would, but cannot supply her loss. In vain the whole circle of his friendships bend their efforts to alleviate his sorrows, and to fill the place occupied by departed worth; a mother must be missed every moment, by a child who has ever known, and rightly valued one, when she sleeps in the grave. No hand feels so soft as her's—no voice sounds so sweet—no smile is so pleasant! Never shall he find again, in this wide wilderness, such sympathy, such fondness, such fidelity, such tenderness, as he experienced from his mother! The whole world was moved with compassion for that motherless child, but the whole world cannot supply her place to him!—Beauties of College.
CONVERSATIONS WITH AN OLD MAN—No. 1.

A man is ever venerable, and should command respect. There is something in the man of grey hairs that compels us to bow and avow his worth and superiority. The furrows of age, which are often the lineaments of care and affliction, are a sufficient guarantee for protection and respect. He who has watched the storms of a long life, who has stood up and passed through trials and afflictions, has indeed a claim upon our sympathy, if no more. He whose conversation I am about to relate, was a man of age. He lived alone—the world seemed to possess for him no attraction, he avoided the society of man, and was contented to commune with his own soul. His reflections were many of them bitter, and recollection seemed to afford him no consolation—the past no comfort. Melancholy was upon his countenance—much with the world, and his knowledge of misanthrophy in his words, which was the more secret hid in his own heart, and which as yet called forth all his fire.

Our conversation had been of a desultory character, and painful as they were joined with talent and ingratitude, philosophy has been unable to develop. It was a wintry evening, and alone we sat by his fireside, our conversation had been of a desultory character, when a subject was mentioned which called forth all his fire.

"It is not," said he, "in human nature to bear ingratitude, philosophy may tend to beautify in the face of misfortune to bar our bosoms against the disappointments, the cares and ills of life: we may look upon these as unavoidable, at least not irreparable, but ingratitude comes with it no consolation; it comes and the soul withers at its touch, it dries up the noblest feelings of the man, and leads him to suspect, if not to hate his kind.

"We mourn over the depravity of mankind, the weakness of our race; we feel that man has degraded himself, that he is devoid of some of the nicest feelings with which we should abound in human nature."

"But," answered I, "it is not ingratitude always the immediate result of selfishness, and in curing the effects of the one should we not strive to the dust the other? When man shall learn the precious doctrine which teaches us to love our neighbor as ourselves, then, and not till then, will ingratitude cease to injure mankind."

"Selfishness!" said the old man—"think you that selfishness will ever be eradicated from the human heart, it is a universal passion, and if any such thing be an innate principle of our nature. I have listened to long tirades against selfishness. I have heard it represented as the master spirit of all the soul. I have heard its absence depicted in glowing colors as a thing most to be desired, and one which would completely change the moral world, but I believe in no such doctrine. I am not disposed to regard it as the soul, dark spirit, which one set of men's has represented it to be. Selfishness is necessary for the preservation of life, the protection of property: it is the first, and may I not add, the test law of nature. It may be carried to an unwarrantable extent. It may become avarice, but then it has moved from its proper sphere—it is then another thing; call it what you will, it is not pure selfishness. No, that which teaches us to protect ourselves, which guards us against the avarice and wickedness of others, it not reprehensible. If there be a selfishness which leads us to dealdishonestly with others, it is wrong, it is ingratitude; for I hold it as one of our first and most sacred duties, to live happy, and make others happy—to deal honestly with all mankind. This I believe to be the legitimate sphere for man on earth. "The nice distinction," said I, "which you draw between selfishness and its abuse, it may be difficult to sustain. I grant you, that selfishness taken merely in the abstract, has much by which to win our favor—it looks plausible, but like most hypothesis founded upon things as they might be, not as they are: it will not stand the test of experiment and practice."

"Selfishness is the result or exercise of several passions combined: pride, ambition, avarice, give each their mite to form the great whole, which when formed partakes of the spirit of each, and is very likely to verge into the extreme of all. The human mind is a thing of mystery, a mass of jarring passions, incongruously thrown together, and in analyzing it we are often left to doubt. Such a contrary nature of the evidence and facts presented."

"The mind of man, the invisible power which operates upon the body and produces action, has been a prolific source of discourses which have terminated as they began, in conjecture. Even the existence of the soul has been boldly questioned. But with this we have nothing to do. The existence of certain passions, is evident from their effects, and it matters little to my purpose from what source these passions have their rise. Selfishness I class among the first and noblest of these, a feeling not of vain glory, not a spirit of haughtiness, overbearing pride and insolence, but a spirit which teaches us to look first to our own conscience, and watching that which interests ourselves, and which will tend more immediately to our own comfort and happiness. Acting thus by no means precludes the operation of a warm and extensive benevolence; it does not kill sympathy, nor forbid a feeling for the wants of others, it only gives preference to that to which God has given us to protect."

"Father, you talk like a philosopher," said I, "but for this I am not willing to admit your doctrine altogether orthodox. It is pleasing in theory, but I imagine will never be practiced to the letter. You will find man continually stepping over the proper bounds. His selfishness interferes with the rights of others, and thus will he injure them. It can perhaps never be, that man will forget this passion, but should a feeling for the wants and happiness of others spring up in the soul, equal in strength to that which we feel for our own, would not the world be better—man happier?"

"We will look to this question at another time," said he; "it is now time to part."

A. O. X.
"did the white man all believe that we were the same people they read of here, (putting his hand on the Bible) we would have been treated.""}

The subject of the Indian’s origin is one of no common interest. If’t be a conceded point, that the wandering red men of this western hemisphere are descended from the ancient Children of Israel, then, indeed, are we living in a prophetic land and age.

About 2550 years ago, according to the Book of God, the Israelites, a “chosen people,” having repeatedly been commanded by the Lord to return from their waywardness and haveing as often refused, were permitted to be carried away captives by heathen conquerors. The tribe of Judah, and a part of Benjamin, remained in possession of Judea, until about 130 years after, when they, too, because of their idolatry, were permitted to be taken into captivity by the Babylonian king.

The other tribes, it will be seen in the Book of 2. Kings, were conquered and carried off by the king of Assyria, Shalmanazar. In Lev. 26th chap. we find where the Almighty God was making the everlasting covenant with his people Israel. He promises, that if they “will walk in his statutes, and keep his commandments, and do them,” —to preserve them from the destroying sword, and from famines, and pestilences, and fearful scourges—to make the land fruitful, and multiply them;—and as he says, that "He will be their God, and they shall be His people." But on the other hand, if they “will not hearken unto the Lord their God, and do His commandments, and will break his covenant,” He would inflict upon them all the terrific penalties mentioned in that chapter and elsewhere, viz: violent and sore punishments, and do them,”—to preserve them from the land to which they emigrated? S. America, wherein they were left to wander for a time. One of the Prophets in America, wherein they were • scattered,’ and through which they sallied out in groups, and on at- empting to hold conversation with them, he found himself to his utter astonishment, able to converse with them with much fluency and ease.

To ascertain the height of a steeple, tower, etc.—Take two sticks of any but equal length, and holding one perpendicular, place the other under the one, and let them touch the object, by which you wish to ascertain, until the upper and lower ends of the perpendicular stick shall appear to touch its top and bottom at the same time; then from the spot at which you stood, measure the distance to the foot of the object, and this will be its exact height.

An Enviable Disease.—An Irish peas- ant found a neighbor of his one night lying speechless by the side of the road, and seeing acquaintance pass by, addressed him as follows:—Paddy, come here, my lad, I see you are not well. I am a doctor by profession, and having attended to your appearance, a they sallied out in groups, and on attempting to hold conversation with them, he found himself to his utter astonishment, able to converse with them with much fluency and ease.

It appears by a late circular from the U. S. General Post Office Department, that the ar- rangement heretofore made, for having the United States’ postages on Newspapers and Pamphlets collected in the Canadas, still remains unchanged.

What next? It is stated that Mr. Burden, of Troy, N. Y., is constructing a steam-boat upon a new principle, which will drive it a-head at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour! The boat is to be 300 feet long by 40 wide—and is intended to be run from Troy to New York and back daily! Passengers will have to tie their hats on their heads, if not their hair.

To Correspondents.—Several communications arrive over for examination. We feel under great obligations to our numerous contributors. Hope we shall soon hear again from SIMON. “A. O. X.” has made a good beginning in the present number: in the “Conversations with an old man,” there is a resemblance in the least to the style of that Johnson’s Rasselas. May he approximate still nearer to it.

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THE NUN OF ST. LAWRENCE.

[Continued.]

The horsemen were now rapidly approaching. "Miss Steenberg," said I, taking her hand and pressing it to my heart, "I must have the happiness to meet you again."

"You shall have the opportunity if you wish it," said the beautiful and blushing girl; "but now for thoughtless welcome and less endearing." Miss Steenberg, said I, taking her hand, "I am much obliging to her with great gallantry, she was unreserved—

"Not so, sister," replied young Steenberg, you deserted us; and when we found you had not arrived at home, we immediately set out after you."

"Well let that pass," answered Louisa, "I believe I got rather bewildered; and had it not been for this gentleman, whom I introduce to you as Col. Lowendorf, the hero of Arcola and Trent, I must, for I ought I know, have wandered here until doomsday."

"Louisa's brother!"—and took my hand, expressing the pleasure he felt at the meeting; but the Count took no further notice of the introduction, or of me, than a distant bend of his body—a slight nod of the head—which was returned by me with an air as cool and contemptuous as his own. Young Steenberg was about two years older than his sister, and a fine looking young man. "I am much obliged to you for your kindness to my sister, and regret the trouble it has occasioned you," said he, addressing me, "and if you will do us the honor to call at our home, we shall be happy to in part repay it."

"I should accept your invitation with pleasure," I answered, "were it not uncertain when I shall be called to join the army in Italy."

"As I spoke, I raised my eyes to Miss Steenberg, and saw that, though the Count was apologizing to her with great gallantry, he was unheard, and our conversation listened to with great interest.

"You will accept," said Louisa, with an earnestness which could not be mistaken, any more than the poignant expression of her dark eyes.

"It shall be excepted," I answered in the same manner.

"Lowendorf! Lowendorf!" said the Count, as if striving to recollect himself, that, I think, is the name of the officer who, with his regiment of Croats, defended the causeway of Arcola against the whole French army; have I the honor of seeing that gentleman?"

"He is before you," said young Steenberg.

"I understood he was killed at Trent," said the Count.

"Not quite so bad as that," replied Louisa; "but you see," continued she, pressing her white hand on my forehead, as she playfully raised the curls, "you see from his pallor, that he must have had a narrow escape from the effects of his wounds."

"It is the chance of war," said the Count, coolly, as he reigned his horse around, while Louisa whispered—cold blooded brute!"—

"We shall expect you to-morrow," said young Steenberg, as I placed her sister on her palfry, and kissing her hand to me, she and the Count were soon rapidly leaving us—and perhaps your walk has been so extended, and your strength so feeble, that you will accept my horse to return to your uncle; I can walk home with pleasure."

"I thanked him for his kindness, but declined his offer; and I soon bade him adieu, as with my new train of imaginations I commenced my return to the hospitable mansion of my uncle."

CHAPTER VI.

Father.—"Daughter, your objections to this gentleman if you please, daughter.—First he is old—secondly, he is passionate—and thirdly, I can never bring myself to like him.

I.—To your first, I say he will never be younger—to your second, your smiles will keep him in good temper—and to your last, you will like him better when you get acquainted."

MARRIAGES OF CONVENIENCE.

That night I felt disposed to sleep but little, and that little was to dream over again my interview with the beautiful huntress. Men who have never loved, may sneer—prudes may scornfully curl their lips with disdain—but I can safely aver, that of all the sensations of life, there is none so thrilling, so ethereal, so exalt, as those which come over the bosom in its first and earliest love. It is then pure and free from those debasing ingredients—those unworthy motives, which so often, in latter life, have their influence in deciding our destinies. All is then fair and bright—hope smiles—pleasure beckons—love's witchery allures—and, gay and happy, we heed not the future. It was true I read in her blushing cheek and her tale telling eyes, deep and mysterious words of hope, which I would not have exchanged for sceptres. When others were present, she was the same gay and reckless girl, though there were moments of deep feeling mingled with her gayest hours. When we were alone, there was a slight tincture of sadness which came over her at times, only to make her appear more lovely: and the cause of which I must have been blind not to have discovered.

That cause was her contemplated union with Count Hohenlohe. Older than the youthful Louisa, by a score of years, there was a total dissimilarity in their disposition and feelings—he was stiff and formal, rigidly so—she was lively: and on such a flow of spirits as she possessed, the morose countenance of the Count, operated with a chilling and deadening effect—it was like the union of May and December. But her friends were determined upon the match—he was rich and honorable.
had great influence at court—and obtained an unbounded ascendency over Louisa's brother, who looked to the Count as the sure source of promotion. My health had recovered so rapidly, that I was, as I fancied, able to endure the fatigue of the service, and had reported myself accordingly; and was now in daily expectation of receiving permission to join my division. Louisa was the only object that could have detained me a moment. I was one day walking in the fine gardens of the castle, when I saw Louisa, who was absent on my arrival, advancing over the walks, in the same dress which she wore at our first interview.

'I have been looking for you this half-hour,' she said, smiling, and giving me her hand; 'I was fearful that you had deserted me for another mistress.'

'Desert you, Louisa!' said I, in surprise, 'you do not know me, if you suppose me capable of such an act; and there was an earnestness in my manner that covered the beautiful girl with crimson.

'You must understand,' she said, in reply, 'I did not mean that you could be guilty of an act that savored of unfaithfulness; but glory, I have been taught to believe, was the soldier's mistress, and I have understood that you soon intended to leave us for your arms.'

'When my country demands its services, they will most cheerfully be rendered,' was my answer, as I took her hand and led her to a little alcove, over which a wild honeysuckle spread its luxuriant branches, and mingled with the tall and graceful sweetbriar, and from which we had a fine view of the noble Danube, as it wafted to the imperial city the products of its upper and fertile regions. I seated Louisa beside me; and in her varied conversation, and the fascinations of her manner, I soon forgot every thing that was not connected with the lovely being by my side.

'The situation of our country does indeed demand the assistance of every one who is a friend to the empire,' said Louise, in a tone of subdued feeling; 'but you—you, surely, are not sufficiently recovered, to risk your life in the fields, where you have already suffered so much.'

'Cease, Louise,' said I; 'you surely would not have me a recreant from honor, and tarnish the fair fame which the very sufferings and dangers you have mentioned, has conferred.

'O, no,' she replied, 'I was only thinking you might never return, and then—'

'What then?' I hastily inquired of the hesitating girl.

'You must not ask,' she answered, with blushing countenance and averted eyes.

'I obey you,' said I; 'but Louise, my own Louise, I shall return; and may I have the consolation of thinking, when I am away, that there is one in the circle of friends I have left, who will think on the soldier, and should he fall, drop one tear for his fate—'

She was silent for a moment; then raised her dark eyes, and in a voice which trembled with the deepest emotion, said—

'There is one—one who will never forget you—but whom you must never again call yours.'

'Louisa, do I understand you? I am never to call you mine?' 'Never! ' was the reply.

'Louisa, we must now understand each other,' said I, as I clasped her hand in mine: 'am I to understand your answer as the result of circumstances, or choice? If I have made such a fatal mistake—if I have flattered myself with an interest in your remembrance, in your love, which I do not possess—from your own lips I must hear the dreadful confirmation—from no other lips will I listen to a sentence of banishment from you.'

'I will not deceive you, although I have deceived myself,' said Louise, with an effort which evidently cost her a painful struggle; 'I must be unhappy; but I will not willingly be the means of making you so—when we separate, it must be never to meet again—I must become the bride of Hohenlube, fate has so ordained it—and you must forget the unfortunale Louisa has ever existed.'

'Forget you! impossible!' was my reply to the lovely girl; 'you shall be mine—heaven will bless us—and often, very often, shall I have the happiness of calling you my dearest Louisa.'

Her hand was retained in mine—my arm was around her slender waist—I clasped her to my heart—in the moment of delicious ecstacy I kissed her coral lips—and there, before high heaven, we exchanged our vows of mutual and unalterable love. What a moment! Louise's pure and innocent bosom swelled high with emotions, which have their origin above the stars; and in her love, I felt that I possessed a treasure that monarchs might envy.

We returned to the castle, where we found the Count and Louisa's brother, who had but a short time before returned from Vienna, and had been making inquiries for Louise. The Count received me with his usual hauteur and coldness; and I fancied that something of the same kind of feeling, mingled with the reception of young Stienberg. It was possible, however, I reflected, that I might be mistaken in my surmise, and I determined to take no notice of it.

'I understood,' said the Count, 'that you were intending, before this time, to have left this place for the army.'

'When Government see fit to accept of services which have been tendered them, I shall not be found backward in obeying their wishes,' I answered, fixing my eyes on the Count.

The Count colored highly: for he well recollected that by a feigned indisposition, he had evaded the call for his services in the army.

'There are employments more agreeable to the young soldier, than being found in the grim visaged front of wars,' said the Count, in reply: 'you have proved the latter, and are now, unless I am mistaken, attempting to say in the former.' As he made this remark, he turned his eye towards Louisa: but she had taken up a book and did not observe him, though he was evidently not unheard.

We were interrupted in the commencement of this delicate discussion, by a summons to tea; and soon afterwards I left the castle on my return to my uncle.

Two days afterwards I received directions to repair to the army, which was concentrating itself under Wurmer, for the purpose of making a vigorous effort for the relief of Mantua. I was unwilling to leave the place which had become so interesting to me, to try the fate of arms, without another interview with the amiable Louise.

'I know,' said the weeping girl, as she hung around my neck, 'I know what awaits me; I know the indomitable spirit of my father and my brother—I know the alternative of refusing the hated hand of Hohenlohe—but I shall meet it fearlessly: with him I can never be happy; and the convent, or even death, would be preferable to the unfeeling dignity and cold preference of a man I could never love.'

'Louisa, do not suffer such desponding fears to fill your bosom,' I said, kissing the tears from her cheek; 'when the French are driven from Mantua, I shall return; we shall yet be happy.'

I left Louise—mounted my horse—and muttering on the tender recollections of what had passed, and thinking on the future, and the dangers that threatened Louise, I rode a short distance, when I heard the galloping of a horse behind me; and looking around, perceived that it was young Stienberg. I instantly checked my horse; and thinking that perhaps, he was charged with some message for me, waited his coming up. To my surprise I saw there was a death-like paleness on his features; and when I hastily inquired what he wanted, he made no reply, except by throwing the reins down, and leaping from his horse, and in a hollow and unusual tone, requesting me to dismount, which I instantly did. I was no sooner on my feet than he said in a voice trembling with passion, 'I have come to inflict merited punishment on a villain: draw and defend yourself.'

'Charles Stienberg,' said I, here is some strange misunderstanding; I shall not draw my sword until I have learned the cause of your interruption.'

'It is easy, quite easy for you to be cool; he replied; the man who can be guilty of such perfidious conduct as yourself, may well play the unmoved villain.'

'By heavens! were you not the brother of Louise Stienberg, you would soon rue the use of such language to me,' said I; 'but to you I can only say, such treatment is wholly undeserved.'
Your hypocritical attempt to conceal your knowledge of the cause which has called me here, shall avail nothing; it is for your treat-
ment of Louisa Steinberg that you are now to account.
You have cruelly wronged her and us—you have induced her affections from a man worthy of them, and who has long con-
sidered her as his, and induced her to bestow
them upon you, a recreant from the field of honor and duty.

For your last words an atonement must be made," was my reply; but first say, has Louisa authorized you to use such language
to me? Does she know of your intentions?

No," was his answer; perverse fool, she has declared her love for you; and to my fa-
thor, this morning, avowed her determination to seclude herself from the world forever, rather
than give her hand to the Count.

Dearest Louisa, such faithfulness will not go unrewarded," said I, as Steinberg placed
himself before me, and in a menacing tone
commanded me to draw or die.

I threw the bridge, which I had hitherto held
in my hand, over the neck of my horse, and drew my sword, determined to act only on the
defensive.

Steinberg attacked me with a fu-
ry that bordered on desperation, while I con-
 fused myself simply to a defence. Charles was
a good swordsman; but his impetuosity gave
me great advantages over him, and I might eas-
ily have finished the conflict by a single thrust.
Such, however, was not my intention; I knew
that he wholly misunderstood my motives, and
those of his sister, and felt more disposed to
pity his devotion to the interest of the worth-
less Count, than to punish him for it.

I watched my opportunity, and in one of his
crases, by a dexterous movement, struck his
sword from his hand, and threw it to a consid-
erable distance from him. He dropped his
arms by his side, and without any symptoms of
fear, said: 'I am at your disposal; strike, and
say that you have completed the ruin of th<

'No,' said he, his voice quivering with
emotion, his eye moistening with tears, as
he added, 'I am at your disposal; strike, and
say that you have completed the ruin of th<

Then it was, the remembrances of the past
crowded up like odors from a bed of flowers
lulling the feelings to that delightful calmness,
which pleasant memories always inspire, and
which none feel more sensibly than the tem-
pest-tossed mariner.

The sun was setting—how glowingly came
the last rays of the setting sun, how touching the
memories of the past,

'Then it was, the remembrances of the past
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The sun was setting—how glowingly came
the last rays of the setting sun, how touching the
memories of the past,
It comes to the heart like a flood of sunshine, dispelling its gathered mists, and causing high aspirations to spring into strength and beauty. The whole man is elevated above the narrowness of earth, and he seeks in thought to commune with the intelligences of a higher world and with that Being.

Who plants his footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm.

Thus were the feelings of the listening group, when the performer, at the close of the first verse, eloquently burst forth with the words, 'There's no place like home.' An emotion was visible in all. There was a slight tremor in his voice, showing that he felt the influence of the line, and when he concluded it, his pause was longer than usual, and a deep sigh escaped him.

When he recommenced—An exile from home,—the agitation in those around, was merged in attention at the song, but his increased. His face was slightly averted, and the rays of the moon as they fell upon it, and glistened in the tear that rested upon his cheek, gave additional expression to the power of his voice, stamped upon his features. He was, indeed, as I know, 'an exile from home,'—tho' from what cause I never could discover,—and the amothred grief of years was now loosed, and flowed in unrestrained power over him.

He continued. As the song drew to a close, his emotion increased with that of every one who listened. At length, as the line—'There's no place like home,'—rose on the stillness of the hour the last time, a rush of feeling was and flowed in unrestrained power over him. The man who from childhood had braved the passions and unhallowed deeds, gave a tribute of respect to fashion's shrine to die, and put beyond a doubt, by strong medical testimony.
Passing along rapidly the current of time, we are almost imperceptibly surrounded with the fading beauties of the past summer, and discover at once the triumphant return of Autumn. The voice of nature is heard proclaiming to us that she has again nearly accomplished the work of bounteous providence, in the abundant harvest which fills the valleys, and crowns the hills,—with those attendant blessings which always make the return of Autumn a season of peculiar gratitude as well as serious meditation.

There is a striking analogy between the changing seasons of the year, and the changing events of human life. In no season of the year are we more forcibly reminded of these than in Autumn; when we behold lying thick upon us the faded laurels of departed Summer. Nature seems to pause and mourn, while she views, from her lofty throne, the great and mighty change in her universal empire. How short the period since Spring was with us in all its youthful loveliness, filling our bosom with hope and expectation, and making our hearts glad and joyful! But Spring has fled, and with it, all its promised happiness. Yes, although it came with all the candor and seriousness of mankind, and bade us fix our hopes and expectations on the enchanting objects around us, and lead us by the hand through those regions where fancy delights to rove, and imagination soars with her outstretched wings; yet the very moment our hopes were strongest, our fancy most delightful, and our imagination towering highest, Summer left us to grope out our way back again to the sad reality of human life.

I hail thee, Autumn, as a sympathizing sister to the disappointments and short-living glories of fair man. It is at thy reproach, pale and emaciated as thou art; that man loves to retire, enwrapped in the folds of thy faded mantle, to the shades of solitude, and within her sacred portals, take a retrospective view over all the past.

Anecdote.—Sir Felton Harvey, one of the Duke of Wellington's Aide-de-camps, and who lost an arm in one of the battles of the Duke, had on one occasion when in Spain, received an order from that illustrious commander, to be conveyed to another part of the field. Half across it, a French officer was seen galloping towards him. Sir Felton had no sword. It was his right arm he had lost; the other held the bridle. But he faced the foe, looking him defiance. As they swiftly drew near, the Frenchman raised himself on his stirrups, his sword uplifted. Discovering his adversary to be destitute of a weapon, he brought down his weapon in the form of a salute, and rapidly passed on. Such acts give to war, touches of moral beauty in spite of its evils. After the battle, the realness of Harvey's service to the chivalrous Gaul, there was too much reason to think he fell; he had made no boast of saving life, but gave his salute in silence.—[Rush's residence at the Court of London.]

She said his faith in that would be Sweet incense to her memory.

She should the scroffer in his pride, Laugh that fond faith scorn, And bid him cast the pledge aside Which he from youth had borne— She bade him pause, and ask his breast, If he or she, had loved him best.

A mother's blessing on her son, Goes with this holy thing; The love which would retain the one, Must to the othercling; Remember! 'tis no idle toy— A mother's gift—remember boy!

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

Where despis'd the sainted nymph to dwell? My better guardian Angel tell; Where stands her humble cot? If over the earth's broad surface, I Could—'twixt the wings of morning fly, In vain—I find her not

Had I the wealth, both Indies hold; And Plutus' mines of sparkling gold Beyond dispute were mine; To pu chase pure and perfect bliss, Genuine, substantial, happiness, The prize I must resign.

Creative Wisdom never meant That sordid gold, should buy content, O wealth, true pleasure lead; Enough, heaven wills we should enjoy, And more, the blessing would destroy, Or quite defeat its end.

The glittering trappings of the great, The pomp, and circumstance of state, No solid comforts yield; Far less the wild ambitious strife, The horrid waste of human life, That marks the battle field.

Though laurels crown the hero's head, And fame her brilliant honors shed On his bold haughty brows; To think this false and empty show Has caused such floods of deepest woe, No heartfelt peace allows.

Pleasure's inebriating bowl, That fell enchantress of the soul, Which all he powers destroys: The boasted honey that she brings, Conceals a thousand fatal stings, To poison all her joys.

Where then can I that treasure find? That dearest wish of human kind, When passion's lair at rest; Which earth, and hell, in dread array, Can neither give, nor take away; A quiet peaceful breast.

Not all misfortune's surly blasts, The cloud of ills, that overcasts Life's ever-changing scenes, Can much disturb the tranquil soul, Where virtue keeps her bright patrol; Or shake its deep serence.

Upborne on faith's triumphant wings, Above this motley scene of things, She steers her steady flight; She treadeth the just man's shining way; Towards the realms of perfect day, The day that knows no night.
THE ROCHESTER GEM.

THE TEN LOST TRIBES.

People, generally, when conversing on the subject of the "restoration" of the family of Israel to the land of their ancient inheritance, speak of the Jews, as though they were the exclusive and only inheritors. "The Jews are to be restored"—"the Jews are the remnants of God's chosen people," &c. Do not such persons know that there must be ten tribes more in existence, somewhere!—and ought they not to speak and act accordingly? It is indeed true, that the whole family of Israel are sometimes spoken of, in sacred writ, under the general name of Jews. The Apostles call them Jews, and, in some instances, the Prophets range them all under that name—but in doing this, they mean to include also the ten tribes (whose name was lost, after their expulsion,) as well as the "house of Judah." We, in modern days, doubtless intend to include the whole family, when we speak of their conversion and restoration—but how few there are who think, that when they refer to the Jews, they are including but two tenthits of that chosen race! Yes, christian reader, why should Christendom insinuate or recommend concerts of prayer for the Jews, and at the same time shut out nearly the whole family of Jacob? According to accounts which are considered nearly correct, the house of Judah (including Benjamin) number from five to seven hundred thousand, who are scattered through Europe, Asia and Africa, while, if the American tribes be the other portion, the ten lost tribes probably number nearly three millions. And here is another important consideration: Why are the ten tribes universally denominated "the lost"? This has been the general opinion throughout the globe, and for age after age, that they were lost—lost from the sight of man. But the Almighty Eye has been always over them! and they were not lost for ever. If this universal prevalence of such opinion prove any thing, does it not prove that those tribes were driven out, or voluntarily went out from the face of all men, after they went into captivity? And does it not go far to prove that they have, all along down so many centuries, inhabited a region entirely unconnected with the then known world, and wholly lost from the view of mortal man, for more than two thousand years? The Bible is replete, I think, with the thrilling evidence that the Red Man is the Israelite. The whole family of Israel are yet to be "restored." All will agree in that. The ten tribes must be found, somewhere. Are they in Europe? No. Are they in Asia? No historian or traveller has ever informed us to that effect. Are they in Africa? We have never heard or read of their being there. Are they in any Islands of the Sea? We think not. They certainly are not extinct, if the Bible be true, although they may have been lost. Turning to the New World, (unknown to man till recently) we find it filled with a most singular and extraordinary race of men—entirely different, in many respects, from any other people on the earth—with languages dissimilar to that of the savage tribes of the old world, and then I would ask any candid man, who,—what manner of men, are these? No other race will own them, as of their kind-red and tongue. And who will own them? God will own them! Yes, unless the Bible is a mockery, and if the times have signs, these seem to be the people whom the Almighty placed under such appalling curses, and if so, these are they whom He will again delight to prosper! Will the reader examine this subject?

Rochester, Sept. 31, 1833.

BRIEF NOTICES OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

CLODIUS ESOF,

A celebrated actor, who flourished about the 67th year of Rome. He and Roscius were contemporaries, and the best performers that ever appeared upon the Roman stage; the former excelling in tragedy, the latter in comedy. Cicero put himself under their direction to perfect his action. Aesop lived in a most expensive manner: and at one entertainment is said to have had a dish which cost above 800l.—This dish, we are told, was filled with singing and speaking birds; some of which cost near 50l. Aesop's son was no less luxurious than his father, for he dissolved pearls for his guests to swallow. Notwithstanding his expenses, however, this actor is said to have died worth £100,000.

MARK AINSWORTH—A Physician, but far better known as a poet, was born at Newcastle upon Tyne, 1721, and died in the office of Physician to the Queen, June 23, 1770.’—"The Pleasures of Imagination," his principal work, was first published in 1744; and a very extraordinary production it was from a man who had not reached his 23d year. He had very uncommon parts and learning, a strong and enlarged way of thinking; and was one of innumerable instances to prove, that very sublime qualities may spring from very low situations in life; for he had this in common with the most high and mighty cardinal Wolsey, that indeed, he was the son of a butcher.

A gentleman, it is said, had a board put up on a part of his land, on which was written, 'I will give this field to any one who is really contented' and when any applicant came, he always said, 'Are you contented?' The general reply was 'I am.' Then, rejoined the gentleman, 'what do you want with my field?'
THE ROCHESTER GEM.

REFORMS OF THE AGE.—The present is an age, big with reforms of most important interest to the world. Could we but draw a feeble comparison, in our mind's eye, between the condition of man a few centuries ago, and the present period, we should find room for much speculation, and great reason for gratitude, that our lot has been so pleasantly cast; that we live in a period of the world—when light, liberty, and the most diffusive benevolence are so extensively enjoyed by the human family. Go back to the seventh century. A long night of moral darkness was then setting in upon our world! All the nations of the earth were then either sinking deep into their original condition, or retrograding from the opening dawn of civilization, into the dreary state of barbarism, ignorance, despotism, and the pandemonian shades of delusion! Follow along the line of gloomy years, down to the eleventh century. The custom of parents selling their children for slaves, had till this time been countenanced by even the most civilized people on the globe. At the beginning of this century this barbarous practise was forbidden by law in England. About this period, light again began to shed abroad the rays of his study to those who should take the pains to ascertain it was yet a dark, an illiberal age, and 'twas this time pretty generally known. In the midperiod, men commenced the study of Geography, thinking perhaps, it might be of benefit to those who should take the pains to ascertain whether there were more countries than their own. Not long after, the great Roger Bacon began to shed abroad the rays of his stupendous genius, and the moral atmosphere began to show signs of a brighter day than the world had ever witnessed. The expensive luxury of oil and candles came into use, sparingly, particularly among the rich; splinters and knots, however, remained in general use for more than one hundred years after. The compiler, to guide the hardy mariner, was at this time pretty generally known. In the middle of the fourteenth century, that deadly foe of men for slaves, had till this time been countenanced by even the most civilized people on the globe. At the beginning of this century this barbarous practise was forbidden by law in England. About this period, light again began to shed abroad the rays of his study to those who should take the pains to ascertain whether there were more countries than their own. Not long after, the great Roger Bacon began to shed abroad the rays of his stupendous genius, and the moral atmosphere began to show signs of a brighter day than the world had ever witnessed. The expensive luxury of oil and candles came into use, sparingly, particularly among the rich; splinters and knots, however, remained in general use for more than one hundred years after. The compiler, to guide the hardy mariner, was at this time pretty generally known. In the middle of the fourteenth century, that deadly foe of man, who abuses a thing of which he is utterly ignorant, makes himself the pander and sycophant of his own, and other men's envy and malignity.

ALWAYS HAPPY.

An Italian Bishop struggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much opposition in the discharge of his Episcopai functions, which the least competent might perform. One of his intimate friends, who highly admired those virtues which he thought it impossible to imitate, once asked the Prelate if he could communicate the secret of being always easy.  Yes, replied the old man, I can teach you my secret, and with great facility: it consists of making a table, with no other purpose but that of finding or doing anything, or putting to pieces a work they had never read. The man, who abuses a thing of which he is utterly ignorant, makes himself the pander and sycophant of his own, and other men's envy and malignity.

AN EXTRACT.

A reader should sit down to a book, especially of the miscellaneous kind, as a well behaved visitor does to a banquet. The master of the feast expects to satisfy all his guests; but, if after all his care and pains, there should be something or other put on the table that does not suit this or that person's taste, they politely pass it over without noticing the circumstance and commend other dishes, that they may not distress their kind host, or throw any damp on his spirits. For who would tolerate a guest that accepted an invitation to your table, with no other purpose but that of finding fault with every thing before him and. Yet you may fall in with a still worse set than even these—churls, that in all companies will condemn and pull to pieces a work they had never read. The man, who abuses a thing of which he is utterly ignorant, makes himself the pander and sycophant of his own, and other men's envy and malignity.

REFORMS OF THE AGE.—The present is an age, big with reforms of most important interest to the world. Could we but draw a feeble comparison, in our mind's eye, between the condition of man a few centuries ago, and the present period, we should find room for much speculation, and great reason for gratitude, that our lot has been so pleasantly cast; that we live in a period of the world—when light, liberty, and the most diffusive benevolence are so extensively enjoyed by the human family. Go back to the seventh century. A long night of moral darkness was then setting in upon our world! All the nations of the earth were then either sinking deep into their original condition, or retrograding from the opening dawn of civilization, into the dreary state of barbarism, ignorance, despotism, and the pandemonian shades of delusion! Follow along the line of gloomy years, down to the eleventh century. The custom of parents selling their children for slaves, had till this time been countenanced by even the most civilized people on the globe. At the beginning of this century this barbarous practise was forbidden by law in England. About this period, light again began to shed abroad the rays of his study to those who should take the pains to ascertain it was yet a dark, an illiberal age, and 'twas this time pretty generally known. In the midperiod, men commenced the study of Geography, thinking perhaps, it might be of benefit to those who should take the pains to ascertain whether there were more countries than their own. Not long after, the great Roger Bacon began to shed abroad the rays of his stupendous genius, and the moral atmosphere began to show signs of a brighter day than the world had ever witnessed. The expensive luxury of oil and candles came into use, sparingly, particularly among the rich; splinters and knots, however, remained in general use for more than one hundred years after. The compiler, to guide the hardy mariner, was at this time pretty generally known. In the middle of the fourteenth century, that deadly foe of man, who abuses a thing of which he is utterly ignorant, makes himself the pander and sycophant of his own, and other men's envy and malignity.

DIED.

In this village, on Saturday morning, 5th inst. James Washington O'Keeffe, aged 12 years. On Tuesday, the 5th inst. Dr. A. B. Lucy.

At Washington city, on Tuesday last in the 83d year of her age, Mrs. Anna Maria Washington, wife of Bushrod C. Washington, Esq. of Jefferson county, Va.

Lately, at Sidney, N. B. Tenis Raphamark, aged 103. He was one of the combatants engaged under the walls of Quebec, when Wolfe and Montcalm fell.

At Delaware, the Hon. John W. Campbell, United States' Judge, for the District of Ohio, after several days illness of a fever.

In Geneva, on the 26th ult. Mrs. Tunis Emmett, wife of Eli Emmett, of this place, in the 85th year of her age.

At his residence in the town of Oglethorpe, in this state, on the 24th September, Major Adonijah Skinner, aged 74 years, a revolutionary patriot, and a worthy, meritorious, and valuable citizen.

In Mina. Caunouacou Co. on the 30th Inst. Dr. J. H. A. Almy, aged 30.

At New Orleans, of the Yellow Fever, Mr. John Thorp, formerly Editor of the People's Press, of Bavaria.

At the residence of James Wadsworth, Esq. of Genesee, on the 30th inst. Miss Emily Stuart, of Philadelphia, aged 19, of dropsy in the brain.

Harvey D. Little, Esq.—It has become our painful duty to record the death of our valued correspondent and esteemed friend, Harvey D. Little. He died at Columbia, of Cholera, on the 22d inst., in the 31st year of his age, leaving a wife and one child, having lost two of his children by the same disease, but a few days before. Mr. Little was one of the most chaste of western writers, and one of the most amiable of men. His "Dead Father," "Hills of Judah," and "Pulnay," have been as extensively circulated by the periodical press, as almost any other productions of the American muse.—Cincinnati Mirror.
A STEAMBOAT ON A NEW PLAN.

Mr. Burden, of this city, already favorably known to the public as a most ingenious mechanic, and the author of an important invention whereby he has secured a fortune to himself, and conferred a great benefit upon the country—we mean his patent worm spike machine,—has undertaken no less a task than that of effecting an entire overturn in the construction of steam boats and steam navigation. He is now constructing a steamboat, on a plan peculiarly his own, to run 25 miles the hour, and to make a trip from Albany to New-York, and back, by daylight.

It is not, however, in respect to speed only, which is to constitute the chief excellence of Mr. Burden's boat, but in regard to materials, weight, cheapness of construction, and the power necessary to propel it, it is designed to effect a saving of 50 per cent over the most approved models now in use.

The plan is this,—Mr. Burden has constructed two trunks, which, for the want of a better similitude, we shall compare to two huge sea serpents. They are 300 feet long, and only 8 feet diameter in the centre, tapering off each way to a point. They are constructed of staves, like a barrel, except instead of hoops on the outside, they are drawn together from the inside by iron rods having a head at one end and a screw cut at the other. These at regular intervals pass from the outside of the trunk through each stave, and through a stout iron in the centre, and are drawn up and secured fast by a nut. The staves are pine timber 4 inches thick, and from 30 to 80 feet in length. These two trunks are to be placed side by side, 16 feet apart at the centre, and suitably and efficiently connected together by transverse timbers, upon which the deck is to be laid and the machinery placed. It is designed to propel the boat with one wheel only, which is to be placed between the trunks at the centre. The buckets will be sixteen feet long, placed to propel the boat with one wheel only, which is to be placed between the trunks at the centre. The bucket will be sixteen feet long, and is designed ordinarily to exert a 75 horse power, but is so constructed that greater may be had if necessary. Mr. B. however, does not calculate that more will be required.—Troy Press.

FEMALE ENTHUSIASM.

About two years since Peter Jones, a Chipewa Indian, of some distinction in the tribe, and who had previously been employed by the Methodist Church as a missionary among his brethren, was sent to England to solicit aid for the cause of missions in Upper Canada. He became particularly enamored of the charms of a young lady, the daughter of a gentleman of great wealth and respectability in London. He asked an interview with the young lady, but the parents, fearing the consequences, very properly denied him. He repeated and urged his request—it was finally granted, and result ed in a matrimonial arrangement, which was to be consummated in the city of New York, the present season.

About a fortnight since the young lady, in all the charms of youth and beauty, arrived in the elegant packet ship United States. Her lover, and intended husband, had not arrived. She waited impatiently through the week, and the two had not yet her confidence in his integrity and faithfulness remained. On Sunday it was announced that Peter Jones, the son of the foremost—the missionary—the betrothed of the English lady, had arrived. The lovers met, and their meeting was affectionate. They spent the day much in the same manner that others do on the threshold of conjugal felicity. In the evening they attended the services of John-st-church—the missionary took part in the religious and devotional exercises, and then retired to the house of a friend, where a brother Clergyman made Peter Jones, a Chipewa Indian, and the beautiful and accomplished Miss F----, of the city of London, "one flesh."

We understand the bride has brought out rich and elegant suits of furniture; but Turkey carpets, china Vases, &c. we fear will not make her happy in a Canadian wigwam.—Hart ford Review.

Humorous.

A Miracle.—About the beginning of last week a deaf and dumb printer presented himself at our office, asking charity by writing with signs. We asked him if he could work. He signified his assent most readily and willingly, and accordingly took his station at the case. For several days he was very faithfully, with all the imperturable gravity of an Eastern Brahmin, keeping pencil and paper by his side for the purpose of writing down the very few wants and wishes, which he deemed it necessary to communicate. In deed he seldom wrote any thing but "mon pa" and "opy" and his rigid features seemed to have never relaxed into a smile or gathered into a frown. On Saturday last, one of his co-operators jogged him with his elbow and by signs drew his attention to some matter which he had in his hand. Johnny was completely taken by surprise, and to the astonishment of every one in the office, cried out in a most audible and distinct tone "Oh yes that's fit."

One simultaneous roar from foreman, journeymen, pressman, and all, and the printer, with all the imperturable gravity as before, as if it was no concern of his. "May I be married, ma?" said a pretty brunette of sixteen to her mother. "What do you want to be married for?" returned her mother. "Why, na, you know that the children have never seen any body maried, and I though it might please 'em."

Meaning of "Deficient."—"Have you obtained a good character to-day, sir?" said a gentleman the other day to a little fellow just out of school, "No sir," was the reply, "I have been deficient." "And what is the meaning of deficient?" "It means when you get a ticking," answered the boy.

BOOK & JOB PRINTING.

Such as handbills, house bills, cards and pamphlets, show-bills, blanks, blank notes and receipts, circulars, 

A fool and his words are soon parted."

LIST OF AGENTS.


TH ROCHESTER

A Semi-Monthly Literary and Miscellaneous Journal

Vol. y—With 8 Plates.

Edwin Scraton, Editor.

The GEM is published at Rochester, Monroe co., N. Y. every other Saturday at $1.50 per annum, payable in advance. It is printed in quarto form and paginated. All Subscriptions are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

Moneys can be safely sent by mail. All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed to JOHN DENIO, by whom it will be printed and published, for the GEM.
Go get thee to a nunery."—Hamlet.

The grand object of the imperial army had in view, was the relief of Mantua; and after a vast variety of manoeuvring, and some hard-fought battles, by a rapid march, General Wurmser succeeded in forcing the blockade, and in throwing his troops and a supply of provisions, over the fortress, to relieve the worn-out and exhausted гардо-во. To this body I was attached, and there I was sent, with the object of precluding the possibility of hearing from abroad, we suffered every kind of privation, until I received, in a letter, the sad intelligence, which had reached the ears of the French armies, that the brave defenders of the city, which had withstood all the efforts of the French armies, were, with the veteran Wurmser, compelled to surrender. So great had been the disaster that the officers were immediately dismissed on parole of honor, not to serve against France during the war, and were even permitted to retain their arms and baggage. If he engaged in the defence of Mantua were unable to hear from abroad, those abroad were equally unable to obtain intelligence from Vienna, and it was not known who had fallen, who had survived the combined assaults of disease and the sword. On my arrival, I found that rumor had given my name as one that had fallen, and the surprise and joy of my friends may be more easily imagined than described. I remained but two days at Vienna, so impatient was I to visit the valley of the Enns, and learn the destiny of one on whom I had felt my happiness depended. I arrived at my uncle's, and was received by him and his family as one risen from the dead. My first inquiries related to the family at Stienberg castle; for though my worthy uncle knew that during the latter part of my residence with him, I had been a frequent visitor at the castle, yet he had never suspected the real cause, and knew not how deeply I was interested in their welfare.

"All gone—blotted out—destroyed," was his reply; "the family of the Stienbergs is no more." I started to my feet: "Meeker," said I, addressing my servant, "saddle my horse immediately; I have important business at that place, and must go there without delay."

"Lovendorff," said my uncle, surprised at my agitation, "you will obtain no information there; Joseph, on whom the title and estate devolves, has not returned from the army, in which he is living; Stienberg is dead, and he left nothing behind him, except the carriage and the daughter, who I think you may remember, has entered the nunnery of St. Lawrence, at Vienna."

"I do indeed remember her," was my reply, "as soon as I could recover sufficient composure to speak; and countermanding my orders to Meeker, after making a few more inquiries, I retired to my chamber to deliberate on the course I was to pursue. To sit down without an effort to gain fair Louisa, and contented with her loss, was not for a moment to be thought of; still I knew the undertaking which was to deliver her from her present seclusion, would prove no trifling affair. The nunnery of St. Lawrence had been founded for those of high rank, and its inmates belonged to the first families in the empire. But while they are treated with more indulgence, and within the walls enjoyed greater privileges than those of any other religious houses in the city, in the intercourse which the fair nuns maintained with the society of their friends and the world, the same unwavering watchfulness was there exercised by the ladies who superintended the establishment. Whatever the hazard might be, the attempt, however, was to be made; and as my uncle was ignorant of my intentions, I concluded it was best to let him remain without any knowledge of my intended undertaking. I remained with my uncle about a week to recover in some measure from the effects of the hardships and fatigue I had undergone, and make the necessary arrangements for my visit to Vienna. Money, I knew, would be an indispensable requisite to success, and I soon found myself in possession of a sum equal, as I imagined, to any exigency. I took my leave of my uncle, at the time I had fixed upon, and I soon found myself in possession of a sum equal, as I imagined, to any exigency. I took my leave of my uncle, and at the time I had fixed upon, and I soon found myself in possession of a sum equal, as I imagined, to any exigency. I took my leave of my uncle, and at the time I had fixed upon, and I soon found myself in possession of a sum equal, as I imagined, to any exigency. I took my leave of my uncle, and at the time I had fixed upon, and I soon found myself in possession of a sum equal, as I imagined, to any exigency. I took my leave of my uncle, and at the time I had fixed upon, and I soon found myself in possession of a sum equal, as I imagined, to any exigency. I took my leave of my uncle, and at the time I had fixed upon, and I soon found myself in possession of a sum equal, as I imagined, to any exigency. I took my leave of my uncle, and at the time I had fixed upon, and I soon found myself in possession of a sum equal, as I imagined, to any exigency. I took my leave of my uncle, and at the time I had fixed upon, and I soon found myself in possession of a sum equal, as I imagined, to any exigency. I took my leave of my uncle, and at the time I had fixed upon, and I soon found myself in possession of a sum equal, as I imagined, to any exigency. I took my leave of my uncle, and at the time I had fixed upon, and I soon found myself in possession of a sum equal, as I imagined, to any exigency.

With a basket of rare and beautiful roses which I had procured from one of the gardeners of the city, for the purpose, on my arm, and in my assumed dress, I left my lodgings, and with a palpitating heart, approached the massive pile that contained the being I loved, as if unconscious that my steps were heard, and those who report such stories, are mistaken indeed.

"If you acquainted at Ens? asked Louisa. "Very little," I replied, in the most indiffer-
and as if thinking aloud, it would be worse than useless. Could my wish be gratified, my destiny is fixed and it is cruel, cruel one.

While she was pronouncing, with downcast eyes, these words, I had unbuttoned my peasant frock, raised my hat, and arranged my hair as I had worn it when she was the happy mistress of Stienberg castle, and in my own voice now answered the lovely girl. You shall not think me ungrateful, for were I not so profuse of hand, and the tone of voice was enough. She started from the reverie—gave a penetrating glance at me—and in a voice trembling with emotion exclaimed, "I do indeed see him—my own Lowendorf."

For a moment she was pale as death, and I feared the result; but she recovered herself in an instant, folded her arms over her breast, and spread her countenance, as I pressed her hand to my lips, and her eloquent eyes, told the overflowing joy of that moment of meeting.

Lowendorf, this is a moment I have often and fervently wished, said the charming girl; but if there is bliss in meeting, there must be tears. It overflowed joy of that moment of meeting.

Not my dear Louisa," said I firmly, 'unless you wish it. If you remain the same attached Louisa I once knew you—if the same sentiments now warm your bosom, which you then arched, and which I fondly believed you to have lost, I may bid defiance to fate, and you shall have from these walls, for love and happiness.

Heaven forbid that I should ever forget the days that are past, said Louisa, earnestly, or cease to consider you my dearest friend—must I say the only one.

No, Louisa, not the only friend," I answered, 'but the one that loves more than all others, and that I love more than those from whom I have been parted. But if there is any hazard—but Mandolina is returning—must not be known—I will see you again, if possible, to-morrow, if not sooner—and I assumed my former appearance.

I have requested this peasant to bring me some of those roses; and when," said Louisa, 'I am more of those roses to-morrow,' said Louisa to Mandolina, 'the only one.

He has my liberty to bring as many as he pleases, as long as he likes; and as long as he abides. But if I cannot see her, I must be confined in the nunnery, and the great road, and by a more circuitous route, in the direction of Vienna, on our way to the frontiers, in the direction of Bohemia. It was my design to leave the great road, and by a more circuitous route, in the direction of Prague, pass the Carpathian range of mountains, and then bear westward towards Vienne. We discussed by means which love alone could have prompted, the chances of escape, which the imperial service might sustain—

Evening came on—everything was in readiness, for love, effectually, I had procured a cart and mule, and the tone of voice was enough. She started from the reverie—gave a penetrating glance at me—and in a voice trembling with emotion exclaimed, "I do indeed see him—my own Lowendorf."

The dusk began to throw the hall and its inmates into the shade—we had separated ourselves from the group of persons present—and in the hall and its inmates, into the shade—were the rules of monastic life, in the presence of the chief of the group which consisted of the nuns from that, I felt that our triumph would have been shrouded in mystery, were it not for the presence of the young woman who was to personate Louisa, we proceeded to the nunnery.

I had my basket of roses, and as usual, it was immediately admitted, with pleasure, by the lady in attendance. Louisa, too, was there; and when her eyes met mine, the mingled emotions of hope and fear, were still illustrated in the variations of her beautiful countenance. The dusk began to throw the hall and its inmates into the shade—were the rules of monastic life, in the presence of the chief of the group which consisted of the nuns, that I felt that our triumph would have been shrouded in mystery, were it not for the presence of the young woman who was to personate Louisa, we proceeded to the nunnery.

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than the respect which I, as the daughter of a man who had shed his blood in the service of his country, thought might be paid without disgrace by respecting him."

"You were right; my daughter; God forbid that any of the Stienbergs should forget what is due to the defenders of the empire!" said the baron, with energy.

"If the business is explained to your satisfaction, I will retire," said Louisa, who was anxious to escape from the scrutinizing glances which the count cast upon her, as he traversed the room, with his arms folded behind his back.

"There is one thing more," said the baron; "you are sensible that for a considerable time, you have been engaged in a conflict, Count Hohenlohe, been considered as his affianced bride; and in our opinion, the time has arrived when it is proper that your marriage be solemnized; you will, of course, be permitted to fix the day; remembering, however, that it must be one not far distant."

Louisa was thunderstruck—she knew the inflexible obstinacy of her father, in things which he imagined concerned the honor of his house—and she read in the cold and haughty demeanor of the count, the calculating certainty of ultimate triumph. Her resolution was, however fixed, and to it she determined to adhere; "Father," she said, after a moment's pause to collect her thoughts, "once I should have asked time to have given you an answer, on a question of such magnitude, but now my mind is fully made up; and I here say, that Louisa Stienberg can never become the bride of Count Hohenlohe.

The count, who had stopped short to hear Louisa's reply, now turned on his heel and said, "It is, you see, as I suspected; the perfidious Hungarian has played his part successfully; (To this speech of Hohenlohe, Louisa gave no answer, other than a look of scorn and contempt.)

"And he shall answer it dearly," said Charles, starting to his feet from the sofa, on which, during the preceding conference, he had been reclining.

"You never claim otherwise," said the Baron, sternly; and striking his heavy heel upon the floor, his back. "No answer, other than a look of scorn and contempt," he continued, "to a stranger similarly situated."

"If the business is explained to your satisfaction, I will retire," said Louisa, who was assuredly the daughter of a man who had shed his blood in the service of his country, thought might be paid without disgrace by respecting him.

Louisa was constant to her choice; and the baron, although it cost him many a bitter struggle, was inflexible. He tenderly loved Louisa, but his word & honor was pledged, and he would not forfeit either; and a few days after the baron's departure, the lovely Louisa was within the walls of St. Lawrence, and shut out from the world.

A short time afterwards, a few words passed between the Count and Charles, whom the former charged of passing into my service, instead of averting his wrongs, and who retorted, by accusing him of complicity, for the basest and most selfish motive, the happiness of his sister. High words ensued—swords were drawn—and Charles fell before the cool and practised villainy of the Count. This was all that was wanted to complete the wretchedness of the unhappy baron. He saw that he was sinking under his accumulated trouble, and anxious to see his only son, a messenger was despatched for him, but before he could arrive, the baron was no more.

Louisa's tears fell fast, as she recounted these events; but only seemed to convince us that the stranger, who alone have bound us to Europe, had been forever severed.

CHAPTER LAST.

"The truly virtuous may bid defiance to fortune; they are above her frowns."—Sir Thomas More.

We had now left the hereditary dominions of Austria far behind us—had penetrated the almost inaccessible defiles of that wild and romantic range, which separates the imperial possessions from those of Bohemia—had followed the course I had proposed, until we had reached the picturesque and fertile valley of the Elbe, and now found ourselves within two days journey of Dresden, where we should be free from pursuit and danger. In no part of the world does a great thoroughfare pass such dangers as the Elbe, which follows the valley of the river Elbe, through the passes between Bohemia and Prussia. In many places the road is cut from the solid rock, and while precipices of tremendous height are piled over the traveller, the noble river is rolling its dark waves one hundred feet below, and a false step might tumble the unwary passenger to instant annihilation.

One day passed away—we were within an hour's travel of the frontier Prussian towns—the fear of apprehension had mostly subsided—and in high spirits, and mounted on the only steed in our vehicle, I allowed myself to yield myself up to the dictates of fancy, and to think of our future happiness. The lovely Louisa was partly reclining on my shoulder and her paramour parried back to Vienna to instant annihilation.

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One hour more and we were beyond the borders of Prussia—now were in the midst of that beautiful valley of the river Elbe, through the passes between Bohemia and Prussia. In many places the road is cut from the solid rock, and while precipices of tremendous height are piled over the traveller, the noble river is rolling its dark waves one hundred feet below, and a false step might tumble the unwary passenger to instant annihilation.

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less Hohenlohe, and she must therefore return. There is no necessity for words," I said sternly: "I shall never return to Vienna, nor shall Miss Stienburg be taken thither, without her consent; you will therefore clear the way and let us pass." "I am not the way for you," answered Wallenstein, "but may throw your literary trumpery into the Elbe; you won't need it to meet your return. I have done with all this."

I attempted to turn the cart about; the bits, and attempted to turn the cart about. The villain who stops a peaceable traveler on the road, must expect to be treated as a highway robber," said I, as I drew one of my pistols, and fired.

Wallenstein let go the bits—attempted to draw a pistol from his holster, but was unable—began to use his dagger; and in the fearful oath, that he was a dead man, dropped lifeless from his horse, and clung to the bridge with a death-grasp, and thus completely blocked up the way. I leaped from the cart, and seizing Wallenstein, with a single effort threw him over the precipice; thus clearing the way, while I called to Louisa to drive forward, was unable to avail himself of the weapons he had closed with him, and though I had received a severe cut in my left arm, I succeeded in pinioning his arm with my right, so that he was unable to avail himself of the weapons he still possessed. We were on the very verge of the precipice, and the struggle was now whether one or both should make the fearful plunge. Our strength might have been nearly equal; but in addition to the wound in my arm, I was obliged to guard against the dagger which he carried in his belt. My feet were planted against the heavy timbers that had been placed on the edge of the cliff, to prevent those fatal accidents which might otherwise have occurred. Not a word was said by me, and in a hollow plunge, the body of the unfortunate Hohenlohe was swept away by the dark rolling flood. I have seen hundreds die on the field of battle—but never have I seen a death that produced such an impression on my feelings as the one I witnessed. It was as a signal to Heaven, which we felt for our escape, and our future happiness."

After giving vent to the emotions of gratitude to Heaven, which we felt for our escape, we hurried forward, anxious to pass the frontiers, as we had no reason to believe that Hohenlohe and Wallenstein had undertaken this expedition without attendants; but we were met with no more difficulty: and the passports were granted with a smile, the body of the unfortunate Hohenlohe was swept away by the dark rolling flood. We afterwards learned that immediately after the flight of Louisa was ascertained, and the occurrence excited a great sensation in the capital; Hohenlohe was arrested by a party sent to the Elbe, and was detained, at every hazard. By our precaution in leaving the great road, we missed us; and after proceeding as far as Dresden and hearing nothing from us, he directed his followers to retrace their steps, endeavoring to take a clue to our course, while he, with Wallenstein, agreed to wait there a short time and prevent them from reaching the advance party.

This party had passed, on their return, up the valley of the Elbe, but a few hours before our arrival, and thus it was left to the principal actor in the pursuit, and his agent, to attempt our capture.

We lost no time at Dresden, but hastened down the river to Hamburg, where we met some of the news on the eve of sailing for the United States, and in which we engaged our passage. It was now that I claimed the fulfillment of the promise made me by the lovely Louisa: with blushing it was accorded, and before our sailing, the angelic girl united her fortunes with mine, forever. That was one of the most happy moments of my life; and she was un CHANGELESS—kind and virtuous to a degree such as much happiness as belongs to mortals.

Here Lowendorff concluded his narrative, in which I had been deeply interested, and Mrs. Lowendorff had not yet returned, the conversation turned on the campaigns, he had made in the service of the emperor. Lowendorff was a man of modesty, as well as intelligence; he was expected by his friends, but of inflicting condign punishment; and the happy Lowendorff evidently regarded them both with a mixture of complacency, affection, and pride. The day passed—and another—and another—and though my health was restored, I felt unwilling to part with my dear companions, the lovely and kind-hearted Miss Stienberg, and the pleasing recollections of the sunshine and light which her presence threw over the pathway of life, was too deeply engraved on my heart, to be ever eradicated.

CONVERSATIONS WITH AN OLD MAN.—NO. 2.

I am young, aspiring and ambitious—full of hope, anticipating happiness and glory. The old man is my confidant, and to him I have told my hopes and wishes. "Young man," said he one evening, "I once had, like yourself, a hankering after fame. It was like a far off vision, bright and gorgeous—the grand attraction of my soul. I was ever contemplating it, anxious to be enveloped in its glory. I was continually forming plans and schemes for its accomplishment. It was a consummation devoutly wished for, and I would have sacrificed all else, for its attainment. I read of Alexander, but was not, like him, a warrior. I had pondered over the orations of Cicero, and studied the efforts of Demosthenes, but I was no orator. I had studied the Philosophy of Newton, but it was too deep—too laborious for me. I had read the history of the French Revolution, and saw Napoleon arise from the scum it caused, but it was too horrid for my morality. I looked up on the stars, and read the opinions and discoveries of astronomers, but they were too far off, too much covered with mystery, and I could not reach them. I had mused upon the writings of Scott and Byron, but there was..."
a genius rarely possessed. Where then could I go? Was not every avenue closed, every
gate barred, which led to the Temple of Fame? Yes, but by some strange power of the hu-
mans, mind, while disburdened of its mortal coil,” I did realize all my hopes, in my dreams.
I was happy. I loved then to dream—loved then to contemplate scenes all light and
beautiful. It was then my soul drank deep of all its fondly cherished wishes—they were delight-
ful, delicious, enchanting. In my dreams, I trod my way to fame—it is the world had
remembered, was thus fully realized, for who could now be had, and the world had received
the strength of a Sampson I should have upset
the pillars upon which the work rested: but it
was firm and fixed, and I could not undo what
my own hands had done, and I went discon-
sole away, and died broken hearted. This
was my dream, and such my feelings. The
vision, so glorious, so sad, so beautiful, yet so
mournful, passed away, and I awoke and was
myself again.”

“It was” said I “a vision, but not all a
dream.” It is too true a picture, bearing too
strong a resemblance to reality, to be the mere
offspring of a wild imagination. The vision
itself is impossible, but the moral is in perfect
keeping with what we daily witness among
men. How often does genius wither and die
in neglect? How often does its most durable
and splendid results—its proudest triumphs
meet the approbation of the world, while he
who possessed the master-spirit, and gave a
form and distance to its whisperings, has been
left in cold neglect, to drag out a pitiful exis-
tence, and at last to die unhonored and un-
known. So inconsistent is man, so prone to
forget, that it matters little to him by what
means or by whose hands the blessing comes,
so long as he partakes of its benefits and shares
in its advantages. When I think of this, a
danger is thrown upon my path, and I think
it were better to die in obscurity, than to live
but to be forgotten, and finally die cursing our
race for their ingratitude.”

“You are right boy,” said the old man,
“fame is but a bubble which at best floats but
a moment ere it breaks and is gone; it
dazzles us but to deceive. Like the white sep-
uclure it presents a fair outside, but within is
hollow and deceitful. Trust it not, nor give
way to its allurements; for what cares man
for the giver of favors, especially when they
come in the indirect way of favors of mind?
Are they general and not local in their ef-
fects, besides the great mass of mankind can-
not comprehend the works of genius, nor un-
derstand the worth and nature of its doings.
They look upon its work whenever produced,
but are incompetent to trace it to its cause,
and they care not for the door, because they
know not the depth of his mind. They look
upon the effect, but know not the cause. Yet
for the applause of such—to receive their plau-
ses and their praise, is the prayer of every man
of talent. For this purpose they bend every
curve, and exert every power, sacrifice time,
money, and even life, and in the end find they
have been pursuing a phantom. “Yet,” said
I, “is it not best to indulge this passion for
fame? It is the charm of life, it is the germ
from which spring a noble act, it a

wakes a spirit of activity in the soul, calls
forth some of the best passions of the man: it
is a stimulus to do well and act right: it
nerves the soul and supports it when fortune
frowns, when all looks dark save the distant
future, and that bright hope cheers him on.
Without this passion, much of man’s happiness
and his highest hopes would be crushed: a
strong incentive to action would be cut off.—
It is wisely ordered that we should all be anx-
ious to secure the good opinion of others;
without this our characters would lose much
of beauty, our acts much that is good.”

“To win the good opinion of our immedi-
ate neighbors,” said the old man, “is one
species of fame; to be a good citizen
and man, is enough to secure this. But to devote
one’s life to the establishment of a name that
will be sounded far and wide, that will be re-
corded on the page of history and descend to
posterity, is another thing, as valueless as im-
possible, as foolish as wild and chimerial. I
grant you that to be a good citizen, is a duty
which we owe to society. But to pursue an
ideal phantom, a wild fancy which cannot add
to our happiness, nor render us contented, is
not only unwise but wrong. It diverts the
mind from that which might be useful, and
turns it to that which is purely imaginary and
unreal: for what is fame but a splendid delu-
sion, a thing which obtained is nothing?
For what does it profit a man if he win the
laurel and reach the high temple? does it add
glaughs to his stay on earth? does it increase
his felicity while here? if not, where is the bene-
fit? after death it concerns him not, it goes
not with him; if at all, perhaps it will be to
rise up in judgment against him. No, believe
me, fame is not so valuable an attainment,
not a thing so greatly to be desired. In the
perspective it presents a picture bright and
captivating; but as you approach it the
charm loses its force, and when you reach it,
it proves a source of trouble rather than plea-
sure. It is better to die ‘unhonored and un-
known,” loved by those around you, than
to be carried to the tomb with all the pomp
and show of greatness. To be a good citi-
zen, a kind friend, an obliging neighbor, will
afford you more real happiness, more solid
satisfaction, than all the empty plaudits of the
world. Alexander was unsatisfied, Caesar
betrayed, and Napoleon left to die in exile;
and yet they were great. Their end was
like that of the good and peaceful citizen, who
bears a name to be remembered but by a
few, but by those with gratitude and love.—
Of these which would you choose, he who had
done real good to a

few, or he who had made whole nations
know not the depth of his mind. They look
upon its work whenever produced,
but are incompetent to trace it to its cause,
and they care not for the door, because they
know not the depth of his mind. They look
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Of these which would you choose, he who had
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A. O. X.
Nelsoniana.

Many striking expressions are recorded of Nelson's early years which show that he had a settled purpose of outdoing all the achievements of his naval predecessors. The common notion of sailors that one Briton is a match for three Frenchmen was deliberately adopted into his creed, and, calculating upon this advantage as the short and easy road to fame, he resolved upon enterprizes heretofore deemed impracticable. He cheerfully set his life upon the cast—"Victory, or Westminster-abbey," his favorite war-cry. An old Italian proverb says that "he who would be Pope must take it strongly into his head and he shall be Pope." Nelson, from the moment that he first went to sea, appears to have reasoned and acted on this quixot maxim. He was determined to succeed in whatever he undertook. When he attacked the bear upon the ice, while a youngster on the frozen ocean, and when afterwards, as an Admiral, he bore down upon the French squadron at the Nile, this was the load star that guided him to conquest. On the gallant ships of the enemy, Captain Berry, in an ecstasy of delight, exclaimed—"If we succeed what will the world say?" Nelson instantly exclaimed, "I am sure you bring me news of the enemy's fleet, and I shall give M. Villeneuve a drubbing." In three weeks from his landing he was again at Portsmouth. On returning the command, Lord Barham, who was then at the head of the Admiralty, presented the navy-list to him, desiring him to choose his officers. "Choose yourself, my Lord," said Nelson; "they are all actuated by the same spirit; you cannot choose wrong." The offer and refusal were equally creditable to these two honorable men. Nelson's consideration for others was strongly marked at the unfortunate attack on Trafalgar. Mrs. Nisbet, son of his lady by a former husband, was serving on board Nelson's ship, the Thesen.—Knowing the very desperate nature of the service in contemplation, he resolved that this young man should not accompany him, but urged him to remain on board, saying—"Should we both fall, Josiah, what will become of your poor mother? the care of the Thesen falls to you." Nisbet replied—"Sir, the ship must take care of herself. I will go with you tonight if I never go again." Providential indeed was this resolve, for Nelson lost his arm by a grape shot at the instant of landing. Nisbet raised him from the beach, bound up his wound, and by great exertions conveyed him safely under the enemy's fire. They had to pass through the drowning crew of the Fox cutter, which was just sunk by a shot from the batteries. Nelson, though in great agony, labored with his remaining hand to save several of these poor fellows; and when after wards it was proposed to take him alongside of Captain Fremantle's ship, for surgical aid, he insisted on being carried forward to the Thesen, lest his sudden presence should alarm that gallant officer's wife, who happened to be on board. So little did he regard his own sufferings that in the despatch, written with his left hand two days after the action, he made re- lassion to his wound. A similar omission was observed three years before, when he lost an eye, at the siege of Calvi: nor should it be forgotten that, when severely, and as he believed, mortally, wounded in the battle of the Nile, the explosion of the French Admiral's ship instantly recalled him from the cockpit, whither he had been carried, and he at once forgot his own peril and anguish, while giving directions to save the remains of her crew from destruction. Lodge's Portraits and Memoirs.

Common Sense.—What is Common Sense? Seeing with our eyes instead of our imagination, feeling with our hands instead of our prejudices or predispositions, hearing with our own ears instead of the ears of other people, and acting by the standard of reason instead of caprice and impulse—is this Common Sense. To see things as they are, to take the form and altitude of all known or visible matter as nature or circumstance has made it, to walk onward, to think rightly, judge truly, and act justly are the fruits of Common Sense. That which we call Common is Uncommon, and not only Uncommon, but so rare, that ninety nine in every hundred men, women and children, descend into their graves without having witnessed its existence.

Avarice.

If we con over the dark catalogue of the miseries of man, how great a proportion will be found to be the result of this beneficial passion. What peoples our state prisons—What fills our penitentiary? Avarice.—What locks up every noble and generous sentiment of the soul, and chills every friendship and love? Gold! which like a Gorgon's head turns the heart to stone. What clouds the brow, what blanches the cheek, what wrinkles the forehead—what petrifies the heart? Plutus and Mammon will answer. Where hath the sun of Consolation never shone?—in the miser's bosom. Who hath blood in his eyes, and upon his hands, but none in his heart?—the lover of Gold.

When the stealing sands of our numbered hours are well nigh finished—when the soul seems to quiver upon the lip, where then is the omnipotent power of Gold?—What tho' the dreary passage to the tomb be paved with glittering diamonds—will it not be still called the "dark valley of the shadow of death?" Point the trembling, shivering soul to the overflowing coffers wrung, perchance from the hard hand of poverty, or wrested from the lone widow and helpless orphan—and would this remove a single throb from the pillow of the dying? Would this bestow his ragged pathway with flowers? Would the consciousness of his vast possessions add one more pulse to his palpitating heart.

Although the tongue has no bones, it breaks bones.

He who fears God, fears not man.
THE ROCHESTER GEM.

WHITTIN FOR THE GEM.

THINK OF ETERNITY.

Think not of age with all its cares—
Nor yet of youth with all its joys—
O'f' things that are, or age to be—
Think only of Eternity !

And are you young, and vain, and gay,
Or yet by age grown staid and gray,
In either case you wisely may
Think deeply of Eternity !

And oh! if on the bed of death you lie,
'Tis not you close your weary eye,
'O breathe to friends a farewell sigh,
Think calmly of Eternity !

When friends for you have ceased to sigh—
When you have passed forgotten by,
And in the cold—^he cold grave lie—
'Tis happy—happy may you be,
For endless is Eternity.

St. Mary's, Oct. 12th, 1832. Henry.

Ma. Eorruc—By giving the following humble production a place in your paper, you will vVe much oblige your humble servant. It is the substance of a letter written by F***, from a distant country, a short time before his death; he died of the consumption, Miss Amanda was to have been married to him on his return.

R. N. B.

TO MISS AMANDA B. * * * * *

Ah Amanda, thou beestow flowers,
On thy cheek gloweth health's brightest bloom,
Fair as the rose that adorns this sweet bower,
But me—ah! I'm blanched for the tomb!

I felt Consumptioi—Death's tyrant king!
Preys around this frail aching heart,
Death's spell soon sear around me will fling—
Soon, soon, must my spirit depart.

Adieu, then faint maiden, adieu!
In heaven our bright spirsits shall meet,
There forever our songs will be new,
There our Saviour us to glory will greet.

Soon broke is the bright golden bower,
Soon my spirit will reach the glads bourn,
Soon to bliss ascend my glad soul
Then why, why, why should we mourn?

Spirit! in this house of clay,
In Jehovah'strust, Flesh is destined to decay,
And demanding "dust to dust,"
Worms have mark'd it for their prey!

Adieu then faint maiden, adieu!
In heaven our glad spirits shall meet,
There forever our songs will be new,—
Grim Death! thy sure blow then I grant!

Heniettia, Oct. 7, 1833.

FITZIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

PERIODICALS.

The Ladies' Mirror, herefore published at Southbridge, Mass. after a short discontinuance, has again made its appearance. It is now printed at Woosocket Falls, R. I. We welcome it to our table.

The Magnolia, a new Literary Paper, is published semi-monthly, in Hudson, N. Y. by P. D. Carrique. We have received the 1st and 2d Nos. which are neatly executed, and think the Magnolia eill prove a cheap and valuable paper to the reader, but we hope a profitable one to the proprietor, at $1 per annum.

The Literary Cabinet, published at St. Clairsville, Ohio, semi-monthly, at $1, is to be "enlarged, improved, and published weekly," at the commencement of the second Vol. at $2 a year. It requires a large subscription to sustain such a paper, at that price, without advertising patronage. Such a subscription it merits. It is to be entitled the Western Gem, and Cabinet of Literature, Science, and News.

The Cincinnati Mirror, Vol. 3d, has come forth in a very neat dress, and will undoubtedly rank with the best periodicals of the day. It is published weekly at $2.50 per year.

The Pearl, published at Hartford, Conn. is rightly named; "tis a Pearl worth having.

Cooper's last Novel, is entitled the Headsman of Bingen. It is just from the press of Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, and is, "tis said, the best of his efforts since his stay in Europe.

The N. Y. Journal of Commerce states that P. W. Hyde, who robbed the Salina Bank, not long since, sailed from Norfolk, on the 4th ult. on board the brig Omega, bound to Cadiz, under the name of Porter Whitney. The American Consul at Cadiz will probably cause him to be arrested.

It is stated on the authority of a Vermont paper that the celebrated Calvin Edison, actually died, a short time since, at his residence in Randolph, Vt. and that his skin and bones were stolen from the tomb the night after their interment.

The Editor of the Buffalo Journal estimates from the best data, that from 65 to 70,000 passengers will leave that harbour, in steam boats alone, for the West, during the season.

To Correspondents.

We wish to oblige "Veritas," and therefore do as we would be done by, in a similar case.

The Biography of Commodore Bainbridge, from our valued friend and correspondent, "L. C. D. now of Mobile," is received, and will appear in the Gem.

Lines on Eternity we insert to encourage a very young author—but were they destitute of poetical merit, which is not the case, yet coming as they did in a very neat and beautiful handwriting, we could hardly cast them aside.

A number of poetical communications now on hand shall be attended to.

MARRIED,

In Rochester, (Vt.) on the 14th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Kellogg, Mr. Eliza Tucker, editor of the Daily Advertiser, of this village, to Miss Mary daughter of E. Sparhawk, Esq.

In this village, on the 23d ult. by Rev. Robert Birch, Mr. David W. Allen, to Mrs. Waltzky Marsh both of Rochester.

In Henrietta, on the 3d ult. by the Rev. H. Miner, Mr. Erastus Whiteman, Esq. to Miss Sarah Poole of Pittsford, N. Y.

In East Chilli, on the 1st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Cheesman, of Scottsville, Mr. Henry Banks, to Miss Amanda Melvina Basset, of Chili.

DIED,

In Havana, of the Asiatic Cholera, Enrico Cusici, late of New York City, sculptor, and successful pupil of the renowned Canova.
[From the Family Journal.]

**THE RED MAN—NO. 3.**

The first prophecies which we have upon this subject, were those penned by Moses, in Leviticus xxvi. B. C. 1140, in which the Lord threatens, that if his people will not hearken, and do his commandments, that he will scatter them among the heathen, & c.; that he will send a faintness into their hearts, in the lands of their enemies, and the sound of a slain leaf shall chase them; and they shall flee as fleeing from a sword; and they shall fall, when none pursueth;—and that they shall fall upon one another, as it were before a sword, when none pursueth; and they shall have no power to stand before their enemies. In Deut. xxi. xxi., the like threatenings and curses are foretold will come upon them, if they prove perverse and wayward. What can be more tremendous and awful, than for the Almighty God to pronounce such imprecations as the following, upon a nation:—

**Curset shall thou be in the fruit of thy body, and in the fruit of thy land. Cursed shall thou be when thou comest in, and when thou goest out.**

The Lord shall send the cursing, and vexation, and rebuke, in all that thou settest thine hand for to do. And thou shalt grope at noonday, as the blind gropest in darkness; and thou shalt not prosper in thy ways; and thou shalt be only oppressed and spoiled evermore, and no man shall save thee. And thou shalt become an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word, among all nations, whither the Lord shall lead thee. And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth even unto the other. And ye shall be left few in number, whereas ye were as the stars of Heaven for multitude. And among those nations thou shalt find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest: but the Lord shall give thee there a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind; and thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life.

The world must, no doubt, ever remain ignorant of the American aborigines, from the time of their emigrating into this country, down to the period of its discovery by Europeans. But if we only examine their condition since the time that European nations began to settle on this continent, we shall find enough to convince us of the thrilling nature of the comparison. Have not our Red Brethren, of a truth, been scattered, dispersed, and desolate people? One more of the threatened curses on this point, and I have done for this time. The Lord shall smite thee with aconsumption, and a fever, and with an inflammation, and with an extreme burning, and with the sword, and with blasting, and with miliwd; and they shall pursue thee till thou perish. And they carcass shall be meat unto the fowls of the air, and unto the beasts of the earth. & c. & c. all of which have been literally fulfilled, if we are correctly informed by tradition and otherwise, in the case of these people.

Much of these threatenings will also apply, with peculiar force, to the condition, for many long and gloomy ages, of the descendants of the tribe of Judah scattered through Europe, and parts of Asia, Africa, and more recently America.

Rochester, Sept. 18, 1833.

**BOOK & JOB PRINTING.**

Such as handbills, business cards, pamphlets, show-bills, blank books, receipts, circulars, &c. &c., will be at all times neatly and promptly executed at the office of the Gem. New Script, and other new type, will soon be added to the office, making our type and stocks, and the public, we are invited to give us a share of business._

*THO ROCHESTER.*

A Semi-Monthly Literary and Miscellaneous Journal

Vol. V.—With 8 Plates.

Edwin Scranton, Editor.

The Gem is published at Rochester, Monroe co., at every other Saturday at $1 50 per annum payable in advance. It is printed in quarto form and bound—and an index and title-page furnished at the end of the year. No subscription taken for less than a year, and no paper discontinued unless orders are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. Moneys can be safely sent by mail. All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed to JOHN DENIO, by whom it will be printed and published, for the Proprietor.
Biography—N. 4.

COM. WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE.

William Bainbridge, late Commodore in the United States' Navy, was born at Princeton, in the State of New Jersey, on the 7th of May, 1774. Of his ancestry very little is known, except that his father was a very respectable Physician in the place of his nativity. At the age of sixteen, he commenced a clerkship in a counting house in the city of New York: but after a short stay, he entered on board of a Merchantman, in the employ of Messrs. Miller & Murphy, merchants, of Philadelphia. His services and conduct were so satisfactory to them, that at the age of eighteen, they gave him a mate's birth in the ship Hope, on a voyage to Holland. During this voyage, the crew mutinied, in a gale of wind, and nearly succeeded in throwing the Captain overboard, when young Bainbridge, hearing the alarm, took a pistol, (which was however destitute of a lock,) and by the assistance of an Irish apprentice boy, and an Irish sailor, gained the ring-leader, and restored order on board.

In the year 1798, at the age of nineteen, he was appointed to the command of a ship in the Dutch trade, and continued in command of various ships in the European trade until 1798. In a voyage from Bordeaux to St. Thomas, in the brig Norfolk, of eighteen guns, under a master commandant's commission; during which cruise he compelled a privateer of sixteen guns to run ashore, and captured another, with several merchant vessels, and destroyed a number of barge.

On his return to the United States, in the year 1800, from that cruise, he sailed in a squadron, for the protection of the U. States' trade, to Cuba, and on leaving that station, he was presented with an address from the American Merchants that were concerned in the trade, in testimony of the vigilance, perseverance, and urbanity which had marked his conduct during his arduous command on that station, and essential services which he had rendered his country.

Soon after his return from Cuba, he sailed in command of the Frigate George Washington, under a captain's commission, with presents to the Dey of Algiers, as a mark of friendship which he entertained for his country, as well as the power which he represented. But appearances soon changed. Avarice being a predominant passion, he soon became unmindful of the treasures bestowed upon him, and in a few days made a demand of the G. Washington, to carry his ambassador and presents to the Grand Seignior of Constantinople, under pretence of a stipulation in our treaty with that country. This treaty, however, related only to our merchant vessels, but as the frigate was in the harbor and completely in his power, and as the Dey threatened in case of refusal, to imprison every American in Algiers, he was under the necessity of complying.

This expedition was, however, favorable to our government. The American flag being entirely unknown to the Grand Seignior, three officers were sent in succession, to enquire what ship it was, and what flag she bore. They were told that it was an American frigate, and an American flag. They said that they did not know of any such country.

Captain Bainbridge then explained to them that America was the New World—by which name they had some idea of the country. After these enquiries, the frigate came into the harbor, and Capt. Bainbridge was received with unusual honors. The mission of the Dey of Algiers, having failed in its objects, and after month's delay, orders were received from the Grand Seignior, to hoist the American flag, instead of the Algerine colors, which Capt. B. had been compelled to carry at his mizen. The George Washington sailed from the port of Constantinople, carrying the Algerine Ambassador's Secretary back to Algiers, with an account of the unfortunate embassy.

Bainbridge sailed from Algiers about the first of February, and arrived at Philadelphia in April, 1801, receiving from the government the highest approbation for his conduct, during this arduous and delicate service. In the month of June following, he sailed in the Essex to the Mediterranean, where he was employed in protecting American ships against the Tripolitans.

He returned to New York in July, 1802, and in May, 1803, was appointed to the command of the United States' Frigate Philadelphia, and in July he sailed in her to join Commodore Preble's squadron in the Mediterranean. Off Cape De Galt, he fell in with and captured the Mirbobar of 22 guns, a 110 men, from Morocco, and took an American merchant ship from a short time previous. On board the Mirbobar they found orders by which it appeared that the Emperor of Morocco was about commencing depredations upon the American commerce. The capture of this ship put an end to hostilities, and a permanent peace was established.

Captain Bainbridge was soon after employed in blockading the harbor of Tripoli, and on the 31st October, gave chase to a strange ship that was seen running from the harbor of Tripoli. The chase was a very unsuccessful one to the Americans; as the Philadelphia was returning, she ran upon rocks about four miles and a half from the town. This was indeed a difficult situation, not foreseen and which could not be overcome. As soon as she had grounded, the Tripolitan gun-boats immediately made an attack which lasted six hours, when Capt. Bainbridge was under the necessity of surrendering; but not until he had thrown overboard every article of value, drowned the magazine, and scuttled the ship. The frigate was then plundered, and the officers and crew searched and stripped without ceremony. They took from Capt. Bainbridge his watch and epaulettes, and the cravat from his neck; but with much
struggling and difficulty he saved the miniature of his wife. The prisoners were conveyed by the boats to the shore, and from thence to the Pacha’s castle. The officers and crew, however, were pretty well treated, as prisoners of war. They made several attempts to escape, but all were unsuccessful. The prisoners were often obstinate, unaccommodating, and mischievous; yet the Tripolians who had charge of them, were rarely provoked to punish them. They often used to say that the Americans were the most difficult to manage of any people they had ever seen. Let one anecdote suffice as illustrative of the character of the venerable hero: While he was in captivity, and the American General Eaton was advancing upon Tripoli, the Pacha sent word to Captain Bainbridge, in no doubtful terms, that he had means, which in case of extremity he would use, of injuring the Americans in the most tender point, by putting his prisoners to death, &c.—thus hoping to frighten the Capt. and induce him to write either to the Commodore, or to General Eaton. Capt. Bainbridge’s reply was, that he and his officers were in the power of the Pacha, and that he might do with them as he pleased; that the United States had many other officers and seamen, and that, consequently, they should be no loss to the country. It may be readily conceived, that, after this reply, he was importuned no farther.

After the burning of the Philadelphia, by Decatur, on the 17th of February, 1804, they were closely confined, not so much with a view to make them suffer, as through fear of their escape.

The bombardment of the town—the burning of the frigate—this event, and various attacks made upon the town, all of which passed within their view, and at one time a twenty-four pound shot passed within a few inches of Bainbridge’s head; still they were compelled to remain inactive witnesses to the efforts of their countrymen. At length a treaty was concluded by the American Consul, Col. Lear, and the seamen and seamen were liberated, June 3, 1805, after nineteen months close confinement, and embarked on board of the squadron. Soon after, Capt. Bainbridge sailed for the U. States, and arrived there in the Autumn following, and the reception which he met from his country, was such as to satisfy completely the feelings of a meritorious but unfortunate officer.

In the year 1806, he took the command of the Naval Station at the city of New York. In 1808, he was appointed to take command of the Portland Station. In the year 1810, having superintended the repairing of the United States’ Frigate, President, at Washington, he took command of her, and cruised on our coast until the next spring, when he obtained a furlough, and permission from the Navy Department to engage in the merchant service.

Having returned from his mercantile pursuits, in February, 1812, he was appointed to the command of the Navy Yard at Charlestown Massachusetts.

On the declaration of war against Great Britain, June 8th, 1812, he was appointed to the command of the U. States Frigate Constitution; and on the arrival at Boston of Commodore Hull, after his victory over the British frigate Guerriere, he having applied for a furlough, Commodore Bainbridge was permitted to take command of the Constitution.

In a few weeks he sailed in company with Capt. Lawrence, on a cruise to the East Indies. After parting company with Capt. Lawrence, he was running down the coast of Brazil, when on the 29th of December, he discovered, about nine in the morning, two sails, one of which was standing off shore towards him. He immediately made sail to meet the strange ship, and finding, as he approached, that she did not answer his private signals, proceeded out to sea in order to separate her from her companion, and draw her off the neutral coast. About one o’clock, having reached what he considered a proper distance from the shore, he hoisted his ensign and pendant, which was answered by English colors, and perceiving that she was an English frigate, (which afterwards proved to be the Java, Capt. Lambert,) he took in his royals, tacked, and stood for the enemy. The Java immediately bore down, intending to give a raking fire, which the Constitution avoided by wearing.

The enemy being now within half a mile to windward, and having hailed down his flag, the Constitution fired a gun ahead to make him show his colors, and immediately poured in her whole broadside, on which English colors were hoisted, and the fire returned.

On this the action became general, within grape and canister distance. In a few minutes the wheel of the Constitution was shot away; and in about half an hour, Commodore Bainbridge, finding that his adversary still kept too far off, determined to close with him at the risk of being raked. He therefore hauled up so close to the Java, that in passing, her jibboom got foul of the Constitution’s mizen rigging; and having now gained a nearer position, he poured in so well a directed fire, that in ten minutes he shot away the Java’s jibboom and part of the bowsprit; and in ten minutes more, the forecast went by the board,—her main topmast followed—then the gaff and spankerboom, and lastly, the mizzenmast went nearly by the board. At five minutes past four, one hour and fifty-five minutes from the commencement of the action, the Java’s fire was completely silenced, and her colors being down, Commodore Bainbridge supposed that she had struck; he therefore shot ahead to repair his rigging, but while love to that purpose, discovered that her colors were still flying, although her mainmast had just gone by the board. He therefore bore down again upon her, and having got close astern her bows, was on the point of raking her with a broadside, when he hailed down her colors, being a completely unmanageable wreck, entirely disabled, without a spar of any kind standing. On board her, it was found that Captain Lambert had been mortally wounded, and that the Java was so much injured, that it would be impossible to bring her to the United States. All the prisoners and the baggage were therefore brought on board the Constitution, a service which it required two days to perform, there being but a single boat left between the two frigates. On the 31st she was blown up, and the Constitution put into St. Salvador.

The Java was a new frigate, carrying forty-nine guns, and upwards of four hundred men, she was bound for the East Indies. On board were General Hislop, destined to the command of Bombay, and upwards of one hundred supernumerary officers and seamen, for different ships on the East India station. The loss of the Java, was sixty killed, and upwards of one hundred wounded, and among the former was Captain Lambert.

On board the Constitution nine were killed, and twenty-five wounded; among whom was Capt. Bainbridge himself.

The victory was brilliant, and in the highest degree honorable to Com. Bainbridge; but not more than the kindness and courtesy which he manifested towards the prisoners while under his charge: and as characteristic of our moral commanders generally, we are proud to add, they have given ample testimony, that they are as gentle in peace, as they are "doughty in war."

The Constitution being in a decayed state, and other circumstances, interfering with his intended cruise, Com. Bainbridge sailed for the United States. He arrived at Boston in February, and received the same honors as were uniformly paid to our naval commanders.

This was the only action in which Com. B. was engaged during the war. After peace was established, he was appointed to the command of the Eastern Station, and to the superintendence of building of the Independence, 74, and after it was launched, he had the honor of waving his flag on board the first line of battle ship belonging to the United States, that ever floated. He was ordered to form a junction with Com. Decatur, to cruise against the Barbary powers, who had shown a disposition to plunder our commerce. In company with his own squadron, he arrived before Carthage, where he learned that Commodore Decatur had concluded a peace with the regency of Algiers. He now, according to his instructions, presented himself before Tripoli; where he also learned that Com. Decatur had made a visit at that place before him. He now effected a junction with Com. Decatur’s squadron, and sailed for the United States, and arrived at Newport, R. I., November 18th, 1815.
At a subsequent period, he sailed with the squadron up the Mediterranean, in command of the Columbus, 74 gun ship. He was afterwards appointed one of the Navy Commissioners: and assumed the command of the Navy-Yard, in Charlestown, Massachusetts.

His health began to fail him, and for several years past he had been afflicted by a lingering disease. He took a tour to the Eastern States, a year ago the past summer, for the benefit of his health; but he was obliged to return to Philadelphia. His health still declining, and after undergoing a long and painful illness, he expired, in the city of Philadelphia, on Saturday the 27th day of July, 1833. His funeral was attended, and much respect shown to his memory by the officers of the army and navy.

In the death of Commodore Bainbridge, the country has been deprived of one of its brightest citizens, and the naval service of one of its brightest ornaments. He was an upright, honorable, and chivalrous officer, he was beloved and esteemed by all his acquaintances in the navy; he was no less here than elsewhere.

He commanded the respect and esteem of all who knew him, and formed friendships which nothing but relentless death could have severed.

Suffice it to say, that his illustrious name which "Long shall blaze an unextinguish'd ray, A mighty beacon, lighting glory's way," will never cease to be revered by his country, which still adheres to the maxim, that "a nation's gratitude is the hero's best reward."

Such being the gratitude of our country, and the immortality of her heroirs, they need not the mortifying marble's ski, nor the sculptor's art:

How vain the mere inscription Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb, Where dust and dark oblivion is the tomb

We quote a paragraph or two from Mrs. Willard's Address to her Pupils:

"There is a place of education too, which every lady should consider important, and think it a privilege to take lessons in it; and those who go from school having finished regular lessons from books, should bear this in mind. The place I speak of, is the cook room. Women are often exposed to great evils from ignorance of the art of cookery. Every young woman should keep a book to note down all important things which she may have an opportunity to learn on the subject of housekeeping; such as receipts for different kinds of cookery, and different methods for removing injuries from furniture, &c.

I have lately heard of three different instances where married ladies are injuring their families and their own character, from their ignorance and bad household management. In one instance, a lady marries a widower, who at first thinks her all perfection; but soon he begins to make comparisons between her and his former wife, in respect to household virtues—reproaches begin—love flies—and domestic discord, and the parent of misery, has blighted every earthly hope.

In one instance, a lady marries a young merchant, and goes to housekeeping; but after scenes of waste and confusion, they go to board, and the husband fails in business, because, forsooth, the lady has no talents for housekeeping! Shame on the woman who marries, and then says she has no talents for housekeeping! She might as well say she has no talents for doing her duty.

Let her learn—though she drop, for a season, every visiting acquaintance, close every book, rise early and sit up late, and devote, not only her hands, but her head to her employments—let her learn her indispensable duty—but when you see how fatal is the error of neglecting to acquire right habits in this particular, while you are young, consider all that leads to their formation, as education of a highly important kind."

A SHORT ADDRESS TO MARRIED LADIES.

Would you wish to be mistress as much as it is proper for you to be? Would you wish to obtain from your husbands all the attention that is due you? Be docile, tractable, obedient. Do the will of your husbands, and you will infallibly bring them to do yours. It is not in strength, or in command where your empire is, but in submission and meekness. And you cannot believe how extensive it is, to what a degree a husband becomes susceptible of compliance and discretion, to what a degree he gives up his rights, when he sees that they are not disputed, and that there is a continued disposition to leave him in the quiet possession of them.

You fear lest obedience should turn into a slavery to you. But you are mistaken: it will produce the contrary effect. By this means you will come to command after the manner in which it becomes you to command, by counsel and insinuation. A husband who shall always believe himself master of your will, will never do any thing of importance without consulting you; he will listen to your reason and representations: he will deliberate with you; he will enter into your ideas when they appear to him to be just, if you know how represent them in such manner as for him to consider them as his own. You will bring him to decide, you will bring him to determine; and he will be pleased to sacrifice his views to yours.

Your husband has faults and even vices. You wish to reclaim him. Do not reproach or quarrel with him: do not tease him with sour or tedious remonstrances. You will never succeed by so doing. Suffer in peace and show much patience. Drop a word occasionally, but without reproach, and barely to bring him to a thought of himself, and to make him sensible of the attention you pay to what concerns him. Excuse, palliate, diminish as much as you can. Never seem to speak for yourself, but for him. Show more regard for his honour than for your own peace. You will soon see him blush at his faults, he will ask your pardon, he will entreat you to admonish him, and to keep him on his guard.

EQUAL RIGHTS.—Robert, King of France, was a monarch of so much humanity that he suffered the poor even to steal from him. A fellow having one day cut from his robe one half of the golden fringe which decorated it, was about taking the remainder: "Retire," said the king, "and be content with what you have—the remainder will serve the wants of your comrades."

A YOUNG LADY TO HER ABSENT FRIEND.

O whither now have flown those hours, To love and memory dear, So lightly passed in friendship's bowers, I ask it with a tear — For still upon my heart I feel, That friendship's flame doth shine Undimmed, as when we used to kneel Together at her shrine.

I keep that sweet but fading rose, Which thou did pluck for me: In innocence it doth repose— I think upon thy breast of snow, And long to place it there.

Though it may never be my lot, To bind it near thy heart, My memory still shall haunt the spot Where we were doomed to part. O! friendship, this I deem the best Fair offering thou couldst give: I press it to my aching breast, And bid thy memory live.

And may I hope the generous flame, Still glows within thy breast? O! tell me, does my cherished name Still in thy memory rest? Each tear I see, each sigh I hear, As when with grief we took our dear: O! long farewell, Elia.
CINCINNATI LIVREUM.—The lyceum was formed for the purposes of useful instruction and fashionable entertainment, by means of popular lectures and debates. Its operations are entirely suspended during the summer months. Its meetings have been generally well attended. It is supported by an annual subscription for membership, which subscription procures likewise free access to a very good library, and a reading room. Its lectures are pleasing, rather than solid.

ACADEMIC INSTITUTE.—This association is composed of the teachers of Cincinnati. It was formed to aid in promoting the cause of education, and elevating the profession of teaching. The meetings of the Academic Institute are held monthly, for the purpose of discussing the various systems of education, and the different methods of instruction in the sciences. It has a very small library, and receives several scientific periodicals.

THE ATHENÆUM.—This institution is under the patronage of the roman catholic church of Cincinnati. In it are competent professors of the classics, who speak fluently the French, Italian, Spanish, and German languages. There are also professors in the several departments of mathematics, natural and moral philosophy, and chemistry. Their course of study is extensive. The number of students is at present seventy. The college edifice is a splendid and permanent building, of great capacity.

WOODWARD HIGH SCHOOL.—The fund of the Woodward High School yields an annual income of two thousand dollars. The building is sixty feet front, by forty feet deep; and the lot on which it stands contains more than an acre. The management of the institution is committed to five trustees, two of whom were appointed by the founder, (the late William Woodward of this city,) with power to appoint their successors, and three by the city council. The school is at present conducted by four professors, (including the president;) and has one hundred and twenty pupils, of whom sixty are educated on the funds of the institution.

PRIVATE SCHOOL.—For males, 9 schools, 14 teachers, and 510 pupils. For females, 9 schools, 15 teachers, and 500 pupils. For infants, 6 schools, 9 teachers, and 220 pupils. Total, 1230 pupils.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—For males and females, 20 schools, 31 teachers, and 2,000 pupils.

LITERARY INSTITUTIONS OF CINCINNATI.

LAW SCHOOL.—This school is advertised to be opened in the present month, under the management of John C. Wright, judge of the Supreme court of Ohio, John M. Goodenow, present judge 9th circuit c. p., and Edward King and Timothy Walker, attorneys at law. A number of students have been for some time under the private tuition of the several professors.

MECHANIC'S INSTITUTE.—This institution, designed for the diffusion of scientific knowledge among the mechanics and citizens, by means of popular lectures and mutual instruction, has been in existence three or four years. There are a number of classes in constant attendance at the institute, containing in the whole about one hundred individuals. These are chiefly young men, spurred on by a laudable thirst for knowledge, whose avocations prevent them from pursuing their studies at other time than night. The number is steadily increasing; and as the institute has an extensive philosophical apparatus, a library of nine hundred volumes, and a respectable reading room, which is a place of general resort for young men in the evenings, it may be set down as an institution of very great public utility.

CINCINNATI COLLEGE OF PROFESSIONAL TEACHERS.—This institution was formed at the convention of teachers held at Cincinnati, in October, 1832. Its objects are to unite the teachers throughout the western country in the cause in which they are engaged, and to elevate the character of professional teachers. Their meetings are held annually in this city, on the second Monday in October. At their recent assemblage, a respectable number were present, considering how new the institution is, and how slightly its objects are understood. Considerable discussion took place on the subject of education, and lectures were delivered to the association, and to the large audiences which were continually present, by such men as President Beecher, and Dr. Drake. The teachers present were in fine spirits, and entertained a proper opinion of the importance of their profession. There is no doubt that much and lasting good may be effected by associations of this character.

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and our hearts love and hate, at every throb.

Oh! how do we despise and abandon things within our grasp, and reach after imaginary good; just as though change were desirable for its own sake. No scene can ordinarily please us long, no enjoyment entirely preclude pain. The enchanting waterfall, the lofty mountain, the majestic view, no sooner become familiar to the eye, than they nearly lose their charm; and we turn from them in quest of something else; something upon which the roving eye has not yet dwelt.

We not only love a change of objects; but are best pleased with that class of objects which present in themselves the greatest variety. Who has not felt, to his cost, the insufferable monotony of traversing a wood, with nothing but blue sky above him, an even road beneath him, and trees of one uniform appearance all around him; and would not gladly have exchanged this tedious sameness, for a way more rugged, but diversified by more variety of natural scenery? Providence seems to have regarded this feeling of our minds, in the various tints of foliage and flower, the endless hues and forms, and tunes of the feathered tribe, as one of the corrections of too great a sameness, or of too little interest. We regard this feeling of our minds, in the various combinations of objects, as a relief to the monotony of a continued view of the same objects.

Now, let us consider the subject of change. Change is not a desirable object; it is a relief to monotony, and a change for the better an improvement. For how could she bear absence from the bed Where all her hopes in deep despair were laid; Or could he endure—her absence now? He calls on her to bathe his burning brow; For no kind hand upon that brow appears, To his wild fancy, half so soft as hers!

We are not altogether to blame for our partiality for change. We love novelty; for it is new to us. We are curious; for curiosity is always natural, and is the mother of all the arts and sciences. We seek novelty; for novelty is the object of our knowledge. And we may gratify it, so far as consists with our improvement and usefulness. As we advance in knowledge we may often find occasion to change our opinions. Nor is this inconsistent with uniformity of character, though it may essentially modify our course of conduct. But to alter one's plans merely for the sake of change, evinces a want of understanding. And we may often find occasion to change our opinions. We are not altogether to blame for our partiality for change. We love novelty; for it is new to us. We are curious; for curiosity is always natural, and is the mother of all the arts and sciences. We seek novelty; for novelty is the object of our knowledge. And we may gratify it, so far as consists with our improvement and usefulness. As we advance in knowledge we may often find occasion to change our opinions. Nor is this inconsistent with uniformity of character, though it may essentially modify our course of conduct. But to alter one's plans merely for the sake of change, evinces a want of understanding.

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THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Vol. v.

Vol. v.—With Plates.

THE ROCHESTER GEM:


Vol. 6.—With Plates.

The Sixth Year of this paper will commence January 1st, 1834. The increasing patronage bestowed upon the GEM induces the Proprietor to renewed efforts to make it worthy the liberal support it has received. For five years the GEM has held on its course, and every year has added to it fresh hopes of success.

This Journal is devoted to the dissemination of useful Knowledge—to Fictional, Historical, and Biographical Writings—to Essays, Poetry, Moral Readings, Sentiment and Wit—and is intended particularly to foster and encourage Native Genius. And a considerable portion of each number will consist of original matter.

A patronage of upwards of One Thousand names for four years past, speaks all the recommendations that we deem necessary, at this time, to offer.

The GEM is published at Rochester, Monroe Co. N. Y. every other Saturday, at $1.00 in advance. It is printed in quarto form, and pagged for binding—and an index and title-page will be furnished at the end of the year.

Specimen Nos. of the GEM, and Subscription papers, may be had at the office, or will be sent by mail to individuals who may order them post-paid. Agents, or others, who obtain four subscriptions, and forward the money with the names, shall be entitled to a volume. Those who obtain six, eight, ten, or more subscriptions, may retain 20 cents on each dollar for their trouble.

The money may be safely sent by Mail. All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed to J. Denio, by whom it will be printed and published, for the Proprietor.

No subscription received for a less term than one year, and no paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

Rochester, Nov. 1833.

Editors whom with we exchange, will please to copy the above.

We have re-printed the 2d No. of this Vol. of the GEM. Subscribers who have not had the 2d number can now be supplied.

Subscribers indebted for the GEM, will please make immediate payment: and all those who may wish to discontinue at the close of this volume, are requested to give us seasonable notice to that effect.
Dear children—I am to tell you what you can do. You can join the temperance society. One old lady who is now dead, heard and saw more. You can join the temperance and put your name where it will do good.—

"I think," and she, "they ought to wait until Did you ever read about the beavers ing for more discretion, that possibly they will together until the dam is built. But if one

If they build a dam they all come to one spot, and all begin and work together until the dam is built. But if one should work in one place and another in another, to make a dam, they would all fail. But where they all come together the work is easy. Besides, when any wild creature comes where they can scare him off. God has given all animals the wish to have

"And can you not, Louisa," said I, "trust your life to the Saviour—no Saviour can love you on this dying-bed—no ray of peace cheered the departing soul. Youth and beauty were struggled for with death; and that eye which but a few days before had sparkled with gayety, now gazed on eternity, it was fixed in an expression of despair.

There was nothing that could be said. The moanings of the sufferer mingled with the prayer, which was almost inarticulately uttered, from the emotions which the scene inspired.

Late in the afternoon I called again. But her reason was gone, and in restless agony she was trembling with death. Her friends were standing around her, but she did not recognize them. Every eye in the room was filled with tears, but poor Louisa saw not and heeded not their weeping. It was a scene which neither pen nor pencil can portray. At the present moment that chamber of death is as vividly preserved around the solemn scene in silence.—

Her sister, who was by her bedside, immediately turned to me and said, "Sir, she is in great distress of mind. Mental agony has kept her awake nearly all night. She has wanted very much to see you, that you might converse with her.

I was fearful that the agitation of her feelings might seriously injure her health, and did all I could consider possible to quiet her.

"But, sir," said Louisa, "I am sick and may die; I know that I am not a Christian, and, if I die in this state of mind, what will become of me?"

What could I say? Every word she said was true. Her eyes were opened to her danger. There was cause for alarm. Sickness was fast driving her to the brink of the abyss. death might be very near; and her soul was unprepared to appear before God. She saw it all. She felt it. Fever was burning in her veins; the sweets of eternal mercy were far from her view of approaching judgment.

I told her that the Lord was good, and that his tender mercies were over all his works; that he was ready to forgive us as we are to seek forgiveness.

"But, sir," said she, "I have known my duty long, and I have not done it. I have been assailed by the Spirit of the Holy Ghost and now I am upon a sick bed, and perhaps must die. O, if I were but a Christian I should be willing to have you take my name.

I told her of the Saviour's love. I pointed to many of God's promises to the penitent. I endeavored to induce her to resign her soul calmly to the Saviour. I told her that un准备 hurries the miserable victim to the door of her dwelling. I felt a most painful solicitude as to the answer I might receive. I was fearful that the agitation of her feelings might seriously injure her health, and did all I could consider possible to quiet her.

Then I was told of the Saviour—till no Saviour could have the power I yielded him. O, I have long been sinning against God, and now I am upon a sick bed, and perhaps must die. O, if I were but a Christian I should be willing to have you take my name.

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[The text contains a mix of historical and informative content, discussing various topics such as education, religious gatherings, and civic events. The text is not divided into sections, and it appears to be a report or a letter discussing public matters, likely from the 19th century.]

**The Rochester Gem**

**Monroe County Bible Society.**

The friends of the Bible cause throughout this county, was held in the 1st Presbyterian Church, in Rochester, on Wednesday, 18th of October, A. M. A. Samson, Esq., President, took the chair, and the meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Harr. The report was read by M. Chapin, Esq., Secretary of the Society.

Resolved, That the permanency of our free institutions, depends, under the influence of the Holy Scriptures; and that we are bound as patriots, no less than as Christians, to use our best endeavors to disseminate these in this our land with this pellucid of our liberties.

On motion of Walter Hubbel, Esq., of Canandaigua, it was

Resolved, That we do greatly rejoice in the resolution of the Parent Society, to take immediate measures for placing the word of life in every family throughout the world, to whom they can obtain access for this purpose, and that we pledge ourselves to sustain this noble enterprise with our prayers, our efforts, and our property.

The addresses were very elegant and judicious.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

- James Seymour, President
- J. Hill, Monroe, Vice Presidents.
- George A. Avery, Cor. Secretary.
- William Pitkin, Book keepers.
- Elijah E. Smith, Treasurer.


**Temperance Meeting.**

A numerous meeting of the friends of Temperance, was held in the Methodist Chapel of this village on the 1st of this month.

The meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Birch of this village, and addresses delivered by Mr. Eldridge, S. M. Hopkins, Esq., of Geneva, and Rev. Mr. Galusha of Utica. In these addresses, many of the objectors to the Temperance cause were refuted; the evils of Intemperance strikingly portrayed, and a forcible appeal made to the sensibilities, and the benevolence of the audience.

**Proclamation.**

By William L. Marcy, Governor of the State of New York.

During the present year, the benificent Ruler of the Universe has been pleased to dispense, in a liberal measure, his bounties and his blessings to the people of this country; and tranquility have prevailed throughout its whole extent; our free institutions, securing to us the full enjoyment of our civil rights and religious liberties, are unimpaired; our establishments for education continue to dispense the treasures of knowledge to the rising generation; our harvests have been unusually abundant; and industry, in all the pursuits and employments of our citizens, has been bountifully rewarded. While many other parts of our common country have been afflicted with a most destructive pestilence the inhabitants of New York have been exempted by a kind Providence from its visitation, and signal and blessed with an unlooked of degree of health. Entertaining sentiments becoming a moral and religious character, it is our sacred and solemn duty to express, in a public manner, the homage and gratitude due to our Divine Benefactor, for the manifold favors he has been pleased to bestow upon us:—

**ITEMS.**

We learn that the millers of Rochester and vicinity have determined to shut down their gates and close up their running forage operation for the season on the 10th of November, intending on that day to make their last shipment for the New York market.—Daily Adv.

**National Convention.**

A National Convention of Delegates from the various Young Men’s Societies in the United States, commenced its sitting in the city of New York on Wednesday last. The object of these societies is the moral and intellectual improvement of the young men of the United States.

On the 30th of March, a fire broke out in the city of Mina, and consumed ten thousand dwellings, laying waste an extent of three miles, and leaving 30,000 houseless, the principal part being those employed in the tobacco manufacture.

A London paper states that eight or ten million sterling—nearly fifty millions of dollars—can be loaned to this country, on the security of such state governments as want to construct internal improvements, or create new state banks, at four per cent interest.

A convention is to be held in Warren, Ohio, on the 15th November, to consider the propriety and means of connecting the Pennsylvania and Ohio railroads.

**Large Beet.**

We have in our possession a beet, grown in the garden of A. Stewart, of Geneva, weighing 13 lbs. 3 oz. and measuring 25 inches in circumference.—N. Y. Daily Adv.

**Book & Job Printing.**

Such as handbills, horsehose, cards, pamphlets, showbills, blanks, book and receipt circulars, &c., &c., will be at all times neatly and promptly executed at the office of the Gazette. New Script, and other type, will be soon added to the office, and our friends, and the public, are invited to give us a share of business.

**The Rochester Gem.**

Edwin Scribner, Editor.

The Gazette is published at Rochester, Monroe Co., N. Y. every Saturday at $1 50 per annum payable in advance. It is printed in quarto form, and issued on Fridays, and an index and title page furnished at the end of each year.

No subscription taken for less term than one year, and no paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless by the option of the Publisher.
The last rays of the setting sun yet gilded the mountains which rise so beautifully in the vicinity of Naples. The Banditti were carousing on the side of the mountain, when the report of a carabine gave notice to the revelers that a party was near. In a moment the banditti dispersed, and the space before the entrance of the cave, by the work of the fair daughters of the brigands, was cleared of the panniers, wine flasks, and other articles, which had rendered the scene a few minutes before all bustle and confusion.

Zareo, to whom Zitella, the fairest and most sylph-like of the Brigands was ardently attached, at such times as these, when a party had gone abroad, was accustomed to meet and converse with her, contrary to the laws of the band, instead of lying in ambush to surprise or shoot down the traveller. While they were thus conversing, Cusay, the rival or rather the enemy of Zareo, had returned under pretence of obtaining ammunition, when in fact the real object of his return was to discover the secret work of Cusay.—Determined not to be composed of white hearted, sonnet-makers, he entered the cave with a smile of secret self-satisfaction, and as he entered the cell, turning to Zareo, he muttered, 'Time might be more usefully, at least more honorably employed.'

Zareo colored with indignation, and having kissed the hand of his beautiful companion hurried down the mountain. Cusay was an ambitious and selfish being, ever on the watch to find out some method of injuring Zareo in the estimation of his associates; often hinting that his joining the band was mysterious; that Zareo, although his companions looked upon him with eyes more scarpulous, and some were persuaded that they had seen the man before his joining the band. He had come no one knew whence; and had joined the band, for what they could not tell—for he did not seem inclined to rob, although no one could be said to be more bold and daring.

Zitella, fearing the effect of the laws and anger of her father, who was Captain of the banditti, should Cusay inform of what he had seen, besought him in the most tender manner, that he would not make it known. But Cusay was steeled by hatred, and chiding her, said, 'Think you, girl, that your father's band is to be composed of white-hearted, sonnet-making lovers?—To-morrow he dies if the laws of the rock of Carthanaro are put in execution.'—'Say not so—he cannot, must not die. Spare him, oh! spare him!'—'I will—provided—Provided what?' interrupted the young girl.—'You become the bride of Cusay.'—'Never!—Then his fate is decided.' Immediately Cusay returned to the band; and Zitella fainted and fell to the earth. Soon the girls came to his assistance and succeeded in restoring her to herself.

The sun had now sunk in the wave, and the reports of the carabines had died away among the mountains. It was to the brigand the eye of a delightful day; twilight had enveloped every object in a veil of delightful dimness; and the appearance of the banditti, as they ascended the mountain, was truly imposing.—Zitella was now looking down the mountain in search of her lover, but she did not perceive him, as was usual, among the foremost. The wounded were now brought up—wounded, and among them was borne the noble Zareo.—In a moment Zitella was at his side, and having bound his arm with her scarf, and given him some wine from a flask she had brought from the cave, he was soon able to move without assistance. Having dismissed those who accompanied him, with Zitella he ascended the steep. As they were about to enter the cave they espied Cusay and the Captain in earnest conversation. Zitella feared, knowing that the conversation related to the late discovery.

Already had the sentinels been placed, and the wounded laid on their couches, when the voice of the Captain was heard without, saying, that the Council of Ten would meet at the second watch. Zitella was then sitting by the side of Zareo; and as the Captain spoke, the vesper bell tolled. A solemn stillness, which seemed like midnight, reigned through the cave; all who were a moment before engaged in talking of adventures, or looking over the spoils taken in the late engagement, were now gazing on the crucifix or telling their beads. Instead of a cave of robbers, it had the appearance of a holy chapel of a monastery.

The sentinels of the second watch were now posted, and the Council of Ten had gone to the inner hall of the rock.

Zareo had awaked as Zitella sang the last stanza, and heard the door close as the Ten went in. But the sound was not unpleasant to his ear, although his companion was much agitated. Long after midnight did the Coun-
The morning was one of uncommon splendor. The band had assembled to witness the execution. The solemn look and trembling of those who were destined to take the life of one of their associates, spread a gloom over the scene. The Prince came last, with a firm and manly step, and Zitella at his side. A smile illumined his countenance, and as he stood before the band uttered these words:—

"Friends! beware of treachery. You may well remember that the King of Naples offered a large sum of money for the head of your captain. Let me tell you, the King of Naples has been promised your captain's head. The attention of all was riveted to the spot where the captain stood, for he had pressed back the cock of his gun with his foot, and was about to take it up, when the Prince cried out 'Cusay is the traitor, and I the Prince of Naples!' scarcely had he spoken, when, the contents of the captain's piece entered the breast of the traitor and he fell headlong over the precipice. The prince advanced towards the captain, and grasping his hand said; I promise to intercede with my father for the band and you, and I know, as Zitella interceded once for me, and gave me liberty, so will my intercessions save your life.'

The sudden change of character in Zareo astonished the whole band, and with seeming reluctance they laid down their carbines, for they could hardly realize that they were about to enter on a new life. The Prince succeeded in his intercessions, and was soon after married to Zitella.

Some of the banditti are still remaining in the village of V—-, and often tell this story for the amusement of their friends. C.

CONVERSATIONS WITH AN OLD MAN.—NO. 3.

"There are hours of our existence," said the old man, "when we seem to forget our selves, in our anxiety to look at the faults and sins of others. It seems a gratification at such times, to strip man of every noble attribute, to take from him every virtue—to look only at the darker traits of his character, to review only the gloomy and sickening picture which the vices and corruption of some men present. Such moments are not unfrequent with me. I sometimes regard man as a species of the brute creation, possessed of all their evils, and with a malicious cunning to put them all in action, for the injury of his kind. Such feelings I know are prevalent and calculated to lead to contemptible and erroneous conclusions of mankind. I sometimes think that benevolence dwells not in the human breast—that all the charity of the world is forced and hypocritical—the effect of fear, vanity, and ambition; that no good springs voluntarily from the soul, but in fact has its origin in evil passion: that all virtue will prove but vice, if traced to its first cause, or the original intention from which it sprung. ""It seems,"" said I, ""the misfortune, perhaps the fault of age, to look at things on the shaded side, while it is equally the province of youth to regard them on the fairer and brighter side. None of us take the medium and follow that train which can alone lead to truth. One is apt to judge rashly—the other inconsiderately. In youth, buoyed up with hope, feasting on the pictures of imagination, revelling in a field of fancy, and pursuing objects in perspective, it is not strange that he should invent things and picture scenes beautiful and pleasing, imagine them, should desire and expect their accomplishment. In age, no hopes illure, no flattering prospects, which are bright only as viewed in the far off future, present themselves to dazzle and captivate. The ordeal is past, the buffeting of time has been resisted, the misfortunes and trials incumbent on life have been met and overcome; and the view then taken is on the past, on cold realities. The old seem to imitate a stoical indifference of man—look upon the past scenes of life with contempt and commiseration. He seems to live in painful remembrance—the essence of existence dried up—the core of life consumed; while the young bask in the sunshine of imagination—looking forward to the future with confidence and delight."

"What you have said of age," answered the old man, "may apply to some, but not to all. The circumstances in which we are placed, the company with which we are surround-
suit of natural organization, and commences
and grows as impressions multiply and causes
operate upon us!"

"This is too complicated a subject," said
he, "requiring too much research and thought
to be trifled with: at another time I will talk
with you and discuss this important subject—at
present it were vain and foolish to attempt it."

A. O. X.

"What will they say!"—This single phrase
is the cause of much indecision of character.—
He who is guided in his actions only by refer-
ce to the opinions of others, has set a will
of wisp beacon that will lead him farther in
the morass than he at first thought possible. If a
man, instead of assuming sound undeviating
principles as his guide, is influenced by only
what his neighbours will say of him, he will
soon find himself plunged into the uncertain
and inextricable quicksand of indecision, of
character. To be under a constant nervous
apprehension of the opinion of one’s neigh-
bours, is to be in one continual fever of the
mind. Desirous of winning the good opinion
of all, even at the sacrifice of just and inim-
itable principles, the poor victim steals along,
now veering to the one side, now to the other,
watching the minutest token that would indi-
cate a change in public sentiment, so that he
may be prepared to catch the fanning of the
popular breeze. Such a character is as con-
temptible as it is wretched. Let each one
walk forth amid his fellow men, strong in the
feeling of conscious innocence & upright integ-
rety, determined to perform the duties that
devolve upon him, unmindful of the noisy clam-
cour that may assail his path. Such a one will
play his part on the stage of life, unmindful a-
like of empty praise and abusive tongues.—
Careless of what "people say," he pursues
his own undeviating course, and is finally
cheered with the plaudits of the discerning
reader or the silent homage of his bosom friends.

The style of his composition is
poetry, which is from a young man of no com-
mon genius. The style of his work is
attuned to the grandeur of his genius. The
feeling of conscious innocence & upright integ-
rety, determined to perform the duties that
devolve upon him, unmindful of the noisy clam-
cour that may assail his path. Such a one will
play his part on the stage of life, unmindful a-
lke of empty praise and abusive tongues.—
Careless of what "people say," he pursues
his own undeviating course, and is finally
cheered with the plaudits of the discerning
reader or the silent homage of his bosom friends.

E. G. A.-J.

Mr. Denio.
You will please insert the following piece
of poetry, which is from a young man of no com-
mon genius. The style of his composition is
good, and I am in hopes he will often enrich your
columns by his productions. The readers of the
GEM will recognize the writer, as he has here-
fore written a paper for you, under the signa-
ture of "Atticus."

Yours, S.

THE EAGLE.

Through broad fields of ether, unheeding the jar
of storms, or of wild-winds, he stretches afar,
Far over the clouds, on his wild, trackless way,
Still upward he mounts, toward the regions of day.

Careering aloft o'er the storms of the air,
He soars off to regions calm, brilliant, and fair;
Where o' er him no cloud shall its dark shadows
throw,
Or night draw her shroud, as on objects below.

Still upward he mounts o'er the wild snow-crowned
heights,
Unto'd by the distance, unblinded by light;
Unscathed are his pinions, by fret or by storm,
While the heart in his bosom beats lively and
warm.

Like his, be my flight in the world of the mind,
Surmounting each height, unrestrained, unconfined,
Untempted, untramelled, my course to the skies,
Still o'er him the darkness and doubt-learning's beams shall
arise.

THE MOON-LIGHT HOUR.

I love to look at the bright blue sky,
Like an out-stretch'd starry canopy.
When the midnight moon pours down her rays,
And shines on 'em dim in her silver blaze.
O! sweet is the day break in grove or in bow'r,
But sweeter, far sweeter the still moonlight hour.

I love o'er the velvet lawn to roam—
Or steal away to some silent grove,
Where the twinkling light is softly shed,
Through chequered branches above my head.
O! fair is the landscape in sun or in show'r,
But fairer by far, at the still moonlight hour.

When the sweet night-breath whispers low,
Lifting the locks from my dewy brow;
When spirits of love in the bough
Have closed their wings, and are lingering round:
How sweet they descend, while they bend not a
flour,
Alighting on earth at the still moonlight hour.

When silent the busy hum of men,
Sweet to commune with my spirit then;
And spirits of love in the bough, when
And ask if its guilt is washed away.
How sweet is retirement's hear't, so soothing pow'r,
That we, regardless of our fate, rush on,
And pass—perhaps the ruby cloud of virtue.

The form once beautiful, unloosed, and free,
Now shrinks at our approach, and fades and dies!
Yet on, we walk onward, as though need not had pass'd
Across the calm repose of our existence.
And smile, as if the conscience knew no pang,
Or felt the wound its false possessor gave.
Yet even thus too oft—man forgets his
Rank, and tramples on the flower he should have
Reseved, and dies a murderer!—

Genius in Prison.—It was in prison that
Boethius composed his excellent work on
the consolations of philosophy; it was in prison that
Goldsmith wrote his "Vicar of Wake-
field;" it was in prison that Cervantes wrote
"Don Quixote," which laughed knight errant-
ry out of Europe; it was in prison that Chas.
I., composed that excellent work, the "Por-
traiture of a Christian King;" it was in prison that
Grotius wrote his "Commentary on St.
from the apathy of his countrymen—who did not notice it, till their sentiments were but the enfeebled echoes of transatlantic praises : for Britain first taught us to estimate the worth of our novelist, as she has since taught us properly to appreciate his afterworks; and shown our novelists how and why he failed in some of them. She received him with courtesy and treated him with candor; while we at first neglected or derided his early efforts, and have ridiculously lauded his latter.

The Spy' followed; and much as it is now justly esteemed, the publisher at first found it almost a dead weight on his hands. But again the British critics perceived, acknowledged, and enforced the merits of this work also; and their decided commendation was decisive with us. We shall not enter into the respective merits of his works; but it may be interesting to know the order and time of the publication of each of his works. Thus Precaution was published the first; date not known. 2d. The Spy was published in 1821; 3d. Pioneers, 1823; 4th. Pilot, 1824; 5th. Sir Lionel Lincoln, 1825; 6th. Last of the Mohicans, 1826; 7th. Prairie, 1827; 8th. Red Rover, 1829; 9th. Notes of a Travelling Bachelor, 1829; 10th. Wept-of-the-Wish-who, 1830; 11th. Water Witch, 1831; 12th. Bravo, 1832; 13th. Heidenmauer, 1832; and 14th. The Headmen of Barne, 1833. These works have been translated into most of the modern languages of Europe; and are welcomed into every library.

Mr. Cooper was formerly our Consul at Lyons, and lately our Chauge d'Affaires at Paris.

Philadelphia Sentinel.

INTERESTING CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM.

The following facts were communicated to us by a physician of this place, in relation to a case to which he has been called professionally, and of which he has been an eye witness: A female about nineteen years of age, living in a family in this town, is frequently known to rise from her bed during the night, while asleep, dress herself, and go about her daily employments. In several instances she has got up and set the table for breakfast, with as much regularity as she does when awake, selecting the right articles, and placing them exactly as they should be. In one instance she went into the buttery which was perfectly dark, skimmed the cream from the milk, and poured it into one bowl and the milk into another without spilling any at all. She frequently goes to the drawers where her clothes are kept, changes the position of the articles, or takes them out, and in some cases has placed some of them where she could not find them when awake. In one instance she took out her needle-book, and it has not been found since; but at a subsequent paroxysm, she was found sewing, in the dark, a ring upon a cur-
THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Vol. v.

PROFESSIONAL DEPARTMENT.

More than two hundred and forty Physicians, in New York and the adjoining states, have already sent in their names to the New York State Temperance Society, as subscribers to the pension fund, to indicate their desire to be included in the same, drawn up by the Physicians of Albany.

The subscribers, Physicians of Boston, having been requested by the directors of the Society, to express their opinion in regard to the effect of ardent spirits, hereby declare it to be their opinion, that the use of them is a frequent cause of disease and death, and that in many cases of such diseases as those other causes, more difficult to cure, and more fatal in their termination.

"Boston, February, 1832."

This declaration, and that of the forty Physicians of Albany, have been sent to each Temperance Society in the state of N. Y., by Clergyman or Friend of Temperance, in each post-town in the Union. If returned in due time with the signatures of all such Physicians as consent to the public will be enabled to judge how far the efforts of the Temperance Societies are in accordance with the sentiments of that enlightened profession. Physicians, it is hoped, will be cheerfully given to the public, as there is probably no one class of men who can exert in behalf of temperance a more powerful influence than that of the Physicians of the Society should permit, a copy of each of the regular publications will be sent to each Physician subscribing this declaration.

EDWARD C. DELAVAN.

Chairman Exec. Com.

Editors friendly to Temperance will advance the objects of the Society by calling the attention of their readers to this declaration.

There are more things in this world, Horatio, Than are dreamed of in your philosophy.

A singular circumstance is related by the editor of the New Hampshire Spectator, and in a manner which leaves little room to doubt its veracity. It relates to a young man in Vt., who, though he can easily converse with others, yet he cannot speak to his father.

It appears that before the individual was born, and while his mother was enceinte, some difference arose between herself and her husband, and for a considerable time she refused to speak with or to him. Eventually, however, perfect harmony was restored, and in due time nature took her course—the child was born.

At the customary age he began to talk—but it was soon observed, that when sitting upon his father's knee, it was invariably silent, the parent endeavoring to draw forth the enumeration of facts with which it would engage in whenever in the arms of another. It continued in this way until it arrived to the age of four or five years. The father now used every inducement to make the child speak to him. He flattered and intreated, but with no effect.

At another opportunity he had recourse to severe means—he commanded the child to converse with him, and informed him that in case he should incur his displeasure and chastisement would be the reward of his stubbornness. But there was still no utterance, and when, indeed, the threatened punishment was inflicted, it elicited nothing but the most painful sounds and groans, while it was obvious that the poor sufferer was vaguely endeavoring to speak. The parents, and all who witnessed the scene, were more satisfied beyond a doubt that it was utterly impossible for the child to speak to its father, and no attempts other than those of gentle persuasion were ever afterwards made.

The history of this singular individual is not entirely devoid of romance. Soon after attaining the age of manhood, he was compelled to go to sea; and here it was that he first began to learn the, till then, unknown, language, which, by degrees, became quite familiar to him.

The parents, and all who witnessed the scene, were more satisfied beyond a doubt that it was utterly impossible for the child to speak to its father, and no attempts other than those of gentle persuasion were ever afterwards made.

The object of this anecdote is to illustrate the effect of ardent spirits, hereby declaring it to be the opinion of the public will be enabled to judge how far the efforts of the Temperance Societies are in accordance with the sentiments of that enlightened profession. Physicians, it is hoped, will be cheerfully given to the public, as there is probably no one class of men who can exert in behalf of temperance a more powerful influence than that of the Physicians of the Society should permit, a copy of each of the regular publications will be sent to each Physician subscribing this declaration.

Singular Phenomenum—A Skyer of Meteors.

A neighbor disturbed our slumbers this morning by telling us that something was going on aloft, which we, as Editors, ought to be aware of. On going to the window, what should we see but a shower of meteors dropping from the skies, like the big, scattering drops before a thunder shower.

Rochester Post Office—Improvement.

The Rochester Post Office is now located and arranged in a manner more conducive to public convenience and creditable to all concerned in it.

The extension of the Arcade, and the additional building erected for the Post Office at the north end thereof, have been accomplished in a style with which our citizens generally are highly gratified. The spacious and well-lighted Hall of the Arcade affords a desirable rendezvous for the public at all times—a shelter from all vicissitudes of weather, which is duly prized by those among whom we have the pleasure of such convenience while waiting for letters at the Post Offices in many of the cities and larger towns.

The clock recently fixed over the letter-delivery, is a great convenience to the crowds who frequent the various offices around the Arcade. The internal arrangement of the Offices is in consonance with its external neatness—and these, with the central location, (seen as it is in the very midst of our business and population), render the Rochester Post Office as perfect an establishment of the sort as can be found in any city of the Union.

The business of the Post Office is a striking evidence of the unprecedented growth of this "City of the Wild." Twenty years ago, and the quarterly income was but the paltry sum of twenty dollars and forty cents—while now the revenues of its Post Office places Rochester third only in rank among the cities of the Empire State!

Connected with the improvement of the Post Office, is the widening and improving of the street in its rear. This of itself is a commendable matter—converting an alley, formerly a nuisance, into a street of convenient size, which is to be paved as soon as the weather permits.

The public not only have access now to the Arcade and Post Office by rear as well as front, but the mail stages are better accommodated than they ever were before, as they can be driven so close to the platform in rear of the building as to permit the mailbags to be taken from and thrown on the platform from the stages with the least possible delay or difficulty.

Daily Ad.


"My very dear friend—I am going to send, what, when you have read, you may scratch your head, and say I suppose there's nobody knows, whether what I have got, be verse or not; by the tune and the time, it ought to be rhyme, but if be, did you ever see, of late or yore, such a ditty before?

I have writ charity, not for popularity, but as I could, in hopes to do good, and if the reviewer should say, 'Well, the gentleman's muse, wares Methodist shoes, you may know by her pace, and talk about grace, that she and her bard, have little regard, for the winning accents which it would indulge upon its father's knee, it was invariably silent."


"I have heard before, of a room with a floor laid upon string, and such like things, with so much art in every part, that when you come, you were forced to begin, a minute-paced, with an air and a grace, swimming about, now in and now out, with a deal of state, in a figure of eight, without pipe or string, or any such thing; and now I have writ, in a rhyming fit, what will make you dance, and as you advance, will keep you still, though against your will.
the scenes of my life seemed to become more and more acute as my corporal powers became weaker. I could see by the looks of the doctor that he despaired of my recovery; and the soft and whispering sorrow of my friends, taught me that I had nothing to hope.

One day towards evening the crisis took place. I was seized with a strange and indescribable quivering—a rushing sound was in my ears,—I saw around my couch innumerable strange faces; they were bright and visionary and without bodies. There was light and solemnity, and I tried to move but could not. For a short time a terrible confusion overwhelmed me; and when it passed off, all my recollection returned with the most perfect distinctness but the power of motion had departed. I heard the sound of weeping at my pillow, and the voice of the nurse say, "He is dead." I cannot describe what I felt at these words. I exerted my utmost power of volition to stir myself, but could not even move an eyelid. After a short pause my friend drew near, and sobbing and convulsed with emotion, drew his hand over my face, and closed my eyes. The world was then darkened, but I still could hear, and feel, and suffer.

When my eyes were closed, I heard by the attendants that my friend had left the room, and I soon after found the undertakers were preparing to habit me in the garments of the grave. Their thoughtlessness was more awful than the grief of my friends. They laughed at one another as they turned me from side to side, and treated what they believed a corpse with the most appalling rabelry.

When they had laid me out, I heard the sound of nails, and an apparatus was arranged for the purpose. The demonstrator himself at last came to partake of the banquet that has been prepared for him with so much solicitude and care. In the contemplation of this hideous thought, I heard a low and under sound in the earth over the grave. Presently the body will fall to partake of the banquet that has been prepared for him with so much solicitude and care. When it halted, I was lifted out, and I soon found myself on my pillow, and the sound of the rattling mould, as it covered me, was far more tremendous than a surging reverberation in the coffin, I knew that it carried me to the grave. It halted, and the coffin was opened—I heard my name pronounced by several... the students, with an accent of awe and compassion, and wish that it had been some other subject.

When they had satisfied themselves with the galvanic phenomena, the demonstrator took the knife and pierced me on the bosom with the point. I felt a dreadful cracking as it were, throughout my whole frame—a convulsive shuddering instantly followed, and a shriek of horror rose from all present. The ice of death was broken up—my trance ended. The utmost exertions were made to restore me, and in the course of an hour, I was in the full possession of all my faculties.
Vol. v. THE ROCHESTER GEM.

From the Mother’s Magazine.

MY MOTHER.

When dark frowns or storms have over me thrown,
The gloom of others on my looking gales,
How sweet to the heart that is friendless and lone
Is the thought of a mother’s instructions and prayers!

How oft in the night, when the world is at rest,
And my mind is relieved from the toils of the day,
Do I fancy my mother her God has addressed,
For grace to direct me through life’s stormy way.

Whenever temptation my heart shall assail,
And urge me to crime, that dear mother appears;
Her mild, beaming eye, o’er my passion prevails,
Her warning voice melts to repentance and tears.

When time o’er my locks shall have strewn his hoar frost,
And an exile I roam from the land of my birth,
Shall thoughts of her prayers, as I’m tempted and torn?
Illumine the pathway that leads me from earth.

It is probably known to many of you that my pecuniary interest with the Gem has ceased, and the time is about arriving when I shall cease to stand as its Editor—and I cannot part with you less, and perpetual summer reigns, go there.

It is stated that a man of a certain station, and who is entitled to your hearty support and confidence. Farewell.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

"Boy, bring my overcoats," said my gouty friend as he contemplated going out into the streets, which are at this season of the year flowing with mud that splashes and flies under foot to the no small discomfort of our home-made dandies of both sexes. I cast my eye out upon the scene which our friend had been witnessing, and thought too that the day was not very inviting. The cold northwest was sending over a blast of wind, which, with its invisible fingers, was searching, as it were, for the muscles of the traveller, who was preceding his ways along. "Added to this was a slow rain which occasionally pattered upon the window as the adverse winds curled around the "cold corner" of the house.

"What terrible weather this is," said, or rather growled my gouty friend! and as I turned around to make answer, the scowl of the northwestern cloud seemed all transferred to his wrinkled brow.

"This is the up-hill of life," I replied—
"you know life is full of its ups and its downs and a contented mind will always be satisfied; you have made this world their god, and when this god is dressed in a garment of clouds and wrapped in a mantle of storms, is it not natural that they should hate it?

Reader—when you can hear of a sunny spot on earth, where the sky is always cloudless, and perpetual summer reigns, go there and make your abode; but until you can find such a place under heaven, learn to be reconciled to the providences of Him "whose ways are past finding out." This was the lesson I learned from my unhappy friend. No man cries nay, when life is in the smooth sea—in the storm, then only, can we know what we are.

To the Patrons of the Gem.

Is it strange, thought I, as he went forth in his gouty friend! and as I looked upon his with a scowl of utter contempt, and then sending his scowl away, he went out without a reply.

New Threshing Machine.—It is stated that a woman in Alabama, named Todd, lately whipped her husband so severely that his life is despaired of.

PROSPECTUS

Of the Second Volume of the Literary Inquirer, to be Improved, Enlarged, and published Weekly, with a title of the LITERARY INQUIRER,

And Repertory of Literature, Science, & General Intelligence.

Terms.—The second volume of the Literary Inquirer, and Repertory of Literature, Science, and General Intelligence, will be commenced on Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1834, and published weekly on a super royal sheet, of fine quality, a quart form, (same size and form as the New York Mirror,) making a yearly volume of 416 pages, which, at the end of the year, will be furnished with a title page and general index.

The price of subscription will be Two Dollars per annum (fifty-two numbers,) in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, within six months; or Three Dollars, at the end of the year.

Library Premiums.—With a view both to encourage the efforts of native genius, and to secure for the literary department a constant supply of original matter, premiums will be given from time to time for the best articles which shall be written for this paper. For contributions to the second volume, to be forwarded on or before the last day of the current year, the editors are induced to make the following liberal offers:

A Gold Medal, or Fifty Dollars, to the writer of the best essay, suitable for publication in this paper; a Gold Medal, or Twenty-five Dollars, to the writer of the best Poem, on any interesting and appropriate subject; and a Gold Medal, or Twenty-five Dollars, to the writer of the best Biographical Sketch of some eminent character. On the medals, should the successful competitors prefer them to their respective values in cash, will be engraved suitable inscriptions.

A letter, containing the title of the article and the name and residence of the writer, should be enclosed, or sent separately, marked on the outside—"Name only."

All letters must be post-paid, and addressed to the proprietors.

W. VERRINDER & S. G. BACON.

ORIGINAL.

New Threshing Machine.—It is stated that a woman in Alabama, named Todd, lately whipped her husband so severely that his life is despaired of.

To Correspondents.

We have many poetical compositions on hand, several of which will appear hereafter.

N. B. will be further attended to, when he satisfies me on a certain point.

Impositions are practised some times on publishers of periodicals. It is astonishing that young writers should ever attempt to raise a character for genius or talent by plagiarisms, yet it is even—"Mr. M." said the Miller, "why don’t you leave stealing—you always get found out!" The stuttering thief replied—"w-h-y, w-h-y, n-o-o, I don’t half the time."
WHITTEN FOR THE GEM.

LINES ON SEEING A BIRD OF PASSAGE FLY PAST MY WINDOW.

See yonder bird, that clears the sky,
And southward wings its way,
From rude November's blasts to fly,
Which tell of chilling Winter nigh,
And vaunt its coming way.

Its gay companions all are fled—
Hushed are their songs of love;
The rustling leaves, now sere and dead,
Upon the ground are thickly spread,
In the forsaken grove.

And thus it shuns the dreary scene,
And seeks on rapid wing,
Some sunny clime, where fields are green,
Where earth displays, 'neath skies serene,
The garniture of Spring.

There will it find each parted mate,
'Mid bosom bright and roseate.
Upon the ground are thickly spread,
In the forsaken grove.

There will it find each parted mate,
Messy and bright.
And southward wing's its way,
And seeks on rapid wing.

Hymen was a beautiful youth of Athens, who, for the love of a young virgin, distinguished himself, and assisted at the (Eleusinian) rites: and at this time, he, together with his beloved and divers other young ladies of that city, was surprised and carried off by pirates; who, supposing him to be what he appeared, lodged him with his mistress. In the deed of the night, when the robbers where all asleep, he rose and cut their throats. Than making hasty way back to Athens, he bargained with the parents that he would restore to them their daughter and all her companions, if they would consent to her marriage with him. They did so, and this marriage proving remarkably happy, it became the custom to invoke the name of Hymen at all nuptials.


Vol. VI.—With Plates.

The Sixth Year of this paper will commence January 1st, 1834. The increasing patronage bestowed upon the Gem induces the Proprietor to renewed efforts to make it worthy of the liberal support it has received. For five years the Gem has held its course, and every year has added to its fresh hopes of success.

This Journal is devoted to the dissemination of useful Knowledge—to Fictitious, Historical, and Biographical Writings—to Essays, Poetry, Morral Readings, Sentiment and Wit—and is intended particularly to foster and encourage Native Genius. And a considerable portion of each number will consist of original matter.

A patronage of upwards of One Thousand names for four years past, speaks all the recommendation that we deem necessary, at this time, to offer.

The Gem is published at Rochester, Monroe Co., N. Y. every other Saturday, at $1.50 in advance. It is printed in quarto form, and pag'd for binding—and an index and title-page will be furnished at the end of the year.

Specimen Nos. of the Gem, and Subscription papers, may be had at the office, or will be sent by mail to individuals whom we may order them, post-paid. Agents, or others, who obtain four subscribers, and forward the money with the names, shall be entitled to a volume. Those who obtain six, eight, ten, or more subscribers, may retain 20 cents on each dollar for their trouble.

Moneys can be safely sent by Mail. All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed to J. DEXTO, by whom it will be printed and published, for the Proprietor.

No subscription received for a less term than one year, and no paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Publisher.

Rochester, Nov. 1833.

Editors with whom we exchange, will please to copy the above.

We have re-printed the 2d No. of this Vol. of the Gem. Subscribers who have not had the 2d number can now be supplied.

Subscribers indebted for the Gem, will please to make immediate payment: and all those who may wish to discontinue at the close of this volume, are requested to give us seasonable notice to that effect.

BOOK & JOB PRINTING, Neatly and expeditiously executed, at the GEM Office, corner Buffalo & State Sts.


Edwin Scraton, Editor.

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"Look at this blossom, Mary; how beautiful are all its tints—" said the impassioned Henry Meadowgay to the beautiful companion of his walk.

"It is beautiful, indeed;" replied Mary—"It is beautiful, not only because its species are among the first to salute the spring, but because it is a lonesome plant, and only blooms in the sequestered shadows of the wood. When I think of the myriads of wild flowers which spring up in the wilderness, however dreary or remote, to my imagination it gives a delicacy of pathos to the expression: "the desert shall blossom like the rose"—which it would be in vain for me to give effect to by any effort of language."

"My little philosopher," said Francis, playfully, "let me place it in your hair, and you shall blossom like the rose"—which it would be the index to her own fate. Mr. Maythorn lived in a retired part of the state of Pennsylvania, on the margin of the beautiful Susquehanna. He had emigrated to America at a period antecedent to the Revolutionary War, and had settled in New Jersey, on the Passaic river. His possessions had been despoiled by the invaders of American rights; and after the completion of the great struggle which resulted in the establishment of the Independence of the colonies, in which he had borne a conspicuous part, he removed his family to the present site of our story. Hospitable in an eminent degree, his table was frequently honored by guests; among whom, and in the society of his wife and daughter, his hours had passed in a degree of happiness known only to those who have enjoyed the comforts of a virtuous and hospitable fire-side. Mary was now in the bloom of maiden loveliness. Her form was fascinating in many respects, though not perfect; but her countenance possessed that pensive cast which charms our fancies while it checks our rising passions. There were times, however, when, a laureate, shone in her full blue eye that seemed like the morning star in the clear azure of heaven. Perhaps the sadness which dwelt upon her features originated in the fact, that her hours of childhood had been solitary and alone. She was an only child, and for her there had been no social companionship with a brother or sister; but like that wild blossom which Francis had placed in her hair, she had grown up a simple and a solitary flower in the desert—beautiful, but lovely—modest, but melancholy—pensive, but fascinating.

Francis Meadowgay was in disposition entirely different from Mary;—volatile in conversation, he sought pleasure alone; but his conduct of life as yet had not been marked by any serious dereliction from the paths of propriety;—but in his composition there was that which required only to be blown into a flame, and the fires of passion would have consumed, instead of purified the virtuous emotions of his heart. His disposition was warm,—nay, affectionate—but there was a something in his character which, while it would induce one to trust him with the inmost secrets of the heart, at the same time would make one fear that those secrets would be divulged. That there are characters of this description, all men who have had intercourse with the human family, are well aware; but why they are so—or why we fear and confide in them, is a mystery that it is doubtful whether the philosopher ever has, or ever can, discover. True it was, Mary confided in him, as far as modesty would sanction, every emotion of her own soul. He appeared to her like the brother her warm fancies had often wished; and yet when she had revealed her thoughts she trembled, and knew not why she had revealed them.

Francis was of a good and amiable family. His parents resided in the vicinity of her home, and from an early age they had formed a social intimacy—in a word, she loved him.

The time however had now arrived when Francis was destined to pursue his classical studies in a higher, and a more distant field than the private tutorage he had received in the dwelling of his father. He bade adieu to Mary; can I say that he loved?—be thought he did and their parting was one of anguish to her—of regret to him.

The time moved slowly along, Mary mingled little in the crowd of flatterers who thronged her father's halls. Her pensive disposition seemed to grow upon her in a degree bordering upon a total alienation of her loneliness. Autumn, with its gloomy symbols of decay, had marked the forest around her, & she sighed at the prospect of a withering of her own hopes.

"Why does he not write to me?" she enquired of herself one day, as she wandered in the wild path where he had plucked the meek.
floweret which she held in her hand, clasped between the leaves of a favorite book: "Why does he not write to me?"

She opened the volume—she kissed the decayed object of her fanciful solicitude; in the next moment a gust of wind raised the frail blossom into the air, and it was lost to her forever. She wept; she was at the spot where the beauty of that flower had first spread to the eye, where its perfume had first been given to the air which had now carried the remnants of its former existence far from the reach of her who had vowed to cherish it, even though it should fade, though it should crumble to ashes on her fingers. Poor Mary; the emotions which gathered upon her heart were intense on her fingers. Poor Mary; the emotions that gives pleasure to the soul; her mind was in anguish.

She wandered—she knew not where. "Then has the world deserted me." She was dismayed at my desolation, for the loss of his beautiful gift. The angel had been listening. In soothing accents he answered the lamentation. "My beloved tree," said he, "be comforted! I am by thee still, the every leaf has forsaken thee. The voice of gladness is hushed among thy boughs, but let my whisper console thee.—Thy sorrow is but for a season. Trust in me; keep my promise in thine heart. Be patient and full of hope. Let the world, I leave with thee, abide and cheer thee through the coming winter. Then I will return and clothe thee anew. Thy blood has now only retired for safety. The frost would chill and destroy it. It has gone into thy mother's bosom for her to keep it warm. Earth will not rob her offspring. She is a careful parent. She knows the wants of all her children, and forgets not to provide for the least of them. Then if thou shalt have remembered and trusted in the angel of the leaves, I will make the roots strike deeper and spread wider. It will be renewed and strengthened. Then if thou shalt have remembered and trusted in the promise, I will fulfil it.—Buds shall shoot forth on every side of thy boughs. I will unfold for thee another robe. I will paint it in every part. It shall be a cornelian garment, alabaster robes. Thou shall forget thy present sorrow. Sadness shall be swallowed up in joy. Thy blood has now only retired for safety. The frost would chill and destroy it. It has gone into thy mother's bosom for her to keep it warm. Earth will not rob her offspring. She is a careful parent. She knows the wants of all her children, and forgets not to provide for the least of them. Then if thou shalt have remembered and trusted in the object of his love. He returned; he bestowed upon her another robe. It was bright, glossy and unsullied. The dust of summer had never settled upon it; the searching heat had not faded it; the moth had not profaned it. The tree stood again in loneliness; she was dressed in more than her former beauty. She was very fair; joy smiled around her on every side. The birds flew back to her bosom. They sang on every branch a hymn to the Angel of the Leaves.—Token for 1834.

THE ANGEL OF THE LEAVES.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

'Als alis!' said the sorrowing tree, my beautiful robe is gone! It has been torn from me. Its faded pieces whirled upon the wind, they rustled beneath the squire's foot, as he searched for his nut. They floated upon the passing stream, and on the quivering lake. Wo is me! for my fair green vesture is gone. It was the gift of the angle of the leaves!—I have lost it, and my glory has vanished; my beauty has disappeared. My summer hours have passed away. My bright and comely garment, alas! it is rent in a thousand parts. Who will weave me such another? Piece by piece it has been stripped from me. Searcely did I sigh for the loss of one, ere another wandered off on air. The sound of music cheers me no more. The birds that sang in my bosom were dismayed at my desolation. They have flown away with their songs.

I stood in my pride. The sun brightened my rosy smile. The zephyrs breathed softly through its glossy folds; the clouds strewed pearls among them. My shadow was wide upon the earth. My arms spread far on the gentle air; my head was lifted high; my forehead was fair to the heavens. But now, how changed? Sadness is upon me; my head is a shadow on the ground. Beauty has departed, gladness has gone out of my bosom; the blood that has retired from my heart, it has sunk into the earth. I am thirsty, I am cold. My nacked limbs shiver in the chilly air. The keen blast comes pitiless among them. The winter is coming; I am destitute. Sorrow is my portion. Mourning must wear me away. How shall I account to the angel who clothed me, for the loss of this useful gift?

The angel had been listening. In soothing accents he answered the lamentation. "My beloved tree," said he, "be comforted! I am by thee still, the every leaf has forsaken thee. The voice of gladness is hushed among thy boughs, but let my whisper console thee. Thy sorrow is but for a season. Trust in me; keep my promise in thine heart. Be patient and full of hope. Let the world, I leave with thee, abide and cheer thee through the coming winter. Then I will return and clothe thee anew. Thy blood has now only retired for safety. The frost would chill and destroy it. It has gone into thy mother's bosom for her to keep it warm. Earth will not rob her offspring. She is a careful parent. She knows the wants of all her children, and forgets not to provide for the least of them. Then if thou shalt have remembered and trusted in the promise, I will fulfil it.—Buds shall shoot forth on every side of thy boughs. I will unfold for thee another robe. I will paint it in every part. It shall be a cornelian garment. Thou shall forget thy present sorrow. Sadness shall be swallowed up in joy. Now, my beloved tree, fare thee well for a season! The angel was gone. The muttering winter drew near. The wild blast whistled for the storm. The storm came and howled around the tree. But the word of the angel was hidden in her heart; it soothed her amid the threatenings of the tempest. The ice-cakes rattled upon her limbs; they loaded and weighed them down. 'My slender branches,' said she, 'let not this burden overcome you. Break not beneath this heavy affliction, break not, till you can spring back to your places. Let not a twig of you be lost! Hope must prop you up for a while, and the angel will reward your patience. You will move upon softer air:—grace shall be again in your motion, and beauty hanging around you!"
ther bore the coffin to the Mother's bedside, (for the blow was too much for her—she had taken her bed with a violent fever) the depth of maternal anguish I will not attempt to portray. I dared not look on the scene, but the agonizing sighs, as she looked, but could not speak a last farewell, spoke forcibly the agony of that heartfelt sorrow as we bore the sweet William, followed by a numerous train of friends, and laid him to rest in the cold embrace of his mother, earth.

I have seen another—the inmate of an humble dwelling—the cherished idol of humble parents—the flower that bloomed in the bleak vale of poverty, and made it by its presence redolent with hope and gladness, laid low by the hand of the destroyer. I stood in that mourning group, and witnessed here too, the bursting anguish of Parental hearts. The chill blasts of poverty cooled not the ardor of affection; its flames here burned as bright as in that less humble dwelling, fostered beneath the on of worldly distinction: as loud was the wail followed that humble child of God to the • need was there of more ?

The Phenomenon.—The late brilliant exhibition of “falling meteors” or “shooting stars,” as seen in almost every part of our country, seems to have caused in some minds, wonder and admiration; and in others fillings of madness—no doubt, many a tale will be told, which will make the ‘hair to stand on end.” However, such things have been, and after all, perhaps, this might have been occasioned by a peculiar state of the atmosphere. The ancients must have witnessed things similar, and they evidently considered them ominous, if of nothing more, at least, of high winds, and an incessant bursting forth of brilliant meteors ! Who, that has a soul, would not feel, when canopied by such eloquent glory ?

And shooting through the darkness, gild the night glories, and long trails of light.”

The Editor of the Cincinnati Mirrour, eloquently remarks of this “splendid celestial phenomenon,” that “it were in vain, perhaps, to attempt a delineation of the thoughts cast into being by this interesting and sublime display. Grandeur, majesty, glory, poetry—visible, matchless and amazing, far outstripping the capabilities of the mind, and awakening into stirring action, those sentiments and ideas of sublimity and infinite power, which are felt when we contemplate the stupendous developments of the outward creation. An ethereal sky with its ever-twinkling luminous point, a close all the reach of vision, and an incessant bursting forth of brilliant meteors! Who, that has a soul, would not feel, when canopied by such eloquent glory ?”

Here follow the descriptions and opinions of several persons who attentively viewed this magnificent display of “fire-works.”

From the New-York Journal of Commerce.

The Falling Stars. The extraordinary meteoric phenomenon which occurred on Wednesday morning, 13th instant, seems to deserve more than a passing notice. The interest of science, as well as the claims of posterity, demand that the prominent facts in the case should be carefully collected and recorded; and as the best contribution towards such a result which we can render, we have brought together, in the present sheet, abstracts of the phenomena as it appeared in various parts of the United States, from Maine to Georgia, and from the Atlantic to Kentucky and Ohio. Such are the bounds beyond which our information does not as yet extend.

The presumption is, that it was visible over the entire Continent; and that it was observ 130 miles at sea—probably much farther.

From the various accounts we have received, it does not appear that there was any marked difference in the time at which the meteors burst to fall however distant the place, nor in the degree of splendor which the phenomena exhibited. All
the apparent variation in either respect, probably arises from the times at which it was first noticed, and the actual difference in the degree of splendor at different hours of the night. It would seem that meteors, in small numbers, were observed, both at the North and South, as early as midnight; but the most brilliant part of the scene was reserved till 1 or 5 o'clock in the morning.

The same appearance of radiating from a center, at a point near the Zenith, was common to every part of the country in which it occurred; and was not only an illusion, but a reality. For, surely, no one can suppose that the meteors were at such a height as to appear in the same position from places 1000 miles asunder. We are but imperfectly acquainted with the laws of perspective, but our impressions are, that they were seen in a straight line from the appearance mentioned.

At Buffalo the Aerona Berolla was distinctly noticed as a consequence of the phenomenon; but we do not find it mentioned as having been seen at any other place. In the evening previous to the phenomenon, it was observed by several persons in this city.

At Buffalo also, it is stated that some of the meteors shot upwards; one from near the Zenith, about two feet long. Its first color was that of fish blood, about 2 or 3 inches wide, which in descent shewed a line of fire the width of a man's hat, and then rapidly vanished. The phenomenon, although extremely rare, is not unprecedented. One quite as splendid, was seen in South America on the 12th of November, 1799, and was only an illusion, and not a reality. For, sure, no one can suppose that the meteors were at such a height as to appear in the same position from places 1000 miles asunder. We are but imperfectly acquainted with the laws of perspective, but our impressions are, that they were seen in a straight line from the appearance mentioned.

From a correspondent of the Aerona Berolla.

Chaff in our city, who have not made science their study. Sitting down to breakfast, we spoke of the scene; and he said, "I kept my eyes fixed on the morning star. I thought while that stood firm, we were safe, but I feared every moment that would go with it." Be assured, Messrs. Editors, this was the language of nature, in full flow of stars had broken up; yet hope stung to the bright morning star, which never appeared more glorious.

The editor of the Old Countryman makes a very serious matter of the "Falling Stars." He says:

"We pronounce the Raining Fire which we saw on Wednesday morning last an awful Type—a sure Port-foseer—a most singular circiM of that great and dark Day which the inhabitants of the Earth were to witness when the SIXTH SEAL SHALL BE OPENED!

That time is at hand—described not only in the New Testament but in the Old; and a more correct figure of a fig tree casting its leaves when blown by a mighty wind, it was not possible to believe."

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW VOLUME OF THE ROCHESTER GEM.


Vol. 6—With Plates.

The Sixth Year of this paper will commence January 1st, 1834. The increasing patronage bestowed upon the Gem, induces the Proprietor to renewed efforts to make it worthy the liberal support it has received. For five years the Gem has held its course, and every year has added to its hope of success, and the present volume will be in keeping with the expectations of all who are interested in its welfare.

This Journal is devoted to the dissemination of useful Knowledge—towards useful Knowledge—to Fictitious, Historical, and Biographical Writings—to Essays, Poetry, Moral Readings, Sentiment and Wit—and is intended particularly to foster and encourage Native Genius. And a circulate of copies of each number will consist of original matter.

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Money can safely be sent by mail. All Letters must be post-paid and addressed to J. Davin, by whom it will be printed and published, for the Proprietor.

No Subscription received for a less term than one year, and no paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

Rochester, Nov. 1833.

Editors with whom we exchange, will please to copy the above.

We have reprinted the 24th No. of the 5th Vol. of the Gem. Subscribers who have not had the 24th number can now be supplied.

Subscribers indebted for the Gem, will please to make immediate payment: and all those who may wish to discontinue at the close of this volume, are requested to give us reasonable notice to that effect.

MARRIED.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. I. Lyons, Mr. Gabriel Longmuir, to Miss Julia S. Fitch, daughter of Mr. Abel Fitch, all of this village. At Wyoming, Mr. H. S. Tuber, English Tutor in the Classical School, to Miss Cornelia Allen, of the same place.

In Warren, on the 28th ult. by Rev. Mr. Ennis, Mr. Emmona D. Carpenter, to Miss Lucy Maria Knapp, of the same place.