THE

ROCHESTER GEM:

A Semi-Monthly Literary and Micellaneous Journal.

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.

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Errata.—Nos. 21, 22, 23, are mispaged.

ROCHESTER

THE GEM.

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

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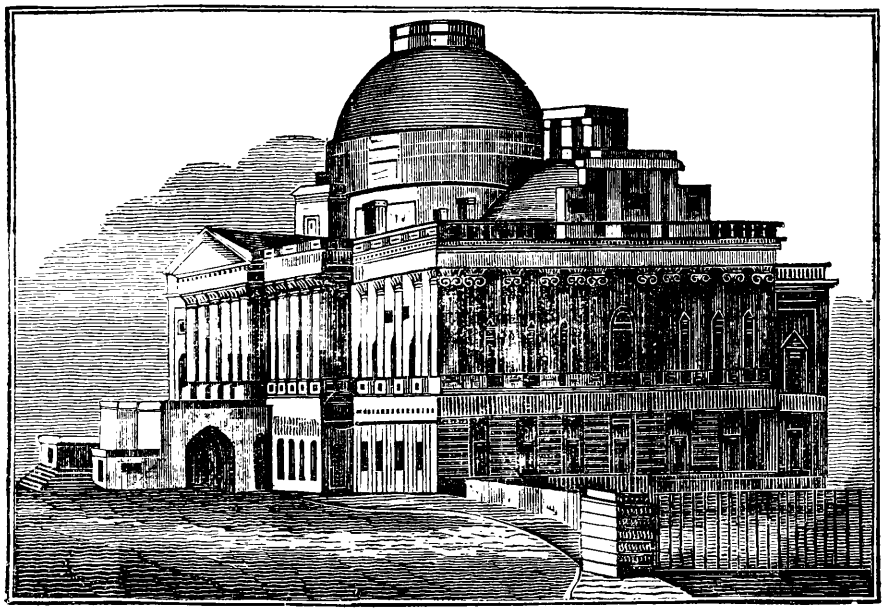
United States Capitol at Washington.



DESCRIPTION.

The Capitol of the United States is situated on an area enclosed by an iron railing, and including 22 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	1820 do.
Height of Wings to the top of the Balustrade,	70 do.
Height to top of centre Dome,	170 do.

The exterior exhibits a rusticated basement of the height of the first story ; the two other stories are comprised in a Corinthian elevation of pilasters and columns—the columns 30 feet in height, from a noble advancing Portico, on the East, 160 feet in extent—the centre of which is crowned with a pediment of 80 feet span : a receding loggia, of 100 extent, distinguishes the centre of the west front.

The building 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 its 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 96 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 pilastres, 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 relievos 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 grincipal 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.

Original and Selected Tales.

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 huge 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 Miseno, 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 whose very edge he was treading; he would then lift his eyes to heaven, beat his forehead, and tear his hair, with the violence of Italian passion. Those extraordinary gestures naturally caught the eyes of the strangers on the different points of the mountain; but the difficult spot on which he had fixed his seat repelled the generality, and those who, at last, roached him, received such repelling answers, that they soon left him to himself.

The general eye, too, was now fixed upon a more amusing object; there was a felucca race from the point of Capri. The king's barges were on the water, followed by a large train of the nobility in their boats, and the 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 suddenly took the lead, beating all the ten and twenty-oared chaloupes, barges, sparonaroes, every thing. The sea-breeze had now sprung up, all the feluccas hoisted their sails; they were not a foot the nearer, the vigorous 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 darted in 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 stripped his bosom to the rain as it burst round him in torrents; 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 conflagration, 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 astonishmnt found himself in a low chamber, evidently hewn out of the rock; and his surprise was not diminished, when he saw standing over 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 fell 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 Douaniers will look twice before they come after their 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, tho' he 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 slumber 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 ease of mind, after all, that keeps one young. Yet you are remarkably active, strong-looking, and fresh-coloured."

"Aye, ease 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 shewed 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 sallow 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 real labour! Money is not a bad thing in its way, nor title neither; but if men were not three-fourths fools, there would be no physicians in the world. I would not have the gout or the dropsy for all the strings or stars that ever glistened on the Chiaja—no, not for a pile

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 derisive gestures peculiar to the Neapolitans, "one 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 what brought you on the hill. I found you on my way to this den; the lightning had, I thought put an end to your troubles; but I felt motion in you still, and as I thought you pretty much in my own condition, an outcast—though I now and then see good company—I thought that you might be the better for a cup of Malatesta's wine. Come, no thanks—but confess who you are at once—spies are not in fashion here."

The Italian hesitated.

"Why," said the boatman, lifting up a heap of clothes that lay in a corner of the cell, and showing a capuchin's habit, "I have been a confessor myself, nay, within these four-and-twenty hours—nothing is to be done in our line without it. The douanier's wife knows more than the douanier himself all the world over, and what she knows, the capuchin knows;—if you doubt me I can tell you more than that; the unlucky king might have been this night safe and sound in his bed, in spite of thunder 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 poop. To-morrow the Count Matteo Flores, would have been brought to book 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 courtiers would have marked me for a fellow who could not be trusted in an *emergency;* the king would never trotble his head about me; Count Matteo would have had me assassinated for half a ducat; and if I escaped his bravos, 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 higher 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 mustered up 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 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 halberdiers, for his wrath at ministers and mankind. He then rushed up 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.

"Well," said the listener with a smile, and stretching his large and finely formed limbs across the cell, "if I were not too sleepy, I think I might put you in a way of getting the place after all; but I take it for granted, you have lost all inclination for it now." He looked inquiringly into the visage of the Italian, which blazed up with sudden passion. "I have a friend or two about the court—for I must contrive to have friends in all kinds of places—who, I think, might in time get the appointment, if you felt inclined to bestir yourself."

The Italian silently clenched his hand.

"So," said the boatman, grasping the hand and strongly preventing the Italian's instinctive effort to draw it back from the giant grasp, "I dont know but that may be the best way among a thousand—it is at all events the shortest. The stiletto saves an infinity of trouble, and one half of Naples would eat the other without it; per Bacco it is your true peacemaker. Why not stab the rascal who has tricked you out of your livelihood?"

The Italian obviously shrank and was wrapt in thought. "No," murmured he, almost unconscious that he was alone, "I cannot commit murder."

"Ha! ha!" burst from the boatman, "you are a rare Neapolitan; yet you are an honest fellow at bottom. No, you must not commit murder; leave that to the nobles and friars. We, though we cut up the king's customs a little now and then, never do any thing of the kind; all is fair fight, and as little of that on both sides as we can. The officers are shy of us, for we are giving them nothing but the best Leghorn powder and ball; and we have no liking for loosing our time when we should be landing our cargo. But here sorrow calls for a bumper, whenever it is to be got; and I have not let you taste my 'friar's wine.'"

He brought out a large golden cup, magnificently chassed, and sparkling with jewels.—It flashed a sudden light through the cave as he took it from the case; to the Italian it seemed an altar cup, and he felt reluctance at drinking from what might have been sacrilegious spoil. The boatman held it nearer to the light. "What offence is there in my cup?" said he laughing; "It does not come from Loretto."

The Italian had no answer to make—the chasing, which had at a distance seemed to represent sacred subjects, was obviously, on a nearer view, taken from Ovid; and what had appeared crosses and virgins in the clouds, had been banquetings, huntings and dances of nymphs. But the sculpture was incomparable; and the Italian, a man of native taste, broke out into loud admiration of its beauty.

"Well then, since you like my cup," said the boatman, "you shall taste my wine. I tell you, however, before I draw it, that it is heady; and with some people of weak brains and idle consciences, has played strange tricks; but you have no fears of that kind."

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, covered with figures resembling an incantation; a young figure, naked, was kneeling in the centre of a circle of fearful forms, above him stood a colossal shape, with his lower extremities covered with a cloud—a fiery crown was on his forehead, whose flashes seemed pointing down to consume the victim. The flashes were so vivid that the Italian thought he saw them actually blaze, and felt their heat.

"Why, friend, what is the matter with you now? you look as white as my mainsail.—Come, try my wine!"

"The cup, the cup!" murmured the Italian, "I dare not touch it—look at the inside."

"Folly," said the bold boatman, "you have not had wine enough to bring back your senses yet. My cup, what could you see in it but the reflection of your own frightened face? its inside is as smooth as the queen's hand—look again!" The Italian still drew back, but the strong hand of his entertainer was suddenly pressed upon his forehead, and he was forced to glance in. The inside was, to his wonder perfectly smooth—there were absolutely no sculptures or figures to be seen. While he was still gazing, a dash of rich Burgundy-coloured wine was flung into it from the flaggon held above his head, and the cup was all but forced upon him. He swallowed some drops—the flavor struck him as incomparable. "This is no 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 as a friend, and tell you that where this flaggon came from is a profound secret. But don't take me for a churl about a bottle of wine. You have only to give your address in Naples, to have a little consignment of it sent to you whenever you want it. The truth is, that the wine is first rate, and first rate we have always found it for our business. Malatesta's vintage is as well known in the court of Naples as the kings countenance, and, between ourselves, I have known them go together. Now for a health to all your hopes and mine, and let us talk of business." They drank to each other.

"I must drink no more," said the Italian, "it gets both into my head and heart. I feel fit for any thing now. That wine is absolute temptation."

"I don't know that if we were thinking an hundred years, we could find a better name for it," said Malatesta in a half whisper, "but to your affairs. This fellow who has supplanted you—"

"He is deputy treasurer of the first Royal tribunal."

"And of course, as in Naples the principal never does any thing, the deputy is the acting man. A cheat too we may fairly presume."

"No; I believe honest, as the world goes."

"Well, but if he was supposed to filch the tribunal money, the lawyers seldom like to have the tables turned upon them, and be under apprehension of being robbed. Now a little insinuation to that effect—nothing direct—a mere hint, a look, a gesture, has done good service before our time; and besides, ten to one but the fellow is, from his trade—I beg your pardon, Mr. Advocate—not remarkable clean handed already. Now listen to me. I happen to know the very man. I know him to have fingered the public money; and we may be pretty safe in saying that when once a man begins with that, he is a long time before he tires of the amusement. Denounce him to the minister and you are sure of his place."

The Italian's countenance flushed with the thought, and he lifted his eye to Malatesta's which he found fixed on his with a strange intenseness. Under his dark brow it looked like a fire ball from the skirt of a cloud.

"It will be disingenuous, nay, may be tho't dishonorable in me, of all men to turn his accuser." He hesitated. "Besides, I have no proofs," said the Italian.

"Proof! folly. Suspicion is enough where the public purse 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 will have to do, will be to write a note—anonymously 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 GEM.

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 has 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 awfully 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 whisperings of his voice echo along the mountainside, and the groanings of the lofty pines as they bend their dark green plumes to the fitful blast, mingle in one wild anthem of Nature's own composing! Then Earth appears like an extended ampitheatre, and the great God and his mighty Elements the Actors. But when we look at his desolating 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 emblem 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 wrapt in a winding-sheet of clouds, our pride is humbled, and our vanites 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 teems with the richest boons of heaven—each grove re-echoes with the song of birds, and June, with all her retinue of flowers, has decorated earth for man's enjoyment. But gloom is in the face of Autumn, and Winter is synonomous 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 manhood'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 mused, 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 ones 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.

☞We besepeak the careful attention of our readers to the following. Although headed "a Vision," we are satisfied it is not all "a Vision." 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 satisfactory, we think, lies in the Geographical and Historical part of the Poem.—*Editor Gem.*

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

A VISION.

I dreamed that by Ontario's shore,
I gazed upon the restless wave,
And heard Niagara's cataract roar,
And saw its flood the pebbles lave.

I paused, and thus addressed the god
Who o'er this chrystal wave holds sway;
"Whence bring'st thou here this boiling flood,
From what fair region far away?

Tell from what mountains capped with snow,
That rear their frozen summits high—
Through what fair vales the streamlets flow,
That thy far distant source supply?

Tell, if thou deign'st to mortal ear,
What lakes capacious hold thy floods,
Tell what high rocks their summits rear,
And name the wide-spread, gloomy woods,

That o'er thy stream their shadows throw,
Tell o'er what cataract's rocky bed,
Thy limpid floods descend in snow—
By what broad stream to ocean led?"

I ceased; and through the boiling surge,
That onward held its headlong way,
I saw the river-god emerge,
And thus he said, or seemed to say,

No snow-crowned summit rears its crest on high,
But rolling hills my distant source supply;
Low undulations only swell the plain,
Compared to some, 'tis but a smooth champaign.
Yet so inclined, the surface of the soil,
That through its flats my tributes never toil.
Far north this region lies, where rein deer roam,
And soft haired beavers find a genial home;
Where winter undisturbed holds eight months sway,
Far north it lies, and towards the closing day.
There hunters only go in quest of fur,
No glittering plows the barren surface stir;
There savage Esquimeaux 'mid tall pines rove,
Strangers alike to luxury and love.
Broad basins there contain my swelling tide,
On which proud navies can with safety ride.
Red lake most northern opes her narrow space,
Less than most others, yet deserving place;
Nipigon's stream his watery tribute brings,
From White-Fish lake Michipicotton springs;
Dog lake and river, southward roll their floods,
Deeply embowered in overhanging woods;
Portage du Prane, with narrow neck divides
My northwest heads from Winnipeg's broad tides.
Far from the west St. Louis brings her stream,
Round Fond du Lac her limpid waters gleam;
The Bois Broule river with the St. Croix joins,
One to the south, one to Superior runs.
Ontonagon rolls north his rapid surge,
A smooth descent his torrents onward urge,
O'er mines of copper his small tributes glide,
And green they're tinged by copper's green oxyde. (*a*)
The unimportant streams I shall not tell,
Which bring their waves Superior's tide to swell;
But now begin my onward course to trace,
Here first my free waves roll, here first hold place.
At Fond du Lac Superior opes her breast,
A thousand streams in her broad bosom rest.
Round Royal Isle, his limpid waves expand,
The shores receeding spread on either hand.
Now free my surges roll, here proud they rise,
And their white tops salute the bending skies.
'Neath Pictured Rocks the angry surges roll,
Here nature's conflicts shake the distant pole.
Earth trembles to her centre, when the wave,
Chafed by the wind, like maddened furies rave;
The cowering savage, struck with strange surprise,
Prays to his God, and offers sacrifice. (*b*)
Lashed by the wind, their lines the white waves form,
And onward drive before the howling storm;
They foam, they boil, and headlong urge their way,
Against the rocks obscured with wreaths of spray.
Six hundred feet the cliffs their summits rear,
To view the scene strikes boldest hearts with fear.
This constant warfare of the winds and waves,
Bores in their base innumerable caves;
The mass above sublimely beetling o'er,
Crowned with tall forests time has rendered hoar,
Looses its hold, and thundering falls below,
The lake boils proudly lashed to sheets of snow,
Receives the obnoxious fragments, which he hides
Deep in his caves amid his chrystal tides.

Round Maurepas their bending course they hold,
Tradition says 'tis strewn with yellow gold;
Whose glittering heaps a giant set to guard,
Holds o'er the isle the strictest watch and ward.
Once 't was approached by beings tempest tost,
Who hauled their vessels on its barren coast—
Encamped for night, and when the morning rose,
heaps of this dust they placed in their canoes,
Then left the shore, when straight a monster came
Swift as the storm, his eyes like Jove's own flame,
Shot forth indignant fires; 'mid waves he strode,
Scarce to his knees reached old Superior's flood.
Their gold he seized, indignant thus he said,
"From this, rash mortals, learn no more to tread
These haunted shores, lest vengeance strike you dead!"
He then released them. Through the heaving foam
Fear urged them on towards their far quiet home.
The tale soon spread, and since that awful day,
No storm-tost Red Man hither holds his way,
But steers afar before the driving wind—
'Mid storm-lashed waves he chooses death to find.(*c*)
Round White-Fish point, the rolling surges sweep,
And towards Gros Cap the lazy waters creep;
Past Point aux Pins the dancing ripples glide,
Then down St. Mary's shoots Superior's tide.
St. George's lake receives the rolling stream;
Here crystal waves in mellow sun-light gleam.
In Mud lake's oozy bed the waters lie,
Clear as the light—calm as the vernal sky.
Swift as the arrow launched from sounding bow,
O'er the rough rock the leaping torrents flow,
In their wild course, past Brady's fort they press,
And Huron's basin next my waves possess.
Round Manitouline isles the wild wave sweeps,
Placed by high Heaven amid their sounding deeps,
That unprofaned by man, those isles might rest,
Home of those souls for virtuous actions blest.
There "happy hunting grounds" 'neath bright skies lay,
No tempests lower, no storms obscure the day;
But bright and joyous are those happy isles,
Blest by the Great Good Spirit's warmest smiles.(*d*)
Far to the east ope's the wide Georgian bay,
To whose calm breast French river holds its way
From distant Neppessing, whose waters sleep
Embowered in woods and shadows dark and deep.
Severn's clear stream, lake Simcoe's tribute brings,
In Gloucester bay she pours his thousand springs.
Far to the west rolls Michigan's broad lake,
Soft breathing winds its glassy surface break.
In his calm breast his limpid waters lie,
Their surface smooth, reflects the blue arched sky,
Night's glowing orbs as in a mirror viewed,
So clear his waters, and so calm his flood.
Smooth o'er his breast sweep gentle breathing gales,
Peace smiles around, and Commerce spreads her sails.

Southwestward far, lie unwrought mines of lead,
O'er hill and plain its broad rich veins are spread,
Not deep they plunge, but near the surface lie,
And their rich treasures meet the hunter's eye. (*e*)
Broad prairies here skirt its wild rolling floods,
And sloping hills rise crowned with silent woods.

River des Planes, near bright Chicago glides,
This swells Mis'sippi's that my own broad tides.
Westward of Michigan opes broad Green bay,
To whose calm breast Fox river holds its way
From western prairies far, Ouisconsin winds
His course southwest, and long Mis'sippi finds.
Their waves as on the plain they each encroach,
Almost commingle, and their near approach,
But two short miles of prairie leaves between
St- Lawrence's tribute, and Ouisconsin's stream.

Through Mackinaw's broad straits the bright waves creep,
And past that isle the bending surges sweep,
Whose lofty crest the warlike bulwarks crown,
And o'er whose harbour threatening batteries frown,

Gibraltar of the lakes, thy high rock keeps
A hostile navy from these placid deeps!
No hostile fleet here lets its streamers fly,
While freeborn hands death-dealing engines ply.

The rich peninsula his waters kiss,
Seems in this age a seat of perfect bliss;
Scarce Eden's self more fertile would be found,
With fruits spontaneous Ceres' horn is crowned;
Here praries broad invite the labouring plow,
And gentle streams through tall woods murmuring flow.

Southward lake Huron lessens, while his tide,
Through St. Clair's straits in rapid currents glide;
High o'er the pass fort Gratiot sternly frowns,
O'er Huron's breast range wide its threatening guns.
St. Clair's small lake, its bottom filled with mud,
Opens his breast and greets broad Huron's flood.
Detroit's smooth stream to Erie's lake leads forth
The far fetched tributes of the frozen north.
Beside this stream Detroit frowns o'er the wave,
Here Hull's cursed treachery freeborn armies gave
To savage vengeance, bloody, cruel, dire,
Till slaughter-glutted their fierce passions tire
With freemen's death. Here fierce Tecumseh strode
O'er lifeless foes and streets all red with blood.
Then murder ceased. Our warriors captive led,
Invoked Heaven's vengeance on the traitor's head.

From fair Kentucky's vales our armies came,
Led on by Harrison they burned for fame.
Through dreary wilds they marched and sought afar,
To reap bright laurels in a bloody war.
Hither they came, the Savage foe had gone;
Thirsting for vengeance still he led them on.
The river crossed and fiercely on he pressed,
O'ertook the foe by Thames' broad stream at rest.
Here vengeance seized deep guilt as vengeance must,
And fierce Tecumseh gasping bit the dust!

Past Malden's point, Detroit's fair river sweeps,
In Erie's breast her eddying current sleeps;
Beneath whose waves when lashed by furious winds,
The storm-tost sailor oft a resting finds.
Proud o'er his waves, a Royal navy rode,
And pale-faced death, stalked with them o'er the flood,
The red cross banner waves in triumph high,
And bright and joyous gaudy streamers fly.
Ephemral triumph! from yon top-mast head, [spread,
Our scorned "striped hunting" (*f*) to the breeze is
O'er "fir built frigates" the loved ensign rolled,
And night's bright gems glittered on every fold.
The Eagle now looked threatening o'er the deep,
Soon to be waked, Perry's dread thunders sleep.
A deep, dread silence broods o'er all the scene,
The fleets approaching leave small space between;
Broad o'er the lake the sails their shadows throw,
And the smooth wave lies calm and clear below.
A flash—a broadside—iron globes are hurled,
And silvery smoke like a broad cloud unfurled,
Rolls o'er the deep—fate's messengers have sped,
And showers of balls strew every deck with dead!
For full three hours red quivering lightnings flash,
Peal follows peal and crash succeeds to crash;
Erie's clear breast is tinged with purple gore;
Through shattered hulls the waves in torrents pour.
The lake around, with fragments thick is spread,
And every plank is stained with sanguine red.
Then ceased the conflict. Britain's sons in vain
Sustain the fight, their decks are heaped with slain.
Here her proud flag in triumph floats no more,
And hushed in silence is the battle's roar.

Smooth rolls the wave, 'neath Erie's fort it creeps,
Then past Black Rock the headlong current sweeps.
Once o'er this ferry plundering brigands came,
And wrapped her hamlet in a wreath of flame,
Fair Buffalo the withering visit shared,
O'er every house the crackling ruin glared.
The town that smiled, bright with the rising sun,
Was left in ruins ere his course was run.
A busy city on this scite is raised,
And commerce thrives where late the village blazed.

Grand isle's sharp point Niagara's stream divides,
The crystal torrents lave its verdant sides. [clear,
The stream rolls smooth, and deep, and strong and
As if no rocks to break its tide were near.
At Schlosser's ruined fort the wave rolls quick,
its surface strewn with dancing ripples thick.
The current quickens and the surge leaps high,
So swift its flight, it mocks the gazer's eye.
Goat island's point the foaming stream divides,
The white capped waves with fury lash its sides;
An awful chasm yawns, down, down they go,
In sheets of broad and mist-wreathed feathery snow;
As if the Deity with awful might,
Had poured an ocean o'er the frowning height!
From a high rock my tides with fury bound,
The fearful conflict shakes the solid ground!
O'er all the scene thick clouds of spray arise
Like smoke from Hecla; when the vaulted skies
No cloud obscures, Heaven's bright bow meets the sight,
Glittering with hues of mist-refracted light.
The stream boils proudly in the abyss profound,
The hollow rocks return the deafening sound.
His power the Almighty here shows wide and far,
In this wild scene of elemental war.
The deep gulf yawns, and high rocks facing frown
Dark o'er the floods that rush with fury down
The narrow pass, the wave like thunder roars,
And in the vortex of the whirlpool pours
The boiling stream. The Maelstroom's horrid course
Is scarce superior to the awful force,
With which my surges sweep their circling round,
Enclosed by rocks with hanging cedars crowned.
Full five miles on the cliffs sublimely tower,
Three hundred feet above the trembling shore.
Fragments of rock, which Polypheme in vain,
Would toil and strive to cast into the main,
Torn from their brows by storms and downward hurled,
Lie at their base, the ruins of a world!

When through this pass, their course my waters keep,
Towards broad Ontario's bosom calm and deep;
Whose clear blue wave opes wide on either hand,
And its smooth surges kiss a fertile strand.
O'er lake and stream Niagara sternly frowns,
And fort Mississauguer lies beneath her guns;
While just above, the ruins of fort George,
Like toothless bull dogs, frown athwart the surge.

Far to the south rise Genesee's wild floods;
From distant Alleganies crowned with woods
They take their downward course; the vale opes wide,
Again contracts, and swift the waters glide;

O'er precipices huge, the torrents throw
Their headlong waves into the gulf below.
Niagara's scenery wild scarce equals this,
In frowning rocks, or yawning deep abyss—
Smooth through the vale the lazy waters creep,
As if no more to pass a dreadful steep;
But where yon city's towers and domes arise,
The angry torrent o'er the rough rock flies;
But busy man who ne'er lets beauty rest,
Or leaves one charm by solitude possessed,
Has here intruded, the dark forest felled,
And temples reared where late the savage yelled.
The roaring stream in narrow courses bound,
No more leaps proudly to the abyss profound,
But forced to turn a thousand labouring mills,
In puny brooks the tortured stream distills.
From this grand scene the torrent deeply winds,
With one more plunge Ontario's level finds.
Oswego's stream its smooth course northward takes,
And in Ontario pours her numerous lakes.
Black river's waves o'er rough rocks dancing glide,
She in Ontario pours her boiling tide.
Through Thousand isles my waters slowly creep,
Down broad St. Lawrence next the currents sweep;
Past Montreal the rapid torrents glide,
Quebec's high towers frown threatening o'er the tide,
The stream here opens broad as Europe's lakes,
And the wild breeze its glassy surface breaks—
Britain's proud navies on my bosom ride,
The stream here heaves and swells with Ocean's tide.
Round Anticosti's isle the strong waves steer,
Between point Joli, and high cape Rozier.
St. Lawrence's gulf here opens broad and deep,
And my fresh streams amid her salt waves sleep.
This gulf's broad mouth is closed by Newfoundland,
Round which the wild flood sweeps on either hand.
Bellisle's wide straits the northern points divide,
Of Newfoundland, from Labrador's cold side.
Cape Breton's isle lies southward in the deep,
Huge cliffs like sentries there their vigils keep.
Cape Canso here thrust forward in the tide,
Almost unites to Nova Scotia's side.
And Canso's strait a silver band is seen,
In placid slumber, their high capes between.
Huge icebergs, raised by frost's resistless power,
Float in this sea, their high points glittering tower.
Castles and churches on their sides are seen,
Hamlets and cities, hills and vallies green
Lie on their frozen breasts till lashed by storms,
And dashed to atoms are their beauteous forms."(*g*)

I started, for the midnight bell,
Broke sad and heavy on my ear;
Its solemn sound had broke the spell—
The vision passed—and all was drear.

Rochester, December, 1, 1832. ATTICUS.

NOTES.

(*a*)

O'er mines of copper his small tributes glide.
And green they're tinged by copper's green oxyde.

The copper mines on the southern shore of lake Superior are very rich, and so near the surface that the small tributaries of the Ontonagon and the neighbouring streams are tinged green by its oxyde, which they wash from the hills.

(*b*)

The cowering savage struck with strange surprise,
Prays to his God and offers sacrifice.

The Pictured Rocks as described by Gov. Cass, are a cliff of red sandstone on the southern shore of this lake, in some places six hundred feet in height, and extending for fifteen miles along its southern edge without a landing place. The Indians never attempt to pass them even in the calmest time without first propitiating the Water-Deity by a sacrifice of tobacco.

(*c*)

But steers afar before the driving wind,
'Mid storm lashed waves he chooses death to find.

There is a tradition current among the Indians of lake Superior, that the island of Maurepass is covered with a heavy shining sand. Some of them were once driven upon it by a storm, and when they departed they took a quantity of it with them when a giant, full sixty feet high, strode into the lake and took it all from them. "Such is their dread of it," says Morse, "that they will rather suffer shipwreck than be cast upon it."

(*d*)

But bright and joyous are those happy isles.
Bless'd by the Great Good Spirit's warmest smiles.

The Indians around lake Huron beleive that a chain of islands in the northern part of it are residence of beatified souls, whence their name of Manitouline, or Sacred Isles.

(*e*)

Nor deep they plunge, but near the surface lie,
And their rich treasures meet the hunters' eye.

It is a well known fact that the veins of lead in the country of the upper Mississippi, are so near the surface in some places that they can be laid bare by the hands.

(*f*)

Ephemeral triumph! From yon top-mast head,
Our scorned "striped hunting" to the breeze is spread.

Just before the declaration of the last war, the Liverpool Mercury spoke of our navy in nearly the following words. "Can the U. S. hope for success against the navy of England with a piece of striped huting flying at the mast head of a half dozen fir built frigates, manned by a handful of bastards and outlaws?"

(*g*)

Till lashed by storms,
And dashed to atoms are their beauteous forms.

The appearance of the icebergs is truly grand and sublime; sometimes rising in slender points like the spires of churches, at others frowning like the ruins of some antiquated castle, whose nodding battlements are tottering to their fall. But their beauty like the song of the Syren, is charming only to destroy. Their huge masses are soon demolished by being dashed against each other by the waves, or floating into a warmer latitude they are dissolved by the heat of the sun.

[*From Blackwood's Magazine, for June.*]

THE HOUR OF FORTUNE.

"We have still a home, my Emily, though it is a poor one," said Ernest Darley to his beautiful young wife, the first day they took possession of their lodgings in a humble alley in London. "I little thought, when we used to wander in the old woods at Balston, that I should take you to such a miserable abode as this."

"I am happier here, dear Ernest, than in the woods of Balston."

"Now, by heavens, it makes me angry to see you happy! I believe you would Continue to smile and be contented if we were in jail."

"If we were in jail together, Ernest."

"Ah! bless you, my own dearest. Fortune cannot continue to frown upon so much goodness."

"The Christian calls Fortune by a different name. He calls it Providence."

"Well, providence, fortune, fate, chance, or whatever other name it rejoices in, cannot surely persecute us for ever. We are guilty of no fault."

"We are married against your uncle's will. He spurned us from the moment we were united. He must have some reason surely for his detestation of me."

"What reason can any one have to detest *you!* You were poor—had he not told me over and over again that he did not care for wealth in the object of my choice? You were young, beautiful, accomplished, my equal in birth—it can't be—it can't be! I tell you it must be something that I have done that makes him so enraged."

"And what have *you* done Ernest, that can make him your enemy! You bore with all his humours and caprices; you were affectionate to him as a son; he loved you better than any thing else upon earth. How kind he was to you in your youth, and how well you deserved his kindness! No, no it is me he persecutes—me he hates."

"Then may the God of———"

"Hush! hush! dear Ernest. He may yet relent."

"Relent! Ha ha! Sir Edward Darley relent! I tell you he makes it one of his boasts, that he never forgave, and never will forgive, even an imaginary offence. Relent! I tell you he is of that stubborn, obstinate nature, the feeling of repentance is unknown to him."

"Try him, dear Ernest; he cannot be so immovable. Ask him in what we have offended him, and tell him we are anxious to atone for our offence."

"Have I *not* written to him? Have I not begged an interview, in terms which I never thought I should have meanness enough to address to mortal man? Have I not besought him at least to inform me what I have done to draw down his indignation, and has he ever even deigned to send an answer? I have left our address here with his scoundrelly attorney, in case he should condescend to favor me with a reply."

At this moment a knock was heard at the door, and in answer to the "Come in" of Mr. Darley, a lawyer's clerk presented himself, and, with no very respectful demeanour held out a letter.

"A letter! From whom!"

"From Mr. Clutchem. Does it wait an answer?"

Ernest hurriedly glanced it over.

"No. There—there," he said, as soon as they were again alone, "Relent, indeed! Read it."

Emily took the letter and read—

"Sir,—I am desired by Sir Edward Darley, Bart. to inform you, that no begging letters will be received; and further, I am desired to inform you, that Sir Edward Darley holds acknowledgments from you, for the sum of 3,400*l.* advanced to you while at Oxford. Measures will be taken to exact payment of the full amount forthwith. Your obedient servant, SIMON CLUTCHEM."

"Then we are indeed entirely ruined!" said Emily, with a sigh.

"Do you doubt it! So we have been any day this three months.

"But can he really claim that money?"

"I suppose so. He always took my acknowledgments for the amount of my year's allowance, solely, he said, to enable him to keep his books. As he had always taught me to consider myself his heir, I never thought he would produce them against me; but stay, have you looked on the other page of the note?"

"P. S.—I am further requested to beg your presence to-day, at half past five, to be witness to an important deed."

At the appointed hour Ernest was punctually at Mr. Clutchem's office. There, sitting in an easy chair, to his great surprise, he saw his uncle. He approached with a gush of feeling at his heart, but the baronet fiercely ordered him back.

"Stand there, till I tell you the reason for which I have summoned you here to-day. You recollect the old long tailed pony you rode when you were a little boy at school, which I turned out for life at your request!"

"I do," said Ernest, wondering to what this question tended.

"I had him shot the day before yesterday. Your dogs,—you no doubt remember them well; Bruno, and Ponto, and Caesar—and the old Newfoundland that brought Miss Merivale—I beg your pardon—Mrs. Ernest Darley, your amiable wife, out of the lake, when your awkwardness upset the boat"

"I do,—the faithful, affectionate creatures!"

"I hanged them all at the same time. You recollect Abraham Andrews, whom you installed in the fancy cottage in the park, and his mother, and his family, that you were so interested in! They have left the cottage; they have been paupers on the parish for some time."

"Sir!" cried Ernest," if you only summoned me here to listen to the recital of such infamous, inhuman"———

"Spare your heroics, young man: you will listen to something more before we part. But come. We are wasting time. Now hear me. You married that girl. You asked no leave of me. Do you know, sir, who her mother was—who her father was!—and do you know, sir, what reason I have to hate them? Answer me that, sir."

"Her father and mother have long been dead, sir. I never knew any cause you could have to dislike them."

"Dislike!—Use better words, sir:—say

hate detest, abhor them. Oh! you did not!—you ought to have asked, sir:—you would have known that the mother ruined my happiness—that the father attempted to take my life—that I loved her, sir, fiercely—truly—and that she taught me to believe that she returned my love; till—till it suited her purposes, and she proved herself a"———

"Stay, sir. I will hear no such language applied to the mother of my wife."

"Your wife! Oh, is she *your* wife, sir? And has her equipages, no doubt, and her country house, and her town house—your lady wife, sir; and her mother was"——

"I shall stay here no longer, sir."

"Wait, wait!—Mr. Clutchem, is the deed all properly prepared?—worded so that the law can find no flaws in't?"

"It is, Sir Edward."

"Then give me a pen, Mr. Clutchem, it wants but my signature to make it efficient.

"This deed, Mr. Ernest Darley, is my will—by which I bestow, irrevocably, land, houses, money, goods, mortgages, &c. &c., on certain charities, for which I care nothing, sir, but that I know my bequest will be less beneficial so applied than by any other means; and leave you, sir, and your inestimable wife the baronetcy—oh! I would not have you deprived of that!—and a jail, sir; and here, sir, I have called you to be a witness. The ink, the ink, Mr. Clutchem," he continued, and held out his pen to dip it in the inkstand, keeping his eye still savagely fixed on his unfortunate nephew.

The clock struck six—a sudden light flashed into the room—and Ernest thought he heard for, one moment, the creaking of a wheel.

The Baronet's hand continued in the same position—his eye still glared upon the countenance of his nephew, and dead silence reigned in the room. At last Mr. Clutchem advanced; "How's this?—bless me! Sir Edward is quite cold!—Help, there!—run for Sir Astley. Ah! the passion was too much for him—gone off in a fit. Dead as an unsigned parchment.

Sir Ernest! I shall be happy, sir, to continue in the service of the family. The rent-roll is in my desk, sir; fourteen thousand a year. How would you like the funeral conducted? Quite private, of course. Honor me by accepting the loan of this two thousand pounds, for your immediate expenses. I wish you long life, Sir Ernest, and joy of your title, Sir Ernest. Sir Edward shall be carefully buried this day week."

Miscellaneous Selections.

Family Economy.—There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It is as much impossible to get a ship across the Atlantic with half a dozen buts started, or as many bolt holes in her hull, as to conduct the concerns of a family without economy. It matters not whether a man furnish little or much for a family, if there is a continual leakage in the kitchen, or in the parlor, it runs away, he knows not how; and that demon, *waste*, cries more, like the horseleech's daughter, until he that provides has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that nothing goes wrongfully out of it—not the least article however unimportant in itself, for it establishes a precedent; nor under any pretence, for it opens a door for ruin to stalk in and he seldom leaves an opportunity unimproved. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs; to assist him in his journey through life; to educate 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 counting-house or work-shop. 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 deposit of the fruits of his labor with his best friend; and if that friend be not true to him what has he to hope? If he dare not place confidence in the companion of his bosom where is he to place it?—A wife acts not for herself only, but she is the agent of many she loves. And 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.*

Miss Pope was one evening in the green-room, commenting on the excellencies of Garrick, when, among other things, she said. "He had the most wonderful eye imaginable—an eye, to use a vulgar phrase, that would penetrate through a deal board."—"Aye," cried Wewitzer, "I understand—what we call a *gimblet eye.*"

Mr. Sergeant Gardner, being lame of one leg, and pleading before Fortescue, who had little or no nose; the judge said to him, "he was afraid he had but a *lame* case of it." "Oh! my lord," said the Sergeant, "have but a little patience, and I'll prove every thing as *plain as the nose on your face.*"

The population of London is 1,300,000; 20,000 individuals here rise in the morning without knowing how they shall live through the day, or where they shall sleep through the night. Sharpers are innumerable. The public beggars are 116,000; the thieves and pickpockets 115,000; the receivers of stolen goods 3000; servants out of place 10,000; and 8,000 criminals are annually sent to prison.

Scenery of Cochin China.—One of the most striking objects in Cochin Chinese landscape is, the little religious groves which are here and there interspersed among the villages, and commonly near the burying-places. Of these, we saw many in the course of this day's excursion. They are of a circular form, and consist of a variety of thick and umbrageous trees. A single entrance conducts, by a winding passage, to the center of them, where there is an open space, and one or more little temples, or rather rude altars. These retreats are consecrated to the manes of the dead, and their gloom and solemnity render them well suited to this purpose.—*Crawford's Embassy.*

While Franklin, the Printer, was Ambassador to the English court, a lady, who was about being presented to the King, noticed his exceedingly plain appearance, and enquired who he was. 'That, madam," answered the gentleman, upon whose arm she was leaning, "is Dr. Benjamin Franklin, the ambassador from North America." "The North American ambassador, so shabbily dressed?" exclaimed the lady—"Hush, madam, for heaven's sake," whispered the gentleman, "he is the man that bottles up thunder and lightning."

Sheridan.—An elderly maiden lady, an inmate of a country house, at which Sheridan was passing a few days, expressed an inclination to take a stroll with him, but he excused himself on account of the badness of the weather. Shortly afterwards she met him sneaking out alone. "So, Mr. Sheridan," said she, "it has cleared up." "Yes, madam," was the reply, "it has cleared up enough for one, but not enough for two;" and off he went.

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 deaf upon all subjects but politics. We were not without our strong fears that its existence would be ephemeral, and this idea bore so heavily upon our mind, that it almost amounted to an absolute certainty. Our worst fears, however, were soon chased 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 when we have seemed to any to steer in a contrary 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 shall continue the same course) 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 have pretended that we had any claim to as much worth or distinction—on the contrary, like the country merchant who retails his wares 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 nave 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 assertions of their *permanency* and *prosperity.* Some, even in the last stages of dissolution, have assured their readers their success was so unparallelled, that they were contemplating improvements which would far outstrip their prospectuses! Whether these were deliberate untruths, or were as the hopes of the consumptive, 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 trash to the reading world in the shape of bad tales, and worse poetry! In a few months after such sagacious pretensions, 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 calculate from our past support, and present prospects, our inducements to continue are now more than two-fold above any previous year. We will here mention a fact not generally known, and 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* but what 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 exertions are pledged to the interests of our readers, and the prosperity of the GEM. The best evidence which we can form of its intrinsick 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 volcano. It is ever heaving up the poor disquiet spirits that cluster upon its verge—it is ever bursting into Eternity with its victims, as if to fill its shoreless portals! Each year it changes its cognomen, as if to notch in each century the eventful periods in the funeral of the whole world! But we all have a work to do, each for himself. It is well, occasionally to turn our attention to the mighty machinery of the Universe, and as we attempt to contemplate that which we can illy understand, centre our thoughts in adoration upon the Great Author. But we should not stand and idly gaze away our precious hours until our sand is spent—we should learn wisdom from the past, to profit us in the future.

Patrons—you who had but one year longer to live in the commencement of 1832, are now about closing your career! Do you know which of you it may be? You who had ten to live at that time, have now one less. These little sands, alas! how fast they fall!—yet Death has been busy through every second. He has taken his millions within the past year, 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! Are we any of us prepared to enter?

To Readers and Correspondents.

We have taken some time to review critically, the different original articles in our drawers, and from them have taken the following only for publication.

The Visionary; Stanzas; the Bride; Tonawanda; Fallen Israel; Are our earliest days happiest; Peace on earth; a moment's Misanthropy; Arise love, &c.; the Stranger's Lament; To Miss S. A. B.; the Orphan; Musical composers; French Patents; Song; Forget-Me-Not, &c.; An Oration; Eliza's plaint; Ghostly Adventures; A farewell; To my Cousin E. H.; The cholera Boat; The fall of Jericho.

The budget from E.W.H.E. we have not had time to examine.

G.D.A.P. from Lockport, is informed that his articles have not been attended to on account of the non payment of his postages. ☞We would not complain of one or ten dollars postage, but when postages bid fair to outstrip our rent, it is time to take measures to prevent such imposition.

O.P.Q. from Lockport, is under the table for reasons the same as above.

The Parting Year, by Coraly, and Petition to Hope, by G. H. S. in our next.

W. D. Hammond is agent for the Gem in Portageville instead of Mr. Elmer, inserted by mistake.

G. B. of Keene, is informed that his remittance came to hand, and that his letter was satisfactory.

Our first number, we think, is an interesting one. In the original, particularly, there is no mean display of genius, and we have endeavoured to make its appearance equal, if not superior to any former number. We rely confidently 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.

☞*Notice.*—There is great backwardness in those owing, about paying their dues. We have so often urged punctuality upon these that we begin to think something more is necessary.

Literary Inquirer.—Mr. W. Verrinder, of Buffalo, intends to issue on the first of Jan. next, a Literary paper under the above title, semi-monthly, on a super royal sheet, at $1 50 in advance. It is to be under the patronage 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 any thing more than common stone.—*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. We approached and accosted him. He ceased his work and entered into conversation with the ease and politeness of nature's noblemen. 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 inculcates. The uncertainty of its enjoyments checks presumption; the multiplicity of its dangers, demands perpetual caution. Moderation, vigilance, and self-government, are duties incumbent on all; but especially on such as are beginning the journey of life.

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 my 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 WOODRUFF, formerly of Canandaigua, N. Y.

DIED.

In Parma, Nov. 25th, Mr. Jonathan Marsh, a soldier of the Revolution in his 77th year.

Printers in Mass. and Vt. will confer a favor by inserting the above.

In Greece, Nov. 26th ESTHER MARSH, wife of Luther Marsh, aged 28.

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 is the 25th of December. Agents will be particular to see this attended to.

Auburn,	Geo. S. Bennet.	Lima,	C. Ingersoll, P. M.
Ann Arbour, Mich. Ter.	Luther W. Gilleau.	Murray,	A. Clark Jr. P. M
Attica,	Roswell Cheney.	Mount Morris,	A. Green.
Brockport,	Wm. Nash.	Monroe, Mich. Ter.,	Seneca Allen, Ab'm Wadsworth.
Buffalo.	A. W. Wilgus.	Medina,	Uri D. Moore.
Batavia,	Lucius Seaver.	Middlebury,	Wm. C. Lawrence
Bloomfield, Mich. Ter.,	Dr. E. S. Parke.	Norwalk, O.	Wm. Brewster
Blenheim, N. P.	Tyler, P. M.	Nelson, U. C.	J. L Ramsey
Bushnell's Basin,	Wm. S. Miner	Orangeburgh,	O. Allen, P. M
Black Rock,	Elam Dodge.	Ogdensburgh,	E. N. Fairchild.
Canandaigua.	C. T. Amsden.	Ovid,	Charles A. Gibbs.
Chicago, Ill.,	J. Woolley, Jr.	Plymouth, Mich.	H, B. Holbrook.
Cleveland, O.,	A. L. Sanford.	Pontiac, Mich.	H. Munson Esq.
Cooperstown,	M. Brown Esq.	Perrysburgh, O.	P. B. Brown,
Crawfordsville, Ind.,	Chas. S. Bryant.	Penn Yan,	Th. H. Bassett.
Detroit,	Wm. P. Patrick.	Palmyra,	Marcus F. Hodges.
Dryden,	John Stephens.	Parma,	E. M. Conklin, P. M.
Dunhamsville,	N. Payne. P. M.	Pavillion,	Wm. C. Lawrence.
East Bloomfield,	H. Munson,	Painesville, O..	Geo. E. H. Day.
East Avon,	D. Rowley.	Portageville,	W.D. Hammond.
East Cayuga,	Wm. Foot.	Randolph,	Elmer Draper
Fairport,	H. Burr, P. M.	Scottsville,	Ira Carpenter
Framingham, Mss.,	Jno. Ewers.	Syracuse,	John Yates.
Farmington,	Wm. Robson.	Skeneatless,	P. D. Van Buren,
Geneseo,	T. Van Fossen.	Seneca Falls,	John W. West.
Greece,	H. Nelson Marsh.	Tecumseh, Mich.,	J. E. Hall.
Green Bay,	John V. Suydam.	Utica,	A. L. Collins.
Geneva,	John Bogert.	Walworth,	V. Yeomans.
Holley,	Darwin Hill.	Warsaw,	G. R. Lawrence.
Hatfield, Mass.	Erastus Billings.	West Mendon,	H. Wheeler P.M.
Hemlock P. O.	R. R. Jaques.	Williamsport, Pa.	J. R. Eck.
Jamesville,	Sweet Johnson.	Wheeling, Va.	Geo. S. Mc Keirnan.
Lewiston,	Rufus Fanning.	Yates,	S. Tappan, P. M.
Lakeville,	J. Bishop	York, Pa.	Dr. A. Patterson.

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW VOLUME.

THE ROCHESTER GEM:

A Semi-Monthly Literary and Miscellaneous Journal

Volume 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 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 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 fitted for binding—and an index and title-page furnished at the end of the year.

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

EDWIN SCRANTOM.

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 8 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 and gilt, with engravings. And for 12 subscribers, the Winter's Wreath and Junius, will be added to the premium for six.

For Two subscribers and $3, Vol 2d, of the Gem.

All the above works are perfect, and will be splendid *New-Year's Gifts*. Any person so disposed can obtain one or more of them. The premiums will be promptly paid to those who are successful.

☞Specimens of the GEM and subscription papers may be had at the office, or will be sent by mail to individuals who order them, post-paid. The Premiums likewise, may be seen at the office.

☞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.

Editors with whom we exchange, will please to copy the above.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

VOLUME 5.] ROCHESTER, JANUARY 12, 1833. [NUMBER 2.

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 the better for your staying at home; you don't seem to have recovered that night on the Solfatara 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 stabbed 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; he then resumed: "you may have heard the rest—or if not—the place was given to me without any solicitation. I had even shrank 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 out 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 zechin. Matteo Flores is a villain; but he is rigid to inferior 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 manhood; "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 enterprize 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 pointed it significantly to his forehead. The Italian faintly smiled. "I see that I must have no secrets with you," said he. "Those things are sometimes good friends: they pass 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. Malatesta sat gazing at him, [illegible] eye glanced into the barrel. "One touch of this trigger," murmured the Italian, "and all is over."

"Madman!" exclaimed his visitor, seizing it, "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 his 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 old man pronounced: those are rather more to the purpose—shall I inquire?"

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

agony. "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 hand-dogs," said the old man, attempting to lift him. "One word for all—give 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. I have sworn it long ago—my own injuries, and not your's, call for it—but I also desire to save my friend. Have I your consent to my at least making the trial?" The knocking was redoubled. "All—any thing," said the shuddering Italian: "do what you please!" The old man absolutely sprang from the ground with a cry of exultation, waved his withered arm with a gesture of wild triumph over the head of the unfortunate being still stretched beneath him, and was in an instant gone.

* * * * * * *

The fleet of the King of the two Sicilies was coming into the Bay of Naples after a successful co-operation with the imperial forces against Venice. The city was all in an uproar of exultation. The whole range of the magnificent houses on the Chiaja were illuminated; and fetes of the most costly description were going on in the mansions of all the principal courtiers. But the most costly was that celebrated in the palazzo of the Count of Manfredonia, first minister, and a man of the most distinguished abilities and success in his administration. The Spanish alliance had been negociated by him in the face of difficulties innumerable; and the late conquest of the Venitian terra firma was due not less to his diplomatic sagacity than to his personal enterprize.

But he was more respected than popular. His life of anxiety and occupation had given him secluded habits; and on this evening he had soon retired to his cabinet, leaving all the pomp and vanities of almost royal feasting to the crowd that filled his superb apartments. He was sitting, wearied and head-ached, in a small study that looked out upon the waters; and where the slight sound of the sea-air, and the subsiding waves, were the only music. He had been for some days waiting for despatches from the imperial governor of Milan; and their delay had increased his habitual irritability. A page announced their arrival. The courier was an officer of rank, in the uniform of the Hungarian guard. He delivered a personal letter from the imperial court, announcing him as in its entire confidence, and empowered, under the name of a bearer of despatches, to negociate in the fullest manner with the minister.

Manfredonia seized the despatches, and read them with evident and eager satisfaction. "All is as it should be," said he: "but why was this delay? The business was on the point of discovery; and half an hour might have been fatal."

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."

"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 have been arrested; and probably sacrificed in my dungeon"—He turned away.—"Accursed ambition! would that I never knew you—sin of the fallen angels! 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 deep fire, at times, in the eye, to which he had ever 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—obscure, 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 that of the noblest rank, can wear this uniform. But we waste time: is all ready?" He took up the fire-work which had been agreed on as the signal to the Genoese; and planted it on the edge of the casement. Manfredonia felt the sudden sickness of heart that has been so often experienced by the most powerful minds, when the blow is to be struck that makes or mars them. He swallowed some wine; and the thought flashed across him, that its taste strongly resembled that strange draught of the Solfatara, which had never left his recollection. The Hungarian was about to apply the match to the signal, when he paused, and turning said: "In five minutes after this is seen the Genoese will answer it; and there may be some alarm about the palace. If there should be resistance, we must be prepared for all results:—the royal family—" He half drew his sabre, and held it suspended. The gesture was not to be misunderstood.

"You would not let slaughter, indiscriminate slaughter, loose in the palace?" said Manfredonia, shuddering.

"They or we," pronounced the Hungarian fiercely. "How can it be helped? If they are mad enough to court their fate;—consent to this. It may not be necessary: but, at all events, I must have your authority for using my discretion in the business: or I leave you to —aye, to the scaffold." He pronounced the word sternly—and dashed the sabre into the sheath with a look of supreme scorn.

"Is there no alternative! They or I—an ignominious death—or—!" The minister's voice died away.

"Or safety, honor, wealth unbounded—prince of the Calabrias"—was the quick reply. Manfredonia could not speak: his throat was filled: but stooping his cold brow upon the marble of the casement, which was not colder, he gave a token of acquiescence with his hand. The rocket flew into the air, and it was instantly answered by a shower of fireworks that illuminated the whole horizon. "They come." exclaimed the Hungarian: "I knew they would not fail." The sound seemed 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.

* * * * * * *

It was in the month of November; the weather was stormy; and the chillness 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 roused Manfredonia from a broken slumber, and a few minutes before day break the governor of the castle en-

tered his cell, with the confessor, to give him notice that his time was come.

The confessor remained with him for confession. "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 on 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. The word struck on the unhappy man's ear. "Aye—too surely I had. But my chief tempter was my own hatred of obscure competence, of the superiority of others, the mad passion for being first in all things.—Yet, and his voice died away, "evil was the day I first met thee, Malatesta." He sank upon his knee in prayer.

"Would you desire to see that tempter again, or have you forsworn all connexion with him!" said the confessor.

"From the bottom of my soul I have forsworn"—was the answer of the penitent.

"Then, more fool you," exclaimed the confessor, throwing back his cloak: "once more—and your [illegible]aved. Make that prayer to me."

The miserable Count looked up in astonishment. Malatesta stood before him: but with his former handsome countenance darkened into gloomy rage. "Hear me, fool; that look of horror is absurd. I can save you:—nay, you can save yourself." He took a lamp from his bosom, and opened a small trap-door in 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 mo[illegible] 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, 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 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," said he, as he dropped the cup on the table. "I deserve to die: life is disgraceful to me. Yet I would have avoided the shame of a public execution." 'Then drink!' said the Capuchin.

"Never out of that cup—that cup of crime!" groaned the victim.

"Worship me slave,!" echoed in thunder through the air.

"Leave me, fiend," was the scarcely audible sound from Manfredonia's lips.

"Then die."—The form snatched up the cup, and dashed the wine on the Count's forehead, as he knelt in remorse and agonizing prayer. He felt it like a gush of fire—uttered a cry, and was dead!

* * * * * * *

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.

"Il en est du veritable amour comme de l'apparition des esprits; tout le monde en parle, mais peu de gens en [illegible]"—Rochefoucauld

"He looked up into that sweet earnest face,
"But sternly, mournfully; nor yet the band
"Was loosened from his soul; its inmost place
"Not yet unveil'd by love's o'ermastering hand.
Records of Woman.

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 nought 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* earthly, and, although debased by the vile clingings 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 imprudence 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 familar 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 seashore. The place was every way calculated to foster such ideas as preyed upon my friend. It was entirely shut out 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 stile retained somewhat of a stern monastic look. The hangings represented the martyrdoms of the early christians, and the pannels of dark larch, with which the room was wainscoted, grown black with age, rendered it still more sombre and dreary. A painting by Salvator Roza 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 and startling dreams in which he put such faith. His dark eye lit up and glowing with the fire of disease and imagination that raged within glared madly upon me like that of some demon from the pit. There is a contagion in mental as well as bodily diseases. I felt my mind to be fast losing its balance; my respiration became quick and hurried; my heart beat thick and oppressed—the very furniture, familiar as it was, assumed a strange and foreign aspect—and the wind moaning through the trees seemed to my excited imagination like the low wail of departed spirits.

At this moment I heard a low tap at the door, and a female entered. She evidently did not perceive me, for advancing towards Montfort, she lavished upon him the most endearing epithets and caresses—Her form was moulded into almost faultless perfection; and, although young—she could scarcely have been seventeen—it had the full luxuriance and exquisite roundness of outline of womanly beauty. A profusion of dark brown curls clustered in careless negligence over a forehead which rivalled alabaster in whiteness and purity. The finely chisselled lips and chin might have served as models to a statuary; but it was the large, full, speaking eye that enhanced all the beauties of her countenance, and redeemed it from that insipidity of expression which too perfect features 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 she 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 insatiate 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 morn could now 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 unmixed with melancholy there was a loftiness and nobility in his steady gaze which awed and rooted me to the spot. In a low musical voice, but which made me thrill and 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. GIULIANO.

REFLECTIONS,

Upon the close of the year.

"Thou desolate and dying year!
Emblem of transitory man,
Whose wearisome and wild career—
Like thine, 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 slumbers there, calm and motionless—who once was beautiful, whose step was light and buoyant, 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 floats before me beautiful as in days of yore; and the amiable saint-like virtues that adorned this noble minded woman!

But yon grass clad hillock is all that now remains of one who was the delight of every eye, and the charm of every being withwhom 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 or 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 weariness, and care, 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 cankering care has dried the fountain of life's purest, best enjoyments, and given in its stead a draught of thebitter cup of afflictions; and the reflection caues the tear to gather in my eye while I write,that the grave has closed over "the loved, th lost, the dead; too many yet how few," The desolate and dying year farewell.

CORALY.

Buffalo, 1832.

Conjugal Affection.—In one of the western departments of France, a man, of the name of Le Fort, accused of conspiri against the republic was seized and committed to prison. His wife, trembling for his fa used every means that courage and affecti could inspire to restore him to liberty, but without success. She then bought, with a sum of oney, permission to pay him a single visit in ison. At the appointed hour she appeared ore her husband, clothed in two suits of her n apparel. With the prudence of not allow her self, at so critical a juncture, to give receive useless demonstrations of tendern she hastily took off her upper suit of attire, prevailed upon her husband to put them on, and to quit the prison, leaving her in his place. The disguise succeeded to her wish. 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 emblazoned hall,
Where artist's magic decked the wall.
It was, as though the painter's skill,
Had formed each feature to his will,
For palsied age was portrayed there,
The furrow'd brow, the silver hair,
The tottering step, the look of care,
The dark uncertain glance of dread,
As though the silent 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,
That formed his brilliant coronal.
Methought an angel's face had been
The model for the artist then—
The deep dark lashes rested on
A cheek which death had breathed upon!
Dark clustering ringlets, on that brow
Of snow, lay there unheeded now—
The lips were parted just as death
Had left them with his chilling breath!
She looked so young, so fair, so pure,
The thought was dreadful to endure,
That one so beautiful must lie,
Wrapt in the grave's deep mystery!

I ask'd the history of one,
Who'd died so beautiful and young—
They said her heart had long been given
To one whom God had called to heaven—
Her gentle spirit sank below
The chastening of this heavy blow.

ROSAMOND.

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.'

Miscellaneous Selections.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage is certainly a condition upon which the happiness or misery of life does very much depend; more, indeed, than most people think beforehand. To be confined to live with one perpetually, for whom we have no liking or esteem, must certainly be an uneasy state. There had need to be a great many good qualities to recommend a constant conversation with one, when there is some share of kindness; but without *love*, the very best of all good qualities will never make a constant conversation easy and delightful. And whence proceed those innumerable domestic miseries that plague and confound so many families, but from want of love and kindness in the wife or husband—from these come their neglect and careless management of affairs at home, and their profuse, and extravagant expenses abroad. In a word, it is not easy, as it is not needful, to recount the evils that arise abundantly from the want of conjugal affection only.

And since this is so certain, a man or woman runs the most fearful hazard that can be, who marries without this affection in themselves and, without good assurance of it in the other. Let your love advise before you choose, and your choice be fixed before you marry. Remember the happiness or misery of your life depends upon this one act, and that nothing but death can dissolve the knot. A single life is doubtless preferable to a married one, where prudence and affection do not accompany the choice; but where they do, there is no terrestrial happiness equal to the married state. There cannot be too near an equality to act a harmony betwixt a married couple—it is a step of such weight as calls for all our foresight and penetration; and, especially, the temper and education must be attended to. In unequal matches, the men are more generally in fault than the women, who can seldom be choosers.

"Wisdom to gold prefer, for tis much less
To make your fortune than your happiness."

Marriages, founded on affection, are the most happy. Love, says Addison, ought to have shot its roots deep, and to be well grown, before we enter into that state.—There is nothing which more nearly concerns the peace of mankind—it is his choice in this respect, on which his happiness or misery in life depends. Though Solomon's description of a wise and good woman may be thought too mean and mechanical for this refined generation, yet certain it is, that the business of a family is the most profitable and honorable study they can employ themselves in. The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady, is, when she has in her countenance mildness—in her spirit, wisdom—in her behaviour, modesty—and in her life, virtue.

Greatness of Mind.—The President d' Al——was arrested at Aix, during the reign of Robespierre. Upon being interrogated about the concealment of a hundred thousand crowns

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 beside; I should then be happy."

"But do you think Helen———is happy I 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 every thing, she has contracted a habit of *fretting* at every thingthat happen 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 somegood instructress she might have been an ornament to her sex and a blessing to society—but the time when she should have been storing her mind with knowledge has been squandered, and instead of laying up a fund which should have yielded her consolation in the declining period of her life, she has spent it in puerile amusements, and her old age will be a more dreary period than a winter in Nova Zembla. Her mind has been employed in striving to imitate the most loathsome objects, and we discover among the catterpillar tribes just such a creature."

"In what respect does she endeavor to imitate the catterpillar tribe?" she inquired.

Upon this I requested her to examine attentively a large hopvine that grew over our heads and tell me what she discerned upon it, for we had by this time reached home. After looking for some time she replied, "nothing but a great number of large, filthy green worms!"

"And yet after all Helen———has been trying to imitate these same filthy worms, though she is not herself aware of it"—And I plucked a leaf where unobserved by her one had hung in its crysalis state, asking her to observe the beautiful colours which shone upon it, mocking every attempt of the dyer, & the spots of brilliant yellow which would throw the most costly necklace, though set with diamonds, into the back ground? "See, how beautifully its colours intermingle—how the hues change from green to azure, as I place it in different positions in the light!—how beautifully it is bespangled with gold!—and yet, this is but a worm, which the Maker of the universe has arrayed in such brilliant colours, while man his noblest work, is left unadorned except by the mind with which he has been endued by his creator. How studious then should we be to store it with a fund of sound and useful knowledge—more especially, when we reflect that it has to exist through the unknown and untried ages of eternity! How humiliating must it be to the proud and narrow-minded, to reflect for a few moments on the splendor that is shown inthe covering of a single insect, or a humble flower—a splendor that it is impossible for them ever to think of equalling. Let them turn their eyes on their fellow men; they will not find a man of sense and judgement who is the complete votary of fashion. It is only those of a light and frivolous turn of mind who pay their vows to the vain deity—the mere cattepillars and ephemeral beings (If I may be allowed the expression) 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!"

Dec. 17, 1832 ATTICUS.

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—

Or could the gloomy closing year,
In its own grave our woes inter;
Or when the blushing flowers appear,
Could opening spring new joys confer—

Were scenes that make our heart rejoice
As durable as scenes of woe;
This earth would be a paradise,
Celestial flowers would bloom below.

But opening spring, or rising day,
Can no such lasting comfort give:
A thorn may thrive where flowers decay,
Our pleasures die our sorrows live.

Clarkson,, 1832. S.

A dancer said to a Spartan, 'you cannot stand so long on one leg as I can.' Perhaps not, said the Spartan: but any goose can.

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 will ultimately do both. It is but a line that seperates 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 profligate'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 be looses. The loss and the guilt oppress him. He drinks to revive his spirits. His spirits revived, he stakes to retrieve 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 maniac, the pistol or the poignard closes the scene, and with a shriek he plunges unwept 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 charnel house. Not even the death of kindred can effect the gambler. He would play upon his brothers coffin; he would play upon his father's sepulchre.

A Miser.—A man died at Paris a short time ago, who had long held an inferior office, with a salary of about 600 dollars, the principal part of which he invested. He often dined with some of his acquaintances, and was in the habit 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 elaborately mended and patched, and he contrived to dispense with stockings, by means of high shoes and trowsers of unusual length. His illness, of some months duration, but he would not absent himself from his office, lest a deduction should be made from his salary and, he died without having consulted a physician. One of 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 liards (farthings) and the other with sous. The proprietor of the house stated the deceased lived with one only companion ; a woman who died recently at the Hotel Dieu, of the cholera, and to whom he allowed 20centimes (4 cents) a day for her subsistence. The income of this miserable being amounted, it is said, to more than 10,000 francs per annum.

Humorous.

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 sovereign for you.' 'No sir, I want no reward for being honest;' but looking at him with a knowing grin, 'was'nt it lucky none of the gentlemen found it?"

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 he had, and though she could not boast of having a relation hung, she had fifty who deserved hanging!

There was a mutual attachment between Doct. Sheridan and Miss. Mac. Faden. He called one morning to take leave of her for a few days, before he set out on a journey. She then asked him, in a tone of voice that well expressed more than the words that accompanied it, how long he intended to stay away: to which he immediately answered.

"You ask how long I'll stay from thee,
Suppress those rising fears,
If you should reckon time like me,
Perhaps ten thousand years!"

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 pardoned for commiting 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.*"

WHAT IS TIME!

I ask'd an aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled, and curv,d, and white with hoary hairs;
" Time is the warp of life," he said," O tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well ;"

I ask'd the ancient venerable dead
Sages who wrote and warriors who bled ;
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flow'd
" Time sow'd the *seeds* we reap in this abode."

I ask'd a dying sinner, ere the stroke
Of ruthless death life's golden bowl had broke,"
I ask'd him, what is time ;—time he replied,
" I've lost it! Ah the *treasure!* " and he died!

I ask'd the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years ;
They answered " Time is but a meteor's glare,"
And bade me for Eternity prepare.

I ask'd the seasons, in their annual round,
Which beautify or desolate the ground ;
And they replied, (no oracle more wise)
" 'Tis folly's *blank*, and wisdom's highest *prize.*"

I ask'd a spirit lost ; but O the shriek
That pierc'd my soul ! I shudder while I speak !
It cried " A particle ! a speck ! a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite !"

Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply ;
" Time is the season fair of living well,
The path to Glory, or the path to Hell."

I ask'd my Bible, and methinks it said,
" Time is the present hour, the past is fled ;
Live ! live to-day ! to-morrow never yet,
On any human being rose or set !!'

I ask'd old father Time himself at last ;
But in a moment he flew swiftly past ;
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.

I ask'd the mighty angel who shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land ;
By Heaven's great King I swear the mystery's o'er !
" Time was"—he cried—" but Time shall be no more"

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

PETITION TO HOPE.

In imitation of Barry Cornwall's " Petition to Time."

Sweet enchantress ! stay—
Wave not thus thy spreading wings ;
Do not sever each fond tie
That around thee clings.
Still I court thy cheering smile,
Lone existence to beguile—
Sadly will my bark move on,
When that guiding star is gone !

Sweet enchantress ! stay—
Reign here in this heart of mine ;
Nothing shall dispute thy sway—
It shall all be thine :
And when it shall cease to thrill,
As life's last wild pulse is still,
Bear it with thee *then* away—
Sweet enchantress ! stay—oh stay !

Canandaigua, Sept, 1832. G. H. S.

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 Scarpa, in one of his valuable anatomical works. A duck, accustomed to feed out of his owner's 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 unfeigned and sincere ! " Swear not by thy *bosom*,' said the lady, ' for that is false !' He was a fashionable man and wore a *dickey*.

Doct. 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 paying his toll, (which was one cent,) "Come Suke, you must pay your own toll, for just as like as not I shant have you arter all.'

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We gave two months notice in our last volume, that those who wished to discontinue would inform us of such wish, or 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 old 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.

☞A few of our agents, and some few individual subscribers, have asked a little time for the payment of moneys. We would say on this subject, that past experience admonishes us to be careful how we credit individuals with small amounts all over the country—but we will accept the promises of such as this article alludes to, only adding, that we shall expect these promises punctually fulfilled.

☞*To 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, lie unnoticed, at least until our next.

Will "Guliano" be pleased to let us hear from him *often ?* Where is " Horace," and " Simonides ?"

NEW AGENTS.

Lyman C. Draper, Lockport. D. Morris, North-Conhocton. M. D. S. Hyde, Newark. Alexander H. Baird, Varna. J. R. Livingston, Aurora Village. Nelson Tallmadge, Lyons.

The Shrine—Amherst, Mass.—The first number of the second volume of this work has come to hand. Its appearance and contents are very superior.

The Ladys Book Philadelphia, with its wonted beauty and excellence, is received 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.

NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS----1833.

To the Patrons of

The Rochester Gem.

—o—

Hark! to that solemn midnight bell,
It tolls the dead year's parting knell!
How awe-inspiring is the chime
That marks the flight of "Father Time."

Farewell past year! upon thy bosom borne,
We've seen bright visions of the future torn,
Wreck'd and destroyed. The high aspiring soul
Drains to the dregs affliction's bitter bowl.
And thou canst tell where rest the sacred few,
Who hovered round with hearts forever true;
Gone, one by one, they've vanished from our sight,
The young, the lovely, beautiful and bright;
'Tis thus with all things mortal—on we roam,
From place to place, towards our eternal home:
Nor shall earth's brightness woo our longer stay,
Or Love or Friendship lengthen out our day.

But yet within the year gone by,
Have brighter visions met our eye—
The aged, happy, filled with love divine;
Tho' years have flown, still brilliantly they shine,
And trace a pleasure in each by-gone year,
To sooth each grief, and calm each rising fear.
So may they live, that when they grace a tomb,
No doubting hopes shall hover o'er their doom.
Then we have seen the sprightly and the gay,
Tripping along as blithe as merry May.
No griefs are theirs, no cares their bosoms fill,
But softly, sweetly as the murmuring rill,
They gently glide thro' Flora's loveliest bowers,
And sport with childhood's freedom 'mong the flowers—
Unfelt may ever be the thousand cares,
That the light heart, in age, too often shares:
May disappointments ne'er their bosoms press,
But theirs be years of brightest happiness;
And may they chaunt the requiems of the year,
With coronals of hope—without a shade of fear.

Past Year! once more I bid farewell
Unto thy hopes and fears;
Thou'st been like all that's past before,
Made up of smiles and tears.

Aye, gladsome souls have sported on
Thy bosom, canker free;
And close upon the sprightly came,
The child of misery.

And many a noble heart has burst,
And many a spirit flown;
Or has been doomed to wander here,
All friendless, sad, and lone!

Yet Hope through gloomy night appears,
Points to the azure sky;
And bids us calmly bear our ills,
For happiness on high.

Rochester, January 1, 1833. LARA.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

SONG.

Soon have the pleasures of summer departed,
They dazzled a moment, then vanished away;
The wood-dove now cheerless, and e'en broken-hearted
Has check'd the sweet wild-song he sung on the spray.

But Spring will return with its buds and its blossoms
And green o'er the arbor the wood-bine shall cling;
And joy shall revisit disconsolate bosoms,
And again in the grove Philomela shall sing.

Geneva Lyceum, Nov. 12. ALFRED.

The road to destruction and death is always full.

There is no jewel like honesty.

THE FARMER.

How happy's the Farmer, who owes not a pound
But lays up his fifty each year that comes round.
He fears neither constable, sheriff or dun—
To bank or to justice has never to run;
His cellar well filled, and his pantry well stored,
He lives far more blest than a prince or a lord;
Then take my advice if a fortune you'd get,
Pay off what you owe—and then keep out of debt.

[*From the New York Monthly Review.*]

SONNET.

"I speak to Time."—Byron.

What voice may speak to thee, tomb-builder, Time!
Thou wast, and art—and shalt be, when the breath
That holds communion now, is hush'd in death!
Upon thy tablet earth—a page sublime—
Are chronicled the wrecks of buried years;
The cities of the lava sepulchre—
The relics of heaven's wrathful minister—
Yield up their hoarded history of tears!
The Pyramids, and Mausoleum proud,
Attest of thee, and tell of those that were;
Of sounding names—now heard as empty air—
That once were as the voice of nations loud:
The Persian and the Greek are crowding there,—
Feuds are forgot, when foes the narrow dwellings crowd! W.

Some years since, a man, who had more spare money than good sense, suffered himself to be sued for a debt of about two dollars. Enraged at the audacity of the plaintiff, he resolved to put every engine of the law in motion, "to keep him out of his money," and accordingly applied to a gentleman of the bar for his professional aid to effect this object. After listening to his statement of the case, the attorney demanded a fee of only three dollars, which the defendant promptly paid down, highly gratified with the smallness of the sum required. The attorney went to the magistrate's office, and paid the debt and costs with the three dollars which he had just received from his client. They met in a few days after, when the man inquired of the attorney whether he had attended to the case, and what had been the result. "Yes," replied the lawyer, "and I have completely *nonsuited* the plaintiff—he'll never trouble you any more."

In want of a Husband.—A young lady was lately told by a married lady that she had better precipitate herself off Passaic Falls into the basin beneath, than *marry*. The young lady replied, 'I would if I thought I could find a *husband* at the bottom.'

Long Parsnips.—"In Missouri," said a traveller, on his return to the land of steady habits, "they have no parsnips; they frequently plant them but they strike so deep, that the people who live on the opposite side of the globe lay hold of the roots and pull them through, so that the crop is lost every year."

Special plea.—Two limbs of the law, the other day were joking each other about a suit which was pending between them, when one adverted to the court of Heaven. "Aye, Brief-wit," said the other, "but you cannot plead there!" "I have no occasion," retorted B.' "but you will plead heartily!"

A Settler.—A quarrel took place the other day on Bristol quay, between two emigrants, when one of them gave his opponent a tremendous blow, saying, "There, you emigrant, take that as a *settler*."

The finest dressed, the most talkative, and the richest, are not always the most intelligent though they may be the most *worshipped*.

Beauty when unadorned, is adorned the most.

LIST OF AGENTS.

Agents are requested not to delay sending to us the result of their labors.

Auburn,	Geo. S. Bennet.
Ann Arbour, Mich. Ter.	Luther W. Gitteau.
Attica,	Roswell Cheney.
Brockport,	Wm. Nash.
Buffalo,	A. W. Wilgus.
Batavia,	Lucius Seaver.
Bloomfield, Mich. Ter.,	Dr. E. S. Parke.
Blenheim, N. P. Tyler, P. M.	
Bushnell's Basin,	Wm. S Miner
Black Rock,	Elam Dodge.
Canandaigua,	C. T. Amsden.
Chicago, Ill.,	J. Woolley, Jr.
Cleveland, O.,	A. L. Sanford.
Cooperstown,	M. Brown Esq.
Crawfordsville, Ind.,	Chas. S. Bryant.
Detroit,	Wm. P. Patrick.
Dryden,	John Stephens.
Dunhamsville,	N. Payne, P. M.
East Bloomfield,	H. Munson.
East Avon,	D. Rowley.
Fairport,	H. Burr, P. M.
Framingham, Mss.,	Jno. Ewers.
Farmington,	Wm. Robson.
Greece,	H. Nelson Marsh.
Green Bay,	John V. Suydam
Geneva,	John Bogert.
Holley,	Darwin Hill.
Hatfield, Mass.	Erastus Billings.
Hemlock P. O.	R. R. Jaques.
Jamesville,	Sweet Johnson.
Lewiston,	Rufus Fanning.
Lakeville,	J. Bishop.
Lima,	C. Ingersoll, P. M.
Murray,	A. Clark Jr. P. M.
Monroe, Mich. Ter.,	Seneca Allen, Alvin Wadsworth.
Medina,	Uri D. Moore.
Middlebury,	Wm. C. Lawrence
Norwalk, O.	Wm. Brewster
Nelson, U. C.	J. I. Ranney
Orangeburgh,	O. Allen, P. M.
Ogdensburgh,	E. N. Fairchild
Ovid,	Charles A. Gibbs.
Plymouth, Mich.	H. B. Holbrook.
Pontiac, Mich.	H. Munson Esq.
Perrysburgh, O.	P. B. Brown
Penn Yan,	Th. H. Bassett.
Palmyra,	Marcus F. Hodges.
Parma,	E. M. Conklin, P. M.
Pavillion,	Wm. C. Lawrence
Painesville, O.,	Geo. E. H. Day
Portageville, W. D.	Hammond.
Randolph,	Elmer Draper.
Scottsville,	Ira Carpenter.
Seneca Falls,	John W. West.
Tecumseh, Mich.,	J. E. Hall.
Walworth,	V. Yeomans.
Warsaw,	G. R. Lawrence.
West Mendon,	H. Wheeler P. M.
Williamsport, Pa.	J. R. Eck.
Wheeling, Va.	Geo. S. McKeirnan.
Yates,	S. Tappan, P. M.
York, Pa.	Dr. A. Patterson.

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW VOLUME.

THE ROCHESTER GEM:

A Semi-Monthly Literary and Miscellaneous Journal.

Volume 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 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 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 paged for binding—and an index and title-page furnished at the end of the year.

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

EDWIN SCRANTOM.

Rochester, Oct. 13, 1832.

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To any person who will obtain Four subscribers and remit $6 post-free, will be given the Souvenir or the Token, richly bound with 8 fine engravings.

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

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For Two subscribers and $3, Vol 2d, of the Gem.

All the above works are perfect, and will be splendid *New-Year's Gifts*. Any person so disposed can obtain one or more of them. The premiums will be promptly paid to those who are successful.

☞Specimens of the Gem and subscription papers may be had at the office, or will be sent by mail to individuals who order them, post-paid. The Premiums likewise, may be seen at the office.

☞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.

Editors with whom we exchange, will please to copy the above.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

VOLUME 5.] ROCHESTER, JANUARY 26, 1833. [NUMBER 3.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

ARE OUR EARLIEST DAYS OUR HAPPIEST DAYS.

When burthened with cares, and oppressed with the sorrows of life, it is pleasant to be borne back to those verdant spots of memory, which fancy paints in all the lively colours 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 render 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 stings 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 to us her envenomed portion, nor deceit 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 care planted its corroding 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 acclimations 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 chilling 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 a 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 meanest toy may as completely imbitter 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 evils 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.

NAVILLUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

INFLUENCE OF NOVELS.

In the mind of man a proneness 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 sympathise 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 suffering, 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 abscence 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 attainment of our wishes as perfect felicity, which can never be enjoyed on earth, at least. In too many instances they have given an amiable name to vice, thus hiding its deformity, have absurdly palliated transgressions of the law of God, and a gentle appellation, yes, given gracefulness to moral deformity. One great evil arising from early attention to novels, is, that it affords so lively a pleasure, that the mind once accustomed to them, will not easily submit to serious study; even historical works, the most nearly allied to romance, become insipid, and those of a religious nature are totally lost in the splendors of fiction. If works of the imagination be prohibited, it may be asked, in what shall the youthful mind find recreation and amusement. This enquiry is easily answered. Is not the book of nature open to every studious mind? the most interesting volume in the world, and this study will lead us from "nature up to nature's God."—Then the desire arises to look into His holy word, and find what He has done for us, and how He has directed us for our own best good; and here we find writing, pathetic, beautiful and sublime; new on each perusal; an inexhaustable source of pleasure, and without alloy.

Thetford, Vt. Jan. 1833. EMILY.

He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.

Original and Selected Tales.

Mr. Scrantom.—By publishing the following interesting story; which is somewhat *old*, and which was very much admired in 1825, you will oblige MANY SUBSCRIBERS.

LAFITTE, OR THE *BRITISH CHIEF.*

P. "The man is a fool who surrenders himself to such unmanly, such womanish weakness!"

L. "Hast thou ever loved?"

P. "Never!"

L. "Then confine thy reproaches to subjects thou canst understand. The oak that bowed to the blast, may again become verdant and beautiful: 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 ruinous, 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, hardy 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 in this land of Frenchmen and Mulattoes,—Spaniards and Indians,—Creoles and Negroes: and the cursed quarrelsome Americans too; if you look squint at them, you are on your beam ends in a moment; tread on their toes, bang's the word, and daylight shines through you."

As the honest tar appeared to be in a talkative mood, I determined to indulge his loquacity, and replied; "My good fellow, you appear to be out of humor to-day: I should conclude that you must have been shamefully misused: I have lived several months among these same Americans, and have no cause to complain of any ill treatment whatever."

"Several months!" echoed he with an air of astonishment; "Why, I had not been in port two days, before I happened to tell a Kentuckian he lied;—and by my soul he did—when he gave me a broadside that stove in my lights—and before I could muster to quarters I was fairly carried by boarding—d———m 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 way 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 a little proud and dictatorial."

"Likely enough," said he, "you know too 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 neither; 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 on—what-d'ye-call-it—lever—lev—lev—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 blood-logged."

"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 was able to catch a glimpse of it, under a large hat, which, with its nodding plume, covered his head, and was pulled down with an evident intention of concealment, betrayed considerable agitation: and, while Anson was describing with the carelessness and volubility of an old seaman, the fatal duel he had that morning witnessed, he arose from his seat, and with hasty 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 decision. 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 predominated. 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 flush 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 nonattention, 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 any thing 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 an 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 folks' matters."

"Well, Anson," said I "If they meddle with us, we must pay them in their own coin,—and it wtll 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 recog—recog—re—I think they call it—and charged the fellow 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 he told him it was false, 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 cartel 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 which had been procured at New Orleans as a mere Yankee contrivance, he, in a half suppressed voice whisped, "there are rovers on the deep: Should difficulties overtake you, remember Lafitte." As he pronounced this he leaped into a small boat which had floated 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 eafely 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 was boarded by a Kentuckian. 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 insure 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 endearing 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 wide world had interposed between me and the place where I had first tasted the pleasures and pains of life; I had not forgotten 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 wrestled, jumped, ran, laughed, and sported while the ball flew rapidly round the circle; the gloomy churchyard, which, when a truant boy, I had so often shudderingly passed when the pale moon glimmered athwart the marbles 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 branches of my favourite walnut tree, and where, happy as the squirrel 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 aurora borealis dance over the regions of eternal frost—the sun in vain attempt to dissolve the chains which an arctick winter had formed—and I had felt its fervid heat where equinoctial skies shed their debilitating and pernicous influence. I had traversed the plains of Orinoco and the banks of La Plata; I had climbed the Cordileras, 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 abscence 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 attrocities 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 in vain wooed 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 on the banks of sand shells which the continual breaking of the waves has raised around these marshes.

At length the bar was passed, and we found ourselves on the broad bosom of the Gulf.—The sailors delighted with the prosperous commencement of the voyage, were all mirth and glee, and, while the sails were filled with the breezes, which were hurrying us, as we imagined to New York, our port of destination, the cann of grog circulated freely, and mirth, and dance, and song, swept the hours idly away.

Our Captain was an able officer, in whom we could repose the utmost confidence,—the subalterns were experienced and attentive—the crew consisted of eleven hardy rough sons of the Ocean, making in the whole, including myself and two other passengers, about twenty souls on board. The vessel was a stout ship, merchant rigged, but mounting six guns and well provided with arms ammunition, and all the necessary implements of defensive or offensive war.

The day passed away, and it was not until the forenoon of the second day after leaving the river, that any thing occurred to vary the dull monotony of a sea voyage. I was sitting in my cabin arranging some packages of papers, &c.; when I was aroused by an unusual uproar on deck, and the boatswains shrill whistle calling all hands to quarters. I speedily deposited in their trunks the papers I was reviewing, and hastened to the deck—before I reached which, however, I heard several guns fired. The cause of alarm was a vessel of suspicious appearance, which had been bearing down for some time with an intention of crossing the Cleopatra's course, and though the British colours were flying at the mast head, (and they were within hail,) they neglected to answer the repeated call of Capt. Bowden, who at last ordered a gun to be fired over them. To this no attention was paid—few men were to be seen on deck—and the vessel continued her course in a manner which indicated an intention to lay the vessel immediately on board our ship. At this moment Capt. Bowden hailed them, and ordered them to keep off, or he would fire upon them—when the decks of the vessel were instantly crowded with armed men—the british colours hauled down and the red flag displayed—and a heavy fire of musquetry opened from the pirate, for such it was evident she was. The guns of the Cleopatra could be brought to bear with admirable effect, and it was soon evident that if they could be prevented from boarding us, the conflict could not long remain doubtful.

"Three to one, my brave lads," cried Capt. Bowden, as through his glass, he surveyed his assailants; but were they five to one, we shall make them count one to two—sweep their decks, boys! we'll teach the rascals to keep a respectful distance."

[*To be Continued.*]

Dr. Hale used to say that "laziness grows in people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. I have experienced that the more business a man has the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economise his time; that is a talent committed to every one of you, and for the use of which you must account."

Truth never fears rigid examination.

The first step in greatness is to be honest.

The following cut, as our readers will recollect, was inserted in the 13th number of our last volume; those who have already will excuse us for giving it place here, as great curiosity was excited by its appearance, and although a larger edition than usual was printed they were immediately disposed of.

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 musing attitude. As we have selected this subject in order to exercise the ingenuity of our readers, we will not lessen their curiosity by any farther 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. Washington, 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 success, and took Montreal. At Quebec, being joined by Gen. Arnold, who had marched a body of men

through the wilderness to his assistance, Montgomery 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 adherents (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 Cassel 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 2,000 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 seperate 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 surrended 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 shells upon the shore,
To string upon her lute.

I saw her when the simple days
Of children all were o'er—
As unaffected 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
Bespoke 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 sot!

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 Wife."

FULFILLING A CONTRACT.

A nervious 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 down.

This thought struck his mind when he view'd the estate;
But alas! when he enter'd he found it too late;
For, in each dwelt 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 fellows," he cried, "such a clattering keep,
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;
His afternoon nap, and his daughter's new song,
Were banished and spoil'd with the hammer's ding dong.

He offered each Vulcan to purchase his shop;
But, no, they were stubborn, determined to stop.
At length, (both his spirits and health to improve.)
He cried, "I'll give *each* twelve score dollars to move."

"Agreed,' said the pair, "that will make us amends.'
"Then, come home," said the squire, "and let us part friends;
You shall dine, and we'll drink on this joyful occasion,
That each shall live long in his new habitation."

He gave the two blacksmiths a sumptuous regale,
He spared not provisions, his wine, nor his ale,
So much was he pleas'd with the thought that each guest
Would take from him the noise, and restore him to rest.

"And now," said he, "tell me, where mean you to move?
I hope to some place where your trade will improve."
"Why sir," replied one, with a smile on his phiz
"Tom Forge moves to my shop, and I move to his."

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 must all come to the mournful silent level of the grave. Our bones 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. The upstart servant gave him a very mortifying reception, and asked in a haughty tone, "Sir, why do you give me all this trouble? upon my honor, I have no money to lend you, or any one else." "I am certain what you say is false," said the gentleman; "for if you were not rich, you dare not be so saucy."

SLANDER.

Of all species of hypocrites, none is more despicable and dark of heart, than he who professes friendship in your presence, and covertly stabs your reputation by slander. The "bold faced villain" is far less to be dreaded, than the cowardly and insiduous defamator, smiling as a subservient parasite before you, and fabricating venomous falsehoods for the purpose of detraction, when placed beyond the reach of your power. "He who laughed at you till he got to your door; flattered you as you opened it; felt the force of your argument whilst he was with you—applauded when he rose, and after he went away blasts you in fame—has the most indisputable right to an archdukedom in Erebus." The wretch who with the basest ingratitude, betrays petty inadvertencies which private and confidential intercourse have unfolded to him, distorting their motives by misrepresentations through malice or envy, is far more entitled to the services of the executioner, than he who murders for gain. There is a depth, a darkness of depravity in maliciously calumniating those who have befriended us from purest philanthropy, which seems of too shocking a character to be blended in the human composition, and which requires an extraordinary effort of faith on the part of the observer to enable him to credit its exhibition. Yet there are wretches among the human family sufficiently depraved to slander in mere wantonness of spirit; nay, there are those who by the most insiduous policy will wind themselves into the confidence of the unsuspecting; condole and affectingly sympathize with them in their misfortunes, and all for the horrible purpose of detraction. We are not of that class of individuals who magnify the trifling errors of human nature, or reprehend petty foibles of disposition as heinous and irremediable crimes. But those which proceed from deprvity of heart—the consequences of which are rather visited upon the heads of others with a malicious intent to detail injury, than upon that of him who exhibits such vices,—are indeed a blackening stain upon the face of humanity, and the miserable beings who take pleasure in their unfoldment, are justly entitled to all the scorn and contumely, which avenging justice would award to them.

He who with a littleness of mind, truly characteristic of a narrow soul, can derive pleasure from retailing the conversation of his fellows and aggravating their faults into errors of importance, is too contemptible to receive the chastisement which would entail contumely upon an honorable man, and is too abject in thought to feel such infamy, even should it be devoted to him. A man when once detected in an act of this kind, has thereafter no middle path of action. All his associates who have any principles of honour must despise him, because him from whom it is necessary to withhold the slightest evidence of confidence, is from that circumstance placed at an immense distance from our friendship. We know him to be a villain from mere depravity of heart, consequently it would be foolish to trust him with a farthing's worth of confidence, in matters of business where his self interest would be another inducment to render him a perfect scoundrel. "The discovery of his crime must rankle, must ferment through life, within him; dead to honour, and infuriate against society he will either rush from plot to plot, to indiscriminate perdition; or if he yet retains some moral sense, contrition and self abhorrence may kindle the latent spark into a blaze of penitence." Such is invariably the portion of the slanderer. Those who are opposite to him in principle, sooner or later detect his duplicities, his cold blooded hypocrisy, shudder that a viper has not been near them so long undiscovered, shudder that human nature could be so lost, and throw the wretch away in horror and disdain. Those to whom he is allied in principle start away from all fellowship with the fiend, or attempt to oppose his power by deeper design and more complicated knavery. Thus in both cases he is lost, and the venomous principle which has cankered the desires of his heart, finally eats away every hope of felicity which existed in that heart, and the wretch either dives into dissipation to escape his reflections, or perpetrates crimes more tangible to the arm of the law, and thus terminates his destiny in guilty wretchedness.

The lady of Dr. Bentham was a woman of a disposition congenial with that of her cara sposa. She asked a person, who applied for the 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, 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 on his table, in the shape of a large nutmeg grater; and the machinery of his wit—the humor of the thing," as Nym says—was as thus; if any one at table spoke of a great man, as Sir W Curtis, or a great wit, as Sir C. Fowler, he would point to his pun-trap, and say, with a quiet look, "There's a *greater*." Lord Byron somewhere says, that his father-in-law, Sir Ralph Milbank, used to have a leg of mutton on his table every day for a similar laudable purpose, of cutting an impromptu witticism.

We never love heartily but once, and that is our first love; the inclinations which succeed are less involuntary.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE LAST HOURS OF THE VISIONARY.

She sat in her solitary chamber
In the still hour of midnight—the pale moon
Gleamed faintly there, upon her palid 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 night bird 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
Sweets of happiness, wafted from the rich
Parterres of life's interminable maze.
Her youthful hopes were *all* 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 mazy dance, and the
Gay festival, with all their lure of show
And happiness; had no pleasure to win
Her from her solitary thoughts. Aye, she
Had turned from all the beautiful things of
Earth! the animated works of nature;
All her richest loveliness, the shady grove,
And flower embedded meadow, the bounding
Streamlet, with the silver tones of its rich song
And each dear spot which childhood loved to seek,
T' admire the purer scenes of yonder heaven,
And the bright glories of her fancied star.
She knew that fell disease was preying on
Her vitals, and the purple streams of life
Were flowing fast into the voiceless pool
Of Death; night after night she would steal away
To her lone chamber, and, as the night wind
Blew freely o'er her fevered brow, her deep
Feelings would break forth——

"'T is the midnight watch! and the song
Of the musical wind, is murmuring
Its gentle tones in my ear, and bringing
Scenes of youth—they are gone—yon throng
Of broken clouds are melting away—where
Is my favourite star? Ah! I see—'tis there!

Shine on now thou beautiful star!
For the richest founts of feeling are stirred
At thy bidding—and upon me is poured
Thy sweet influence from afar.
I know thou 'rt looking upon me, 'tis a bliss
Sweeter than all the joys of such a world as this!

I have watched the dim twilight fling
Her russet shade o'er the surrounding lawn,
Mingling with the tints that linger upon
The dull earth's imagery—then wing
From the unconscious world her onward way,
And follow the train of the departed day.

And then, gladly I have gone forth
At evening hour, to watch the drapery
Of the peering moon from her throne on high,
Shedding her rays on the dark earth;
And I have lingered for thy coming—nor slept
Until the midnight had her vigils kept.

And now, methinks, I hear a voice
Wafted along the air, rich and musical,
Like the sacred song of the festival
Of thy kindred spirits—rejoice!
Aye, rejoice bright ones—ye are breathing there
The purest incense of celestial air.

'T is fainter now—'t is almost gone!
It was borne along like the perfumed breath
Of the summer air from the flowery heath,
But it hath melted away—flown
To its kindred spheres, from the gloomy earth,
E'en as a mourner from the hall of mirth.

Mother, 't is thy spirit! I' ve thought
With a voice of song, and a gentle smile,
To cheer the lone hours of thy child the while,
Oh! depart thou not; I have sought
With thee to hold converse; for thou mayst be,
A herald of my own eternity.

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

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 awaking;
There are no gems now in yon liquid blue,
Adieu 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,
And Death's hectic flush upon my cheek—
Adieu fond friends—yet hold—no, there *are* none
With whom I can claim kindred—I am alone!

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! what boots it—for now
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
In life's varied scenes, she passed from earth;
And in the tomb the Visionary slept.

Auburn, G. S. B.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE FALL OF JERICHO.

JOSHUA, VI chap.

The seventh awful day again
Now dawned, since on the embattled plain
Encamped the hostile foe;
And Canaan from her towers beheld
Far o'er the wide extended field,
Their banners float below.

She saw, perhaps without dismay,
The martial pomp, the bright array
Of Judah's warlike train;
She heard the lengthened echo roar,
That from the ram's horn trumpets pour,
Nor trembled at the strain.

Within her walls and gates enclosed
In fancied safety she reposed
Her utmost strength and boast,
Nor in the clouds that round her lower,
Could recognise Almighty power,
Or trace the Lord of hosts.

For now the extended wings between,
The mystic ark of God is seen,
Which 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 offspring led the van
As Generalissimo.

The signal given, the chiefs advance,
Nor did blind fate or lawless chance
Heaven's purposes fufill;
Agents 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 embattel'd ground,
Their deafening shouts ascend.

Now Jericho, thy fate is sealed,
Th' Eternal will is now revealed,
That thou art doomed to fall;
Almighty power thy ramparts struck
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 ruin spreads around,
The solid earth and trench profound,
The cumbrous load receive.

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

But drop the curtain here my muse,
Nor scenes of blood and carnage choose,
To grace thy artless song
The matron's wail, the virgin's cry,
The blood stained field where warriors lie,
To other bards belong.

Enough, that with resistless sweep,
As billows 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 allrighteous power
Her ruin had decreed,
Her sacrilegious sons unblest,
Driven out, and all their wealth possessed
By Israel's chosen seed. 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."

A gentleman, meeting a man in the street, remarked that Mr.———, who was just passing, and had recently failed, "looked below tide."—"Far from it," replied his friend, "for he has overrun the banks."

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 a little from his fright, put his hand into 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 her eye fell upon an African funeral passing the window, "look wot a sight of people are going to the black burying."

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 boarded by *A Bull.*"

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging—alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such an one, we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

An irritable man went to visit a sick friend, and asked him concerning his health. The patient was so ill that he could not reply; whereupon the other in a rage said:—"I hope I shall soon fall sick, and then I will not answer you when you visit me."

A speculative gentleman wishing to teach his horse to do without food starved him to death. "I had a great loss," said he "for just as he had learned to live without eating he died."

One of the crew of the Macedonian, having received the wages of the late three year's cruise, went, with the money in his hand, into a store, and, having purchased a pocket book, put the roll of notes into his waistcoat pocket, and the pocket book into that of his round jacket. The store keeper told him that it was the fashion to put the money in the pocket book; but the sailor affirmed he was up to the tricks of the land lubbers, and went off. The next day he returned to the store, exclaiming in great glee, "they've got it—give me another!" He had indeed lost his pocket book, but secured his notes.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Premiums.—A mistaken idea is prevalent with many that the premiums offered by us, can be sent by mail. We would, for the information of several who have sent us new subscribers from a distance, remark, that the *postage* upon a book sent in the mail is enormous. We are so situated, however, that opportunities repeatedly occur of sending books to almost any part, and that if those who have earned premiums do not get them immediately, they will ere long.

Literature.—This is an age of improvement in the Literary world. New publications are springing up in every direction, and laying claim to public patronage, and older establishments are making improvements, which, it is to be hoped, are warranted by a growing patronage. Whether so many new publications of a literary character, will prove a benefit to community and to the conductors of them, will depend upon the manner in which they are sustained. If there is a sufficient patronage, as well as sagacity in the editors to sustain these periodicals, then the editors and the public will be benefited. If on the contrary, most of them spend a sickly year or two and then die, no matter from what cause, the evil will be a serious one.

The Saturday Courier, and Post, Philadelphia, have both been very much enlarged and improved. The Utica Record of Genius, is to be enlarged in May next, and published weekly.

The Literary Inquirer, by Mr Verinder of Buffalo, has reached our table, and we think from a view of the contents of two numbers, has strong claims to patronage. The Amaranth, at Westfield, N. Y., semi-monthly, by Newcomb and Cutler, takes the place of the Pantheon, which was formerly printed at that place, but failed from some cause. The Amaranth is well got up, but it has the fault of too many literary publications, it is too cheap for the publisher. The Companion, a weekly literary and religious paper printed at Geneseo, at $2 per annum, is among our new exchanges. The 10th No. contains the President's Proclamation! The Miscellany from Penn Yan, and the Diamond from Hudson are the latest we have received. The former is good enough as far as it goes, the latter is a very respectable demy publication, issued once a week by Geo. F. Stone, at $2 per annum.

We have neglected to notice a very excellent semi-monthly, published at Lowell, Mass. entitled the *Album*, but we fear the price will destroy it. It is *entirely too low.*

☞The person who borrowed the October No. of Atkinson's Casket, is requested to return it to us.

To Correspondents.—The article of S. of Murray, is good, but it came too late for No. 2.

E. W. H. E. has furnished us with a number of very interesting articles, which we commence publishing in our next. If he likes our arrangement of them, he is desired to extend them.

We have at length had time to read the tale by Hamet. We like it much and shall commence its publication soon.

The poetic effusion of A. A. is pretty, and shall be inserted soon.

The article of D., is in the old style of ballad writing—not bad, yet not very good. We reject it as we would our grandfather's coat—not entirely on account of its quality, but more on account of its fashion.

☞*The last Notice. Old Debtors.*—We are preparing a list of all debtors for volumes 1, 2, 3, and 4, which we shall publish next month, in an extra unless paid.☜

MARRIED.—In Greece, on the 14th inst. by Mr. Knapp, Mr *Jonathan Parish*, to Mrs. *Phebee Mitchell.*

The Rochester Republican has the following notice of the decease of "Whistling Tom."

OBITUARY.—Died, recently at Batavia, after a short illness, *Thomas Simpson*, better known in this village as "Tom the Crier," and at Buffalo as "Whistling Tom." He was in the naval action on lake Erie during the late war. He possessed a large fund of the wit and humour peculiar to the African race, together with most of the good qualities and some of the imperfections of his people. His talent for whistling was unrivaled. Our older citizens and visitors to the village, in the days of its most rapid growth, will remember 'Tom the Crier,' in his 'ancient and honorable' uniform, mingling with the bustle of that prosperous period. Tom probably made as much noise in the world, as many men who have done more mischief.

Here rest the bones of "Tom the Crier"—
No more will gaping crowds admire
The flash of wit or humorous jest;
From *whistling* he is now at rest.
It may be said, he *cried* for years,
And shed but *few*, if *any*, *tears.*

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A Semi-Monthly Literary and Miscellaneous Journal.

Volume V.—With 8 Plates.

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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 the proprietor,

EDWIN SCRANTOM.

ROCHESTER

THE GEM.

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

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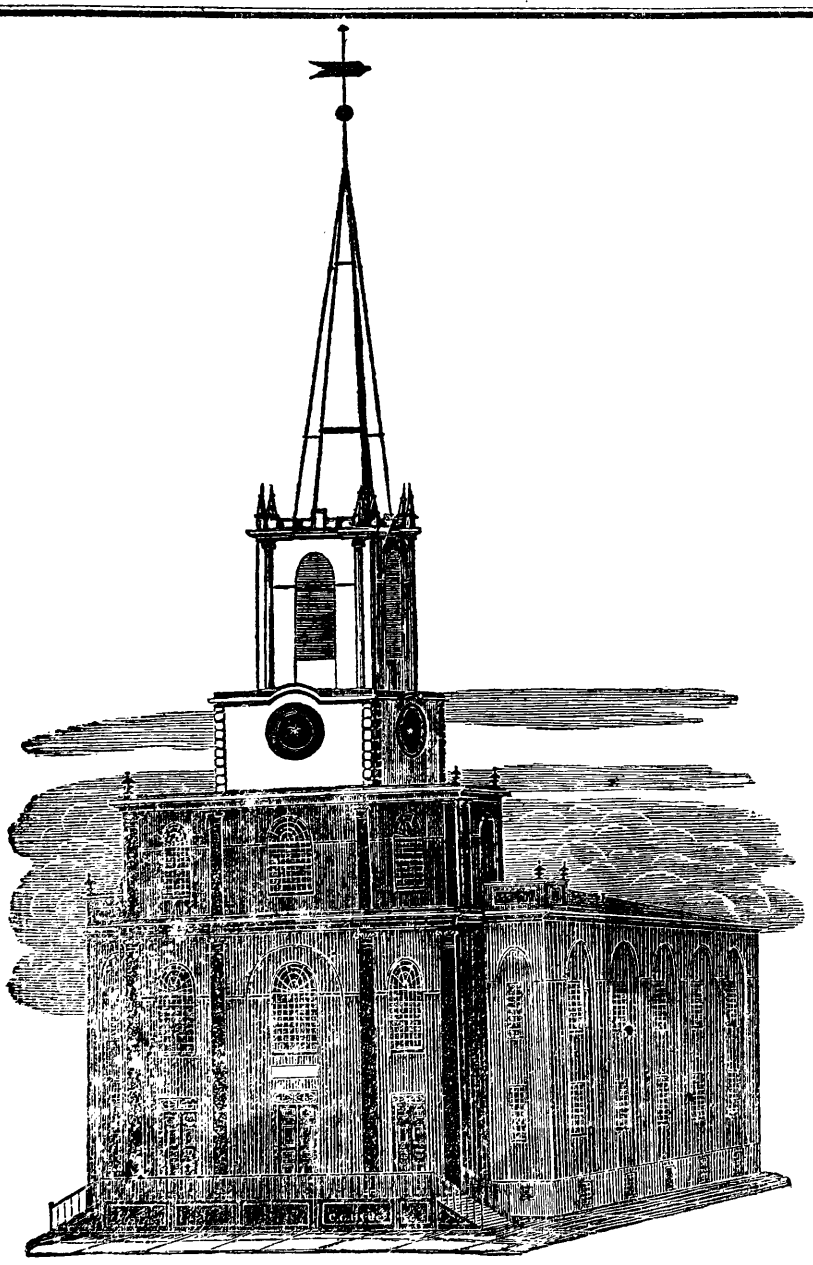

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DESCRIPTION.

This splendid edifice stands on the south-west 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 smalted 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 bell-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 lilly.

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 Nullifiers; may their *heads* be used for *mallets*, and their *arms* for *shooting-sticks* to tighten the *quoins* of the *form of twenty-fours!*"

The Union—A *capital form* of Government, having no ‖ in the history of nations—may a new § in the Constitution, put a to the *foul* 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 ¶ 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 ᴗ of exaltation that their 's may be cut short by the ~~ of a hempen *cord*.

The spirit of truth dwelleth in meekness.

Nothing is so secret but time and truth will reveal it.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

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, while viewing the wonders of nature with the enlightened eye of the Christian. But of all the studies which are calculated to give us a diminutive opinion of our own importance, that of astronomy is the best. Here a field is opened to our view, which surpasses all others in grandeur and sublimity. By this we are taught to consider our own world, large as it appears in our own eyes, but as one of a family of seven, which revolve round the sun, their common centre; and holding the middle rank among them, three being smaller and three larger than the one we inhabit. Mercury, the smallest, and nearest the Sun, is 36,000,000 of miles from him. This, though a ponderous globe of 3000 miles in diameter, is urged through space at the inconceivable velocity of 111,000 miles per hour; going through the whole circuit of her orbit in three months, which completes her year.

Venus, the next in order from the Sun, and the third in size, is placed at the distance of 68,000,000 of miles, flying at the rate of 81,000 miles per hour, and being 7,600 miles in diameter.

Next in order is our own 'mundane sphere,' at the distance of 95,000,000 of miles from the Sun. It is the fourth in size, and the third in regular ascending gradation from the sun, and it is the first which we find accompanied by a secondary planet or moon, and is 7,900 miles in diameter. Her moon is about 2000 miles in diameter and 240,000 miles from the earth's centre. These bodies are carried through space 68,000 miles per hour.

The 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 1000 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 6moons,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.

The Sun is by far the largest body in the System, being 1,000,000 times larger than the earth, 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 there 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 peaks of the Andes which have defied the utmost efforts of this 'lord of creation' to reach their frozen summits—here Alexander, that 'wholesale cut throat,' and Cæsar, the plunderer 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 would be about 8 feet from the sun, revolving in a circle of 16 feet in diameter. Mars would be placed at the distance of 12 feet, be ,004 of an inch in diameter. Jupiter would be about 41 feet from the centre, and nearly one tenth of an inch (,089) in diameter, or nearly the size of a small pigeon shot, and encompassed by four moons.

Saturn would be distant about 75 feet, a little smaller than Jupiter (,079 of an inch,) and encompassed by seven moons.

Herschell, would be 150 feet from the sun, and ,035 in. in diameter,(less than the smallest mustard seed,)and revolving in a circle of 300 feet in diameter.

But if we extend the map to the first or nearest stars, which are 20 billions (20,000,000 000,000,) of miles distant from the sun, and allowing but one mile to one billion, thus making 20 miles on each side of the sun, the orbit of Herschell would be in due proportion contracted to 5 feet in diameter, or placed at the distance of 30 inches from the sun, Saturn 15 inches, Jupiter at the distance of 8,18 inches Mars 2,4 inches, Earth 1,58 inches, Venus at 1,13 inch, and Mercury at ,6 of an inch.—The sun in due proportion becomes, ,014161; Mercury, ,00005; Venus, ,000126; Earth, ,000133; Mars, ,000066; Jupiter, ,00148; Saturn, ,001316; Herschell, ,000583. In this scale the sun, Jupiter, Saturn, and perhaps Herschell are all that are visible to the naked eye, for a piece of gold, the ,001 of an inch square is barely visible if laid upon a black ground, consequently, Mercury, Venus, Earth and Mars, are entirely lost to our vision.

But if we contract our map twenty times, making it but two miles in diameter, so as to embrace the nearest stars, giving it but 20 billions to a mile, the orbit of Herschell is but 3 inches in diameter, or this planet is placed at the distance of 1,5 inch from the sun, Saturn ,75; Jupiter, ,2045; Mars, ,12; Earth, ,0765; Venus, ,0566; and Mercury at ,03. The diameter of these bodies is comparatively so small that the mind cannot be brought to contemplate them in this reduced scale. The true comparative diameter of the sun, is ,0005858; Mercury, ,0000025; Venus, ,00 00063; Earth, ,0000077; Mars, ,0000033; Jupiter, ,00009416; Saturn, 0000657; and Herschell, ,00002916. Our moon according to this scale, is ,0000016 of an inch in diameter, revolving in her orbit at the distance of ,0002 of an inch from the earth's centre!

If it require a map of two miles in diameter to reach the nearest star, what must be the size of that map, which, on the same scale would embrace the *Universe?* What hand would not tire, and what heart would not faint ere it had delineated even a small part of the 100 million glowing orbs which stud the blue etherial vault, and night by night show forth the glorious handiwork of Him who siteth on the circle of the heavens? To a mind that can soar aloft and converse with these brilliant spheres as they hold on their viewless way through the vast regions of space, the exclamation involuntarily rises, with which this article commences. If the groveling antiquary, would only for once turn his attention to this subject, and seriously contemplate the surpassing beauty of the heavens, "Tadmor's marble wastes," the pyramids, statues and obeliscs of Egypt, the ruined fanes of Greece, the Pantheon, and Coliseum at Rome, and even the cinder covered cities of Pompei and Herculaneum would loose their charms. With every review of this star gemed field it would gather interest, till he would become wrapt and lost in contemplating the wisdom and glory of that power who spoke these shining orbs into existence, and so nicely balanced them in their orbits that their velocity should not cause them to fly off into the unfathomable wilds of ether, nor the attraction of each other

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 of their planets, and as ours embraces 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 mines per hour, or 15 times swifter than a cannon ball; Saturn, 22 times; Jupiter, 30; Mars, 56; Earth, 68; Venus, 81, 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 1680, 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, inconsiderable 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 conquerer 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 who delights 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 wn 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 every thing 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 supposed 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 abscence or annihilation of our sun with its attendant globes would scarcely be perceived, and who can tell but what the entire obliteration of all the stars that are visible would hardly leave a blank in the sky. Then how great must be the power and wisdom of Him who "spoke, and it was done; who commanded, and it stood fast;"—at whose word the unnumbered worlds that throng space started into existence—who communicated such inconceivably rapid motion to those ponderous globes—not to injure and destroy, but for purposes of mercy; who not only guides the planets in their courses with unerring certainty, but who has numbered all the hairs of our heads, and not a sparrow can fall to the ground without his notice. Mean as we are in the comparative glory of His *works*, what are we when compared with *himself*?—We speak of each other as having great capacities, strong minds, and sound understandings. Vain thought! Has ever the man lived whose mind could soar to the limits of creation, and cope with Infinity itself? Think not of sound minds, while clogged with these bodies of clay, and chained to earth by their wants for which we are compelled to provide! But when we have passed through this scene of toil and suffering, when we are released from the bondage of sin, and washed pure in the blood of the Redeemer,

"Then shall we see, and hear, and know
All we desired, or wished below,
And all our powers find sweet employ,
In that unbounded world of joy." ATTICUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

MY THREE FRIENDS
AND THEIR THREE LETTERS.

Chapter 1.

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 was letters written in all the spirit and gaiety which characterizes the buoyant young man, and did not fail to excite my risible 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.—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 candour. 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 preface 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 retired, thoughtful habits, reserved in his manners, 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 recluse." 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 I wronged that noble heart of thine, that heart, the seat of every virtue which does honor to human nature, and which ennobles mankind. Many long years have rolled away since his decease, but I can almost fancy him before me, conversing in low tones of rich and impassioned 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 convulsed 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 eminence, wrapped in admiration at the beautiful scene before him, or what was but too often the case, alone and melancholy, a prey to morbid sensibility, which ever forced him to look on the dark side of the picture of life. He was dependent 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 revolted 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 account 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 greatest 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 routine extended, Robert Tillotson. With his gay and gentlemanly bearing, he combined a cool judgement, and prudence mixed with much solid sense; and amongst a lot of hot headed young fellows his fertility of invention in plotting schemes of mischief, and his ingenuity in executing them, made him an invaluable acquisition. Prompt in the performance of all his duties, both as scholar and companion he was generally liked, though he had been actually detected in preparing his own exercises, (by the bye Ned Blackstone was accused of being a poet,) and had once given a tutor warning by which he escaped a ducking, for so mild and inoffensive was his temper that he could not have had the heart to injure a fly. But a sudden change came over him, which, although it was then mourned over by the good fellows, has, I hope been beneficial to many. It was at the close of a day in September, and we were impatiently waiting for night to come, for a boat had been chartered, and we were all to go out on the water and return by a certain watermel on ground, &c.&c. that a messenger came to inform Tillotson that his mother was dying. He went, but I shall not attempt to describe 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 Pharisaically, for save that he was not present at our carousals, 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 became a clergyman.

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 quantities of good humor, impudence, independence, drollery and reckless daring, put them together and you have the counterpart of Dare-devil Dick. Of a stern and grave appearance, he was the best humored and most kind hearted, generous fellow I ever knew. But if it were required in the way of his profession he would slice off a man's head with as little remorse as to pull a tooth. Slovenly in his person and manners he was still a good looking sort of a fellow, and a great favourite with the fair sex.

The person to whom they wrote, (myself,) William Jackson, Esq., Justice of the Peace, was the oddest genius alive, and therefore we will dissect him no farther.

A day or two previous to leaving college, we had a meeting in our room in which the hopes of our future lives were discussed.—Ned Blackstone was serious and thoughtful, his soft touching manner even now brings tears into my old eyes. Robert Tillotson was as usual calm and serene, possessing more good sense than the whole party. Dick Cooper was loud and boisterous, and seemed to fancy himself in a fox chase, and Will Jackson, "all things to all men." I will not relate all the solemn and perhaps ridiculous promises and mystic rites of that evening; but we parted at a late hour, and never all met together again. Blackstone was to be a lawyer, Tillotson a minister, Cooper a phycian, and myself a gentleman farmer, and they all agreed to write me; the first, to give an account of his first suit; the second, of his first sermon, and the third of his first patient. These were the subjects of the three letters in question.

[*To be continued.*]

The author, Robert C. Sands, Esq., had scarcely published the following beautiful effusion, ere he too was among the "dead Cæsars, and dead Shakespeares," in those "vast dim chambers" of which he sung.—*Ed. Gem.*

From the New-York Commercial Advertiser.

THE DEAD OF 1832.

Oh Time and Death! with certain pace,
Though still unequal, hurrying on,
O'erturning in your awful race,
The cot, the palace, and the throne!

Not always in the storm of war,
Nor by the pestilence that sweeps
From the plague-smitten realms afar,
Beyond the old and solemn deeps.

In crowds the good and mighty go,
And to those vast, dim chambers hie,
Where mingled with the vile and low,
Dead Cæsars, and dead Shakespeares lie!

Dread Ministers of God! sometimes
Ye smite at once to do His will,
In all earth's ocean severed climes,
Those, whose renown you cannot kill.

When all the brightest stars that burn,
At once are banished from their spheres;
Men sadly ask when shall return
Such lustre to our coming years?

For where is he (*a*)—who lived so long—
Who raised the modern Titan's ghost,
And showed *his* fate in powerful song,
Whose soul for Learning's sake was lost!

Where he—who backward to the birth
Of time itself adventurous trod,
And in the mingled mass of earth
Found out the handiwork of God? (*b*)

Where's he—who in the mortal Head (*c*)
Ordained to gaze on Heaven, could trace
The soul's vast features, that should tread
The stars, when earth is nothingness?

Where he—who struck old Albyn's lyre,(*d*)
Till round the earth its echoes roll,
And swept with all a Prophet's fire,
The diapason of the soul?

Where he—who read the mystic lore,(*e*)
Buried, where buried Pharaohs sleep,
Who dared presumptuous to explore
Secrets four thousand years could keep?

Where he—who with a poet's eye (*f*)
Of truth, on lowly nature gazed,
And made even so did poverty
Classic, when in his numbers glazed?

Where that old sage, so hale and staid, (*g*)
The greatest good sought hard to find:
Who in his garden mused, and made
All forms of rules for all mankind?

And thou—whom millions far removed(*h*)
Revered—the hierarch meek and wise—
Thy ashes sleep, adored, beloved,
Near where thy Wesley's coffin lies.

He too, the Heir of Glory—where
Hath great Napoleon's action fled?
Ah! glory goes not to an heir!
Take him, ye noble, vulgar dead!

But hark! a nation sighs, for he (*i*)
Last of the brave, who perilled all
To make an infant empire free,
Obeys the inevitable call!

They go—and with them is a crowd,
For human rights who *thought* and *did*,
We rear to them no temples proud,
Fach 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.—(*b*) Cuvier.—(*c*)Spurzheim.—(*d*) Scott.—(*e*)Champollion.—(*f*)Crabbe.—(*g*)Jeremy Bentham.—(*h*)Adam Clarke.—(*i*)Charles Carroll.

LAFITTE, 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 grapling our vessel. His decks exhibiting a motley assemblage of ferocious looking villains, black, white, and yellow, whose horrid imprecations and oaths were enough to appal the bravest heart, as repulsed from our bulwarks in their attempts to board it 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 wavering when a fellow threw himself on board from the piratical 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? 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 wo'd 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 tumbled 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 wielded the sabre 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 blak dog: I wont 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 skilful manœuvers 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 migh read the Assembly's Catechism through you."

At this instant another vessel which was within o few miles at the commencement of the struggle, and which as soon as the firing commenced, hap approached us rapidly, now neared us sufficiently to enable us to discover, that, like the vessel with which we were already engaged, she was a pirate. When she was within fifty yards of us, her crew gave a shout which was instantly echoed from our first assailant, and our decks were again crowded with the motley crew of the desperadoes.

"There is but one alternative," said Capt. Bowden to me; "we must either conquer or die;—our situation is indeed desperate; but it cannot be so bad as to be hopeless."

So saying he put himself at the head of the few men he had remaining—and few indeed they were; for of the brave men who were so cheerful and happy in the morning, but six or eight were left—the rest lay mixed with the foes who were piled in slaughtered heaps around us. Charge was murderous, and the screams of the wounded and groans of dying were heard above the dash of the waters, the din of the conflict, or the shouts of the combatants.

The time was quickly turned, and the deck was on the point of being speedily cleared, when a figure of the most athletic appearance, his face covered with blood from a sabre wound in his head, around which a handkerchief was tightly bound, and his features distorted with rage, sprung from the deck of our first opponent and sabre in hand rushed upon Capt. Bowden.

"Curse on your cowardice!" cried he to his followers; "shall two men drive you to the devil? If you want the whole prize, fight; if not, wait till you are obliged to share it with Lafitte."

The conflict was terrible. As Anson endeavored to parry a blow aimed at Capt. Bowden, the buccanier by a sudden wheel of his sabre severed his shoulder from his body—I was covered with his blood— and, giving a single groan he fell lifeless at my feet

"Poor fellow!" thou shalt not die unrevenged," I cried, and closed with his murderer. By a violent effort, and before he could save himself from my impetuous attack, I had dashed him to the deck and was on the point of transfixing him with my sabre, when my feet, which were wet with blood, slipped, and I fell upon my antagonist. He was too much injured by the fall to be able to avail himself of the advantage my accident had given him,—but I was instantly seized by a half a dozen of the pirates, and should have been speedily sacrificed had not Captain Bowden thrown himself among them, and with his death-dealing 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 only 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 musquetry 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 slain 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 hopelessness of desperation, and pressed my assailant so closely that he found himself unable to resist the assault, when by an unlucky blow my sabre was snapped in a dozen pieces, and I stood before him unarmed and defenceless. Baring my bosom, I inwardly commended myself to my maker, and told him to strike; but to my surprise he dropped the point of his weapon, and, looking me earnestly in the face as he wiped the blood from his brow, exclaimed:—"Not when unarmed, brave men honor the brave—you are safe—remember Lafitte!" And I instantly recognised him as the person who had so strongly attracted my attention while on our voyage from New Orleans to the English Turn.

'Who it is preaches safety?' exclaimed a voice half choked with rage, and in tones that made me shudder; "may damnation seize me if he shall not atone with his blood for the murder of my brother!" So saying, he fired a pistol which would have shattered my brains had not Lafitte by an instan taneous and dexterous movement of his sabre thrown the pistol in the air when the assassin was in the act of firing, by which means I was preserved, although I was so near that my face was severely burnt by the discharge.

"Were it not Laborde," said Lafitte, "that I apprehend the injury on your head has made you raving, this act of rebellion to my authority would be your last—but be careful how you tempt my forbearance too far."

"Cowardly miscreant!" cried Laborde; "you think to rob me of my victim; but should hell, with all its legions, appear arrayed against me, I would be revenged—I will be revenged—this vessel is my prize, this sabre shall keep possession, and this sabre shall revenge my brother."

"Touch but the hair of this man's head to injure him," answered Lafitte in a voice which showed he was accustomed to command, "and your life shall answer for the crime."

"I care not for your threats—I bid defiance to your power; this fellow dies, nor shall heaven or hell prevent," cried Laborde, as he flew at me with his sabre, but found his progress arrested by the Herculean strength of Lafitte.

"Here," said the latter, calling some of his crew; take this fellow and secure him in his vessel till he becomes more rational, and his rage has time to cool, or by the powers above he dies!— my authority shall not be trifled with."

He was seized and by main strength dragged towards his ship struggling and roaring like a mad bull, when by a sudden exertion he freed his arms, plunged a dagger to the heart of one of those who was endeavoring to secure him, and before Lafitte, who was giving some orders about clearing the vessels, was aware of his approach, he received a blow upon the head which dropped him stunned and senseless to the deck. Lafitte's sabre flew from his hand and fell at my feet, and before Laborde could reach me I was ready to receive him as he rushed upon his devoted prey with the fury of a tiger.

"Now, accursed wretch, thou shalt die!—Lafitte himself cannot save the!" cried Laborde, his eyes flashing fire, his features distorted with rage, and yelling like a maniac.

His ungovernable 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 wretches had not Lafitte at that moment recovered his feet and stilled 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—scattering peach trees—and luxuriant vines, were to be seen, which contrasted strongly with the few miserable huts which formed the establishment of these outlaws of civilization; this congregated mass of refuge from every nation under heaven. Plunder, assassination and murder were here legalized; power formed the only law, and every species of iniquity was here carried to an extent of which no person who had not witnessed a similar den of pollution could form the most distant idea. In this place, which as one of the pirates themselves observed, "was a hell upon earth and well stocked with devils of all ranks and degrees," were to be seen a few women who vied with the men in trampling on all decency and decorum, and whose language and manners were a compound of all the vileness, profanity and obscenity which could be collected from the wretches with whom they associated. If my first impressions were unfavorable, subsequent observation did nothing towards removing them.—The crews of the piratical vessels when landed, and a division had been made of the plunder, commenced a scene of intoxication, gambling, quarreling and murder, which still chills my blood to remember, and which the sabre of Lafitte was sometimes required to subdue. He alone seemed to possess any command over his passions, and his voice was never heard among them in vain;—while he shared the danger equally with the meanest sailor, whatever was acquired was divided among them with the most scrupulous exactness, and his influence over them was great and their confidence in him unbounded.

Nearly three weeks passed away, and although I never suffered any contumely or insults from the pirates, and Lafitte always treated me in the most respectful manner, frequently requesting me to give myself no uneasiness, as whatever loss in property I might have sustained on board the Cleopatra I should receive an ample compensation, still I felt my situation irksome in the extreme: My anxiety was observed by Lafitte.

"I see," said he, you are anxious to leave us; I do not wish to detain you, for such company cannot be agreeable. Be patient a few days longer and I will enable you to depart in safety; would to heaven that I too could accompany you!"

"And why can you not?" I answered, "why should you hesitate? Such a life as this—one unvarying round of danger, fatigue and crime, surely can possess no charms to a man whose every action proves that he was born to a nobler, a better fate!"

"How," said he, "can the notorious Lafitte, the chief of pirates, the commander of outlaws, the companion of murderers, the man whose very name carries terror from Carthagena to Havanna, mix with the society of civilized men? Would the laws be silent? Would not the sword of justice leap from its scabbard at the very mention of my name? And these men, 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 only 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 into the pale of society;—it is because I would willingly set my life on the hazard of a shot to free myself from the misfortune which have followed close upon my heels ever since I had an existence, that you find me a pirate—a native of Barataria."

"If 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 enlisted 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 was 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 recal to my bosom scenes which have wrung my heart to its centre."

To be Continued.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE RULING THOUGHT

IN DANGER'S HOUR.

Air——The Mill, Mill O.

In night's thick gloom, in lonely barque,
The heaving seas have tosst me,
Despair my own, till hope's sweet spark,
In tender radiance crossed me.
All night I've heard, on rock-girt coast,
The desert waters breaking;
But one sad thought oppressed me most,
Wild apprehension waking.

With Ocean's roar—the wilder moan
Of night wiuds sighing sadly—
The rent ship's creak—the seaman's groan,
My cries I mingled madly;
Implored the spirits down the deep,
Far, far beneath the billow,
Their watery vigils there they keep,
The ocean's bed their pillow!

With bursting heart invoked the main,
The winds implored to aid me;
And when I asked the storm in vain,
Found fresh despair upbraid me.
One withering pang my bosom wrung,
None other could alarm me;
This scorpion thought my torn breast stung,
Nought else had power to harm mee.

'T was not that I was far from shore,
With death-fiends gathering round me;
The aspect wild, the water's wore,
Was not the thought that bound me.
My tender babes would on me call,
My widowed one would languish,
My aged dear friends, should I fall,
Mingh sink with sudden anguish.

Batavia, Jan. 1833. SIMONIDES.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

MOSES IN THE BULLRUSHES.

My doomed one, thy father's looks are on thee,
For thou art bright and fair,
Yet Pharaoh's curse rests bitterly upon thee,
Thou of the golden hair.

How can a mother drink this wretched cup?
And cast her infant on the tossing wave,
My only boy, how can I give thee up—
God of the Hebrew, save!

His fragile bare is floating on the Nile,
His feeble wail is fainting fast away,
God of my fathers, spare him yet awhile—
Bid the deep waters stay!

That prayer was heard by Mercy's ear above;
That mother clasped her boy with accents wild,
And as she prayed for her poor trembling dove,
She gave to God, hor own dear, darling child.

ROSAMOND.

FOR THE GEM.

ANSWER ME MAIDEN.

Answer me maiden, and tell me true!
Wilt thou leave thy home, and the kindred few
Of thy Father's house—its courtly halls,
And bid adieu to those ancient walls?
Wilt thou from thy mother and sisters come—
From thy childhood's nourished and happy home—
Wilt thou leave them all some happy hour,
And go with me to the bridal bower?

Wilt thou come, as thy childhood's years are past,
And thy yonthful days are fleeting fast;
Wilt thou come from the busy throng and gay,
Ere the bloom of thy youth shall pass away—
Wilt thou flee from the wide world's passing gaze,
And leave for a while its sports and plays,
And go in the pride of thy bridal dress,
With me to the altar of happiness?

Wilt thou come with thy laughing eye, along,
With thy blooming cheek and voice of song;
With a joyful heart, and lively pace,
Wilt thou come with all thy youthful grace—
Wilt thou come some day when all is fair,
And go with me to the altar, where
Shall be sealed our vows of constancy,
To dwell for aye in unity. A. A

ORIGINAL.

ELIZA'S PLAINT.

Oh! 'tis hard, my heart complains,
And sinks with grief oppressed,
In vain I strive to sooth the pains,
That wound my bosom's rest.

The sigh unheeded bursts aloud,
And tears know no restraint,
Surcharged my eyes, my cheeks bedewed,
An orphan's is my plaint.

Now doomed to traverse a wide world,
And toil for daily bread,
My tender heart is tempest whirl'd
And social pleasures fled.

Pensive alone. the live long day,
I sit in thought forlorn,
No shadowy pleasure passes by,
Nor aught my sighs return.

Like pilgrim on some dreary coast,
Whose bark by tempests whirl'd,
In lonely solitude is cast,
An exile frnm the world.

Oh! haste this dreary cloud away,
And let the morning come,
When I shall sing the gladsome lay,
And hail my native *home.*

Hudson, Prospect Hill, Aug. 12, 1806. ELIZA.

THE SENTIMENTALIST.----NO. 1

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

FORMALITY.

I am no advocate of Formality. I look upon it as a barrier to good society, and social pleasantry. True it flatters a man's pride, particularly if he get a card written on pink paper "Miss M——'s compliments to Mr. J——," but for all that it induces a certain stiffness in society I am not pleased with.

"Well, who was at the party last evening?"

"Oh, Miss M. and Miss C. &c. &c., and another very fine lady that I wanted to speak to, but she was a stranger, and I had not received an introduction."

"And so you sat by her all the evening, saying nothing, because, forsooth some one had not said, Miss ———, Miss B."

"Well, you know I like formality."

Yes, there are some who like formality, but give me an open hearted freedom, particularly in the social circle, and your formal man may seek somewhere else for what pleases him.—What if a man does not come up to the mark which Lord Chesterfield has made, is he the less qualified for admission into society?—What if his bow be not so stiff and formal, or the shape of his hand so precise or his speech so particular. I like the honest bluntness that makes him perfectly at home, wherever he is.

and others feel members of the same household. I have known small parties of young people sit together for hours—making occasionally a sage remark or a wise comment on the weather, and not a smile relax their sober features. And why did they so? It was for formality's sake. This is quite unlike the honest simplicity of primeval days, when Jacob kissed Rachel at the well, or Adam and Eve strolled hand in hand through the pleasing bowers of paradise. Formality would spurn at Wm. Penn, as he sat in the presence of the king with his hat on, or at our own Ben. Franklin, when his first salutation to the queen of France, was a Yankee smack upon the cheek. But I hate formality, and for the sake of society on earth, which the Lord knows we want as tolerable as we can have it, I say down with your stiff and rigid formality.

Brockport, Jan. 1st, 1833. E. W. H. E.

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 think 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 "Alas! they are nothing but pearls."

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

Gocthe.—A medal to commemorate this celebrated writer, has been struck at Berlin.—On the obverse is his portrait, an excellent likeness; and on the reverse a swan bearing him towards heaven with a lyre on his left arm, and his right stretched to the starry firmament.—The moto is "Ad astra rediit d. 22d March, 1832."

It seems from our police report that a girl, named *Pearl*, was brought before a magistrate by and officer, named *garnet*. This is very much upon the principle of "diamond cut diamond."—*Cam. Mail.*

"Sir. I shall fine you for not wearing a white cravat with your academic dress," said a strict disciplinarian to an unfortunate freshman, on a raw morning in January. "Fine me! I assure you sir, my cravat is white." "How can you say so sir, do I not see that it is blue." "O sir it was white when I put it on this morning, but it looks blue from the cold."

Should we to destroy error, compell it to silence? No. How then? Let it talk on.—Error obscure in itself is rejected by every sound understanding, when once perceived. If time has not given it credit, and it be not favoured by government, it cannot bear the eye of examination. Reason will ultimately direct wherever it be freely exercised.

A learned Irish judge, among other peculiarities, had a habit of begging pardon on every occasion. On his circuit, a short time since, his favourite expression was employed in a singular manner. At the close of the assize, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him, that he had not passed sentence of death on one of the criminals, as he had intended. "Dear me!" said his lordship, "*I really beg his pardon*—bring him in."

Chinese Proverbs.—A woman that is never spoken of, is most praised. Modesty is female courage. A girl that frequently blushes, knows why. Women's tongues are swords that never rust. While cooks disagree, every thing cooks or burns. Conscience is the truest looking-glass. When we stumble, our foot is faultless.

The following answer to a piece of poetry "to a Deaf and Dumb Girl," which we published in the 20th number of the 4th vol. of the Gem, at the 160th 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 heart to sigh
That mine should be a speechless tongue!
Nor has the tear bedimned mine eye,
When round me other voices rung
In strains of loveliness, while I
Was listless, as though nought was sung;
I knew 'twas beautiful, but still
I bowed submissive to HIS will

I may not hear the nightingale,
In plaintive lay at evening's hour;
I may not wander in the vale,
And prattle to each op'ning flow'r
Nor note the sigh or sadd'ning wail,
Of those that feel affliction's pow'r,
But though thou think'st that sad I be,
Earth hath a thousand charms for me.

Think'st though I know not passion's glow,
The quivering lip, the glancing eye?
'Tis true that I may never know
The soft breath'd vow, the deep drawn sigh;
Yet I may see the big tear flow,
Or note the bosom beating high,
And feel, though lips may not express,
That Earth hath forms of loveliness.

And know I not when anger burns
And boils tumultuous in the breast?
Nor see the frown of age that spurns
The hated one that would infest?
Nor mark the eye that wildly turns
And flashes fury on the rest?
And thinkst thou that I may not feel
The passions that o'er others steal.

I said, that Earth hath forms to love,
And many a joy this side the grave,
The gems beneath, the stars above,
The Ocean with its cloud-capt wave,
The tow'ring mount, and shady grove,
The streamlets that each valley lave;
But oh! I love the hand of Heave'n
That hath not *all* my senses riv'n.

The best court of equity is a good conscience.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

The Season.—Summer lingers in the embrace of winter, for while we write, the bright sunbeams flash in our eyes, and the warm rays strike through the window and bid us forget the trouble of stoves and cloaks. A glance at the streets, however, warns us to remember the overshoes when we go out, for the mild ray, while it comforts us at our table, balances the account with a muddy street. But after all, is not this "variety the very spice of life?" Is not the storm shorn of its terrors by the contemplation of a 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 bower, and thousands of boyant spirits shall come forth "to dance upon the joyous earth."

"I'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 sat upon his brow—it appeared like the bow of promise. Four years afterwards we saw that man again. But he had lied!—The distended veins of his blood shot eye, and the livid hue of his bloated cheek told how fearfully he had lied! Intemperance, with her hundred eyes looked out amidst the rags that half clad his body, and seemed to exult that she had taken the place of that youthful promise. *Then* 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 accursed ranks of Intemperance. How st angel that the ruin of two could not have nerved him to the performance of that promise!

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 discontinued their papers, and others have been compelled to call at the office for them, or send for them as opportunities present. We have borne this already too long, and hereafter 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 edifice, presuming many will be wanted by our village friends we have printed a number of copies neatly upon a separate sheet, with the description, 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. M. Mr. H. will act as agent for the Gem, if any of our friends in that quarter are desirous to add their names to our list.

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EDWIN SCRANTOM.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

VOLUME 5.] ROCHESTER, FEBRUARY 23, 1833. [NUMBER 5.

LAFITTE, OR THE BARATARIAN CHIEF.

Continued from our last.

"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. If to be born of honest, industrious and respectable parents be an advantage, that advantage I enjoyed: if to be born of parents destitute of wealth, and compelled by misfortune to use every exertion to support a helpless and dependant family be a disadvantage, that disadvantage I have suffered. One of my earliest impressions, and 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 respectability, who, when on a visit to my father's noticed with pleasure my playfulness, repartee and 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—they 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 giving me a single unpleasant word during the whole time I resided under his benevolent and hospitable roof.

"I had now reached my nineteenth year; and my uncle made me proposals of establishing me in business on my own account, if I chose, generously offering to furnish me with whatever capital I might require; but observing at the same time that if it was agreeable to me, he should prefer having me continue at the head of the establishment with whom I was so well acquainted, as it was his intention to retire from business, in favor of his son—and nothing would please him more than to see us together advancing the interest he had labored to acquire and promote. I assured the good man that nothing could be more gratifying to me than such an arrangement, and that his pleasure should always be a law to me; while I flattered myself that I had secured the great object of my wishes, wealth and happiness.

"At this juncture my uncle received intelligence respecting mercantile houses in Charleston, with whom he was engaged in extensive transactions, that made it necessary for me to repair immediately to that place—and no time was lost in making preparations for my departure. I sailed for Charleston, reached that city in safety—accomplished the business of my mission, transmitted an account of my success to my uncle through the post office; and, while waiting with impatience the sailing of the vessel which was to convey me to the place where my fondest wishes were concentrated, I was seized by the fever of the country, which raged with such violence that I was entirely deprived of my reason; and for weeks the friends with whom I resided despaired of my recovery. A strong constitution, however, enabled me to survive the attack, and after some time, gleams of returning recollection and reason began to shoot across my bewildered imagination and memory. The first that I can distinctly recollect was a strong impression 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 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 retired 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 mirth 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 malavia 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 ascendancy over my whole soul that the thought that returning health, much as I desired it, would but hasten my seperation 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. Mornton'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 ascendancy 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 his 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 Mornton.—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 ill 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 as stately as if he thought of nothing less than Catholic Cathedrals, London Monuments, or Egyptian Pyramids. Now 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 paralell in beauty and loveliness to Mary—

"Stop," said she, interrupting him: 'not another word of your European gallantry: remember that Mary Mornton is a plain American girl, unaccustomed to compliments, and upon whom all these 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.—and 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 tiresome to you; and with your leave I will bid you good evening.

'You must not,' I replied, eagerly taking her by the hand and reseating 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 as 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 Mornton 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

mistaken: 'Never, never Mary Mornton consent to receive that man for a husband—death would be a preferable bridegroom!'

'But who will blame George for endeavoring 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 rather 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 apprehensive 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 my happiness—and forgive me for doubting it after the proofs I have already received—only say that the most ardent attachment of a person as unworthy as I am would not be viewed 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 never have been in the habit of dissembling 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 Mary 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 Garnetts', with whom George & Miss Hanson 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 almost forgot the air of a man "who had seen vastly fine things in his day."

"He soon seated himself by me. "Mortimer," 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 something of a temptation to suffer, if we could be certain of having the hours cheered by the attendance 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 crimsoned my countenance; but, I instantly regained my composure without appearing to notice the manner in which the words were spoken, I replied 'I believed he must be mistaken; for although I was a stranger, and felt most sensibly the favors which had been conferred 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 acquaintance.'

'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 permitted 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 on the sofa, while Miss Hanson placed herself beside me, and, with her usual gaiety and volubility, commenced a conversation. But a few minutes however elapsed before a servant entered with a message requesting Mary to return immediately, as her mother had been taken seriously ill since we had left home. The carriage was immediately ordered: and Mary took the advantage of the momentary absence of Mr. Hanson to request me to spend the afternoon where I then was.

'I shall obey you,' I replied, 'though unwillingly.'

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

'Ah! Mortimer,' said she as we seated ourselves 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 circumstances 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 remembered with feelings of the purest delight; and, though I am compelled to leave them now, they will never be effaced from my recollection.'

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 impression 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 favorable impressions on my mind with regard to its inhabitants, and would ever be remembered with gratitude.'

'Is that the only emotion which will be excited 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 sway; for here I feel more under the influence of my passions than my judgment.'

'You appear determined,' said she, smiling, '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,—perhaps 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 when she threw her arms around my neck as she finished speaking, her snowy 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 vermillion 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 recollection 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 uncontrolable; and you must forgive me for saying that you have addressed me on a subject of which I as yet know nothing, except that I shall always remember with pleasure the happy hours I have spent in your company; 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 then 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 every thing: what would the world say—what would her parents say, should the rich, the gay and the accomplished Annette Hanson throw herself away on a stranger, friendless and homeless.'

'Say not,' said she, '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 which I in vain have sued. Be that as it may, I trust you will be happy.' She burst into tears and sobbed aloud.

'Lovely girl,' said I, 'my heart bleeds for you: O, cease those tears—I am unworthy of you—forget me—let some more deserving youth share that worth which kings might be proud to possess.'

My feelings at that moment were indescribable. Most sincerely did I sympathize with her—I could hardly forbear weeping. At this instant George entered the room: he looked at us 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. 2

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 abberations, from the path of virtue in mankind, but upon ingratitude with none. 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 fang of the soul which a fiend 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, hand in hand, they are to be seen stalking over the land, and withering, as by a subtle poison, the fair prospect before them. Desolation 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 remnants 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 the great Julius Cesar 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 *thou* Brutus?' and yielded himself to the murderous stroke. 'This,' in the language of Mark Anthony,

"was the unkindest cut of all:
For the noble Cesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him; then burst his mighty heart;
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cesar fell."

And yet there are few, perhaps, in the world, who cannot recollect 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 distract 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.

E. W. H. E.

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.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

MY THREE FRIENDS
AND THEIR THREE LETTERS.

Chapter 2.

College remembrances, college joys and college friends, had began to grow dim and less distinct. I had retired to my old mansion, when, between reading sleeping, eating, hunting, farming and lectioneering (and I may add lovemaking for I had began to have a kind of predilection for the *airy, roomy* dwelling of my neighbor, when his daughter was at home, and a most sovereign contempt for its *blank and cheerless* walls when she was absent,) I contrived to pass away my time cheerfully, pleasantly, and perhaps usefully.

Going one morning to the post-office on my way to a public meeting, I called for my favorite political paper, "The Democratic Jeffersonian Republican Hornblower, and Anti-Federal Bruiser." What was my delight to behold a letter directed to me in the neat hand writing of Robert Tillotson, and postmarked "Closedale." You may be sure I started directly for home regardless of every thing but my letter, even stuffing my invaluable "Hornblower and Bruiser" rudely into my breeches pocket, and went into my parlor with orders not to be disturbed. Breaking seal I read as follows:

CLOSEDALE, Oct. 18.

Dear absent friend Will:

"When shall we *two* meet again"—Perhaps never, but still our *hands* can speak tho' our *lips* cannot; but I hope the day is not far distant when we can meet and converse "of joys departed never to return." You will perceive by the name at the head of my letter that I have left Princeton; and I have passed the ordeal. I have preached I hope not unworthily before the general assembly—not unworthily before the people, and I hope, dear Will, not unworthily in the sight of my Almighty Father. I say *not unworthily* because *He* has enabled me by his divine blessing to preach repentance and a dying Saviour to guilty sinners with almost supernatural energy. My first sermon was preached as I have before stated before the assembly but as I suppose you meant my first sermon before a congregation, I give you the history of that.—I confess Will (you see I address you familiarly as I formerly did) that the thought of preaching before a vast assembly had somewhat daunted me, but I asked the divine aid of *Him* who rules winds and waves, and the turbulent passions of man, of *Him* who gave eloquence to Moses, and who out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast ordained praise—I was comforted and calm. It remained for me to choose a passage of scripture for a text. I had been thinking of you and Dr. Cooper, and poor Ned Blackstone one morning till my spirits was sad and I felt almostalone in the world. Opening the New Testament I accidentally lighted on the beautiful and touching passage

where Paul parted from his church at Ephesus Acts 20 ch. 38 vs. "Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spoke that they could see his face no more." Struck with the remarkable coincidence I determined to address my flock from that verse. The Sabbath at length arrived at the first summons of the bell I prepared to set out. It was a clear but not hot day in August, and I felt at peace with all mankind. Although I arrived at the church at an early hour it was already filled, such had been the anxiety "to see the new minister." I had felt calm and placid till I arrived at the door, but my knees smote together with anxiety, and I trembled excessively, as I walked up the broad aisle, and I was so completely exhausted when I reached the pulpit that I sank into a chair almost overcome, and my feelings were not a little heightened by the loud whispers of certain considerate matrons "how feeble and pale he looks," and the remarks of my younger hearers "what a solemn countenance."

"But reflections darted through my mind, and inspired me with confidence. Am I not dishonoring the service of my Divine Master by trembling in the presence of my fellow men, while doing the errand of *Him* that sent me?"

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 dishonor *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 which heralds of the Gospel have been ever exposed in the service of their *Master*. I painted the character of a minister as it should be, "wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove," taking with him in his voyage through this vale of tears, neither purse, nor scrip, nor money, and desiring not the applause of men of the excellence of that doctrine which taught its servants to despise the things of this world in that manner &c. Going slowly out of church after service, some of my hearers took me by the hand, the rest formed about the door discussing the merits of the sermon and the minister, the prospects with respect to fruit &c. "Don't exactly like the *sarment* though," growled, or rather coughed out Deacon Grumble "fine youth, though I guess not hardly *powerless* enough though." "Sartin! Sartin! Deacon 'twas *jist* no *sarment* at all" echoed a youthful aspirant to the and of the Deacon's daughter. "How beautiful and touching and what a fine speaker" said a fair looking little 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 Closedale, 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 "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, Esq.

My friend is still pastor of the church where he was installed more than twenty years since; a true emblem of the pious worthy and faithful Divine. About a year after the date of the above letter, he married the lady who so liked his sermon, and person, and he writes me that he enjoys uninterrupted happiness, which I can believe from what I have seen of his household arrangements.

I receive letters from him regularly twice a year, and I as much expect the return of winter and summer, as I do the two letters, all filled with sound sense, genuine piety and practical wisdom. A university has conferred on him the degree D. D. but he has declined the honor, deeming it inconsistent with his christian profession to have high-sounding titles.

To be Continued.

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 lighter in this stage of life than the preceding, none will pretend; but after learning from experience in former life, the mutability of all things earthly, and that disappointment is the common and almost constant lot of man, we will be better prepared to meet, and when right, to oppose the sea of trouble in after times. But we all know that misfortunes, (so we name them) are often laid upon us, which human wisdom could neither foresee or avert, and in this case calm resignation, cheerful courage, and a firm confidence in Him who orders all things right, certainly becomes us.—In our younger days we know not the best manner to secure happiness, and are often disappointed, and our plans frustrated; this causes our angry passions to rise and spoil the present 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.

Progression 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

"Beware of desperate steps; the darkest day
Live 'till to-morrow, will have pass'd away,"

and the sun shine on our path again, with its enlivening rays cheering us in every duty. 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 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

"Govern our passions with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as life wears away."

Greece, Feb. 1833. F. L. S.

A LEEKER.

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 narrations which a sailor loves so well to recount.—My tall friend, Jack Liston, had just taken his preparatory quid, and, with his tarpaulin a little askew, upon locks which had long scorned all aid from shears, was about commencing the story of an adventure, which befel him upon the lakes.

"Did I ever tell you, Mr. Reeve," 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

leave out an occasionol expletive, with which he garnished the narration, as no way necessary to the thread of the discourse.

"Ay, Sir, you're but a chicken of a lad, Mr Reeve, officer though you be; and, therefore, I'm bound to respect you, by Jove, and like you, too; and yet we lost a fine lad at the time I am telling you of, not much bigger than your ownself. Likely he was, too, and we all loved the boy. More's the pity he went aloft so soon." Here Jack reverently touched the edge of his tarpaulin. "For my own part I was somehow born a sort of a sailor, and have handled marlin-spikes ever since I was big enough to lift one, and so, you see, may be supposed to know something of these matters. But this, that I am going to tell you, is true as preaching, and it come to pass, while I was at Sacket's Harbor, in the days of Commodore Chauncy, who was captain of that shore.—You see, my lads, the Commodore, who was always on the look-out, had, some how or other, (for our boats were flying here, there, and every where, over the lake,—which is more, by the way, like a great sea than it is like a pond,—on the watch for what they could pick up adrift,) —I say, the Commodore had discovered that the enemy had a fine brig on the stocks, just ready to be launched, at a harbor on the other side; Presque Isle, I think they call it, or some such Frenchified name. A tight little craft she was, and fourteen guns they said she was to mount; for we had not then given them enough of it, and they were trying us on every tack, to see if they could not run us under at last. Mr. Bull, who is the king of that country, my lads, kept a sharp look-out for her night and day. But howsoever," and here Jack lightened the strain of his nether integuments," we sometimes managed to overreach the old fellow, as you shall hear. Lieutenant Gregory,(as fine a sailor as ever stepped, Sir, and a real gentleman, every inch of him,) did not, by any means, like the idea of seeing this brig afleet; and so he petitioned the Commodore for men enough to cut her out and burn her, as she stood, stock and fluke. Every body, as I am told, thought it was a desperate sort of undertaking; for, besides the watch kept by old Bull's people, near the vessel, there were two forts to be passed before you could run into this same harbor, of which I am telling. But the Lieutenant was none of your half-way sort of fresh-water landlubbers, and so he finally got the Commodore's leave. I remember, very well, that one day he came down to us, and it was well towards night, too, and 'My boys,' says he,' are there any stout lads here, that would like to go with me on a little bit of service?' I believe that every man on the station would have followed him any where, and a hundred and fifty said at once that they were up to any that he was in for. He only wanted thirty of us, howsoever, and I am proud to say that I was one that he picked. Well, as soon as it was a little dark, we pulled out of the harbor in the sixteen-oared barge, and every man had his pistols in his belt and his cutlass ready. We were still enough you may rely, for the Lieutenant had bid us keep quiet, and we rowed round the outer fort and, nobody minded us. Our oars were muffled, to be sure, and the night was as black as a wolf's mouth; but we picked our way along by the lights ashore, and the moon began to break through the clouds a little just as we pulled under the brig's stern. We heard the sodger a-pacing the deck; but how to get quietly on board of her was hard to tell. We judged her hold to be full of light-stuff, and if we could but once get fire to that, it wasn't likely she'd float in a hurry. After a while one of our hands, and who should it be but Tom Dixon, (a nimble lad was Tom too,) said he thought he could throw a rope over her davit, and so climb over her stern without notice.

Up he did get too, Tom,—and while the Sentinel's back was turned, he crept along under the lee of her quarter-boards and managed in this bo-peep fashion, to get a match down her hatches, and then back into the boat again, and nobody the wiser. There we lay quiet as lambs, you may suppose till we saw the smoke, just a small bit of a rising, that you wouldn't mind, without you were looking for it; and then we pulled her softly enough to a little distance. But when the flame did burst up in a long stream of fire, and showed us the whole harbour as bright as day, and the sleepy fellow on her deck came to his wits, at last,—'Now for it lads,' says Gregory, and we gave three cheers, and I tell you we pulled our prettiest.

Our friends along shore were soon wide awake, and the guns at one of the forts opened upon us merrily.—But not one of their shot touched us, and we were doing mighty well, when two or three ugly looking crafts, put off from the land. 'Give way my hearts,' says the Lieutenant—and pull we did. There was no fear of two of them, for we distanced them easy enough; but the biggest one of the whole three came down upon us in grand style, my boys, with ten sweeps of a side. She carried a swivel on her bows, and that she kept playing at us right sharp; but never a shot came near us; and we should soon have distanced her, too, for our pull was a mighty strong one, if they hadn't let slip one shot that made the splinters fly alongside and cut the blades off six of our oars, clean by the board.

When we found that nothing better was to be done, we gave three cheers again and lay still. A pleasant sight it was, as you'll see in a summer's day; for besides the moon overhead, the blaze of the brig on fire gleamed across the lake, and there we stood, Sir, ready to take it, rough and tumble. 'Be steady boys,' says Mr. Gregory; and every man said, 'Ay, ay, Sir,' in a sort of under tone, that, low as it was, was clear enough to echo over the still water; and then not a sound could be heard, but the steady plash of the Englishman's long sweeps, and the distant noise of the people ashore by the brig. We were thirty men, as I told you before, besides the two officers and the coxswain in the stern-sheets; and every man had his pistol in one hand and his cutlass in the other. Well she came up bravely Sirs, her crew swearing like so many devils; for I suppose they did not much like the trick we had played them; and the first throw of her grapple struck the midshipman on the head, poor lad, and killed him dead enough. It's well it was not you, Mr. Reeve.

"Very well, Jack," I remarked.

"A stout sea boat she was, Sir, and manned twice as strong as we were; but that is nothing here nor there, for we you see, was more than twice as able. As soon as she hauled in alongside, we gave them our pistol balls first, powder and all, and then we let them have the pistols themselves at their heads, and took to our cutlasses as soon as might be. Her gunwale touched our own, and I imagine for ten or fifteen minutes, we had pretty sharp work of it. After the first half-a-dozen blows, my own cutlass snapped short over a poor fellow's head and I reached over the gunwale and took his hanger out of his hand, as he lay. You may judge Sir, we were none of us idle, for they soon cried enough of it, and in half an hour, more or less, we had her safe and sound at Sackett's Harbor. And that you see, is pretty much all I know, about the long, and the short of it."

Was the brig entirely consumed, Jack? I enquired.

"Down to the very ways Sir, so they said, not a timber head left of her worth saving."

"But Liston, said I, did you get no reward for such a valuable piece of service."

"Why Sir, the Commodore wrote to the Secretary, as I'm informed; and he thanked us all round; but as we seldom saw the newspapers, I cannot say certainly."

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 for the object specified below or an assemblage 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 rightly 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 divine assistance, and for a blessing on our efforts, for the immediate conversion of our children: also that God would glorify himself by rendering them eminently useful in the Church. It is desirable that the last meeting 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 they 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 persevereingly to restrain them from every course 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.

OUR ADVERTISEMENT.

☞ That our editorial brethren may not be troubled further by inserting the notice advertising this establishment for sale, we would say that the sale has been effected, & that the new incumbent will enter upon his duties about the middle of March. It may be well, however, to state, that the present proprietor will be continued as *Editor*, and that the office under the new proprietor will be extended and greatly improved. We are quite happy in being able to say that the change is just such an one as every friend to the Gem will like, viz: it is a change *for the better.*

☞ To the question which has been sent to us from agents and subscribers, viz: "When do you want your pay for Vol. 5th," we answer, by the close of the first Quarter.

☞ *The Present Volume.*—It gives us pleasure to state that we have an increasing subscription, and that every thing appears flattering. We made a promise that Vol. 5, should surpass any of the preceding Volumes, and are full in the belief that that promise will be performed. We owe many thanks to a large class of *old friends*, who have been shoulder to shoulder with us for years. We will always remember them with gratitude.

In a certain neighborhood not far west, there lives a man who, like most drunkards who have respectable families, not only makes his family support him, but takes every occasion to abuse them and their friends. Threatening to turn a female friend out of doors, he found a spirit sufficient to indite the following and read it to him. So much *truth* and *poetry* too, the rum-stricken knight could not attack, so he pocketed the retort in silence.—*Ed. Gem.*

Rum! thou bane of earthly bliss,
No name's too black to come amiss,
Thou source of murder, theft, and strife,
I hate thee, and I'll seek thy life!

Die thou foul spirit! die accurst!
Of all hell's plagues thou art the worst,
Thro' every danger fain I'd brave,
To wield my spade, and dig thy grave!

A fair patron writes that our papers are quite irregular, and closes her polite letter with the following lines. We can only say that our paper is regularly mailed on Thursday's and Friday's before the day of publication.—*Ed. Gem.*

"Your paper, sir, I'd like to get,
That I might know the news;
And to improve a maiden's wit,
I'd *every line peruse.*
The money that I've sent to you,
Has more than paid the cost
Of Gem's which justly were my due—
No pay for papers lost."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Z. A. of Parma, soon. S. as soon as we have room. Abel, in our next.

Two poetic articles from Springwater will be published in a short time. Alexander from Lockport, has given us a good prose article, but his poetry will not go.

A Sketch, from Juvenis, Lockport, will be inserted in its turn.

Home, from Penn-Yan, soon.

A number of articles have been some time on hand, but we shall serve them all up in due time.

We are pained to learn that our old and good friend *Horace*, is still indisposed, and that his malady threatens to be incurable. We hope our fears will be all chased away by his speedy recovery.

MARRIED.

In North Adams, Mass. on the 24th inst. by N. Putnam, Esq. Mr. *Hiram Sibley*, of West-Mendon, N. Y. to Miss *Elizabeth M. Tinker*, daughter of the late Capt. Giles Tinker.

In Caledonia, on the 19th Dec. by the Rev. Donald C. McLaren, Mr. *William Watson*, of Wheatland, to Miss *Martha Guthrie*, of Caledonia.

On the 27th of Dec. by the same, Mr. *Archibald Armstrong*, of Wheatland, to Miss *Catharine McPherson*, of Caledonia.

On the 3d of January, by the same, Mr. *Donald McNaughton*, of Wheatland, to Miss *Jannet McKensie*, of Caledonia.

On the 29th of January, by the same, Mr. *Francis Hollenbeck*, of Wheatland, to Miss *Eliza McNaughton*, of Wheatland.

At Gainesville, by Rev. Jas. B. Wilcox, Doct. *Comfort Hamilton*, to Miss *Amoretta Warriner.*

'Tis sweet to find, that when we wed,
Some power above, does o'er us shed
An influence bland which makes us feel
That Hymen's bands are not of steel,
And sweeter still, to her who can,
In one short short week secure the man,
In whom at once, the healing skill
She finds, with virtues rarer still;
In whom all these do richly blend
Physician, husband, *Comfort* friend.

Love passes to a woman's heart through her ears, and from her heart through her eyes. Love passes to a man's heart through his eyes, and from his heart through his lips.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

SERENADE.

Arise love, Arise ! for the day is now dawning,
And light doth illume the hills at the west,
And the lark with his song, ushers in the bright morning,
And the birds of the night have flown from their nest,

Arise love, Arise ! for the mountains are beaming
With the rays of the sun, afar they have spread,
Arise love, Arise ! while all nature is teeming,
With the dew of the Heavens resplendently shed.

Arise love, Arise ! for the sun is appearing,
And the stars, one by one, have all vanish'd away,
Arise love, Arise ! while the birds are yet cheering,
With their soft swelling notes the beautiful day,

Oh haste my love haste while the scene is remaining,
Away let us range through the forest and lawn,
Not an object in nature is now heard complaining,
But all with their smiles hail the "bright rosy morn." B.

THE SKELETON DANCE.

(After the German of Goethe.)

I.

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

II.

And then for amusement—perchance it was cold—
In a circle 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 themselves 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 clickety—clackety—just like the tones
Of a castanet noisily played.
And the warder he laughed as he witnessed the cheer,
And heard the betrayer speak soft in his ear,
"Go and steal away one of their shrouds."

IV.

Swift as thought it was done—in an instant he fled,
Behind the church portal to hide ;
And brighter and brighter the moonbeam was shed,
As the dance they still shudd'ringly plied ;
But at last they began to grow tired of their fun,
And they put on their shrouds, and stepped off one by one,
Beneath to the homes of the dead.

V.

But tapping at every grave-hill, there stayed
One skeleton tripping behind ;
Though not by his comrades the trick had been played—
Now its odour he snuffed in the wind ;
He rushed to the door—but fell back with a shock—
For well for the weight of the bell and the clock,
The sign of the cross it displayed.

VI.

But the shroud it must have—not a moment he stays;
Ere a man had begun to think,
On the Gothic work his finger quickly he lays,
And climbs up chains, link by link.
Now woe to the warder—for sure he must die,
To see like a long-legged spider draw nigh,
The skeleton's clattering form.

VII.

And pale was his visage, & thick came his breath;
The garb, alas ! why did he touch ?
How sick grew his soul, as the garment of death
The skeleton caught in his clutch—
The moon disappeared, and the skies changed to dun,
And louder than thunder the church bell tolled one—
The spectre fell tumbling to bits !

In all the discipline of war they came :— [tread
Their strong squared columns moved with heavy
Their step, their bearing, e'en their *breath* the same
And not a murmur whispered through the dead and boding silence.

LOVE AND HOPE.

A SWISS AIR.

At morn, beside yon summer sea,
Young Hope and Love reclined ;
But scarce had noon tide come when he
Into his bark leap'd smilingly,
And left poor Hope behind—
And left poor Hope behind.

I go, said Love, to sail awhile,
Across this sunny main ;
And then so sweet his parting smile,
That Hope who never dreamed of guile,
Believ'd he'd come again—
Believ'd he'd come again.

She linger'd there till evening's beam
Along the waters lay ;
And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream
Oft traced his name, which still the stream
As often wash'd away—
As often wash'd away.

At length a sail appeared in sight,
And to wind the maiden moves :
'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and bright,
His golden bark reflects the light;
But ah ! it is not Love's—
But ah ! it is not Love'

Another sail—'twas Friendship show'd
Her night-lamp o'er the sea :
And calm the light that lamp bestow'd,
But Love had lights that warmer glow'd,
And where, alas ! was he?
And where, alas ! was he?

Now fast, around the sea and shore,
Night threw her darkling chain;
The sunny sails were seen no more ;
Hope's morning dreams of Love were o'er—
Love never came again—
Love never came again.

Humorous.

A French preacher was once descanting from the pulpit with great eloquence on the beauties of creation ; "whatever," said he comes from the hands of nature, is complete. She forms every thing perfect." One of his congregation, very much deformed, and having a very large hump, went up to him at the close of his discourse, and said," What think you of me, Holy Father, am I *perfect* ?" To which the preacher replied very coolly," Yes, for a hump-backed man *quite perfect*."

A Simile.—In speaking of the wonderful natural resources of the State of Maine, the Gardner Chronicle remarks ;" We have sulphuret of iron, or copperas rock, sufficient to make copperas enough, when added to our maple bark, to dye all creation as black as the dark ages of Egypt."

"How did you get such a cold, Ben ?" said a vagraant to a wheezing brother the other day. "I slept in the Park last night," answered Ben, "and some one left the gate open."

Half A Lodging.—A fellow called recently, at a hotel in Boston, and enquired at the bar the price of lodging. Upon being informed that 25 cts. was the regular fee; he demurred, protesting that he would not submit to such an exaction. After some parley with the bar tender our customer fumbled in his pockets, and extracting the last ninepenny bit in his possession, "There," said he," call me at twelve o'clock."

The fogs of England have been at all times the complaint of foreigners. Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, on being asked by some person about returning to Spain if he had any commands, replied," Only my compliments to the sun, whom I have not seen since I came to England." Carracioli, the Neapolitan minister, used to say that the only *ripe fruit* he had seen in England were *roasted apples*, and that he preferred the *moon* of Naples to the *sun* of England.

It was once observed to Lord Chesterfield, in the course of conversation, that man is the only creature that is endowed with the power of laughter. "True," said the Earl; " and you may add, perhaps, he is the only creature that deserves to be *laughed at.*"

An intelligent and amusing traveller says, that a Portuguese beggar, when going to solicit charity, puts on his best clothes. The circumstance places the Portuguese mendicants far above our beggars, who have usually but one set of habits, all of which are equally bad.

The chief justice of England has fifteen saleable offices, for which, it is said, seventy thousand guineas were once refused.

Calico was first introduced into England by the East India Company, 1657.

"O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive."

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EDWIN SCRANTOM.

ROCHESTER

THE GEM.

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL

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LAFITTE, OR THE *BARITARIAN CHIEF.*

Continued from our 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 waking reality. The image of the lovely Mary flitted before me; but impassible gulfs 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 elasticity 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 impressions 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 his 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. George looked at me with an air of some surprise when I coolly and plainly rejected his offer: It was but a moment, however.'

'I know,' said he, 'that you can have no possible objection to me, but perhaps you are already pre-possessed in favor of some other person; perhaps that beggarly speculator from the north has been tampering with your heart, and insinuating himself into your good graces; but whoever he may be, will ere long repent his interferance.'

'Mr. Hanson,' I answered 'you are very much mistaken if you suppose that threats or dictation can produce any effect on the mind of Mary Mornton except it be contempt for their author:—My heart is as yet my own, but when I see fit to bestow that with my affection on any individual, I shall do so without considering myself accountable to you or any other person, my dear parents excepted.'

'You appear so well when angry,' answered George, 'that I am sorry to leave you, yet before I go I must assure you that I shall bear no rival in my love to you.'

'So saying, he left the room, and I feel confident,' continued 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, today, 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 bragadocia 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,' said he, 'to pay my compliments to you in person, this morning. I presume we shall remain uninterrupted.'

'Certainly, sir, if you wish.'

'I do he replied, and I stepped to the door and turned the key.

'Now,' said he, 'I demand without circumlocution or periphrasis, the reasons of your attempting to ingratiate yurself 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 alive.

'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 no one knows my intention of giving it the chastisement it deserves. Your impudent coolness shall avail you nothing; you have affronted me in such a manner that nothing but blood can efface the stain; you have stepped between me and happiness, and when I thought that I had secured Miss Mornton, instead of meeting a return of my love, I found that you, miscreant as you are, had interfered and I received nothing but cold incivility and reproach!'

'Your epithets, of which you are so liberal,' I replied, 'you had better reserve in order to apply where they are more needed: and as to the satisfaction you require, you can have all that the law will give, and that is all you will get from me; I have no intention of setting myself up as a mark for every coward to shoot at.'

'Hell and furies!' exclaimed he gnashing his teeth with rage; 'do you think to escape me in this manner? No! Miss Mornton is too high a prize for me to part with her thus easily. I again repeat that both of us leave not this room alive; here is a pair of pistols—take your choice, and defend yourself or, by the powers above! you shall feel the contents of the other.'

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 murderous purpose, while his right hand still gasped 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 instantaneous 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 Havanna; from that place you can reach New-York without difficulty,—or should circumstances render it possible for you to appear in this place 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 whatever 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 forhead, 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 plainly 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 silver 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 risque of becoming food for sharks in such a sea as this for nothing.'

'Here is four times the usual amount. Away as if 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 ferocious 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 conflict, 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 h—ll together, 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, if, bad as we are, we would murder any body in cold blood, but when our blood is up look to the consequences.'

The vessel, with the plunder, was taken in among the Keys which line the coast of Cuba, and on one of which these villains had an establishment; where myself, a few of the crew and a part of the armament of the vessel were landed, while she proceeded to Havanna 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 desolate 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 Havanna. 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 the piratical vessel, immediately on her arrival at Havanna, was seized on the complaint of a British agent, for an attack upon one of his majesty's vessels, and in consequence had with her crew been sent to Jamaica for trial. They were found guilty of the most barbarous crimes, and every man of them executed. He was himself fortunately on shore at the time of the seizure, and by that means escaped. I had learned from my companions that the crew of the Speedwell were every one destroyed, and after taking out such articles as were deemed most valuable, she was scuttled and sunk. Once at Havanna my resolutions were soon formed and a favorable opportunity occurring, I determined to repair immediately to Charleston, in defiance of every danger.—The image of the lovely Mary, pale and weeping as when she bid me farewell, haunted my imagination whether sleeping or waking. I had suffered so much during my residence amongst the morasses of Cuba, and my complexion had by constant exposure become so sun-burnt that I was confident, should secrecy be necessary on my arrival, I stood in little danger of detection. But be that as it would, there was no danger I would not have cheerfully encountered to have listened to the sweet accents and enjoyed the delightful company of Mary. I left Havanna and reached Charleston in safety;—the vessel anchored in the Bay, and with a paltipating heart I proceeded in the boat for the city.

It was dusk when I presented myself at the door of Mr. Mornton's residence, and with a faltering hand knocked for admittance.

[*Concluded in our next.*]

☞ The following from our esteemed friend "Horace," is most beautiful and touching. It is too, mounful. We cannot reflect upon his *farewell to his lyre*, without emotion—without a deep throbbing of heart, and a bowing down of soul. What, is *Horace* never again to sing in flowing numbers? Then be it so—what we cannot avert, we will not impiously repine at. Yet the *last song* is surpassingly sweet—it is rich and musical, and like the dying melody of the lark, as his wing kisses the sky, we seem to hear it after 'tis gone! Our best hopes and wishes shall follow our friend, and if health should again be restored, we may yet *hope* that he will again "strike his lyre."—*Ed. Gem.*

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TO MY LYRE

Often, my lyre, upon our way,
We've fondly paused to twine
A wreath of living flowers to lay
At friendship's hallow'd shrine;

As often have they wither'd, fell,
In blighted fragments there—
And softly sighing seem'd to tell
The story of despair!

I've fondly watched each trembling wire.
To catch the tender strain,
As beauty's smile had charmed the lyre,
To breathe of love again—

As often came, of care and blight,
A sad and pensive tone;
And ere the thrill of fond delight,
The melody had flown!

We've paused to sing with artless youth,
The lay of careless joy;
To dream of innocence and truth,
And bliss without alloy.

But quickly came a ruthless blast,
'Twas desolation's breath;
Oer us, my lyre, it widely pass'd,
And woke the wail of death!

Then fare thee well, each trembling string,
Like him, thou would'st have blest,
For earth thou art too frail a thing,
On earth thou cans't not rest!

Thou cans't not echo joy for woe,
Nor sing of pain and care;
Thou cans't not tune to pleasure's flow,
The story of despair!

Yet as the dark and troubled stream,
The tide of time we brave,
Now rise a *bubble, or a dream,*,
Now sink beneath the wave—

Perchance we yet may meet again,
On some propitious shore;
And I may strike a bolder strain,
Above the billows' roar.

And thy soft music then may rise
Above the blasts of time;
And wake to indulgent earth and skies,
A melody sublime!

Yet, if to dark oblivion here,
Our early hopes are given;
We'll meet within a brighter sphere,
And learn the song of heaven!

There, purer, loftier themes, shall raise,
And feed the minstrel's fire;
And tune thy strings to joy and praise—
Till then, *fare well my lyre!*

Buffalo, Feb. 1833. HORACE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

MY THREE FRIENDS
AND THEIR THREE LETTERS.

Chapter 3.

Going about a year after the receipt of Tillotson's letter in company with one who shall be nameless—, (Would to Heaven I had *never* known her!) we diverged from our course to the little village of U——. Amongst the advertisements of "Houses to let," "Constables sales," "Strayed or Stolen," "Ranaway, &c." stuck up in the bar room was one which attracted my attention. "Murdering done according to law and science; teeth pulling, bleeding, leg-setting (arms too if they get broken) &c. &c. [there were nine of them] by Richard Cooper, M. D." It was indeed the advertisement of my old friend, who lived five miles distant, and I was informed that his real skill, his free and easy manners, and the quaintness of his bill, had gained him an extensive and lucrative practice.

I could not visit him however, because my fair companion seemed to say "forego that pleasure"—,Our carriage was called up and we went out, and had rode about a mile from the village when who should we meet but my old friend Dick Cooper riding at a break-neck speed. We knew each other instantly, but he was in a great haste, and we had scarcely time to give more than a warm and affectionate greeting, and a cordial grasp of the hand, before we parted, he to see a patient said to be dying, I to plunge into the vortex of beauty

and fashion. He slipped a letter into my hand when about starting, telling me that 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 come to. Oh how I longed to see the contents, and was barbarian enough to inwardly wish my fair companion elsewhere. It was near midnight before I could retire into my room, break the seal,& read the following:

SALUTARIA, June 17.

My most respected and worthy friend Jackson :—

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 revenged 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 faced 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 hypo'. I commenced husbanding with great care what I used to term my *old* pantaloons, and looked sad whenever I thought of a 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 "*raal* power of *yarbs* and quite a *resortment* of salves and *intement* to sell."

It was one day I was sitting about half a sleep, 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 had consequently thrown a proper degree of sternness into my looks and manners. In came, or rather crept, a little ragged, black eyed urchin—who advanced to the centre of my room, but either astonished at his own boldness, or awed by my frowns he returned back again, and making a low bow, hitting his back against the ceiling in the act, which shook the whole house, he whined out, "I spose Mr. Dr. Cooper lives here." "Yes" growled I in return. "Well then, Dad's sicker'n death," returned the boy. Fifteen minutes more found me at the door of the man's house, whom the boy told me lived at the four *corners*—the name applied in this country to the place where four roads meet, with a tavern on one corner, a store on the other, the squire's house on the third, and a blacksmith's shop on the fourth, with several little log cabins in the suburbs, the embryo of some future metropolis. To return from this digression, however, I entered a little hut, one and of which was occupied with a huge stone chimney; a corner with a bed, and the rest almost as the builder left it. On the aforesaid bed stretched out at full length, lay a man of the size of an ox, part asleep, with a bloated face, and his whole features bearing every mark of sensuality. "I'm *so glad* you've come Doctor" said a would be smart scraggy looking old lady, "grinning horribly a ghastly smile," "my poor dear Roger is rather out of sorts; booh *hoo* hoo, boo!" and she almost tore her eyes out in the effort to draw forth a tear. "Epilepsy," said I slowly and gravely, at the same time feeling my patient's pulse. "It would be necessary that I should proceed to the operation of bloodletting. Madam, please procure me a bowl."

"But doctor," said the hag with provoking coolness and gravity, "I *kinder* somehow don't think he's got the *Epperlexy*." "And why, dear madam, said I, preparing to make a display of my scientific acquirements, and anxious to dispute the point. The old woman entered into a long detail of symptoms, of the state of her husband's health for sometime previous, and finally concluded by stating that he had that day felt rather "*pukish*," and had eaten a hearty dinner. Here was the mystery solved, my stout patient had actually swallowed *a hind quarter of veal!!* not indeed collectively, but in such morsels as a "wolfish" man usually does. I do not know whether I felt most ashamed or angry at this discovery.—However it was my *first* patient, so I looked grave and solemn, talked in learned phrase about "*dyspepsia*" &c. and finally wound up by giving the man a dose which sickened him of gluttony for at least eight and forty hours.

This incident, and my forbearance on this ridiculous occasion, strange as it may appear, gave me many more patients, and I certainly boast that there are few young physicians have a more extensive practice than———

There is a terrible knocking at my door, so I must close.

Good bye, remember your friend,

R. COOPER.

WM. JACKSON, ESQ.

Since that time Dr. Cooper has continued to have an increase of practice and of friends.—He altered 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.

(*Concluded in our next.*)

Progress of Civilization.—In Egypt an experiment has been made, which will probably have a very important effect on the civilization of Egypt and Arabia. Two labouring men, who we believe, had been employed near London in boring for water, were taken to Egypt by Mr. Briggs, who was at one time consul at Cario. They were employed under the patronage of the Pacha, to bore for water in the desert.—At about thirty feet below the surface they found a stratum of sandstone; when they got through that, an abundant supply of water rose.—The water usually obtained from the surface is of an inferior quality, and for many purposes useless; that which has been obtained by boring is soft and pure. Already in the Desert of Suez, a tank, capable of holding 2000 cubic feet of water, had been made, and it is probable by this time several others may be formed. By this discovery one great impediment to the fertilizing of the country will be removed.

"HERE AND THERE FOLKS."

'As thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone.'—1 Kings, 20, 40.

It is an abundance of such here and there business, that occasions a considerable portion of the pinching wants of the present day; yea, of the too frequent instances sf death-bed repentance in this age of our probation; and alas! at a critical moment of our lives like this, in which the Almighty has visited us with affliction and pestilence, when we may emphatically place our hands on our hearts and feel "that in the midst of life we are in death."

A small farm cultivated with the utmost diligence and care, will furnish a prudent family with a moderate sufficiency. "He that has a trade has an estate," even although he own neither house nor land. But if the farmer and trader, instead of attending closely to their proper callings are busy here and there, they will assuredly "come out at the little end of the horn." Moreover, though they buckle 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 is 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 whichsoever 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 picked.

Burying Alive.—The late Capt. Ebenezer Chapman Kemp, who, in 1816, commanded the Meira, in which I sailed to India, related to me a painful instance of self- immolation which occured in his own family. A young woman in his service lost her husband, and resolved, without hesitation, to bury herself alive with the body. Both Captain and Mrs. K. were shocked to hear of her determination, and represented to her both the dreadful character of the crime she was about to commit, and the utter inutility of the sacrifice to the departed spirit of her husband. But all the arguments and entreaties which Christian principles and the feelings of humanity could suggest, were urged in vain. She had been taught to believe that, by voluntarily dying with her husband she would expediate his transit to some unknown region of bliss, and herself bear him company. Every attempt to persuade the infatuated creature to live, whether for the sake of her family or her own soul, appeared only to cause her the more to exult in her resolution to die. Captain K. continued his humane exertions to the last, even while the awful ceremony was proceeding, but without the least symtoms of a favourable impression being produced on her mind. When the pit was dug, and the dead body lowered into it, she walked around several times, repeating the formularies which the priest dictated to her, and scattering about, as she went along, sweetmeats, parched rice, flowers, and other trifles, for which the spectators scrambled. When these preliminary rites were finished, she descended into the grave, amid the din of barbarous music and deafening shouts of applause.—Having taken her seat, and placed the head of the corpse in her lap, she gave the signal to throw in the earth. I forget whether she had a son old enough to take a part in the horrid scene, in which case he would be the principal actor, but otherwise, her nearest male relatives, as chief mourners, would take the lead, and throw in the first basket of earth. For some time the grave filled slowly, as the deed of death was perpetrated with appalling deliberation, and the relations continued to throw in garlands and other trifles with the mould that was gradually covering the bodies. When it rose to her breast, the woman raised her left arm, and was seen to turn round her forefinger as long as it was visible, even after her head was covered.—That, however, was a very short time, as the earth was thrown in hastily, as soon as the head disappeared, and her relations jumped in to tread down and smother their wretched victim. At the very time that Captain Kemp was giving me the affecting account just detailed, several gentlemen in the service of the East India Company were united together for the purpose of collecting authentic information on the subject, with a view to bring it fully to the notice of the Supreme Government, and if possible obtain its abolition. In the following year, 1817, they succeeded in reference to the practice of burying alive, the government issuing orders and instructions for its abolition throughout the Company's dominions. These orders were carried into immediate effect, without creating any alarm or dissatisfaction in the native mind. *Missionary Annual.*

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 breasted the billows, in a great measure, alone. Others have had their doubts resolved by teachers. In the final resort, they have depended on foreign and auxiliary aid. Their own powers have been tasked for a while, but the last weight has been lifted up by the shoulders of others. A clearer eye has penetrated the dark cloud for them. It is sometimes the fact, that an individual who has been taught by others, has more confidence in the opinion of every one else, than in his own. As a direct consequence, he is wavering, timid, pliable. His character is not compacted and assimilated, but yielding and capricious. His usefulness is of course greatly diminished. But the men, of whom I speak; have measured their powers. They have depended very little on extraneous aid.

Another attribute of this class of individuals is independence of purpose. They are accustomed to form opinions according to the decisions of their own judgments. They are like that description of lawyers, who have deeply studied the elementary principles of their profession, who have followed out these principles into all their ramifications, and who come to conclusions, which are, in a great measure, irrespective of particular facts—facts which may coincide, or may not, with an original principle. Such lawyers are independent, in a great degree of precedents, or of the opinions of courts. By severe thought, and well-directed study, they have formed an independent habit of judgment. Such is the fact with those individuals who have been self-instructors. They may err in opinion, and their purposes may be formed on insufficient grounds; but they are not accustomed to bow to human authority, nor yield their free agency at the call of party or sect.

Many of this class have, moreover, an invincible perseverance. The resoluteness with which they resolve, has a counterpart in the untiring execution of their schemes. Difficulties only excite a more ardent desire to overcome them. Defeat awakens new courage. Affliction nourishes hope. Disappointment is the parent and precursor of success. A resolution 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 followed 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 Being, who "helps those who help themselves," he was directed to the manufacturing of a certain 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.*

THE SENTIMENTALIST----NO. 3.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

BEAUTY SOON FADES.

I well recollect when I first saw this expression. 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 blushing rose, unfolding its tender leaves to meet the warm gaze of the morning sun, and have almost envied in my volatile gaiety 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 morning 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 were vain to

hope in this world, that the things now bright, and beautiful, should always be so. No far from it, the brightest seem to be the first to droop and fade away. There is a tendency to decay in every thing that is earthly. Nature is continually suffering change by her own phenomena, or yielding her own beauties to the deforming hand of art. The mountain is sinking to a level with the valley, and the waves of the ocean are rolling over what was once habitable land. And yet I love the scenes of decay—they give me a melancholy pleasure far sweeter than much of the gay frivolity of life. I would rather gaze upon the mouldering ruins of some ancient castle—or the crumbling of some huge monument, than see them in their proudest days. I had much rather gaze upon the tree or shrub, that, with keen sensibility, casts off its robe with the first wintry blast of October, than upon the evergreen, that resists the severest touch of Boreas. 'Beauty soon fades' and there is nothing beautiful that we may love, with the hope of its continuing so. It seems but as yesterday, that I assisted in conveying to the grave, the loveliest infant I ever gazed upon. It was the first pledge of connubial bliss—a lovely flower—but it was too beautiful for earth, and in the midst of the caresses of the tender mother, it closed its days in death. With slow and melancholy step we proceeded to the grave, and, after taking one last look of what was once so lovely, heard the cold clods rumbling upon the coffin. The mother and the father wept, and even I, who seldom yield to sympathy, turned from the scene with a tear, in contemplating how soon beauty fades. E. W. H. E.

☞ Although we do not exactly agree in all points with the writer of the following, still we insert his communication with pleasure.—*Ed. Gem.*

THOUGHTS ON MEN & SOCIETY.

How few do we meet in our intercourse with the world whose tempers and dispositions are such as to excite in us feelings of deep and lasting friendship; yet when we are so fortunate as to meet with such an one, how much does it to heighten the pleasure and add to the enjoyment of our existence—with how much delight can we unbosom ourselves to such an one and let him into the inmost recesses of our heart and feelings. However much it may be at variance with the maxims and habits of the world I would not know a single thing that I could not tell a friend; in truth I know nothing which in so great a degree contributes to our contentment and happiness, as the relation to a valued friend of all our sources of sorrow and anxiety, and likewise all our triumphs, and sources of delight, and pleasure; in the one case our sorrows and griefs are mitigated by the sympathy which they naturally excite, and in the other case pleasure is rendered doubly sweet from the consciousness that not ourselves alone 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 imbecility, 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 eve 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 chrystal lamp on high;
So when in death benighted,
May hope illumine the sky.

In goldeu splendor burning,
The morrows dawn 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;
More glorious he'll hereafter rise,
Tho' not more innocent.

When the arch angel's trump shall flow,
And souls to bodies join,
Millions will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine.

THE MASQUERADE.

"To this night's masquerade," quoth Dick,
"By pleasure I am beckoned,
And think 'twould be a pleasant trick
To go as Charlrs the Second."
Tom felt for repartee a thirst,
And thus to Richard said:
"You'd better go as Charles the First,
For that requires no head."

Humorous.

Soon after the departure of Mr. Stanislaus, Stanton, the street door-bell again rang, and M. Isaac Strickland, one of the numerous Stricklands from "Varmount," was ushered into the apartment. His homespun coat was thrown back, and his saffron-colored waistcoat exposed to view, as if he would say to all the world, "twig my yallar vest!"

I am extremely happy to see you, said Miss Vaughan.

Are ye? by gum! that's most too slick, cried S. his eyes gogling over his forehead with a stare of delight.

Your'e a great traveler, Mr. Strickland, remarked I.

Why, yes—I'm considerable spry that way. You've heard of me, I calculate, haint ye! I've just returned from an expedition to Albany, and what'll you lay? The biler busted.

You don't say so?

I do, by gum! We were all sittin in the cabin, when I kinder heard a sort of rumblin, and it wasn't two minutes arter when we heard a most everlastin' crash, and the biler was busted all to nothin. I guess I felt like a shot skunk; and the galls! hollered and squealed just like nothing at all, and looked as scared as yallar blackbirds. Just as Providence would have it, another boat came er longside and we got safely aboard, and what'll you lay? there wan't none of us hurt. There was one gal, Susan Roper, and I calculate her eyes made me feel somehow quite nohen; I warnted to give her some proof of my affection, so what does I but go to the bar, buy two everlastin' big apples, and on the outside of one I cut with my jacknife this couplet:

When this u see,
Just think of me. *Ike Strickland.*

and stuck'em into her indispensable; and about an hour after I see her cut'em.

Indeed! said Miss Vaughan.

True, by gum, replied Mr. Strickland.

Well, I kinder watched opportunity, and tuke her aside, and sez I to her, sez I, I've got a most everlasting strong affection for you, sez I, and time or absence can't conquer my affection, nor can't do me any good at all—and what'll you lay? she kinder turned round and giv me a hoss-laff in my face, and walked off just so—

And, suiting the action to the word, Mr. Isaac Strickland seized his hat and quitted the apartment.—*From Sketches of N. Y.*

A credulous clown went to the clergyman of his parish, and told him, with great symptoms of consternation, that he had seen a ghost. "Where did you see it?" was the question. "Why," said Diggory, "as I were going, and please your reverence, by the church, right up against the wall, I sees the ghost." "In what shape did it appear?" "For all the world like a great ass." "Go home, and hold your tongue," said the clergyman; "for you are a very timid creature, and have only been frightened by your own shadow."

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

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 he 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.

ABEL.

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.

WRITTEN FOR THE 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.

"Where, 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 yon 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 faded in death. His name appeared first and brightest among the warriors of his country; he toiled in the battle's front, and was dear to his kinsmen; 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 ear drinks 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.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Atkinson's Casket.—In another column of this paper will be found a prospectus of this interesting and valuable work. Mr. *Geo. H. Roberts*, dep. P. M. of this village is agent for the Casket, and the volume having just commenced, the present is a favorable time to subscribe.

☞The time for the discontinuance of our paper has long since passed. Persons who wished to discontinue had ample time and notice given them at the close of last volume, and according to our advertisement, we claim all now on our books as having subscribed for this volume.

☞If by calling on "*Simonides*," is the *very cheap* rate at which we can secure his excellent communications, we will gladly take up that method of sending along our hat for his contributions. "Hope we don't intrude."

"*Out, brief candle.*"—The Companion, a weekly Literary and Religious paper printed at Geneseo, has been discontinued after the puplication of 17 sickly numbers.

☞Our present sheet is, we think, unusually interesting. We owe many thanks to correspondents.

MARRIED.

In Henrietta, on the 13th ult. by Rev. Mr. Knapp, Mr. ASA PRIDE, of Pike Allegany county, to Miss ABIGAIL GORDON, of the former place.

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 60 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 feed.

5th. A moderate doctor's bill.

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

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

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

"Celibacy," 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 trencher."

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 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 eejoyment of the social relations your aim; spend your 'Winter evenings' in familiarising 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 'Winters evenings' in teaching honesty, morality, temperance, industry, frugality, economy, friendship, kindness, charity, knowledge, self-education, and self-exertion, by example as well as precept at your own firesides, and your children shall in due time 'rise up and call you blessed.'

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

ODE TO TOBACCO.

BY ONE WHO WILL NOT BE CONVINCED.

In times of old, when Greece her sceptre swayed,
And half the earth her sapient laws obeyed;
When Homer struck his lyre to love and wars—
The powers of Venus—bloody feats of Mars;
And made the valleys of his country ring
With numbers, praising Ithaca's wise king.
In later days the tuneful Virgil rose,
And nature for her priest this poet chose.
He sung of rural charms—in woodland lays,
While Ocean's beauties owned his classic praise.

Still farther on, Arabia's desert soil
Produced her men who did as poets toil;
And drank of fountains of Castilian kind,
The treasures of each full poetic mind.
They wrote of Persia's flowers and sunny plains,
And in the PROPHET's cause attuned their strains.
Yet none of these ere thought to give the meed
To thee, (alas unknown!) Emollient Weed.

"Sublime Tobacco!" sang old Albion's bard,
And granted to thy charms the lyre's reward.
"Sublime Tobacco!" now is said by each
Who know thy charms, as far as earth doth reach,
While seamen tempest-tost, thy merits know,
And blessed by thee, they half forget their woe.

When first great Ralegh plowed the silver wave,
And to his queen the heavenly tribute gave,
In simple virgin garb thou then wast seen,
In all the beauty of thy native green.
The admiring monarch clasped the golden prize,
While lords and princes own with glad surprise,
The long "lost Pleiad" found, the wand returned,
So long in disappointment's cell inurned.

Grand kalon of my fortunes! in what dress
Soe'er thou comest, I thy charms confess,
Whether like twisted cordage they entwine
Thy form, circumvient as the graceful vine,
Or packed and pressed in cakes of solid form,
Thou still deservest my adulation warm;
But still thy powers are more transcendant far,
Whene'er thou comest in form of mild *cigar!*

How sweet at eve in solitude to be,
Immersed in lore accompanied by thee!
Then do I feel indeed, thy ambient powers,
Then, ah how swiftly! fly the happy hours!
Then is shut out with all its cares the world,
And all its follies in oblivion hurled.
If sleep her fingers on my lids impress,
Tobacco mine, thou'rt not to me the less;
In dreams thou'rt painted to my ravished brain,
With all the beauties which thy merits gain;
Under thy influence benign I still
Think worldly comforts subject to my will;
And if broad day the happy vision break,
'Tis but to smoke and chew that I awake.

Kind Heaven! if ere it please thy will to frown,
And on my lot pour tribulation down,
I have a boon, a lonely boon to crave,
To be secured until I reach the grave—
'Tis this, when ev'ry solace else is flown,
Grant me my *pipe* and *plug*, if these alone.

O. P. Q.

FOR THE GEM.

SUNSET.

Bright sunset was robed *in* a beautiful cloud,
That shed a pure lustre around,
And the wind that had roared with an accent so loud,
Scarce breathed a preceptible sound.

The twilight was gleaming afar in the west,
And it glowed with magnificent sheen;
A thrill of emotion was felt in my breast,
As I gazed on the beautiful scene.

The clouds which enveloped the azure arched sky,
Were slowly and gently withdrawn,
The Queen of the night rode majestic on high,
And diffused her pure rays o'er the lawn.

The stars shed their twinkling, the planets their blaze,
The heavens were lost in their glow.
They shone so effulgent that I in amaze,
Acknowledged their brilliance below.

All was silent around save the musical strain,
Of Philomel's notes on the ear,
And these as they echoed along the vast plain,
Reminded of some purer sphere.

How glorious said I, are the mansions of light,
How happy the beings who dwell
In regions celestial, where love pure and bright
Encircles—but oh who can tell—

Of visions immortal, in realms of the skies,
Where seraphs are chaunting their lays,
To which the just spirits triumphant shall rise,
And join in Immanuel's praise.

L.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

FORGET ME NOT.

Convivial scenes, with comrades gay,
May from memory fade away.
The charms of spring, the blushing flower,
The winding stream, the grove, the bower
May be forgot;
But never can the flame expire
That's lighted up by friendship's fire—
By all that friendship can inspire,
Forget me not.

Forget me not when thou shalt roam
In other lands, far, far from home;
Think of the groves, where oft we've strayed,
Think of this bower's enchanted shade—
This hallowed spot;
But shouldst thou e'er forget this bower,
Where love has swayed his pleasing power—
Shouldst thou forget this sacred hour,
Forget *me* not.

When other eyes shall beam on thine,
With love as fond, as pure as mine,
Think not, though thou art far away,
This faithful heart shall ever stray—
It changes not.
When these eyes are sealed in their last long sleep,
And the chill of death o'er this breast shall creep,
And the storm wind o'er my grave shall sweep,
Forget me not!

S.

A Stretcher.—An elderly gentleman of unimpeached veracity, though by the way somewhat addicted to story telling, relates the following;

During the early days of this town, before carts came into vogue, he was accustomed to haul his wood by the aid of an old black mare, harness consisted of a breast plate and traces, made of the untanned hide of an ox. At the close of a rainy day, he went to his wood lot, situated some forty or fifty rods from his dwelling, for the purpose of procuring a load of wood. After having cut a log which he judged might be a smart load for his beast, he fastened her to one end, set her head towards home, and gave her the rein. The old mare continued her course till she arrived at his door, when, to his astonishment, he discovered, that owing to the great extensibility of the traces, they had stretched the whole distance without breaking, or moving the log an inch. Throwing down his axe he went to his beast, and removing the harness from her, threw the breast plate over a post that stood near the door, and went to bed. Upon rising next morning, he found the heat of the morning sun had so operated on the contractibility of the traces, as to bring his log up to the door, ready for cutting and splitting!

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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 so 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 potrait of her was suspended over the mantle 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 deferr'd
Makes my heart sick, and hope with all its pow'rs,
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 forbid. 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 the lovely Mary. The hour passed away and Mr. Mornton arrived. I spoke; he knew my voice instantly, and seized me by the hand.

'Good heavens! Mortimer, can it be you?' exclaimed Mr. Mornton, 'or is it only an illusion to mock my senses and aggravate my misfortune?'

'It is no illusion—I am your own Mortimer,' I replied;—'O! where is Mary? for heaven's sake let me see her—let me fly to her.'

'Good God!' answered Mr. Mornton, grasping my hand convulsively, 'are you yet to hear the fatal story? Are you yet to learn that Mary is in heaven? Yes—she is gone—gone forever!' added he, as the tear trickled down his cheek, and fell warm upon my hand.

I could not weep; I could not speak; and it was with difficulty I could support myself from sinking to the floor. The agonies of expiring nature, I am convinced, will never exceed those of that moment, when every prospect of happiness was at one fell blow destroyed, and hope, the last anchor of the wretched, torn from its moorings. Aye, torn forever!

'O, God!' I cried when my agitated feelings permitted the power of utterance, 'why was I spared to endure this extremity of wretchedness? Why was I preserved to suffer the agonies of a living death?'

'My dear Mortimer, accuse not Omnipotence rashly,' said Mr. Mornton; 'I loved her as well as you. Ah! I feel too well I loved her; my heart was bound up in the happiness of Mary; but nothing earthly could save her from the conqueror's arms. Oh! Mortimer, these hands have closed her eyes; this bosom received her last sigh; and her dying exclamation, 'My dear father I am hastening to the company of my faithful Mortimer!' still sounds in my ears.'

His grief found vent in tears, and, summoning all my fortitude, I ventured to make inquiry respecting her disease, and the time the heart-rending event took place.

'You will remember,' answered Mr. Mornton, '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 their reach, and as the event was one of no uncommon occurrence, it soon ceased to be a subject of remark, and Mary flattered 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 of painful suspense that the account of the execution of the pirates reached us in the papers from Jamaica: In their confession the capture of the Speedwell and the murder of all her crew, occupied a place, and accounted with awful certainty for your long silence.'

I here interrupted Mr. Mornton with a short account of the loss of the Speedwell, the manner in which I was preserved from death, my residence on the island, and my escape to Havanna. After I had closed he proceeded:

'Though I endeavored to conceal the fatal event from Mary it was in vain; the account was copied in the City Gazette and was immediately noticed by her. This was the termination of Mary's hopes; the death blow to her happiness. The roses fled from her lips; society lost its charms; she refused to see company; and was evidently hastening to that place where the weary are at rest. Although I was much alarmed about her, I could not persuade her to believe that she was in danger. She always met me with a smile, but it only served to render more visible to the watchful eye of parental anxiety, the hectic flush of her lily 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 consolation in the power 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 was 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

til 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 pursuasions 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 where desperate ; were a burden ; 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 this time the government under whose orders we were acting, had been put down by the royalists, who had effaced 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 Laborde 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 extremeties, 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," Latfitte 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 !" and he drew 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 with such a momento daily before me, could I forget her ?—Well—well do I remember how the angelic Mary appeared at that moment; her long hair in curling tresses twining around her snowy neck, and slightly veiling her swelling bosom ; pale, ah ? deadly pale were those lips I had so often kissed in the fervor of unalloyed innocence and love." He again kissed the portrait, and was replacing it, when I observed that the envelope contained a number of lines of poetry in the hand-writing of Lafitte. I extended my hand for the paper. " You are welcome to read them," said Lafitte, smiling ; " it has, I believe, been observed that every poet is a lover, and by a parity of reasoning, every lover ought to be a poet ; to that title, however, I make no pretensions—'tis my first and my last attempt ; they were written during our first cruise, and when my heart bled at every recollection of Mary ! The evening was beautiful ; the moon rode in silvery splendor through the clear blue heavens; not a breath disturbed the sleeping waters, and from the bosom of the waves, the stars which glittered in the skies, were reflected in all their brightness. Mary occupied my thoughts ; I remembered the evenings I had spent in her delightful society ; I reflected on my loss until my ideas assumed the form ; they were committed to paper, and have since served to enclose this precious relick of former happiness." They were as follows :

"LINES TO THE MEMORY OF MARY MORNTON.

When Death, dread Monarch ! hurls the ruthless dart,
And lays in dust the wise, the good, the great,
Deep streams of sorrow flow from every heart,
And nations mourn beneath the stroke of fate.

When the dark tomb its jaws insatiate close,
On those dear forms whose souls were twined with ours ;
No stoic's self 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 that's past, and joys forever flown ;
Oh ! why so short our bliss ?—it but appears—
Charms our fond hearts, and is forever gone.

Frail are our joys as is yon opening flower,
That spreads its fragrant bosom 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 ! still I think I view
That tender bosom ; and that mild blue eye,
Melting in love—then blame the joys that flew,
With winged haste to pass away and die.

Yes—they are dead !—yet memory lives to fling
Her snowy fingers o'er th' 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 bliss, 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 hove in sight and the British flag was flying at the mast head. 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. Lafitte 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 follows :—

" *To Capt. Lafitte, Commander in chief of the revolutionary flotilla in the gulf of Mexico :*

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 American station, 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 Flotilla, 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 service. 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 disappeared before a fresh breeze, " but when a favor is wanted, they are liberal of their promise, and submissive as lambs. I shall not be troubled with them any more unless they see fit to make an attempt upon my establishment, when they will find more sand bars than clear seas, and more iron than silver. But there is another vessel in sight. It is my trader 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 mission to Washington be successful, to return myself with the glad news to him in person. I landed at Mobile, reached Washington, succeeded in obtaining the full pardon of Lafitte and his associates, and returned to New Orleans just as the storm, which had so long been gathering, burst with all its fury upon the coast of Louisiana. I immediately returned in a government vessel to Barataria and was received by Lafitte with the warmest expresssion of gratitude. He had a few days previous returned from a successful cruise, in which among others, he succeeded in capturing a British transport, containing a large quantity of cannon, arms, &c. destined for the attack upon New-Orleans.

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

" Long live the president of the United States ! !" and " Long live Lafitte ! !" repeatedly rent the air, and they unanimously resolved 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 conveying on board the vessels the valuable property which had been collected at that place, and the quantity of specie dragged from its various lurking places far exceeded in quantity, my ideas of Lafitte's wealth. We arrived in safety at New-Orleans, and were received by Com. Patterson, who commanded on the station, with every mark of respect. Lafitte had an honorable command assigned him, and his heroic conduct previous to and on the ever memorable 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 concentrated on the occasion.

In the course of the evening, my attention was strongly engaged by the appearance of a young lady, who entered the apartment leaning 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 appearance. 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 conversation with his fair companion. The conversation 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 turmoil as that through which we have just passed ; and but a few days since my expectations were still more faint of beholding such a happy termination of our troubles as the evening affords.'

' It did appear extremely improbable,' I replied, ' 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 wished myself at Charleston, now we are safe and sound.' ' Are you then a native of Charleston ?' I inquired ; ' A few years ago I was considerably acquainted in that city.' ' I am,' she replied, ' it is but two years since, at the earnest entreaties of my uncle who is at present mayor of this place, I left Charleston and accompanied him here.' ' Were you acquainted at Charleston with a young lady by the name of Mary Mornton ?' I asked. ' I was acquainted with her,' replied Miss Hanson, she was my most intimate friend ; but Mary reposes quietly in the grave, the victim of unfortunate love.

' Was her lover a villain ?' 'Oh, no, he was as far from that as day is from night,' she answered, 'he was one of the most amiable & engaging persons I have ever seen. An unfortunate affair drove him from Charleston, and the vessel in which he sailed was taken by the pirates, and all on board murdered ! Mary's tender 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 pardonable ; it is so difficult to find such a person, that it is no wonder 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 heroism and courage, he is but a pirate and murderer.' 'Our heresay opinions are sometimes incorrect,' I answered ; ' I once thought as you do ; you shall have an opportunity of correcting 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 hand, pressed it in his. 'Once,' said he, ' I too could be happy—but where is my Mary ?'

'You can still be happy, if love can make you so without Mary,' I replied. He was about to speak, but I placed my finger on his lips and we, in a moment were by 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 extended her hand with an involuntary shudder ; but their eyes met—she tottered towards him ;—'O Mortimer !'—'O Annette !' and they were locked in each other's arms ! When Annette recovered from her perturbation, a full and satisfactory disclosure was made. Lafitte had not forgotten her, she was second only to Mary —and, to make short the detail, before I left N. Orleans, I saw her made the happiest of mortals by her union with the adored Mortimer Wilson.

☞ Mr. Scrantom—Sir, I am much pleased with the insertion of such articles as the last one in the Gem from "Navillus," and am happy that it has once been well replied to.—Permit me to make another reply to the same article. Yours.

ARE OUR EARLIEST DAYS OUR HAPPIEST DAYS.

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, or unruffled sea, and a rockless bottom, and fancy himself again traversing his original path; but his extacy 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 enchanting and voluptuous music of the Syren, he escaped the fatality of those that do. If he could not in early years boast of a prowess and bravery and wear the wreath of victory, he did not sit down when the laurels were faded and exclaim in regret, 'what have these cost!' No—his sea was unruffled and peaceful; the breath of Innocence swelled his sails, and free and unshackeled as the mountain Eagle his bark floated lightly on.

But let us leave the Allegory. We are not to estimate the happiness of our early years entirely by our present feelings. Every pleasure and every pursuit of childhood may now appear insipid; but there *has been* a time when they were valued. The idea that one period of life is as fraught with happiness as another is erroneous, for if we suppose this, we must carry it still farther, and suppose that one moment is as happy as another, or that one man is happy as another in any state or condition of life. The falsity of such a statement the expression of every day will pourtray. In mature age every sweet has indeed its better, Wealth, Honor, Fame, Science, all leave many 'a sting behind' to remind us that

'Disappointment lurks in many a prize.'

But mark the scenes of Childhood. The innocent Infant of but a day, shows a happy countenance, studded like eastern gems with smiles. It may grieve it is true,but in a moment hushed by the unceasing care of the mother it reclines peacefully and smilingly upon her bosom. It feels not with the adult the hand of Friendship growing cold and pitiless. As it advances in life its path is daily strewn with flowers, with but an occasional thorn, and the pain of that mitigated by the sweetness of the accompanying flower. Its sports and amusements are unceasing. Who can not remember at 'the earliest breath of morn,' of rising from a peaceful slumber to renew their past-times. Who can not remember the thrill of rapture with which they sprang forward to the embrace of their juvenile companions? Who can not remember with what delight they traversed mountains, vales and flowery meads, or listened to the sweet songs 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 an 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 the 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 fall? Finally who in tracing backwards the Journey of Life, if asked which portion he would choose to trace again, would not reply 'give me again the flowery paths of childhood?'

E. W. H. E.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

CONTEMPLATION.

"Thy pleasures most 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; tho' the contemplations of one may be far different from those of another.

The untutored Savage wearied in pursuing the wild beasts of the forest, reclining under the shade of some spreading tree, upon the banks of a gentle river, casts his eye adown the stream of time, and in silent contemplation, muses with delight upon the fancied hunting grounds, and Elysian plains, where he shall hereafter dwell.

The victorious Warrior when for a moment he retires from the din of arms, to some secluded spot where silence reigns, can but contemplate with secret emulation his future "renown in story." He will muse with joyous hopes upon the *corona triumphalis* that shall entwine his brow, and transmit his name among the honored ones of earth down to the latest posterity.

The Sailor though made the sport of the wind and the waves, though driven by the tempestuous storms o'er the dreary ocean, still may contemplate. As he pensively walks the deck at the dark hour of midnight, or as he swings in his hammock when all is silent, save the flapping of sails, the creaking of cordage, or "old ocean's roar," he may contemplate with the sweetest delight upon the hour when he shall anchor in home's calm haven, the spot of all places on earth to him the dearest.—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 solicitious and innocent inquiries of youthful brothers and sisters, he even then, though alone in silent contemplation enjoys all the pleasures of reality.

The Philosopher as he surveys nature's wide domain, opening to his inquisitive eye many of those causes, operations, and effects, which to the casual observer lie concealed in the mist of obscurity, may contemplate with unaffected sensations of delight.

The Christian with enraptured feelings meditates 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.

Who in pursuit of happiness, "our being's end and aim," that has walked forth on a summer's day at dawn, and watched the sun as rising in the eastern sky, marked the "blushing tints of morn," the inimutable glories which he spreads over the mild face of nature, the liveliness and gayety with which he inspires the whole animal creation, that has not felt those thrilling and delightful sensations of happiness for which the most graphic pen must look in vain to any other source? And who

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 Luna, casts her silvery 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 verdent green, and there 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 by familiarity, 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—avarice thrusts foward 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 fascinations may be said to have passedthe fiery ordeal, and hence it is that those whose life flows along smoothly, and are not easily swayed 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. Every thing 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 bro't 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 impassioned 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 wasthirty 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 parchment" from the "big wigs," had raised his sign, and that and 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 Attornies, I am entitled to the address of Counsellor by courtesey. That is not all, scarce had I got my japanned tin in a conspicious situation, before in walked a gentleman, and announcing himself as "John R. Smith" by which title he said I "*mought tarm* 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 suiting the action to the word, he struck at him with vengence, 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 devoted 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 ourrselves 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.

WM. 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 rnined by the ill-fated scene through which he had passed. The note had disappeared; no one knew whither; nor does any one know at this time what was the contents, or the cause of his emotion.

Two or three weeks after he had recovered, I received a message from him saying that he had been taken suddenly ill, and was near dying. I repaired to the spot in haste, and requested to be shown to his chamber. As I approached the door, I could distinctly hear from within the sounds of Bacchanalian mirth and revelry! but fancy my astonishment on entering, to see five or six of the most abandoned characters of the place, surrounding a table, at the head of which sat Edward Blackstone; the usually temperate Edward, flushed with wine. He did not know me, and calling me by the name of one of his servants, ordered more champaigne; and I, glad of the opportunity, made my escape. On going to see him early next morning, I found him in his study. He calmly arose, stretched out his hand, and requested to know what extraordinary accident had sent me so far from home!

I returned home soon after, shocked to find that so noble a mind had been laid in ruins.

Five or six days after this, as I was retiring to bed, I fancied I heard a sigh, but seeing nothing, I supposed it delusion, and lay quietly down. I had lain but a few moments, when I heard a light footstep, and looking up, a figure in white was staring on me with unearthly looks! I could not be mistaken in the well known features. My God! the young, handsome, accomplished Edward Blackstone, stood before me, *an idiot!*

"She will not come here, Will; don't be afraid," said he, in a low, hurried voice. "I have come to settle our accounts—You must not deny the motion, your honours—fine night sir, fine night—These are the facts of the case, Mr. Smith."

I spoke to him kindly and soothingly, and he burst into tears, and wept like a child. I could not resist mingling my tears with his.—Suddenly he looked wildly around him, said that MARY and the CHILD were coming—and tarowing up a window, before I could prevent him, leaped out!

He had scarcely been gone an hour, when his friends came in search of him, judging from some expressions he had let fall, that they would find him at my house. I accompanied the party back to Edward's residence, where we found him in his chamber, lying across a chair, quite dead? His throat was cut in a horrible manner! I have done.

Penn-Yan, Dec. 1832. HAMET.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

I'LL THINK OF THEE;

In answer to Forget-Me-Not, *in the preceding number.*

Forget thee?—Not while the orb of day
Shall shed his cheering light for me;
The scenes of the past shall drive away
The slumbers of my memory—
I'll think of thee when my faithful barque
Has borne me o'er the sea!
In the circle gay, when I'm far away,
I will think of thee.

I'll think of thee, when the wintry blast
Is fiercely howling o'er the lea;
And the voice of the storm, as it rushes past,
Is drown'd by the cheerful voice of glee—
I'll 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.

I'll think of thee, when the radiant sun
Has sunk below the western sea;
And evening hails the modest moon,
As she glides, half veil'd along the sky:
I'll think of thee, when I hear the sound
Of Nature's minstrelsy—
When the birds of the grove chaunt their carols of love,
I will think of thee.

I'll think of thee, when I meet with a maid
With a blooming cheek, and a melting eye;
And a heart as pure as the breath of spring,
When it floats along in its purity.
I'll think of thee when my heart is sad,
Or fill'd with joyous glee;
While beauty and worth I can find on earth,
I will think of thee.

Murray, Feb. 1833. S.

THE SPIRIT OF DELIGHT.

Rarely, rarely comest thou,
Spirit of Delight;
Wherefore hast thou left me now,
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Fossil Forest discovered at Rome.—An interesting discovery has been made by a pedestrian tourist (Dr. Weatherhead, if we are not misinformed) in the immediate vicinity of Rome, a description of which is given in the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal of the Sciences for this month—namely, that of a fossil underground forest, above 40 feet in thickness, and extending for several miles. The petrific matter is a calcsinter, and the discoverer of this colossal phenemenon in natural history is of opinion that it has been occasioned by an earthquake, the memory of which is lost—probably long prior to the foundation of Rome. Not less singular than the phenomenon itself is the circumstance of its having escaped the observance of the scientific for so many ages.

The following is an extract from Professor *Porter's* Lecture on the "Domestic Relations:"

As yet, I have said nothing on the conjugal relation—a connexion which surpasses all others in tenderness and intimacy. If it be criminal to enter into this without affection, it is so to let it die and those attentions which affection prompts to be discontinued. Did not the world supply instances we should think it impossible for a man to be so devoid not only of the attachment corresponding to the vows he had taken, but of generosity and principle, as to be otherwise kind and attentive in this connexion. To the truly virtuous man there is something sacred in the very name of *wife*. The woman of feeling and refinement who takes it, does so with an affectionate and confiding heart.—She brings her hope of earthly happiness to a point. She adventures every thing in the traffic of the affections. Disappointment here, is final—remediless disappointment—and her portion ever after, is that of a desolate heart. These are reflections, which will habitually occur to the man of feeling, and exert a most salutary influence, when in moments of care, and vexation, and pain, he is hardly sensible of the fondness that dwells in his heart. No man can be what he should be in this relation, without adding to warmth of attachment, the stability of principle.

Extract.—"Along the sere and melancholy wood the autumnal winds crept with a lowly but gathering moan. Where the water held its course, a damp and ghostly mist clogged the air; but the skies were calm and checkered only by a few clouds, that swept in long, white, spectral streaks over the solemn stars. Now and then the bat wheeled swiftly round, almost touching the figure of the student as he walked musingly onward. And the owl, that before the month waned many days, would be seen no more in that region, came heavily from the trees, like a guilty thought that deserts its shade. It was one of those nights, half dim, half glorious; which mark the early decline of the year. Nature seemed restless and instinct with change; there were those signs in the atmosphere which leave the most experienced in doubt whether the morning may rise in storm or sunshine. And in this particular period the skies' influences seem to tincture the animal life with their own mysterious and wayward spirit of change. The birds desert their summer haunts; an unaccountable inquietude pervades the brute creation; even men in this unsettled season have considered themselves more (than at others) stirred by the motion and whisperings of their genius. And every creature that flows upon the tide of the universal life of things, feels upon the ruffled surface the mighty and solemn change which is at work within its depths.—

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 brie fless 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 *countenance* you have shown me on this occasion."

When Richard Cœur de Lion, in one of his crusades, had fallen into an ambuscade which the Soldan had placed for him, and vainly contending against numbers, was on the point of being captured, William de Porcellets, a baron of Provence cried out, in the Saracen tongue, "I am the king." The infidels immediately surrounded him, and Richard escaped. The magnanimous Soldan received his prisoner with distinguished honor, applauded his loyalty and valour, loaded him with costly gifts, and treated him in every respect as a king. He was finally exchanged for ten of the greatest princes belonging to the court of the Soldan.

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 thereat.

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 gum!*

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? *Pultusk!*

Which of your teeth are like a mantu-maker's fingers and thumbs, when she is cutting out a dress? *Inscisors!*

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.*

But 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 Temle!* 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. Every thing belonging to the bridegroom elect, even to his pipe and tobacco box, are decorated in the same manner. All the wine and liquor at weddings is called the Bride's Tears.

Witchcraft.—From 1602 to 1661 8,192 persons were burnt in England alone for witchcraft, for 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 1808,32,332 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 accide nts 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, aroe Lutheranism.

Fashionable—Suicide.—An eminent physician in Glasgow, has just published a volume entitled *Hints to a Fashionable Mother.*

The following is an extract from this work, which we give for the benefit of our *fair* readers.

I have repeatedly been almost in an agony to see young ladies who were dressed too tightly attempt to sing; for singing requires full inspirations, which they are entirely unable to take. If they experience half of the inconveniences at such times from their clothing which they appear to do, it must be intolerable. Oh thou tyrant fashion! to what tortures are thy slaves subjected! More slow than the Russian knout, or the infernal engines of the bloody Inquisition—but equally dreadful in their effects. The latter are comparatively but momentary, and may soon be unheeded by the senseless victim: but when the former have been borne for years, they give place to diseases which prey with insatiate violence upon the acutely sensitive frame, and delight in protracting human suffering till the last fibre has been broken. Perhaps a flame is kindled in the lungs, that gradually consumes the vital principle. Perhaps disease of the heart is destined to wear out the wretched sufferer with horrid palpitations and hourly expectation of sudden dissolution—or perhaps the thousand maladies that affect the nerves are commissioned to keep poor nature upon the rack, till she sinks exhausted by pains no medcines can cure, no sympathy assuage. The scourge and mortifying abstinance of Romish zeal are contemplated with disgust, and the bloody hooks, the wheels of Juggernaut, and the blazing pile of Hindoo fanaticism fill the soul with horror. Yet how many are immolated at the shrine of fashion! How many voluntarily suffer tortures more severe than any ever imposed upon the devotees of a heathen deity!

The immortal Wilson, in his Essays on the Liberty of Unlicenced Printing, has this remarkable passage:—"As good almost kill a man as kill a book; who kills a reasonable creature—God's own image—but he who destroys a book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye and understanding too. Many a man lives a burthen to the earth—but a good book is a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Mr. Cyrus Chase, of West-Almond writes us a very complimentary note, at the same time adding his name to our subscription, and intimating that others would do likewise. Any help from Mr. C. will be kindly received, and gratefully acknowledged.

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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,
He saw a cherub girl at play.
And knew the romp—for Reason's daughter.

"Come hither, hither, blooming child;
Long have I sought to have thee near me;
Let's roam among those roses wild;
I've not my bow; you need not fear me!"

As Love pronounc'd the maiden's name,
From his bright wing he pluck'd a feather;
Pleas'd with the proffer'd toy, she came,
And hand in hand they roam'd together.

At length there rose a tempest wild
Though Reason thought 'twas not unpleasing;
But storms scarce felt by Reason's child,
To gracile Love appear'd, oh! freezing!

"Now screen me from this icy air!
My wings are all too wet for flying!
Oh! take me to that bosom fair!"
Said Love to Reason, softly sighing.

And nestling up to Reason's form,
Spread his chill wings on Reason's shoulder;
And this is why *as Love grows warm,*
Reason, they say, *grows always colder.*

The Zephyr now rode down the air,
And kiss'd the rain-drops from the cresses;
And Love unbraided Reason's hair,
And dried his wings with Reason's tresses.

But both grew faint and weary soon—
"Reason," said Love, "the choice is ours;
Let's stay beneath this silver moon,
And sleep to-night among the flow'rs."

Reason replied with drooping head,
And pausing 'neath a weeping-willow,
They made a soft carnation bed,
And plac'd a rose-bud for a pillow.

But, lest another storm might rise,
Of which they'd have too little warning,
One was to watch the changing skies,
And one to sleep, by turns, till morning.

Thus each awhile in slumber lay;
Each watch'd the other's couch of roses;
And this is why they always say,
When Love awakes, Reason reposes.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HER GRAVE?

Where shall we make her grave?
Oh! where the wild-flowers wave
In the free air!
Where shower and singing-bird
Midst the young leaves are heard—
There—lay her there!
Harsh was the world to her—
Now may sleep minister
Balm for each ill:
Low on sweet Nature's breast,
Let the meek heart find rest,
Deep, deep and still!
Murmur, glad waters by!
Faint gales, with happy sigh,
Come wandering o'er
That green and mossy bed,
Where, on a gentle head,
Storms beat no more!
What though for her in vain
Falls now the bright spring-rain,
Plays the soft wind;
Yet still from where she lies
Should blessed breathing rise,
Gracious and kind!
Therefore let song and dew
Thence in the heart renew
Life's vernal glow!
And o'er that holy earth
Scents of the violet's birth
Still come and go!
Oh! then where the wild-flow'rs wave,
Make ye her mossy grave,
In the free air!
Where shower and singing-bird
Midst the young leaves are heard—
There—lay her there!

THE REVELLERS.

BY W. D. GALLAGHER.

There were sounds of mirth and joyousness
Broke forth in the lighted hall,
And there was many a merry laugh,
And many a merry call.
And the glass was freely pass'd around,
And the nectar freely quaffed;
And many a heart felt light with glee,
And the joy of the thrilling draught,

A voice arose in that place of mirth,
And a glass was flourished high:
"I drink to Life!" said a son of earth,
"And I do not fear to die.
"I have no fear—I have no fear—
"Talk not of the vagrant Death;
"For he is a grim old gentleman,
"And he wars but with his breath.

"Cheer, comrades, cheer!" 'We drink to Life,
And we do not fear to die:"
Just then a rushing sound was heard,
As of spirits sweeping by.
And presently the latch flew up,
And the door flew open wide—
And a stranger strode within the hall,
With an air of martial pride.

He spoke; "I join in your revelry,
"Bold sons of the Bacchan rite;
"And I drink the toast ye have drunk before,
"The pledge of yon dauntless knight:
"Fill high—fill high—we drink to Life,
"And we scorn the reaper Death,
"For he is a good old gentleman,
"And he wars but with his breath.

"He's a noble soul, that champion knight,
"And he wears a martial brow,
"Oh, he'll pass the gates of Paradise,
"To the region of bliss below!"
This was too much for the Bacchanal;
Fire flashed from his angry eye;
A muttered curse—and a vengeful oath—
"Intruder, thou shalt die!"—

He struck—and the stranger's guise fell off,
And a phantom form stood there,
A grinning, and ghastly, and horrible thing,
With rotten and mildewed hair:
And they struggled awhile, 'till the stranger blew
A blast of his withering breath;
And the Bacchanal fell at the phantom's feet,
And his conqueror was—DEATH!

A respectable physician in New-York was stopped lately by a person who wished to pay him a dollar which he had been good enough to lend him some time previous. The doctor did not recollect of his having lent the money, but being assured that he had and the man pressing the payment, he gave the change for a three dollar bill. Upon examination the bill proved to be counterfeit.

Two Oxonians, dining together, one of them noticing, a spot of grease on the neckloth of the other, said—"I see you are a Grecian," "Poh," said the other "that's far-fetched." "No, indeed," said the punster, "I made it on the spot."

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From the Newburyport Weekly Palladium.

THE TWINS.

"I TELL IT YOU AS 'TWAS TOLD TO ME."

In the autumn of 1825, I had occasion to visit the town of N———, beautifully situated on the western bank of the Connecticut river. My business led me to the house of B——, a lawyer of threescore and ten, who was resting from the labors and enjoying the fruits of a life strenuously and successfully devoted to his profession. His drawing room was richly decorated with several valuable paintings. There was one among them that particularly attracted my attention; it represented a mother with two beautiful children, one in either arm, a light veil thrown over the group, and one of the children pressing its lips to the cheek of the mother. 'This,' said I, pointing to the picture, 'is very beautiful,—pray sir, what is the subject?' 'It is a mother and her twins,' said he, 'the picture in itself is deemed a fine one, but I value it more for the recollections which are associated with it.' I turned my eye upon B——; he looked communicative, and I asked him for the story. Sit down said he, and I will tell it. We accordingly sat down and he gave the following narrative.

During the period of the war of the revolution, there resided in the western part of Massachusetts, a farmer by the name of Stedman. He was a man of substance, descended from a very respectable English family well educated, distinguished for great firmness of character in general, and alike remarkable for inflexible integrity and steadfast loyalty to his king.—Such was the reputation he sustained, that even when the most violent antipathies against royalism swayed the community, it was still admitted on all hands that farmer Stedman, though a tory was honest in his opinions, and firmly believed them to be right.

The period came when Burgoyne was advancing from the north. It was a time of great anxiety with both the friends and foes of the revolution, and one which called forth their highest exertions. The patriotic militia flocked to the standard of Gates and Stark while many of the tories resorted to the quarters of Burgoyne and Baum. Among the latter was Stedman. He had no sooner decided it to be his duty, than he took a kind farewell of his wife, a woman of uncommon beauty, gave his children, a twin boy and girl, a long embrace, then mounted his horse and departed. He joined himself to the unfortunate expedition of Baum, and was taken with other prisoners of war by the victorious Stark. He did not attempt to conceal his name or character, and were both soon discovered and he was accordingly committed to prison as a traitor. The jail in which he was confined, was in the western part of Massachusetts, and nearly in a ruinous condition. The farmer was one night awakened from his sleep by several persons in the room. "Come," said they, "you can now 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 Sherriff, 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 sherriff, '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 sherriff, '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 sherriff.

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 presiding in his breast as a sentiment even superior to the love of life.

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 plead 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 again 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 little 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 judge of his own productions, they were striking representations. I asked no further questions. I seized the picture and hurried with 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 farmer grasped my hand, while tears stole down his cheek, 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 it were upon a low, sandy coast, close to you and covered with foam and breakers. 'She behaves nobly,' observed the captain, stopping aft 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 thunder. '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. How's her head now! 'N. N. E., as she was before she broke off, sir.

'Pipe belay,' said the captain. 'Falcon,' continued he, "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?' 'Yes sir.'

'Jump down, then and see it double bitted and stoppered at thirty fathoms. See it well done—our lives may depend upon it.'

The ship continued to hold her course good; and we were within half a mile of the point; and fully expected to weather it when again the wet and heavy sail flapped in the wind and the ship broke off two points as before. The officers and seamen were aghast for the ships head was right on the breakers. 'Luff now all you can quarter-master' cried the captain. 'Send the men aft directly. My lads there is no time for words—I am going to clud haul the ship, for there is no room to wear. The only chance of safety, is to be cool, watch my eye and execute my orders with precision.—Away to your stations for tacking ship. Hands by the best bower anchor. Mr. Wilson, attend below with the carpenter and his mates ready to cut away the cable at the moment I give the order. Silence there, fore and aft. Quarter-master, keep her full again for stays. Mind you ease the helm down when I tell you.' About a minute passed before the captain gave any further orders. The ship had closed to within a quarter of a mile of the beach, and the waves curled and topped around us, bearing us down upon the shore which presented one continued surface of foam, extending to within half a cable's length of our position, at which distance the enormous waves culminated and fell with the report of thunder. The captain waved his hand in silence to the quarter-master at the wheel and the helm was put down. The ship turned slowly to the wind, pitching and chopping as the sails were spilling. When she had lost her way, the captain gave the order, 'let go the anchor.' 'We will haul at once, Mr. Falcon,' said the captain. Not a word was spoken, the men went to the forebrace, which had not been manned; most of them knew, although I did not, that if the ship's head did not go round the other way, we should be on shore, and among the breakers, in less than half a minute. I thought at the time that the captain said he would haul all the yards at once, there appeared to be no doubt or dissent on the countenance of Mr. Falcon; and I was afterwards told that he had not agreed with the captain but he was too good an officer, and knew that there was no time for discussion, to make any remark; and the event proved that the captain was right.—At last the ship was head to wind, and the captain gave the signal. The yards flew round with such a creaking noise, I thought the masts had gone over the side, and the next moment the wind had caught the sails, and the ship, which for a moment or two had been on an even keel, careened over to her gunnel with its force. The captain, who stood upon the weather hammock rails, holding by the main rigging, ordered the helm amidships, looking full at the sails, and then at the cable, which grew broad upon the weather bow, and held the ship from nearing the shore. At last he cried, 'cut away the cable.' A few strokes of the axes were heard, and then the cable flew out of the hawse-hole in a blaze of fire, from the violence of the friction, and disappeared under a huge wave, which struck us on the chess tree, and deluged us with water fore and aft: But we were now on the other track, the ship regained her way, and we had evidently increased our distance from the land.

'My lads,' said the captain to the ship's company, you have behaved well, and I thank you; but I must tell you honestly, that we have more difficulties to get through. We have to weather a point of the bay on this tack. Mr. Falcon, splice the main-brace, and call the watch. How's her head, quarter-master?'

'S. W. by S. Southly sir.'

'Very well; let her go through the water;' & the capt. beckoning to the master to follow him, went down in the cabin. As our immediate danger was over I went down into the berth to see if I could get any thing for breakfast, where I found O'Brein and two or three more.

'By the powers, it was as nate a thing as ever I saw done,' observed O'Brien: 'the slightest mistake as to time or management and at this moment the flat fish would have been dubbing at our ugly carcasses. Peter you're not fond of flat fish, are you, my boy? We may thank heaven and the captain, I can tell you that my lads; but now where's he chart, Robinson. Hand me down the parallel rules and compasses. Peter, they are in the corner of the shelf. Here we are now, a devellish sight too near this infernal point. Who knows how her head is?'

'I do, O'Brien; I heard the quarter-master tell the captain, S. W by S. Southly.'

'Let me see,' continued O'Brien, 'variation 2 1-4—lee way—rather too large an allowance of that, I'm afraid; but however, we'll give her 2 1-2 points; the Diomede would blush to make any more under any circumstances. Here—the compass—now we'll see; and O'Brien advanced the parallel rule from the compass to the spot where the ship was placed on the chart. 'Bother! you see it's as much she'll do to weather the other point now, on this tack, and that's what the captain meant when he told us we had more difficulty. I could have taken my bible oath that we were clear of every thing, if the wind held.'

'See what the distance is, O'Brien,' said Robinson. It was measured, and proved to be thirteen miles. 'Only 13 miles; and if we do not weather, we shall do very well, for the bay is deep beyond. It's a rocky point, you see, just by way of variety.

Well my lads, I've a piece of comfort for you, any how. It's not long that you'll be kept in suspense, for by one o'clock this day, you'll either be congratulating each other upon your good luck, or you'll be past praying for. Come, put up the chart, for I hate to look at melancholly 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 superior officers were in conversation with the captain who had expressed the same fear that O'Brien had in our berth. 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 admiration 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 not help ac-

knowledging how much more serious it was that such a man should be lost to his country. I do not intend to say that it consoled 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, 'we must put the mainsail on her.'

'She *must* bear it,' was the reply, 'Send the men aft with the main sheet. See that careful men attend the bantlings.'

The mainsail was set, and this effect of it upon the ship was tremendous. She careened over so that her lee channels were under the 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 rising as before, but forcing herself through whole seas, and diving the waves, which poured in one continual torrent from the forecastle down upon the decks 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, the shot rolled out of the lockers, and every eye was fixed aloft, watching the masts, expected every moment to go over the side. A heavy sea struck us on the broadside, and it was some moments before the ship appeared to recover herself; she reeled, trembled, and stepped her way as if it had stupified 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 went faster through the water, and held a 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 will pay you the compliment, Falcon, to say, that I feel convinced that the masts of this ship are as secure as knowledge and attention can make them.'

The first lieutenant thanked the captain for his good opinion and hoped it would not be the last compliment which he paid him.

'I hope not too: but a few minutes will decide the point.'

The ship was now within two cables length of the rocky point; some few 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.

'T'will 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 mainsails had been set.) Come aft you and I must take the helm. We shall want nerve there now.'

The captain and the first lieutenant went aft and took the fore spokes of the wheel, and O'Brien, at a sign made by the captain, laid hold of the spokes behind him. An old quarter-master kept his station at the fourth. The roaring of the seas on the rocks with the howling of the wind were 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 careened 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 foresail split, and were blown clean out of the bolt ropes, the ship righted, trembling 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 courses and again lifted over the waves, was not a bad simile of the relief felt by us all at that moment; and, like her we trembled as we panted with the sudden reaction and felt the removal of the intense anxiety which oppressed our breasts.

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 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 top-sail.

"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 herbage—we know that spring is at hand—even at the door."

FOR THE GEM.

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. SCRANTOM.—If you deem 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 GEM. 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 fixty 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. Doct. 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 seventh. 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 conntry 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 Bourgs; from which

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 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 unexpected difficulties. The defeat and death of Montgomery, together with the compulsion 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 to 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. Despairing of accomplishing the wishes of congress, the commissioners at 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 quesion 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 prohibiting 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 Caroll 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 congresss 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 as 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 [illegible]ned

Kings, Emperors and Governments, and their opinions which upheld them. He had seen Brittania, when in the pride of her glory, hold every civilized nation in awe—he had seen her red cross waving triumphantly over sea and land, her dominion extending from regions of the East to the dark forests of the West. But before his eyes were sealed to earthly changes, he had witnessed the decline of her power. In his day he saw her dependence wrested from her grasp, her pride humbled, and her armies defeated by the undisciplined forces of an infant colony. He saw the wonderful prosperity of his native country, whose population has since his birth increased from nine hundred thousand souls to more than twelve millions, enjoying the blessings of freemen.

L. C. D.

Lockport, February, 1833.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

HUMAN LIFE.

Life has its hopes and fears, its joys and its pains, its misery and its happiness. No man however high or low, rich or poor, weak or potent, elevated or abased, is exempt from these ingredients in human life. We are so situated and circumstanced, our disposition, our constitution, our passions, our feelings, our desires are such, that it would be against and in violation of the laws of nature to be destitute or free from alternate apprehensions and enlivening prospects, delight and mourning, affliction and pleasure.

Although many of us are apt to impute these our several conditions to misfortune, or mischance, they oftener accrue from our own avarice, ambition, immorality and selfishness.—From this source many of them flow.

We are constantly looking forward for more solid enjoyment, constantly grasping after greater pleasure, constantly seeking higher distinction, larger estates, and more extensive reputation. There can hardly be found an individual in community, who can lay his hand upon his heart, and say, he is contented with his present lot, satisfied with his present circumstances. Contentment is rarely to be found among human beings. It is a feeling only to be seen in those who are removed and retired from, and therefore are not exposed to the tempations, allurements, and attractions o the world.

The student toils o'er the midnight lamp, endures all the hardships, fatigue, and labor which arduous and successful study imposes, foregoes every pleasure, shuts himself up in a collegiate prison, and travels the irksome journey of a collegiate course, merely for the purpose of distinction, and superiority, over his fellow creatures. And perhaps after he has done all this, after he has spent the spring of his existence in laborious application to the acquisition of science and learning in its different branches, after he has racked his brain with Simpson, Euclid, Homer, Virgil, and the classics, he finds, his ends unattained, his purposes unanswered, his toils unrewarded, his hopes disappointed, and his brightest prospects blasted; he finds he has to deal with a fickle, ungrateful and ungenerous world. He is disappointed—he drags along a painful existence, and dies a victim of disappointed ambition.

This is too often the fate of the aspiring scholar. Yet he imputes his misery to human life. He curses the day of his birth—he curses his unhappy lot—he represents human 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 untempered, unbounded, unrestrained 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 entirely confined to the acquisition of wealth and prosperity, who devotes his nights to the creation 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, uncomforted, and laughs at his nakedness, his hunger, his poverty, his sufferings, also meets with a misfortune—he curses human life, and dies. His barns and granaries have been consumed, his money has been stolen, and his crops blasted.

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 dissatisfied. Human life has its joys, as well as sorrows. Weigh them in the scale of truth and candor, and the latter will not preponderate. If mankind were divested of the selfish 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 avarice 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 apprehensive this state of things will never be brought about. Mankind will always have the same dispositions, inclinations, and passions which at present constitute the fountains from which the major part of their miseries spring, until that fountain 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, arrives, see how they tremble, see how they recoil from the awful verge of life, and plead the grim messenger of death, for a few moments longer.

Life is dear. The most gloomy and melancholy estimate it as a pearl above price or value. 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 innumerable sources of joy. The heavens above us call for our admiration. Then let us be content.

G. D. A. P.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS, &c.

Mr. Editor—I do not often write in vindication 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 it is 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 unfortunate 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 responsible 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,

> "'Tis 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 accordance with the present useless fashions, and entirely regardless of every thing that can render them useful and happy. Such shudder at the idea of being called into active, useful life, and choose to spin out years in single blessedness, 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 debar their daughters from all privileges; teaching them nothing but to labor like slaves. These 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 pursue the medium, wisely avoiding either extreme, teaching their children by precept and *example* too, to love and practice virtue, will never have the pain which is often felt by both the other classes, on seeing misfortune a constant 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 fulfil 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 righteousnes down to the tomb, followed by their good works. F. L. S.

Greece, April, 1833.

THE SENTIMENTALIST----NO. 5

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

WOUNDED PRIDE.

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 be proud, 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 of the elements of destruction, to outride the withering storm—and feel ourselves as independent as others. But does some one wound that pride—does some hand unwittingly, or maliciously, injure the fine sensibilities of nature—we feel what it is to be but man—poor frail man.—A tender cord is touched that will not cease to vibrate, until retribution, in some form, comes to its relief. A look of haughty superiority—a smile of derision, or a neglect in social etiquette, becomes to the man of pride and sensibility a crime, not to be passed with impunity. We all naturally love independence and feel as good as our neighbors, and do not like to be treated by them with too much neglect. We may preach up charity and forbearance as much as we will to others, but it is a creed we do not any of us wish to follow. We will not, we cannot. We may forgive, but we can never forget: each view of the man who has injured us recalls a recollection, and each recollection a pang. I look upon him that wantonly trifles with the feelings of another as on a barbarian. I envy not the feelings of his bosom—they may fit him for the company of pirates, but they would destroy the peace and pleasure of social intercourse. Let him that would wantonly wound another's pride, reflect how little benefit it is to himself, and how much of pain and mortification there may be in the breast of his fellow; he will then forbear! E. W. H. B.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

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 minstrelsy.

Again round "friendship's hallow'd shrine,"
Thy ever blooming wreaths entwine,
And wake again in souls like thine
The thrill of heart felt ecstacy.

Or when thou hear'st the warbling throng,
That sweetly chant the woods among,
Then may we hear in thy sweet song
The charms of nature's scenery.

Or touch again "the trembling string"
When othe s' woes thy bosom wring,
In melting strains, thy requiem sing
To sooth the wail of misery.

But is it so—? Oh is it o'er,
And shall we hear thy song no more
In all its mellow numbers pour
Its wild, its rapturous melody?

It must be so—we hear thee say,
And like the charms of setting day,
Or like some warbler's dying lay
It lingers round the memory.

Murray, March, 1833. S.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE.

O come away my little lass;
No longer tarry there:
The dew is falling on the grass,
And chilly is the air.

O no, O no, the lass replied:
I would your pardon crave—
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 myself 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 tried 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, for I'd never heard
These cruel words before.

But sadly now do I full well
Their every meaning know,
And all of them I now can tell,
For I have felt their woe.

We had no friends, we had no home,
And so he carried me,
And left me at a neighb'ring dome,
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'd brighter eye and redder cheek
Than when he left the land,
But when he spoke his voice was weak,
And bony was his hand.

He trembled much and oft did groan,
And soon alas he died—
And now I'm in the world alone,
For I've no friend beside.

And Lady now I often pray,
And often have I cried
For God to take my breath away,
And lay me by his side.

MARGARETTE.

BY JOHN B. DILLON.

Where shall the dead, and the beautiful sleep?
In the vale where the willow and cypress weep;
Where the wind of the west breathes its softest sigh,
Where the silvery stream is flowing nigh,
And the pure, clear drops of its rising sprays
Glitter like gems in the bright moon's rays—
Where the sun's warm smile may never dispel
Night's tears o'er the form we loved so well—
In the vale where the sparkling waters flow;
Where the fairest, earliest violets grow;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,
Bury her there—bury her there!

Where shall the dead, and the beautiful sleep?
Where wild flowers bloom in the valley deep,
Where the sweet robe of spring may softly rest,
In purity, over the sleeper's breast:
Where is heard the voice of the sinless dove,
Breathing notes of deep and undying love;
Where no column proud in the sun may glow,
To mock the heart that is resting below;
Where pure hearts are sleeping, forever blest;
Where wandering Peri'i love to rest;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,
Bury her there—bury her there!

MAN AND WOMAN.

Man is the proud and lofty pine,
That frowns on many a wave beat shore;
Woman, the young and tender vine,
Whose curling tendrils round it twine,
And deck its rough bark sweetly o'er.

Man is the rock whose towering crest
Nods o'er the mountain's barren side;
Woman, the soft and massy vest
That loves to clasp its sterile breast,
And wreath its brow with verdant pride.

Man is the cloud of coming storm,
Dark as the raven's murky plume,
Save where the sunbeam, light and warm,
Of woman's soul—of woman's form,
Gleams brightly through the gathering gloom.

Yes,' tis to lovely woman given,
To soothe our grief, our woes allay;
To heal the heart by misery riven—
Change earth into an embryo heaven,
And drive life's fiercest cares away.

TRUTH.

To-day, man lives in pleasure, wealth, and pride,
To-morrow, poor, of life itself denied.
To-day, lays plans of many years to come,
To morrow, sinks into the silent tomb.
To-day, his food is dress'd in dainty form,
To-morrow, himself a feast for worms.
To-day he's clad in gaudy, rich array;
To-morrow, shrouded for a bed of clay.
To-day, enjoys his halls, built to his mind;
To-morrow, in a coffin is confin'd.
To-day, he floats on honor's lofty wave;
To-morrow, leaves his titles for a grave.
To-day, his beautious vissage we extol;
To-morrow, loathesome in the sight of all.
To-day, he has delusive dreams of heaven;
To-morrow, cries too late to be forgiven.
To-day, he lives in hopes as light as air.
To-morrow, dies in anguish and despair.

Original.

Lines for Miss M. M. H's Album.

KINDNESS.

The voice of kindness—it is sweet
To hear each welcome tone,
Which tells there are warm hearts that beat
Responsive to our own;
To find, as onward still we press
Though life's all-darkened hours,
Some friendly ones our way would bless,
And strew its path with flowers.

Oh, if there can be ought to cheer
The lonely wanderer on,
When grief still claims the silent tear
For friends and kindred gone,—
Beyond the hope that Heaven has lent
To light this world of woe,
It is that sunny blandishment
That kindness doth bestow.

The glances mild, the smiles of love,
Round home's bright scenes that dwell,
We sometimes meet, though far we rove
From its entrancing spell:
And though we mourn each sundered band
That firmly bound us there,
Still kindness with its influence bland,
Can chase away despair.

And it is doubly dear to me,
When Fortune cruel seems,
To mark the look of sympathy,
That ever sweetly beams.
Oh deeply is that look impress
Upon my memory;
And Hope within my weary breast
Relumes her fading ray.

She bids me nerve my heart to bear
What life may have for me;
For though its cup is filled with care,
And oft with misery,
Yet if we tread in virtue's way,
We have the promise given,
That death but opes eternal day,—
The glorious gates of Heaven. G. H. S.

Canandaigua, Feb. 15, 1833.

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 incesantly 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 digits 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 am only a passenger!*"

We may laugh at the folly, or 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 on him the multiplied evils of lottery and other gambling; point him to the families who have been beggar'd; the 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 extricate 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 instruction, 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 scincillations, nearly as perfect as those produced by the flint and steel. The most remarkable discovery, however, is a sure mode of giving strong and even unpleasant shocks, which bear great resemblance to those from a voltaick pile, of about 100 pairs of plates. Some other results, tending to [illegible] 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 preventimg 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, resolutely discarded 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 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 F Bacon observes, that men in great places are thrice servants; servants to the state, servants o fame, and servants to business. "It is strange," says he, "that men will desire place to lose liberty; the rising into 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 [redacted] 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 honors and years,
Each crown'd with his 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 frequently heard intemperate drinkers say that they did *intend* to leave off using strong drink, but they must do so by *degrees*. Should one of these kind of folks fall into a raging fire, would he like to be pulled out by *degrees*?

Family Library.—The LIII. number of Harper's Family Library, just published, is "A Historical view of the Progress of Discovery on the more Northern coast of America, from the earliest period to the present time, with descriptive sketches of the Natural History of the North American Regions, with an highly interesting Appendix, containing remarks on a late memoir of Sabastian Cabot, with a vindication of Richard Blakely."

A periodical of 50 pages, entitled "*The Medley*," to be published monthly at 75 cents per quarter, has just been issued by Messrs. Whitmore & Minor, New Haven, Ct. It is conducted by an association of Students in Yale College.

Mrs. WILLARD, of Troy, N. Y. has recently published an "Appeal in favor of Female Education, especially in Greece."

We are requested to announce that the Phœnix Society, of Hamilton College, have elected the hon. Alfred Conklin, of Albany, to deliver an address, and Theodore S. Fay, esq. of New York a poem, before the society, its alumni and the college on the day preceding Commencement, August 13, 1833.—*Oneida Observer.*

SCOTCH SALUTATION.—The North Briton at Auld Reeky, frequently greets his friend with "Weel, Donald, is na this a fine cauld rainy morning?" Indeed it is, Sandy, a *fine* cauld rainy morning.

Another caution to unfaithful Lovers.—At a Circuit Court in Litchfield, Conn. a few days 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 Scottsville, on the 8th ult. Mr. *Daniel Willson*, of Penfield, to Miss *Amy Miller*, of Chili.

In Livonia, by the Rev. Mr. Allin, on the 16th Feb. Mr. *Symus Risden*, to Miss *Betsey Ford*. In the same place, on the 6th March, by the Rev. Mr. Jesten, Mr. *William Thurston*, to Miss *Abigail Hannahs*, both of the same place.

In this village, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. Luke Lyons, Mr. *Orsemus Eaton*, to Miss *Harriet Lindsley*, both of this village.

DIED.

On the morning of the 15th of February last, at the house of her father in Galway, N. Y. in the 25th year of her age, Mrs. RUTH ANN GOODRICH, daughter of Mr. Ezra Kellogg, and consort of Mr. L. Goodrich, merchant of Scottsville, 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 tomb the lovely, the affectionate; the tender friend, the ardent lover.—The hopes of all youth's day-dreams of bliss are crushed, and the desolate heart of the survivor is as blank and cheerless as if he were, indeed, left *entirely alone* in the wide world!

The subject of these remarks had but just left her paternal roof, and linked her destiny with the husband of her youth, ere the grisly monster marked 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 dreadful hour of separation.

The following lines, express very forcibly all that she felt, and the bereft husband will no doubt long carry them fresh on his memory:

THE WIFE'S ADIEU.

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 nerved me with transport to see
The hour of my doom, though it tears me from thee!

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

VOLUME 5] ROCHESTER, APRIL 20, 1833. [NUMBER 9.

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, sate the ungainly figure of a short, fat, bloated old Jewess.

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—that's 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 thing—and she really looks very ill.

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? said I doubtingly.

Marry—you'll be paid for your visit, I suppose. Isn't that enough? said the woman, with an impudent 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 musn'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. 11, I found was the last house in the court; and just as I was going to enquire of a filthy creature squatting on the door steps, she called out to some one within, Mother! Mother! Here's the Doctor come to see Sall!

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 filthier. 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 was a phial and tea cup; and, along the farther extremity of the room, a wretched pallet, all tossed 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 stirring 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 any thing 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 disordered 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, for 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. The cold thrill that passed through me—the sickening sensations I then experienced, creep over me now that I am writing.

Why— am I right? Eleanor! I exclaimed faintly, my hands elevated with consternation, 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 struck 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 slowly 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, in me! 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 upoher heart. Oh, the tone of her voice! I would to Heaven—I would to Heaven, that the blackest seducer 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—to see me here—but youv'e heard it all"——said she faintly. "Oh—we'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 choaked, "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 couched 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 immediataly to bleed her, having obtained what was necessary—with great difficulty—without summoning any one for the present into the room. I bled her till she fainted. A few minutes before she became insensible—while the death-like hue and expression of fainting were stealing over her features, she exclaimed, though almost inaudibly —"Am I dying?"

When I had taken the requisite quantity of blood, I bound up the arm, as well as I could, took out my pencil, hastily wrote a prescription on a slip of paper, and called for such assistance as might be within reach. A young woman of odious appearance answered my summons by bursting noisily into the room, Pity for the miserable victim I had in charge, joined with disgust and horror at the persons about me and the place in which I was, kept me silent—till the woman last alluded to, made her appearance with the medicine I had ordered, and which I instantly poured into a cup and gave my patient. "Is the young woman much worse, sir?" she inquired in an under tone, and with something like concern of manner. "Yes," I replied laconically, "she must be taken care of, and that well—or she will not live the night out"—I whispered.—"Better take her to the hospital, at once—had'nt we?" she inquired, approaching the bed, and eyeing Miss Edwards with stupid curiosity. "She is not to be moved out of her bed, at the peril of her life—not for many days, mind, woman—I tell you that distinctly."

I once more took my seat at the bedside. Miss Edwards' face evinced the agitation with which she had listened to the cruel and insolent language of the beldame in whose power she for the present lay. I trembled for the effect.

"Now, I entreat you, suffer me to have all the talking to myself for a moment or two.—You can answer all my questions with a nod, or so. Do you think that if I were to send to you a nice respectable woman, a nurse from a dispensary with which I am connected, to attend upon you, the people of the house would let you remain quiet for a few days, till you could be removed? Nod, if you think so?" She looked at me with surprise, while I talked about removing her, but she simply nodded in acquiescence.

"If you are well enough bye and bye, would you object to being taken from this place to a dispensary, where I would see to your comfort?" She shook her head.

"Are you indebted to any one here?"

"No, my guilt has paid"——she whispered. I pressed my finger on my lips, and she ceased. "Well, we understand one another for the present. I must not stay much longer, and you must not be exhausted. I shall charge the people to keep you quiet, and a kind experienced nurse shall be at your bedside within two hours from this time. I will leave orders till she comes, with the woman of the house to give you your medicine, and to keep you quiet, and the room cool. Now, I charge you, by all your hopes of life—by all your fears of death—let nothing prevail on you to open your lips, unless it be absolutely necessary. Good evening—may God protect you!" I was rising, when she beckoned me into my seat again. She groped with her hand under the pillow for a moment, and brought out a purse. "Pho, pho! put it away—at least for the present!" said I. "Your fee must be paid!" she whispered. "I visit you as a dispensary patient, and shall assuredly receive no fee. You cannot move me, any more than you can shake St. Paul's," said I, in a peremptory tone. Dropping her purse, she seized my hand in both hers, and looking up to me with a woeful expression, her tears fell upon it. After a pause, she whispered, "Only a single word! Mrs.——," naming my wife, "you will not tell her of me?" she inquired, with an imploring look. "No I will not!" I replied, though I knew I should break my word the moment I got home. She squeezed my hand, and sighed heavily. I did not regret to see

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 down stairs. 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, 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 *soi-disent* 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 little less than 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!" 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 days 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 impertinences 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 harrassing, 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 neck curving with involuntary hauteur, which, however, was soon softened by my wife's calm and steady eye of reproof, as she assured her "Eleanor, I thought it no harm to be such a daughter." This pride appeared to my wife, though not to me, some security against the peculiar dangers that beset Miss B——.

"She's too proud—too high-spirited a girl," she'd say, "to permit herself to tamper with temptation. She's infinitely above listening to nonsense. Trust me there's that in her would frighten away fifty trifers a day.

"My view of the matter, Emily, is far different," I would say. "Pride, unless combined with the highest qualities, is apt to precipitate such a girl into the vortex that humility could never have come within sight or reach of. Pride dares the danger that lowliness trembles at and avoids. Pride must press forward to the verge of the precipice, to show the ease and grace of its defiance. My Emily! merely human confidence is bad—is dangerous—in proportion to its degree. Consider—remember what you have both heard and read of the disastrous consequences attendant on the pride 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 fumes 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 revolting, 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 Sall Edwards! All such notions, however, were dissipated by nine o'clock, when I found myself once more by the bed-side of "Miss Edwards." 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 occasion? Was the pitiable object before me Eleanor B——? were they her fair limbs that now lay beneath the filthy bed-clothes? Was the ashy face—the hollow cheek—the sunken eye—the matted, disordered hair—did all these belong to Eleanor B—— the beautiful Madonna of a former and happier day. And thou, FIEND! the doer 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 posture 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 towards 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 appearance of recognition, but she seemed as if she had been woke from dreaming of a frightful spectre that remained visible to her waking eyes.

Miss B——, Miss Edwards I mean. How are you? I inquired.

Yes—it—it is, she murmured, scarcely audible—her eye fixed unwaveringly upon me.

Have you been in any pain during the night? I continued.

Without removing her eyes, or making me any answer, she slowly drew up her right hand, all white and thin as it was, and laid it on her heart.

Ah! I whispered softly, partly to myself, partly to the nurse—'tis the opium—not yet recovered from it. She overheard me, shook her head slowly, her eyes continuing settled on me as before. I began to wonder whether her intellects were disturbed, for there was something in the settled stare of her eyes that shocked and oppressed me.

I thought I should never have woke again! she exclaimed in a low tone, with a faint sigh Suicide! hereafter! she continued to murmur, reminding me of the words with which I had quitted her over night, and which no doubt had been flickering about her disturbed brain all night long. I thought it best to rouse her gently from what might prove a fatal lethargy.

Come, you must answer me a few questions. I will behave kindly to you——

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 opened her hand towards the nurse, who gently shook it. You're very kind to me, she murmured; 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---

Pashaw! you must not talk in that way. Have you felt any fulness, a sort of choking fulness; about your chest, since I saw you last! She did not seem to hear me, as she closed her eyes and gave me no reply for several minutes. I repeated the question.

I—I cannot speak, she sobbed, her lips quivering with emotion.

I saw her feelings overpowered her. I tho't it better to leave at once, and not agitate her; so I rose, and entreating the nurse to pay her all the attention in her power, and give her medicine regularly, I left, promising to return, if possible, at noon.

I need not, however, delay the course of the narrative, by dwelling on the comparatively eventless week that followed. I attended my miserable patient on an average twice and thrice a day, and was gratified at finding no relapse; that she even recovered, though slowly, from the fierce and sudden attack that had been made on her exhausted constitution. During this time, as I never encouraged conversation, confining my inquiries to the state of her health she said nothing either of interest or importance. Her mind was sunk into a state of the most deplorable despondency, evidenced by long, frequent, deep drawn sighs. I learned from the nurse, that Miss Edwards sometimes moaned pitiously during the night, Oh mother! mother! my mother! She would scarcely open her lips from morning to night, even to answer the most necessary questions.

On Friday morning, as I was taking my leave of her, she suddenly seized my hand, pressed it to her lips, and with more energy than her feeble state could well bear, gasped, Oh, that I could but get out of bed to fall down on my knees before you to thank you! Oh, it would relieve my heart!

To be Continued.

MERIT is often an obstacle to fortune, and the reason is, because it always produces two bad effects; envy and fear. Envy in those who cannot rise on the same degree of perfection, and fear in those who are established, and who dread that by advancing a man possessed of more abilities and merit than themselves, they may be supplanted.

THE SENTIMENTALIST----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 bitterness 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 it is that of the 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 around 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 wo, and drop the sympathising tear at the rehersal of our misfortunes. Others, who proffered false professions of friendship while on the wing of prosperity, are now looking with a haughty air of arrogance upon us, and deride 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 wo, 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 sympathy just starting from its pure fountain! And what emotions must the poor African feel, who has suffered under the severity of a hard taskmaster, if he behold you dropping a tear upon his chains! I well recollect when one held dear by the sacred ties of nature was reft from me by unfeeling Death. I was silent under the afflictive stroke—it was too much—I could not even weep. A friend that stood by me as I gazed silently upon the grave, took me by the hand saying 'I know how to sympathise with you.' I looked up—a tear stood upon either cheek and more were preparing to follow. It was enough, then I could weep, and I did weep—but they were not all tears of sorrow. There is no test of friendship so true as this. The vow of eternal constancy—the ardent profession of esteem may deceive us, but this can never. It comes like an angel of mercy to us, when overwhelmed with despondency, and kindly relieves us of one half the heavy load. It may I know be called feminine and womanish, but if it be confined to woman, then happy is she—and I would much rather have her drop one tear of sympathy over me in affliction, than join in the gay hilarity of a thousand boon companions. It is one bright evidence that we do not all live for ourselves alone—that human nature is becoming less earthly, and that the time must soon come when we shall 'love our neighbors as ourselves.'

E. W. H. E.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

A SKETCH.

Charles Morton, was a young man of 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 demeanor, retired in his disposition, gentle in his mein, 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 supervision 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, interminable 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, while 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," cooled the ardour of his ambition, and ultimately laid him in a premature 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 excitatory 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 irreverential 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 henious, and had many mitigating circumstances attending it; although the spectators admired the proud spirit which he displayed more than they disliked the stubborness 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 seperation from the world and from community, 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 sank into dulness, his lately blooming countenance assumed a palid hue, his fine fresh features wore the garb of yellow melancholly, his handsome frame unable to support itself looked like the ruins 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, untainted 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 unfeeling 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 *felo de se*."

Despair was the effect of confinement, and confinement the consequence of a little excitement; drunkenness was the effect of desperation, and intemperance "wove his 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 decking 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 blasting frost of early disappointment.

Reader, let not this simple and unadorned 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. Juvenis.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

"O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"—when man can scarcely say of any thing he possesses, that with his own right hand hath he gotten this,—when every good and perfect gift is received from Him, without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls to the ground—when so frail is the tenure by which his life is held—when the irreversible decree "thou shalt surely die" is out against every son and daughter of Adam,—when we have incontrovertible evidence that the glory of the earth fadeth away, and that our life "is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." I cannot tell: but so

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 sagely 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 touchstone of his. Look at two men, rational beings, exulting in the strength of their own mighty intellect, both scorning that sure word "which is a light shining in a dark place, whereunto men do well to take heed," and each following the dictates of his own *infallible reason*—do they arrive at the same results? No, not often. One believes all immaterial, ideal, 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, unhonor'd, 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, plainly sees and most deeply feels that he has too long neglected to study that WORD "which is able to make us wise unto salvation, shuffles off this mortal coil," is buried with all "the pomp of pride and mockery of woe" and

"On his storied urn is seen
Not what he was, but what he should have been."

But some there are, and not a few I rejoice, who endeavor to follow him who "went about doing good," showing men the true source of happiness here and the way to attain true peace and everlasting joy after this life. These find that it is true wisdom, not entirely, to trust their own blind imagination or lean to their own understanding, but to "Search the Scriptures," take them as the man of their counsel, and trust the word of the Lord; feeling, so far as earth is concerned, that in regard to great and small when death has sealed their eyes, the truth of the poet's lines

"How lov'd, how honor'd once, avails thee not;
To whom related, or by whom begot.
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art and all the proud shall be."

These, in obedience to the requirement, "deal justly, love mercy, and walk humble before God," are blessed in doing their duty, and shall finally hear their Divine Master say "Well done good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a *few* things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of the Lord." F. L. S.

Greece, April, 1833.

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

ON THE DEATH OF DR. ADAM CLARKE.

Know ye a prince hath fallen? They who set
On guilded throne, with rubied diadem,
Caparison'd and guarded round till Death
Doth stretch them 'neath some georgeous canopy,—
Yet leave no foot-prints in the realm of mind,
Call them not *kings*,—they are but *crowned men*,—
——Know ye a prince hath fallen?—Nature gave
The signet of her royalty,—and years
Of mighty labor won that sceptred power
Of Knowledge, which from unborn ages claims
Homage and empire, such as time's keen tooth
May never waste.—Yea,—and the grace of God
So witness'd with his spirit, so impell'd
To deeds of Christian love,—that there is rear'd
A monument for him which hath no dread
Of that fierce flame that wrecks the solid earth.—
——I see him 'mid the Shetlands, spreading forth
The riches of the Gospel,—kneeling down
To light its lamp in every darken'd hut;
Not in the armor of proud learning brac'd,
But with a towel girded, as to wash
The feet of those whom haughty princes scorn.—
I see him lead the rugged Islander
Even as a brother,—to the Lamb of God,—
Counting his untought soul more precious far
Than all the lore of the letter'd world.—
——I hear his eloquence,—but deeper still,
And far more eloquent, there comes a dirge
O'er the wild wave,—"All that ye boast of man,
Is as the flower of grass."
Farewell!—farewell!
Pass on with Wesley, and with all the great
Where the cold name of sect, which sometimes throws
Unholy shadow o'er the heaven-warm'd breast,
Doth melt to nothingness,—and every surge
Of warring doctrine, in whose eddying depths
Earth's charity was drown'd—is sweetly lost
In the broad ocean of Eternal Love.

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 wakening 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 chesnut flowers
By thousands 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 Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

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

Come forth, O 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 footstep, to meet me fly,
With the lyre, and the reath, 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 breezy 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.

And it is sweet to find an earthly friend,
Tho' heaven's preserving arm we lean upon,
Where heart to heart in sympathy can blend,
Each wish and hope and joy they call their own.

To feel that we do love and are beloved,
To meet the fondness which the looks express,
And know the heart sincere, by virtue moved,
Is much of all that earth can bring to bless.

Love hath its hour of woe. The scene is past,—
And disappointment's gathered storm has burst,
And like the rush before the whirlwind's blast,
In mental agony the mind is tost.

Can you calm the deep and troubled sea,
When its wild surges beat upon the shore?
Then may you set the wounded spirit free,
And broken vows shall writhe his heart no more.

O 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.
Mother is that Heaven?

Mother, they tell me of vine clad hills,
Where the syren sings by the bubbling rills;
Where the dove builds her nest on the eagle's rock,
And the fierce wolf feeds with the shepherd's flock.
Mother is that Heaven?

Mother, they tell me of brighter skies,
Where the lilly blooms, and the nightshade dies,
Where the jessamine creeps on the mountain's top,
And the rose opes her bud on the barren rock.
Mother is that Heaven?

Mother, they tell me of pearly cells,
Where the "mermaid" sings and the rainbow dwells;
Where the "Ocean God" sleeps in his coral bed,
And the "Sea Spirit" chaunts for the sailor dead.
Mother is that Heaven?

Mother, they tell me of friendship pure,

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.

SHAKSPEARE—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 developement 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? Purity 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. Noblemen and princes were its patrons. It was at least as chaste as the age, whose taste and manners it improved. Is Shakspeare, then, loose in some of 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* suffuse the cheek of modesty with a blush, he is unpardonable. 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 fluctuating 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 dissoluble 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 evinces 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 nor to many of the streams of English Literature; yet his humor has the true Attic Salt, and his sentiments often partake of a grandeur approaching sublimity. He touches the passions as with a magic wand, and they rise to do his bidding. He has discovered a channel to the human soul, through which to excite the sterner passions, or draw forth floods of sympathetic tears. Scott is not in all respects true to nature. Like other novelists, his characters occupy no middle ground; are either in very high life, or very low; remarkably refined or surprisingly illiterate. But some of the most admirable delineations of Shakspeare are from middle life, evincing an accurate acquaintance with mankind. While our ears are every day saluted with maxims from this masterly exhibition of human nature, which have become familiar as household words, it is quoted in our halls of legislature, at the pulpit and the bar. Of English classics it is almost the first of the first rank. By innumerous quotations in the very best writers Shakspeare has become so embedded in English literature, and he has contributed so largely to enrich our vernacular tongue, that to erase him from our minds and our hearts, would be to destroy the English language. Scott has never attempted a work at so high, so difficult a character as Shakspeare. The page of the former may be compared to an extensive, cultivated field, rising in gentle acclivities, and enriched by various and abundant vegetation—that of the latter to *nature's* boldest, *finest* scenery, diversified by mountain and valley, gentle cascade and thundering cataract. J. H. A.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

To Correspondents.

We thank "J. H. A." for his interesting communication, and hope he will continue to enrich the GEM with his productions.

Surely "*Margarette*," will not remain insensible to the beauties of Spring. We hope soon to hear from her, and also from "*Horace*," "*G. H. S.*" and "*S.*"

Plagiarists.—We shall always feel grateful, for valuable *original* articles, for this paper, or for even *selected* ones, when sent to us as such:—but some communications, received, remind us of the following anecdote. A young author obtained permission of the celebrated satirist Piron, to read to him a tragedy which was on the eve of being brought out. At every verse which was *pillaged*, Piron took off his hat, and *bowed;* and so frequent had he occasion to do this, that the author, surprised, asked him what he meant? "Oh," replied Piron, "it is only a habit I have got of saluting my *old acquaintance.*"

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Calmet'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 1830 and '31, by the Rev. Messrs. Eli Smith and H. G. O. Dwight, 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 vieing 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. In London a subscription is on foot to purchase of 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 Mosh-

eim, by Mr. Murdock, of New Haven, has been completed 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 publications to be called the "Library of Standard Literature." The first of the series now in the hands of the Stereotypers will contain the works of Edmund Burke, in 3 vols. at a price not exceeding $3. It will be followed by the works of M'Kenzie, Lady Montagxe, Samuel Butler, Memoirs of Sully, &c.

Miscellaneous Selections.

HUMILITY AND PERSEVERANCE.

A FABLE.

From the side of a mountain there flow'd forth a little rivulet—its voice was scarcely heard among the rustling of the leaves and grass around, and its shallow and narrow stream might be overlooked by the traveller. This brook, although so 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 cloud, to roll all day though the heavens painted so beautifully, as those lovely shapes are colored, and never descending again in showers; or, at least, I wish I were a broad river performnig some useful duty in the world. Shame on my weak waves and unregarded bubbling, I might as well have never been, as to be thus puny, insignificant and useless."

When the brook had thus complained, a beautiful tall flower that bent over its bosom replied:

"Thou art in error, brook. Puny and insignificant thou mayest be; useless thou art not, for I owe half my beauty, perhaps my life, to thy freshening waters. The Creator has given thee a duty, which, though humble, thou must not neglect. Beside, who knows what may be thy future destiny. Flow on, I beseech thee."

The brook heard the rebuke and danced along its way more cheerfully. On and on it went, growing broader and broader. By and by other rivulets poured their crystal waters into it, and swelled its deepening bosom, in which already began to appear the fairy creatures of the wave, darting about joyfully and wider, and as other branches came gliding into it the stream began to assume the importance of a river, and boats were launched on it, and it rolled on in meandering course through a teeming country, freshening whatever it touched, & giving the whole scene a new character of beauty.

As it moved on now in majesty and pride the sound of its gently heaving billows formed itself into the following words.—"At the outset of life, however humble it may seem, fate may have in store for us great and unexpected opportunties of doing good and of being great. In the hope of these we should over pass on without despair or doubt, trusting that perseverance will bring its own reward. How little I dreamed when I first sprang on my course, what purpose I was destined to fulfil! 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 meek and lowly despair; heaven will supply them with noble inducements to virtue."

SPANISH WOMEN.

They are remarkable for the beauty of their hair. Of this they are very proud, and indeed its luxuriance is only equalled by the attention 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 woman is most proud. The moment a new comb appears, even a servant wench will run to the melter's with her old one, and thus with the cost of a dollar or two, appear the next holyday 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 sot. Go to the Senate of the United States, and witness that vacant chair, out of which a Senator tumbled into a drunkard's grave. Witness the end of Mirabeau, of Savage, of Sheridan, of Burns, Byron, and of more than one Doctor of Divinity. One minister I knew, who, if human eloquence could avail would have scattered salvation as from angels' wings, had he not found a drunkard's grave. The more mind the more danger. Excitement was the food of the mind; and when this species of excitement was suffered to sway the energies of a gigantic intellect, there was no predicting the result.—*Weld's Lectures.*

An excellent rule for living happy in society, is never to concern one's self with the affairs of others, unless they wish for or desire it. Under pretence of being useful, people often show more curiosity than affection.

Woman. There is a tree in Mexicana, which is so tender that a man cannot touch any of its branches, but it withers presently. A lady's credit is of equal niceness: a small touch may wound and kill it.

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing any thing but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

A merchant who always tells truth, and a genius who never lies, are synonymous to a saint.

Polishing.—A person, in public company, accusing the Irish nation of being the most unpolished people in the world, was answered mildly by an Irish gentleman, 'that it ought to be otherwise, for the Irish meet with hard rubs enough to polish any nation on earth.'

Delightful! A gentleman at the last concert showed us a $100,000 bill! Do you give it up? It was the *lips* of an heiress? *Quere?* How many times, in the language of Miss Hughes' song, has that bill discounted a *'No!'* *Boston Post.*

Bad Matches. A notorious toper used to mourn about not having a regular pair of eyes, one being black and the other a light hazle. "It is very lucky for you," replied his friend, "for if your eyes had been *matches*, your nose would have set them on fire long ago."

VANITY.

I gazed upon a female form
As youth and wealth had found her,
The glow upon her cheek was warm,
And beauty's charm was round her.

Her eye was bright, her brow was fair,
But something still was wanting;
Vanity made its inroads there,
The *thoughts*—the *mind*—were vaunting.

LITERARY TRIFLE.

If you transpose what ladies wear,—*Veil,*
'Twill show what faithless lovers are;—*Vile.*
Again, if you transpose the same,
You'll see an ancient Hebrew name;—*Levi.*
Change it again, and it will show
What all on earth desire to do;—*Live.*
Transpose the letters once more,
What bad men do, you'll then explore.—*Evil.*

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A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

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From the Diary of a Physician.

THE MAGDALEN.

Continued from our last.

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 stay in the room till he came back. In a few moments all was quiet again. I passed the next quarter of an hour in a perfect ecstacy 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 Cod! (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 ask 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 these 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 'tis 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 quietest streets he could find, and by the time we stood before the Dispensary gates, Miss Edwards had fallen asleep—for, be it 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 ease imaginable. When I laid her on the bed, her short quick breathing, and flushed features, together with her exhausted air, and occasional hysteric starts, made me apprensive that the agitation and excitement of the last hour or two had done her serious injury. I consoled 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 fall off ; but no, Oh, no, my gracious God and Father ! not into the burning !" exclaimed Miss Edwards, her voice faltering and her eyes lifted up towards Heaven with a kind of awful hope. " I need not weary you with the very many flattering adventures I met with ; and which, alas ! I met with too often to allow of the common duties of life being tolerable to me. Your lady, Doctor, in happier times would listen to them, and warn me not to be led away by them.

* * * * * * *

"But let me come at once to the commencement of my woes. You may recollect the pleasant banks of the ——— ? Oh, the happy hours I have spent there ! I was walking one Sabbath evening, along the river side, reading some book——I now forget what— when I almost stumbled against a gentleman that was similarly engaged. He started back a step or two, looked at me earnestly for a moment, and, taking off his hat with a high-bred air, begged my pardon. He looked so hard at me, that I began to fancy he knew me. I colored—and my heart beat so quick, so quick and hard, that I could hardly breathe ; for I should, indeed, have been blind not to see that my appearance struck him ; how *his* affected *me*, let the remainder of my life from that hour tell in sighs and groans of anguish ! He was the handsomest man I think I have ever seen. He seemed about thirty years old.— There was something about his face that I cannot express ; and his voice was soft—his manners were kind and dignified. Indeed, indeed, it was the hour of fate to me ! He said something about ' blaming not each other for the interruption we had experienced, but the authors, whose works kept us so intently engaged,' in such a gentle tone, and his dark eyes looking at me so mildly, that I could not help listening to him, and feeling 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 tho't 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 displeasing me, that charmed me beyond 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 tho't 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—any thing 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 thick 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! did I 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 Heaven ! 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 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 CHARMS OF NATURE.

What tho' like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
With neither house or hall ?
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 pricipice, 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 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. Though she eats as little as ever, that little is eaten, she says, with relish. Her voice is not so feeble as it was ; the pain in her chest is not so oppressive ; 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 rallyings 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 perilous 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 in the rose !

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 attentive 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—Is'nt 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 would let me die now ! I am happy, yes, happy in the prospect of death ; but when I think of life, my joy fades suddenly !

Resign yourself, Eleanor, to the will of God! He in his infinite wisdom must choose for you, life or death ! Learn to obey, with fear and trembling !

But how should I be otherwise than shocked at returning to the world—the scene of my guilt—my black—she paused, and turned pale. Who would not spurn me with loathing ? The worms would turn against me ! Even this kind woman.

La, ma'am, and what of me? Bless you ! Do you think I hate you ! interrupted the honest nurse, with tears in her eyes.

And, Eleanor, remember : did my wife, at any of the times she has been here——

No ! no ! no ! murmured the poor sufferer, her tears starting, and snatching my hand to her lips, forgive me ! but how can I help it !

Don't be distressed, Eleanor, if you should recover ; about your future prospects, said I, as the nurse left the room ; there are ways of securing you a comfortable though perhaps a humble retreat ! The bounty of one or two kind individuals——

Doctor, Doctor, she interruptrd me : when her emotion would not suffer her to say more.

Don't be oppressed, Eleanor, don't over estimate a little kindness, said I, thinking she overrated the small services I spoke of: It will be but little, and that little cheerfully given, among five or six persons—and that those ladies—her emotion seemed to increase. Well, well, if you dislike so much the sense of obligation, why cannot you lighten the sense of it, by trying to contribute a little to your own support ? Your accomplishments would easily admit of it.

Dear Doctor, you mistake me ! she interrupted, having regained a measure of calmness, I could tell you a secret that would astonish you——

A secret ! I echoed, with a smile : Why what about ?

I will tell you, said she, looking towards the door, as if apprehensive of interruption. I rose and bolted it.

I am at this moment, (believe me, when I say it) worth 3000*l.* and more than that ; all, all at my absolute command !

I started at her, first with astonishment, then with incredulity ; and finally with concern, thinking her intellects disordered. I shook my head, involuntarily, at her.

Doctor, disbelieve me, if you choose, she continued calmly, but I am serious. I do not speak, as you seem to imagine, deliriously.—No ! no ! This sum of money is really mine : mine alone ; and every farthing of it is in the funds at this moment.

Ah ! I interrupted her, the thought suddenly occurring to me, your destroyer bated his hook splendidly——

All the color that mantled her cheeks vanished suddenly, leaving them as white as marble. She gazed at me for a few moments in silence, the silence I knew not whether of sorrow or scorn.

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 ? She said this with more bitterness of tone and manner than I had ever seen in her.

Well Eleanor, be calm ! Forgive me ! I am verry sorry I spoke so foolishly and hastily. I did not, however, dream of hurting your feelings ! She continued silent, 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 thoughts 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, overpowered with her feelings. But though I knew it was become 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 extent 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 here 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 but 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, chess, sewing, &c. &c.: any thing, in short, that could give her mind something to prey upon, instead of itself.

But let me 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 unweried 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 upon 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 received 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; he 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, to stand behind thee, to hear thee forgive me all! Yes, to hear thee speak! To feel that thou hast changed me! Thou hast gone into the wilderness; thou hast sought out the lost sheep, and brought him home with thee rejoicing! Let me never wander from thee again! My heart breaks with thankfulness! I am thine! Do with me as thou wilt."

Nor were such expressions as these the outpourings of mere delirium—rant, uttered in a transcient fit of enthusiasm—but indications of a permanently altered state of feeling.—Surely, call it what you will, enthusiasm, delirium, rant, canting—if it produce such effects as these, it must be blessed beyond all description; and, Father of the spirits of all flesh! vouchsafe unto *me*, when in the awful agonies of passing from time into eternity—into Thy presence—Oh, wilt thou vouchsafe to 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 eternfty. If ever a gloomy shadow would pass over her mind, and blanch her features, it was when her mind suddenly reverted to the dreadful scenes from which she was so providentially rescued. The captive could not look back with wilder affiright 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—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 appearance with something that was unearthly." Her raven black hair was parted with perfect simplicity upon her pale forehead; and the expression of her full dark eyes, together with that of her pallid wasted features, and the slender, finely-chiselled fingers of the left hand, which was spread open upon her bosom, reminded me forcibly of a picture of the Madonna, by one of the greatest old painters. I defy any person to have seen that unfortunate girl's face, even in total ignorance of her history, and ever to have forgotten it. On my entering the room, she laid aside a book she had been reading, and seemed, I thought, a little fluttered, aware of my errand—of the heavy task she had undertaken. I apprize the reader at once, that I fear I can give him but a very imperfect account of the deeply interesting narrative which I received from Miss Edwards' lips. I did not commit it to paper till about a week after I had heard it, circumstances prevening my doing it earlier. I have, however, endeavored to preserve, throughout, as much of her peculiar turns of expression—sometimes very felicitous—as possible.

"Doctor," said she, speaking faintly at first, "how have I longed for, and yet dreaded this day!" She paused, unable to proceed. I rung for a glass of wine and water; and after she had taken a little, her agitation gradually subsided.

"Take time, Eleanor," said I, gently, "don't hurry yourself. Don't tell me a syllable more than is perfectly agreeable to yourself. Believe me, believe me, I have no impertinent curiosity, though I *do* feel a profound interest in what you are going to tell me."

She sighed deeply.

"But Doctor, the blessed Scriptures say, that if we *confess* our"—the poor girl's voice again faltered, and she burst into tears. I was affected and embarrassed—so much so, that I hesitated whether or not I should allow her to go on.

"Forgive me, Doctor," she once more resumed, "if I am shocked at finding myself beginning my bitter and disgraceful history. I do it in the spirit of a most humble confession of my errors. It will relieve my heart, tho' it may make you hate the poor fallen creature that is talking to you. But know my days on earth are numbered."

"Eleanor! Don't say so; I assure you I have great hopes"—

"Doctor—forgive me," said she emphatically, waving her arm with a serious air. "I do not doubt your 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 those days was rank with pride—a pride that aided 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 strove, 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—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 fall off ; but no, Oh, no, my gracious God and Father ! not into the burning !" exclaimed Miss Edwards, her voice faltering and her eyes lifted up towards Heaven with a kind of awful hope. " I need not weary you with the very many flattering adventures I met with ; and which, alas ! I met with too often to allow of the common duties of life being tolerable to me. Your lady, Doctor, in happier times would listen to them, and warn me not to be led away by them.

* * * * * * *

" But let me come at once to the commencement of my woes. You may recollect the pleasant banks of the ——— ? Oh, the happy hours I have spent there ! I was walking one Sabbath evening, along the river side, reading some book——I now forget what—when I almost stumbled against a gentleman that was similarly engaged. He started back a step or two, looked at me earnestly for a moment, and, taking off his hat with a high-bred air, begged my pardon. He looked so hard at me, that I began to fancy he knew me. I colored—and my heart beat so quick, so quick and hard, that I could hardly breathe ; for I should, indeed, have been blind not to see that my appearance struck him ; how *his* affected *me*, let the remainder of my life from that hour tell in sighs and groans of anguish ! He was the handsomest man I think I have ever seen. He seemed about thirty years old.—There was something about his face that I cannot express ; and his voice was soft—his manners were kind and dignified. Indeed, indeed, it was the hour of fate to me ! He said something about ' blaming not each other for the interruption we had experienced, but the authors, whose works kept us so intently engaged,' in such a gentle tone, and his dark eyes looking at me so mildly, that I could not help listening to him, and feeling 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 tho't 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 displeasing me, that charmed me beyond 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 tho't 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—any thing 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 thick 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! did I 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 Heaven ! 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 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 CHARMS OF NATURE.

What tho' like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
With neither house or hall ?
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 pricipice, 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 gifts of

fortune, yet in the beneficent eye of Heaven, all are equal. Nature is impartial—and the poor peasant, who undergoes incessant toil for his daily bread, has as much to thank his Creator for, as the mightiest monarch that ever swayed a sceptre over him. The fact is, there is not so much to be envied in wealth as many imagine. The rich man in consideration of his wealth has to struggle with Ambition, Avarice, Pride, and a thousand other such like attendants which no man would envy him—while, on the contrary, I can conceive of no happier scene than the poor contented peasant, on an autumn evening, sitting beneath his own little fig-tree, accompanied by his smiling helpmeet, while their little ones are gambollihg about them in playful innocence. Then with gratitude they turn their longing eyes towards Heaven, and with thanksgiving and praise

——"Mark the mighty hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'rspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming ray;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport, touches all the springs of life."

E. W. H. E.

FOR THE GEM.

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!" "young women" says he, "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 grassy beds fresh roses blow!'

Grass green, however, for the pale woman, appears not well :—and the poet says,

"—Maids grown pale with sickness and despair,
The sable's mournful dye should choose to wear;
So the pale moon still shines with purest light,
Cloth'd in the dusky mantle of the night."

And of the Brunet,

"The lass whose skin is like the hazel brown,
With brighter yellow should o'ercome 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.

PHILON.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

HOME.

"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 it 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 engraved 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 graveled 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 resistless, tender and soul subduing influence does the remembrance of past scenes and pleasures rush upon the mind. Our native hills and vallies, the meandering rills, the groves, the meadows and the fields which witnessed the innocence and sporting of our youthful years, arise before the imagination, arrayed in all their beauty. 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 indifference, the future full of thick darkness and sorrow. To us the leaving of the paternal roof, was the beginning of trouble: the change was from a scene of perfect happiness and quiet, to a swift and turbulent and onward current, which has called into action every energy of the soul. The stillness of repose, was exchanged for the stern conflict, and life has risen to our view, a field of labor, a scene of care. The golden dreams of youth have passed rapidly away, and we are unconsciously sailing down that deceitful stream, which has swept away age after age, and buried the glory of the world in the gulf of oblivion. It is a study of interest to trace out the paths of the many companions, who started with us in the search of fortune. Of these, some have risen to stations of honor and profit, others have taken upon themselves responsibilities still more mighty and important, have ascended the sacred desk, and in streams of eloquence have expatiated upon the wonders of redeeming love, and unfolded the dread realities of the future world; others have fallen into the opposite extreme; some have fallen a prey to misfortune, sorrow, and accident; and others have in the natural course of things, been gathered to their fathers. And the night of death is fast approaching. Having finished our career, the cold, the silent grave will close upon us, and our resting place fixed in darkness and solitude, the rank grass will wave o'er our bosom; the wild flowers will blossom there, shedding a grateful influence upon the passing gale. The wintry winds will sweep rudely by, regardless of our slumbering dust. But the wild flowers will not sweeten the slumbers of the tomb, nor the stormy winds disturb our repose.

V.

From the N Y. Messenger and Advocate.

INTEMPERANCE.

"ALCOHOL THY NAME IS DEVIL."

Intemperance is a monster among the sins of mankind. It startles 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 interminable periods of eternity, cannot convey to the mind a thrill of horror compared to that which must pervade it, when, to all the [illegible] nies of the damned, are added the lo[illegible] ness of brutality. To see the noble image the Creator in rottenness and blight, like fruits by untimely frosts and decay, seared, drowned, and consigned to an unburied 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 wrung from broken hearted sorrow her strains of lamentation; the *drunkard's* woe is yet unsung. The Harp that mourned plaintively in concert with the murmur of Babylonian waters, pouring forth the misery of a captive nation, had no wretchedness in its tone to express a drunkard's immeasurable destruction.

JOHN N. MAFFITT.

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.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE HILL OF SCIENCE.

When first I saw Parnassus' tow'ring height,
The scene brought rapture to my youthful breast,
And gazing on its brow of Heavenly light,
Long'd the pure beauties of its mount to taste.

Oh, with what ardour did my sculd arise,
On joyous youth's untiring pinions borne;—
I e'n look'd back, perhaps with scornful eyes,
On those who started by my side at morn.

But ah! too soon a frightful monster came,
And bade me from my fond persuits refrain;
Chill "Poverty" this gloomy tyrant's name,—
And life's stern cares and sorrows form'd her train.

Forbid by her to tread the flowery field,
Where science's star sheds its inviting ray,
To dread necessity my soul must yield,
And tread inglorious through life's rugged way.

For who can climb that mountain's dizzy side,
Clog'd by the sorrows and the cares of earth?
Such must in cold obscurity abide,
And crush each thought aspiring in its birth.

Then Fame, adieu! no more proud thoughts aspire:
I'll woo contentment in her shady grove,
Nor higher source of happiness desire,
Than the warm smile of pure, unchanging love!

H.

Ogden, 1833.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

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 lowly bier,
No kindred forms may bend:—for me no tear
May flow—but lightsome hearts with merry tread,
[illegible] beside my pall—when I am dead.

Yes, I shall die. The flowers will bloom as gay;
The bird of song will chaunt as sweet a lay;
The glorious sun as bright a beam will shed,
As if I liv'd and mov'd,—when I am dead.

Yes, I would die—nor stay forever where
My breath is very pain—my hope despair.
I ask no more, than this, with truth be't said,
I liv'd not wholly vain—when I am dead.

MARGARETTE.

Parma.

From the Forrestville Amaranth.

MAKE HASTE.

"Gather the rose-buds while you may"
For a blight hangs over them all;
And the one which blooms so fair to-day
Shall be faded before night-fall.

Thou mayst not wait if thou wouldst taste
Of the cup that sparkles so bright;
For the bliss it holds will quickly waste,
And lost is the promis'd delight.

Hast thou a Friend? Improve the hour
While that friendship may give thee joy,
For it passes away like the summer flower
Which the stormy winds destroy.

Say, dost thou love? Does Ella smile?
Oh hasten the bridal day—
For another love will thy fair beguile,
Make sure of her while you may.

Say, is thy purse with gold well stor'd?
Let it quickly purchase thee joy;
For wings there are to thy precious hoard,
And the metal itself is alloy.

Is knowledge thine? Let its learned store
Impart to thee pleasure to-day;
For to-morrow, besure, if not before,
In madness thy brain shall play.

Are hopes all bright, and friends all true,
And the riches of earth before thee?
Make haste, enjoy, thy hours are few,
And the clods of the valley are o'er thee!

Forrestville, April 1833. HUM.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

SPRING.

'Tis coming—I see on each gentle gale,
As it hastes with a fluttering wing,
From each towering mount, and each blooming dale,
The delightful chariot of Spring.
Far, far, to the dark rolling clouds of the north,
Old Boreas hastens away,
And murmuring seeks in the caves of his birth
Repose from his despotic sway.

'Tis coming—dame nature awakes to the scene
To welcome the triumphal car,
And spreads o'er her landscapes a flowery green
That gladdens the eye from afar.
Sweet Flora, with gems that outrival the east,
Makes each valley an Eden again,
And the lily, the rose, from their bondage releas'd,
And the violets nod o'er the plain.

'Tis coming—its music I hear in the rill,
As it glides from the mountain along,
And the rustling leaves have a melody shrill,
Like some sad and yet beautiful song.
Now—now—'tis the nightingale's earliest lay,
As her warm bosom heaves with delight,
She hath come to sing the dull hours away,
And put every sorrow to flight.

'Tis coming—I see on yon towering height
Its snow-wreaths are melting away,
And the vapors are fitting themselves for their flight,
And the glaciers are glistening and gay.
The bee leaves her cell for the flowery mead,
To gather her nectre again,
And the viper from slumber and lethargy fled,
Takes his station again on the plain.

'Tis coming—I see it—on every face
There's a smile of complacent delight,
Each bosom is swelling with gladness and peace,
And each eye is with extacy bright.
And now while the heart is transported with joy
As we stray through the flowery grove,
'Twill thankful adore HIM who ruleth on high
The sovereign of mercy and love.

Brockport. E. W. H. E.

From the Washington Republican.

THEY SHALL PERISH, BUT THOU REMAINEST.—*Heb.*

Suns and planets—every orb,
Spark of Thee, who shinest forever,
Time shall quench, and age absorb—
These shall fade; but thou shalt—never!

Wealth and beauty, pride and power—
Ties which only death could sever—
Every fruit of earth, and flower—
These shall fade; but Thou shalt—never!

Emerald Isles on Ocean sleeping—
Skies that seem to spread for ever—
Links of life, through Nature creeping—
These shall fade; but thou shalt—never!

Every grace of human art,
Time's unsparing scythe shall sever—
Dreams of fancy—spells of art—
These shall fade; but Thou shalt—never,

All the range of Nature's reign—
Sunny landscapes, smiling ever—
Silver moons, and starry train—
These shall fade; but thou shalt—never!

All shall fade, from earth and sea;
Oceans dry, and mountains sever;
Tide and Time shall cease to be—
Thou alone remain'st for ever!

ORLANDO.

Pray tell me, ladies, if you can,
Who is the highly favored man,
Who, though he's married many a wife,
May be a bachelor all his life?—*A Clergyman.*

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

The Season.—Spring, with its accompaniments of light and song, has burst upon us early. Already the merry bird has found his way to the long deserted woods, and you may hear him at the break of day, as he sits upon the leafless bough, chaunting his hymn to the god of day. Already is the flower bursting the swelled bud, and the unfolding leaf is shooting its tiny form forth to catch the rain and the sunbeam. Already the earth begins to be spread with nature's velvet carpet, while the flowers, fanned by the breathing south wind, are cracking their buds and distributing their fragrance to the zephyrs—and too, business with its bustle and noise is animating every village and hamlet, and furnishing employment for the great family of man. What an interesting picture is that of Spring! Who is able to paint it! It is the key that unlocks the seasons, and bids the earth rejoice. The same routine of nature is about taking place which has been notched in the past centuries; yet it is ever delightful, ever new; and men always welcome each season as if it was the first that had been; and part with each as if it were the last.

But we lose ourselves in the vastness of the subject, and wishing our kind patrons all the delights that the season presents, we will lay down our pen to enjoy the refreshing breeze that is just now pressing through our window, carrying to the blanched cheek of a pent-up editor its life-stirring influences, as it is warmed by the mellow rays of the sun—and content ourselves by giving a short selected article on SPRING.

"In the beautiful language of the wise man, the 'winter is now over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.' In these moments we are the witnesses of the most beautiful and most astonishing spectacle that nature ever presents to our view. The earth, by an annual miracle, rises again, as from her grave, into life and beauty. A new creation peoples the late wintry desert, and the voice of joy and gladness is heard among those scenes

that lay in silence and desolation. The sun comes forth 'like a bridegroom from his chamber,' to diffuse light and life over every thing he 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---nay, they are engraven 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 other bad effects. *I can't* transforms trifles 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 buried the wheels of his cumbrous 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 had said *I can't*, before thou hadst tried with thy might, thy wheels had rotted 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 trifles as to do, emphatically, nothing.

THE OLD POT-ASHERY.*

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-Ash," 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 out 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 who have seen 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 they are who have perished in consequence of this establishment, and the sin 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 GEM, the reader will find upon the right side of the picture near two trees, the old Ashery here referred to. It will be known by its having upon it no siding—and previous to its falling it had stood many years in the same state, leaning, and apparently tottering to its fall.

Imposition—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 the writer of this article gave publicity to them, eight years since, in a paper in Massachusetts: and now, lest our statement should be doubted, we have [illegible] would have not believed they then appeared. "Kemble" has transposed one verse, and exchanged the head and 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 vol. 12mo.

A paper entitled "The Emigrant. a Journal of the domestic news of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales," is published in New York—price $3,00 per annum.

Temperance Cause.—Two temperance Societies on the principal, of total abstinence—one by the men, & another by the women—have been organised in Boston by the colored people.

A person by the name of *Joel Thayer*, was lately detected, by watchmen, in the act of setting fire to a dwelling house, in Boston, between the hours of 11 and 12 at night, in which dwelling 19 persons were sleeping. He has been sentenced, for *twenty years*, to the State Prison, for this crime.

In three of our principal Cities, there were 1809 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 Russia. In Petersburg, it is said, three fourths of the persons employed in the manufactories have been attacked by it--and at Moscow 16,000 were ill with 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—but you would not object to selections, when sent as such. I therefore send the following plain truths. E.S.

From the Female Advocate

POLITENESS.

There is not, probably, in all the English language, a word more sadly abused in its import than politeness; and what is the most unaccountable, the more refinement the less politeness, in its true essence.

In the refined circles of society, the 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 sallies forth 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, practiced there, he would sigh for his own native cot, and if he were a savage, might long to return to his wigwarm, and teach his children the true art of rendering "honor to whom honor is due," and *that*, too, from principles founded in truth alone.

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 choice vension, sets you on your way homeward on the morrow, and *from the heart* says "remember poor Indian when you find him tired and hungry," and your inmost soul responds to the sincerity of his kindness. But in proportion as man mingles 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 the finished villain.

This is not necessarily so, and can be no argument against the highest cultivation of manners; it is because man is not like his Maker, that his heart readily receives the poison his neighbor partakes, and while he lives with men he must assimilate himself to their likes and dislikes, or be an isolated being among them.

[illegible]—monster—perfidious creature that I was! I [illegible] He insensibly loses that sensibility [illegible] heart, peculiar to a more dependant state of existence, and he soon learns to study to please, rather than benefit.

But how much is the cringing flattery to be deprecated, and how much to be dreaded. It destroys all confidence and renders man suspecting when he should be *confiding*. It hangs out the ensigns of goodness, while all manner of hypocrisy is within. It blinds the eyes to truth, and cherishes many pernicious principles which unobservedly enter in, and take up their abode, and eventually eradicate all that native politeness and good will, which once dwelt quietly in the heart. A.

* Our Correspondent may have misconceived our meaning: we had reference to whole pillaged articles communicated as original.—Appropriate quotations we do not object to, but admire them.

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 in transportation and agriculture. Omit my first and transpose the remainder, and I am what most people could not live comfortably without. Omit my second and last, and I am the means by which many accumulate wealth, and I likewise afford sustenance in a great proportion to

most nations. Omit my second, and I am what a tailor never did nor never can make a garment without. Omit my first, second & last, and I am a dipthong. 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? *Rutland 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 inpracticability 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 fully to answer the purpose, so long as the face was unconcealed—to overcome the objection to a veil, which she conceived would be rather out of keeping with the place and the character she was about to assume, recourse was had to a coat of oil and lampblack. With her face thus besmeared, a pair of black gloves, and habited as we have above stated, away she hied for the Theatre, and ascended the almost endless staircase to the gallery, with some little dread, it is true, but still a dread almost overcome by the pleasing hope of so shortly having her curiosity gratified by realizing a scene which she had so long anticipated, and as ardently desired.

The purchase of a ticket of admission and the delivery of it to the door keeper, were accomplished without scrutiny or detection, and she soon found herself seated in proximity with the roof of the building, enjoying her enviable height, and gazing with satisfaction upon the scenes which presented itself beneath her. In a short time, however, the benches began to fill up with blacks and whites, which bro't her more immediately within the range of observation, when the eyes of some of her sooty companions detected the cheat. This was a catastrophe which she had not anticipated, and, therefore, was unprepared for the consequences. After being shoved and jostled about some time, the real simon pures, some of whom insisted that she was a witch and others the old boy, were so indignant at the imposition, and the insult presumed from the vile attempt to assume their color, that they were proceeding to extremeties, when the peace officers attending the establishment had to interpose and rescue her. In this condition she was conducted to the watch house, but the spectacle she presented on entering must be left to the imagination, as we shall not attempt to describe it. The lampblack and oil 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. & Enq.*

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 Flagons 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 Ward, during the [illegible] of the Cholera 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—Chs. F. Wilcoxson, N. Edson Sheldon, Lynde C. Fens, Julius C. Wright, Jacob T. Gilford, Elijah Med, Peter Pratt, Benjamin B. Coit, and Thomas Coe.

ATHER SNARLY.—"Take care grandmam, or ou'll twist your neck off," said a little urchin on day to an old lady who was tugging to get a mb through her tangled hair, till she had pud her head round so that her nose and chin cae over her left shoulder. "Go along to scol you plague you," said she; at the same tir cuffing his ears and stamping her foot. As he 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 she succeeded in raking through.—Then droping her hands upon her knees, she sighed and exclaimed, "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 c'ne just kills me."

"My dear duck," said a Hibernian lady to her lover, a countryman of hers, "I had a swate drame about yourself the last night, that ever was." "And tell't me, honey," said Pat, with eagerness. "The divil mind me, if I do." 'And by the powers if ye dont, the next time ye are draming swate, I'll be after listening."

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, *Chandler Maltby*, Jr. 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 in marriage with Miss L. B.

O take her, but be faithful still,
And may the bridal vow
Be saered held in after years,
And warmly breathed as now.
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 riper years,
The treasured scenes of early youth,
In sunshine and in tears:
The purest hopes her bosom knew,
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
Mark only joys' increase,
And may your days glide *sweetly* on,
In happiness and peace.

Henrietta, April, 1833. N. N. B.

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Edwin Scrantom, Editor.

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A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

VOLUME 5.] ROCHESTER, MAY 18, 1833. [NUMBER 11.

From the Diary of a Physician.

THE MAGDALEN.

Continued from our last.

"Two or three evenings after, we met again. My heart melted to see his pale features, his languid air. Somehow 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 at 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 very pale and faint. I am sure I must—for 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 conciousness of what I had done. I could not look my mother in the face. I felt stupified 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 tho't 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 scarce said any thing I would have not 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 but 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 better 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, folding me fondly in his arms, and kissing me in a sort of transport. I felt then confident of my safety! That very evening did I write the proposed letter to my mother, telling her of all. Oh how I tried to crowd my whole heart into every word! My color went and came; my knees shook, my hands trembled; my head swam round; I felt cold and hot by turns. I got the letter written, however, and stepped into bed, a sleepless one you may imagine. That night, that very night, I dreamed a dream that might have saved me: that I looked out of bed, and saw a beautiful but venemous snake gliding about under the chest of drawers, near the windows. It shocked me as I gazed suddenly at it, but I did not once think of Captain ——. Alas, I have since!

The next day, my injured, unsuspecting mother had fixed for paying a visit to a friend who lived some few miles off, from whence she would not return till the day after. Monster—monster—perfidious creature that I was! I chose the first night that my mother and I had been separated for years—the time when she had left all in my charge—to forsake her and home, to elope at midnight with my destroyer in a coach and four for Gretna Green! We set off—oh that horrible night—that——Here Miss Edwards turned suddenly deadly pale.—Her manner had for some time shown increasing agitation, though she spoke with undiminished energy till she uttered her last words.

I cannot suffer you to proceed any further this evening, Eleanor, said I; forcing on her some wine and water, 'your efforts have exhausted you.' She nodded and attempted to speak, but her voice failed her.

"To-morrow shall I come, if you find yourself better?" She nodded acquiescence. I called in the nurse immediately, ordered some little quieting medicine and left the nurse to prepare her for bed.

The next evening found us again together as on the preceding. I entreated her not to resume her narrative, if it were painful to her, observing her in tears when I entered.

Yes, Doctor—indeed I am pained; but let it wring my heart as it may, I must go on with the black story I have commenced. Do but be prepared to hear with forgiveness much that will shock you—that will make you look on me with loathing—no, no, then—I will say, pity!

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 persuasion. 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 very 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 sprung 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 flattered 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 gayeties of that place, however, could lull or distract the worm from knawing 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 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, only very furious when her daughter's name is mentioned. She says, as the slut has made her bed, so she must be upon it!'

How—oh how could I be for an instant deceived by such a shallow—such an infamous fabrication? I know not; strange as it may seem, I wished to think it true, to pacify myself—to blunt the horrid sting of remorse.—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, stupified 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 noblemen, 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 spirits 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 at 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 stupified, I heeded not what I did; so he had but little difficulty in persuading me accept his lodgings in London 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 stupified 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 ecstacy. 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 audience was shaking with laughter at the scenes of a favorite comedy. I—I could not laugh, but rather scream 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, it 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 30*l.* 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 cannot 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 even 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 indeed, when I thought of what her sufferings must be! I never dared to make any enquiries about her. How, indeed, could I? Suddenly, however, I resolved, I know not why—for the thought came over me like a flash of lightning—to see her, if possible, in disguise, without her knowing me. I exchanged my gay clothes with a poor woman of the town for her wretched rags; painted my face, concealed all my hair under my bonnet; and, with little more than money enough to pay my coach hire down—careless about the means of coming up—got upon the —— coach, by night.

"It rained, and blew cruelly cold; but I had no umbrella; no protection against the inclement weather, but an old worn-out green cloak, that was comparatively useless to me.—No one on the coach—indeed there were but three beside myself—would speak to such a wretched object as I looked, or offer me additional clothing. By 5 o'clock in the morning on the 10th of February 18—, at about two miles distance from the town, I told them to set me down. I was so numb with cold, that I could scarcely keep my feet, till I found my way to a very small ale-house by the road side, where I called for gin, and drank off two glasses of it. Indeed, by the way, you would be horrified to know how I had accustomed myself to the use of raw spirits? Without waiting, I hastened onward. It was dark and dismal, truly. The rain, and the bitter wind, chilled my very heart within me; but I saw, felt, heard, thought of nothing but my wretched, my heart-broken mother. It was nearly seven o'clock when I entered the town. How my guilty wearied heart beat, as I recognised the places about me! I drew my bonnet over my face, fearful lest, disguised as I was, I should by any chance be recognised; and skulked, like a thief, towards the street in which our house stood. I was often obliged to stop and lean against the walls and railings, to rest my aching limbs. At length I neared the dreaded spot. I looked—I strained my eyes till they ached. Alas! what was once our house, was now a shop, newly painted, with a strange name in great glaring gold letters over the bow-window. Oh my God! what feelings shot through my quivering heart at that moment! I sat down upon the wet steps of a house nearly opposite. I wrung my hands, I bit my lips with the intensity of my anguish, for I was afraid of alarming the yet sleeping neighborhood with a shriek. At length an old man came slowly past, leading a horse. I asked him, with a faltering voice, where Mrs.—— (my mother) lived? He was deaf, and I was obliged to shout the name into his ear—though the effort seemed to exhaust all the little breath I had.

"'Oh—Mrs. ——?—why—let me see? Her whose daughter run off with the officer some time since?'"

"I nodded, though my eyes could no longer distinguish the person I was speaking to.

"'Why—poor old lady—she's been dead this year and a half'——

"I heard no more. I did not faint—I did not fall—I did not utter a sound—but while he was speaking, walked away steadily and rapidly. My body seemed to swell as I went on. I felt as if I had hardly touched the ground. Strange lights were before my eyes. My head seemed whirling round and round.—As I walked in this strange way, a coach passed me. I stopped it—found it was going up to London, and got on at once.

"'Going all the way up to London, young woman?' said the gruff guard.

"I told him I was—and spoke not a word more, till we reached the coach office in London. I had no money about me except a shilling or two, and the fare was a pound. They helped me off the coach, and when they saw I could not pay my fare, abused me dreadfully—called me an impostor—and handed me over to a constable, who took me to the police-office as a swindler. The magistrate who was just leaving, soon disposed of the case. The coachman made his charge, and the magistrate sternly inquired how I dared to act so dishonestly? I fell down on my kness, scarce knowing where I 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?' he said, and flung me a small piece of silver. I fell down at full length on the floor, with a faint scream, and was, in an hour or two sent off to the hospital. There I lay for six weeks, ill of a brain fever, which had several times nearly put an end to my wretched existence. When I was discharged, I had nothing to put on, and no home to go to. At the same time, another young woman left the hospital; who, seeing my utter destitution, invited me home with her for at least a day, till I could turn myself about. She conducted me to a regular house of infamy! I wrote immediately to a gentleman, who had promised to send me money whenever I asked him. It was my first application, and was successful. He sent me 10*l.* immediately, begging me not to write to him any more. Shall I go on?

"With part of this sum, I purchased gay clothes and commenced—yes, this cursed life! I seemed altogether changed since my visit to ——, and my illness in the hospital. My poor mother was now dead—murdered—murdered by her vile daughter. I had scarcely a relation in England that I knew of. Society, I was shut out from for ever. I lived in a state of mind that I cannot describe; a sort of calm desperation—quite indifferent what became of me—often wished that I might drop down dead in the streets. I seldom passed three hours in the day sober, every farthing of money I could procure was instantly changed for the most scorching *spirits!* But I will not torture you with describing the life I led for a year after this; it was that of a devil! A few things however, I may mention. As I was standing at the box entrance of the theatre one night, in company with several other women like myself, I unexpectedly saw Coptain ——, handing a splendidly-dressed lady out of a carriage. Without my wishing it—before, indeed, 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 sate 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 fluttering 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, and he is leaning on the sofa looking at her fondly! Oh! the hours—the nights I have passed in this wretched way! I thought myself more like a fiend hunting him, than any thing 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 often 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 corressponding, 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 which I knew at once that I was entitled, as I told you before, to the sum of 3000*l*. I instantly determined never to touch it—never to apply for it. I felt that I had no business with it ; that the dead would shake in their graves if I stretched out my hand towards it. Once I saw my name at the head of an advertisement, stating that by applying somewhere or other, I would hear of something to my advantage ! I had resolved in my own mind, to leave the whole, when I died, to a particular charity, on condition that they would not allow my name to be known. You can guess the charity I mean, Doctor, ?" She paused, as if waiting for an answer.

The Magdalen Hospital, said I, in a low tone.

Yes, she replied with a sigh : but to return, Doctor, let me now tell you of a dreadful circumstance, marking indeed the hand of Providence, which occurred only about six months before the period when you first saw me at at ——Court. As I was walking about five o'clock in the afternoon, in Oxford street, miserable as I always was both at home and abroad, I heard a sudden shout of alarm in the street ; and on turning round, saw every thing clearing hastily out of the way of a horse galloping along like lightning towards where I stood, its rider evidently almost falling from his seat. As I stood near one of the cross-streets, the horse suddenly shot past me, round the corner, and frightful to tell, in the act of turning round, swift as light, being, I suppose, startled by some object or other, threw its unfortunate rider over its head with stunning force against a high iron pump, and galloped on faster than before. A crowd of course collected instantly about the sufferer ; and I could not help joining it, to find out whether or not the gentleman was killed. The crowd opened suddenly in the direction where I stood, making way for two men who were carrying their stunned and bleeding burden to a doctor's shop, close by. He was quite motionless, and the blood pouring from his head. The sight made me, you may suppose, sick and faint, but —she paused—Doctor, she continued with a gasp, her face blanching with the recollection, a glance at the countenance, half covered with blood though it was, showed me the features of Captain —— ! Here Miss Edwards again became exceedingly agitated, trembling from head to foot, and continuing deadly pale. I also felt deeply shocked at the incident she had been telling. At length, in a broken and rather indistinct tone, she proceeded, I shrieked at the spectacle, and swooned, and was helped by some bystanders to an adjoining shop, which it was nearly an hour before I could leave, in a hackney coach, for my lodgings. I never 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 found his pecuniary prospects in life fair and promising, he married a daughter of Mr. Johnson, a mechanic at the same trade with himself, who, altho' 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 into 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' 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 ideas 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 any thing 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 reposing upon the midnight pillow. Nothing seemed to embitter the suavity and ruffle the tranquility of his con-

dition. 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! James was long an object of her blessings and attention; but ultimately proved a victim of her treachery. Long he wandered, by means of her aid, in the smiling gardens of prosperity, but alas, he was destined soon to be thrown by her into the hapless vale of adversity.

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, his work-shop, which contained many valuable materials, his accounts, and all his money, caught fire, and from the peculiarly unfavorable circumstances of the case, a high wind, the length of time elapsing before it was discovered, and the unskilful management of those assisting, the conflagration baffled all efforts made to extinguish it. Thus, by the operation of this wily element, all of James' property, save a little house-hold furniture, was consigned to ashes;—the fruits of years of toil and industry in a few hours destroyed. But had the effects of the fire been merely consumption of his property, we should not look at it in so serious a light as we are now compelled to. By following me from this period to the close of this melancholy tale, the reader will see that its consequences were of a deeper and more important nature.

Poverty carries with it a thousand more stings to him who has suddenly been reduced from a state of affluence and independence, to a condition of indigence and dependence, than to him who never revelled in the gardens of wealth, and drank at the fountain of abundance; or who once having done it, has been slowly and gradually conducted by the arm of sinking fortune, or destructive idleness, from them to the vale of want and destitution. This principle of the human mind applies with striking force to the case of James Reading. 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 benificent 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. What was to be done to retrieve himself? He could not bear the thought of repeating the days of labour 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 persue 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 orpans, 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, 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 jaundice 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 dissembler, 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—"and like the baseless fabric of a vision leave not a wreck behind."

Bye and bye, old time, on its tireless wing, hurried into presence the eventful day, which was to decide the fate of poor James Reading; and which was to acquaint him with the (as yet) unknown character of his ticket. The sun had scarcely arisen above the eastern horizon, when the subject of our story, could be seen plodding his way toward the lottery office, full of joyous hopes and "sugar'd prospects"—the cup of his imagination crowded with sweet anticipations without a bitter tincture.

"He looked thro' the kalcidiscope of fancy, and restored *thousands* crowded into his purse." Soon he found himself at the long desired door: rapped, was welcomed—entered—sat himself down—fell into a familiar conversation with the keeper concerning the weather, current news, and his health. Long he lingers on subjects foreign to the main object of his visit; long he hesitates to put the question; long he hung upon the shores of hope, fearing to probe his fate. He watched the countenance of him within whose knowledge reposed, untold the important secret; gazed in fearful suspense upon each motion of his features, and with an imploring look kept his attention fastened upon his eyes, those "transparent windows of the soul"—those careless little tell tales of the mind's operations. As long as the mystery was not explained, and the unknown thing *not* disclosed; as long as the veil of ignorance concealed the momentous truth, and as long as he neglected to make the inquiry, so long he could be allowed to indulge in the phantoms of hope—and sip at the fountain of anticipation. Under these considerations he long remained silent. But, wearied with anxiety and tired of such wilful ignorance, he determined to elicit the important intelligence, and, to do this in a decent manner, he summoned all the resolution of which he was master.

"Sir," said James, in a faltering voice, which *would* tremble despite his efforts to the contrary, "have you received returns from head quarters, so that you can tell the success of the ticket which some weeks since I purchased of you?" "What number? coldly asked the vender. The number was given, and the vender looked over the paper enumerating the prize and the blank tickets. "What is the character of mine," inquired young Reading, in a tone which told too well that a deep emotion was struggling in his bosom, originating in the cold and half way smile which played upon the features of the oracle of his destiny. "BLANK!" was the answer.

Reader, need I tell you what was the exclamation of him whose history I am briefly narrating, on the reception of this sickening intelligence.

"Good heavens! then all is lost." He could say no more, his palsied & enervated organ of speech refused to perform its functions and give utterance to the painful, overwhelming feelings which that simple word *blank* had created. 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 once beloved wife, who had thrown her all—her fate, her interets, her destinies, 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 an inhabitant of sing sing prison.

Reader, draw your own lesson from this unadorned but instructive story. Let the moral be—beware of lotteries. JUVENIS.

Lockport, 1833.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

Light and Knowledge Necessary to Perpetuate our Republican Institutions.

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 perhaps parental displeasure or chastisement. 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 monarchical government of which we read, is that of Babel established by Nimrod. And among the Israelites that of Saul. Republican governments are of much more modern date; the offspring of a more cultivated age.

The first republics of any considerable extent and duration, were those of Greece.—These in their early establishment could boast a Homer, a Hesiod, and others distinguished for their writings in poetry and prose; 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 is the characteristic of every uncultivated people. War is ever their most honorable pursuit, and physical force and prowess their chief passport to fame. From their warlike disposition, uncultivated nations have ever manifested a preference for monarchical government, and like the Jews under the jurisdiction of the Judges, have desired a King, to act as general in time of war, and in time of peace, to manage the complicated machinery of government which they were too ignorant to regulate themselves.

And, doubtless, this form of government *is* best adapted to their ignorance, warlike disposition and want of moral principle. A people of this character, in a republican government, through their want of intelligence and knowledge of intrigue, would be likely to become the dupes of designing demagogues, the natural growth of republican governments, as weeds abound in a fruitful, generous soil.

And what is even the most enlightened republic but a complicated piece of political machinery, whose main-spring is party zeal and desire of office? But for these its waters would stagnate, and "send up noxious vapors" to fill the "political atmosphere with death." For then instead of a democracy, we should have an oligarchy or despotism. But in an enlightened republic these office seekers are sufficiently numerous to generate ten thousand little interests which cause competition, and rotation in office, and prevent any from acquiring or maintaining too much power. For they serve as spies upon each other. But an uncultivated people do not possess this intelligence. Consequently the many would be extremely likely to become subservient to the enlightened few, when once invested with power. Besides an uncultivated people would invest the commanders of their armies with great power, which they might find means to retain in time of peace—and thus convert the government into a military despotism.

This was often the case even in enlightened Greece and Rome. Again, an unenlighted republic would be unable to distinguish *liberty* from *unrestrained 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.—They are not, therefore, agitated by the intestine broils and commotions attendant on republican elections. And 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 intestine feuds! 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 take the place of mental force, and unrestrained licentiousness the place of enlightened patriotism and religion? J. H. A.

THE SENTIMENTALIST----NO. 8

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE SLANDERER.

"Oh ye wha are sade guid, yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebor's faults and 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 propogate scandal. And to me there can be no plainer evidence of human frailty than to see persons so engaged. They forget that charity which as members of the family of Adam it is their duty to exercise, and magnify the most trivial faults of their fellows into perfect monsters. Self esteem is a frequent companion of scandal, and then she rails 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 rankles in her own bosom. It is this that renders scandal more odious—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 what should we not do in that situation which he has done, and even if in our imperfect balance he be found guilty—we should remember the merited rebuke 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 propogate scandal from a mere wantonness of disposition which delights in the frailties and misgivings of mankind. To such there can be no lenity—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. Theirs is not the warm heart that can drop a tear 'o'er others' wo,' or sympathise with the unfortunate and bid him place his hopes on Heaven;—but theirs is the stonny heart of the fiend that riots on others' calamities, and plunges the poisoned dagger into the unhealed wound.

E. W. H. E.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Modern Improvements.—Well, what of them?—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 enterprising age!—Our Bookstores are groaning, our Presses teeming, our *Literati* swelling with marvelous conceptions. Many aim at something more than *clearness* and *power*—at *elaborate elegance*. Would they write an Essay on Morals, they revert to the days of Adam and Eve, and trace its counter current to the time of the Apostles, and so by the way of the dark ages to the present period. Such think every treatise must have its motto, its preface, (something like a piazza before a log cabin) its divisions, sub-divisions and improvement, branching off into several heads. The *skillful* architect, having finished his edifice, lets the scaffolding fall, and thus conceals the labor it cost to construct it. But *they*, instead of leaving their *arguments* like massive pillars to evince by their *structure* the side they support, dilate upon what they *intend* to do, what they intend *not* to do, and what they *might*, *could*, *would* or *should* do, 'till their auditory sleep, and their time is expired.

Once men *spake* as they *felt*, were careful to *have* thoughts, and trusted nature for their delivery; then the fountains of thought and feeling were broken up, and poured forth in torrents, *clear*, *impetuous*, *irresistable*. But the quintessence of modern eloquence does not require *thought*, for that might plant a wrinkle in its placid brow; it does not require *feeling*, for that might mar the rolling rotundity of its regularly rounded periods. *Gestures*, too, were once powerful as the lion's *paw*, because *natural*. But now we have them graduated by the radii of a sex-sected sphere, having 139 distinct gestures for the arms alone. Admirable contrivance to correct the mistakes of nature! People used to think gestures *meant* something. Deluded souls! The object of gesture is to make the prettiest movement with ones arms and legs. We have now a gesture for scratching the head, for wiping the face, and for consigning the 'kerchief with a graceful, undulating wave to the folds of the pocket. As the orator must lose all *nature*, ere he can *speak*, so the hearer must be devoid of all *natural good taste*, ere he can appreciate his eloquence.

☞ There having been a greater call than we anticipated, for the 5th vol. of the GEM, we find that several of the back numbers are mostly disposed of. If either of our agents have any spare Nos. on hand, especially No. 2, they will oblige us by returning them immediately to this office.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

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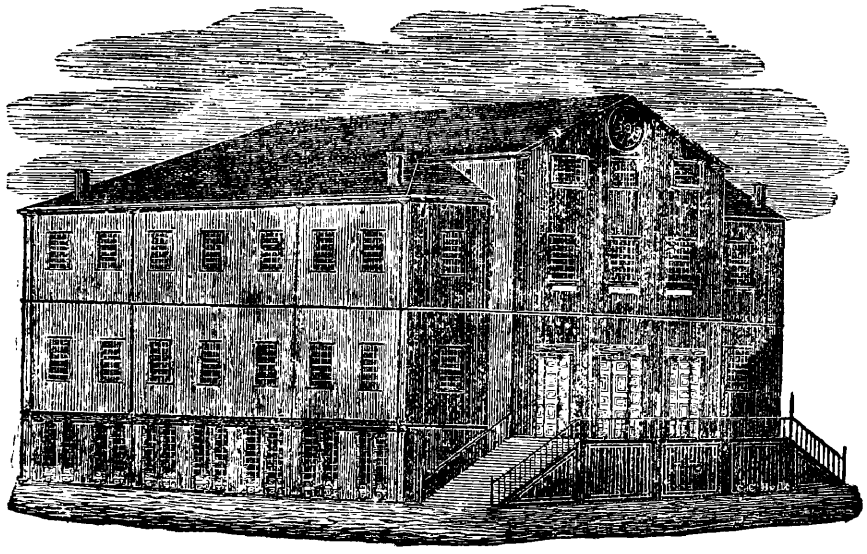

METHODIST CHAPEL, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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 hammered stone, at an expense of $15,000. Its dimensions are 104 by 80 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 front entrance, and is brought forward of the wall 16 or 18 feet; in the rear of which is the Orchestry that will contain 50 singers. 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 Orchestry, 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.

From the Diary of a Physician.

THE MAGDALEN.

Concluded.

The moment I recognised the bleeding body as I have told you, a strange pain shot across my breast. I felt—I knew it was my death-stroke. I knew I had not long to live—that the destroyer and his victim would soon be once more within the dreadful sight of each other! My health and spirits, if it is not a mockery to call them such, soon broke down altogether; every night was I scared with the spectre of Captain ——, every day tortured with the recollections of his bleeding corpse, and the horrid associations of my past and present guilt! Unable to follow my foul, revolting line of life as before, I wandered like a cursed spirit, from one house of infamy to another, each worse than the former: frequently beaten with cruel violence, half-starved, and sometimes kicked out of doors into the street, because I would not work! Twice have I been dragged disgracefully before a magistrate, on false accusations of robbing the vile wretch that owned the house in which I lived! I have heard robberies planned; and have listened with silent horror to schemes for entrapping the innocent of both sexes to their destruction. Once—once only, I dared a whisper of remonstrance, and it earned me a blow from the old Jewess, with whom I lived, that stretched me senseless on the floor amid the laughter and derision of the wretches around us. Pressed by horrid want, I have belied the detestable trade I exercised; and been compelled to smile and caress those who chose to call for me; to drink with them, at the moment when my heart was dying within me! when I felt that consumption was working deeper and deeper into my vitals!

About three weeks before you saw me, I happened to meet a gentleman who was passing by on horseback. He eyed me earnestly for some moments, and then suddenly dismounted, and gave his horse to the hands of his servant. He had recognised me—spite of the dreadful alteration in my appearance: told me he had known me in what he called, alas! my earlier and better days; and I recognised in him the nobleman for whose company I had quitted Captain —— ! He could hardly speak for the shock he felt. At length he utter a word or two of commiseration, and

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 tho't, left me, as if ashamed to be seen for an instant speaking with such a wretched object as myself! who though I had three thousand pounds and more at my command, accepted the charity, the bitter charity of this gentleman, with sullen composure, or resignation, as I 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 fealt 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 line which brought you like an angel of mercy to my bedside! My life at that place, tho' 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 dared 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 harrow 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 ecstacy 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 to me. I cling to it, as an earnest of the pardon of Heaven! Oh, it was written for me—for the guilty such as me—I feel, I know it was! Oh! world, cruel world—I can bear your scorn! I can bear the finger of contempt pointed at me! I can submit to hear you curse me—I turn from you my eyes—I look to Him, I listen only to Him that looked on Mary and forgave her!

Well, Eleanor, such thoughts as these are sent to you from Heaven? He you speak of has heard, and answered you! But I must not stay here, I see your feelings are too much excited; they will injure you. You must be got into bed immediately—and if you wish it the chaplain shall read a prayer beside you! Farewell, Eleanor, till to-morrow! May your thoughts this night be of happier hue! Sleep—sleep easier, breathe freely, now that so black a burden has been removed from your feelings!

She uttered not a word, but grasped my hand with affectionate energy, and kissed it. I returned home, filled with mournful recollections of the sad story I had heard, and humble hopes that the mercy of Heaven might beam brightly upon the short period that was allotted her upon the earth! The next day, as indeed I anticipated, I found Miss Edwards in a very low, depressed frame of mind, suffering the re-action consequent upon excitement.—Poor girl, she would not be persuaded but that I only forced myself to see her, from a sense of duty; that her touch, her presence, was intolerable; that what I had listened to of her confession, had made me despise her.

Oh! she exclaimed, with bitter emotion, how I abhor and hate myself for having told you so much; for having so driven from me 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 despaired 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, Her whole frame shrunk 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 re-assured the sorrow-mitten 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 taken at her desire, to a charitable bazaar in the neighborhood. The interest taken in her case by the other medical attendants at the Dispensary, was almost as great as that I felt myself. 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 aid 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 piety 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 hopeless, 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 unwearied attentions had so materially conduced 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, finding she listened to my proposal in seriousness and silence.

Only, she replied, with a sad, sweet smile, only that it would make me too,—too happy! Matters were soon arranged. A respectable solicitor was duly instructed to put her in the proper way of obtaining what was due to her. There was little difficulty in doing so. The solicitor of her uncle, when written to, came up to town, acknowledged her right, and recognised her in a moment, though he had delicacy enough to abstain from any appearance of surprise, or unnecessary inquiry. There was, consequently, no obstacle on the score of identity; and the property was at once conveyed to her, absolutely. I inserted in the newspapers such an advertisement as I spoke of, and it was answered the next day by the proprietor of precisely such a place as I wanted, which, therefore, I at once engaged, on Miss Edward's behalf, for a year, and made arrangements for her immediate removal thither. Before quitting the Infirmary, unknown to me, the grateful girl slipped a 50*l.* note—much more than she could afford with comfort—into the poor-box of the institution; and no remonstrance of mine could make her recall it.

I shall not soon forget the day selected for removing Miss Edwards from the infirmary; and I cannot help telling it a little particularly. We had a large glass-coach at the dispensary door by eleven o'clock, in which were my wife and two of my eldest children, to whom I had granted a holiday, for the purpose of accompanying us in this happy little journey—so different, thank God, from a former one!—Miss Edwards, with her nurse, filled up the inside, and I rode upon the coach-box. Oh, that happy—that bright, beautiful morning! That moral harvest home! Never did I feel the sun shine so blessedly, the summer-breeze richer, or the country more charming. Again I say—that happy morning! Heaven! then, indeed, was thy smile upon us, shedding into all our hearts peace and gladness! That five miles' drive was such an one as I may never have again—

I wonder what the coachman must have tho't of me? for I could scarce check the exuberant spirits which animated me.

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 ecstacy. 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 high-road. Its little white walls peeped from the honey-suckle and jessamine, like a half-hid 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 steadfastly 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 overpowered myself with my feelings, that I was compelled to quit the little room abruptly, and recover myself presently in the garden.

Sneer, 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!

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!

We paid her frequent visits in her new residence, and I found her, on each occasion, verifying our most anxious hopes of her permanent recovery. The mild summer—the sweet country air—a mind more at ease, and supported by the consolations of religion—did wonders for her. It was refreshing to one's feelings to be with her! She got worshipped by the few poor in her immediate neighborhood—for whom she was daily engaging in little offices of unassuming charity—and who spoke of her always as "the good lady at the cottage." She was always dressed in a simple species of half-mourning; and her pale and interesting features looked more so, by contrast with the dark bonnet and veil she wore. I understand that she passed for a widow among the poor, and others that concerned themselves with inquiring after her; and the nurse—now rather a servant—kept up the notion.

I do not wish to represent Miss Edwards as being always, as it were, on the stilts of sentiment, or perpetually in ecstacies—no such thing. She was placid, peaceful, humble, contented, pious: and all this is consistent with a prevading tone of subdued pensiveness, or even occasional sadness. Heart's ease—sweet flower! is not less heart's ease, because it may occasionally bloom in the shade!

Three years, nearly, did Miss Edwards reside at the Magdalen Cottage, as she touchingly styled it; her health, though extremely delicate, was on the whole satisfactory. The nurse was a perfect treasure to her. I was almost tired of expressing to her my approbation

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—caught a severe cold, which soon revived several 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 havoc that disease was making with her constitution—already too much shattered to resist even the slightest attacks! I cannot pain the reader with dwelling on the early progress of her last symptoms. She soon left off her daily walks to the poor, and very soon took to the bed. Disease did indeed stride apace; and by the malignant intensity of suffering he inflicted, seemed revenging himself for his former defeat! The victim was indeed smitten; but it lay calmly awaiting the stroke of dismissal. She bore her last affliction with extraordinary meekness and fortitude. I thought she was really—unaffectedly rejoiced at the prospect of her removal. The poor nurse was infinitely the more distressed of the two; and the most serious reproofs I found necessary, to check the violence of her feelings. I must now, however, content myself with a few hasty 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 imprudently, when a little girl came clattering hastily down stairs into the room, with a frightened 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 children—she's not sensible," whispered the nurse, in tears. What a lovely expression there was in Miss Edward's face, blanched and wasted 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, instead"——

"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 children?"

"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, not peremptorily. She looked at me with a little surprise, and in silence.

"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 did you give them the little cakes I told you of?"

The poor woman shook her head in silence.

* * * * *

"How do you feel to-day, Eleanor?" I inquired, feeling her pulse.

"Very, very weak; but so happy! you thought I did wrong; but"—her face brightened—"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 calve's-foot jelly; she made it herself for you, and hopes you will relish it."

"She's very good to me—very," sobbed the poor girl. "I'll try to take a little this evening. But—I shall not want it long, Doctor," she added, with a sad smile; "I am going, I hope—to Heaven!"

She paused. I spoke not.

"If," she resumed, "such a poor guilty thing as I shall be permitted to do so, dear Doctor, I will—I will always watch over you and yours"——

Her emotions were becoming too violent, and I thought it best to take my leave, promising to be with her the next day. Alas, I saw her sweet sad spirit was not long to be excluded from that blessed place, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!' Indeed it was hard to part with her!

January 19th, to the 24th, inclusive.—During this interval Miss Edwards declined rapidly; but her sufferings never once seemed to shake her firm confidence in the mercy of God. She was occasionally elevated, partly through hysteric excitement, to a pitch of inspiration; and uttered such eloquence as I have seldom heard from female lips. The clergyman of the parish, administered the sacrament to her once or twice, and it was consolatory, he said, to see the spirit in which she received it.

On one day during this interval, my wife (herself indisposed) accompanied me to Miss Edwards' bedside; and the poor, fond, grateful girl's feelings got quite uncontrollable. I was obliged to remove my wife, almost fainting, from the room; and I fear the shock of that interview, which I afterwards blamed myself much for allowing, hurried Miss Edwards more rapidly to her end. On one of the days in question, she calmly arranged about the disposal of her little property; leaving the interest of 1000*l.* to the nurse for her life; 200*l.* to the poor of the parish; a trifle to me and my wife, for rings, if they will wear them; and the rest to the Magdalen Hospital, on condition that it was given anonymously, and no attempt made to discover from what quarter it proceeded beyond me. I put the whole into the hands of my solicitor, and he got her will duly drawn and executed.

Wednesday, January 25th.—Miss Edwards was sweetly calm and composed on this visit.—She spoke to me of her funeral, begging it might be in the simplest way possible; followed by the nurse, three poor women, to whom she bequeathed black dresses for that purpose; and if I would honor her poor unworthy dust, by myself; that there should be no name, no plate upon the coffin lid, and no grave-stone in the church-yard. She repeatedly and solemnly enjoined me to observe her wishes in this respect.

Let me not leave my stained name behind me! No one would feel pleasure in seeing it—but, I believe—I humbly hope it is written in the Books of Forgiveness above! Let me go gently, and in silence, into my mother earth, and be thankful for so peaceful a resting-place! The tone in which she uttered this echoes yet in my ear!

I am happy, Eleanor, said I, much affected; I am very happy to see you so composed in the prospect of death! Rely upon it, Heaven is very near you.

Yes; the Friend 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 upwards 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 26th.—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!

Did she say any thing before she died? I inquired of the nurse, as we stood watching the remains.

She sighed—and said softly—Kiss me, nurse! I'm leaving you! and died in a few minutes after, as if she was falling asleep! replied the nurse.

She lay on her left side, her black hair half concealing her face; and in her hand was a sampler, which she had been working at, I found, frequently during her illness, with a view of having it given to me after her death, and which was not yet finished. I gently disengaged it from her insensible grasp—and let the reader imagine my feelings, on seeing but the letters "MARY MAGDALEN—

E——"

The other letter of her initials—"B."—the finger of death prevented her adding.

I shall never part with that sampler till I die!—Oh, poor Mary Magdalen!—I will not forget thee!!

Biographical.

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

BY WILLIAM WIRT.

THE Chief Justice of the United States is in his person, tall, meager, emaciated; his muscles relaxed, and his joints so loosely connected, as not only to disqualify him, apparently, for any vigorous exertions of body, but to destroy every thing like elegance and harmony in his air and movements. Indeed, in his whole appearance and demeanor—dress, attitude and gestures—sitting, standing, or walking—he is as far removed from the idolized graces of Lord Chesterfield, as any other gentleman on earth. To continue the portrait: his head and face are small in proportion to his height; his complexion swarthy; the muscles of his face being relaxed, give him the appearance of a man of eighty years of age, nor can he be much younger. His countenance has a faithful expression of great good humor and hilarity; while his black eyes—the unerring index—possess an irradiating spirit, which proclaims the imperial powers of the mind that sits enthroned within.

This extraordinary man, without the aid of fancy, without the advantages of person, voice, attitude, gesture, or any of the ornaments of an orator, deserves to be considered one of the most eloquent men in the world; if eloquence may be said to consist in the power of seizing the attention with irresistible force, and never permitting it to elude the grasp until the hearer has received the conviction which the speaker intends.

As to his person, it has already been described. His voice is dry and hard, his attitude, in his most effective orations, was often extremely awkward, as it was not unusual for him to stand with his left foot in advance, while all his gestures proceeded from his right arm, and consisted merely in a vehement perpendicular swing of it from about the elevation of his head to the bar, behind which he was accustomed to stand.

As to Fancy, if she holds a seat in his mind at all, which I very much doubt, his gigantic Genius tramples with disdain on all her flower-decked plants and blooming parterres. How, then, you will ask, with a look of incredulous curiosity—how is it possible that such a man can hold the attention of an audience enchained through a speech of even ordinary length? I will tell you.

He possesses one original and almost supernatural faculty, of developing the subject by a single glance of his mind, and detecting at once the very point on which every controversy depends. No matter what the question, though ten times more knotty than the "gnarled oak," the lightning of Heaven is not more rapid than his astonishing penetration. Nor does the exercise of it seem to cost him an effort. On the contrary, it is as easy as vision. I am persuaded that his eyes do not fly over a landscape, and its various objects, with more promptitude and facility, than his mind embraces and analyzes the most complext subject.

Possessing while at the bar, this intellectual elevation, which enabled him to look down and comprehend the whole ground at once, he determined, immediately, and without difficulty, on which side the question might be most advantageously approached and assailed. In a bad cause, his art consisted in laying his premises so remotely from the point directly in debate, or else in terms so general and specious, that the hearer, seeing no consequence which could be drawn from them, was just as willing to admit them as not; 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 large, his forehead high, with good shaped temples. He has a large, black, solemn looking eye, that exhibits 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 than the skill of the artist. It is in reply, that he comes out in the majesty of intellectual grandeur, and lavishes about him the opulence of intellectual wealth.

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—nor 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 $30,000 of the $50,000 required to comply with Col. Perkin's requisition, and it is probable that before the close of May, this institution was endowed with a fund of $80,000 by the liberality of the citizens of Boston, in addition to the annual provision of the Legislature.

MAY-DAY FAIR IN BOSTON.—Fanueil Hall was yesterday (May 1st.) thrown open for visitors from noon until a late hour in the evening, and was thronged during the whole time with numbers, who were well rewarded for their labor. The lower part of the Hall beneath the galleries, was beautifully decorated with evergreens and flowers, while the intervals between the pillars above were filled with military standards and other ornaments. In the centre of the area, several tables were arranged in a circular form, with an elegant canopy; at the upper extremity was an evergreen bower, designed for the sale of flowers, with tables on either side; other tables filled up the intervals between the columns through the whole extent of the hall, and a large and ornamented table occupied the space between the doors. Among the wreaths of evergreen, were disposed cages of singing birds. Of the exhibition itself, it is wholly impossible to give any adequate description.—The venerable hall seemed to be converted by power of enchantment into an oriental palace, for the exhibition of the Feasts of Roses; filled to overflowing with every thing that fancy could imagine or taste and skill could execute; the whole arranged in a style perfectly fitted to display them in the most brilliant manner, and with the most striking effect. A more striking and beautiful spectacle of the kind never yet presented itself in our city.

INDIANA.

"Westward the march of Empire takes its way." Yes, and the "march of mind" too, we exclaimed, as in running over the list of acts passed by the late Legislature of Indiana, our attention was arrested by an amendment of their Militia Act, which provides "that 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 her Militia System, will no 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 that we have a nation of well educated freemen, than a nation of soldiers. If we have the former, we shall never want the latter in the hour of need. *Ohio Atlas.*

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, not 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 pratice can only be equalled by the silliness of those who adopt it.

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 frowning, for her husband, children and domestics. Is more careful to appear *well* abroad, than *decent* at home. Knows more about *dress*, *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 feasting, than to the house of prayer.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

"High from his head the painted plumes arose,
His sounding bow was o'er his shoulder flung,
The hatchet, dreadful to insulting foes,
Low at his side in peaceful caution hung.

Adown his ears the glist'ning rings descend,
His manly arms the clasping bracelets bind,
From his broad chest the varied beads depend,
And all the hero tower'd within his mind."

Native eloquence.—When the distinguished Indian warrior Muk-ka-ta-mish-a-ka-kaih, the BLACK HAWK, (who as a prisoner of war was taken to the City of Washington, in April last) was introduced to the President of the United States, the dauntless chieftain appeared not in the least reluctant to being ushered into the presence of his "Great Father."—His manner and the first words with which he addressed the President bespake his noble bearing.—He did not meet him in a cringing, fearful, or fawning, sycophantic manner—but with manly dignity. He approached him and said, "Father, *I am a man*—and *you are another.*" This short address conveys volumes of meaning. It was saying to the President in language eloquent and laconic, grand and sublime, Sir, although I am a poor Indian, a native of

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 yon 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 decidly 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."

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 9 or $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 $1,000 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 $75,000, 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 700 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 $280,000, but it is not available till it amounts to $500,000.

The legislature of Louisiana grants to each parish, or county, in that state, $2,62 1-2 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 Gazette of Human Life*," containing 16 pages octavo, edited 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 of sciences."

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 consoled.—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 shew the excess of his connubial affection, thus addressed the sweet creature to 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.*"

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

SPRING'S MORNING SERENADE.

Lady —awake—the morn's gay flowers
Are wet by mild, refreshing showers,
And warblers, in their leafy bowers,
Pour forth their sonnets cheerily.

High mounted on its gladsome wings,
The lark in joyful chorus sings—
While from the fold the lambkin springs,
And bounds o'er meadows, merrily.

The silken foliage of the trees
Bends gently to the morning breeze,
Or waves with slow majestic ease,
O'ershadowing flow'rets gracefully.

Lady—awake—'tis sweet to view
The lovely mead—its sparkling dew,
Or the arch'd heavens' expanse of blue;
And must these beauties shine, while you
Sleep on each hour, thus wastefully?

The lovely murm'ring crystal stream
Reflests the sun's resplendant beam,
And nature smiles, with joy supreme
On all her sons' hilarity.

In rich habiliments of green,
Earth glows, beneath a sky serene;
Wake,—lady,—wake!—survey the scene,
And test my tale's sincerity.
Angelica, May, 1833. GONZALVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TO THE SOUTH WIND.

Truant wanderer! art thou come
From thy distant sunny home?—
Gently gladdening once again
Fields redeemed from winter's chain—
Breathing o'er the swelling buds
In the forest solitudes,
Till they burst each little band,
As their embryo leaves expand:—
Thou art welcome! pulse and brow
Feel the life-blood fresher flow,
As through every joyous sense
Thrills thy genial influence.

Whither hast thou roam'd since last
The breath of April o'er us past?
The winds of winter have been here,
Howling o'er the desolate year;
Ruthless conquerors! they came,
Like the Goths, of olden name,
With a stern and withering might,—
Sparing nought their power could blight;
But sweet SPRING dissolv'd the spell
Of their frost-wrought manacle,
And hath called thee back again
From thy wanderings o'er the main.

Thou hast roved o'er southern climes,
Through spicy bowers and groves of limes;
And with orange flowers played,
In the cool and fragrant shade;
Tremblingly, by thee carest,
Wav'd the palm-tree's feathery crest;
And thou comest, rover! back,
From thy wide, meandering track—
Sweeping over land and ocean,
With a free, untiring motion—
Ranging over mount and plain,
Scorning either bond or chain.
Where the wild flowers thickly bloom,
Scattering round their waste perfume,
Unvisited except by thee,
Or the littte plundering bee,
Thou hast loitered slowly on,
Proffering love to every one,
Kissing in thy wanton freaks
The rich aroma from their cheeks.
"Chartered libertine!" thou art
Like too many a lover's heart,
A fickle, faithless, restless thing,
Ever, ever on the wing.

Yet who does not love to hear
The south wind whispering in his ear?—
To listen to each tale it tells
Of bubbling brooks and mossy dells—
To feel it freshly waft along
Balmy airs and bursts of song—
And know the pure, extatic joy,
Unmixt with passions' base alloy,
That in the bosom calmly springs,
Rousing "unutterable things,"
As o'er the harp-strings of the soul
It wildly breathes its fond control.
Canandaigua, April, 1833. G. H. S.

FOR THE GEM.

[*Extract from a Lady's Album.*]

TO MISS K——.

If in this wide world there should ever be seen,
A path where no briars or thorns intervene,
Where the rose sweetly blooms, and the violet peeps
From its bed, while around it the vine gently creeps;
A path where the bright sun delighteth to shine,
I could wish that this flowery pathway were thine.

May the bright smile of joy ever sport on your lip,
And pleasure be mix'd in each cup that you sip—
May sorrow's sad tear never glow in your eye;
'Tis a recess where none but kind pity should lie—
And, oh, when you leave all these bright pleasures here,
May you enter on joys more transporting and dear.
Rochester, May 29, 1833. YOUR FRIEND.

From the Massachusetts Yeoman.

THE SKY.

There's beauty in the *sky*—
Its vault is of a brighter hue
Than ocean with its wave of blue;
And the stars are thickly set,
Bright dimons on night's coronet;
The rainbow's grand and glorious form
Smiles like an angel on the storm,
And lifts its arch divinely fair,
A type of love and mercy there.—
There's beauty in the sky.

There's music in the sky:—
It is not in the thunder's crash,
Nor in the lightning's red-wing'd flash,
These speak from darkness and from gloom,
And tell of ruin, death and doom.
But birds are on the buoyant wing,
And their soft love-notes murmuring;
And oft at midnight fancy hears
The harmony of rolling spheres.—
There's music in the sky.

There's quiet in the sky:—
Below, let strife and hatred dwell,
Unhallowed rage make earth a hell;
Below, let "sin and sorrow" reign,
And stamp on man their seal and stain:
But oh! how still yon cloudlets bear
Their light forms through the silent air,
Or, crown'd with evening's glory, rest
Serenely in the glowing west.—
There's quiet in the sky.

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 sheen,
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 yon 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,
When on the green leaves they are laid;
And sun and moon are sweet to view,
In broken fragments gleaming through.
There's beauty in the Wood.

There's music in the Wood:—
'Tis not alone the thrilling note
Of melody, breath'd from the throat
Of every tenant of the air,
That builds her nest and carols there;
But oft, among the towering trees,
Æolus sends his gentlest breeze,
Sighs through the groves his roundelay,
And dies, in whispering breaths, away.
There's music in the Wood.

There's quiet in the Wood:—
Around, let jocund glee and mirth,
And noisy folly shake the earth,
Around, let guilt and sorrow reign,
Murder and war, and grief and pain;
Here, where no maddening tempests rave,
The hermit seeks his silent cave,
He dreams in joy, for peace is found,
Nor knows the pangs that rage around.
There's quiet in the Wood.

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THE FELON.

Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart. *Shakspeare.*

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 boast of much 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 tremenduous oath that the whole concern was going to the D——l: "Speak for yourself, sir," said I, peevishly. "Certainly, sir, (he replied) but bad company, you know." Notwithstanding my fellow traveller's prediction, we reached the opposite shore in safety, where, at the humble inn, which then was the only house there, we took in another passenger, who, as the faint light of the lamp glared on him, seemed a complete contrast to my portly companion. He sprang lightly into the vehicle, whistling the while, and depositing his little body in one corner, began, in a tolerable voice, a jolly song that soon lulled his audience to repose. We were scarce awake when we reached the place at which we were to breakfast. As I strolled around the house, while our meal was preparing, I observed a boy leaning against the fence; his apparel was decent, but much worn, and he bore the appearance of having come off a long journey. I inquired whence he came? "Ohio, sir," was the reply. "That is a great distance." "Yes, but I had lifts---I did not walk all the way, sir. "My poor child," I said, "what has forced you to wander alone over such a track of country?" He answered, "that his uncle sent him away and was going to N. York to his mother." I was struck with pity for the urchin, and pleased with his intelligent face, promised to procure him a seat in the stage, and ordered him some refreshment. The driver consented to admit him on receiving a small recompense; and our repast being finished, we recommenced our journey. The moment Mr. Rasdale (as the little man called himself) saw the poor boy, he began with, "Hey, youngster, who are you?"—— "Charles Herberts, sir." "Where do you come from?" "Ohio, sir." "Why did you not stay there?" "My uncle sent me away," said the boy, omitting the sir. "Aha! you have been about mischief, my chap, what did you do, eh?" "Nothing," said the boy in a dogged tone. "And you are bound to New York," continued his merciless interrogator; "who have you there to look after you?" "My mother keeps a garden." "And you are going to live on your poor mother?" "No," said the child, with a growling face, "I be little, but I be strong, I can work." "And what will you do?" "Any thing, every thing," replied the youth. "Hum, I suspect it will be any thing," said Mr. Rasdale, "I see you are a knowing one, and I dare say I shall meet you in court, or have the trying of you myself for some state prison business yet; I see it by your eyes."

There did lurk a sly expression in this prophecy. The blood rushed to the boy's face, he clenched his hands, and darted an indignant glance at Mr. Rasdale. When we reached the city in the bustle of arrival, I forgot my protegee, and saw him no more for several years. One morning I chanced to enter the counting room of an eminent merchant, and beheld, perched on one of the highest stools, my friend from Ohio. His employer spoke much in his favor, commending his industry and integrity. I frequently met him afterwards, though I did not recognise him, fearing to mortify him. He increased in favor with his master, and seemed to have every prospect of raising himself to affluence.

I had just returned from a tour in the country, when I met Mr. Rasdale. I had frequently seen him, but never recalled our stage adventure to his remembrance. He was proceeding to court, whither he invited me to accompany him, and witness an interesting trial. "It is a youth," said Rasdale, as we entered the room, "whom I am to try for forgery. The affair has made some noise." The court-room was already crowded, but the friendly lawyer procured me a convenient seat near the inclosure appointed for the prisoner. I was scarcely seated before the prisoner was brought in. I started, rubbed my eyes—but they saw aright—Charles Herberts stood in the criminal box to be tried by Mr. Rasdale! His words in the stage flashed over my mind—"can the devil speak true?" I exclaimed half aloud. "Will you please to sit down, sir?" said one of the neighbors, for I had risen and was gazing earnestly on the prisoner. He was composed and firm, but his form was wasted, and his cheek was sallow, he lifted not his eyes from the ground until called upon to declare himself innocent or guilty. He then raised them, and pronounced, in a firm tone, *not guilty*. As he threw a hurried glance around, he saw Rasdale, who had not the slightest remembrance of Herberts' face or name; but when the unhappy youth remembered the lawyer, a deadly paleness bleached his countenance: even his lips became colorless, and though the heat was extreme in the crowded apartment, he shivered as if from severe cold. After a long trial which it is not necessary to relate, the evidence was so doubtful, his past character so unimpeachable, that he was acquitted. He seemed not to hear the welcome words; I took his hand which was cold as marble. "Young man you are acquitted, you are pronounced innocent.", "Will the world ever believe it?" said he in a bitter manner. "Yes, and respect you for your unmerited sufferings," I replied. He did not answer, and I left him with the fear that unjust suspicion and unmerited disgrace, acting on susceptible feelings, had unhinged them forever. As I had observed to him, Herberts became 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, entreating 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. Our 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 remem-

ber. Should conversation even remotely glance that way, he writhed in agony; and you soon perceived in talking with him, that there was one subject which, like the fatal chamber of Blue Beard, it was death to open. Many years have not elapsed since I was called to the dying Herberts; though still young, his life was fast drawing to a close. Supported in his bed by a pillow, he addressed me in a weak voice: "I have long perceived, sir, that you recognised in me the poor boy you charitably protected twenty years since. I feel I am dying, and have sent for you that I might unburden my mind of a weight that sinks it to despair. You remember me in an honorable employment under Mr. W He had raised me from abject poverty, and reposed in me unlimited confidence. You saw me a prisoner accused of a crime in which fraud and ingratitude were darkly blended, confronted by my old accuser, Mr. Rasdale. He knew me not; but I had never forgotten him; and when I beheld him, his cursed prediction rose to my memory, and seemed to be written in characters of fire wherever I cast my eyes. You also heard my acquittal, and strove to soothe a dejection which you judged proceeded from injured feelings; but I was guilty—yes, tho' pronounced innocent by my judges, *I was a felon.* I thought that when the trial was over, when I had received the undeserved congratulations of all around me, and heard my venerable parent pour out her gratitude to heaven, that her son was declared innocent, that life had no bitterer pangs. But I was not enough punished. My employer, the man who had cherished me in his bosom, and who, serpent like, I had stung, came to me; *he* implored *my* pardon, *he* besought *my* friendship.—O! that moment of remorse and self condemnation exceeded the horrors of the most infamous execution; but I survived and Heaven has showered down blessings on my unworthy head as if in anger. The love of my wife, the smiles of my children, peirced my guilty soul; and *forgery* and *felon* seemed stamped on every bank note I touched. Mr. W still lives, an aged man, in reduced circumstances. I have hitherto supported his family, and he has riven my heart with expressions of gratitude. Take these notes, they exceed the amount I wronged him of. After my death do you deliver them to him; but let him never discover the giver's name. I would for my boys' sakes that my memory should not be dishonored." He died, and was interred with all the pomp of wealth, and followed to the tomb by a long train of mourning friends for all the kindly feelings of affection dwelt in his wretched heart. He was bountiful, merciful and gentle. I made these reflections over the narrow space where lay his remains, and did not check the tear of regret, though it fell on the grave of a felon.

Affectation is a greater enemy to the face than the small pox.

WATERING PLACES.

BY JAMES HALL.

A person of taste may spend a few days very pleasantly at a genteel Watering Place. The continual succession of new faces, the interesting variety of character, and the harmoneous intermixture of grades exhibited here, are such, that the mind of desultory man, however studious of change cannot fail to be amused. I say nothing of the beauties of the landscape, the invigorating breeze of the country, or the medicinal virtues of the mineral fountain—because the last may be imitated in perfection by a bungling apothecary, and the others are easily purchased by the fatigue of a morning ride from the most crowded metropolis. Those vulgar enjoyments which are within the reach of the whole human race are very properly disdained by persons of fashion. Much has also been said of the keen appetites which are found at these healthful places of resort. Portly gentlemen, and pale faced ladies, exult equally in the quantity of fish, flesh, and fowl, which the talis-manic effects of the sea-breeze, or the chalybeate draught enable them to consume. But this is surely false taste. What can be more ungenteel than eating, or rather devouring flesh and vegetables like the locusts of Egypt, or the lean kine of Pharaoh? Can this be styled a polite employment which is common to the philosopher and the savage, the belle and the washer woman? Eating is certainly a vulgar occupation—and I cannot but marvel that wits and beauties—"the curled darlings of the nation" should hie to Long Branch or Ballston, for the purpose of gratifying that voracious propensity which gives celebrity to the boa constrictor, and the man who swallows tallow-candles for a wager! The preacher condemns the epicure who "fares sumptuously every day;" and the physician lives by repairing the inroads of the cook. Besides, we certainly know, that the literati of every age, have deplored the appetite for food as the most impertinent and vexatious of the human propensities. That it has caused many an honest gentleman to turn author cannot be disputed; and that it has peopled Parnassus with guant forms and hungry aspects is equally unquestionable. Gentlemen therefore, who write for bread, should not go to watering places.—For my part I have always viewed this subject with the eye of a philosopher, and have never ceased to deplore the inflexibility of that ordinance of our nature, which bestows the best appetites upon those who are least able to supply them. Physicians display a most unfeeling apathy to the sufferings of their fellow creatures, when they inconsiderately administer provocatives to the palate of every one who fancies himself deficient in voracity, without inquiring into the ability of the patient to sustain and cherish the newly awakened sense. If I was a practitioner of the healing art, I would ask my patient if he was a poet, and if he answered in the affirmative, I should congratulate him upon the delicacy of his appetite, and positively forbid the "exhibitions" of tonics. I would conscientiously regulate the appetites of those who had the good fortune, to be placed under my care, by the dimentions of their purses. Thus my patients would be rated, like ships of war, by their weight of metal; he who could compass three full meals a day, with a lunch at noon and a hot supper at midnight, should ruralize at Bedford or Saratoga, and have bark and wine to his heart's content; a less plethoric purse should be placed on allowance; and where the income was in a low state of debility, meager diet, and nauseating draughts should be prescribed. But as it seems natural that the force of reason should forbid men from pursuing that which when obtained would be burthensome, I am in the habit of believing all the visitors whom I met at the Watering Places to be persons of fortune, who purchase pleasure with their superfluous wealth, or seek appetites because they have wherewithal to gratify them.

But a Watering Place has other uses and attractions. Dashing blades may lawfully resort thither to sport their equipages, and beauties to display their charms. Southern gentlemen find the flavor of a mint julep greatly enchanced by the refreshing coolness of the mountain spring, and city ladies bloom like wild flowers in these salubrious retreats. Your Watering Place is moreover a notable school for good manners, for as the parties are for the most part strangers to each other, all free and equal; and thence results that absence of constraint and ease of manner, which is so much admired in high life. There is no herald's office kept here. Here is no balancing of straws, and weighing of feathers—no tossing of heads, and winking, and whispering to find out who is who. One gentleman may wear blue, another black, but "a man's a man for a' that," and as every man may place his own name on the book with whatever title or addition he pleases, he has only to choose his own rank, and he passes current accordingly. "Misery" it is said "brings us into strange company"—so does misery's opposite, pleasure. Here are singular combinations, not to be explained by any of the established rules of affinity, attraction or cohesion.

To the lover this is a congenial climate. Is it not strange that a sympathy should exist between the palate, and the heart? Will my fair and gentle readers believe that love and hunger, the one a gross vulgar appetite, the other a genteel, delicate, sentimental passion, may be awakened and invigorated by the same stimulants? It is even so. The air of the country is alike salubrious to a feeble frame, or a debilitated attachment. The sight of hay-stacks, and waving corn, and flowery meads, creates a sweet delusion around the intoxicated senses of the lover, and peoples the fairy scene with nymphs and swains, and all the delightful paraphernalia of pastoral love. Mine-

ral water is as nutritious to the heart, as it is invigorating to the body. Why is it that the young lady

Whose soul blythe Cupid never taught to stray
Beyond the Coxcombs 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 medicated fountain; but to which of the elements that enter into the composition of the chalybeate draught this effect is to be attributed, I am at a loss to determine. If I were a chemist I could account for the phenomenon, because a chemical genius is never at a loss for a theory, 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 philosophise upon this matter myself, and achieved a moral analysis after the manner used and approved by the chemical professors. I carefully examined the verious properties of a celebrated spring, and in a few minutes arrived at a conclusion quite as satisfactory as the results of ordinary experiment. "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 neutralizing the acerbities of the bachelor's temper, leaves his mental system in a healthful state, well suited to the reception of soft and agreeable impressions. And here is sulphur which combined with 'villanous 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 combustable materials should "go off" with any spark with whom she comes in contact. Then here is iron—mercy preserve the dear girls? what a collection of mortal engines! what fatal implements of destruction are here assembled! an artillery officer would be quite at home in such a magazine of ordinance stores. We have only to convert this iron into steel—let it act mechanically upon 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 repose implicit faith. If it has not more good sense than the theory of specific gravity, I will forfeit my ears—provided a future generation be allowed to decide the question. But whether I am right or wrong, I shall still exclaim, "if mineral water be the food of love, drink on!" and that it is, will, I think be satisfactorily proved by the following little history. I have suppressed the real names of the parties, but the facts will be instantly recollected by those of my readers, who have been in the habit of visiting the celebrated spot where they occurred.

Miss Simper appeared at Saratoga in an elegant suit of sable. She was said to be in mourning for her father, an opulent broker in Baltimore, recently deceased. Grief had wasted her health, and weeping had washed away her roses, and she was come to recover her appetite, and reanimate her blushes. Miss Simper, of course was an heiress, and attracted great attention. The gentlemen called her a beauty, and talked a great deal of her real estate, bank stock and securities. Some of the ladies thought her complexion too sallow, and some objected to the style of her dress.—Mrs. Highflyer said she had not the air of a woman of fashion, while Captain Halliard pronounced her a suspicious sail, and declared his belief that she was a privateer in disguise. The fair stranger, however, walked daily to the fountain, modestly cast down her eyes when gazed at, and seemed unconscious of all but her own horrors.

About this time Major Fitzconnell appeared upon the busy scene. He was a tall, handsome man, of easy address, and polished manners, who seemed to regard all around him with an air of very polite unconcern. He was announced as an officer to his Brittannic Majesty's service, and brother to Earl Somebody in England. It was reported that he had large landed possessions in the west. He did not appear to seek society, but was too well bred to repel any civilities which were offered to him. The gentlemen were well pleased with his good sense, his knowledge of the world, and the suavity of his manners; but as he seemed to avoid the ladies, they had little opportunity of estimating his qualities.

Major Fitzconnell and Miss Simper met by accident at the fountain. The officer, who had just filled his glass at her approach, presented it to the lady, who, in sipping the transparent element, dropped her handkerchief.—The gentleman very gallantly picked up the cambric, and restored it to the fair hand of its owner—but the blushing damsel abashed by the easy attentions of an elegant stranger, in her confusion lost her reticule, which the soldier gracefully replaced upon her wrist with a most respectful bow. A courtesy on the one side, and another bow on the other, terminated the civilities of this meeting. The gentleman pursued his walk, and the lady returned to her chamber. That Miss Simper felt duly sensible of the honor of having elicited three graceful congees from the brother of an English Earl cannot be doubted; nor can we suppose, without injustice to that gentleman's taste, that he saw with indifference the mantling blushes which those attentions had drawn forth; certain it is, however that as they separated in opposite directions, neither of them was seen to cast one longing, lingering look behind. As I had not the privilege of intruding into either of their chambers, I cannot say what fairy forms might have flitted around the major's pillow, nor whether the fair one dreamed of coronets, coats of arms, kettle drums, and epaulettes. In short, I am not able to inform the inquisitive reader whether, the parties thought of each other at all; but from the extreme difficulty 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 attendance at the fountain on the following morning at an unusually early hour; and the Major, while others were snoring, had sallied forth to enjoy the invigorating freshness of the early breeze. They met again by accident at the propitious well; as the attendant, who is usually posted there to fill the glasses of the invalids, had not yet taken his station, the Major had not only the happiness of performing that office, but of replenishing the exhausted vessel, until the lady had quaffed the full measure prescribed 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 *quantum* prescribed to a delicate female varies from four to eight glasses according to the nature of her complaint, and that a lady cannot decorously sip more than one mouthful without drawing breath, it will be seen that ample time was afforded on this occasion for a *tete-a-tete*. 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 strolling pensively, book in hand, to the farthest corner of the great piazza, commenced her studies. It happened, at the same moment, that the Major, fresh from his valet's hands, hied 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 delighted with the taste displayed in the choice of her author; she earnestly solicited a display of his musical talents, and was enraptured with every note; and when the same impertinent 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 soon proclaimed that this interesting pair were 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 ungenteel 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 one 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 pursuing 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, at 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 how much 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 melted down into one, &c. Many examples of love and murder were related—the lady told of several distressed swains who had very incontinently hanged themselves for their mistresses, and the gentleman as often asseverated 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 Anne!* 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?"

"It is all in your own possession," said the lady.

"Do not trifle with me," said the gentleman patting 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, starting on his feet.

"Not 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 trumping 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 inkeeper.

"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 ingenous Major to provide another conveyance, and a new wife at his leisure.

Biography--No. 2.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

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 frontiers. 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 repuation at Louisburg 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 Rrangers planning a celebration in honor of St. Patrick; and he immediately commanded the Sutler 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 Shelah. 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 to 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 Medford. 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, intrenchments 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 at 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 Chamblee 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 fortify Mount Independence, named on the occasion, and then a wilderness.—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 had 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 compaign, where he was informed that a new list of promotions had been made, and his name omittted. 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 their 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, and 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 yeomonry 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 impregnable, 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 be 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 harrass, and to cut off his supplies, which was approved by General Schuyler.

To be Continued.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

VIEW OF A SWARM OF BEES.

I wandered out 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 probocis with an air of the highest pomposity, put their noses together and seem to "tickle 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 genus were 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 they so much despised—They very well knew *also* that the delicious honey which they sipped so promiscuously, and mincingly, 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 favour for their own interest, were very much like the vain Jackass ; who, to receive the caresses bestowed upon a favorite dog, was so inconsiderate as to tumble his lumber 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 it 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 *spindle-shanked*, *wasp-waisted*, 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 continues useful exercise. TYRO.

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 ship, to offer any medical assistance 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 remov'd the wounded to the cockpit, and the deck presented a most horrible 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, or compell him, to go 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 to put the Secretary and his companions on shore at day break, wherever 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 die----never mind them,' said the Turk, with the most grave composure. "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 bitter sar-

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 that you cannot pass a score of wounded soldiers without putting yourself out of the way to save them!" The Lieutenant was astonished, and having no reply to offer to this odd view of the case, they proceeded to shore in profound silence.—U. S. Jour.

ANTIPATHIES.

What an unaccountable medly of strength and weakness is man! Lord Bacon, it is said, fell back inanimate at the occurrence of an eclipse. The astute and erudite Erasmus was alarmed at the sight of an apple.—Boyle, the great lexicographer, swooned at the noise made by some water, as it escaped, drop by drop, from a cock. Henry of France, the third of that name, though he had driven his enemies before him at Jarnac, trembled from head to foot at the sight of a cat. When a hare crossed the path of the celebrated Duke d' Epernon, his blood stagnated in his veins. The masculine minded Mary of Medicis fainted away whenever a nosegay was in sight. A shudder overcame the learned Scaliger on perceiving cresses. Ivan the second, Czar of Muscovy, would faint away on seeing a woman. Albert, a brave Field Marshal of France, fell insensible to the ground on discovering a sucking pig served up at his own table!

A Drunkard's Thirst.--It is a remark of Bishop Tillotson, that no man is born with a thirsty constitution for intoxicating liquors. There is nothing constitutional about it. It is the result of habit. The more the tippler drinks, the more he thirsts. And after he has become a habitual drinker, so that he cannot do without it, where can language be found to describe his thirst? We have seen men under its influence who love rum better than their wives or children–better than reputation or life--better than earthly happiness or the joysof Heaven. Those who are temperate have no conception of it. It is intolerable, insupportable, beyond the powers of description.

Before its withering influence every social affection droops and dies. Before its scorching, its burning presence, innocence, health, happiness, prosperity, decency, honor, reputation, and every virtue which ennobles and elevates man, is prostrated in the dust.

Changing Shoes.—A few days ago an Irish labourer went to buy a pair of shoes, and at the time asking the ball of wax what made them run down at the sides. The shoemaker said, the only thing to prevent it was to change them every morning. Pat left the shop after purchasing a pair, and the following morning returned; asked for a pair of shoes, tried them on and (leaving the pair he bought the day before) was proceeding out of the shop, without further notice, when the shoemaker called to 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 cellar 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 genteel, health-restoring, life-prolonging, pleasure-giving, love-begetting, retreats, as far as it goes. Our most celebrated public watering places, however, are not, in a very great degree, like the *Pool 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 speculator and the beggar, the cleanly and the filthy. They are delightful, bewitching places; they are sad, 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 Gretna 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. ☞ This No. (13th) completes the first half year of the Gem, and during that time, we are happy in saying, there has been a handsome number of subscribers added to our list, and but for *one* circumstance, we should feel in quite good spirits. But that one is a real *damper*. During the last six months we mostly avoided calling upon delinquent subscribers for pay—certainly, during the last *three months*, not *one* open, fair dun—no, not even a hint of, or allusion to one! For 90 days at least, we did not perpetrate any thing like it. And what have been our receipts? barely sufficient to purchase paper. Now, then, we expect, and must insist on immediate payment from all who are in arrears with us. We rely greatly upon our Agents, as well as on Subscribers to whom we look individually for pay—and if *either* neglect to comply with our terms, they greatly disappoint us, and we feel the effect at once, sensibly, indeed. We therefore respectfully and earnestly desire, all those subscribers who are indebted for the Gem, and all agents having moneys in their hands, to send on the respective sums as soon as possible. Agents are also requested to make collections of all those still owing in their several classes.

We have received several letter-promises, by mail—and where are they?—not fulfilled.

Should like to hear from or know what has become of a certain Mr. B*****, who requested us, by letter, some months since, to send by mail, several papers, *on the honor of a stranger*, to be paid for on his being advised of the amount.

In future our terms will be strictly adhered to.

Livingston County High School.—This Institution is now under the superintendance of Mr. George Wilson, who for several years past, has been favourably known to the public as a gentleman in whom is combined high Literary attainments, and a practical knowledge of Teaching, derived from long experience. The school is in a most flourishing condition, and every pains taken to increase its usefulness.

During the last winter, the scholars heard Lectures on Chemistry and Geology, from Professor Barrows, of the Rensselaer school, and arrangements have been made for a course of lectures on various scientific subjects, including Botany, Astronomy, Geology, Mineralogy, &c. —to continue during the summer. Superadded to this, the Principal accompanied by Professor Barrows, and several scholars of the Institution, are to make an excursion to Niagara, with a view to investigations in the sciences, embraced, in the summer and autumn course of lectures. An opportunity will thus be afforded for parents to place their boys in a situation, to acquire a thorough practical knowledg of these hitherto neglected, but important studies.—*Courier.*

Record of Genius—*A Literary and Miscellaneous Magazine.* Vol 2d.—New Series—Is printed at the city of Utica, every other week, on a medium sheet, quarto form, with fair type and good paper, and embelished quarterly, with a fashionable piece of music, for the Piano Forte, with a title page and index at the close of the volume: *one dollar* per ann. payable in advance, or *one dollar and fifty-cents* at the close of the volume

Any person forwarding the publisher *five dollars* will be entitled to the *sixth* copy gratis.

When mind meets mind, then comes the "tug of war."—The Hon. Daniel Webster passed through this state, recently, on his way to Cincinnati, Ohio, where, we learn, he is employed as counsel, in opposition 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. Cruttenden, "mine host" of the "Eagle," introduced him to Judge Buel, the

Horticulturist, and said, "This is Judge Buel, who cultivates the finest flowers of the *field*; and this the Hon. Daniel Webster, who culls 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 *evanescent*, 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 hallow'd 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 crumbled 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!
For see! the Arab proud array'd,
Calls upon *Allah* for his aid,
Then bathes in blood his hand.

How long, oh! Lord, shall we complain,
How long thy coming wait!
How long shall this unhallowed stain,
Upon thy chosen realm remain,
And stamp with death our fate?

Come, with thy ancient glory crown'd,
In sovereign majesty;
Come, let thy voice again resound,
And echo through this sacred ground,
"My people shall be free."

Then shall this darkness flee away,
These shades of gloomy night:
Then from thy law no more we'll stray,
But ever thy commands obey,
And bless thy Heav'nly light.

E. W. H. E.

Brockport.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

SUMMER.

Lo! Summer comes with balmy gale,
Through evening shades the breezes play,
O'er fragrant mount, and verdant dale,
It onward sends its genial ray.

The vales, and woodslands, now rejoice,
Their odours fresh and pure they yield;
All nature shouts with cheerful voice,
And decks with flowers her spacious field.

The trees again in bright array,
Present their foliage, waving high:
Among their boughs in spirits gay,
The birds are singing "Summer's night."

Buds, flowers, and fruit, again appear,
And spread to our enraptur'd view,
Bright prospects of a fruitful year,
In brilliant tints of ev'ery hue.

The grove erects its tow'ring head,
Like some grand eastern colonade;
Above, the waving branches spread,
And form beneath a cooling shade.

But all these beauties soon must flee,
Before the rapid march of time,
And every shrub, and every tree,
Its blooming foliage must resign.

B.

Skaneateles, May 28th, 1833.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

MAY SCENE,
OR
THE MAIDEN AND HER LOVER.

Wake! fair maiden, from thy slumbers,
Day light gilds the eastern sky;
Up—come forth! in tuneful numbers
Birds are chaunting melody.
Know'st thou not that o'er the main,
May, sweet month, is come again!

From my couch how can I rise;
Sleep departs not from my eyes:
Pleasures of a rustic kind,
Lull my senses, cheer the mind.
Nay, I dream—disturb me not,
Other pleasures are forgot.

Up thou youth with merry heart!
Up, inhale the morning breeze,
Coming from the Lake apart,
Kissing flowers and buding trees,
Bustling through the tow'ring Pine;
Hark! in turn it will be thine!

Rise, thou sayest! then will I
Up, and with thee thither hie,
'Neath the young day's welkin sky.

Hah! it comes—it comes to seek,
Sweeter kisses on thy cheek!
Blush not maiden—with its train,
May, sweet month, is come again.

Hush! no more—let's haste to rove
Thither, in yon woodland grove;
O'er the green sward let us stray,
Gath'ring nosegays on our way.

Lightly tread—the dews are on,
Glittering in the morning sun;
List! the feather'd minstrels' choir,
Tones far sweeter than the lyre—
Raise thy voice, *Love*, make one strain!
May, sweet month, is come again.

Z.

From the Connecticut Mirror.

THE DEEP.

There's beauty in the deep:—
The wave is bluer than the sky,
And though the lights shine bright on high,
More softly do the sea-gems glow
That sparkle in the depths below:
The rainbow's tints are only made
When on the waters they are laid;
And Sun and Moon most sweetly shine
Upon the ocean's level brine.
There's beauty in the deep.

There's music in the deep:—
It is not in the surf's rough roar,
Nor in the whispering, shelly shore.—
They are but earthly sounds, that tell
How little of the sea nymph's shell
That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
Or winds its softness through the flood,
Echoes through groves with coral gay,
And dies on spongy banks, away.—
There's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep:—
Above, let tides and tempests rave,
And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wake;
Above, let care and fear contend,
With sin and sorrow to the end.
Here far beneath the tainted foam,
That frets above our peaceful home,
We dream in joy and wake in love,
Nor know the rage that yells above.—
There's quiet in the deep.

WONDERS OF PHILOSOPHY.—The polypus, like the fabled hydra, receives new life from the knife which is lifted to destroy it. The fly-spider lays an egg as large as itself. There are four thousand and forty-one muscles in a caterpillar. Hook discovered fourteen thousand mirrors in the eyes of a drone; and to effect the respiration of a crop, thirteen thousand three hundred arteries, vessels, veins, and bones, &c. are necessary. The body of every spider contains four little masses pierced with a multitude of imperceptable holes, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads to the amount of a thousand to each mass, join together, when they come out and make the single thread with which the spider spins its web; so that what we call a spider's thread consists of more than four thousand united. Lewenhock, by means of microscopes, observed spiders no bigger than a grain of sand, who spun thread so fine that it took four thousand of them to equal in magnitude a single hair.—*Lon. Cour.*

The Richmond Whig states that the famous horse Archy, has cleared for his proprietor, (independent of his achievements on the turf)$70,000. He is still living, and is in the 30th or 31st year of his age. His vigor is extinct.

MARRIED.

In Greece, on Thursday, the 23d ult. by Elder Goodenough, Mr. *Niles Kinne*, to Miss *Ruth Rowe*.

In Geneva, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Phelps, Mr. *George Veader*, of Hudson, O., to Miss *Ann Rose*, of the former place.

ROCHESTER

THE GEM.

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

VOLUME 5.] ROCHESTER, JUNE 29, 1833. [NUMBER 14.

Original and Selected Tales.

From the Bridgewater Amaranth.

THE INDIAN'S RESENTMENT.

The 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 is quiet and peace, in mid-day as well as in the silence of midnight, were disturbed by the warhoop 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 infirm, 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 beachen trees, which stood in a clustre 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 would cause them some uneasiness; but, having stationed guards on every side, they felt a degree of safety at least, thinking that, if danger hovered near, the sentinels would apprize them of it before it would be too late to make preparation for the onset. Most of the afternoon had now passed, no danger had come near them; and now all gloomy thoughts were put away, save to the mind of one. Her mind seemed to be darkened, like the sunny landscape by a cloud, which augurs coming destruction. She was a beautiful girl. Upon her, nature had showered her richest Gems; her form was elegant; her mein graceful; and the witching glances of her dark blue eyes no one could withstand. She was an orphan; her parents had been butchered by the merciless savages, when they supposed safety hovered around them. And it was not at all strange that, when that scene presented itself to her mind, she should feel as though danger was near at all times, and in all circumstances from those monsters, who deprived her of her nearest and dearest friends. Every expedient was resorted to to enlist her in conversation, but all to no effect; she would merely answer in monosyllables, the questions which were asked her.

Just as the sun was sinking behind the western hills, the party, on no account daring to remain in so dangerous a place during the evening, started for their respective abodes. They had proceeded but a short distance before Gertrude, (this was the name of the orphan girl,) was confident she saw the glaring eye balls of an Indian through the copse. When she mentioned this to her companions, she was met with a sneer. But an arrow at this moment passing through the bonnet 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, still 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 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 expedient 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 a 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

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 be nobly rewarded." "I ask no reward replied the Indian only that you will love me." Gertrude cast upon him a benignant smile, which Wookonett thought expressed more than language could.

Preparations were soon made for departure. He told the women that were left in the wigwams that he was going out to meet Thundersquall. The moon was just rising in the heavens as they set out. The forest now opened to the view of the orphan girl its vast solitude.—The Indian supported the feeble Gertrude, as she walked along in silence. At last weary and way-worn she sank down upon the ground. Wookonett 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 fifth day from their setting out Wookonett, placing his ear to the ground, informed Gertrude, to crown all her sufferings, that her 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 Wookonett 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 deer 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, altho' 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 can better be imagined, than described. In the abode, where gloom and sorrow for the last three months had pervaded, 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 recited 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 Wookonett, who until this time had remained unnoticed.) "I still should have been in the lone forest." All eyes were now rivited 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 sons 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 him. They were often seen together in deep conversation, and all supposed she had a strong attachment for the Indian, but how few understand 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 preserving her life; but another had her affections; she could never consent to be his companion for life. She told him her uncle's house would always be open for his reception, 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 hymenial 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 clergyman was pronouncing his 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 weltering in his blood! One long warhoop 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. U. D. V.

Biography--No. 2.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

MAJOR GENERAL JOHN STARK.

Concluded from our last.

Gen. Burgoyne detached Col. Baum with 500 Hessians and Tories and 100 Indians, with two field pieces; a force deemed sufficient to seize a magazine of provisions, collected by the Americans, a few miles from Bennington. Gen. Stark had about 800 undisciplined Militia under his command. On the 14th of August, a messenger came to him with an express from Cambridge, 14 miles north-west of Bennington, informing him that 100 Indians arrived there that morning; a few hours after, another came from the same place, with intelligence that 500 Hessians and Tories had since arrived. A large quantity of provisions having been collected at the mills, a few miles towards Cambridge, from the place where his troops lay, he immediately despatched a battalion under Col. Gregg to secure it, and followed with all his force, to support him if necessary. Gregg was soon met in full retreat, before a large body of Germans, who were approaching in the rear of the Indians, and were within one mile of our troops.

On perceiving the main body of the Americans, the enemy halted, and commenced intrenching themselves on advantageous ground. A party of skirmishers were sent out upon his front, and succeeded in killing and wounding 30 men, without loss on our side. The 15th proving rainy, no general attack was made, and time was afforded the enemy to fortify his camp, with a log breast-work, and inform Gen. Burgoyne of his situation, and request a re-inforcement. It would be improper to pass without notice, the worthy clergyman from Berkshire, who came with his people, to measure rifles with the Hessians. Before light, on the morning of the 16th, he addressed Gen. Stark as follows: "We the people of Berkshire, have been frequently called upon to fight, but have not been permitted; We have now resolved if you will not let us fight, never to turn out again. The General inquired if he wished to go then, when it was dark and rainy. "No," "Then" continued

the General, "if the Lord should give us sunshine again, and I do not give you fighting enough, I will never ask you to come again." In the morning the weather cleared up, and the Americans advanced upon the enemy, who were found entrenched upon a sodded bluff, fronted by the Wallomschaick on the south, with a gradual slope on the north and west.—His position was reconnoitred at a mile's distance, and the place of attack arranged. Just before the action commenced, Col. Baum addressed his troops, and in the course of his remarks, stated that the "countrymen by whom they were about to be attacked, were the owners of the soil, and would make a desperate effort to defend it; but could not contend against their superior discipline aided by a strong position."

General Stark on the other hand, addressed his yeomanry as follows: "There are your enemies, the red coats, and Tories—we must have them in half an hour, or my wife sleeps a widow this night."

Two detachments, one to the right and one to the left, were ordered to turn his rear and advance directly to the entrenchments, reserving their fire until very near. Fortunately, they reached their stations almost at the same moment, and by rapid advance, the enemy were forced out of their lines and driven upon the reserve, which decided the contest in favor 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 command of Col. Breyman, was coming up to their support.

The number required to guard the prisoners, and those dispersed for refreshments and plunder, left but few for defence. Col. Warner coming up at this critical moment, from Manchester, 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 Hampshire 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 victory obtained by raw Militia over European veterans, strengthened by a numerous and desperate 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 desponding armies of America, and a death blow to the hopes of Great Britain. Collections of the trophies of this victory, were presented 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 Indians, 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 unfading laurels to the brow of the veteran who commanded. At the time the news reached Congress, they were about reading 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 Hampshire 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 Brigadier 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 Montgomery 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 liberties were in the most iminent danger, his private resentments 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 defeat 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 expressed himself. "Upon my leaving Philadelphia, 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 determination 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 army. The British generals were surprised to hear that an enemy, whom they had contemplated with no other feelings than those of contempt, should all 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 exploits which they supposed belonged exclusively to the armies of Kings. To see a body of American militia, ill dressed, but little disciplined, without cannon, armed only with farmers' 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 indignation, astonishment, and surprise. This disaster not only added to their delay, but afforded Gen. Gates time to obtain reinforcements then on their march. In a few days, the army which had been driven from Ticonderoga in July, faced about, and with new courage, advanced to meet Burgoyne. He now perceived the danger of his situation.—These men of New Hampshire and of Vermont, whom he had hitherto viewed with contempt, he now considered formidable enemies. 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 Behmus'Heights, 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 harrangued 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 report 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, volunteers flocked to his standard from all quarters, and he was shortly enabled to join the army with a more numerous and formidable command than before. He was zealous for attacking Burgoyne in his camp at Saratoga, and for that purpose, had placed his little army in the rear, to cut off his communication with Canada, by way of Lake George. By this movement, Burgoyne became completely surrounded; and Gen. Stark contended that he might have been compelled to an unconditional surrender. The war being now over in the north, he returned home to obtain recruits and supplies; and was soon after ordered by Congress 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 expedition. Early in 1778, he was ordered to assume the command of the Northern Depart

ment at Albany. For this service he had very few troops, two extensive frontier rivers to guard, and was surrounded by Tories, spies and public defaulters. In regulating those abuses he succeeded like most reformers; these who were detected, cursed him, their friends complained, and he gladly received an order to join Gen. Gates in November, at Rhode Island. Gen. Hand succeeded him at Albany, but shortly after left the command, for the same reason, and with the same pleasure.

On joining Gen. Gates at Providence, he was directed to take quarters at East Greenwich, principally on account of his popularity with the Militia, that he might gain better information of the plans of the enemy on Rhode Island, and guard against any invasion. When the season of action was over, he returned to N. H. to urge the necessity of recruits and supplies. In the spring of 1779, he joined the army at Providence, and by direction of Gen. Gates he examined the coast from Point Judith, as well as the east side of the bay as far as Mount Hope. Few troops were employed on this station, and more than ordinary vigilance was required to prevent inroads and to establish a regular system of espoinage. Late in October, the enemy were in motion, and his command were for some days upon constant duty. About the 10th of November, the enemy decamped from Rhode Island, and early next morning Gen. Stark took possessions of Newport, and placed guards in the streets to prevent plunder and preserve order. About this time, Gen. Washington, fearful that on the arrival of the Newport reinforcement at New York, some attempts might be made upon his army, ordered Generals Gates and Stark, with the troops who had blockaded Newport, (excepting a small garrison,) to join him in New Jersey, and soon after directed Gen. Stark to proced to New England to make new enlistments of troops and forward supplies.—Having performed this service, he joined the army at Morristown in May, 1780, and was present at the battle of Springfield on Short Hills. Immediately after this action, he was despatched to New England with orders to collect a body of Militia and volunteers, and march to West Point. He arrived with his troops at the Point, while Gen. Washington was absent to meet Count de Rochambeau at Hartford, Conn. and a very short time before Arnold's desertion. Upon delivering up the reinforcement, he joined his division at Liberty Pole, New Jersey. In the month of September he was ordered to relieve the Pennsylvania line under Gen. St. Clair, which had occupied West Point after Arnold's treason. St. Clair marched the next day to Liberty Pole. About this time Gen. Washington formed the design of surprising Staten Island, and to mask his intentions, ordered Gen. Stark with 2,500 men, and a large train of waggons, to advance nearNew York Island, bring away all the corn and forage to be found, and hover about New-York, until further orders.

The British, suspecting some design from another quarter, suffered this detachment to pillage 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 Windsor 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 Massachusetts, were all the disposable force for the protection of this extensive frontier. The country 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 dismissed 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 rheumatism, 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. After 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 attended by a very large and respectable concourse of people, at his late residence in Manchester, 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 republican firmness of his character and hewn in the form of an obelisk, bearing this plain inscription: "Maj. Gen. Stark."

Such is a faint outline, of the life and military services, of the last surviving American General of the Revolution. He was indeed one of the firmest supporters of the Revolutionary War, and contributed as much as any other individual to its successful issue.

One remarkale fact in the life of Major General Stark, is, that although often engaged in close and desperate combat with the French and Indians, and afterwards with the British and Tories, in the Revolution, he was never struck by a shot, or wounded in any manner by the enemy. For the last few years of his life, he enjoyed a pecuniary bounty from the Government, for his Revolutionary services. Gen. Stark was of the middle stature, not formed by nature to exhibit an erect soldierly mien. His manners were frank, and unassuming, but he manifested a peculiar sort of excentricity and negligence, which precluded all display of personal dignity, and seemed to place him among those of ordinary rank in life. He sustained through life, the reputation of a man of honor, and integrity, friendly to the industrious, and enterprising—severe to the idle and unworthy. Society may venerate the memory of an honest citizen, and the nation, of a hero, whose eulogy is written in the remembrance of his countrymen.

Lockport, May 1833. L. C. D.

Miscellaneous Selections.

GENIUS AND TALENT.

A Correspondent of the Portland Daily Advertiser after making some remarks upon the characters of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, says

"Thus I have contrasted these two distinguished individuals in some, not very important particulars. The distinctions will be best understood, when it is remarked, that Mr. Webster is cautious, cool, and is the better scholar; and that Mr. Clay is warm, incautious, and has not received a good classical education, though some of his state papers are as admirable as any in our language.

If I could impress my idea upon the reader, I would call one *a man of genius*, and the other *a man of talents*. This however, gives but a faint impression of the distinction I would draw. *Genius* is enthusiasm, in which Mr. Clay is infused. *Talent* is judgment, never arising from enthusiasm, with which Mr. Webster is endowed. *Genius* engages in an object with its whole heart and soul—and this is a characteristic of Mr. Clay. *Talent* is earnest, persevering, onward in its undertakings, but not over confident and rash—and this is a characteristic of Mr. Webster. *Genius* is imaginative, selfconfident, daring—and these are characteristics of Mr. Clay. *Talent* reckons, calculates, computes and doubts—and these are characteristics of Mr. Webster. *Genius* leaps by instinct, as it were, to a correct conclusion. *Talent* arrives there by argument and deduction. Thus, Mr. Clay is ever a ready man, and his best speeches are made at the moment. Mr. Webster thinks less rapidly, and forms step by step his conclusions. *Genius* is at times sportive, playful, amusing. *Talent* is commonly sedate, stern, thoughtful. *Genius*

will gambol with the kid, or grapple with the lion. *Talent*, at best, sports but awkwardly. *Genius* is instinct, impulse, passion. *Talent* is coolness, firmness, collectedness. *Genius* is at times, errative, wayward, imprudent. *Talent* is straight forward, direct, prudent. *Talent* counts consequences, and looks ahead: *Genius* seldom does, but darts bravely onward. *Genius* takes empire over the head and heart and the feelings. *Talent* aims for the reason and the judgment. *Talent* never does a rash thing: *Genius* often does. *Talent* is praiseworthy, admired, honored. *Genius* is adored, worshipped, idolized. *Talent* takes its votaries in leading-strings, and persuade them along. *Genius* impels, hurries, inspires them onward. *Genius* is alternately desponding and enthusiastic: *Talent* is neither. *Genius* invents: *Talent* discovers. *Genius* creates, projects, designs. *Talent* combines, arranges, contracts, performs. Bonaparte was a man of wonderful *genius:* Wellington is a man of extraordinary *talent. Genius* is good at every thing, ambitious for every thing, audacious in every thing. *Talent* has less scope, less power, a lesser graps. *Genius* can live without study, and yet dazzle. Talent *must* study, in order to shine. Genius is the diamond, polished and cased. Talent is the carbon in the ore. Genius, like the sun, has light of its own. Talent, like the moon, must borrow from annother. Genius is the fire and flame of itself. Talent must have the flint and the steel to strike out the spark. If Jupiter could divide his prerogative, *genius* would be his lightning, and *talent* his thunder. Genius is splendid: Talent is great. Thus Genius makes the splendid man and Talent the great man.—Cæsar had genius: Cicero had talents. Thus Cæsar was as apt in the field as in the forum, and Cicero's range, was within one orbit, but that was a starry one. Homer had Genius: Virgil stole from him. Byron had genius: Southey has talents. Bulwer has genius: Cooper has talents. Genius is the characteristic of the French: Talent of the English. The one revolutionizes with the sword and the musket, and the other at the polls and the hustings. The one engages in war, in poetry, in mathematics, and the dance, with equal fervor; and the other carefully distinguishes the little from the great."

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 brightest hopes, you, my dear young friends, may be exposed.

And O! that an admonition from heaven, and a warning voice from the scenes of unspeakble 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 villainy, and although she may be young and unsuspecting, forfeits her claims to respectability 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 rationally expected 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 these 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 ruin: and their corrupt embrace is certain death to your peace and happiness in life.

It is not my design to speak in detail of those accomplishments necessary for the perfection of the female character. The many excellent treatises which have been published on the subject, by those who are capable of doing it far better justice than myself, render the task unnecessary. Suffice it to say, that while you should not neglect personal accomplishments, the cultivation of your minds should be your highest aim; for without well cultivated minds, neither handsome persons, nor the most polished manners, will secure to you exalted characters in life, or enable you to maintain that influence which, with such minds, you would be capable of exerting. Permit me then, my youthful friends, most earnestly and affectionately to entreat you to assert and maintain your true dignity of character, by withdrawing your society and friendship from the worthless and abandoned—by saying to the intemperate, as with one heart and with one voice, cease your ruinous course of life, or you can never obtain our esteem,—by telling the gambler that you hold his iniquitous conduct in greatest detestation—by proclaiming to the liar, the profane swearer, and the scoffer at religion, that their vices render them unworthy in your estimation—by showing the calumniators of your fame, and the seducers of innocence, in a manner which they cannot misunderstand, that you detest their characters and their crimes; and that you will never degrade yourselves by an intimacy with them—and by improving all the means in your power to obtain every valuable and useful accomplishment.—Should you do thus, the advantages which community would derive from it, you will richly merit, and fear not but you will receive the commendations of every enlightened and virtuous member of society, and the approbation of your God.

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 sundered 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 if, less vivid than the long past reality, they are no more sweetly beautiful, as the moonlight hues of memory linger upon them.

"Visions have hovered o'er his sleep,
Light fairy forms have bent above him;
And eyes smiled on him, like the deep
Expressive ones of those that love him.

Wild, brilliant eyes, through raven hair
Clustering upon the bosom's snow;
And, thin, white fingers, like cool air,
Have pass'd along his fever'd brow!"

I had a friend, a Bachelor of fifty, a kind, free hearted fellow, who frequently amused me with his allusions to the events of his earlier years. Wearied with the loneliness and silence of his existence, he found a certain relief in treasured memories of the past. Sorrow and joy were perhaps equally mingled in these remembrances, like the shadow and sunshine

of an April landscape, yet both ware treasured up, and loved and mused over.

"I had a dream last night"—said he as I 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 a bitter cold evening too; and I, as usual, when the present is not very agreeable, amused myself by thinking over the past. You cannot imagine what a world of memory passed before me! But as the mind's images thickened, they grew fainter; the dim light of the lamp grew dimmer before me; the howling of the north wind died away in my ear, and I fell asleep in my chair.

"For a time my visions were broken and vague; yet they bore somewhat of the impress of my waking ones; half formed, half seen faces, once familiar stared around me, and dim and hurried perception of familiar scenery pass'd before me like the changes of a phantasmagoria. Suddenly the scene was changed. I seemed wandering over a vast plain of ice; anon, struggling in the rut of a Swiss Avalanche, or riding on the steep pinnacle of an ice-berg, or standing in a swift current of cold water with the raw wind blowing around my body, and then the dimness and incoherence passed away, and a new order of visions came before me.

I was standing in a familiar looking dwelling, at least its proportions seemed so, but it was entirely composed of ice—cold, shining, unmelting ice. The trees which stood without, I knew them by their gnarling limbs and stooping bodies, as familiar to my youthful days; were also of ice, limbs and foliage and trunk of the same. I was treading upon an icy floor! the ceilings, the door and the household furniture were of ice, nothing but clear, glittering ice.

I stood in the winter parlor, shaking with cold, when a figure slowly approached me. I knew it in an instant. It was the mother of my first love—the Caroline who I have told you of so often. There was the same figure, proportion, dress, &c. The same pair of huge spectacles on her face which characterized her thirty years ago. She came forward and bowed, without relaxing a muscle of her countenance, and pointed to a sofa of ice behind me.—Hardly had I seated myself when the door again opened and Caroline herself entered, and advanced slowly and without any signs of motion towards me, and held out her hand in a sort of mechanical welcome. I rose and clasped it in my own. Heavens! it was cold! —cold as the winter tomb stone; and as the icy fingers fastened about my own, I shuddered as if a spectre had welcomed me to the world of shadows. She was ice, like every thing around her.

The cottage, the old lady, and my long loved Caroline passed away, and I found myself in a beautiful mansion in a far off land. There too, a spell of winter rested like death upon every thing around me. The pillars; the splendid galleries and magnificent apartments, and the servants, and the attendants were all ice in that winter of desolation. Yet, I recognized the scenes of my deepest attachment; the dwelling of her whose beautiful image has never ceased to haunt me from the moment of our first meeting. And I saw her; the magnificent girl; and she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me; it was like the kiss of a marble statue; the twinkling of the arms of the dead around the neck of the living; a cold and icy communion. And then I seemed myself to take the nature of all around me; I became as icy, all save my heart, which still beat beneath its unconscious body. And we sat down together, two icy statues, mocking one another with the look of warm and kindly affection. And she bent her head with its rich, but unmoving masses of ringlets towards me, and her eye beamed constantly with a smile like that with which she had always welcomed me; and yet I knew that it was an awful mocking; and that the warmth and the passion of love and life were not there!

I awoke—my lamp was like a small spark, it had burned so low, the fire had gone out; and the moonlight as it streamed through the unshuttered windows revealed the black and cold bars of the grate before me; the doors were ajar, and a current of air, bitter with frost, was sweeping through the room. For a time, indeed, I almost imagined my dream a thing of reality. I was almost stupified with the cold, and have not yet recovered from it." My friend, as he spoke, drew his cloak closer around him, with a sort of involuntary shudder.

"Now," continued he, "I have determined to live alone no longer. I will marry, let the consequences be what they may. Rather than suffer, again, what I did last night, and all for want of a companion, I would marry the veriest termigant in hristendom."

He kept his promise. He is now a married man, and what is more and better, a happy one. He has a wife who loves him, and children who bless him, and I have never, since his marriage, heard him complain of his frozen dreams.

From the Western Times.

——— Youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery, that it wears,
Than settled age, his sables, and his weeds.
Shakspeare.

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 developements, 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 eras 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 varieties and modifications are cast in the destiny of our nature. There is no attribute of human wisdom, or human power, by which the vivacity of youth can be protracted, or the decripitude of age postponed. Every stage of existence is, therefore, to be entitled to the greatest indulgence. He that is now tottering down the declivity of life, should be cherished with all the sympathies and consolations of the young; and they who are sporting amid the hopes and visions of early and uncultivated years, should be allowed, at least, the levities of irresponsible being. They too, are pushing on to the maturity of manhood, and its innumerable incumbrances, time's laboring arm, will soon be upon them, and their wasting forms and breaking faculties, will require the indulgencies to be reciprocated, they now should render their seniors before them.

The censures that fall so frequently upon the reputed follies of the young, do not commonly result so much from the pernicious influence of youthful conduct, as from the petulence and peevishness of age. It is, certainly, an unhappy bias in the human character, that we should make ourselves the criterion of rectitude, and never once admit it to be possible, that the fault and its censure may be traced to the same original. He, that has grown old in the changes and chances of life, who has rolled and risen and fallen, in the wheel of fortune, who has learned by success and misadventure, to form a just analysis of the past, and fix a proper estimate upon the future, wonders that another like himself, who is subjected, to the same want of experience, and driven onward by the same impulse of feeling, should feel as he has felt, and act as he has acted. He seems to forget that himself, was once young, and extends no charities over youthful indulgencies. He has settled down, in the thoughtful gravity of multiplied years, and thinks it improper that others should be young, because he is old. His attention is engrossed with momentous and serious objects.

Life, with its numerous concerns, is contemplated in its true character. A multitude of grave and gloomy images, are thronging his fancy. He sees his sun setting, and all mortal endearments receding; the twilight of life is thickening into darkness, and a thousand solemnities are gathering in the scene. He has now, no time for amusement, no heart for levity. But life to the young is a vernal morning. They have never seen its end approaching, nor felt its responsibilities upon them. They are the creatures of feeling without the aid of experience, and must dance before they can be sober.

THE PRESS.—There is in Europe, with a population of 227,700,000, two thousand one hundred and forty-two peridocal journals. In America, with a population of forty millions, one thousand. In Asia, with a population of 390,000,000, only twenty-seven. In Africa, with a population of 60,000,000, but twelve. In Oceania, with a population of 20,000,000, nine. 'Thus it appears,' says a French journal, 'that in Asia there is one paper for every 14,000,000; In Africa, one for every 5,000,000; in Europe, one for every 106,000; in America, one for every 30,000; and precisely in the same manner is the comparative progress of civilization in these different divisions of the earth.'

PRIMARY SCHOOLS.—The whole number of Schools in Boston, is 64, containing 3957 girls and boys, (between the ages of 4 and 7.) These schools are supported at an expense of $2,50 for each, and no money expended is productive of more substantial benefit than the $16,000 thus appropriated. The Schools are divided into as nearly equal districts as practicable, being 8 in all, and each school is under the immediate charge of a local committee, and is visited also semi-annually by the Standing Committee, who have a general supervision of all the Schools.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

The Storm.—Every one who has scribbled at all, has more or less thrown out a few ideas upon the sunbeam—its mild radiance upon the earth—its beauty upon the waters—its glory upon the hill-tops. And we all know that the sunbeam is beautiful, is vivifying. We know that the sunbeam of Spring is reviving when it shines through the heavy clouds of Winter, as he recedes to his hiding place in the north.—But 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 desolating wave. The *beauty* of the storm is terrible. Listen!—can you hear that low, rumbling note that seems to proceed from the bowels of the earth, as if conflicting elements were in motion? It is the storm. Can you see yon tall pines bending and bowing their mighty heads, and hear the shrill whistling that proceeds from their bristly tops? It is the storm. Hark!—the forest is rent, and the gnarled oak is twisted up by the roots, and the tall hemlock is shivered by the lightning's bolt—and that too, is the storm! Its wing is marked with many a ruin—its front is stamped with power. In its bosom are held volcanoes, whose fires burn and burst upon the world of mankind "red with uncommon wrath." Yes, and there will be an *awful storm*, when this world shall be destroyed. Then the storm will have achieved its last victory—then the very element which destroys all things else, shall itself be destroyed—when this world and the fashion thereof shall all pass away, and "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind."

"Boy, bring my overshoes, for the rain has descended in such torrents of late that every thing is mud, mud, mud."—And as far as the old man went, we attest 'tis true, for the rains have followed close upon us, gush after gush, for many a day. But a few weeks since the torrent descended so copiously, that all the rivers, and little brooks overflowed their banks—and some destroyed themselves amidst the ruin that was carried before them. Again the streams have been swollen by the rains, and a vast deal of water is falling while the ink from our pen is falling on paper. Thus it is—we have the rain and the sunshine—and all in their right time and place. In times of depression, or departure from the smooth paths of life, then it is that our patience and spirits are tried. Our good qualities are not discovered while we float along on the smoothe sea, but upon the rough and troublesome surge.

The Shrine.—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, Horæ Otiosæ—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 absconding 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 chose 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 ASHBEL 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 his just creditors, than fifty times the amount of the above mentioned sum—yet, 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 beauteous Earth, how green and rich thy glories are!
I love to gaze upon thy fair and awful forms,
Or mid the shine of sun, or lightning-flash of storms,
Or gleams that on thee fall from many a twinkling star.
No less I love thee, Earth, when high, the pale-orbed Moon
Is gilding o'er thy mountains, streamlets, groves and trees,
Or imaging her golden form beneath thy silver seas;—
That happy emblem of man's last, divinest boon,
To leave his form below, while soars his soul in heaven.
Not much I wonder, Earth, that mortals love thee well!
For often I have wished on some bright orb to dwell,
Where heavenly all things seemed, as though for angels given,
Yet could I mount, on wings, up to some realm afar,
I know, that thence, thou too must seem, O Earth, as pure a star.

☞ The paper for some of the back Nos. of the GEM has been of an inferior quality from what we intended to have used. We were disappointed as to procuring paper of the proper size and quality. The evil will be remedied for the future.

MARRIED.

In Greece, on the 6th inst. by Rev. Mr. Clapp, Mr. *George Dickinson*, to Miss *Louisa Raynsford.*

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 uncessary 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 ann. in advance, or 10 copies for $2. 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
Her golden treasures o'er the soil,
And to the joyful swain outspreads
The full reward of all his toil.

The sultry hour of noon had past,
And hast'ning to the western main,
The sun his scorching influence cast
On russet hill and teeming plain.

The flocks had sought the oak's broad shade,
The cattle the refreshing stream,
And languid nature silent laid
Beneath Sol's penetrating beam.

No clouds obstruct the azure sky,
And scarce a whispering zephyr played;
The swain cast round an anxious eye,
And then his arduous task survey'd:

For now behind the mountain's brow,
That rises o'er fair Hudson's stream, *
The distant thunder,s muttering low,
The tempest's near approach proclaim.

Yet all below was hush'd and still,
No winds the silent waters sweep,
As from the distant western hill,
They pour upon the tranquil deep.

Yet o'er that western hill the cloud
Already heav'd its ruggy form,
And on its brow majestic rode
What seem'd the spirit of the storm.

Now louder heard, the thunder-growl,
The lightnings' flash more frequent seen,
And faint the distant tempest-howl
Athwart the plains that intervene.

The careful swains now busy fly
O'er fertile field and meadow gay;
While those the harvest labor ply,
These top in heaps the fragrant hay.

All anxious from the threat'ning blast,
To save the products of the year,
Yet on the heavens they frequent cast
A hasty glance not void of fear.

But soon the arduous toil is o'er,
Each quits his task for hasty flight,
The clouds tremendous torrents pour,
And nature seems involved in night.

Save that with one continued flash,
The lightnings dart from pole to pole,
While over head with fearful crash
Terrific peals of thunder roll.

The flying wretch with wild dismay,
Sees tallest oaks in splinters riven,
And fancy paints in dread array,
The whole artillery of Heaven.

Discharg'd at once, the whirlwind blast,
Drives through the air the icy shower,
And lays fair fields a naked waste,
Beneath its desolating power.

But Heaven in mercy rules the storm,
Its ravages are quickly o'er;
The sun with mild and cheerful form
Smiles on the happy world once more.

The storm was hush'd, the tempest laid,
The elemental strife was done—
And on the eastern cloud portray'd,
The sacred bow of promise shone.

* The scene was laid in Dutchess County, N. Y. the author's former place of residence.

AILEEN—A SKETCH.

Oh bright, and beautiful and gay,
I saw the lov'd Aileen;
She bloom'd just like some flower of May—
A flower of seventeen.
The rose of health was on her face,
And pleasure in her eye,
And ne'er a tear had dar'd to trace
Its furrows heavily.

Her path was like some fairy land—
Bestrewn with flow'rets sweet,
And pleasure lent her magic hand
To make the bliss complete.
Full many a heart had vainly sigh'd
For lovely, gay Aileen,
But still she chose to bloom in pride
The flow'r of seventeen.

But lo! amidst her brightest bloom,
The false seducer came,
And left her overwhelm'd with gloom,
A flower but in name.
It was too deep, too harsh a stroke,
For lovely, bright Aileen,—
Death chill'd the heart that falsehood broke,
The flow'r of seventeen. E. W. H. E.

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

On laying the Corner Stone of the Monument of Mrs. Washington.

Long hast thou slept unnoted! Nature stole
In her soft ministry around thy bed,
And spread her vernal coverings, violet-gemm'd,
And pearl'd with dews. She bade bright Summer bring
Gifts of frankincense, with sweet songs of birds,
And Autumn cast his yellow coronet
Down at thy feet,—and stormy winter spake
Hoarsely of man's neglect.
But now we come
To do thee homage,—Mother of our Chief!—
Fit homage—such as honoreth him who pays.
Methinks we see thee, as in olden time,—
Simple in garb—majestic and serene—
Unaw'd by 'pomp and circumstance'—in truth
Inflexible,—and with a Spartan zeal
Repressing Vice, and making Folly grave.
Thou didst not deem it Woman's part to waste
Life in inglorious sloth, to sport a while
Amid the flowers, or on the summer wave,
Then fleet like the Ephemeron away,—
Building no temple in her children's hearts,
Save to the vanity and pride of life
Which she had worshipp'd.
Of the might that cloth'd
The "Pater Patriæ,"—of the deeds that won
A nation's liberty, and earth's applause,
Making Mount Vernon's tomb a Mecca-haunt
For patriot and for sage, while time shall last.
What part was thine? what thanks to thee are due?
Who mid his elements of being, wrought
With no uncertain aim—nursing the germes
Of godlike virtue in his infant mind,
We know not---Heaven can tell.
Rise, noble pile!
And shew a race unborn who rests below,—
And say to mothers what a holy charge
Is theirs,—with what kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new born mind—
Warn them to wake at early dawn, to sow
Good seed before the world doth sow its tares,
Nor in their toil decline,—that angel hands
May put the sickle in and reap for GOD,
And gather to His garner.
Ye who stand,
With thrilling breast and kindling cheek, this morn,
Viewing the tribute that Virginia pays
To the blest mother of her glorious Chief,
Ye, whose last thought upon your nightly couch,
Whose first at waking, is your cradled son—
What though no dazzling hope aspires to rear
A second WASHINGTON—or leave your name
Wrought out in marble with your country's tears
Of deathless gratitude,—yet may ye raise
A monument above the Stars—a soul
Led by your teachings and your prayers to GOD.

AIR—"*Oft in the stilly night.*"

Pure is the genial air,
Soft flowing round us,
Young hearts, undimm'd by care,
Life's flowers,—surround us.
The woes, the fears of darker years,
The thorn with roses twining:—
Oh! leave them for the time of tears,—
May's virgin morn is shining.
Pure is the genial air, &c.

Pure are the sapphire beams,
Heaven's arch revealeth—
Bright, from young eyes, the gleams
Of rapture stealeth.
The hopes, the joys of riper hours,
The mind—time's blight defying—
Oh! cherish them, mid youth's fair flowers;
May's blooming morn is flying.
Pure is the genial air, &c.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

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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 glowded so beauteously in the firmament. A piercing wind swept through the streets, moaning 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 refulgence 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 necessity her millions, into all the dangers and troubles of this boisterous world.

On reaching the outlet of an obscure alley, 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, thro' 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 visiter, 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 allurements had enticed so many on this evening to forsake the quiet and virtvous comfort of social life, and to brave the biting blast, and the not less 'pitiless peltings' of paternal or conjugal admonition. Its 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 brilliance over that little spot, and threw a corresponding gloom upon the sursounding scene. Indeed if that gay altar of dissipation had been withdrawn, the 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, play bills and nut shells; the walls blackened with smoke, seemed to have witnessed the orgeries 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 celling 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, & who sat, or reclined, solemnly puffing 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 turbaned 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 choicest 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 back ground 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. His features displayed no traces of thought or genius; for 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 he 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 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 snares which catch the feet of the unwary, lie ambushed in the sunniest spots of our existence. He was a man of small fortune, and was happily 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 keen 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 surface only was altered, the base metal was unchanged. 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 intended 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 fashion, was always too well dressed for a gentleman. In short, he was a gambler—who roamed from town to town, preying upon young libertines, and old debauchees: and employing 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 together 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 others's skill. It was natural to St. Clair; in the gambler it was assumed. The latter having 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 who is completely master of his temper; and the experienced opponent of St. Clair essayed to touch a string, on which he had often worked with success.

'You are a married man, I believe?' said he.

'Yes sir,—'

'That was a bad play, you had nearly missed the ball.'

'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 married 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 before 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 agitation became uncontrolable. 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 reluctant steps towards his own dwelling.—His slow and thoughtful pace was now quite different from the usual lightness of his graceful 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 only breathed affection. 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 leaden weight upon the conscience of the gambler, when a reflection upon the many little luxuries, and innocent enjoyments of which that lovely woman has 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 comfort they had planned together, some of which must now be delayed by his imprudence. That very evening he had spoken of the rural dwelling 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 messenger—if not of ruin, at least of disappointment. The influence of wine, and the agitation 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 affliction 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 immediately answered; for the watchful solicitude of his wife had always kept her from retiring in his absence. He knocked again and again—and at last, when his patience was nearly exhausted, a slip-shod house maid came shivering to the door. He snatched the candle from her hand, and ascended to his chamber. It was deserted.'

'Where is Mrs. St. Clair?' said he to the maid who had followed him.

'Gone.'

'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. For she, in whose love he had confided, that pure, angelic being, whose existence seemed to be twined with his own, had never loved him! She preferred another! He endeavored to calm his passions and to reason deliberately; but in vain. Who could have reasoned at such a moment? He mechanically drew out his watch—it was past two o'clock. Where could Louisa be at such an hour? she had no intimates and few acquaintances, in the city.—Could any one have carried her away by force? No, no—the truth was too plain! Louisa was a faithless woman—and he a forsaken, wretched, broken hearted man!

In the agony of grief he left his house, and wandered distractedly through the streets, until as chance directed he reached the confluence of the rivers. To this spot he had strolled with Louisa in their last walk. There they had stood, gazing at the Monongahela and the Alleghany uniting their streams and losing their own names in that of the Ohio; and Louisa compared this meeting of the waters to the mingling of two kindred souls, joining to part no more—until both shall be plunged into the vast ocean of eternity. To the lover—and St. Clair was still a fervent lover—there is no resemblance so dear, as the recollection of a tender poetic sentiment, breathed from the eloquent lips of affection; and the afflicted husband, when he recalled the deep and animated tone of feeling, with which this natural image was uttered by his wife, could not doubt but that it was the language of her heart. All his tenderness and confidence revived; and he turned mournfully, with a full but softened heart, determined to seek his dwelling, and wait as patiently as he could until the return 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 breast work, entered the area—carefully examining the whole ground by the clear moonlight. But no animate object was to be seen. A confused mass of misshappen ridges and broken rocks were alone to be discovered—the vestiges of a powerful bulwark, which had once breasted 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 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 but 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 have 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 key will do—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 sorrows that already filled his bosom, stung him so keenly, that he had not patience or spirit to push his discoveries any further.

'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 eavesdroppers 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 cheerless, cold and silent. A candle, nearly exhausted 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 he had suffered and tears stole down her cheek 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.'

He kept his word; and acknowledged that the peace and joy of his after days were cheaply purchased with the miseries of that eventful night.

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 Bollivar, 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 cupidity, 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 unutterable anguish for her loss; but dashing it hastily away; and bareing 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 possesed 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 Patriotic 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 inimical 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 fame were a sort of national heir-loom; 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 urchins, as he passed, shouted in his tortured ear—'God save Montilla!'—and, could he but wean them from their allegiance to Bollivar, 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 spurn 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.

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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 cleanness. 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 recollect 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 cleanness, 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 court-house,—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 pavement 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 Northamptan, 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, PITT, 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 these 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; tho' his attitude was often unbecoming, 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 so grand 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.—*Piozziana.*

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 superintendance 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 canvass!' cries the captain. 'At sunset, we will drop anchor in Boston Harbor! Ah! now she dashes along, grandly! Do you see that dark line, on your left, stretching inland, like a sea-serpent?'

'Not I!' says the passenger, 'what may it be?—Yes!—I think—Yes!—I see it now.'

'That's Cape Cod, Sir!—the prettiest bit of land, there is afloat, I take it. The sands of Cape Cod breed more good seamen every year, than the desert of Sahara—does ostriches! I 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, is to this right arm, with that handful of bones, on to the end on't. Give me the right arm, say I, to handle halyard, 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 shoal 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 enterprize. 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-tinged walls of the Old South!—the same church, which the fortune of war once converted into a stable, for the horses of the British Soldiery! 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!—gone—sweept 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.

J.

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 $355,000 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* ate 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 then 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. Is the eldest 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 95 years; is an old school gentleman, and wears his revolutionary hat and ruffles.

Humorous.

From the Hartford Weekly Review.

"WELL 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 unmarried 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 became one of the most happy and respectable couples in Connecticut."

Dog Cheap.—A "Jonathan" from New Hampshire, called at a barber's shop near the auction store. He would have his hair cut in the *cutest manner* and be shaved as sleak as a whistle, which was soon done. What do you ax? says Jonathan. Nineteen cents, says the barber. I han't but only jest three cents, says Jonathan. Do you suppose that I would shave and cut hair for nothing? I guess I can't help it, I han't got nothing but three cents. The barber concluded that a penny saved was better than nothing, so took Jonathan's three cents, led him to the door, gave him a kick which sent him sprawling into the street. Jonathan gathered himself up and said to those standing by, "What barbers you have got! I was shaved, had my hair cut, and was kicked out of the shop all for three cents; ain't that dog cheap by gum?"—*New Yorker.*

"Pretty Squaws."—When Black Hawk and his party were on a steamboat at Baltimore, they exchanged civilities with all who approached them, and dignified several ladies when presented, with the distinguished compliment of "pretty squaws," "pretty squaws."

A real Yankee, who never intended to err in *guessing*, being inquired of by his neighbor, as he was passing a farm-yard, how much a certain 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, and 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."

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

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 *fiftieth* 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 *patriotic woman*, a *lover* of her *husband*. Artemisia, queen of Caria, in Asia, bore so great a love for her husband Morsoleus, 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 Mousoleum, 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 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.

Goodsell's Genesee Farmer.—Mr. N. Goodsell, late Editor of the Genesee Farmer, published by Messrs. L. Tucker & Co. Rochester, has issued two os. of a handsomely executed paper, entitled "Goodsell's Genesee Farmer"—to be edited and published by him, in this village, at $2 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, as 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. "Parley'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.

Junius.—The literary world has for a long time shewn great anxiety and curiosity to ascertain the author of Junius' Letters, that it might place the laurel crown upon the right head—but, thus far, all attemps to obtain the secret have proved fruitless. It is now said that Lord Greenville has possession of the secret—is very old, and seriously indisposed, 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 "*Junius*" himself, do at least assume his signature. This may all be well enough, for assuming a great name many times produces a great effect.—And here we would inform our correspondent "Junius," that his communication mailed in Lockport, the 20th June, arrived here the 26th of the same month—and on the one and a half sheet of foolscap, of which it consisted, we had 30 cents postage to pay. A short time before, we received a letter mailed at 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 correspondents must expect that we shall be in a *mood* that will quite as likely lead us to lay a communication *under the table*, as on it, unless it is a valuable one indeed.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

FISHERMAN'S SONG.

Oh! I'd be a fisherman,
And stand and peddle fish;
And rain or shine,
I'd throw the line
Right in the herring's dish:—
I'd hook the Sturgeon in his sleep,
And nab the bull-pout's nose;
And tie my boat with ten great eels,
Down where the tall rush grows.

Come boys, the seine is wiggling,
We'll haul the slack and see—
I have no doubt,
But salmon trout,
Will make a lord of me!
We're *scaly* fellows it is true,
But never mind it now;
We'll all be rich next year or so,
And then we'll show 'em how!

Take up there, Mr. Sheepshead!
You've got a pickerel!—
He's 'mazing tall,
And pole and all
Will soon be in the well—
You're bursted Sir!—he's in the drink!
Prick up your fires once more,
The day-light cracks with but ten fish,
Our fortunes go ashore!

Oh! I'd be a fisherman,
And stand and peddle fish—
And all day long,
I'd be the song
Of every great man's dish!
Here's many a man got saucy rich
At more expense than this—
We'll show 'em how poor men may rise
To riches and to bliss!

CROW.

From the Shrine.

THE LIGHT.

I came from that God, whose creating nod
Brought forth the heavens and earth,
And old Darkness fled from his chaos bed,
As I came with silent mirth,
And then there was lent to the firmament,
And to each created thing,
That white brilliant shade, which is ever made
By my foldless, silver wing.

I first saw the feature of each living creature,
And beheld each form arise,
I first saw the moon, and the sun at noon,
Pass over upon the skies;
And all things were dark, till an expansive spark
Rolled off from my tireless pinion,
Displaying the world, as its lustre unfurled,
Till it shone a breathing dominion.

I fled from the cloud which on Sinai bowed,
When the Lord from heaven came,
And each Israelite stood mute at the sight,
When I gleamed within the flame
Which rose in the smoke, when the thunder broke,
Like chariot sounds afar,
And with lightning I flew thro' the sky's dark blue,
More swift than a shooting star.

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 Judah's cups divine,
I touched every face with an earthly grace,
And lit up the sparkling wine.
Then up on the wall of that banquet hall,
While quivered Belshazzar's lip,
I flew with the light which bedazzled 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 soft 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, wanton Mirth came over the earth,
And the son of God was slain,
While the startled sky, as it rolled on high,
Seemed dissevering 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 hideous scene.

I flit o'er the bow, with a golden glow,
When the rain pours down with power,
And my wing shines under the storm-howling thunder,
And gleams in each cloud-built bower; [der,
At Morn's soft dawn, I flit o'er each lawn
And the sky with purple clouded,
Diffusing rich gold as my wings unfold,
Which Darkness and Night have enshrouded.

My pinions I sweep far down in the deep,
And silver the ocean's floor,
Strewn o'er with men's bones and with precious stones—
Then upward to heaven I soar! [3
Then down on bright streams with beautiful gleams,
And o'er the soft-flowing fountains,
I lift my bright wing, and gild every thing—
Trees, hills, lakes, rivers, and mountains. Z. E.

From the Norwich Courier.

"There's beauty in the sky."—*Yeoman.*
"There's beauty on the earth."—*Pilot.*
"There's beauty in the wood."—*Spy.*
"There's beauty in the deep."—*Mirror.*

There's beauty in my Jane:—
Although her mild and radiant eye
Beams gaily as the arching sky;
Though she possess in buoyant grace,
The kindred charms of form and face,
Yet brighter beauties far are seen,
Than those that deck her comely mien;
'Tis in her loveliness of soul,
That gilds, and spands, and crowns the whole,
There's beauty in my Jane.

There's music in my Jane:
Tho' soft her voice, as when on high
The matin hymn steals o'er the sky,
And calm and clear her accents fall,
As if an angel spoke them all;
Yet, softer still the sigh that swells
Her yielding breast, and fondly tells
How warm those deep emotions are,
That glow in love and kindness there;
There's music in my Jane.

There's quiet in my Jane:—
It is not in her slumbering hours
That pass so still in summer bowers;
Nor in her dreams, by fancy wrought,
Or dull vacuity of thought;
But in her gentle, softened mind,
And words, and actions each refin'd—
The peace that is to seraphs given,
That soars aloft, and flies to heaven:
There's quiet in my Jane.

From the Literary Tablet.

TO AN INFANT.

Child of an hour, we look on thee and smile,
As with thy ruddy face and laughing eye,
Thou dost our wonted soberness beguile,
And waken thought from sin and actions vile,
To holiness and innocence on high.
We love thee now—but oh how soon may shame,
As erst in Eden, when the primal pair [vain,
Sought refuge from their God, and sought in
Cloud that fair face—and we alas! in vain
May seek for thee the better portion promis'd there.

MARRIED.

In this Village, on Wednesday, 26th ult. by Elder O. C. Comstock, Mr. Edwin Walker, to Miss Sabrina Ludden.

In Syracuse, by the Rev. J. W. Adams, Mr. *E. F. Leavenworth*, Esq. to Miss *Mary E.*, daughter of Joshua Forman, Esq.

In this Village, on the 19th ult. by the Rev. B. H. Hickox, Major *John Williams*, of Marengo, Calhoun Co. Michigan Territory, to *Caroline*, eldest daughter of Warham Whitney, Esq. of this place.

In New York, on the 11th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Hawks, *D. S. Jones*, Esq. to *Mary*, eldest daughter of the late Governor Clinton.

DIED.

In this Village, on the 23d ult. *Mary Elizabeth Weston*, daughter of Asa Weston, aged 17 years and 9 months.

In this Village, on the 21st ult. Miss *Electa Strong*, sister of Mrs. Albelard Reynolds, and daughter of King Strong, Esq. of Pittsfield, Mass.

JELLIS CLUTE, a gentleman well known to the old settlers of Western New York, expired at his residence near Moscow, Livingston county, on the 14th ult. aged 53 years.

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 uncessary 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 ann. in advance, or 10 copies for $2. It will be commenced as soon as 500 copies are subscribed for.

Rochester, June 12th, 1833.

THE ROCHESTER GEM:

A Semi-Monthly Literary and Miscellaneous Journal.
Volume V.—With 8 Plates.

Edwin Scrantom, 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 paged for 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.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

VOLUME 5.] ROCHESTER, JULY 27, 1833. [NUMBER 16.

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 paroquets were heard in mid air, loud in their ardor to reach their favorite wood for the night; and the wild turkeys had already began to place their watchful sentinels round the trees in which they settled to roost, with wakeful ear to guard against surprize 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 feathery branches of the cocoa-nut, the palm-tree and banana, confessed, by their waving 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 shout of the animated groups who joined in the dance under the greenwood shade. From the direction of the town were heard, between each pause, the softer tinkling of numerous guitars, accompanying the love songs of the young and gay cavaliers, as they sat under the balconies of their mistresses' dwellings.

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 say of Pablo, that in person he realized all that is admirable in early manhood, and, saving his aberation from the path of duty, as a patriot soldier, there were few who could boast of a greater share of moral excellence. Of Paulina it is more difficult to speak. She was one of the most beautiful brunettes that ever bloomed amid the orange vales of her native Andalusia. Her jetty hair hung in luxuriant black curls upon her shoulders, and her whole appearance and figure, though she was some what below the middle size, was so symmetrical and elegant, without being slender, that it would have been a triumph of the pencil 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 fretful 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 peaceful vale
Where never yet was heard the cannon's roar,
Where never sound around the slumbering echoes,
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 puling 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 reprisal 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 assunder 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 here swear, by yon azure firmament, 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 feeble pratings 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, hesitatingly, and oh! my honored parent! how shall I redeem the precious hours I have spent with this blameless girl?"

"Go!" said Madame Montilla—"Go to the brindled tygress 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 rendered orphans by the war of the invader. These would define thy duty—and if thou wouldst more, unworthy as thou art of this my condescension, 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 you do not 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 lover'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 offences 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 wishest thy 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 Monteverde, requesting her immediate attendance at the government 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 land, when tranquility may be restored by mutual concession. Thy son Thomas, is now my prisoner. 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 Monteverde, "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 whelm thee and thine in destruction. Thou hast disinherited Pablo. He loves my 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."

The general retired in confusion 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 long amidst the hills, and the vivid lightning darted down in ceaseless streams upon the valley, which but lately had slumbered in the calmness of a cloudless eve. 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 cemetry, 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 reprehension 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. Protesting 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 sunk within her. He is gone, she tho't, 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.*)

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

A MOONLIGHT SCENE.

I am a man of a roving disposition, one that likes to steal away from the "hub-bub 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 splendor 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 impetuously, 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 canvass set, every sailor at his post, and the vessel plunging through the white foaming billows

at the rate of six knots an hour. How beautiful the prospect! how full of interest! yes, how it ought to lead us to adore that Adorable Being who is the "Maker of the earth, und all the things that are therein." Reader, hast thou ever beholden such scenes? Hast not thy heart ever inclined thee to leave the avocations 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 your desires, like my own, increased to behold "A Moonlight Scene."

The vessels that have just passed by me so majestically, are now nearly "lost in the rotundity of the ocean," and I will conclude this sketch, and return home and take a little of

"Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

A*** D*****.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

"A boon, a talisman, O memory give,
To shine my name in hearts where I would live."

And memory answered me "wild wish and vain." "The friends who soothed the tedious hours of other days"—days full of the deep toned sorrows of the heart—must but too soon forget. Alas, the name recorded on bright memory's page will soon be erased by the stern finger of time. Envy may rear her hideous head, to blight the unsullied page that lies before her: or the withering breath of calumny, with an influence deadly as the Bohon Upas of Java, may dim the characters placed there by thy cherished friends 'auld lang syne.' It may perchance be so. I care not. Yet in the hearts of the pure and the good, and in the minds of the benevolent and philanthropick, O shine my name. There let it live, when she who bore it has passed forever away. And oft in the stilly evening hour, let the retrospection of other years steal over the soul, recalling her who shall sleep that dreamless sleep which mortal may never disturb, to wake no more till the resurrection morn. Let her virtues only be remembered, while her errors are blotted out by the tears of sympathy. And may congenial spirits, from a land of perfect joy and beauty, hover nigh and waft the dew drop of sympathy with affection's hallowed tear up to the portals of heaven. Say ye proud and vain, what matters it how soon the weary eye is closed, and the stately form laid low that has for years been driven onward, sometimes by a friendly breeze, and anon tossed to and fro by the wild winds and waves of adversity, what matters it, I say, how soon they sleep. Yon weary mariner, that has in his frail bark seen the power of the Mighty One in the dark rolling billows at his feet, or in the lightning's fierce flash upon the blue vault above, or its reflection upon the wild waves around him, longs to see his own smiling land and greet his kindred, his friends, and his home. Just so it is with earth's lone pilgrim, on whose mind the joys of an immortal existence begin to dawn. He would fain soar aloft to that spirit-world where myriads of angels are chanting endless anthems of praise to the most high God and the Lamb forever. There the blight and mill-dew of time will have lost its power to harm. There the hungry and the thirsty soul may partake of the tree and the river of life, and never 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 wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

CORALY.

From the Literary Cabinet.

A FEW MINUTES ABOUT MIND.

I often contemplate the human body with enrapturing astonishment; 'tis the frame-work of such exquisite structure, and exhibits such inimitable skill. What proportion—what variety—what harmony—what elasticity—what elegant polish of beauty! There is deep luxury in gazing at it—But there is a GEM within; and I will forget the flesh and the bones. The soul!—the soul! I have seen it sparkling thro' its window; and I will no longer dwell on the arched brow,—I will play on more with the long, dark eye-lashes.

O that I had an eye capable of discerning the spirit's essence! Would not its colors be beautiful?—To see its mysterious workings—its careful, yet unimpeded motions, swifter than the wings of Time! And I had an ear that could drink in the full-toned harmony of its joys, and the plaintive melody of its sorrows, rising and rolling in their eternal bed, as I can drink in the organ's blessed tones,—what mu-

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How strange that I have thrown away time to look at perishable, dying things! Gold shone upon me, and I looked for its beauty.—It had none. Music played on my ear, but it was deceitful. True, I was an animal, with life and joy. A thousand animals lived, and joyed, and died beneath my feet. But I have learned that DEATH is not for me. The earth may melt and perish. The sky may fade and retire. But I shall live, and range thro' space forever, unchained. Oh! if I had tho't of this I would not have adored my flesh, nor spoken of its beauty. I will not weep to lay it in its grave.

But enough of soliloquy. Gentle reader, would you leap for joy if I should introduce to your notice *yourself*? There is something noble in the exhibition. A landscape may enchain the eye for hours, but at last you have become familiar with it. 'Tis so with all material things. Did not God design by this to prove their inferiority? Fix your eye upon the soul, and touch its most delicate nerve.—That nerve will vibrate when the sands of eternity are wasting. Gaze upon its whole machinery. It is all life, all action, all—*soul*.—The wires of passion have been struck, and the echo is in the spirit's farthest, deepest ravines. It is sublime with grandeur. All emotion, sensation, thought, passion,—in succession more rapid than the cataract's waters. And this is its simplest form. It will be so forever, only its developements are always new. Say, will you not remember your spirit, when you pant after pastime?

But what is the spirit—the mind—the *man*? The eye sees it not. The fingers cannot handle it. There is no ear that can hear its rushing. Yet it exists; it moves, it rushes, like the mountain torrent. I have seen its shadow beneath the infant's eyelid. It was tame then, gentle as the breath of evening. There was no turgid foaming of passion. Sensations, thoughts, emotions, were floating by, in all the symmetry of beauty. Nay; I will recant.—The young spirit itself was changing from sensation, to thought, to emotion,—like the hero of a dream. It was a lovely spirit, new created, immortal. Joy was there in his luscious richness, and Love,—gentle, beautiful Love—without a stain. Imagination played unchided, and even Genius, in his boyish freshness, stood up in the ring. It was a restless spirit. When the wind whistled without, it was in the wind; when the mother's eye poured its fond beamings, it fastened upon that eye, and was at home. It wrapt itself around the gay plumage of beauty, and even dared to climb upon the throne of hoary sublimity, and play with his awful crown.

I saw it in youth,—joyous, bright, beautiful, as ever. It was the same spirit, but clad with a different mantle—impelled by a new energy. It was now a soul impassioned. The bony skeleton could not contain it. There was not a chain that could bind it to the earth. It leaped upon the wind—it out-rode the storm. The lightning's flash was but its fellow traveller, and the sunbeam only could fly by its side.—And yet it was only a soul in youth—beginning to joy in a deathless existence.

How admirable the contrivance that lets the spirit grow. To be always an infant—to be always a youth, or even what our world calls a man—how death-like! It would seem like binding up the universe, and stopping all its mighty wheels. Wo to the spirit when it ceases to grow. It is a faded spirit—worthless as the autumn leaf.

I love to linger with a spirit in youth, when I can find such an one untarnished—a gushing, joyous, holy spirit. There are not many such on earth. One I know—did I say it?—was holy. She would chide me for that, for she is like the violet. But what is more pure than such a spirit? How refreshing to drink in its beauties!—I said there are not many on earth. There is none in yonder star—there are millions in yonder blessed planet. But our world is too dark. A beautiful sun shines indeed upon the flesh, but a dark penumbar encurtains the soul. I will joy that it is a morning twilight. Blessed day!

Gentle reader! I had almost forgotten you. Perhaps we are kindred spirits; then we shall love hereafter to examine this atomless substance—this frictionless machine; moved by the Mover of the planets—by the Agent that turns the universe on its axle. 'Tis the noblest work of God. The skies were called into being by a word. The sun, the moon, the planets—all found their places at the Maker's nod. At the touch of His finger the earth, with its landscapes and oceans, rolled in its orbit. But the *Soul* is of the Almighty's breath—*a spirit* like its Giver. Then say, gentle reader, 'what wilt thou receive in exchange for thy soul?'

CUTHULIN.

FILIAL WORTH REWARDED.

"My tale is simple, and of humble birth,
A tribute of respect to real worth."

'You are too parsimonious Henry,' said Mr. D. to one of his clerks, as they were together in the counting house; 'give me leave to say that you do not dress sufficiently genteel to appear as clerk in a fashionable store.' Henry's face was suffused with a deep blush, and in spite of his endeavors to suppress it, a tear trembled on his manly cheek. 'Did I not know that your salary was sufficient to provide more genteel habiliments,' continued Mr. D., 'I would increase it.'

'My salary is sufficient, amply sufficient, sir,' replied Henry, in a voice choaked with that proud independence of feeling, 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 pride of his declining years. She was not as perfect as an angel, or as beautiful as Venus; but the goodness, innocence, and intelligence of her mind shone in her countenance, and you had but to become acquainted with, to admire, and love her.—Such was Caroline Delancey, when Henry first became an inmate of her father's house. No wonder then that he soon loved her with a deep and devoted affection—and, reader, had you known him you would not have wondered that love was soon returned, for their souls were congenial; they were cast in virtue's purest mould, and although their tongues never gave utterance to what their hearts felt, yet the language of their eyes was too plain to be mistaken. Henry was the very soul of honor, and although he perceived that he was not indifferent to Caroline, he still felt that he must conquer the passion that glowed in his bosom. 'I must not endeavour to win her young and artless heart,' thought he. 'I am pennyless and cannot expect that her father would ever consent to our union—he has ever treated me with kindness, and I will not be ungrateful.' Thus he reasoned, and thus he heroically endeavored to subdue what he considered ill-fated passion. Caroline had many suitors, some of whom were fully worthy of her; but she refused all their overtures with a gentle yet decisive firmness. Her father wondered at her conduct, yet would not thwart her inclination.

He was in the decline of life, and wished to see her happily settled ere he quitted the stage of existence. It was not long ere he suspected that young Henry was the cause of her indifference to others;—the evident pleasure she took in hearing him praised, the blush that overspread their cheeks whenever their eyes met, all served to convince the old gentleman, who had not forgotten that he was once young himself, that they felt more than common interest in each other's welfare. He forbore making any remarks upon the subject, but was not as displeased at the supposition, as the pennyless Henry would have imagined.

Henry had now been a year in his employ; Mr. D. knew nothing of his family, but his strict integrity, his irreproachable morals, his pleasing manners, all conspired to make him esteemed highly. He was proud of Henry, and wished him to appear in dress, as well as in manners, as respectable as any one. He often wondered at the scantiness of his wardrobe, for although he dressed with the most scrupulous regard to neatness, his clothes were almost threadbare. Mr. D. did not think that this proceeded from a niggardly disposition, and he determined to broach the subject, and, if possible, ascertain the real cause; this he did in the manner we have before related.

Soon after this conversation took place, Mr. D. left home on business. And as he was returning, through a beautiful little village, he alighted at the door of a cottage and requested a drink of water. The mistress, with an ease and politeness that convinced him that she had not always been the humble cottager, invited him to enter. He accepted the invitation, and here a scene of poverty and neatness presented itself, such as he had never before witnessed. The furniture which consisted of nothing more than was absolutely necessary, was so exquisitely clean, that it gave charms to poverty, and cast an air of comfort on all around. A venerable looking old man, who had not seemed to notice the entrance of Mr. D. sat leaning his head on his staff; his clothes were clean and whole, but so patched that you could have scarcely told which had been the original piece.

"This is your father, I presume," said Mr. D. addressing the mistress of the house.

"It is, sir."

"He seems to be quite aged."

"He is in his eighty-third year; he has survived all his children excepting myself."

"You have seen better days."

"I have; my husband was wealthy; but false friends ruined him; he endorsed notes to a great amount, which stripped us of nearly all our property, and one misfortune followed another, until we were reduced to poverty. My husband did not long survive his losses, and two of my children followed him."

"Have you any remaining children?"

"I have one, and he is my only support. My health is so feeble that I cannot do much, and my father being blind needs great attention. My son conceals from my knowledge the amount of his salary; but I am convinced he sends me nearly all, if not the whole amount of it."

"Then he is not at home with you."

"No Sir, he is clerk for a merchant in Philadelphia."

"Clerk for a merchant in Philadelphia! Pray, what is your son's name?"

"Henry W——."

"Henry W——?" reiterated Mr. D. "Why, he is my clerk, I left him at my house, not a fortnight since."

Here followed a succession of inquiries, which evinced an anxiety and solicitude, that a mother only could feel: to all of which, Mr. D. replied to her perfect satisfaction.

"You know Henry?" said the old man, raising his head from his staff; well sir, then you know as worthy a lad as ever lived, God will bless him. He will bless him for his goodness to his poor old grandfather," he added in a tremulous voice, while the tears ran down his aged cheeks.

"He is a worthy fellow, to be sure," said Mr. D., rising and putting a well filled purse into the hands of the old man. "He is a worthy fellow, and shall not want friends.'

"Noble boy," said he as riding leisurely along, and ruminating on his interview, "noble boy, he shall not want wealth to enable him to distribute happiness. I believe he loves my girl, and if he does he shall have her, and all my property into the bargain."

Filled with this project, and determined, if possible, to ascertain the true state of their hearts, he entered the breakfast room the next morning after his arrival at home.

"So Henry is about to leave us to go to England to try his fortune," he carelessly observed.

"Henry about to leave us!" said Caroline, dropping the work that she held in her hand, "about to leave us and going to England!" she added, in a tone which evinced the deepest interest.

"To be sure, but what if he is, child?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing, only I thought we should be rather lonesome," she replied, turning away to hide the tears which she could not suppress.

"Tell me, Caroline," said Mr. D., tenderly embracing her, "tell me do you not love Henry? you know I wish your happiness, my child. I have ever treated you with kindness, and you have never, until now, hid any thing from your father."

"Neither will I now," she replied, hiding her face in his bosom. "I do most sincerely esteem him, but do not, for the world tell him so; for he has never said that it was returned."

"I will soon find that out, and without telling him, too," replied the father, leaving the room.

"Henry," said he, as he entered the counting house, "you expect to visit the country shortly, do you?"

"Yes sir, in about four weeks." "If it would not be too inconvenient," rejoined Mr. D., "I should like to have you defer it a week or two longer."

"It would be no inconvenience, sir, and if it would oblige you, I will wait with pleasure."

"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," said Henry, starting, as if by an electric shock, "Caroline to be married! is it possible?"

"To be sure it is—but what is there wonderful in that?"

"Nothing, sir, only it was rather sudden, rather unexpected, that's all."

"It was rather sudden, to be sure," replied Mr. D., "but I am an old man, and wish to see her have a protector, and as the man 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 it would put you to no inconvenience, and that you would wait with pleasure."

"Command me in any thing else, sir, but 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 unextinguishable flame; and he found it in vain to endeavor to conceal his emotion.

The old gentleman regarded him with a look of earnestness: "Henry," said he, "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 sir, have a right to expect, I should think myself the happiest of men, could I gain her love."

"Then she is yours," cried the delighted

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 remained silent; but looks spoke volumes at least. "I scorn to deceive you, sir," said he: "I am poorer than what you suppose; I have a mother and grandfather, who are—"

"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 inexorable. He supposed he should have to own one falsehood, he said, and they would willingly have him shoulder two, but it was too much, and he would not endure it; he had told Henry she was going to be married in five weeks, and he should not forfeit his word. "But perhaps," added he, apparently recollecting himself and turning to Henry, "perhaps we shall have to defer it, after all, for you have important business in the country about that time."

"Be merciful, sir," said Henry, smilling, "I did not wish to witness the sacrifice of my own happiness."

"I am merciful," replied the old gentleman, "and 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 you 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 dower,
In iron chains, of liberty bereft,
Delivered hath unto your hands by gift;
Be well aware how you the same do use."

SPENSER'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 soother of his griefs. Woman when thus exalted, exerts a powerful controling 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 knight-errranty arose? And what nations are distinguished for politeness, intelligence, and virtue, but where females are most respected?

They refine the manners, by introducing that "suaviter in modo," which adds a charm to social intercourse, and that forbearance which men are little inclined to exercise towards each other. For man is ashamed to manifest aperity towards a female antagonist—or at least, he ought to be.

They contribute largely to the stock of human knowledge. For they often suggest ideas, which prove the germs of the most distinguished works. Condillac remarks that the idea of his treatise on the sensations, was first suggested by some considerations which Mad'lle Ferrand had transmitted to him on the manner in which our ideas are acquired. And Zimmerman confessed that his wife was the best critic of his works. We are indebted to the other sex for the entire production of many valuable works. As those of Sappo—which were highly prized by the Greeks, and even at this remote period need only to be read, to be admired. The beauty and wit of Aspasia, of Miletus, made her house the resort of the science and literature of Greece; and all who were distinguished for taste and refinement, flocked to the lectures which she delivered on eloquence, philosophy, and politics. Socrates, Pericles and Alcibiades, were among her disciples. And Socrates attributed to her instructions all the eloquence he possessed. Cicero, also so celebrated for the purity of his style, asserts that he perfected it in the polished society of Roman ladies. In modern times, the sister of Hershell made some valuable discoveries in astronomy, and Lady Sommerville discovered that steel could be magnetized by exposure to the sun. A Milanese lady, in 1752, was Professor of Mathematics, in the University of Bologna,—having been invited thither by a most obliging letter from Pope Benedict IV. who desired her to accept the chair, not so much a recompense for her merit, as to do honor to a town which was under his protection.—And in *more* modern times—we have an Hannah Moore, a Maria Edgeworth, Regina Maria Roach, a Mrs. Opie and Hemans; and Lady Mary Wortley Montague, of England, a Madame de Stael, of France, a Lady Morgan, of Ireland; and a Hannah Adams, Mrs. Rawson and Sigourney, in our own infant Republic of letters. A lady of Massachusetts, obtained not long since, a prize for the best essay on education; although it was contested by both sexes.

And now, when we consider the fashionable, superficial education which females too often receive in this and other countries, instead of charging them with possessing inferior abilities, ought we not rather to be surprised that they have accomplished what they have? Their education is adapted to give them a light and trifling turn of mind. We teach them to sing, dance, play, embroider, work lace, paint and study attitudes. We attempt to polish the marble before it is quarried, or reduced to symmetry and beauty by the chisel of the artist. And shall we complain that they are what we have made them; that they often deck their persons rather than their minds, and cultivate their beauty rather than their hearts? To them are entrusted our youth, at an age when they are as ductile as wax to receive impression, and as unyielding as adamant to lose it; at an age when they may be formed to Ministers, Statesmen or Rulers—or made fit for nothing at all. Are not then women the guardians of our free institutions? and if "education forms the common mind," are they not the fountains of virtuous principle? Let not then their knowledge be confined to culinary avocations—let not their virtue be unenlightened.—let not their adorning consist merely in plaiting the hair—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."

It is in forming the minds of children that the grand effort must be made to eradicate the prejudice that has so long denied to 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 enduring the labor to acquire it, and the honor of office, without feeling its cares, and the glory of victory, without suffering the dangers of the battle. All this they may obtain, and enjoy, if they are careful to train their young sons to industry, and teach them knowledge, and inspire them with the spirit of enterprise and the love of excellence. Which is the most celebrated and illustrious in history—the Gracchi, or their *mother*? When women become fully aware of the important part they may act in forming the mind and character of the young, of the mighty trust and treasure thus placed at their disposal, and for their benefit, they will more sedulously avail

themselves of their privilege; and when men connect with the recollection of maternal tenderness, the recollection also, that to the same kind parent they are indebted for their impression of truth, and love, and knowledge—their ideas, energies, virtues—that the same soft voice which soothed their childish sorrows, and cheered their childish sports, breathed also those precepts that have rightly, and in wisdom, directed their manhood—then the rights, the character, and the intellect of woman will be fully vindicated.—*Mrs. Hale.*

From the Female Advocate.

EFFECTS OF STRICT TEMPERANCE.—A man residing in Ohio, says, that six years ago his health was very poor, the physician being his constant visitor At that time he made a free use of ardent spirits, coffee, tea, and tobacco. Upon proclamation of temperance principles, he was induced to stop and look at his circumstances, when to his astonishment he discovered, that his constitution was rapidly wasting away, and the grave was even yawning to receive him. He immediately resolved upon total abstinence from ardent spirits. From this, he found his health improving. He soon questioned the propriety of using tobacco, which he regarded as an efficacious medicine. Upon examination, he found he was indulging himself in a brutal habit, which instead of benefitting, only injured him. He determined therefore to abstain from his "quids," and never to return to them, unless to save his life. The third week, he was unable to transact business, still he clung to his resolution, when the contest was decided in favor of the latter, which proved no small addition to his health. Upon a little more reflection, he found that two other enemies were previously lurking in his bosom, known, however, as the favorite friends of the ladies—to wit: Tea and coffee. He had taken those articles as a cure for a head-ach, etc. with which he was very much afflicted. He concluded that if they afforded any nourishment, something else would supply their place. On trial, he found that nothing would answer this purpose: and was persuaded, it was nothing but a slavish habit. He paid to them the same compliment that he did to his other companions, by discarding them forever.

His character and constitution have been reclaimed; and he now acts upon firm temperance principles, his only beverage being cold water, as it comes from "nature's distillery." By neglecting the remedies which he had supposed essential, his infirmities and complaints have bade him farewell, and he is now a sober, healthy man.

The moral we can draw from this, is, that nothing but a total abstinence from these articles, will secure the system against premature decay and death.

THE GLASS OF RUM—WHAT IT COSTS.—"A glass of rum, sir, if you please," said Mr. B. to Mr. C., the retailer. A very simple request and easily granted, was my first reflection. But Mr. C. called upon the wholesale dealer, he on the importer, the importer on the sailor, the sailor sped across the ocean to a distant island, and called on the exporter, the exporter called on the distiller, the distiller on the sugar-planter, the sugar-planter on the overseer, and the overseer on the slaves, and applied the lash. The slaves groaned, and wept, and died. Then the overseer called on the planter, the planter called on the sailor, and the sailor hied away to Africa and called on the slave dealer, the slave dealer called on a negro tyrant who sent out his band of armed warriors, and these concealed themselves near a peaceful village till night, when setting it on fire, they seized on the miserable men, women and children, and carried them to the chief, the chief carried them to the slave dealer, the slave dealer carried them to the distant island, there like cattle they were sold in the market to the planter, and the planter, sent them to the overseer, who beat them, and tasked them, and chained them till life itself became a burden. And then sugar and rum was made; the exporter sold it to the importer, the importer sold it to the wholesale dealer, the wholesale dealer sold it to the retailer, and then the drinker came and consumed it.

The Ruling Passion strong in Death.—Tobacco chewing is the most indelible (if that expression may be allowed) habit that mortals ever contract. The editor of the Chenango Telegraph, in giving an acount of the execution of George Denison, who suffered at Norwich, on the 19th ultimo, says that while standing upon the fatal drop, and during the exhortation of the Clergyman, "the prisoner asked for (in a whisper) the Tobacco Box of the Deputy Sheriff, from which he coolly took a quid, deposited it in his mouth, and returned the Box." In ten minutes he was launched into Eternity! We witnessed a simlar incident in this city. On the morning of the day that Hamilton, who shot Major Birdsall, was to be executed, the Clergy passed two hours, in solemn exercise with him. After they left the cell, Hamilton gave some directions about his gallows wardrobe. As the keeper was leaving to execute his commission, he asked H. if he wanted any thing else. H. replied, "*you way get me a paper of Tobacco.*"—After a moment's reflection, he added, "*Stop perhaps I have enough,*" and rising on his elbow, drew a part of a paper from under the pillow of his pallet and measuring in his mind, the quantity of Tobacco by the few hours he had to live, calmly remarked, "*this will last me.*"

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

Disappointments.—There is no class of people, perhaps, not excepting even *lovers*, more subject to *disappointments*, than printers. In the last No. of the GEM, we promised to present our readers in this, with a view of the Village of Rochester, from Mt. Hor, and we had prepared our matter accordingly, when being nearly ready to "put paper to press," we called for the Engraving—and lo! we were *disappointed*—'twas not finished. We think we may safely say, 'twill be ready for our next.

Again—another—and 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 ann. 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 arrearges?

LECTURES FOR COMMON SCHOOLS.—John C. Spencer, of Canandaigua, Benj. F. Butler, of Albany, and Philo C. Fuller, of Geneseo, N. Y. for Lectures, to be adapted to the capacities of children, for the purpose of being read in Common Schools, offer the following Premiums, viz:—1. For the best course of lectures on the application of Science to the useful arts, $200.—2. On the principles of Legislation, $100.—3. On the intellectual, moral and religious instruction of the youth of this State, by means of Common Schools, the duty of affording such instruction, and the improvements of which the system may be susceptible, $250. It is not expected that the essays will be entirely original, but rather that the best authorities will be consulted. The essays to be transmitted to either of the above named gentlemen before the first of January next, and the authors are desired not to furnish any means by which they may be known, until after the selection. These Premiums, it is said, are to be paid out of a fund of six thousand dollars, invested in the Life and Trust Company of New York, by James Wadsworth, Esq. of Geneseo.

NOTICES OF LITERARY WOMEN.

It appears by a London paper, that Mrs. Hemans 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 Mitford 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 Bailie, the world hears nothing, she resides at Highgate,

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 Muses for the Court Magazine, and a novel which we believe will shortly appear. Mrs. Opie lately disposed of her house at Norwick, and is now residing at Cornwall.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Poems by Mrs. 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. Legh 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 accompaniment of the Elements of history—but as 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 duodecimo, nor greater than 250. The manuscripts may be sent, without expense of postage, to either of the committee—viz. Wm. C. Woodbridge, Boston; Seth P. Staples, Esq., Dr. J. Kearney Rodgers, or Dr. John D. Russ, NewYork, 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 Nations, for the purpose of settling grievances in this way, rather than by an appeal to the sword, the common way of settling differances. Seven manuscripts were presented, and the committee, consisting of Messrs. Joseph Story, William Wirt, and John McLean, state that five of them were so nearly equal in merit, that they were unable to decide.—They recommend the distribution of the prize in equal portions among the five writers.

This decision does not meet the approbation of the Society, and they have resolved to renew the offer of the premium and increase the prize.

To Correspondents.

Our poetic Correspondents seem to relax a little of late, in their efforts to invoke or woo the Muses. We hope, during the season of roses, they will not repose in "inglorious ease,"—but that each will saddle his "Pegassus, and ride up Pernassus, to helicon stream."

'J. H. A.' will please accept our thanks for his favor. 'H. M's Forget-me-not,' we forgot to notice in our last, and can now only say, learn first to spell, and then "drink *deep*, or taste not the pierian spring."

Humorous.

[From the Lowell Mercury.]

"SLEEPY DAVID," JUN.

We don't, at this moment, remember the time when there has occurred an opportunity more fit for a broad laugh at the expense of some of our neighbors, than that which befell on Tuesday last, at a horse-race in this vicinity. The story has been told us very much as follows.

Some ten days since, there came to one of our village taverns a countryman, having with him two horses, for which, as well as for himself, he bespoke suitable refreshments. In the outward appearance of the main there was nothing very remarkable; except, perhaps, he was, what one would call a man unpractised in the world's ways; and, if not actually clownish or bungling, he was, in his address, quite an *unhandy* gentleman. His two horses, the one a black, and the other a sorrel, were well enough; quite clever animals; but, as the groom at the stable afterwards said, "There didn't seem to be any thing *alarming* about them." The gentleman desired to sell one or both of the horses; and, as he said, "pretty middling kinder soonish too, for haying time was coming on, and he must be back to Varmount, or his folks would think darn'd strange on't." He, however, received no offers. It was in vain that he declared the horses to be worth more than they seemed to be, "For," said he, "how in fury do you suppose they *could* look as *slick* and *tidy* as your Lowell horses, when we have done all our ploughing with them this Spring, besides going twice to Canada, and hauling up the winter's wood last Fall. But don't you worry, that are black horse will drive as neat in a gig as the best of 'em, and as for the sorrel, if he wont *run* some it is because the horse is *scared*." One of our knowing jockies took the hint. "*Run* will he?" said jockey. "Yes; that he will," said the unhandy gentleman, "and that about the fastest too." A trifling bet was at once offered, and accepted by the Varmounter. The sorrel run and won the bet.

Another match was made—Sorrel run again and come off conquerer. Affecting to be mightily encouraged at this success, our awkward gentleman said he "would be hanged and choked if he did'nt run for a bigger wager, if it cost all his summer's work," and thereupon, after fumbling his pockets awhile, he produced the sum of twenty-five dollars, which he offered to bet on the sorrel horse, against all Lowell. Our jockey covered it instantly, and asked the countryman if he hadn't twenty-five more. Another and another sum was squeezed out by the owner of Sorrel, till something like two hundred dollars on a side were bet, and put in the hands of a gentleman as Stake-holder. The unhandy man then offered to bet the black horse in addition to his other risks, on the speed of the sorrel, against any reasonable sum—"For," said he, "if they beat the sorrel, I am an undone man any how, and they'll never see my face in Varmount: and if the sorrel beats, I shall make my fortin." Our jockey assured the by-standers that there was no risque, for all the horses that had run against Sorrel, had thus far been held in check by the riders, who had been especially instructed always to allow the sorrel horse to win; and that the sorrel, on the contrary, had run on a slack rein. Nobody, however, felt inclined to bet cash against the black horse—and the parties went on to the ground to compete for the purse, of something like four hundred dollars, that is, two hundred on a side.

Arrived at the ground for the race, the stranger got upon Sorrel; but was admonished that he was too heavy to ride, and that the race would not be an equal one, unless each horse bore the same weight. "Never mind my friends," said the Varmounter,—"this ere hoss aint use to salt-water people. When they talk to him he dont know what they mean. I am going to ride myself, and if any on ye want to make your fortins, now's your time; for in one minute arter they give the word, Sorrel beats, he is jest the darndest keen feller to go it, when you really get his courage up, that ever you *did* see." The word was at length given, and both horses started together. When about two thirds of the ground had been gone over, the stranger rose up in the stirrups, and looking round at his competitor, who was a long way behind, inquired whether "he wasn't going to ride faster,"—"For," says he "you haint got up yet to what we call a clever, *journey jog* in Varmount, where I come from."

After the question was fairly settled and Sorrel had been declared victorious by some half dozen rods, it is said that the unhandy gentleman whispered to his friends on the ground this maxim, viz:—"*Many go out for wool, and come home shorn.*"

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 Commitee 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 famous heights.

The inhabitants of a small and frugal 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 soil once moistened by the best blood of New England, with nothing above us but 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 commonwealth, a little more than two centuries ago, laid the foundations of the ancient colony 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 chosen 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 day, for your father bore his share in its perils and its glory. Stark's regiment, where he fought, was stationed not very far from the spot where you stand.

We bid you, Mr. President, who, like those of our fathers, have exposed your life in the cause of your country, and more favored than they, have been permitted to enjoy the fruit of your toils and dangers,—we bid you welcome to the precious spot. Most of those who have preceded you in the chief magistracy,—Washington, Adams, Monroe, and your immediate predecessor, have trod it before you—and but a few years since, the Nation's Guest, the great and good Lafayette, made his pilgrimage to the same venerable precincts. To you, Sir, who under Providence conducted the banners of the country to victory, in the *last* struggle of American arms, it must be peculiarly grateful to stand upon the spot, immortalized as the scene of the *first* momentous conflict.

We have thought it might not be unwelcome to you to possess some joint memorial of these two eventful days, and such an one I now hold in my hands; a grape shot dug up from the sod beneath our feet, and a cannon ball from the battle field of New Orleans, brought from the enclosure within which your head quarters were established. They are preserved in one casket: and on behalf the citizens of Charlestown, I now present them to you, in the hope 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 elevation a lovely scene of town and country—a specimen 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 in its population, its institutions, its pursuits—its schools and its churches. We doubt not you will find, in your extensive 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 men who died for liberty, we can speak no language but that of freemen. 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 on earth; and with unanimous approbation of the firm, 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; with one heart and one voice—we bid you welcome to Bunker Hill.

HEAVEN.

"This world's" not "all a fleeting 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 thorny 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.

He that the christian's course hath run,
And all his foes 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 probocis in my Glass of Sling,
And share with me my Coffee, and my Toast.

Then hie thee to some other place in haste:
The Bacchanalian board perhaps may suit ye,
Or with the Epicure his luxury taste,—
Or softly kiss the roseate lip of beauty.

But after dinner, when I claim repose,
Commiserate my waning health and years;—
Pray do not dance a jig upon my nose,
Nor hold your noisy revels in my ears.
A host of vampires flapping round my head,
Would be more welcome,—and excite less dread.

From the Hartford Times.

There's beauty on the land.
Its fields are spangled o'er with flowers,
The blushing rose adorns its bowers;
Perchance its hues are not so bright
As ocean's GEMS, 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 often too, the whisp'ring breeze
Sings sweetly through the waving trees:
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 "strife and hatred," on the ground.
But quiet is the moonlight hour
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 is lighter than the 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 29th ult. Elisha Williams, Esq. In Jackson, Miss. on the 13th ult. of cholera, his Excellency A. M. Scott, Gov. of Mississippi.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

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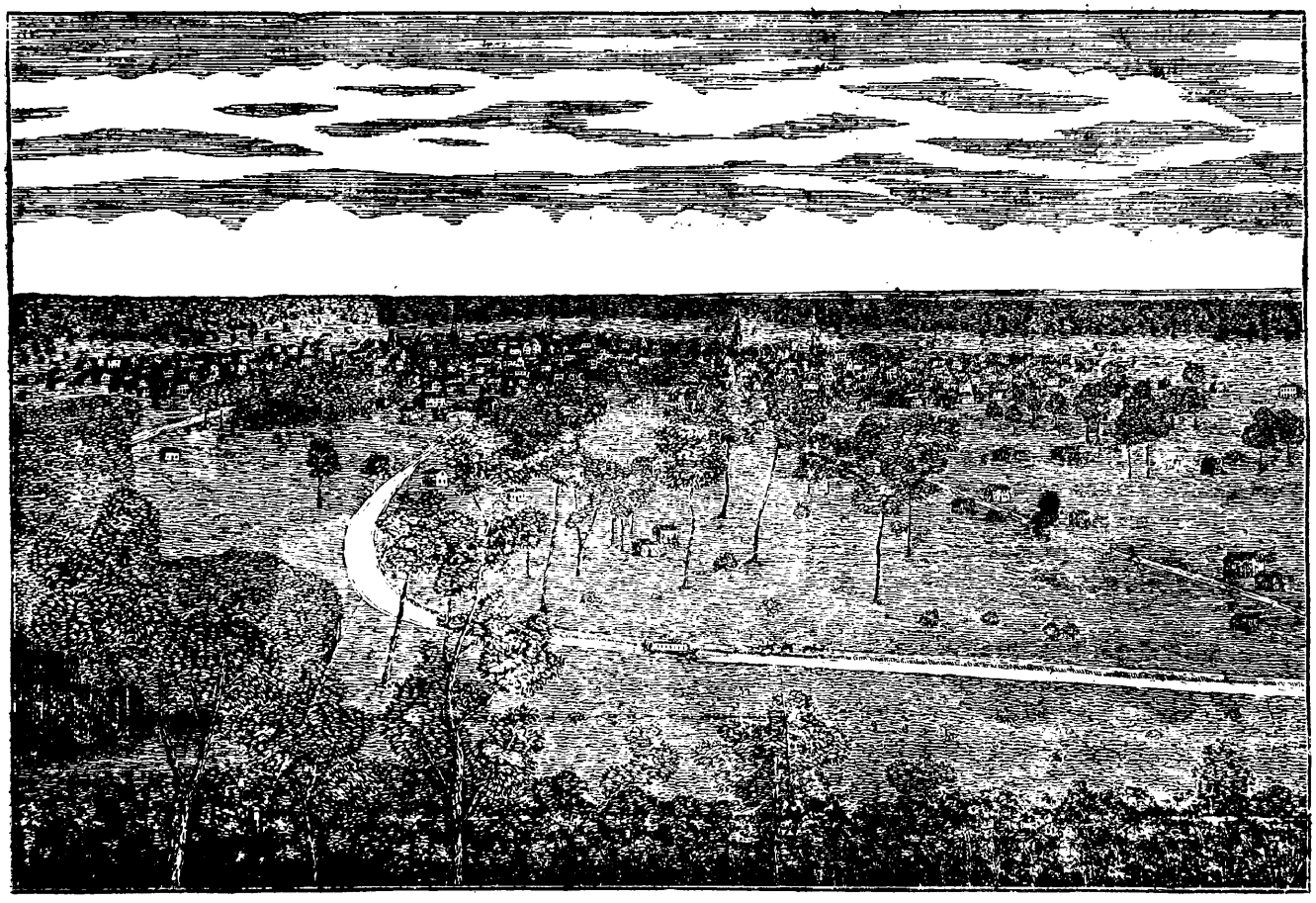

VIEW OF ROCHESTER, No. V.

Engraved expressly for the Gem, from a Drawing by P. Cherry.

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 "city 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, 1000; in 1820, 1,500; in 1822, 2,700; in 1825, 4,300; in 1827, 7,500; 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 Woollen Factories, besides a great number of mechanical establishments, viz. Furnaces, Axe Manufactories, Window Sash, Clock and Last Factories, a large Fire Engine Establishment, a Carpet Factory, &c. &c. It may be said, we think, in truth, that the

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 might 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 Manufactories: 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 2d 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. Nearer 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 up the east bank of the river half a mile, when it leaves it and passes towards the south-east, where you perceive, below you, a Packet-boat, gliding along swiftly upon its waters.

From a point near the middle of the engraving, extending to the right, are to be seen 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.

[Founded on Facts.]

(*Concluded.*)

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 GEMS the heavy drops of rain that hung from the luxuriant vegetation that covered, to their towering peaks the gigantic and undulated hills behind the town. The Spanish sentinel who guarded the dungeons in which were immured 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 musquitoes that tormentingly settled upon his face and hands—when he observed Pablo and his companions wrapped in cloaks, 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 way, to observe if the earthquake of the previous night had injured their warehouses.

"Aye!" said the sentinel, "these earthquakes trouble me sorely. I have not slept soundly since I set foot on Terra Firma, as they call it, though it is never firm two hours together; and that with Indians, and panthers, and snakes, and musquitoes, and other vermin, without reckoning the rebel Mericans that fight under Bolivar, there's no safety in the land—for a Christian man—That was a fearful shock at midnight! There is scarce a stone even in dungeons but it has disjointed."

Pablo heard the intelligence with joy, and proceeded, affecting careless curiosity, to inquire who peopled the different dungeons.

"All rebels, to be sure," said the Andalusian. All of them were found fighting in the Independent cause. "But there," said he, pointing to a dungeon that seemed more shattered than the rest,—"there we have a bird well worth the catching—one of those devils of Montilla's, Thomas by name.

Pablo concealed his emotion, and while his companions held the garrulent soldier in boastful detail of his exploits and escapes, and plied him with wine, from a flask prudently brought for the occasion, he went up to the dungeon, which was shaken to its base, and whispering to the prisoner, to be silent and cautious, succeeded, unobserved, in removing a few blocks of stone. His brother, with difficulty, made his way through the aperture and crept on his hands and knees, under the shadow of the walls until his form could not be distinguished in the obscurity.

Pablo presented the soldier with a piece of gold, in token of his friendship, and wished him a hearty farewell.

"A good journey to you, sirs," replied the sentinel. "It is gold I declare, and the sight of it does one's eyes good. Gold! why they told us, when we sailed from Cadiz, that there were mines and mountains of gold in this new world, as they call it, and they gave us a draft on the gold mines of Pot—pot—pot—oozy, it was. But except this, instead of gold, I have found nothing but lead whizzing about my ears ever since I landed, and cannon balls at times, which I suppose is the only pot-metal we poor soldiers will ever see. A good 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 fugtives, 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:—while his friends, after gallantly beating 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 clemency 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.

ness, and learn, tyrant, that it has been agreed betwixt me and my brother, that should either become the victim of your oppression, no threat of death to one shall buy the other to thy will.

Monteverde foamed with 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 commisseration 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—any thing but death! Oh, save him! save him!"

"It cannot be!" replied the haughty chief. "His fate will quell the daring spirits of the land, and smooth my path to richer conquest."

"Father!" said Paulina, fixing her streaming eyes upon him affectionately, "let me hope I have never been undutiful."

"Never, my child!" replied the general.

"Believe me, then,"—she added—"for terror and compassion now forbid me to conceal what would never else be revealed—that I would rather share with Pablo the humblest crust, than, he being dead, partake of all the wealth which a wish could ever name. Father! he is young and thoughtless; let him live!"

At this moment Madame Montilla rushed into the tent.

'Heaven bless thee lady!' she exclaimed, 'pleading for the life of my son. Another suppliant, Spaniard, now kneels before thee, whose claims are still more urgent. Oh cast away all thoughts of past contention, and spare my boy; he never did thee wrong."

"He is a traitor;" said the general.

"Oh, no!' cried the matron, 'it was not treason. He but released his brother from a dungeon; and such an act cannot be deemed worthy of death by an honorable soldier!'

'We are not,' replied Monteverde, 'to be taught the laws of war by women; our orders must be executed.'

Paulina sprang from the floor, and throwing her arms, as if instinctively, round his neck, exclaimed, while she took a ring from her bosom, 'Oh no! no! This ring—it was my mother's, and, when thou gavest it, thou saidst, with tenderness, 'Take it my child! and if thou art dutiful, when thou presentest it, whatever favor thou mayest ask, I will freely grant!'

'It was an idle gift!' said the half-relenting chief, 'and given at an idle hour.'

'Oh! it was given sincerely!' tenderly resumed the fair suppliant; 'Redeem it, father, and all the boons I ever might ask, shall now be summed in one!'

'Be merciful!' added Madame Montilla, 'as thou dost hope for mercy in the season of tribulation, in the hour of death; and as thou holdest dear the memory of her who gave birth to this thy lovely child. I am a mother too: his life! his life! The hour is on the wing; even now, perhaps they take the deadly aim!—delay were death. Here!' she added, observing his rigid countenance relax, and presenting a pen from the table,—'write briefly his reprieve!'

'Ye have prevailed,' said the general; his life shall be spared!'

The matron uttered a cry of joy, while he took the pen; and Paulina, embracing him affectionately, could but say, while her tears fell fast, the simple words—'Oh, my father!—my dear father!'

The pardon was scarcely signed, when Madame Montilla seized it, and turned to run from the tent with the joyful tidings,—when the tolling of a bell; succeeded by a sharp volley of musketry, was heard from the adjoining field. Paulina fainted in her father's arms, and the matron was struck motionless with horror.—When her feelings found utterance, she exclaimed, with the wildness of a maniac, 'Oh, God! it is too late! Thy mercy was too slow, thou stubborn Spaniard, to be availing. See!' she added, with eyeballs straining on vacuity, 'they have murdered him already!—he falls! he dies! My Pablo—my boy! my boy!'

She rushed from the tent with desperate speed, followed by Paulina, whom the shock had rendered not less frantic. The general left for a moment, to his remorseful reflections, felt that, now the youth was dead, he was neither avenged nor advantaged.

He was roused by repeated volleys of musketry, and shouts of "Death or Liberty!"—He sprang from the tent with drawn sword, and found that the enemy had surprised his camp; were already dealing carnage and confusion on every side. The drums beat to arms, and the regiments he had posted in the back ground, joining their comrades in the van, the engagement became general. The two armies were matched in point of numbers, and never was there a contest in which men fought with more enthusiastic ardour on one side, or more desperate courage on the other. The Colombians, who had in former battles been generally outnumbered, had longed to meet the enemy man to man. They had now their wish; and stern was the retribution they took for the accumulated cruelties and indignities to which, their country had been, for years, subjected by the invaders.

Monteverde headed the flower of his army, and fought with a desperation that evinced his conviction, that the fortune of the hour must fix the allegiance of that land to his royal master, or his weakened tenure be forever lost. The contest long remained doubtful, and each succeeding volley seemed to mark out an equal number of victims on either side.

Paulina, meantime, oppressed with grief and terror, had sunk under a tree, leaving Madame Montilla there alone to see the mangled body of Pablo, the sight of which she could not endure. The frenzy of the timid girl had subsided into a listless calm; and, with her eyes fixed on the grass, she seemed unconscious of her danger, though the musket balls were whistling over her head.

* * * * *

In a short time, Madame Montilla ran up to her, and, tapping her joyfully on the shoulder, exclaimed—'Joy, daughter! joy!—He lives! My Pablo lives, and is now in the hottest of the fight!—The musketry we heard, was that of the Patriot band, headed by his brother, who daringly penetrated the Spanish lines and rescued him from destruction, even when the muskets were levelled at his breast!'

Paulina could not speak for some moments, in the excess of her delight. A gush of tears came to her relief; and she fell upon the matron's neck, and cried—'Oh, thou art an angel messenger! He is ours again; and he and I will yet call thee mother!'

'Thou art a fond and foolish girl!' said Madame Montilla moved by her tenderness; 'but let us hasten from unnecessary danger; from yonder mount we may witness the contest in security.

They hurried to the knoll that rose, in the Savannah lands, like a small isolated peak in the middle of a sea of verdure.

They obtained a proximate and distinct view of the combatants, who spread the contention over a wide extent of the surrounding ground. Montervede, mounted on a noble animal, now headed a detachment of dragoons, was observed leading on and encouraging by his gestures the Patriot troops, a few of the advanced companies of which were mounted on mules—the youth, Thomas Montilla, who had the day before been his helpless prisoner, and who now, with a coolness seldom evinced but by men of riper years, deliberately loaded his musket, while amidst a shower of balls, and pinked the bravest of the Spanish officers, and now slung it over his shoulders, as if impatient of tardy effect, and, animating his comrades by his shouts, spread destruction with his gleaming falchion amidst the most daring of his antagonists.

The left wing of the Patriot army, (that next to the eminence on which Madame Montilla and the timid Paulina stood,) was headed by Pablo, who was conspicuous in the white undress in which he had been led to the place

of execution, and who well proved, on that day, that if he had not yet inherited the fortunes, he at least possessed all the ardour of his intrepid sire. The right wing was led on to glory by Manuel Garcia, a generous priest, who, on a peaceful mission to the Castle of Puerto Cabello, had been basely thrown into a dungeon by the Spaniards, and now, with a golden cross in one hand, and a resistless sabre in the other, dealt out a fearful revenge upon the foe.

From the mount on which she stood, Madame Montilla kept her eyes riveted upon the foremost of the combatants; and there, wherever there was aught of fearless daring to achieve, her gallant boys, like the avenging spirits of the land, were the distinguished leaders. Her heart now beat with the proudest joy of a mother, when she beheld their irresistible course, like gallant ships dividing the waves with their prows, and dashing them aside in triumph; and now a mother's fears came upon her, when in the rally of the foe, she saw them, tho' dauntless still, hewing their way through surrounding foemen, from whose desperate attacks escape seemed beyond the power of human effort. These yieldings of the proud spirit of the patriotic matron, to the softer encroachments of the affectionate parent, were of brief duration; and when she throught of her honored lord, and of the injuries of her country, she inwardly exclaimed—"May the God of mercies shield my gallant boys! but, should it be His will that they fall,' tis in a generous cause, and I shall strive to drown a mother's wailings in the pround exultation that they died avenging the oppressed—a noble sactifice on the altar of freedom and humanity!

Paulina's eye sought out, with fearful anxiety, the form of Pablo, in the thickest of the fight; and often did she avert her heard when, the smoke of the discharge carried away by the breeze, she beheld him parrying off, with the coolest intrepidity, the blows of the uplifted sabres of his antagonists. Again and again were the Spanirds driven from their ground, and again they rallied, with an obstinacy that seemed to be dictated by despair, if vanquished, of receiving no quarter.

The battle now seemed to preponderate in favor of the Patriots and Madame Montilla was gazing at her son Thomas, who had assailed the dragoons of Monteverde, when a scream from her companion, and the agonizing cry of 'See! see! he is wounded! he falls! he falls!' directed her attention to a nearer part of the field. She beheld Pablo falling into the hands of a comrade; and rushing from Paulina, who had fainted at the sight, she dashed to the spot, through the balls of the combatants, with the fleetness of a roe, and supported him on her knee. A shot had wounded him severely on the left arm, and he had swooned for loss of blood. She tore the embroidered scarf from her bosom, and staunched the streaming wound. When he recovered from his stupor, and beheld his mother leaning over him, bathing his temples with water brought by a soldier in his cap, he seemed to be animated with new life and energy.

Thanks, noble mother! said the youth, grasping his sword—but oh! retire from danger, and leave me—now I am strong again—to join my comrades; for I have yet much to do to retrieve thy valued confidence; farewell awhile! farewell!'—and he hastened, but, alas! with staggering steps, towards the foe; for his limbs, weakened by the loss of blood, refused to second the ardour of his mind.

'Thou *hast* my fullest confidence, gallant boy!' exclaimed the matron; 'and nobly hast thou this day redeemed it: but cheer thee Pablo,' 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 enfeebled 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 aloft in her avengeful arm, to which, enthusiasm had lent a supernatural strength.

The gentle attributes of her sex were merged in the sublimer 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 Comrades! 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 ye, if the day be lost. On! to glory.

'Montilla and victory!' rang from rank to rank like an electric escence 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 destructive discharge of artillery, rushed in one wild and daring effort, to the charge. The Spaniards beheld the dauntless female with dismay; they saw their comrades all thick around her, while she, in her waving mantle,—the silken banner, the first that had been raised for Columbia—appeared like the invulnerable angel of death, commissioned to deal destruction amidst their yielding ranks.

The fate of the day was speedily decided. The invaders fell back in confusion, and Monteverde, 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 Cabello. The flower of the Spanish army was left dead upon the field; and the retreat of the survivers being frustrated by a masterly manoeuvre of Thomas Montilla, they laid down their arms and became prisoners of war.

Exhausted with fatigue, the heroic Mad. Montilla 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 noble matron when, embracing her sons, and placing the hand of Pablo into that of Paulina, she exclaimed—

"*Thank heaven! thank heaven! no son of mine is a traitor! Montilla is avenged! Columbia is free!*"

The patriots suffered some reverses in after years, before their independence was permanently 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."

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

EDUCATION.

IT has been the opinion of the most celebrated writers, both ancient and modern, that no nation having a Republican form of Government like ours, can exist for any length of time, without the interests of Education are promoted. In this fact I think all must acquiesce. It is a truth which has been confirmed, by the downfall of republics, and the wreck of fallen greatness. Cast your eyes to the oldworld and you will every where behold the ruins of dilapidated cities, the remains of which speak like "peals of thunder" to this, as well as all nations, to avoid the same awful fate. Look at ancient Rome, once the mistress of the world. But where is she now? Her forum, which was once graced by a Cicero, which daily resounded with orations scarcely ever rivalled, now presents one scene of promiscuous ruin. And what is the cause of this? The cause is obvious—she neglected the interests of Education, and thus sealed her own doom. But let us see whether the facts disclosured are not applicable to this nation, notwithstanding this people have arisen to a height, before unequalled in the pages of history. Let us enquire whether Americans possess the same inclinations, and dispositions, which the ancient Romans had? and if so, would not the American nation, be likely to split upon the same rock, were she placed in similar circumstances? I aver that the American nation do possess the same inclinations and dispositions which the ancient Romans did, because I contend, and not alone, that all men are born into the world with the same dispositions and inclinations, and were they not placed in different circumstances in life, there would be no difference between man and man. It is the habits in which

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 has been, and is now disturbed by two factions, the one engrossing the Northerns, and the other the Southerns, 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 "*Vox populi*" 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 merited contempt which he deserves. This is the land of Liberty, the soil is 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.

JUNIUS.

MRS. HEMANS.

[The following is from that excellent paper the Boston American Traveller. The lustre 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 mankind 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 enobling 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 softer 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 foilage of Mrs. Hale—the summer savory fragrance of Mrs. Child—the lily loveliness of Hannah Gould—and the wild flower sweetness of Miss Sedgwick—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 never to see her climing the rugged acclivities of public life, with Boadicea 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 pallet 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 endeared to our recollections, by some of the finest strains of sentimental 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 frequent 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 all the great bays and harbors on the coast of the Union, the Penobscot, Casco, Narraganset, Chesapeake, &c. So have the rivers, the Kennebec, Saco, Connecticut, Merrimac, Mohawk, Susquehannah, Roanoke, 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 frailty, 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 die 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 dilligent 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 intenseness 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 vigorous plant. The traveller found beneath its wide spreading branches a shelter from the noon day sun, and a cover from the storm. But nations, in their approaches to refinement, have been prone to neglect its culture. They have hedged it about with ceremonies, and encumbered it with trappings, till its virtues have faded or its roots perished.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Moral Heroism—Lately, there was repairing in France, a building, which for several years had been threatening to fall in ruins. What had been feared happened. At the moment when some of the men were at work on the arched roof, the building fell in. A beam, suspended over the abyss below, sustained two men, but this beam already inclined in a frightful manner under the weight of two workmen. One only could remain there—one or both must inevitably perish. The one was quite young, the other in the vigor of manhood. At the recollection of his children, the latter clung convulsively to the remains of the overhanging arch, but in vain, as the beam kept inclining more and more. All at once, those below heard this dialogue—Peter, I have a wife and three young children.—Peter replied—you are right, and let go his hold.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

☞ The Plate.—On our first page, we have given a view of the Village of Rochester, from Mount Hor, two miles distant. The Engraving and the accompanying description, have cost us considerable time and money to obtain them, and we hope the result of our efforts will meet the approbation of our friends, and be interesting to the readers of the Gem, generally. A few copies, printed on a separate sheet, fine paper, and colored, will be for sale at this office.

Education.—A Mr. Taylor, who has travelled thro' 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 age 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!

Premiums.—The Premiums lately offered by the Editor of the Buffalo Literary Inquirer, for the best tale, poem, biographical sketch, &c. have been awarded, thus:—viz.

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 Gavion D. A. Parks, of Lockport, the author of an "Essay on Education."

Post Masters.—We have seen it of late, published in many of the Newspapers, that "every Post Master ought to know that, if a 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 unfrequently 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 *unseasonable* 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 deficiences. 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 goodness. 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 one instance left me alone to buffet the adverse winds and waves of time, or to withstand the varied ebbings and flowings of life. But thou hast travelled by my side, over hills, and through the vallies, and on the chequered 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 unchangable one that stuck "closer than a brother." Though the fawning sycophant smiled "today" 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 undeceiving friend—thou innocent, sinless thing, I love thee. Thirty years hast thou lain near my heart, felt its heavings and its throbbings, 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 corroding 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 ann. in advance, otherwise one dollar and fifty cents. We not only find much useful matter within its cover, but also upon even 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 $1,00 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 Crossing, and is in good standing—temperate and industrious. 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, never to take up arms against America, now the United States. He was in Braddock's defeat, in 1775, near Pittsburg, 11th July. He was at the taking of Fort Du Quesne, 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 Greenville, 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 burthen of even 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 behooves 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, industriously, 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.

WOMAN.

Female loveliness cannot be clothed in a more pleasing garb than that of knowlege. A female thus arrayed, is one of the most interesing objects of creation. Every eye rest upon her with pleasure, the learned and the wise of the opposite sex delight in her society, and affix to her character respect and veneration. Ignorance and folly stand reproved in her presence, and vice in his bold career, shrinks abashed at her gaze. She moves, the joy, the delight, the pride, of the domestic circle; she excites the praise—the admiration of the world. A female thus armed and equipped is prepared to encounter every trial which this uncertain state may bring—to rise with proper elation to the pinnacle of fortune, or sink with becoming fortitude into the abyss of poverty—to attain with cheerful serenity the heights of bliss, or endure with patient firmness the depths of wo.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

The king of Armenia not fulfilling his engagement, Cyrus entered the country, and having taken him and all his family prisoners, ordered them instantly before him.—"Armenius," said he, "you are free; for you are now sensible of your error. And what will you give me if I restore your wife to you?"—"All that I am able." "What, if I restore your children?" "All that I am able." "And you, Tigrannes," said he, turning to the son, "what would *you* do to save your wife from servitude?" Tigrannes was but lately married and had a great love for his wife. "Cyrus," he replied, "to save her from servitude, I would willingly lay down my life." "Let each have his own again," said Cyrus: and, when he was departed, one spoke of his clemency, another of his valor, another of his beauty and the graces of his person; upon which Tigrannes asked his wife if she thought him handsome. "Really," said she, "I did not look at him." "At whom, then, did you look?" "At him who offered to lay down his life for me."

HORRORS OF THE CHOLERA.—A Kentucky Editor, describing the ravages of the Cholera in that State, says: "A messenger arrived on Sunday morning, from Flemingsburg, and announced to us the thrilling and appalling intelligence, that our father was no more, and that two dear sisters had been attacked with the epidemic. We hurried to the scene. A father and a sister had been borne to their graves; another sister was breathing her last. We watched by her—wept over her, and she died! How many have suffered and done like this, and how many are yet to suffer and do like it? In this village out of a family of 13 individuals, it is stated that 12 were carried off by the disease."

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, whither these candidates for husbands 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 dear to him; but the devoted wife, who had stood firm and faithful in the day of his doubtful fortunes, was cast off in his prosperity, to make room for a stranger, who might be more subservient to his power.—*Dr. Chaning.*

RAISING THE WIND.—The other day as a butcher stood by his cart selling meat, he saw a man stoop and pick up somthing 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 I dropped when making change. To which the finder replied, I think I ought to have one half for had it 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 to 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 on similar occasions. *Boston Transcript.*

As the late Professor H.—— was walking near Edinburgh, he met one of those being usually called fools. "Pray," says the Professor, accosting him, "how long can a person live without brains?" "I dinna ken," replied the fellow, scratching his head: "how long have you lived yoursel, sir?"

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE VALE.

There's beauty in the vale :—
It is that spot of loveliest green,
That lies the circling hills between,
Whose sloping tops, with thickets crown'd,
Shut out the noisy world around—
A little sylvan solitude,
By nature formed in mildest mood ;
Where 'round the maples wild vines cling,
And flowrets 'neath the footsteps spring.—
There's beauty in the vale.

There's music in the vale :—
The current of the little rill
That gushes from yon moss-clad hill,
And wildly dashes down its side—
A tiny but impetuous tide—
Doth yet in softest murmurs flow
Along its pebbly bed below ;
And birds of sweetest notes are there,—
Their mellow warblings fill the air.—
There's music in the vale.

There's quiet in the vale :—
It doth not hear the rude turmoil
That rises from earth's scenes of toil :
The bustling crowd that strive with care,
Know not the peace that lingers there.
Oh could I choose my future lot,
There would I dwell in rural cot ;
Nor seek again the heartless throng,
To court its smile, and feel its wrong.—
There's quiet in the vale.

Canandaigua, July 17, 1833. G. H. S.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TO A PARTING FRIEND.

Thou art not gone—thou couldst not go :
True friends can never part ;
Our prayer is one—our hope is one—
And we are one in heart :
Nor place, nor time, can ere divide,
The souls which friendship seals,
But still the changing scenes of life,
Their mutual love reveals.

Body from body may be placed,
Remote as pole from pole ;
But can our fleshly frailties bind
The fellowship of soul ?
'Tis when removed from grosser scenes,
My spirit claims her right ;
My friend is often least away,
When absent from my sight.

His form and look in memory's glass,
I still distinctly see ;
His voice and words in fancy's ear,
Are whispering still to me.
The stars that meet his pensive eye,
Are present still to mine—
The moonlight which surrounds his path,
Around my footsteps shine.

Beneath the same fair dome we dwell,
By the same hand we're fed ;
And pilgrims in one narrow way,
Are by one spirit led.
To the great presence of our God,
By humble faith we come,
And find in sweet communion there
One everlasting home.

Our hope, our joy, our life, our soul,
In our one Saviour meet,
And what on earth or heaven shall break
A union so complete !
O blest are they who seek in him
A union to their friend,
Their love shall grow through life's decay,
And live when life shall end.

And blest be he whose love bestows
A friendship so divine,
And makes, by oneness with himself,
My friend forever mine.

Rochester, July 16, 1833. D. L.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THERE IS A LIGHT.

There is a light in the darkest soul,
That to this earth is given ;
A radiant beam whose source and goal
Is in yon misty heaven.

There is a light that burns full bright
In bosoms of pure worth ;
Its beams fall soft as the dews of night
Upon the parched earth.

There is a light, like a sunbeam's blaze
Within the guilty soul ;
Which shows the wretch in all his ways,
His awful, awful goal ! ADRIAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

MORNING IN SUMMER.

'Tis morn—see darkness speed its flight,
Beyond the western horizon,
And all the gloomy shades of night
Dispelled before the rising sun.

'Tis morn—the orient sun appears
In all the majesty of light ;—
The same that's travelled many years,
Through summer, winter, day and night.

'Tis morn—the bleating flocks are heard
O'er hill and dale, o'er lawn and lea,
The singing of the summer birds,
Proclaims the praise of Deity.

'Tis morn—there is by nature wrought
Naught but's replete with nature's song :
To HIM the earth, the spheres are fraught
With praise to whom our songs belong.

'Tis morn—what's that breaks on my ear ?
It's but the whisper of the tongue,
So soft, so sweet, and yet so clear,
'Twould seem as thou an angel sung.

'Tis morn— again the words declare,
In louder accents—louder raised—
O, it's the breath of humble prayer,
Presented at the throne of grace.

O sweetest, loveliest, sound to hear—
Naught's like the breath of prayer and praise ;
'Tis music to the heavenly ear,
Then learn my soul thy voice to raise.

CHARLEMAIGN.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

Three belles in the garden were viewing the plants,
Conducted respectively by their gallants—
"Here Nancy," said William, "is one will reveal
"A secret which many famed Vestals conceal :
"For where *modest virtue* has flown from her stand,
"It wilts at the touch, and recedes from the hand."
The young ladies gazed as if somewhat amazed—
But Nancy at length said "Poh ! I'm not afraid !"
Her fair hand advanced, the experiment tried—
When lo ! in an instant the plant droop'd and died.
The poor girl first redden'd--then whiter than snow,
Said faintly—'Lord help me! *how does the plant know !*

From the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

PRAYER.

Go, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the moon is bright,
Go, when the eye declineth,
Go, in the hush of night ;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee ;
Pray for those who hate thee,
If any such there be ;
Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee,
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee.
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then in silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Who is Mercy, Truth and Love.

Oh ! not a joy or blessing,
With this can we compare,
The power that he hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer.
When e'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall,
And remember in thy gladness,
His grace who gave the all.

"The humors of Glenn."

Mr. Lewis W. Glenn, who keeps a "Fountain" in Frederick-Town, Maryland, thus merrily sings in the praise of SODA WATER, in the Republican Citizen of that place :

FOUNTAIN OF HYGEIA.

The season of SODA is come,
And her Fountain is flowing again,
Avaunt ! Whiskey, Brandy, and Rum !
And, hail, to thee, Adam's Champaigne.

How it scatters its volatile spray,
And sends up its sparks in our faces ;
It drives Spleen and Megrim away,
And brings mirth and wit in their places

Of Love 'tis the cordial, no doubt,
(As good for the ladies as tea !)
For Venus, our Poets give out,
Was born from a wave of the sea.

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[From the Ladies' Magazine.]
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-complacence arises from the power of making "auld claiths look amaist 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 Thekla, 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 Scoth writer, as that brief period "when the shuttle stands still, before the lamp is lighted."—Neither are the productions of the knitting-needle 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 serene 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 forthwith 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 utensil, the large spinning-wheel. From the universal, yet gentle exercise it affords the limbs, the chest, and the whole frame, it is altogether the best mode of domestic callisthenics, which has hitherto been devised. It is well adapted to those periods when from a succession of storms, ladies are prevented from walking in the open air, and begin to feel the lassitude of a too sedentary life. By a change of habits in the community, and the introduction of machinery on a large scale, domestic manufactures have become a less prominent branch of economy. Still some degree of alliance 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 my 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 valetudinarian 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 slight 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 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 alledged 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 Jubal and Tubal-Cain instructed in music and the sterner arts; to the times of Noah, when "they were eating 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 any thing, 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 herds 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 part, in 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 ecstacy the living lyre."

While the general conformation 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 proudest intellects with the unpardonable 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 unrivalled 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 serene" had quenched his outward vision, is represented as holding communion in his thoughts with the sages of every land and every name. That man must find the *world* arrayed against him, who would essay to assail the Genius of Milton; yet where shall we find the thought, that escaped from his omnipotent mind, unconceived before, and unexpressed? It is by no means to be supposed, that those sentiments, and forms of expression, which presented themselves to his mind, were the result of observation merely, or a servile imitation; yet such is the uniformity of the mind's efforts, when in different individuals it is made to bear upon subjects, that ever will it seek for similar illustrations and similar presentation of thought.

Yet we shall not always find occasion for such a general solution of the problem. We know it to be incontestible, that the greater portion of a literary community propose to themselves certain models in their respective arts, and conform their own tastes to the objects of their study. All antecedent time lies before them, and they may cull the beauties of a wide-extended prospect. Rome pours forth her treasures, and Greece lives in the transmitted fruit of gigantic intellectual power.—Homer still sings with celestial harmony, and we linger to catch the inspiring notes. We roam over the oft-trodden fields, where sits Virgil with his pipe,

"Fronde super viridi,——"

chanting his rustic lay to the beautiful Alexis; and we renew an early formed acquaintance with the mellifluous Horace, who is ever social and never troublesome. While such an accumulated mass of thought and beauty is presented to aspiring man, who will forbid him partake the rich treasure, as "forbidden fruit," that it may not impart wisdom, and increase existing acquisitions? Nay—rather open the portals to past science, and bid the ambitious student enter, to explore unconfined. And we have ever found it the emulation of mankind to trace the history of the mind in its several parts, and avail themselves of that learning, which the world has before known. Thus the most eminent men have ever been the most perfect students of the past. Who enchain the mind by their eloquence, or charm the senses by their sweetness? Assuredly they who have recourse to the past. Nor should the love of supposed originality confine the immortal energies of the mind to its own narrow house, but rather allow them to attain greater vigor, and soar towards more enrapturing views, by the addition of past knowledge. It is not to be denied, that too great reliance on books is prone to create a servility of intellect; and no less is it to be allowed, that that self-sufficiency, which would nurture a distaste for all extraneous help, is the greatest bane to real advancement in the intellectual course. The human mind is not self-existent; and he who would abandon every foreign aid for the unassisted growth of his own intellect, rests on a rotten foundation. A survey of facts encourages us in this belief. Who display the most undisciplined and shallow minds?—Observation has a ready reply—The would-be-originals of the world, who contemptuously reject the study of models in the several departments of learning.

But, "it is frequently said, that the literature of the present day is deficient in originality." And when has knowledge been more increased, and the mind been more free from the enthralments 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 Latins; 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 assitance 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 rest the once dependent Colonies? Should we "continue to ascend the same paths," or find a retrogade motion? And the spell, too, which has bound us to "classic Greece and Reme"—it is, indeed, "already broken?" rather has it not begun to bind us, and may we not point to one and another intellectual giant in our western clime, 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. SHEV.

From the Ladies Magazine.

THE DIVORCED.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

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 like the voice of Coleridge's Emeline,

"Even in its mirthful 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 unchangeably white was the hue of lip, and cheek, and brow. Her demeanor was always calm, self-possessed and lady 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 to be merely the calm slumber of the passions and affections of human nature, it rather seemed like the silence which follows the fearful rush of the hurricane—the silence of desolation. Her skill in music was unrivalled, and I well remember her singular and almost awe inspiring appearance at the pianno, her tall figure shrouded in a black velvet dress, her dark hair parted on her marble brow, and her small, bloodless looking hand, drawing forth strains that seemed to thrill through every heart. But when she sung—when these colorless lips opened, to emit sounds that seemed to "rap the soul in elysium," the effect was such as never could be forgotten.

I have since seen her in her coffin, and excepting that the bright eye was pressed down beneath its purple lid, there was no change in her countenance. Its pallid hue, its calm expression was the same, and it seemed as if death himself had been unable to work his usual changes upon this 'statue of flesh."

I remember once reading in a volume of fairy tales the story of a young princess, who after receiving every good gift from the benevolent spirits, found them all rendered useless by the one apparently trifling but mischievous endowment of an offending fairy. The history of many of our every day associates would furnish an apt illustration of this allegory. How often do we see the blessings of fortune and beauty and genius rendered valueless to their possessor by the presence of some one weakness, or absence of some one essential good quality. Perhaps there was never a stronger instance of this than the case of Clara Wilmerton. Endowed with a fine person and rare genius, inheriting immense wealth from her father, and united to one who was no less respected by the world than adored by herself, it needed no great skill in vaticination to prophecy for her brilliant destiny. But in vain the fairest flowers of life blossomed in her path: "the trail of the serpent was over them all;" and where others less gifted might have found happiness, she only met with desolation. Among all the bountiful gifts of nature and fortune, one thing had been neglected.—Temper was the one evil endowment 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 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. Posessing 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 pianno, she gave her scope to her passionate love for music, and *improvised* the most exquisite airs that ever thrilled a sensative heart. The dazzling bright eye, the ever varying complexion, 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 cymbol 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 been 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 their latter days "the moonlight of nature;" and if, through ignorance or wilfulness, she neglects the means of doing this, woe, deep woe, to her, for the guilt no less than the misery is hers.

Had Clara Wilmerton allowed herself to be directed by the dictates of her clear judging mind, 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 uncontrolable sorrow or ungovernable anger. Compared with he strong affections, her husband's warmest tenderness was cold. The fatigues of business, the cares of wealth, the reaction of an overexcited spirit, 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 yelding himself so 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 these characters love is the leading motive of her actions; but with man it is very different; affection, even with its holiest attributes is to him but as an interlude between the acts of a busy, active life, and never is a woman so miserably mistaken as when she believes herself to be the sole object of his thoughts, the sole cause of his anxieties. I say miserably mistaken, because it almost invariably leads to a course of conduct which is sure to produce the most evil results.

It was 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 ungovernable temper which terrified her ordinary associates, & 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 unfortunately the gay world offers too many attractive modes of dissipating time to him who finds at his own fireside that worst of all fiends—domestic discord. Instead of striving to win him back by gentleness—and when did such means ever fail of meeting their own reward—Clara met him only with bitter reproaches and passionate fears. Poets may talk as they will of tears being a woman's strongest weapons; she may find them so once or twice, but let her resort to them frequently as means of resistance, and whether her opponent be a lover or a husband, she will soon learn how easily her weapons may be foiled. The quiet half concealed tear of a gentle, devoted woman may do much, the passionate gush of violent emotion can seldom triumph more than once. In a little time Clara found her husband's affections entirely alienated from her. Restless and unhappy, he plunged into the vortex of fashionable life, with a headlong eagerness that spoke of a mind ill at ease. At home, moody and silent, he listened to his wife's sullen murmurs or vehement reproaches with equal indifference.

Such a state of things could not last long without some fearful result. It was on the third anniversary of their marriage, a day, which notwithstanding their increasing unhappiness, they celebrated with a small party of friends, that the evil reached its climax. At supper some slight difference of opinion occurred, and Clara, yielding to the impulse of her temper, gave utterance to some of those keen and biting sarcasms which are more severe for being veiled in the most elegant and polite language. Wilmerton was no match for her at such weapons. Like the heavy sword of Richard Coeur de Lion, so finely described in the Talisman, which could cut thro' a bar of iron at a single stroke; his mind could master any thing that might be overcome by mere strength, while her wit was like the fine tempered cimiter of the Saracen king, which could divide the yielding and pliable down cushion, even though it offered no resistance to the blow. Stung by her remarks, Wilmerton could not forbear renewing the conversation after the departure of the party. The greater part of the night was consumed in violent altercation, and the next night saw him on board of a ship bound for France.

The frantic grief and anger of the unhappy wife knew no bounds. Her very love for him increased the vehemence of her rage at his desertion; and when, week after week, and month after month passed, and no letter, no evidence of remembered regard reached her, maddened by her furious passions she applied to the courts of the law for a divorce. Many a secret misgiving crossed her heart during the process of her suit. Many a remorseful throb swelled across her bosom when she was now casting him from her forever; but mistaken pride and indignation steeled her against the suggestions of her better feelings. "He shall not return," she said to herself, "he shall not, when wearied with the follies of the world, return to his deserted wife, and find her tamely submitting to be recalled whenever he may condescend to claim her duty."

The divorce was obtained. By means of the mercantile house with which he had been connected, she sent him a properly executed copy of the paper, but without adding a single word either of explanation or reproach. Yet she had almost unconsciously cherished a hope that the paper would be returned, or at least that her husband would remonstrate against her rashness. How dreadfully she was deceived, when, in less than a year after the deed had been transmitted to him, she learned that he was the husband of another. Goaded by disappointment and sorrow, Wilmerton had at first plunged into all the follies of Paris; but the thorn was in his side, and every attempt to extricate it only urged it deeper into the wound. Among the many fascinating women whom he constantly met, was one who had first attracted him by the extreme gentleness of her manners, and a face that, like sunshine in spring, seemed to brighten every thing it looked upon. During their early acquaintance, a number of those trivial circumstances occurred which give so deep an insight into individual character, and Wilmerton was charmed by the unruffled serenity of her temper. 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 unconsciously betrayed into those attentions, which, as a married man, he never ought to have proffered. To add to his remorse, he discovered that the young and artless French girl had learned to love him with the tenderest affection. As a man of principle, he shuddered at the apparent dishonor of his conduct; as a man of feeling, he trembled at the misery which he had unconsciously inflicted. In the midst of his perplexity, while suffering the keenest pangs for his unguardness, he received the deed of divorce. This severed forever the tie that united him to his unhappy wife, and when he considered the manner in which she had conducted the process for divorce—when he recollected the bitterness of her resentment, and the violence of her temper, he 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 feelings he concealed them within his own bosom, and the fair Adele became his wife. A fearful 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 afforded her no consolation. One only thought was present with her—she had cast from her a precious treasure, and that treasure now graced the cabinet of another. The anguish was more than the could bear. Her spirit wrestled in vain with this more than mortal agony, until reason perished in her citadel, and the unfortunate Clara became a raving maniac.

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 grave; but as her body gradually decayed, her mind seemed to return, and before the crisis of her disease was past, her eyes again shone with the light of intellect.—She recovered; but when she arose from her bed of sickness, they who looked upon her in the day of happiness, nay, even they who had watched her in her hours of madness and disease, gazed upon her with awe and wonder. Every trace of the violent temperament and passionate feelings had vanished. Her face was such as I have before described it, pale, cold, statue like, and never from that hour was the slightest shadow of emotion seen to cross that marble countenance. One more scene in her life remains to be recorded, and I have done. She had quitted her native city and taken up her abode in Baltimore, where her elegant manners and skill in music rendered her the delight of all the fashionable circles. It happened one night that a splendid party, given by one of the most distinguished women of our country, Mrs. Wilmerton had been frequently called upon to play and sing, until wearied with constant importunities she retreated from the crowd, and entered a side room or boudoir. A few select friends followed her, and after repeated entreaties from her companions, Mrs. Wilmerton seated herself beside a harp and commenced a beautiful and plaintive voluntary, "I will sing one song," said she, but do not ask me for another. This is the anniversary of one of the most unhappy days of my life, and but for the promise extorted from me by Mrs.———, I would not have intruded my moodiness among so gay an assemblage.—"It was the first time that any of her companions had overheard her allude to her own his-

tory, and they listened in breathless silence as she 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,
Stir not the current of my life,
Nor know I aught of rapture's thrill,
Or passions fearful strife.

I have no heart—too early chilled,
It slumbers, ne'er to wake again;
E'en as the frozen traveller sleeps
Through all life's parting pain.

I have no heart—no power can rouse
My spirit from its heavy trance;
Alike to me are love's sweet tones,
And hatred's withering glance.

I have no heart—nor would I call
The restless thing to life once more;
E'en 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 rivited her to the spot where she stood? Immediately before her in the door-way stood the long absent husband, and, leaning on his arm, the delicate little creature who was now his wife. Ten years had passed since Clara had gazed upon those features, but she knew them at a glance. No glow was upon her cheek, no tremulousness in her step, but the blue veins upon her marble brow were swollen and darkened with suppressed emotion, as she glided by and left the room. Business had compelled Wilmerton to visit America, and little dreaming of finding his wife in that part of the country, he had accepted an invitation to Mrs.———'s party. The attraction of sweet sounds had drawn him to the boudoir and he had listened with deep interest to the song totally unconscious of his connexion with the songstress until she turned and presented to his view the altered features of his deserted Clara. Whatever Clara may have felt, no change was perceptible in her manner. The husband and wife never met again. Wilmerton returned to France and died a few years after, while Clara lived till time had woven many a silver thread amid her raven tresses, a melancholy example of the leafless desert of the mind.

FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

If a woman be as beautiful as one of those celestial beings, with whom the vivid dreams of imagination have peopled Mahomet's paradise, as lovely and fresh as the fabled Aurora, and as light and as graceful as Hebe, yet if she does not unite to the external charms of her person, the refinements, accomplishments, sublime sentiments of an elegant mind, she can never enchain the heart of her husband with those golden fetters which only death can sever. Sweetness of disposition, intellectual endowments wreathe those fetters with the ever blooming roses of enjoyment, and call forth into action all the tender charities which irradiate the sphere of connubial happiness.

A woman may shine in mechanical accomplishments, though a ray of mental light does not dawn upon her mind; she may paint, sing, and play upon musical instruments, and by those manual vocal arts, gain a transient triumph over those who are contented with female cultivation hanging on walls, or hearing it vibrate upon strings. But the man of discernment feels that a woman thus gifted can only amuse for an hour, and attract by her adscititious donations, some frippery fops, who, like the stupid butterflies, light on exotic flowers without fragrance or perfume, rather than on the odoriferous blossoms that yields delicious honey. The looks of a stupid beauty, "who has not soul within her eyes," are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility; they emit no electric sparks to kindle the affections—so that they are examined without emotion, and as they do not express passion or intellect they are beheld without love.

In the winter of life, when the gaudy flowers of personal beauty are nipped by the "rude breathing" of age, when the lustre blue eye is dimned, and the bloom of the rosy cheek fled, how fallen then will be the unmarried who has no resources in the treasury of mind: she will remain a tyrant without power, a prey to envy and remorse. A woman of intellectual accomplishments, on the contrary, in the evening of life, will draw at the fountain of the graces the limped balsam of literary knowledge—diffuse the pleasure of instruction to her children, and illuminate by her cheerful conversation all who are circled within the attractive sphere of the society in which she moves. Beauty is as fleeting and as fragile as the bloom 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 inestiamble 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 its grassy 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 affections gush spontaneous 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 coroded 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 misfortune. No changes or chances can estrange her constancy, or subdue the intensity of her devotion.

STUDY.

While some are lost in dissipation and tho'tlessness, 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 tribes. He who cannot bear thinking, 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 tho'ts to right objects; few divest themselves of the shackles of ignorance and custom: to be, however, intelligent, candid, 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.

Demosthenes'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 composd 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, "yours 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 $9,000 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.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TO A WIFE.

Why, Love, those clouds of sadness,
That dim thy lovely brow;
Why doth not wonted gladness,
Beam from thy dark eyes now?
Shall fortune's cruel blindness
Thy all of joy dispell?
Rather on former kindness
Still let thy *memory* dwell.

When lightly to the altar,
In joyous youth we trod,
And vowed we ne'er would falter,
In presence of our God;
Free was each soul from sadness
In that enraptured hour;
And friends, and hopes, with gladness,
Fill'd then our love-lit bower!

'Tis true those scenes have altered,
And stern misfortunes lowered:
True, friends we loved have faltered,
And foes their venom showered:—
But oh! how unavailing,
To break *my* peace must be,
Fame, friends, or fortune failing,
While THOU art spared to me!

Cheered by thy smiles I never
Of *losses* would complain—
O, then from sadness sever,
And light thy smiles again!
Let hope's bright beams illumine
Thy brow of matchless grace,
And pleasure reassume in
Thy breast its dwelling place!

Ogden, August, 1833.

CHARACTER OF THE DUTCH.—It is well known that a habit prevails almost every where, of underrating and disparaging Dutch character, and Dutchmen. Nothing is more unjust, and yet nothing is more common—nothing testifies more unequivocally the ignorance and prejudice of those who indulge in it, than this habit. England is called the mother country; but if such of our population, whose ancestors migrated from her shores, are proud of their origin, much more reason have they who are descendants of the honest burgo-masters of Holland, to be proud of their worthy ancestors. Holland though occupying a territory not larger than the State of Maryland, was first among the nations of Europe to take a stand in favor of liberty, and single handed, maintained a sixty years' war in its defence, against the greatest odds. At a time when France and England were enveloped in bigotry and superstition, Holland had achieved for herself civil and religious freedom, and opened her bosom as an asylum for the oppressed Hugonots; while others, the pilgrim fathers, sought a refuge from persecution in the wilds of America. Holland for a long time took the lead of all the surrounding nations in commerce, in science, in arts and in arms.—For the invention of the telescope, microscope, thermometer, pendulum, gun-powder, and printing, the world is indebted to the Dutch. And the best and most correct translation of the original scriptures, in any language, is that in the low Dutch, made under the auspices of the synod of Dort.

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 1333.

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 with 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.*

——oo——

PHILOSOPHY.—There are very few true philosopers 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 upon wealth. But we labor through our pilgrimage on earth, in seeking after *riches*. After all, the Philosopher's Stone is a cheerful and *contented mind*. Be satisfied with your present lot, instead of laboring to exchange it. Endeavor to convince yourself that Happiness is *now* within your reach, and without an effort you may secure it.—*Lowell Journal.*

——oo——

THE MOST UNHAPPY.—Cosroes, King of Persia, in conversation with two philosophers and his Vizer, asked "What situation of man is most deplored?"—One of the philosophers maintained, that it was old age, accompanied with extreme poverty; the other that it was to have the body oppressed by infirmities, the mind worn out, and the heart broken by a heavy series of misfortunes. "I know a condition more to be pitied," said the Vizer, "and it is that of him who has passed through life without doing good; and who, unexpectedly surprised by death, is sent to appear before the Sovereign Judge."—Miscellany of Eastern Learning.

——oo——

FEMALE HEROISM.—The progress of the fire, which destroyed a number of houses in the city of Raleigh, recently, was stop'd at the dwelling house of Mr. John Stuart, in Fayetteville-st. The Raleigh Register furnishes the following particulars, which are fully confirmed by our recollection of what passed at the former fires in that devoted city:—*Alb. Arg.*

"The preservation of this building," says the Register, "presents one of the most remarkable coincidents ever recorded. At the great fire in June 1816, when there were upwards of fifty houses destroyed, the progress of the flames was arrested at this house, by blowing up the kitchen. In January 1832, when thirty buildings were burnt, the fire was again arrested at the same house, by blowing up a kitchen on the same spot! And now this building has been again preserved under similar circumstances, having, besides the above, been 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 permit ourselves to draw, for none can deem it invidious."

EXTINCTION OF FLAME.—It is of importance to observe that flame, by a statical 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

cash capital invested in the various manufactories of *six million, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars*, besides that employed in other kinds of buisness, from a wholesale store, to a top and whistle manufactory."

—oo—

Good Advice.—It is better to tread the path 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 spins 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 say nothing of the inexhaustible water-power at the falls of Niagara. Is it not then matter of some surprize that the extensive hydraulic privileges in Rochester should be overlooked, by our eastern and southern capitalists? Here are places for machinery to almost any extent, and railroads and canals branch out from us into almost every quarter. It is true, our river turns a very great number of wheels already, but the time cannot be very *far distant* when its powers will be multiplied an hundred fold. Men of Capital would do well to turn their attention this way. They will do well to look not only at the vast amount of business now done by water-power in this village, but contemplate what an advantagous opening is here presented for more extensive and profitable manufactories.

LOWELL.

The whole amount of capital at present invested is $6,150,000. The number of mills in actual operation is 19. These mills are each about 157 feet in length, and 45 feet in breadth—of brick, 5 stories high, each story averaging from 10 to 13 feet high, thus giving opportunity for a free circulation of air. The aggregate number of spindles used is 84,000—looms 3,000. The whole number of operatives employed is about 5000, of which 1200 are males, 3800 females. The quantity of raw cotton used in these mills per annum, exceeds 7,000,000lbs. or 20,000 bales. The number of yards of cotton goods, of various qualities, manufactured annually is about 27,000,000. Were the different pieces united, they would reach to the distance of 15,300 miles! In this estimate is included about 2,000,000 of yards of course mixed cotton and wollen negro clothing, in the manufacture of which about 80,000 pounds of wool are used per annum.

The quantity of wool manufactured annually into Cassimeres is about 150,000 yards.

The Lowell carpet manufactory is in itself a curiosity—68 looms are kept in operation by hand labor, viz. 50 for ingrained or Kidderminster carpeting, 10 for Brussel, and 8 for rugs of various kinds. 140,000 lbs. of wool are in the course of a year manufactured into rich and beautiful carpets, the colors of which will vie with any imported. The number of yards of carpeting made per ann. is upwards of 120,000, besides rugs.

The operatives at present employed in all these mills receive for their labor $1,200,000 per annum.

The Lawrence company has now but one mill in operation. One other is erected, and will be in operation in about three months. The foundations of two others are laid, which will be ready to go into operation, one in 9 months, the other in 12.—These mills will contain about 16,500 additional spindles for cotton, and 550 looms, and will use 2,500,000 lbs. raw cotton annually, furnishing employment for 700 operatives. These three mills will proably be the means of adding at least 1500 to the population of Lowell.

The Middlesex Company has lately erected another mill for the manufacture of Cassimeres and Broadcloths, which is said to be one of the first manufacturing edifices in the United States. It is 153 feet in length, by 46, and six 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 Cassimeres, and 40 for Broadcloths. It will work up about 300,000 pounds of wool annually, and employ 225 operatives.

The edifice in which all the machinery employed in the mills is manufactured, is termed the "Machine Shop," belonging to the Locks and Canal Company, and is probably the largest "Shop" in the country, being built of brick, four stories high, 220 feet in length and 45 in width. About 200 mechanists, some of them the most skilful and ingenious workman 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 American production, are annually converted into machinery, besides a large quanity of imported steel.

It is computed that upwards of 500 tons 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.

Isaac C. Pray, Jr. late Editor of the Shrine, 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.

Commodore Bainbridge, died at Philadelphia, on the 27th ult. The Commodore was a native of New Jersey, and was born at Princeton, in 1774.

Union College.—At the commencement of this institution on the 24th ult., the degree of A. B. was conferred on 70 young gentlemen, graduates. The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. B. T. Welch, and Rev. Isaac Ferris, of Albany, and Rev. Samuel L. Graham, of Granville county, N. C.

Rutgers College.—At the commencement which was held in the Reformed Dutch Church at Newark, on the 17th inst. twenty two 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 McCarrel 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 suction, has recently been invented by some *great calf*.

By *news from the Moon*, a new paper, we learn that the United States Government have purchased Texas.

It is stated in a late Buffalo Journal, that Messrs. J. G. Camp, and O. Follet, of that city, and W. Niel, of Sandusky City, have become joint proprietors of about one half *Sandusky City*.

The Boston Morning Post says, Don Pedro is the only pugnacious man among the rulers in Europe at present, and he clings to Oporto like maggots to a cheese, and declares himself determined to take his own time to conquer his own country, and cut the throat of his own brother—that is right Pedro—do things coolly. On this side of the water the Wandering Piper is neglected. Mr. Kemble is in trouble at Albany, Major Jack Downing at Downingville, Major Noah at New York, and Mrs. Royal at Washington. The Nationals have been doctoring the President, but his friends don't think he is any better than he was before they meddled with him. Mr Webster has been driven from the West by the Cholera, Mr. Dana has given a party to his theatrical friends, and they have reciprocated the compliment. The Post received ten new subscribers yesterday, seven of whom paid in advance. This embraces every thing of importance thoughout the universe, and this is "the only paper which contains the news."

—oo—

Correspondents.—"Simon,"—"M,"—"L. C. D. and other favors on file.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

SAMSON'S LAST FEAT.

JUDGES, *Chap. XVI.*

'Twas now the morning of the festival—
A day of solemn sacrifice. And loud
The streets of Gaza rang with mingled sounds,
The strains of music and the shouts of joy.
The pride and beauty of Philistia's land,
Were there assembled—and the solemn harp,
And dulcimer, were strung to notes of praise
To their great sea-born Deity,* whose power,
So doubtless they believed, had interpos'd
For their salvation, and delivered up,
Deprived of sight and strength, into their hands,
The fell destroyer—the long dreaded foe—
The great herculean 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 maim'd image strew'd the sacred floor
With fragments of his godhead overthrown.
Invincible in power, and might, they deemed
This god of Palestina; and their late
Deliverance, from the Danite's wasteful hand,
Ascribe to his protection. Nor did his
Infatuated worshippers perceive
The fatal snare into which they themselves
Were hastening, when with wine and mirth elate,
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 their herald led, before them stood,
The wreck of former greatness and renown.
His flowing locks, 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. Even 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,
Who till that hour had rang'd the gloomy waste
Unmatch'd, and unsubdued, the dread of all,
A mangled carcase—and as much beneath
The matchless power of his own mighty limbs,
As were the lambs and kids beneath its own:
Who from his arms had snap'd the ponderous cords
As easily as the scorch'd thread of tow,
Or spider's fragile web. The man who had
Upon his ampler shoulders borne away
To Hebron's mount, the massy gates and bars,
Of their own city, while his sleeping foes
Exult in dreams, their great destroyer slain:
Who made the ass's jaw, when in his grasp,
More formidable than a hundred swords
In other hands, and with it scoured the plain
More dreadful than the fabled god of Thrace,
Drenching the earth with blood of hundreds slain.
All this in fancy they beheld, and now
Repent their rashness, and half wish him back
Safely within his dungeon vaults again.
Too late! The die was cast; their hour at hand.
For now, led forward at his own request,
And groping in the dark, as if to find
A place of rest, he laid his hands upon
The two main pillars that upheld the arch
Of that stupendous fabrick, gaily throng'd
With myriads of spectators, witnessing
Their own sad tragedy, of which he was
The great and dreadful hero. Who with pen,
Or pencil, can portray the closing scene;
Or the wild shriek of horror that then burst
From thousand pallid lips, when Samson called
Upon his God, and with immortal strength
Upheaving from their rocky base, he pluck'd
The massy pillars, and that structure vast,
Charged with the fate of thousands, on his own
Devoted head he drew—and then sunk down,
O'erwhelmed with mangled multitudes of slain,
Beneath promiscuous ruin buried deep;
The ruin of his own avenging arm;
And made my title, his last glorious feat,
Out-shine the brilliant actions of his life.

B.

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* Dagon, his name, sea monster—upward man,
And downward fish. MILTON.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

FRIENDSHIP.

Were I possessed of India's GEMS,
A royal glittering diadem,
Peruvian riches, Tyrean dye,
And fame and honor sounding high,
Devoid of friendship's soothing balm,
I'd part with all—with glory's palm—
If friends were bought with GEMS or gold,
Or any treasure earth could hold.
But no, 'tis not in dust to buy
A treasure valued half so high.
True she may boast her courts and crowns,
And monuments of great renown,
But these are glittering transient toys,
Compared with friends and friendship's joys;
For soon their dazzling, time shall cloud,
While friendship, time shall n'er enshroud.

CHARLEMAIGN.

[*From the Wayne Sentinel.*]

THE SABBATH MORN.

There is an hour when nature seems
So sweetly, solemnly to sleep,
That thought as pure as angel's dreams
Should round each heart her vigils keep:
O,—'tis the hour in Eden born,
The holy, hallowed Sabbath Morn.

There is an hour when weary man
May well forget his earthly care,
For God approved the glorious plan,
That toil should find no entrance there;
And many a heart with sorrow worn,
Is gladden'd by the Sabbath Morn.

There is an hour when man may know
The sweets of fellowship with Heaven—
When love Divine has healed his wo,
And sweetly said, "thou art forgiven!"
O well—'tis worth a life of scorn
To spend like this one Sabbath Morn.

O, if the mariner is filled
With gladness when he greets the shore—
If fear within his breast is stilled,
When he reflects his toils are o'er—
So every saint, however forlorn,
With rapture hails the Sabbath Morn.

There is an hour when man may hope
To quit this dreary, darksome vale,
And, buoyed by faith all-conquering, up
To Heaven on seraph pinions sail,
There, from sin's dark pollution shorn,
To spend a lasting Sabbath Morn!

Parma, July 27, 1833. MARGARETTE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

CAN FRIENDS FORGET

Can friends forget—can friends forget
The blissful ties that bound them;
Those happy hours when once they met
With hope and bliss around them?
Can I forget—can I forget
The chain of friendship?—never;—
Around my heart it lingers yet,
A tie I would not sever.

When twilight shadows veil the ground—
When sad or broken hearted,
I sit me down to gaze around,
On scenes and years departed,
Fond memory to my heart shall bring
The friends I loved sincerest,
And in my ears again shall ring
That voice I valued dearest.

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 thinkest thou, that I'll forget
Thy soothing friendship?—never;—
This heart may throb, and break, and yet
'Twill not forget thee ever.

Brockport, July 29, 1833. E. W. H. 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 around objects of this sort, not a rancorous crow or blackbird will dare to approach within gun-shot 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 a sheriff, 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.

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Edwin Scrantom, Editor.

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Biography--No. 3.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

LIFE OF TECUMSEH,

THE CELEBRATED INDIAN WARRIOR.

TECUMSEH the celebrated Indian Chief and Warrior was born about the year 1770, on the bank of the river Sciota, near where Chilicothe 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 temperance and his truth, maintaining an uncommon reputation for integrity, and, what is still more remarkable among his countryman, never indulging in the excessive use of food or liquor.

There is nothing preserved on record, respecting the achievements of the young warrior in his first battles. Some Shawanese have said that he made his *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 ungallantly 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 began 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, *Tetcboxti*, whose head had been bleached with more than eighty winters. Another eminent victim was the Wyandat Chief, *Shateyaronrah*, 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 Shawanee chiefs, 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 impeached 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 any

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 Gov. 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, harrangued 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 or four 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 frontiers; so much so, that early in 1811, Governor Harrison made active preparations for open hostilities, 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 tawny 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 harrangue, 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 operation, 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 peacably disposed, repuested 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.

REVIEW.

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 outbreakings 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 conntry, stands JAMES FINMORE 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 hosts 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 the 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 love-sick damsel. But charmed with the tale, they forgave all—and looking upon it as a fanciful romance, honoured the man whose work it was. Since then, with celerity surpassed alone by that magic spirit, (peace be to his ashes) who for so long a period held dominion over the region of romance—he has sent forth book after book—to gain for himself increased fame, and his country a garland of unfading glory. In quick succession followed Lionel Lincoln, Last of the Mohicans, Pioneers, Prairie, each equalling, if not excelling, its predecessor, until appeared the Red Rover. This has been tho't 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 ravishing appearance, than sails he onward, when describing a sea scene, whether a battle or shipwreck be his subject. Soon appeared the Wept of the Wish ton-Wish. 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 reputation. We fear his sun has reached its meridian. 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 again 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 originality 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 abbots ruled, by the use of spiritual weapons, with as proud a sway as did their rivals, the warlike chiefs. At such a period has the great unknown laid the foundation of some of his finest fabrics. The plot is unworthy so elaborate unravelling. Trifling in itself, it is spun out to a tedious length. It could with propriety be divided into two divisions, each of which are carried along at the same time, or in alternate portions of the work. The one which is the most pleasing and interesting, is the courtship of a nameless youth, huntsman to the knight, with the fair daughter of one of the most substantial burghers of the village. The other is a private feud between the castle and a neighboring abbey. The quarrel originates in a claim of the latter upon a yearly tribute from the former, of 50 hogsheads of wine for absolutions of sins granted one of the ancestors of the present knight. He thinking his own sins as many as he could afford to answer for, refuses to comply with his demand. After skirmishes on both sides, they conclude to settle it on amicable terms. The abbot with two associates agreed to meet the knight, he also having his comrades. Large goblets are to be produced, and each one to drink equal draughts. If the former should be proved to have the strongest heads, they are ever after to have 100 hogsheads of wine a year, but if the latter retain their senses the longest, they are to be freed from the imposition. The combatants were veteran drinkers, and advanced to the contest like men manfully able to sustain it. In the course of time, the two inferiors on both sides fall like logs upon the floor. The knight, with his shaggy eyebrows and stern visage, feels his head swim, and sees that he is about to be worsted. The abbot with sarcastic smiles already thinks the victory his, when the huntsman above mentioned (who was present acting as cupbearer) seeing his master's situation, advances and persists in, with much pertinacity, some heretical notions. This arouses the abbot, who engages vigorously in dispute. Flushed with wine and enraged at his opponent's obstinacy, by the action of both passions combined, he is easily overcome, and the victory is the knight's. Mindful of the good offices of the huntsman, he pleads in his behalf, and the maiden is the reward of the lover. Owing to continued hostilities between the two belligerent parties the abbey is burned, and thus the work closes.

The licentiousness that prevailed in the monasteries at that period is displayed in glowing colors, as well as the savage ferocity that animated the barons. But this is trite, and has already been harped upon, until it is a well known tale. The style in many places is quite inferior. Often-times he forces in America, in order to show his patriotism, which obtrusions are so evident as to excite, in the minds of the reader, disgust.

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 shores once more with thy presence. Greet again thy ancient friends—Hawk-eye and Leather-stockings. Relate anew some Indian tale, or some of the dreadful deeds of the wandering bucaniers of the sea. Do not, for thy own sake, or what to thee is dearer yet, thy country's sake—rashly venture the laurels thou hast won. SIMON.

LITERATURE.

The study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity; is delightful at home, unobtrusive abroad, deserts us not by day nor by night, in journeying, nor in retirement.

The publication of the following communication was promised in the GEM several months ago, but the copy getting mislaid prevented its appearance. On this account and also its being the first effort of a youth, we felt bound to give it place.—Ed.

FOR THE GEM.

AN ORATION, DELIVERED BY A STUDENT IN MOSCOW ACADEMY, AT A PUBLIC EXAMINATION OF THE SCHOLARS, IN 1832.

There seems to be no subject of importance which has not already been treated of by able men, in the best manner which experience, wisdom, and learning could suggest; and in explaining, varying, expanding and elucidating, Oratory has been displayed in the most sublime strains, and by no means to be equalled by the young and inexperienced. In consideration of this we feel but small hopes of satisfying your curiosity, or producing any thing novel or peculiarly interesting, but as the love of liberty is, or should be fondly cherished in your breasts, and deeply rooted there, and since it especially concerns the rising generation, this will be the subject of my remarks on the present occasion.

On looking back to the origin of our independence, we are naturally impelled still farther back; to the time when America was a vast wilderness, inhabited only by wild beasts, and savages, ignorant and ferocious, who roamed through the gloomy forests.

Since that dismal period, we see what advancement has been made in cultivating the soil, civilizing the savages, and raising up a people in knowledge and refinement, possessing virtue, and enjoying liberty, and capable of sustaining it. The pleasant fields covered with rich herbage, the towering steeples, the splendid cities, and the internal improvements which we now see, had then no existence; but the rivers glided down the valleys, the cataracts roared, the beasts howled, and uncultivated nature spread her mantle throughout the vast domain!

But when the fertile soil was discovered by the enterprise of Europeans, detestation of tyranny, and love of liberty, prompted the oppressed to seek for freedom this side the Atlantic. But the chains were not yet broken, they were yet to be shaken off by irresitable force.

The same undaunted spirit which was possessed by our ancestors, should be retained, and fostered by the rising generation; so that if the invading foe should dare to approach, he would be quickly repelled. That time may come, though our nation is now at peace, and we enjoy our liberty unmolested; while the nations of the eastern continent are in a continual turmoil, dethroning kings and struggling for their rights and liberties.

And because we are thus favored, should we therefore be inactive? and settle down in careless stupidity? thinking we have nothing to do, and that there is nothing to be accomplished. No, my friends, there is enough to be done. It is your duty as parents, guar-

dians, and teachers, early to 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 withhold from us their protecting hands. 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 have on you? And how will you discharge the duties of government that will soon devolve upon you? but by improving the time you now have, in storing your minds with useful knowledge, and by studying the nature of true Republican Liberty. Learn nothing but what will be of use to you when you arrive at manhood. Be particularly cautious in regulating your habits, for if you suffer those that are improper to acquire an ascendency over you, they will be most likely to continue their influence throughout your lives. As you would shun the poison of Asps, beware of the immoral and profane!

You may think these admonitions are of little importance to you; that it makes little difference to you who is at the head of government; and that you will never fill any import station in life. If you think so, and continue to think so, you never will! It may do for you to be of this opinion, but it will not do for all! Offices of government must be filled, and they must soon be filled from among the present youths of our country. In the nature of things it must be so.

The security and welfare of a republican government ever has, and ever will, greatly depend upon the disposition of its youth. History informs us that Socrates, the Grecian Philosopher, used his utmost exertions to correct the morals of the young Athenians, and "as he could not do this with any public authority, he was therefore forced to insinuate himself into their company, and to use in a manner the same methods to reclaim, which others did to corrupt them." They "were very attentive" to his instructions, and even neglected their pleasures "to listen" to him. "He greatly exerted himself against the power of the thirty Tyrants, and in behalf of Theramenas whom they had condemned to death!" Monarchs became alarmed, and enraged against him: "they forbade his instructing" the youth, and he was falsely charged, and finally put to death. Here we see what exertions were made by this Patriot; and in what did they consist? In enlightening and moralizing the youth.

We also learn that Cataline, who formed a horrid conspiracy against Rome, and who was determined to overthrow the liberties of that empire, who resolved to put to death the Consuls, and Senators, began his wild career, "by corrupting the young men of that city," and but for the unexampled vigour and vigilance of Cicero, he would undoubtedly have succeeded. Hence we discover the dependence there is upon the young in either building up or pulling down liberty and republicanism. To achieve the former, they must be enlightened; while to effect the latter, they must be corrupted. Young men may be regarded as the bulwark of a nation, and to preserve it secure, they must remain firm. Should we not then exert ourselves for the good of our country? Certain it is, that the march of intellect, the extermination of national evils, and the perservation of our republican institutions, must greatly depend upon the tendency 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.
TOKEN.

'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 unmannerly—'You would think,' says his fellow students, 'he came from Vermont.' Does a young Vermonter gaze with rapture upon a fine landscape, 'No wonder,' is the exclamation, 'he never saw anything but pine trees before.' Does he dwell with still more intense admiration on the fair face of beauty—'Why he is only enchanted by the novelty of a white forehead and red cheek: every body knows the faces of the Vermont girls are the color of a Sweedish turnip.' Has a woman a great uncle, '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 ancle 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 any thing 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!' exclaim her friends, 'she has been used to her comforts and delicacies, 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. Many 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-

ges, gradually shadowing the hills, till the topmost boughs of the tall fir trees were the only objects which received its parting glory. That passed away, and the light mist curled upon its brow, flinging its fantastic wreathes over tree and rock, till it reposed in one dense mass upon mountain and plain. Then the moon arose, and shone upon this moving lake, till it seemed to smile and dimple in its clear beauty.'

'Upon my word!' I exclaimed, 'here is a description and from you!' 'From me? Am I not a native of Vermont, and have not my fathers long dwelt there? They were honorable and wise, and it is the sarcastic smile which plays upon the lip, when my State is mentioned, which rouses my pride. 'Oh! nobody knows where—up in Vermont!' 'But you should remember such sarcasms are from the ignorant.' 'A very just remark! Every body is ignorant when Vermont is mentioned.'

Pardon me,' I replied, for again alluding to the subject. You have convinced me there is fine scenery in your State, but I have heard nothing with regard to your men and women.' 'As it respects the former,' my friend replied with a serious air, 'I cannot perhaps be a correct judge. Many years since there was a circle of gentlemen, whose united worth, talents and graceful address, made them the delight of a much more extended circle than their own; and who are remembered, for but few of them remain, as constituting a school of wisdom and politeness, now comparatively forgotten. They were thrown together in times of public excitement, and their actions and writings remain, to prove their patriotism and genius. I have often wished,' he added, 'that their lives and private virtues were made the subject of something more than a passing notice. At present many of our young men seek distant States, for the display of talent, or the acquirement of wealth; but it may truly be said of those who remain, that no section of our country can boast of a class of men of purer morals or better energies. The claims of hospitality are understood in every grade of society; and I am well assured, if there is a reading and thinking population in any part of America, that population is to be found in the slandered State of Vermont.' 'But the angles of the ladies—surely you have not come to a conclusion, with this part of the argument untouched?' 'As to that,' said my friend, 'there is proportion in the character and persons of my fair State's women; and proportion is beauty.'

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 ringlets out of curl for a married man." "Of course not, my love; but I was not aware who your partner was."

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 unclouded,
Not a shadow is sailing
Where the Moon walks unshrouded,
Her beauty revealing.

See—the clouds gather round her—
The lightning is flashing;
Loud roars the hoarse thunder—
The wild storm is dashing,
Oh, a moment has banish'd
The beautiful scene!
Like a dream it has vanished,
The storm-clouds between.

Thus Life in its morning,
Of May, is serene;
Hope's sweet smiles adorning,
In softness are seen,
And the glass that we look through
Is clear and unstained,
And the scenes that we look to,
Young Fancy has train'd.

Joy dances before us—
Not a cloud intervenes—
A blue sky is o'er us,
Hope flushes our veins.
But the dream is soon over,
Like the scene which has faded;
Realities hover—
The picture is shaded.

The storm whirls each feature
Of splendor away,
But the Moon o'er glad Nature,
Will again cast her ray.
But when reason has blighted
Young fancy's bright bloom,
The path she once lighted,
She can never relume.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

MY DEBUT INTO MANHOOD.

Boyhood—glorious boyhood—how much has been written in thy praise, and yet with all thy sweets, how many a youth has pined to be rid of thee, longed to be freed of thy joy, and released from thy pleasures? It was even so with myself. Now when the charm of manhood is dissipated, when the long sought for treasure has come, and brought nought but cares and disappointments, can I look back upon the innocent days of childhood and wish for their sports and pleasures. But alas! 'tis but a wish, they are fled, forever fled. But to my debut. It was winter, cold, bleak, dreary, winter, the fifteenth day of December, I shall always recollect the day, when a note was put into my hand, neatly folded. I had returned from school, was sitting in my room, pensively musing over my lot, cursing my age which excluded 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, my desires fulfilled. I read the note over and over in silence, and aloud, and it filled my heart with joy. I was now seventeen, and for the last two years had been longing to be a man, the time had now come. The letter was an invitation to attend a party the next evening at Mr.———'s, and what was best of all, it began with "the company of Mr.———, and &c. It was enough—the high sounding title of Mr. had never before been attached to my name, and never did Judge, Duke or King, sound more pleasing to mortal than Mr. did to me.—It was to my mind the acme of human greatness. Never did mortal revel in a scene more pleasing than did I. That night anticipations grand and sweet flowed in upon my enraptured soul. Life seemed a path strewed with flowers, redolent with sweets and filled with happiness. And I now stood a man; the chain that bound me to boyhood was broken, the tyrant was slain, and I was a Mr., and a man. I was now to peep forth from infant obscurity, at once to walk in the higher order of society, be bowed to as a Mr., and addressed as a man. Such were my reflections until sleep changed the scene, and then fancy left to herself took a wider range and pictured scenes that seemed full and real, scenes whose splendor was only mockery, whose brightness was but momentary things that exist only in the imagination, but which are never witnessed by the natural vision, which are not in reality, nor ever can be. I arose in the morning, bright, smiling and happy, but a day of trouble was before me, the causes attendant upon the preparation for so great an occasion as my "debut into manhood," were not small. I must not disgrace myself upon the important occasion; but must appear first, and best. A new era dawned upon my existence, my lucky star was uppermost, and I must support my fortune and make my debut with my finest and best grace, and suit. So immediately after breakfast, I started for the store, where by the kind assistance of the smiling clerk, I was helped to things "actually necessary," to the amount of five dollars, and from hence I proceeded to the dealer in Jewels, when after making a bill of ten dollars in bosom pins and safety-chains, &c. I left with the salutation "please charge it to Pa." It was now about dinner time, after which I retired to my toilette, there to fret and fuss for two hours, when forth I issued in full livery, armed cap-a-pie for a fashionable party, when confound my stars, on looking, it was but 3 o'clock, full three hours too soon, but this was not all, difficulties seemed to multiply, my hair was not in order. So again I sallied forth and was soon seated in the Barber's big chair. Put "your first touches on" said I, as he deliberately clipped off lock after lock. Well my hair being fixed, the thought struck me that I had a beard; where I got the idea I know not, for I am sure my face was as bare as an infant's, but shaved I must be, it was so *manly* and I was now a man. So I was soon fixed for the operation, and a slight smile was on the Barber's lip as he drew his razor

across my beardless face. But the manly 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 plete which ought not to be. Thus in pain and anxiety I remained for half an hour, when 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, yet I did not escape without many harrassing thoughts, and painful reflections: how to make my entry, and what to say and do, was my greatest care, a thousand ways and things came into my head and went out again, and I had arrived at the door before fixing upon any definite rule of action, and now there was no time to spare; to wait by the door would be disgraceful, so with a palpitating heart, I approached the door, and gave the knock, taking hold of the door handle to be in readiness when the accustomed "walk in" was given, to open it and make a bold entry, but I waited, the cold was intense, and my fingers exposed as they were, were by no means comfortable. I felt a pressure on the door but thought it but the wind and kept my hold, until the cold compelled me to withdraw it, when to my no small surprise, the door gently opened, but behold! instead of the smiling face of Miss———, a countenance as dark as Egypt and as ugly as a African was ever made, burst upon my view and welcomed me in: in where? amidst pots, kettles, &c. I had mistaken the door and entered the kitchen instead of the parlor. But the servants seemed to understand my business, and I was invited to walk into the sitting room. I could not refuse then! What an appearance I should make coming from the kitchen! I would have given half my fortune to have been again in the street, but this could not be—go I must among the ladies, and that from the kitchen, and I summoned all my courage and followed the servant. When my face was recognized, I saw some curious looks, but that was all. I was welcomed, introduced to five ladies, and showed a seat. Until this time my presence of mind did not desert me, but now it was all confusion, it was to me new business. I found not a gentleman in the room. I knew not what so say or how to act. My thoughts were confused—I played with my watch-key, turned it over and played with it again—blushed, looked first one way, and then another—took out my watch: it was half past four, and not a gentleman yet. I thought it strange, and could not account for it. At last I brought my courage to the sticking point, and spoke, "fine day, ladies!" At this moment a gust of wind forced open the door, and in came wind and snow. Heavens! what a mistake! No one spoke, and again I was silent, disconcerted, and miserable. I crossed my legs, leaned my arm upon the back of the chair, and my head upon my hand, and in this position I sat, motionless and silent, until five o'clock, when on changing postures, I felt a numness in one leg, it was asleep, and I in a fine predicament, but after numerous twichings and stampings I succeeded in restoring the circulation. During my agony, I saw the girls exchange looks and suppress smiles—'twas torturing—I could not stand it, and resolved again to speak; no gentleman had yet arrived, and I made the enquiry, if none were to be there: "yes, at the proper time," was the laconic reply of a tart old maid. 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 main, 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. A. O. X.

Penn Yan, Aug. 1833.

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WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

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 our whole aim was to pass away the time allotted us for improvement, without casting a single glance forward, or once thinking that we may, shall, be called on to act in a different capacity, and move in a different sphere. Now, these things ought not so to be, for certainly there are subjects enough, of vital importance to every one, which may, with the utmost propriety, be made the subject of conversation at all times, and hours spent in such a manner can and will be viewed with pleasure, as they can never fail to be profitable to all present. The leading ideas of a discourse, which all have heard; the sentiments of an author whose work has been perused by all; moral or natural philosophy, geography, astronomy, any branch of *useful* study, with which we may be conversant, may with great interest and advantage be the topics of free conversation, in which, the fear of being in error should deter no one from expressing frankly his own opinion, as by so doing there will be more probability of arriving at truth, which is the object that we should in every instance desire to obtain. The advantages to be derived from collision of intellect, are not to be seen at a single glance; it takes one's whole life to develope them. Habits are established by it which can never be eradicated; such as giving direction to thought; a close examination of our own minds; weighing impartially arguments used to sustain propositions; searching for useful knowledge as for hid treasure: in short every thing that shall tend to establish us in the truth, a knowledge of which, alone, can make us truly happy. F. L. S.

STEPHEN GIRARD.

Extract from an Address pronounced by Nicholas Biddle, Esq. of Philadelphia, 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 accumulaiton; 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 mind to resist the temptation of being himself the 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 benefits 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 recognise him as "Stephen Girard, of the city of Philadelphia, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Mer. chant 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 beneficence 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 it is which forms the world's truest benefactor, and confers the 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 be 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. Sereno 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 Chambers, 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 benefitting mankind. "He touched (says the Intelligencer) on a great variety of interesting topics under this general head, and professed himself to be an enthusiast 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 Zelander, 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. E. 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 inculcated 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, interestingly 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 ann. We have received the first No. and think it bids fair to rank high among literary periodicals.

Lines written on the death of ELSEY ELIZABETH, *infant daughter of Mr. Daniel G. Finch, Palmyra.*

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 thy longer stay.

Thou camest here like a beautiful bird—
Ah transient but sweet was thy lay!
For an angel thy 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 cover thy path with their shade!

MARGARETTE.

Letters containing Remittances, received at this Office, since 15th ult.

S. T. Hossington, Buffalo, N. Y. $1,50; G. D. A. S. Parks, Lockport, N. Y. $1,50; Mary Reed, Greece, N. Y. 1,50; Caleb Worts, Lyons, N. Y. 1,50; O. S. Holley, and W 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, '50; Charls F. Corbin, Elba, N. Y. 1,00; 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.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

MULEY MOLUC.

§ The sudden strength which strong passion can inspire, even in a dying man, is well illustrated in the history of *Muley Moluc*, Emperor of Morocco. His troops were engaged in battle with the Portuguese, and he was carried upon a litter in to the field, conscious that he must die in an hour or two of an incurable disease. But his army began to retreat. He sprang from his litter, rallied his flying troops, saw the enemy beaten, and then returning to his litter, sunk down exhausted, and expired."

The armies met on the battle plain,
And banner gaily gleamed,
And heaps on heaps they piled the slain,
While every dark eye beamed.
For vengeance there they came to wreak,
And kindred chained, to free,
And all that any dared to speak
Was 'Death or Victory'.

Low on his couch the Emp'ror lay,
And gazed upon the scene,
And long'd to join the dire affray
Upon that bloody green.
Yet he was faint, and Death's cold chill
Was sett'ling on his brow;
Oh 'twould have been a lesser ill
Some other time than now.

Now warmer wax'd the battle dire,
And blood roll'd fiercer now,
And darkly glow'd each eye with fire,
And rage frown'd on each brow.
Hark! hark! that shout, "they fly! they fly!"
Onward the conquerors tread—
The Emp'ror lifts his glazing eye
And sees his soldiers fled.

He leaves the couch—the glitt'ring sword
Gleams in his new-nerv'd hand,
And many a frightened slave implor'd
The Emperor to stand.
He paused not—onward still he rush'd
Toward his faltering host;
His cheeks with that bright bloom were flushed
That was his youthful boast.

"Stand! comrades stand!" the chieftain cries,
"Turn, turn upon the foe;
None but the base, the coward flies;
Strike the avenging blow!"
That wonted voice again they hear,
Astonished and ashamed,
And see him raise the sacred spear
That every soul inflamed.

They fight—they wash away the stain—
The hot pursuers flee,
And Moluc's heart beats glad again
Elate with victory.
He hears again that shout, "they're fled!"
Gives but one gasp for breath,
Then slumbers peaceful with the dead,
A conqueror in Death.

Brockport, August 1833. E. W. H. E.

WHITTIER.

This author's writings, by all lovers of poetry, we belive, are much admired and applauded. With the emotions and passions of the mind, he seems to be engaged, for the most part—and seeks less for wild conceits, 'beautiful, when detected.' His versification is vigorous excessively, and his conceptions are animated, and graphic, and full of deep interest. He does not strive to obtain words of beauty and ornament, but 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 always silver over, 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 picturings, for the sake of displaying a power, which he, doubless, 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 Shrine.*

The following anecdote from the Norfolk Herald, will be read with interest by every one. There are few Lacostes 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. Lacoste's boarding-house, and frankly told him that he was adrift at the mercy of the elements, without a harbor ahead, or a shot in the locker, and if perchance he should be boarded by the Cholera, why, he must founder in the street he supposed. Lacoste who was never known to be backward in extending relief to a fellow creature in distress, and who perceived a warrant for the poor fellow's honesty in his countenance, readily tendered him a bed and a seat at his table, until it should be better times with him, which friendly offer Jack accepted with much joy. Not readily meeting with a vessel to ship on board of, however, our hero became impatient and after making a suitable acknowledgement of gratitude to his kind and generous host, and promising to quit the score as soon as it was in his power, he left his house and embarked for New-York. Twelve months had now rolled on, and the sailor had escaped from Mr. L's memory, when one day last week a seaman, very neatly clad, and of prepossessing countenance, called at his house, and without preface, thus accosted him:

"Here are $200; I wish you to take as much of it as you want to pay yourself for your generosity to me, and keep the balance till I call for it. I am just to put off to sea, and if I go to Old Davy, why you see, I had rather you should have it than any body I know of."

"Why, who are you, and what have I to do with your money?"

"Oh, then you have forgot the poor sailor you took out of the streets last year, and treated so kindly—but he has not forgot you."—So saying, he forced the money upon his benefactor, adding—"I know if I get back safe, I shall find my money safe, and if I don't, why, keep it and welcome. And here, (pulling a lottery ticket from his pocket,) take this, and if it draws a prize, keep that too. Then giving Mr. L. a cordial shake of the hand, he left him and went on board his vessel, which in an hour afterwards was under way for a foreign port.

In less than 24 four hours after his departure, Mr. L. called at a lottery office to inquire the fate of Jack's ticket, when he had the satisfaction to learn that its numbers had drawn the handsome sum of a thousand dollars—Jack's share of the prize money being $250.

The anvil and the bellows.—A Blacksmith, who fancied himself sick, would often teaze a neighboring physician to give him relief. The physician knew that he was perfectly well; but being unwilling to offend him, told him that he must be careful of his diet, and not eat any thing *heavy* or *windy*. The blacksmith went off satisfied; but on revolving 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 *anvil* is heavy, and your *bellows* is windy; do not eat either of them, and you will do well enough.'

DIED.

In Lima, on the 4th of Aug. Mr. Darwin Mosher, aged 21.

MARRIED.

In Albany, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Sprague, the Hon. Mihah Sterling, of Watertown, Jefferson County, to Miss Ruth Benedict.

In Bolton, Mass. July 31st, by the Rev. J. W. Chickering, Mr. Gustavus U. Richards, of New York, to Miss Electa B. daughter of S. V. S. Wilder, Esq. of Bolton.

THE ROCHESTER GEM:

A Semi-Monthly Literary and Miscellaneous Journal

Volume V.—With 8 Plates.

Edwin Scrantom, Editor.

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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!*"

SHAKSPEARE.

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 Harrisburgh to Carlisle, at which place we were to meet another friend, and together pursue the remainder of our journey across the Allegany ranges, 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 in a thousand graceful and picturesque curves; or to gaze on the blue range of the North mountain, which swept 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 passes where the rocks were on the right, piled in threatening grandeur, and on the left, immediately below, the deep and sluggish Connedoit seemed ready to receive whatever should pass the norrow barrier which art had scooped from the mountain. But the slight dread which these places excited, was always instantly dispelled the moment they were passed, and the eye rested on the finely cultivated farms and neat dwelling houses of the German settlers, who occupied this romantic and beautiful valley.

The heavens were without a cloud, save that a few dark pyramidal masses began slowly to peer their heads above the mountains—field and forest was clothed in the richest and brightest green—and every turn of the river glittered in the rays of the sinking sun, like molten silver, as it wound its way thro' the luxuriant harvests of the plain.

"By heavens!" said Jenkins, with animation, 'this is the most beautiful country I ever saw!'

"It certainly combines two features which in my opinion, are indispensable to the beauty of a landscape—quietness and sublimity," I replied. "Strike out the mountain, with its rocky peaks and inaccessible precipices, and substitute a country like this on our left, and however luxuriant the crops might appear, the general effect would be insipidity and tameness."

"If either must be struck out, strike out the mountain, I say" replied, Jenkins; "although I acknowledge that one tires of a succession of objects precisely alike. It is like your good uncle's garden at Kensington, where every thing is arranged with such regularity that the old gentleman would fancy all rules of gardening were violated, if a cabbage, or ruta baga, had not a brother."

"Jenkins, you are severe on my uncle; though were he here, he would be of your opinion, and condemn that magnificent range at once. He always contended that mountains were useless excresences, that deformed the fair face of nature."

"If he is displeased with mountains, he would speedly die of displeasure in this region of Pennsylvania," answered my companion, "though to say the truth, such vallies as this of the Connedoit, would almost reconcile one to their existence. Give me a German for a land-hunter; no matter how high the mountains, or secluded the valleys, if there is a nook of good land he is sure to find it out.

"The Germans certainly deserve credit for their sagacity in this respect," I replied; "in New-York, on the Mohawk, on the Schoharie, and on the Wallkill rivers, you will find abundant evidences of their foresight, in the selection of their plantations."

"Poh!" interrupted Jenkins. "why wander to the Mohawk or the Wallkill? just look before us—If I wanted to give a friend of mine an idea of paradise, I would have him stand here where we are now; if I wanted to show an English farmer a specimen of finished farming I would send him to the valley of the Connedoit; if I wished to get a wife who would never allow a particle of dirt about me, herself, or the premises, I would select a German blue eyed lass, from some of these neat white mansions, in the valley of the Connedoit; if—but heavens! what is this? ride for your life, Conway, or we shall be swept to destruction together!"

There was, indeed, no time to lose. The heavy rains which had fallen two days previous, or some other cause, had loosened from its bed, one of those massy rocks which overhung the cliffs, high up the mountain side; and at the very moment we were in the narrow pathway below, it commenced its tremendous descent, bearing before it stones, rocks, and the trees which had taken root in the projecting cliffs.—Our first warning was a dreadful crash—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 are 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, I 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 eyelashes, 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 remembrance of seeing angels in his dreams; so pure, bright, heavenly and ethereal: such this beautiful being seemed to me, as with noiseless step she glided 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 awakened perfectly rational. My dreams had vanished, and were changed to realities. The angelic creature was still there, and when I awaked to the possession of my reason, was standing near the bed, watching every movement 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 unconcious 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 expression 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 on your account;" and as she spoke, she stepped to the door of the apartment. "Heerman," continued she, "will you come this way a moment?" and the gentleman I have mentioned entered the room.

A glance at my countenance told him what she wanted; and advancing to the bed side, he kindly pressed my hand, while he assured me of his happiness at finding me so much better. He was apparently about thirty-five years of age; strong and well built; a high forehead, and penetrating eye; but the notice I bestowed on him was momentary, for the lovely being who had so deeply interested me, was while he was speaking, leaning on his arm, and her bright eyes were lighted up with an expression which partook of love, and thankful gratitude. When conversing with me they used the English language, but when with each other, the German, which, however, I well understood.

"May I know," said I, "to whom I am indebted for this kindness?"

"To those who are happy in being able to show it, when needed," was the gentleman's reply.

"That answer is sufficient for my thankfulness; but the *name* of my benefactors I must know also," I said.

"Our names," he replied with a smile, "are Heerman and Louisa Lowendorff." Still I was not satisfied: an irresistable impulse urged me forward, and I added, "a brother and sister, I am to suppose?" hoped, the word would have been, had a full utterance to my feeling been given.

"No," answered the gentleman, smilling while his arm fell around the slender waist of the beautiful Lousia, and she appeared to lean with still greater affection upon him—"No, we a e connected by a tie more powerful and endearing than that; is it not so, my dear Louisa?"

"O yes!" she answered; and as her sparkling eyes met his, they spoke more than words could have done.

Louisa Lowendorff, at that instant, appeared one of the most charming creatures I had ever seen; her dress was exquisitely neat, an emblem of the purity of her mind—and admirably adapted to her fine figure. Her eyes—until that time I had deemed it impossible that those of any person could have combined such mildness and sweetness with such brilliancy: the saying of the Arabian, that the "eagle might have proved the eyes of her young by them," would not, in her case, be hyperbolical. From the gentleman I learned that Jenkins, after assuring himself that every care should be taken of me, and that I should want for nothing, had, on the third day proceeded on his journey; and thus the failure of our enterprise, which in my first moments of reason I had feared, was, I hoped, effectually prevented.

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 little son, a sprightly, active child, had formed another connecting link in the chain of mutual affection, by which they were united. Louisa did not appear to be more than twenty-two, although she might have been older. There was something in her countenance which forcibly reminded me of some one I had seen in bye-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 features, though where, I in vain taxed my memory to acertain.

Lowendorff, Louisa and myself, were one evening sitting in the parlor—Francis climing upon my knee and amusing us with his innocent prattle—Louisa at intervals, gratifying us with some of those touching airs for which the German musicians are so justly celebrated, upon a fine toned pianno, or listening to Lowendorff, who read for our amusement in a German periodical, which he had that day received from Europe, via Philadelphia. I had seen the same volume in the city, and when not particularly interested by it, was reading in a much more beautiful volume, the countenance 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 sufferings of his heroine, which I had not before seen—and the thought, that in the nun of St. Lawrence, at Vienna, I had seen the lovely being who was then before me, flashed across my mind, with all the conviction of undoubting assurance.

"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 replied, "I should say it was at Vienna, and in the nunnery 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 answered, "and in passing through Germany, from Hamburg to Trieste, I spent a month in Vienna."

"Did you visit the nunnery you have mentioned?" 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 deeply interested; and that person, unless I am much mistaken, was Louisa Lowendorff."

"I shall always recollect the circumstance, I replied, as Louisa took from her bosom the partrait, and handed it to me.

"It is the same," said I, as I looked upon it, "the portrait of a sister, dear to me as life, and which I would not have parted with to any one who less resembles her."

"My dear Heerman, we, too, have made a discovery," said Louisa, smiling; "for our friend, it seems, is the very American, (Englishman, we called him then,) to whom we owe so much for his kind aid in enabling us to escape, and the person of whom you have so often 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 destination dreadful as death, and the happiness I now enjoy."

Francis, their little son, witnessing the emo-

tion of his parents, ran to me, and clasped 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 was 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 then 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 my 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 been tempted to do as you have done?"

"You shall hear the whole," said Lowendorff, "but not to-night, for we have already in the interest we feel in the subject, forgotten your weakness."

I felt that he had spoken the truth; and kissing little Francis, and wishing them a good evening, retired to my room, but it was not to sleep, until memory had called up and ran over the history of my acquaintance with the beautiful nun of St. Lawrence. That incident had never been erased from my memory, and the recollections of the lovely creature I then saw, had furnished the MATERIAL of many a delightful waking reverie, or still more enchanting vision.

I was on a tour through Germany, and tho' it was during the heighth of the struggle between revolutionary France and the Austrians, I was a foreigner, and provided with letters both from the English and Russian Governments, permitted to pursue my objects undisturbed.—The high expectations I had formed of the Austrian capital were not disappointed, and the magnificent streets, with their ranges of palaces—the splendor of the court and the nobility—and the attractions furnished by the literati, and the beauty of the surrounding country, rendered Vienna one of the most pleasant places I had yet seen. The women, too—I have seen Italian women, French women, and English women, but I have never seen women more really beautiful, than may be found among the higher ranks at Vienna.—Americans are prejudiced against the Germans, as a standard of female beauty and perfection; but we have not seen them under circumstances favorable to the developement of their character, in that respect. A more firm, attached, noble-spirited, generous female cannot be found, than the well educated German lady; and any person who will leave the Prater, that favorite resort of the Austrian nobility, 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 nunnery 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 us down at the door of the convent—we were admitted without hesitation, and conducted to a large and elegant department, 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 polish rounds of wood, about an inch in diameter, which extends from the floor to the ceiling. Sofas were placed against this slight separating railing on both sides; 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 rung 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 raillery which Theresa had assumed, "so long as there are such sweet flowers blooming in the partarre, 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 nuns in succession. I had no difficulty in entering into conversation with them—they were intelligent and inquisitive—and to an inattentive observer, might have appeared in the perfect garb of perfect content and happiness. With the ordinary topics 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 girdle secured by a diamond clasp—a necklace of pearl was 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 sofas, a pleasing conversation ensued; and after a little time, I contrived to place myself opposite to 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, almost 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, smothered, 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 nunnery of St. Lawrence, had awakened a feeling in my bosom, new and delightful [illegible]

loved to indulge. As a matter of consequence, I felt myself irresistably drawn to the place, and but two days elapsed before my fair companion and myself found ourselves in the building that contained the fair Louisa; and I, as before was happy enough to engross the company and conversation of the fair nun, who had so deeply interested me.

We were seated as before. Her white hand lay on the back of the sofa, as we were conversing—the distance between the railings permitted it, and I gently laid mine upon it.

"Louisa," said I, in a half whisper, as I did so, "this is not the place for Louisa Stienberg.

Louisa started—blushed—turned her penetrating eye upon me, with an expression of half anxiety and half entreaty, but suffered her hand to remain in mine as she replied—

"You are for once mistaken."

"No, I certainly am not," I answered.

"Then Theresa has revealed to you my—, she paused.

"No," I replied, "Theresa has told me nothing: but it needs not the gift of necromancy to know that such a being as you are, cannot be happy within these walls."

"Happiness is a relative term," said Louisa; "it is useless to expect it in perfection, this side of heaven; and if we have the greatest degree that circumstances admit, we ought to be cheerful and contented."

"That, Louisa is philosophy," I replied; and that is sometimes widely at variance with our best feelings."

"I well know," she replied with a tone which went to my heart, "that it is some time at variance with those feelings or ours which are the dearest, and which we most love to cherish."

We were now interrupted in a conversation, which to me had begun to assume an interesting aspect, by the elderly lady, who came towards us, and said, with a smile; "Louisa, you must not claim the company of this young gentleman, wholly to yourself; he will pardon us, if shut up as we are from the world, we are all anxious to learn what is passing in it, especially in his native country, of which we Germans hear much, and know little. I have, however, understood that there are few nunneries in the United States."

"There are, I believe, two small establishments of the kind," I replied; "but we have not yet enough of the beauty and grace which belongs to the fair sex, dispersed over our country, to be able to afford any of it for such a seclusion as this."

Theresa now joined us; and after a lively conversation of half an hour we again took our leave.

(To be Continued.)

CONUNDRUMS.

Why does Modesty resemble a Miss in her teens?

Because it's *becoming* a woman.

Why does an Auctioneer like the looks of a cross looking man?

Because they're for bidding.

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 assailed 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, no doubt, was very much surprised and mortified at the conduct of his brother, the Prophet. From this time, while the former took a more independant 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 1812, 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-yell against 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 more, for the purpose of cutting off the American reinforcements on that route.

Soon after Perry's victory, on Lake Erie, the choicest troops of the West were collected, to follow up his success. On the 27th of September, the troops were received on board of the American fleet, and the same day reached a point below Malden; which had been evacuated by the British General Proctor, who, with the Indians under Tecumseh, had retreated up the river Thames. Gen. Harrison, at the head of three thousand five hundred men, commenced a rapid march in pursuit of the fugitive army. In a few days he gained upon them so rapidly as to capture considerable quantities of their stores.

On the 5th of October, it was discovered that near the Moravian Towns, within a few miles' march, they were drawn up in battle array.—The Americans were formed in two lines. The right wing of the American army, consisted of three brigades, averaging nearly five hundred men each, which formed the command of Major General Harrison. The left wing, consisted of the mounted regiment of cavalry commanded by Col. Johnson. Gov. Shelby of Kentucky, a veteran of sixty-six years of age; who had distinguished himself in the revolutionary war at King's mountain, commanded a corps of reserve. The left wing of the British army, consisted of about seven hundred British regulars, under the immediate command of General Proctor. Their right wing, consisted of about thirteen hundred Indian warriors under Tecumseh, who were posted in the thick brushwood of the swamp.

The right wing of the American army, advanced against the enemy, and suddenly dashing through their ranks, formed in their rear, and was preparing to give them a fire with the deadly rifle, when they surrendered. General Proctor made his escape by the means of swift horses. Upon the American left, however, the contest with the Indians was more obstinate. Col. Johnson, who commanded on that flank, received from them at the first onset a very galling fire. The combat now raged with unusual violence; the Indians seemed determined to maintain their ground to the last, and the terrible voice of Tecumseh could be distinctly heard, encouraging his warriors, who fought round their gallant chief with determined courage. Here was his last struggle. Disdaining to fly, when all were flying around him but his own nearest followers, he pressed eagerly into the heart of the contest, and he appeared to be advancing towards Col. Johnson; who was hastening towards *him* on the other side, at the head of his mounted infantry.—The Colonel, being mounted on an elegant white horse, was a very conspicuous object; and his holsters, clothes and accoutrements were pierced with bullets; he having received five wounds, and his horse nine. At the instant his horse was about to sink under him, the daring Kentuckian, covered with blood from his wounds, was discovered by Tecumseh. The heroic chief, having discharged his rifle, sprung forward with his tomahawk but struck

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 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 welcome, for us. 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.

Aloft on his courser, his plumes waving high,
Rage bright'ning each feature, fury bright'ning 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 foeman thus rung on his ear:
"Tecumseh! Tecumseh! thy hour draweth near;
Yon 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 weigh'd,
And to-day you're consign'd to futurity's shade.
"Columbia's war horses, shall prance, and shall neigh,
O'er the plains where your bones will sun-bleached lay.
Stern warrior! no more shall the war-whooping sound,
Make your chieftains and warriors encircle you round;
No more will your yelling your countrymen rouse,
On the ranks of your foemen courageous to charge;
No more will your hand cause the infant to bleed,
No more to the charge will you spur your train'd steed;
No more on the blasts will be wafted your yell;
No more to our foes, our scalps will you sell;
At midnight, no more you'll your war-hatchet steep
In the blood of the brave, as unconscious they sleep!
The star of your glory is now near its fall;
Your race is run out, "Death hath woven your pall!"
"Hark! now you are summon'd—you fall,—yes, 'tis o'er!"
The voice instant ceased, and Tecumseh's no more.

The British Government granted a pension to Tecumseh's widow and family, which probably continues to this day. The Prophet, who survived the war, and was little exposed in it, was supplied in the same manner until his death, which occurred a few years since.

Thus fell, October 5th, 1813, about the forty-fifth year of his age, Tecumseh, the most celebrated Indian warrior that ever raised the tomahawk against white men, and with him, fell the last hope of our Indian enemies. But he fell respected by his enemies, as a great and magnanimous chief; for though he never took prisoners in battle, he treated with humanity those that had been taken by others; and at the defeat of Dudly, in attempting to relieve Fort Meigs, actually put to death a chief whom he found engaged in the work of massacre. He had been in almost every engagement with the whites, since the defeat of Gen. Harmer, in 1790. We cannot find recorded on the pages of history, that there ever has been an Indian enemy appeared against the whites since the time of *King Philip*, that was so regularly engaged in these terrible incursions against the first settlers of the country, as was Tecumseh. When girded with a silk sash, and told by General Proctor that he was made a brigadier in the British service, he returned the present with respectful contempt. He was endowed with a powerful mind, and possessed the soul of a hero; had an uncommon dignity in his countenance and manners, by which marks, he could be easily distinguished, even after death, from the rest of the slain; for he wore no insignia of distinction. Born with no title to command but his own native greatness, every tribe yielded submission to him at once; and no one ever disputed his authority. His form was uncommonly elegant, his stature about six feet, and his limbs perfectly proportioned.

"The grave, in which his remains were deposited by the Indians after the return of the American army, is still visible near the borders of a willow marsh, on the north line of the battle-ground, with a large fallen oak tree laying beside it. The willow and the wild rose are thick around it, but the mound itself is cleared of shrubbery, and is said to owe its good condition to the occasional visits of his countrymen. Thus repose in solitude and silence, the ashes of the INDIAN BONAPARTE."

Lockport August, 1833. L. C. D.

* Gen. Proctor. † George the King of England.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

LINES

Written on the Blank Leaf of a Lady's Bible.

When thy beauty shall fade, as 'tis certain it must,
And thy youth as it flies, steal the bloom which it gave;
When the cold hand of death shall consign thee to dust,
And the wild flowers bloom o'er the clod of thy grave:

If this volume of Heaven has been thy delight,
If thy off'rings of praise to thy God have ascended,
If thy prayers have encircled the throne of His might,
And the tears of repentance with love thou hast blended:

Thy barge as it floats to the regions of truth,
Shall know neither danger, nor doubting, nor fear;
For the God thou hast sought in the days of thy youth,
Will seek and support thee when danger is near:

He will guide it unhurt to eternity's shore,
And anchor it safe in the haven of rest;
Thou shalt sleep in his bosom to wander no more,
From the house of thy "Father, the home of the bless'd."

Chili, Sept. 2, 1833. J. A. W.

APOSTROPHE TO THE MOON.

BEAUTIFUL moon! so changeful in thy course and form—now 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 volley? Thou wilt not answer; but all nature teems *here* 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 feeble light.—Farewell—farewell pale moon—and thou bright sun, now dwindled to a twinkling star—fare thee well—for I roam in other systems, where there are other Suns! Onward, thy beams are extinct to me now—thy light has not yet travelled so far. And now, behold, I am as when I started—in the midst of space, surrounded by glittering worlds. ETERNAL, where is thy

throne? Is it local, or is all space thy habitation? Come home mind. The scene is too vast for thee. Thou becomest bewildered, but cannot fathom the mystery of creation. At such a moment—with such views, how infinitely little seem our pursuits—human pride—and human ambition—our rivalries, and our quarrels. Deity—thou art great beyond our lofties conceptions: and wise beyond our deepest reasonings. We know the "Heavens shine by thy splendour and all nature is eloquent in thy praise." Inspire us with right minds—just and tender to our fellow men—and with grateful and obedient hearts. Reason, presumtive, that would fain reach thy vast height, tottles darkling to earth. But the sacred page supplies what bold, but erring reason could never attain. The way of duty is made plain. The paths of faith and hope are lighted up by the bright star that rose to guide the Shepherds of Bethlehem.

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 rugged 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 cataract—all—all show that America is a favored land. Who, born and nurtured amidst 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. Will he 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:—
> Afar 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 temples 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.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

"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; and 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! p-r-o-d-i-g-i-o-u-s f-u-r-b-e-l-o-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 courthouse, 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 thicket-plain, in search for the squirrel and the partridge. The fisherman may follow the deep, broad river, or the murmuring brook, for the pickerel and the trout. And here also may the florist range through green pastures and delightful meadows, and observe how much superior to man's are the works of nature: and even the geologist may pleasantly and profitably pass along the shores of the foaming or the placid stream, thro' dells, or up the mountain-steeps. 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 wearied 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 back ground!

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 any thing 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. Have also obtained one new subscriber, and enclose $3. Yours truly."

☞ Account of Receipts in our next.

A Simile.—A modern writer has happily observed, that "the sourest disappointments are made out of our sweetest hopes, as the most excellent vinegar is made from damaged wine."

Humorous.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

Shortly after the first Republican Constitution of New York was framed, and the judiciary 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 the eccentric judge Crane was to preside.—Judge Crane was very wealthy, and highly respected for his public and private virtues; especially for his charitableness to the poor, but he always dressed in a plain garb, and would hardly ever wear an over coat, whatever the wheather might be, and it was seldom that he rode, when he went abroad, although he owned many valuable horses. On the morning of the day on which the court was to begin, the judge set out before day and walked gently on through rain, hail 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 an 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 countenance 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 said I was wet and cold; and if you had been out as long as I have been in this storm, I think you would likewise be wet and cold.—I said I wanted something to drink and to eat.—But you have got no money you say, retorted the landlady. I told you the truth, says the judge, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, but were I as rich as Crœsus, I would be willing to work for something to eat and to drink. Crœsus, who is he? says the landlady. I never knew him, says the judge, but have understood that he was very rich—I want something to drink; were I as poor as Job, in his utmost calamity, and had my health and strength, as well as I now have, I would willingly go to work a little while, if I could get something to drink, and a bite of good victuals. Well old daddy, how much do you want to drink? Half a gill of good brandy, said the judge. Very well says she, I will give you half a gill and some cold victuals, if you will go into the back yard and cut and split three arms-full of wood, and bring it into the kitchen where the servant is making a good fire to dry the gentlemen's great coats by, when they come, and after you get your victuals I shall want you to go away. Well, says he, give me the brandy and I'll soon bring the wood. He drank the liqour and walked quietly off into the wood-yard, where he found a good axe, and he soon laid by the fire the proper quantity of the wood; viz: his arms three times full, when the old lady had got his cold luncheon on the table, in hopes that he would eat and be off. Now for the good bite of victuals, says the judge. There it is, said she, coldly. And it is almost as cold as myself, but not half so wet, for I see neither tea, or coffee, nor chocolate to wet it. Beggars must not be choosers says she. I am not begging of you madam, said he, but have paid you the full price demanded. I told you, says she, I would give you cold victuals, and there is cold boiled ham, cold pork and beef, cold potatoes and turnips, cold vinegar, pickles and cat sup; and if you want any thing hot, there is mustard and pepper, and here is good bread, good butter and cheese, good enough for such an old ragamuffin as you are. It is all very good, said he pleasantly, but madam, be so good as to let me have some new milk, warm from the cow, to wet my victuals. The cows are not milked, says she. Then let me have a bowl of cold milk, says he. I will not send the servants in this storm to skim it for you, said she. Said he with a pleasant smile, dear madam, 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 abject of the human race. You have a very good wife, says she. Indeed I have, said he, and she keeps my clothes clean and whole—and notwithstanding you call me 'old ragamuffin,' I am not ashamed to appear abroad in any good company. Well, I must confess, said she, that when you have your broad brimmed hat off, you look middling well, but I want you to eat and be off, for we shall want this fire to dry the gentlemen's great coats and umbrellas by; and among them Judge Crane. Judge Crane, says the judge, who is Judge Crane? The circuit judge, says she, one of the supreme judges you old fool.

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 this day. You old goose, I care nothing for your bets. Eat and be off—I tell you judge Crane is to be here, and we have no room for you. I don't care one rye straw more for judge Crane, than I do for myself, and it has got to be so late, if he come at this time of day, he would more likely go directly to the court house and stay until dinner time, than to go to any tavern; and if business was very urgent, he would be very likely to stay away even from dinner. I know something about the old codger. And some people say he is a rusty, fusty, old Judge. Pretty talk, indeed, says the landlady, about the supreme judge. Now eat your cold chick and be off, or be off without eating, just as you please. I tell you, said the judge, that judge Crane is not the supreme judge, and if he was, he is no more fit to be judge than I am. Well now be off with yourself, says she. Don't be in too great a hurry, said he, mildly. I wish to know who is landlord here! I wish to know where he is! He is the high sheriff of the county and he won't be at home till night, but if he was here you would not stay long! Well madam, said he, give me a cup of cider to wet my victuals if you won't give me milk. Not a drop, says her ladyship. The judge who had now got pretty well warmed and dried, and wished for his breakfast, put on a stern countenance and positively declared he would not leave the room and fire until he pleased. But, added he, if you will grant my request, I will eat and be off. The cider was immediately bro't and judge partook heartily of the collation before him, and then took his broad brimmed hat and gently walked on to the court house, where he found good fires, clean floors, and during the court hours he presided with dignity and propriety.

When the judge withdrew, the landlady anxiously looked after him for some time, as he walked steadily on towards the court house—supposing him to be some poor man summoned up to court as a witness, or some culprit or some vagabond, who might give her trouble in time of court, and expressed to her servants a desire that they would see that he did not disturb the gentlemen and judges who might put up there; while some of the girls declared that if he should come they would use some of his own expressions to him which he used respecting judge Crane. Let me see, says one, 'rusty crusty,' yes and 'fusty old fudge,' says another, te-he, te-he, joined all.

When dinner was announced, the court, not being thronged, was immediately adjourned, and the day being stormy and cold, the judges and lawyers poured into the sheriff's tavern, where thy 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 if judge Crane 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 set 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 fusty fellow with the broad brimmed hat on was right in among the bare headed gentlemen, 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 errand was done accordingly, and the judge in a low tone, said to the girl, tell your mistress I have a little business to do with some of these lawyers, and when done I'll be off in the course of two or three days. The girl returned, faithfully rehearsed the message, and added that she believed the old fellow was drunk, or he would not have said 'as soon as my business is done I'll be off in two or three days.' Well Betty, says the mistress, go back and when the gentlemen begin to sit down, do you stand by the head of the table and whisper to some gentleman that I wish a vacant place left at the head of the table for judge Crane, and then do you hasten back and see that John has the cider and other liquors in good order. And Mary do you fill two turreens with gravy, and put one at each end of the long table. And Martha do you see that all the clean plates for a change are ready, and that the tarts and pies, &c. are in good order. Betty again repaired to the post at the head of the table and softly informed a gentleman of the request of her mistress. 'Certainly!' says the gentleman, and Betty hastened back to assist John. The gentlemen now sat down to an elegant repast, and after a short ejaculatory address to the Throne of Grace, delivered by judge Crane, in which he adored the Father of all Mercies for feeding all his creatures throughout the immensity of space—invoked a blessing on that portion of earthly bounty then before them, and supplicated divine mercy thro' the merits of our Redeemer—the gentlemen began to carve and serve round in the usual form. But as the judge was of a singular turn, in almost every thing, and had taken a fancy that if a person eats light food at the same meal, with that which is more solid and harder of digestion, that the light food should be eaten first; he therefore filled his plate first with some pudding made of rice, milk and eggs, and placing himself in rather an awkward situation, with his left elbow on the table, and his head near the plate, began to eat according to his common way, which was very fast, though he was no great eater. And some of the gentlemen near the judge followed his example as to partaking of the pudding before the meat; of course a large deep vessel which had contained that article was nearly emptied when Mary approached with her turreens of gravy, according to the command of her mistress, and as she sat down the last near the judge, he says to her in an austere manner, 'Girl bring me a clean plate to eat some sallad on." The abrupt manner in which he addressed her, and her disgust at seeing him there in that position so disconcerted the girl that she did not observe that any one except the judge had partaken of the pudding, nor did she know what he meant by sallad; but she saw the large pudding pan was nearly emptied, and hastened back with the utmost speed to her mistress, and addressed her with, 'Lord, madam, that old fellow's there yet, and he's certainly crazy or drunk, for he is down at the table and has eaten more than a skipple*

*Skipple, is a measure of three pecks, used in Holland, instead of the English bushel; and the inhabitants of Poughkeepsie were mainly low dutch at

of the rice and pudding already, and has his nose right down in a plate full, now shovelling it in like a hog; and told me as if he was lord of the manor to bring him a clean plate to eat sallad on. Bless me, where can we get sallad this time of year, and the gentlemen have not done carving yet, and not one has begun to eat meat—much less to eat a tub full of pudding. Aye, he'll get a clean plate, says Martha, before gentlemen want clean plates. I'll clear him out! says the mistress, and starts for the dining room, burning with indignation.

The judge was remarkable for not giving unnecessary trouble to any body where he put up and generally eat whatever was set before him without any remarks; and seldom made use of more than one plate at a meal; but at this time he had observed near him a dish of raw white cabbage, cut up and put into vinegar (which the low dutch at Poughkeepsie call *cold slaw*, and which he called sallad) and he wished for a separate dish to prepare some of it for his own taste. The carving and serving were not yet finished when he expected the clean plate, and when the landlady arrived at the door of the dining room, determined to drive him out. She advanced with a firm step to the door and fixed her keen eye sternly on the judge, when he turned his head that way, and observing her, mildly said, landlady can I have a clean plate to eat some salled on? A clean plate and sallad! retorted the landlady indignantly. I wish you would come into the kitchen until gentlemen have dined; I had reserved that seat for Judge Crane.

The company, struck with astonishment, all fixed their eyes alternately on the landlady and the judge; and sat or stood in mute suspense. When the judge gracefully raised himself up in his chair carelessly folding his arms across his breast, then putting his head on one side, said 'you reserved this seat for judge Crane, did you? Indeed I did. It was very kind, says he, and with your permission and the approbation of these gentlemen with whom I have some business to do, I will occupy his seat until you shall find the judge. Find the judge! said she with emphasis: go look for him yourself, not send me nor my servants. I gave you breakfast this morning, for chopping a little wood, because you said you had no money, and I expected you would go away quietly and keep away, and now you come here to disturb gentlemen at dinner. Here the whole joke burst on the minds of the gentlemen present, who fell into a loud fit of laughter. After the tumult had a little subsided, says the judge mildly, did I chop wood to pay for my breakfast? Indeed you did, says she, and said you had no money! I told you the truth, said the judge, but I have a beautiful shawl, worth more than ten dollars, which I just now bought, and will leave it with you in pawn if you will let me eat dinner with these gentlemen. Here the gentlemen were biting their lips to keep from laughter. How did you buy a shawl worth more than ten dollars without money? I bought it on credit, says he, That is a likely story and something like your abuse of judge Crane this morning, says she. How could I abuse the judge, if he was not present? Why you called him 'rusty, fusty fudge, and an old codger, and said you did not care a rye straw for him more than you did for yourself.' And here the whole company were in an uproar of laughter again. But as soon as it was a little subsided, one of the gentlemen present asked her mildly if she knew that the gentleman whom she was addressing, was not judge Crane? He judge Crane! said she, he looks more like a *snipe* than a *Crane*. Here the loud laughter burst forth the third time. And after a little pause, the judge said, I must confess I am not a bird of very fine feathers, nor am I a bird, but I assure you I am a *Crane*, and a crane is often a very 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 pawn*.' And gently laying it across her arms, said. 'take it madam, and do not attempt to return it, for it was purchased on 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.

MARRIED.

In Greece, by the Rev. Mr. Clapp, on the evening of the 1st inst. Mr. *David Stillson*, of this place, to Miss *Sophia Dickinson*, of Massachusetts.

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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 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 unmixed 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 accordance 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 songstress shut up in a cage, and fruitlessly endeavoring to escape—sometimes for a moment forgetting it was a prisoner, and warbling forth those notes it had sung when at liberty—then, with throbbing heart, trying every wire, with impotemt hope of escape—such is the fate of many of those, who like those we have just left, in a moment of delusion foreswear the world, society and its charms.'

'When you become more acquainted with these institutions, you will think differently of them and their inmates,' said Theresa.

'Never,' I replied with earnestness;—'the youthful bosom will love—it was made for love—will penetrate the walls of a convent; but there the purest, dearest affections of the heart, become the sources of remediless misery.

There was a most provoking smile playing around the lips of the sprightly Theresa, as she laid her white hand upon my arm, and said, 'I am certain that if you had not seen Louisa Stienberg, you would never talk of nunneries in such an *ilpenseroso* strain.'

'You may laugh at me, my dear Theresa,' I replied, 'while I admit that the appearance of Louisa has convinced me, had I needed any 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 fornight, and yet you have never once offered to run away with me; while you are for battering down the nunnery of St. Lawrence, and carrying off the charming Stienberg 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 deserve?'

'Worse and worse,' said the young Austrian; 'now going to play the flattering Frenchman; I had hoped better things of your anglo American character.'

'Still' Theresa, you wrong me,' I answered; 'you I respect—Louisa I pity.'

'And pity is the twin sister of love,' said Theresa.

'I do not feel disposed to dispute you,' I replied.

'I knew I should drive you to the confession, 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 Vienna had expired, yet I was reluctant to leave it. With Theresa I had frequently called at the nunnery and we were, by the lovely Louisa, ever received with a cordial welcome. Still there was a feeling that my reception however affectionate was the same which would have by her been given to any dear friend, who had manisfested so much interest in her welfare.—Theresa, I found, knew little more of her history than I did. Report stated that an unfortunate attachment had driven her there; but the fair recluse maintained that she had accepted the veil, freely and voluntarily.

The last day of my residence in Vienna, at last arrived. At four I was to leave it for Italy; my passports were signed, but I could not go, without again visiting Louisa; and early in the morning, Theresa and myself called at the convent. There was nothing of constraint in our reception at that place—the rank of Theresa forbid suspicion of improper motives—and every thing wore the appearance of as much hospitality as could in the best mansion and society in Vienna. Louisa was there as usual—it was my last visit—she had insensibly acquired a deeper interest in my heart, than perhaps, I was willing to allow; and a feeling 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 widely.

'Louisa,' said I, 'to-day I leave this city for Venice.'

'So soon?' she answered with some emotion.

'My time, which I had devoted to my visit here, 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 forgotten,' 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,' replied 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—'

'Name 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 denythat 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 affections.'

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 remember with affection, Louisa Stienberg.'

She took it—untied 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 from her recollection, the affectionate remembrance of him from whom it had been received. The matron who was in attendance, now approached us as the bell chimed the hour for their devotions.

'Farewell,' said the lovely girl—'farewell, 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 bosom was heaving as if it would burst the muslin folds that confined it—and with her hand waving another adieu, she followed the lady without speaking.

CHAPTER IV.

"Look down, ye gods, and on this couple drop
A blessed crown." TEMPSET.

I left Vienna for Italy, by the way of Venice, 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 I have mentioned; but her image had not been effaced from my remembrance; and my waking hours and midnight dreams, had frequently borne 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 creature—nay, more bright and enchanting; for the shade of sadness which so strongly tinctured all her actions at Vienna, had disappeared, and she seemed the personification of happiness 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 been its brightest ornament—but I should have been a fiend, indeed, to have endeavored to awaken in her pure bosom, had it been possible, feelings of dissatisfaction 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 circumstances which had so unexpectedly liberated Louisa Stienberg, from the nunnery 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 tinging the bold peaks of the north mountains, with golden tints, and throwing its deeper valleys and abrupt precipices into deeper and bolder 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 beautiful Baltimore, was chanting its sweet notes from the top of one of the majestic elms, which stood near the mansion, and on one of the depending leafy branches of which, its curiously woven nest was floating suspended in the air; on the highest branches of an apple-tree, within a few feet of the window, the robbin was pouring forth his mellow tones, as if emulous of his more beautiful rival; and flitting from tree to tree, the yellow bird, and the blue bird, glanced like living and winged blossoms, through the pure ether. I was delighted; and as I sat musing on the prospect, and reflecting on the past, the rising sunbeams spread their flood of radiance over the valley, and converted, the slow-flowing Connedoit to a long waving line of liquid silver. In a short time, breakfast was announced; at the table I had again 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 have 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 around me with a fondness which delighted his affectionate parents.

'I fear from your looks,' said Lowendorff, 'that the pleasure of the mutual discovery we made last evening, has kept you wakeful; certainly 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 evening called up, have made an impression on my mind, which time will not be able to obliterate: and in thinking of them, and in endeaveavoring to account for your being here, I spent much of the night; I found, however, that all was wild conjecture, and I dismissed the subject, that I might have the pleasure of hearing it from you this morning.'

'We shall gratify you, with pleasure, for the events of these days we like to recall,' replied Lowendorff; 'they were days of indescribable anxiety, mingled with the sweetest visions of happiness; but, Louisa, where shall we begin?'

'O, at the beginning,' I replied: 'I must hear it all; all that concerns you will be interesting to me.'

'Well, then, if at the beginning,' answered Lowendorff, 'so let it be. I was born near Gratz, in Hungary, of wealthy and respectable parents, of the midling class, received such an education as was deemed suitable for me: an education confined to reading, writing, and a slight knowledge of the Italian language.—At the age of fifteen, the controversy between Germany and France began, and full of youthful ardor, I entered the service of my country, in one of the regiments raised in Hungary. I continued in the service until peace was concluded at Campo Formio, and that found me an officer in one of the regiments which was disbanded; the state of the nation no longer in the opinion of government, demanding such a large military force. There is something so fascinating in the profession of arms—something so bewitcing in the very danger that attends it—something so dazzling in the glory that surrounds the successful warrior, that he who has once assumed the sword, as a profession, rarely feels willing to relinquish it for the quiet and peaceful course of ordinary life; and it was not without a feeling of regret, that I bade adieu to my companions in arms, and returned to my parents. I had left them a boy, but I returned to them a man, and not without marks of honorable distinction. I had been careful of what property I had acquired in the course of my campaigns; and at the close of the war, found myself in possession of several thousand florins and a fortunate speculation, in which at this time I happened to engage, speedily doubled them. At this time I was importuned by my parents to settle for life, as by the death of a brother, it had become evident that they must depend upon me for support, in their declining years; but the aspect of the times forbid such an event. The peace of Campo Formio, proved to be nothing but a hollow truce; and the lapse of a few months again saw Europe in arms. A true subject of the empire, I hastened to its standard; and from the defeat of the Austrians, at Marengo, to the close of that disastrous campaign, by the retreat of the imperial army from Italy, I was in almost every engagement, and was twice severely wounded. The last was in a desperate struggle near Trent, when I received a musket ball in my body, and had one of my arms broken by another shot at the same moment. As my wounds were deemed mortal, I was left on the ground until the contest was over, when it was found that I was still living;

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 about 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 alluded.

'The news is,' he replied, 'that Miss Louisa Stienberg has returned from Vienna to her father's, and report speaks of her as the loveliest girl ever seen in the capital.'

'Poh,' said I, 'such a parade of words to announce the arrival of a girl, when I expected to hear of events which might have decided the fate of nations. Forgive me, my dear Louisa, for such an ungallant expression,' continued Lowendorff, turning to his beautiful wife, 'you will remember I had then never seen you.'

'You have long ago been forgiven,' replied Louisa; and the 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-cheeked, 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 sparely inhabited and picturesque country, through which flows the Ense, as it rolls its rapid course 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 Danube was rolling its dark wave, far below me. In the shade of a thick cluster of Alpine 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 in 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 in on my solitude and musings, was a female, mounted on a fine black steed, which was gracefully cantering up the gentle eminence, which led to the spot where I was lying. A few specks of foam from his bits, were scattered over his breast, but he obeyed the least touch of the bridle, and moved as if conscious and proud of the burden he supported. No sooner had the fair huntress approached near enough to permit me to examine her features attentively, than I was instantly struck with her youthful appearance and her beauty. She no sooner discovered me than I rose to my feet; and in an instant she had checked the noble beast on which she rode, and he was standing beside me. There was a rich glow upon her countenance, caused by the morning's exercise—a few curls were floating loosely around her neck—her eyes were sparkling with animation—and flinging me the reins of the horse, she sprang from her seat without the least ceremony, and with the lightness and grace of a fairy. To me she seemed more enchanting than any being I had ever before seen, and a second glance convinced me that I was not mistaken in my first impression.

"I believe I have lost my way," said she smiling, as she loosened the ribbons that confined her bonnet, and threw it back, "and I must press you into my service, as my dutiful knight errant, to extricate myself from this difficulty."

"Every order that commands me to be near you, I shall obey with pleasure," was my reply.

"Very complimentary," said the lovely girl; "but that water looks pure and inviting, I should like to devise some method of tasteing it."

"If you will accept of such a cup as I have used, your wishes can be easily gratified," I answered.

"I would wish for no other," said she as I picked a few leaves from the mountain honeysuckle, and speedily converted them into a form, which answered every purpose of a drinking vessel. She took it from my hands, and seating herself on the bank from which I had just risen, dipped up some of the refreshing waters.

"You too, have been playing the truant, I perceive," said the lady, as she noticed my fine dog and my gun.

"The morning was too inviting," I answered, "to be wasted in duller pursuits;" and flinging the reins over a dry branch, I seated myself near her on the green bank.

"I have been so long accustomed to a city life," said the lively girl, "that I had almost forgotten the pleasure I used to receive from traversing these desolate tracts, and breathing the pure air of these mountain regions; and I felt rather awkward when my brother insisted that I should accompany the party this morning, on horseback. But getting tired of the chase and my company, I started to return; and now, when I ought to have been at home, I find myself here."

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 aught 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, and I shall claim the fulfilment of your promise in being my guard.'

'Shall I assist you to your seat on your palfrey?'

'O no,' she answered, 'I intended to walk; I am sick of riding; but give yourself no trouble about my horse; fling the bridle over his neck and he will follow.'

I did as I was directed; and then taking my gun, gave my arm to the fair stranger, and we proceeded towards the high road she wished to gain.

'You are an imperial officer,' said she, as she walked by my side.

'How have you made such a discovery?' I inquired with a smile.

'O, we women are inquisitive,' she answered, laughing; do you think I would have entrusted myself in your hands, nay, more, have taken you into my service as I have done, had I not, at first sight, determined what you were!' Since you have guessed at what I am, may I enquire who you are?' I asked of the lively girl.

'Yes, if you please; and I will answer as if at confession,' replied the witching creature. 'My name is Louisa Stienberg; you see that turretted old mansion near the Danube? that is my father's residence.'

'Castle Stienberg, I think I have heard it called,' said I, 'and a fine looking pile it appears to be, at this distance.'

'It is so,' she answered, and I could now easily find the way thither, but I am not disposed to part with you so quickly.'

These words were accompanied with a meaning look, but were spoken in such a careless manner, that I could scarcely divine their meaning. In all doubtful cases we make such inferences as we desire, & so I did in this case.

'I have no disposition to break the bonds you have so playfully imposed upon me,' replied I, in her own manner; 'there are some cases in which to be deprived of liberty is a pleasure.'

'Think you so?' said she, with a searching glance of her dark eye; 'I have heen taught to think differently.'

'Our first impressions are often erroneous, and it is a mark of wisdom to correct them,' said I smiling, while she blushed deeply as I drew her arm closer to mine.

"They may be incorrect; but it must take some time to remove impressions so deeply rooted as mine,' answered the maiden.

At that instant we saw two horsemen galloping over the hills, in a direction towards us, 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 dislike 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 Stienberg, 'I called you my knight errant, and I think you are becoming so in good earnest.'

'Call me what you please,' I replied; 'I hope I have too much regard for the happiness of Miss Stienberg, 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."

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

"Blue spirits and red,
Black spirits and gray."

"A ghost! a ghost! Faith, I've seen a ghost."—"What, Pat, did it look like?" "My faith, like all ghosts."

The history of the world from the time that it was first called from chaos into existence, presents us one long continued series of revolutions. Empires have risen in quick succession, and spread wide o'er the earth their boundless power. But where are they? Stand on Zion's hill, and ask where are the countless myriads that once thronged the plains beneath? The sighing 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 like them vanished—merged in the general gulf of oblivion.

They have gone—the warrior's call
Shall rouse them no more to glory;
The records of the grave are all,
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 enchained 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 shrouded 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 nobler 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 circumstance 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

aged mansion house, where in former times had lived and died one of the most respectable of the inhabitants. 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 urchins and gave them goodly instruction. But, at the time when the affair of which we treat took place, the worm eaten fences, decayed out-buildings, and walks over-grown 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 few! He inquired into those of his ancestors. An aged crone to whom he applied, in creeking tones and with wrinked visage, told him that she had heard her grand-mother prophecying "that no good would come to that house, as the old judge, (the grandfather of the present occupant) had been instrumental in procuring the condemnation of two sisters as witches." The mystery was solved, as the sins of fathers descend to their children even unto the fourth generation—so had the ghosts of the departed come to wreak vengeance upon the luckless posterity of the merciless judge. The parson was called; the spirits were intreated to come out. Still they remained, alarming the neighbourhood with their cries. At length 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 him from injury.

Years passed by and no more had been heard from the ghosts. Yet the passing school boy shuddered as he passed the house, and thought of the tale told him by his mother, and even those of a more advanced age would hasten their steps if they came near it after dark. But the good occupant lived in security, free from all intrusion, nor cared he what reports were in circulation concerning his house. A call from a distant quarter obliged him to be absent over Sunday, and two young men, candidates for the ministry, engaged to supply his place. To send them to the tavern was contrary to the wishes of the good dame, and as she had no spare room in which to put the strangers, she was obliged to grant them one of the *forbidden*—already *tenanted* apartments. Refraining from mentioning to her guests their etherial room-mates, she wished them a good night's rest, and returned to her room, to pray that her wish might be realized.

It was a clear moon-light eve, and the wind which had blown rather fresh all day, now increased to a gale. Our parsons elect, anticipating no harm, after choosing their sermons for the morrow, retired to rest. Their sleep was short. One awoke—cries were heard in the garret, and groans issued from the walls. The other soon awoke. They arose and went to the window. All was still without, save the whistling of the gale. The air shone with chrystal 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.

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 faithfully, but no solicitations could induce 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 goblins 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 next day he vacated the house. No other occupant applying it was pulled down, when lo! the sprites were discovered. The beams had become so rotten that on the rocking of the house, they made a noise much resembling groans and plaintive cries.

Gentle reader, I have not been writing a fictious tale. I can still point out the spot where these things happened. SIMON.

August, 1833.

A militia captain in one of the northern states, during the late war, being told that a regiment had been *organized* for some special service, exclaimed, "What! fools, they'd better stick to the drum and fife, than to go to the expence of buying *organs*."

A wife causes the prosperity or ruin of a house.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

O TIME! to whom all things created bow—what hast thou now in store for one like me? Onward I go, joyful and sad, with prospects as bright as the clear summer sky—and dark as the terrible blasts of a winter's night:—Aye, sorrowful and sad I wend my way. Once more, my heart bounds with the thoughts of home, as my weary feet press my native soil. "Home—sweet home." How the heart leaps with joy at that lov'd sound! how the soul springs towards the place where its first unfoldings drank in, with unalloyed and rapturous delight, visions of hope and love—too bright for earth—too bright alas! Shut out the scene. No!—Yes! Shut out the future—but leave, oh leave the past—'tis a delightful retrospect: I love to view the past. Oh, many a bright spot, glistening on the past, thrills my soul with indefinable emotions. Many joyful hours, gone never to return; gone, alas, and with them—the friends who gave them their delight. Ah! back upon the *past!* Yes—No. The *past* is gone forever. The *present*—mind trembles as she views it. The *future*—aye the future:—Of all who rendered life delightsome, 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 uncared for. Cold and still, like the wounded dove, lies the pierced and bleeding heart, its pulses cease to play. But thou, Oh *Time!* potent Physician, healest the wounded spirit, startest the pulse's play, and givest new life and vigor to the frame.

ARAL.

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, if not more 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 loosing sketch to get to 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."

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE ADIEU.

To-day I leave this lonely cot,
Protecting angels! guard the spot;
From night to morn, from sun to sun
Hover around 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 sacrifice
And waft it upward to the skies.

Swift heralds of a savior's love,
Return, with answers from above;
Show'r from your dripping wings outspread,
His choicest 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. JANE.

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 is beautiful: Man is daring and confident—Woman is diffident—and unassuming. Man is great in action—Woman in suffering. Man shines abroad—Woman at home. Man talks to convince—Woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart—Woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery—Woman relieves it. Man has science—Woman taste. Man has judgment—Woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice—Woman of Mercy.

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 sound 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 Collye.*

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

Oh! I am sad and lonely now,
No ray of joy beams on my path,
But all is glomy, dark and drear,
Like the devoted course of wrath.

Where are my friends? No more I hear
Those gladsome sounds salute mine ear,
That thrilled this bosom with delight,
When youthful hopes were beaming bright.
Although the feather'd songsters now,
Chant sweetly on each leafy bough;
Tho' each returning year they sing—
Affection knows no second Spring;
Once cast away, the charm is gone,
And life unchaning floats us on,
In one dull course, fore'er the same—
The heart can own no second flame.
What then? where once affection's tie
Is riven, shall affection die?
No! still it lives, yet lives untold,
And tho' it cannot die, grows cold,
And often to some inferior course
Bends the soul's energy and force,
Till like some vessel, tempest toss'd,
It founders—and the soul is——*lost.*
Then if thou hast one friend on earth,
Whose *heart* is of a noble birth,
Whose bosom glows with love for thee,
In hours of mirth or misery,
Neglect him not, tho' far away,
But bid fond thoughts sometimes to stray,
E'en 'cross the Atlantic Ocean's blue,
To him whose heart is ever true.
And if he at the present hour
Is with thee in thy summer bower,
Oh cherish him with jealous care,
For life's best joys are centered there.

I know thee—and these eyes are bent,
Upon that friend, all eloquent—
They gaze on him, with fond delight
Coupled with hopes and visions bright,
And Oh! may after years still prove,
The depth of constancy and love
Thou deem'st certain to possess—until
Death lays the throb'ing bosom still.

'Tis *one alone*, for whom I write,
Can read these lines—*and read them right.*

ARAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

HOME.

When in bright scenes of pleasure gay,
The sports of fortune cast my way;
When 'way from solitude I flee,
And with young flat'ring friends I roam,
And when my heart beats light and free,
E'en then I *sometimes* think of Home.

When lonely here, I'd catch a view
Of friends once dear, and friends once true:
But find not one to smile on me,
Not one to fix my thoughts upon;
Ah! then my heart beats heavily,
And then *again* I think of Home.

When all my fondest hopes are crossed,
My mind all dark and tempest-toss'd;
And there's not one to sigh for me,
And bid each sad'ning thought begone;
'Tis then my heart beats rapidly,
Then too, I *often* think of Home.

And when the nightly watch I keep,
And o'er deceit and falsehood weep;
When friends once true, now faithless, fly,
And leave me gloomy and alone;
Oh! then with heartfelt agony,
I *often, often*, think of Home.

Chili, Sept. 3, 1833. P. B. C.

FOR THE GEM.

A WISH.

O! I wish I were an angel, then I would swiftly fly
To that sunny spot above us, which brightens in the sky.
I see celestial forms which are flitting in the light,
Their garments are like sunbeams, their plumes are snowy white,
Their brows are crown'd with diadems, their smiles are full of love,
And the echo of each dulcet voice is answered from the grove.
I can hear a golden harp fling its notes upon the air,
Yonder bird is on the wing, to repeat the echo there,
And now a swift winged cherub has approach'd the shining throng,
He's brought a ransomed spirit home to join the hallowed song.
One thrilling strain has pealed around the summit of the hill,
Another touch has woke the harp, and all again is still.
That lovely group has vanished—they departed one by one,
The bird has hushed its carroling, and that bright spot is gone. JANE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

Lines written on the death of a wife, (Mrs. E. P. of O.

Doth Nature smile? ah! yes, the queen of night
Looks down from Heaven to Earth without a frown:
The radient Gems that crown yon azure height,
Still shed their beams in fadeless beauty down.

Yet in my breast they strike no thrilling chord,
My joyless soul from earthly cares to charm,
As when in early youth I roved abroad,
With thee, Elmina, leaning on my arm.

The scene has changed. The sky still shines as bright
As when it witnessed our enraptured vows,
But ah! Elmina, starless is the night,
That shrouds me now, and low my spirit bows.

My wife! say, why thus early hast thou flown,
To those bright fields on which I can but gaze—
Oh night! I tread even now those realms unknown
Where, brightly crowned, thy happy spirit strays

My wife! farewell! still I must linger here,
To bless the pledges of our early love—
Teach them to strew with flowers thy sacred bier,
And train their hearts to meet with thee above

My babes! sleep on with still a smiling brow,
Unconscious of the boundless loss ye bear—
O! Heaven, preserve those lovely beings now,
Deprived thus early of a Mother's care.

My babes! no more for thee a Mother's prayer,
Shall be to Heaven with fervent zeal addressed;
No more her hand shall point thy young minds where
The pure in heart shall be forever blessed.

Once more my wife, adieu! my thoughts now soar
To Heaven, which lov'd with thee on earth to dwell
And when a few more trials here are o'er,
I'll join with thee above—till then farewell!

Ogden, Sept. 1833. H.

PRIDE.

What has humanity to be proud of? We are subject to every inclemency of the sky—are the weather-cocks of interest—instruments for passion to fret upon; whose time is but a moment, whose habitation is a speck, and in size but an atom, in the vast universe!—Yet man is proud! Aye, proud of himself—proud of what must in a few years be nothing more than silent dust!

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

CONVERSATIONS WITH AN OLD MAN--No. 1.

Age 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—sorrow upon his heart; but for this his society was interesting. He had in former days mixed much with the world, and his knowledge of men and books was extensive, there was, however, a tinge of irony and prejudice in his remarks, a severity in his sentiment, a feeling of misanthrophy in his words, which was the more painful as they were joined with talent and intelligence. The cause of these feelings are a secret hid in his own heart, and which as yet I have been unable to develope. It was a winter evening, and alone we sat by his fire-side, 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 teach us to look misfortune in the face unmoved—to bar our bosoms against the disappointments, the cares and ills of life: we may look upon these as unavoidable, at least not irrepairable, but ingratitude comes and brings 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—weep at 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 would fain adorn humanity.'

'But,' answered I, 'is not ingratitude always the immediate result of selfishness, and in curing the effects of the one should we not strike 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 there 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 foul, dark spirit, which one set of mortals 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 deal dishonestly 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 in doubt, from the 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 discussions 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 haughty, 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 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 practised 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 perhaps can 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.

[*From the Family Journal.*]

ORIGIN OF THE RED MAN.

Messrs. Editors—There is much, very much to incline the mind of any candid person to a belief, that the Aboriginal inhabitants of our country are the direct descendants of the "Ten Tribes" of ancient Isreal. It is well known that the Jews of Europe and Asia are of the two tribes, Judah and Benjamin. It is also true that there is a marked similarity between many of the Jewish race, (particularly the half-civilized tribes of Asia) and the Indians of our country. And there is also a similarity between the *languages* of the two races of the people.* If it be true, then, that our red brethren are the lineal descendants of God's "covenant people," then is this forlorn and fading race one of the most interesting on the earth.

Many traditions exist among some of the tribes relating to the time and manner in which they first came into this far-off country. The general purport of these traditions (where they have *any*) is, "that their ancient fathers came from the going down of the sun, *a great while ago*;" and it is not generally known that there are a scattered remnant of a race in the interior or north-eastern section of Asia, who resemble our red-brethren, both in color and manners; whereas, neither the East Indians, nor the wide-scattered Samoyeds, and Tartars, nor the more polished Chinese, can be said to bear much resemblance to the different tribes of this hemisphere.

By examining the Books of Kings, Chronicles, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Zechariah, and Amos, we find that the Ten Tribes of Israel were sent off among the "heathen," in consequence of their stubborn disobedience and violation of the oft-repeated commands of God. Salmanazer, king of Assyria, if I mistake not carried that people into captivity for the last time. That event occurred about 600 years before the coming of the Son of God; and from that day, their existence, as a distinct, noble and formidable nation, entirely ceases.

While once in conversation with an educated young Indian, of the Seneca tribe, I asked him this question,—"Have you never ruminated upon the subject of the Indian's *origin*?—"O, yes sir," he replied, "oftentimes; I have believod for some time, that our people were they whom the Holy Book denominates the *outcasts of Israel*,"—a tear then seemed to start from his dark eye—for he was an ardent Christian—and he continued, with a joyous smile,

"did the white men all believe that we were the same people they read of here, (putting his hand on the BIBLE) we would have been treated better."

The subject of the Indian's origin is one of no common interest. If it 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 their God to return from their waywardness and having 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, Shalmanazer. 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 assures them 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 scourges, and plagues, and famines, and all other fearful and awful things which can come upon a people. Five times seven tremendous judgments are threatened them; and after all this, if they will not hearken, but will still walk in their own ways, then follow the dreadful curses which have so 'long, and *long*,' hung over the wayward race. In Deut. 29, 28, we find these words, "And the Lord rooted them out of their land in anger, and in wrath, and in great indignation, and cast into another land, as it is this day." This evidently has reference, according to other prophecies, to a country *beyond* Asia, wherein they were left to wander for a time. One of the Prophets informs us, that, after remaining in captivity "beyond Damascus," a certain time, "they took this counsel among themselves, *that they would leave the multitude of the heathen, and go forth into a farther country, where never mankind dwelt*, that they might keep their statutes, which they never kept in their own land."—After speaking of the character of the "multitude of heathen," among whom they were driven, says, "For through that country, there was *a great way* to go, namely, *of a year and a half*, and the same region is called Azarath, (or Arath;) then dwelt they there until the *latter time*."

What plainer evidence need we have, than this prophecy, that *Asia* was the country where they were 'scattered,' and through which there was 'a year and a half' to travel;—and what more evident than that our own AMERICA is the land to which they emigrated? S.

* I will cite a circumstance, as evidence. Some years ago, a Christian Jew, who was born and raised, I believe, in Asia Minor, came to this country, and when at Buffalo, he had the curiosity to visit the Seneca Village, near that place. In a few minutes after his arrival, he was struck with their singular appearance, as they sallied out in groups, and on attempting to hold conversation with them, he found himself, to his utter astonishment, able to converse with much fluency and ease.

To ascertain the height of a steeple, tower, &c.—Take two sticks of any but equal length, and holding one perpendicular, place one end of the other against its centre, so as to form a right angle with it; having done this place your eye at the other end, and advance towards, or recede from the object, the height of 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 on which you stand, measure the distance to the foot of the object, and this will be its exact height.

AN ENVIABLE DISEASE.—An Irish peasant found a neighbor of his one night lying speechless by the side of the road, and seeing an acquaintance pass by, addressed him as follows: "Paddy, come here; sure, here's Mike Murphy in the ditch, as dead as a door nail. This quarter of an hour I've been shaking him, and the devil a foot he wags at all." "Mike Murphy dead!" said the other, "oh botheration to you, I'll engage he's not dead; sure didn't he sould his pig this morning?" On going to him, and finding that he was only dead drunk, he exclaimed, "By St. Patrick, I wish I had only half his disease."

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

It appears by a late circular from the U. S. General Post Office Department, that the arrangement 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 ahead 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 lie 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 at least in the style to that of Johnson's Rasselas. May he approximate still nearer to it.

Remittances, receive at this Office, since 1st. ult.

From Francis Branch, $150; John Gill, 150; John Quale, 150; Nelson Church, 150; Wm. Adams 150; Byron Hayes, 150; Orton Smith, 75; Asahel Tower, 75; H. B ower, 150; E. B urie, 88; S. W. Ellis, 150; John Harner, 150; Isaiah Thomas, 150; L. Willcox, 100; G. C. Hooker, 150; Wm. Barlow, 150; Wm M. Olde , 150; A. L. Brinsmaid 150; Mr Perry, 100; Day & Beebee, 75; Mr. Bee s, 150; Dr. Stagg, 150; S. M. Holley, 50; J. Fradenburgh, 150; C. A. Smith, 150; J. W. Shed, 150; J. Corning, 100; Smith Balding, 150; C. H. Chapman, 75; S. O. Smith, 150; H. W. Sage, 200; Augustus Belden, 100; James Lockart, 150; Smith Davis, 150; L. B. Mott, 38; John Howley, 75; Jason Chapel, 75; Hiram Chapel, 38; Miss E. S. Laughton, 150; Joel Severhill, 150; Samuel M'Dowell, 150; John Green 150; G. W. Taylor, '50.

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GEM OFFICE, corner of State & Buffalo-Streets.
Sept. 1833.

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☞ Any person, procuring four Subscribers for the GEM, and forwarding the money for the same, shall be entitled to the fifth copy.

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Edwin Scrantom, Editor.

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THE NUN OF ST. LAWRENCE.

[CONTINUED.]

The horsemen were now rapidly approaching. 'Miss Stienberg,' 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 endeared'—'I hope you have enjoyed your sport this morning,' continued the lively girl, as the horsemen came up; and I think you must, as you seemed to have entirely forgotten your humble servant.'

'Not so, sister,' replied young Stienberg, 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. Lowendorff, the hero of Arcola and Trent, I must, for aught I know, have wandered here until doomsday.'

Louisa's brother advanced 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 Stienberg 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 Stienberg, 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 eloquent expression of her dark eyes.

'It shall be excepted,' I answered in the same manner.

'Lowendorff! Lowendorff!' 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 Stienberg.

'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 paleness, 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 Stienberg, as I placed his 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.

F.—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 extatic, 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. Years pass, and experience, cold and chilling, comes to convince us, that every thing that is not based on more solid foundations than those of fancy or the imagination, will speedily disappear before its penetrating analysis, and charm dissolving touch. But love, pure and rational—founded on mutual sympathies, and endearment, and cherished as a sacred flame from heaven, will burn with unwavering light, when hope itself forsakes us. Such, at least, are my feelings, and such my belief.

The next day much to the surprise of my good uncle, I announced my intention of visiting Stienberg Castle; nor was it long before I found myself there. I was more and more charmed with Louisa, and, of consequence, became a frequent visitor at her father's mansion. There was so much frankness, so much innocence, so much undisguised sweetness and kindness in the fair girl's manner, that she fascinated all and governed the *imperium in imperio* in which she moved, with a sway that was absolute; yet who thought of murmuring or rebelling against their bondage, or their sovereign. In her interviews with me she was unreserved—I felt that I possessed her confidence—but on a subject that lay nearest my heart, and I believed, hers also, a number of days passed away without coming to an explanation. It is 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,' said she, 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,' said she, 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 her arms.'

'When my country demands my 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 Louisa, 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, Louisa,' 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 Louisa, my own Louisa, 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? am I 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 Louisa, 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 Hohenlohe, fate has so ordained it—and you must forget the unfortunate 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 dear Louisa.'

Her hand was retained in mine—my arm was around her slender waist—I clasped her to my heart—in the moment of delirious ecstacy I kissed her coral lips—and there, before high heaven, we exchanged our vows of mutual and unalterable love. What a moment. Louisa'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 Louisa. 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 was 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 remembered 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 essay 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 Wurmser, 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 Louisa.

'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 Louisa—mounted my horse—and musing on the tender recollections of what had passed, and thinking on the future, and the dangers that threatened Louisa, I had rode about two miles, 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 villian: 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 infatuation.'

'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 villian.'

'By heavens! were you not the brother of Louisa 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 treatment of Louisa Stienberg that you are now to account. You have cruelly wronged her and us—you have seduced her affections from a man worthy of them, and who has long considered 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 father, 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 Stienberg placed himself before me, and in a menacing tone commanded me to draw or die.

I threw the bridle, 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. Stienberg attacked me with a fury that bordered on desperation, while I confined myself simply to a defence. Charles was a good swordsman; but his impetuosity gave me great advantages over him, and I might easily 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 worthless Count, than to punish him for it.

I watched my opportunity, and in one of his passes, by a dexterous movement, struck his sword from his hand, and threw it to a considerable 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 the Stienbergs.'

'No, Charles,' I replied, I give you your life; if I fall, it shall be in defence of my country; and the time will come when you will correct the injustice you have done me and your faultless sister.'

Young Stienberg dropped his head, and was silent for a minute, while his bosom was the seat of a violent struggle, between his pride and his sense of duty.

'I believe that I have wronged you and my sister both,' said he; 'but my honor is pledged to the Count, and I cannot recede—you must see Louisa no more; or if we meet again it must be as enemies.'

'I have no wish to incur enmity where I most desire friends,' I replied; 'but until Louisa requests me to forget her, and see her no more, most assuredly I shall not promise to do so.'

I sheathed my weapon and mounted my horse, saying to Stienberg as I did so, 'that I hoped he would consult the happiness of his sister, and not compel her to a union with a man she detested.'

'She is already disposed of,' was his reply, 'she must marry the Count or perish.'

'Remember, then,' said I sternly, 'that I shall hold you accountable for the treatment of that dear girl, your sister—to me you shall answer—remember, to me.'

So saying, I rode off, leaving Stienberg standing like a statute, and evidently a prey to the most conflicting emotions. I returned to my uncle's, and thinking that an attempt on my part to see Louisa again, might be attended with disastrous consequences, I wrote a hasty sketch of the affair, exonerating her brother from blame; and while I renewed my promises of fidelity to her, left the decision of my fate entirely to her. This letter I sent in such a manner, that I was confident she would not fail of receiving it; and then arranging my affairs, without delay I departed for the army.

(*To be Continued.*)

[*From the Western Monthly Magazine.*]

EVENING MUSIC AT SEA.

BY A QUONDAM SAILOR.

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it, * * * *
* * * *
That strain again; it had a dying fall.

Shakspeare.

On one of the delicious afternoons of February, peculiar to the West Indies, as the sun was declining below the western horizon, the beautiful Hornet lay in calm near the Island of Cuba. The Sea was uncommonly smooth, imparting hardly sufficient motion to the buoyant ship, to disturb the sails as they lay listlessly against the masts. I had never, until then, fully realized the oft repeated comparison of the bosom of the ocean to a mirror; but now the truth of it came home to me, and I felt that there was sublimity, even in the calm of the 'vast deep.' I could not gaze on it without being reminded by contrast of the tempests that at times swept over it; and thus was its stillness associated with its commotion, its quiet with its power.

But though no breath raised a ripple on its surface, there was a ceaseless, but gentle swell, as if amid the coral beds beneath, some lonely water spirit slumbered, while the waters above rose and fell with its steady breathing. Occasionally, a 'sorrowing sea-bird' would flit by unhedged, or descending, kiss the wave, and soar aloft again till lost in space. Then would a shining dolphin rush in pursuit of the terrified flying fish; and anon, glisten in the far depths, almost shedding light through the waters with the gloss of his silver sides.

The sun was setting. How glowingly came upon me the force of these lines—

'Not as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light.'

The whole ocean seemed of liquid gold, and the sky, far up, glowed as if some blazing spirit hovered in the void. The rays of the sun, penetrating the water horizontally, looked like gilded cords, so distinct and brilliant was the refraction. It was a scene to inspire emotions of a lofty character. Before us was the glorious orb of light and life, sinking, as it were, to rest in the wave-washed caverns of the deep; beneath, rolled the limitless ocean, fit emblem of the eternity over which we hovered; and above spread the viewless ether, reflecting the deep blue of the wave beneath, unmarred by a single cloud.

At this hour, a few of the officers assembled on the forecastle to contemplate the scene; and recalling the joys of other days, to hold that converse, which, in a small degree, alleviates the privations of a seamen's life. With characteristic versatility, they passed from topic to topic, seldom dwelling long on one, till as the shades of twilight fell around, their feelings assumed a congenial hue, and graver themes were touched. The pall of night, thick set with stars, was thrown about the expiring day, and the moon shaking off her panoply, rose full and clear, shedding a broad stream of silver light as far as the eye could reach.

Then it was, the remembrances of the past crowded up like odors from a bed of flowers lulling the feelings to that delicious calmness, which pleasant memories always inspire, and which none feel more sensibly than the tempest-tossed mariner. The father dwelt in tenderness with his distant family; the brother recalled the unbidden assiduities of a sister's love; and the son, as he leaned against the mast, his features set in a sedateness of sober reflection, felt his heart softened by the recollection of a mother's care. But few remarks were made. All felt that the silence which reigned above, beneath, and around, should, not be disturbed. Each one had retired to the recess of his own heart—a sanctuary too sacred to be violated.

Such was the state of feeling, when a clear melodious voice, slowly poured forth the first line of that exquisite song—'*Home sweet Home!*' As the words, 'Mid pleasures and palaces' swelled upon the air, a single exclamation of pleasure, escaped the hearers, and they again relapsed into silence. We had often heard the song, but never heard it so thrillingly as then. Had it been sung even by an ordinary performer, its effect would have been great; but breathed, as it was, with a fervor and feeling I have never known excelled in a voice, full, manly, and touching, it could but produce a powerful impression. As the singer proceeded, the circle was augmented. The sturdy seaman himself with calm gravity, and by the side of the youthful midshipman, listened with enthralled attention. The man whose locks were whitened, equally with the boy whose features were unmarked by the furrows of time and care, seemed to drink in the beautiful words as a healing draught.

Oh, how magical is music at such an hour!

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 effect to the expression of agony, stamped upon his features. He was, indeed, as I know, 'an exile from home,'— tho' from what cause I never could discover,—and the smothered 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 evident, which in many showed itself in tears! The man who from childhood had braved the 'foaming brine,' and had stood without a tear on the brink of eternity, and he, who an outcast from society of the virtuous and good, knew no 'home, alike with the being of turbid passions and unhallowed deeds, gave a tribute to him who had so well timed, and so feelingly executed, one of the most grateful songs that ever greets a seaman's ear. Oh! it was good to look on men I had considered hardened in iniquity, thus throwing open the floodgates of long bent affections, that they might once more gladden and purify the soul! I could not think such men entirely lost; I could not look on human nature in a fairer and more pleasing aspect.

No one spoke; and after a few moments, in which all else was banished on one dear tho't of the distant home we had exchanged for our 'home upon the deep,' each one sought his pillow, I do not doubt, a purer and a better man.

C. D. D.

A Cheshire farmer was lately asked by the minister, how it was, that when he preached, the farmer always fell asleep, but when a stranger preached he was all attention. The farmer replied—'Why, sir when ye preaches, I know aw's right, but when a stranger comes, I canna trost him, and so I keeps a good look out.'

From the Pearl.

ON HEALTH.

MRS. L. H SIGOURNEY.

If intellectual clearness and energy, or the even tenor of the feelings, are important to the usefulness and happiness of life, the preservation of Health, should be an object of primary attention, since, on it they essentially depend. In a climate whose sudden and great extremes, make alarming demands upon physical resources, that regimen should be perseveringly pursued, which sustains, and renders the system adequate to its duties and expectations.

Especially should the younger and fairer part of the community, avoid all hazardous exposure, and studiously adapt their costume to the demands of the season. The foundation for much suffering and sorrow is often laid in that carelessness with which the gift of health is regarded. To learn its value by its loss, is a fearful study. Yet there are habits of daily recurrence, which tend to impair health, and to abridge existence; against which the warning voice has been raised, tho' hitherto almost in vain.

Some of my discerning young friends, will now be anticipating a lecture on corsets. I trust none of them will lay the page aside on that account. They certainly will not, if their conscience is clear in this matter. I would particularly warn those who are desirous of making a good appearance, against the use of tightly laced corsets. Few things are so directly destructive of beauty—as the suffused face—laborious respiration—constrained movement, & depressed expression of countenance, which ensue. The play of intelligence and varied emotion, which, in the opinion of a judge of beauty, is essential to its existence, is impeded by whatever obstructs the flow of blood from the heart to its many organs. Who can look with pleasure on a young lady of even the finest form and features, suffering under the effects of pressure upon a vital part, while the hurried breathing, strangulated complexion, and forced smile, betray her secret martyrdom? However elegant her conversation, who will not anticipate with benevolent delight, the time when she will return home, and be relieved from her pain? A fearful adjunct in the process of tight-lacing is the *busk*. I warn you against its use. You will think me officious, and old-fashioned. I am willing to bear these imputations, if haply I might save *one* of my own flesh and blood, from self-inflicted torture and peril. I am convinced that they are exceedingly hurtful. '*Oh! but they are such a support!*' How is it, that their most strenuous advocates, are sometimes found at the close of the evening, when there is no company, relieving themselves from this supporter? How often, at finding it in the chair of a young lady, and inquiring why it was there, has the reply been frankly given, 'to be at ease.' Doubtless the habit of wearing it, may seem to render its use necessary: but I object to the formation of that habit, as in the beginning uncomfortable, and in the end dangerous.

'*But one is so crooked and inelegant without a busk!*' I think there is an error here in the simple principles of the theory. Try if pressure upon the breast has a tendency to bring forward the shoulders. If so, the effect is to injure the form. What is the reason that the most crooked of all generations, is the one which has patronized the busk? Do you remember among the race of our grandmothers, how many you have seen and venerated, with erect and dignified forms, sitting upright without touching the back of their chairs, though the burden of four score years rested upon them? Some such fine portraits are in my memory, and I am often half-inclined to say, 'we ne'er shall look upon their like again!' That this system of severe discipline from busk and corset, has not succeeded in producing a race of forms more elegant, than all that have preceded, is capable of proof. That it wars with grace, may be evinced by comparison with the costume of ancient Greece, where the elements of beauty were surely comprehended, and where the fine symmetry of the human form was left untutored. That it leads some of our fairest and dearest, to fashion's shrine *to die*, is put beyond a doubt, by strong medical testimony.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE RUINED MAIDEN.

Joyful and gay, with gentle sylph like form,
And eyes like bright stars in the evening sky,
With heaven in each smile—with bosom warm,
And voice of purest, sweetest melody.

Stranger to guile, yet blithesome as the lark
That sports at noonday in the balmy air.
Such was the maid I knew and lov'd—but mark:
The fell destroyer seeks the flowers most fair.

The butterfly that sports on golden wing [day:
Through summer bowers, must die in autumn's
The rose-bud opening gay in smiling spring,
Doth bloom an hour—then wither and decay.

I knew her from the hours of childhood's glee,
When gladsome nature smiled upon her heart;
And O! at length with anguish did I see
A false one at her bosom aim a dart.

I interposed, but O! his aim too sure,
Had pierced her soul—and then I knew that she,
Than whom an angel could not seem more pure,
Was doomed to shame, disgrace and misery.

Wo, too, is in her breast—the rosy bloom,
The tints of beauty, that of heaven did speak,
Have given place to dark and fearful gloom,
That lowers on her faded brow and cheek.

And often when the glorious king of day,
Rolls up the azure firmament of heaven,
Silent I see her wend her lonely way,
In grief, to where the fatal wound was given.

And when returning with night breezes fan'd,
I hear her say, in vain are nature's smiles
To her whose trusting heart cannot withstand
The base seducer's gay deceitful wiles.

Engraven deeply on each female heart,
In burning letters may this truth remain,
Who from the path of virtue doth depart,
Deep drafts must drink of bitterness and pain.

ETNA, 1833.

AUTUMN.

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 man 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 around 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 manhood, and bade us fix our hopes and affections on the enchanting objects around us, and led 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 our way back again to the sad reality of human life.

I hail thee, Autumn, as a sympathising sister to the disappointments and short-lived glories of frail 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 defenceless, he brings down his weapon in the form of a salute, and rapidly passes on. Such acts give to war, touches of moral beauty in spite of its evils. After the battle, the restless courtesy of Harvey sought in vain for 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.*

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

"THE MOTHER'S GIFT," by Walter Ferguson, written several years since, has been widely circulated, and deservedly commended for its purity of thought and sweetness of style. About two years since, on repeating these lines to a mother, she requested of me a copy, that she might inscribe them in a bible which she wished to present to her son; and as she had also a daughter for whom she intended a similar gift, it occurred to me, that as the phraseology of the verses was suitable only for a present to a *son*, it might be so altered, without impairing the sense, as to be appropriate for a *daughter*. I accordingly made the alterations which appear in the version given below. I send it for publication, thinking it may thus meet the eye of some parent desirous of bestowing upon her child a like token of remembrance, and who would wish to accompany the pledge with some apposite poetical expression of her feelings and affections. G. H. S.

Canandaigua, Sept. 1833.

Lines for a Bible.

A MOTHER'S GIFT,

TO HER DAUGHTER.

Remember love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come,—
When she who had thy earliest kiss,
Sleeps in her narrow home;
Remember 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.

The mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest for her child;
And from the gifts of God above,
She chose one undefiled:
She chose a gift without alloy,—
The source of light, of life, and joy.

And bade her keep the gift,—that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again
In an eternal home:
She said her faith in that would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer in his pride,
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid her cast the pledge aside
Which she from youth had borne—
She bade her pause and ask her breast,
Which of the two had loved her best.

A mother's blessing, pure and mild,
Goes with this holy thing;
Wouldst thou retain that blessing, child,
To this her fond gift cling:
Remember! 'tis a precious pearl—
A mother's gift—remember girl!

Lines for a Bible—BY W. FERGUSON.

A MOTHER'S GIFT,

TO HER SON.

Remember, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come;
When she who had thy earliest kiss,
Sleeps in her narrow home:
Remember 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.

The mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest for her son;
And from the gift of God above,
She chose a goodly one;
She chose for her beloved boy,
The source of light, of life, and joy.

And bade him keep the gift, that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again
In an eternal home:
She said his faith in that would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer in his pride,
Laugh that fond faith to 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 other cling:
Remember! 'tis no idle toy—
A mother's gift—remember boy!

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

Where deigns the sainted nymph to dwell?
My better guardian Angel tell;
Where stands her humble cot?
If over the earth's broad surface, I
Could with 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 purchase pure and perfect bliss,
Genuine, substantial, happiness,
The prize I must resign.

Creative Wisdom never meant
That sordid gold, should buy content,
Or wealth, true pleasure lend;
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 her 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 laid 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 that tranquil soul,
Where virtue keeps her bright patrol;
Or shake its deep serene.

Upborne on faith's triumphant wings,
Above this motley scene of things,
She steers her steady flight;
She treads the just man's shining way,
Towards the realms of perfect day;
The day that knows no night.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

Mr. Editor—I have perused, with pleasure, several articles in the Family Journal, relative to the Aboriginal inhabitants of our land. I have put together the following ideas upon the subject, which, if you think them worthy, you will please insert in your paper. Yours, &c.

"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 twelfths* of that chosen race! Yes, christian reader, why should Christendom institute 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 thro' 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 then 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 kindred 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? P. O. R.

Rochester, Sept. 31, 1833.

Brief Notices of Celebrated Characters.

CLODIUS ÆSOP,

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. Æsop lived in a most expensive manner; and at one entertaiment is said to have had a dish which cost above 8ool.—This dish, we are told, was filled with singing and speaking birds; some of which cost near 50l. Æsop'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 £160,000.

MARK AKENSIDE—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?'

FOR THE GEM.

ON A WITHERED FLOWER,

FOUND IN A BOOK.

How altered thy form, thou sweet little flower,
Thy leaves are all withered, thy beauties are fled:
No more shalt thou drink the enliv'ning shower,
No more to the breeze, shalt thou move thy fair head.

But, fair little flower, thy colors remain,
A remnant of beauties, thou once did possess;
Ah! soon over those, dread Oblivion shall reign,
Nor one vestige be left, thy fond mem'ry to bless.

When thy form shall decay, nor a semblance remain,
To tell my frail heart, that thou ever hast lived,
May the soft vernal showers give thee children again—
In thy race may thy beauties again be revived.

May each budding spring thy fair blossoms renew,
Undecayed and unrivalled, thy progeny grow;
Thus sings thy poor bard his fond wishes for you—
May thy name be as lasting as nature below.

THE FORESTER.

Canandaigua, March, 1832.

STANZAS.

Life is an ocean of sunshine and show'rs,
Of cares and of hopes and of sorrow,
And our pathway to-day may be glowing with flow'rs,
And thorny and dreary tomorrow.
Yet the clouds that to-day o'ershadow the sky,
And spread their dark canopy o'er us,
May to-morrow disperse to gladden each eye,
And make brighter the path ay before us.

Then why should we sink 'neath the shadows of gloom,
Though the midnight tornado be howling,
When we know that a star will arise to illume
Our course, where rude danger is prowling?
Then merrily onward with sails ever set,
We'll press, disregarding each sorrow;
For though dark be the Heavens and threatening yet
Our sun shall arise on the morrow.

E. W. H. E.

Brockport, 1833.

A paragraph for the Ladies.—Dr. Mussey states that greater numbers annually die among the female sex by the use of the corsets, than are destroyed among the other sex by the use of spirituous liquors in the same time! It has been estimated that more than 50 thousand men die in consequence of the immoderate use of ardent spirits. For fear of being accused of exaggerating upon this fearful subject, let it be stated that 30,000 females die in this country every year in consequence of wearing corsets. This is doubtless below the number which should be set down; but it makes enough to excite the attention of every head of the family and of every well wisher of the human race. Thirty thousand per year makes eighty four for every day in the year, sacrificed at the cruel altar of fashion—This we venture to say is a sacrifice of life which knows no parallel.—*State Herald.*

A countryman sent to a friend in the city for a barrel of rum, for family use—and received, in addition to the rum, a case of razors—with this significant remark in a letter—'One is slow and sure, the other quick and certain.'

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 appear; as one evidence of this, we may notice that *glass windows* were introduced into use in the houses of the wealthy. Still it was yet a dark, an illiberal age, and 'twas not until about the beginning of the thirteenth century that *sir-names* could be afforded, and then only by the nobility! Near the same period, 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 compass, to guide the hardy mariner, was at this time pretty generally known. In the middle of the fourteenth century, that deadly foe to man, gun powder, came thundering its way along. Then too, the art of making cloth, and other important arts, also card playing, were introduced. But the most important era for the world and science, commenced about four centuries since, when the arts of printing and engraving were invented. Rude characters, painted on a kind of parchment, a rough paper of leaves, or birch bark, were previously used for the only records of religion, of science and of song! No wonder then, the great men of that age, when they saw such improvements, cursed their ignorance, and denominated themselves "ignoramuses of the first stamp!" Now the rapid spread of light began to make the "legitimate" potentates of the earth sigh and tremble on their thrones! And now did man begin to know that he "had a soul, and dare be free!" and as he became awakened from his long gothic sleep, he threw off the shackles of tyranny and superstition:—still man was not yet free, while persecuted, and harrassed by legal robbers, and purse proud aristocrats; and he fled across the fathomless and stormy deep, to seek an asylum here! An asylum here he found—and the descendants of those republican and pious fathers are now testing the truth of the assertion, that man is capable of thinking for, and governing himself! Yes, our beloved America was destined to be the Star to guide the nations into Light, Liberty, and Truth. It is here that war, duelling, intemperance, and slavery, are becoming abhorrent, and we look forward to the time when it shall be here, as though they were never known. And we wish that it may not only be so here, but throughout the world.

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 exerts himself to satisfy all his guests; but, if after all his care and pains, there still 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—with 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.

ALWAYS HAPPY.

An Italian Bishop struggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much opposition in the discharge of his Episcopal functions, without betraying the least impatience.—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 right use of my eyes.' His friend begged of him to explain himself. 'Most willingly,' returned the Bishop. 'In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to Heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there: I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I occupy in it when I come to be interred. I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are who are in all respects more unhappy than myself. Thus, I learn where true happiness is placed—where all our cares must end, and what little reason I have to repine or complain.'

At the latest date from Mrs. Trollope, says the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, her nett profits from her book on the domestic manners of the Americans, exceded $30,000. As she prepared it, it contained many things highly in praise of us, but before it went to press, she submitted it to the revision of Hall, and he did her the favor to erase all the compliments and made her fortune.

Capt. Riley, well known for his sufferings while a captive amonge the Arabs of the African Desert, has recently returned from a voyage to Mogadore, and presented to the American Colonization Society twelve bushels of Barbary wheat, in hopes that it may be better adapted to the soil of Liberia than the grain of this country. This wheat is thought the best in the world.

The Detroit Journal estimates the increase of the population of Michigan from emigration, within the present season, at 10,000. The territory in other respects rapidly improves.

"What is the matter with you?" said a gentleman to an old Dutchman, as he was crossing Johnson's square, a short time since. "I got derhumatis." The gentleman advised him to rub himself with brandy until it penetrated well. "Oh man, I hosh petter as dat," replied Mynheer, "I trinks de prandy and den I rubs my leg mit de pottle."

NEW AGENTS.—Canandaigua, G. H. Salisbury; Nunday Valley, Albert Paige.

DIED.

In this village, on Saturday morning, 5th inst. *James Washington O'Keefe*, aged 12 years. On Tuesdy, the 8th inst. Dr. *A. B. Luce.*

At Washington city, on Tuesday 1st inst. in the 43d year of her age, Mrs. *Anne Maria Washington*, wife of Bushrod C. Washington, Esq. of Jefferson county, Va.

Lately, at Sidney, N. B. *Tunis Rephenbark*, aged **103!** He was one of the combatants engaged under the walls of Quebec, when Wolf 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. *Ann Eddy*, relict of the late Mr. Eli Eddy, formerly of this place, in the 49th year of her age.

At his residence in the town of Ogden, in this co. on the 24th September, Major Adonijah Skinner, aged 74 years, a revolutionary patriot, and a worthy, meritorious, and valuable citizen.

In Mina, Chautauque Co. on the 39th Sept. Dr *Wm. A. Almy*, aged 30.

At New Orleans, of the Yellow Fever, Mr. *John Thorp*, formerly Editor of the People's Press, of Batavia.

At the residence of James Wadsworth, Esq. of Geneseo, on the 29th ult. Miss *Emily Stout*, 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 Columbus, of Cholera, on the 22nd ult., 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 "Palmyra," 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 *wrought* 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; and the diameter of the wheel considerably greater than in common boats. The engine will be horrizontal, like that of the Novelty; 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 Chippewa 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 enamoured 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 resulted 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 tho' he came not, yet her confidence in his integrity and faithfulness remained. On Sunday it was announced that Peter Jones, the son of the forrest—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 Chippewa 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.—*Hartford Review.*

Humorous.

A Miracle.—About the beginning of last week a deaf and dumb printer presented himself at our office, asking charity by writhing and by 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 work'd 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. Indeed he seldom wrote any thing but "money" and "copy" 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 fat.*

One simultaneous roar from foreman, jours, devil, pressman and all, succeeded, but Johnny not in the least disconcerted, turned round to his case, and began to pick up type with the same inflexible gravity as before, as if it was no concern of his. Ever since this miraculous restoration to speech, he has had the free use of his tongue, and on being jeered about it, his laconic reply was, "I couldn't hear and where was the use of talking."—*Easton Cen.*

"A fool and his words are soon parted."

"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, ma, you know that the children have never seen any body married, 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 licking*," answered the boy.

LIST OF AGENTS.

Auburn, Geo. S. Bennet—Ann Arbour, Mich. Ter. Luther W. Gitteau—Attica, Roswell Cheney—Brockport, Wm. Nash—Buffalo, A. W. Willgus—Bloomfield, Mich. Ter.. Dr. E. S. Parke—Black Rock, Elam Dodge—Chicago, Ill. J. Woolley, Jr.—Cleveland, O., A. S. Sanford—Cooperstown, M. Brown, Esq.—Dunhamsville, N. Payne, P. M.—Bloomfield, H. Munson—East Avon, D. Rowley—Fairport, H. Burr, P. M.—Framingham, Mass. Jno. Ewers—Farmington. Wm. Robson—Greece, H. N. Marsh—Green Bay John V Suydam—Hatfield, Ms. Erastus Billings—Jamesville, Sweet Johnson; Lakeville, J. Bishop—Lima, C. Ingersoll, P. M.—Murray, A. Clark, Jr. P. M.—Medina, Uri D. Moore—Middlebury, Wm. C. Lawrence—Norwalk, O. Wm. Brewster—Nelson, U. C. J. L. Ranney—Ogdensburgh, E. N. Fairchild—Orangeburgh, O. Allen, P. M.—Ovid, Charles A. Gibbs—Plymouth, Mich. Ter. H. B. Holbrook—Pontiac, Mich., H. Munson, Esq.—Perrysburgh, O., P. B. Brown—Penn Yan, Th. H. Basset—Parma, E. M. Conklin, P. M.; Pavillion, Wm. C. Lawrence—Painesville, O., E. H. Day—Portageville, W. D. Hammond—Randolph, Elmer Draper—Scottsville, Ira Carpenter—Seneca Falls, John W. West—Walworth, V. Yeomans—Wyoming, W C. Lawrence—West Mendon, H. Wheeler P. M.—Williamsport, Pa., J R. Eck—Wheeling, Va. Geo. S. McKeirman—Yates, S. Tappan, P M.—York, Pa Dr. A. Patterson.

Charles Ingersoll, Greenfield, Mass.—Dr. Wm. Noble, Hudson, Ohio—Guy Arms, Albany, N. Y.

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THE NUN OF ST. LAWRENCE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER VII.

Go get thee to a nunnery."—HAMLET.

The grand object the imperial army had in view, was the relief of Mantua; and after a vast variety of manœuvring, and some hard fought battles, by a rapid march, general Wurmser succeeded in forcing the blockade and throwing himself, with a body of troops and a supply of provisions, into the fortress, to relieve the worn out and exhausted garrison. To this body I was attached, and there pent up, and so closely blockaded, as to preclude the possibility of hearing from abroad, we suffered every kind of privation, until despairing of relief, and reduced by starvation and disease, to a handful, 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 gallant had been the defence, that the officers were immediately dismissed on their parole of honor, not to serve against France during the war, and were even permitted to retain their arms and baggage. If those engaged in the defence of Mantua were unable to hear from abroad, those abroad were equally unable to obtain intelligence from those within, and it was not known who had fallen and who had survived the combined assaults of disease and the sword. On my arrival at Vienna I found that rumor had given my name as one that had early 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 Ens, & learn the destiny of one on whom I 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.'

'Lowendorff,' 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, if indeed he is living—old Stienberg is dead—grief occasioned by the death of Charles, in a quarrel with Hohenlohe, brought him to the grave—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 the fair Louisa, and contented with her loss, was not for a moment to be tho't of; still I knew the undertaking which was to deliver her frem her present seclusion, would prove to be 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 priviliges 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 attachment, 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 repaired, unaccompanied and in disguise, to the capital. I had assumed the dress of one of the countrymen who live by gardening, and disposing of their various articles of produce in the city, and by various attempts, had the satisfaction of knowing that I could remain unknown.

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 so well. I obtained admission into the hall without difficulty; and when the lady in waiting inquired my errand, I told her I had been sent by a lady with some roses, as a present to Miss Stienberg. The lady instantly went to call Louisa, and during her absence I seated myself on one of the sofas, drew my slouched hat still further over my face, and anxiously awaited her appearance. She came; the same sweet smile—the same enchanting girl—and approached the sofa on the other side of the railing, to receive the flowers.

'You informed me I think,' said Louisa to the lady, as they came up, 'that the flowers were presented from Madame Wellman?'

'So I understood the peasant gardener,' was the reply.

'They are, indeed, beautiful roses, and so early,' said the charming nun, as she took them through an opening in the railing: 'will you be so kind as to convey my compliments to my friend, for her goodness?'

Louisa, as she ceased speaking, put a piece of money in the basket, and returned it to me.

'I will execute your commands with pleasure,' I answered; but I cannot take your money; Miss Wellman has already made me compensation.'

'An honest gardener,' exclaimed the lady; 'who ever saw a man refuse money before? friend, we will look to you for our flowers, if you are so reasonable in your demands.'

'I may not be able always to furnish you with as sweet ones as those you now have, I replied, 'and even these, in my opinion, were far exceeded by one I once saw wild, between castle Stienberg and Ens.'

Louisa started, but I had averted my face, and she resumed her composure.

'Are you unwell?' inquired the attendant, who noticed her movement.

'No, madam,' answered Louisa, 'the mention of castle Stienberg called up recollections, which even the kindness of my friends here, and the lapse of time, has not wholly obliterated.'

'The ties that bind us to the world, I am sensible, are very powerful,' answered the lady; 'they cannot be shaken off in a moment; but it is our duty to guard against their obtaining ascendency.'

'Are you acquainted at Ens?' asked Louisa.

'Very little,' I replied, in the most indifferent voice I could assume; but I was there last week, and it was reported that Col. Lowendorff, whose uncle resides at Ens, has returned, and was not killed as the rumor stated, at Mantua.'

'Mandolina, if you will bring my shawl, I will feel much obliged to you,' said Louisa, to the attendant, and she immediately went for it.

'Now, good peasant, loose not a moment, but tell me all you know respecting Col. Lowendorff's return,' said Louisa, in a hurried tone.

'I know but little about him,' I answered 'except that he has returned, and is said to be, inconsolable, because a young lady to whom he was tenderly attached, has entered a nunnery, and proved herself unfaithful to his love.

''Tis false!' said Louisa, emphatically, 'and those who report such stories, are mistaken indeed.'

'You know Col. Lowendorff, then?'—said I.

'I once knew him well, far too well,' said Louisa, 'if I am to spend my days here; would to the blessed Virgin I could see him again, were it but for once: 'yet continued she as if unconscious that any one was present

and as if thinking aloud, "it would be worse than useless, could my wish be gratified; my destiny is fixed and it is a 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 see him again;' and the pressure of her 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 Lowendorff.'

For a moment she was pale as death, and I feared the result; but she recovered herself in a short time, and the rich crimson that overspread her countenance, as I pressed her hand to my lips, and her eloquent eyes, told the overflowing joy of that moment of meeting.

'Lowendorff, this is a moment I have often and fervently wished, said the charming girl; 'but if there is bliss in meeting, there must be misery in parting, and we must part, and that now and forever, forever.'

'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 avowed, and which I fondly believed you entertained, I may bid defiance to fate, and you shall be saved 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 who will rescue you from these walls at every hazard—but Mandolina is returning—I 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 more of those roses to-morrow,' said Louisa to Mandolina, as she came up and apologized for not being able to find her shawl sooner; 'the leaves of this kind are excellent when dried, and I think we can devise some method to preserve their fleeting perfume.'

'He has my liberty to bring as many as he pleases, most certainly,' said the lady; 'they are most charming ones.' And after promising to comply with their wishes, if possible, I took my leave of the nunnery and my fair Louisa.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Build your walls to Babel's height,
Love will surely scorn them;
When he shows his purple light,
They will fall before him."

I did not fail to be punctual in fulfilling the promise I had made Louisa, of seeing her the next day; and by means of the basket of roses, we soon understood each other perfectly. We discussed by means which love alone could have prompted, the chances of escape, and while she was willing to encounter every risk in her own person, she shrunk from the consequences which would ensue to me, should we ultimately fail of success. To get Louisa out of the walls of the nunnery, presented the greatest obstacle to our plans; once free from that, I felt that our triumph would be certain. If I failed, I knew my destination; in the quicksilver mines of Idria, I should have been shut out from the light of day, and died a living death; yet with such an invaluable prize in view as Louisa, who would have thought of the alternative.

During my several visits, I had examined the rounds which formed the partition between the hall of the nuns, and the visitors room, in the hope of finding that some of them were moveable; but I found every one firm and secure. The thought then struck me, that as they were of wood, and placed a few inches apart, that a slender and delicate person, such as Louisa, might pass between them, if an opportunity offered to do it unobserved. I tried the experiment of springing them asunder, and we convinced ourselves that it was practicable. It was necessary to procure some individual who would consent to take the place of Louisa, and thus prevent instant detection; while it would give us a few hours chance to make our escape from Vienna.—Among that class of unfortunates, who are ready to perform any act for money, I soon found one, who in height and general appearance, sufficiently resembled Louisa, and who readily consented to play the part I wished her, on this occasion. As Louisa had nothing to detain her, in Europe, and I considered myself a citizen of the world, we had agreed to make the best of our way to Hamburg, and from thence proceed, as soon as possible to the United States. My money I had exchanged for drafts on the Hamburg bankers; and in order to disguise ourselves effectually, I had procured a cart and mule, such as is used by the itinerant bibliopolists of Germanny, who are employed in vending the literary wares which are yearly collected in the great book wares of Leipsic: and with a supply of the same material, to cover our expidition, we trusted to get off free.

The day was fixed upon, and with an anxiety which cannot be described, we waited the arrival of the hour which was to be the crisis of our fate. That hour was to be the time immediatly preceding the vesper bell, as the lamps were not then lighted up, and the darkness of the time would favor our operations. It was during this last day that I thought our prospects were all blasted, and our hopes destroyed; and I almost tremble now, when I remember what I then felt. That day I was seized for the purpose of being hurried into the army, and marched off without delay to Italy. By revealing my name I should have been liberated, but that would have frustrated our plans, and without doing it, it seemed my destiny was certain. To make it still worse, I learned that my superior officer was to be my enemy Hohenlohe; and I well knew that if once in his power, there would be no escape. Escorted by a file of men, I was on my way to the rendezvous, when I met you. I had seen you in the nunnery—I had seen you in conversation with Stewart, the British envoy, at Vienna—and took you for an Englishman, and I determined to interest you, if possible, in my behalf. You know the result; and to the last hour of my life, I shall never forget the services you rendered me. A few florins a piece to the guard, and a bonus to the superior, reconciled them to the delay, and him to the injury which the imperial service might sustain.—Evening came on—every thing was in readiness—the peasant dress for Louisa was provided—the cart and mule were placed so that no delay could be occasioned—and calling on the young woman who was to personate Louisa, we proceeded to the nunnery.

I had my basket of roses, and as usual, 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 strikingly depicted in the variations of her beautiful countenance. The dusk began to throw the hall and its inmates into the shade—we had separated ourselves from the group of persons present—and when the bell rung for vespers, the person I had provided joined us, as if to depart with me. Every thing succeeded to our advantage—Louisa passed the railing without the least difficulty, and her place was occupied by the substitute with as little. Slipping some money into her hand, I then took Louisa on my arm, but such was her agitation, that I was almost forced to carry the trembling girl; and when, after we had passed the gates, and found ourselves at liberty. I pressed her to my bosom, I felt her heart beating as though it would burst the snowy bosom that confined it. One kiss, one endeared embrace—and we left the nunnery of St. Lawrence, and in a few minutes I saw Louisa seated in the cart, and her white dress exchanged for the course one which better befitted her assumed character.

My passports were furnished, and the dawn of morning saw us at a respectable distance from 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 bearing to the left, strike the vally of the Elbe, through which the road we intended to travel passed above Dresden. The course would be somewhat longer, but was less frequented; and I was sensible that if pursued, it would be in the direction of the Elbe, and would probably be confined to that road alone. Accordingly, with the fair Louisa, disguised as much as possible, we took the route I have mentioned, and proceeded several days journey, travelling at our leisure, congratulating ourselves on our escape and indulging in those delightful reveries of *future* happiness, which form the waking dreams of young and loving hearts, and which are so often fallacious and illusory. Before leaving Vienna, we had mutually agreed that our marriage should be deferred until we were on the eve of our departure for America; since, if we were overtaken, the rules of monastic discipline would have made the punishment of Louisa, in that case, severe in the extreme; and on our journey she passed as my sister, who had taken that method of travelling, to pay our friends at Dresden a visit.

From Louisa I had now an opportunity of learning the circumstances that accompanied her refusal to become the wife of the imperious Hohenlohe. Scarcely had I departed from Stienberg castle, than she was summoned to her father's apartment, where she found him already attended by Hohenlohe and her brother.

"I have sent for you, Louisa, to learn from you the truth, relative to some reports which I have heard, and which deeply interested the honor of the family," said Stienberg, in a tone of determined sternness and authority.

"I should be very sorry, my dear father," replied Louisa, "if I could think you believed I would do any thing which would injure your feelings, or tarnish the honor of the family."

"That was spoken like my daughter," said baron Stienberg, as he kissed Louisa's cheek, "but you will forgive the anxiety of a parent, when he wishes to know the meaning of the partiality you have shown the young officer, who has lately made himself so much at home here?"

Louisa colored, but instantly regaining her composure, replied, "It means nothing more

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, to a stranger similarly situated."

"You was 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 by us, and our friend, 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.

"Silence, all of you;" said the baron, sternly; and striking his heavy heel upon the floor, then addressing his daughter, said, "Louisa, did I understand you aright: do you dare to refuse the hand of this honorable gentleman?"

"You understood me right," said the trembling girl; "I do refuse the honor of his hand, and I throw myself on your love for forgiveness."

"Talk not to me of forgiveness," said the enraged parent, "your choice is before you—the hand of the count, or banishment from my presence for ever."

Louisa threw herself before the baron, clasped his knees with her hands, and burst into tears: "O do not compel me to sacrifice my happiness forever; consider—"

"I shall consider nothing," interrupted the impetuous Stienberg, "make your decision now."

"I choose the latter," said Louisa, rising and throwing back her hair, which in her agitation had escaped from the wild flower wreath that confined it, and had fallen on her bosom—"I choose the latter; and in the seclusion of a nunnery, will forgive the precipitation, and pray for the happiness of my father."

As Louisa pronounced the last words, she saw that Hohenlohe and Charles were in close conversation together, and that the flushed brow of Charles indicated the tumult of his bosom; but she only heard the words of the count, as Charles took his hat to leave the room: "by doing it you will prove yourself my friend, and lay me under eternal obligations to you."

"The meeting between me and Charles you already know," said Lowendorff, as he continued his narrative.

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 my 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 avenging his wrongs, and who retorted, by accusing the Count of sacrificing, 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 wanting 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 they only seemed to convince us that the strongest ties which might 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 Moore.

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 dangerous defiles, as the one 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 wave a 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 seat in our little vehicle, we were congratulating ourselves on our good fortune.—The lovely Louisa was partly reclining on my shoulder, and her veil, which she wore to conceal from the rude gaze of the peasantry, her delicate and fine features, was thrown back, that she might the better enjoy the view of the magnificent scenery with which we were surrounded.

'One hour more and we were beyond pursuit—then, my dear Louisa, I shall dare to call you mine,' said I, as I parted the curling hair, and kissed the white forehead of the faithful girl.

'Heaven grant that we may be as fortunate as we have hitherto been,' replied Louisa, 'tho' since I left Vienna, the fear that some foe would at last overtake us, has not allowed me to breathe freely, and often have I, when sleeping, been torn from you to be carried back to the nunnery, while you were dragged away to be buried alive and poisoned, in the mines of Idria, or broke upon the wheel.'

'Heaven,' said I, 'will preserve us, not only from enemies, but from these fearful precipices: a dozen men might, in this place, keep an army in check.'

'Ah, I see,' said Louisa, smiling, 'that you have not forgotten your old trade of war; you must remember that we are going to a land of peace.' 'I do, my dear,' I answered; 'but surely, a person who owes so much to war, may be permitted sometimes to revert to its scenes; to war I owe my acquaintance with you, and all my fond dreams of bliss to come—but hush! who comes here?'

'We were at the moment turning a precipitous point of the rocky barrier—it was the last in the mountain defiles—and the highly cultivated plains, which from this place extend to Dresden, had begun to be visible, when two horsemen suddenly presented themselves but a few yards from us, and advanced towards us.

'Blessed Virgin protect us!' said Louisa, in a low and hurried voice, as she drew her veil over her face; 'we are undone: they are Hohenlohe, and the willing agent in his villainies, Wallenstien.'

Their horses bore the appearance of hard riding, but the riders were evidently well armed, and as they came up, I saw that Louisa was correct.

Hohenlohe was in advance, as narrowness of the road did not permit them to ride abreast in passing our vehicle, and was already beyond us, when Wallenstien came up, and gazing at us closely, reined his horse directly before us, while a scornful smile lighted up his dark countenance.

'By the eleven thousand Virgins! a prize, Hohenlohe, a prize!' exclaimed he, as he stopped his horse, while his master wheeled instantly to join him.

'Well met, my friends,' continued Wallenstien, 'for such I must call you; I should like to know how you prosper in your new undertaking. I must examine the contents of your cart, and unless I have mistaken the freight, shall, without ceremony, take at least half your burden off your hands.'

'I do not know by what authority you use such language to me,' I replied, 'but you may be assured you are speaking to one who is not accustomed to submit to insult.'

'Ha!' said the imperialist, 'it is as I suspected, the hero of Arcola, escorting in a bookseller's cart, a runaway nun! O, how that will tell in the gay circles of Vienna.' 'Villain,' I replied, 'you will please to bridle your tongue, or you will never again see Vienna;' while I whispered to the half fainting Louisa, not to be frightened, for I would defend her with my life.

'Come, madam Stienberg, if you have not exchanged that name for a meaner one,' said Hohenlohe, with a sneer, 'come, let us see your face once more; that hand I should know among a thousand, and I wish to see whether a nunnery has had as little effect on your features as on your white hand.' 'Come, maiden, unveil; remember it is your lord who now commands you,' said Wallenstein; 'no quirks or squeamishness; we shall, I trust, be better acquainted before we get back to Vienna.'

'Offer him money! offer him money!' said the terrified Louisa, who well knew the avaricious disposition of Wallenstien.

'Miss Stienberg has forgotten that there are those who will pay more to have her and her paramour carried back to Vienna, than she can give to prevent it,' said the heart-

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 Stienberg be taken thither, without her consent; you will therefore clear the way and let us pass.' 'I shall clear the way for you,' answered Wallenstien, 'but you may throw your literary trumpery into the Elbe; you will not need it to meet your return expenses;' so saying he took my mule by the bits, and attempted to turn the cart about.

'The villain who stops a peaceable traveller on the road, must expect to be treated as a highway robber,' said I, as I drew one of my pistols, and fired.

Wallenstien let go the bits—attempted to draw a pistol from his holster, but was unable—he reeled in his saddle, and exclaiming with a fearful oath, that he was a dead man, dropped lifeless from his horse, but clinging to the bridle with a death grasp, and thus completely blocked up the way. I leaped from the cart, and seizing Wallenstien, with a single effort threw him over the precipice; thus clearing the way, while I called to Louisa to drive forward with all her might; but before she could move, I found myself confronted by Hohenlohe, who with drawn sword exclaimed, 'base and cowardly murderer, think not to escape thus: vengeance shall now overtake the traitor, and the seducer of innocence.' 'With the man who has fallen, I had no quarrel,' said I, as I drew, 'but with you—with the murderer of Charles Stienberg—the recreant from worth and honor—my quarrel is fatal; we part not till reparation is made, and made with blood.'

Blows were instantly exchanged, and the struggle was close and desperate. Hohenlohe maintained his reputation as a swordsman, and his cool calculating address made him doubly dangerous. At last in making a thrust which I intended should decide the contest, my sword, which had carried me safe through many a peril, broke in the middle, and I was thus completely disarmed. Before he had time to take advantage of my situation, I 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 either—every muscle of both was strained to its utmost tension—death was before one or both of us—and such a death—yet there was not a thought of retreat. At this critical moment, by a change of our position, I felt the handle of his dagger within my grasp & quick as lightning it was plunged to its hilt in his body—he started, though unconscious from what source the injury he had received, and the pain he felt, arose—his foot slipped on the rock—and by a sudden and vigorous effort, I lifted and whirled him over the verge of the horrid abyss. So close, however, and determined was our grasp, that he pulled me over with him, but with my disengaged hands I fortunately seized the timbers, and as the suddenness of the fall loosed his hold, while he fell, I remained clinging to them, as to my last hold on life. With my disabled arm, it is doubtful what the result might have been, had not Louisa witnessed my perilous situation, and with her characteristic presence of mind, hastened to my aid, and with the assistance she could afford, I was enabled speedily to gain in safety the upper bank.

Hehenlohe was gone—I ventured to look over the edge of the precipice, and saw that at twenty feet from the summit, the wretched man was clinging to a projecting ledge, which had checked his descent for an instant. Below him there was nothing to prevent his being dashed on the ragged rocks, which at an immense depth lay piled at the foot of the cliffs. There was such an expression of agonized horror in his countenance, as his eyes turned up to us, that though his compressed lips sternly refused to beg for assistance, yet, had it been then in my power, I should have saved him, I had no time however, for commiseration; his hands were obliged, gradually to relax his grasp, and with a scream of horror, which rang through my ears for the moment, was crushed on the rocks far below. Even at that distance, I could perceive there was a slight convulsive movement; it was momentary—the body rolled from the last rock, and with 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 did that of Hohenlohe.

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 Wallenstien had undertaken this expedition without attendants; but we met with no more difficulty: and the passports I had provided, enabling me to pass the frontier posts without question, we, the next day, found ourselves safe in Dresden. We afterwards learned that immediately after the flight of Louisa was ascertained, and the occurrence excited a great sensation in the capital, Hohenlohe, who had not entirely relinquished his designs on Miss Stienberg, now fancied he saw an opportunity, not only of securing her, but of inflicting condign punishment on the person who he considered as his rival, with his faithful agent, Wallenstien, and a few others on whom he could depend, left Vienna with a determination to secure the fugitives, as we were termed, at every hazard. By our precaution in leaving the great road, he 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 Wallenstien, agreed to wait there a short time, in order to meet us themselves, should the advance party fail. 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 were fortune enough to find a vessel on the eve of sailing for the U. States, and in which we engaged our passage. It was now that I claimed the fulfilment of the promise made me by the lovely Louisa: with blushes 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 her unwavering constancy, kindness and love, has not a little contributed to lighten the cares and lessen the regrets, that attend the forsaking of friends, and the change of country and home. Our voyage was quick and pleasant, and we arrived at Philadelphia in safety. I knew that many Germans were settled in the interior, and in my excursions, I found one or two whom I had formerly known. They were settled in this retired and beautiful valley, and here I have fixed myself, where far away from the cares and bustle of life, and in the society of my Louisa, and a few friends, I enjoy 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; and he forebore to mention, except incidentally, the honorable part he had acted in them; they were described by a vivacity and minuteness, which proved his intimate acquaintance with their plans and details.

It was evening before Louisa returned from the visit to which charity had called her. Francis, on her entrance, left my lap, where he had been sitting, examining my pockets for sweetmeats, to receive the kiss and embrace of his mother; 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 leave the abode of so much purity, peace, and love. But a letter from Jenkins, at Pittsburg, decided my resolution—business called me away, and I left the hospitable mansion of Lowendorff and its respected inmates, with a feeling of regret which I had no wish to subdue; and though I have never since had the happiness of seeing them, the remembrance of the lovely and virtuous Louisa, and the pleasing recollections of the sunshine and light which her presence threw over the pathway of life, was too deeply engraven 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 ways and scanning plans for its accomplishment. It was a consummation devoutly wished for, and I would have sacrificed all else, for its attainment. I had 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 had looked upon 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 theirs 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 human 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 delightful, delicious, enchanting. In my dreams, I trod my way to fame—in them I realized the goal of all my hopes. In my retrospect of life, I have often recalled and mused over these picturings of the spirit—these breathings of the heart's desires. They were then the source of pleasure, now of wonder and amusement. I have often attempted to account for the phenomana of dreaming, but are yet in the dark, for in those dreams, thoughts and plans were suggested and boldly executed, which never entered my mind in my waking hours. I will relate one of those night visions to you.

It was above earth, as my hopes were beyond human attainment. My spirits' flight was to other and far distant worlds. I had discovered a passage to the stars, a means by which mortals might walk the air and tread the bounds of infinite space. Heavens! was not this a dream, a bright, magnificent, glorious dream? A field was thus presented, aloud with my praise, millions would offer tribute to my name, generations yet to come venerate my memory. What a glorious vision thus burst upon me! What a delightful sensation thrilled through my heart as I stood and gazed upon this grand work of mine. My desire for immortality, my wish to be known and remembered, was thus fully realized, for who would forget him who had opened a way to the moon and the stars, about which so much had been said and conjectured. Positive proof could now be had, and the world had received an incalculable benefit by my discovery. The astronomer could now visit his 'blessed stars,' and the poet inspect, that which had afforded him so wide a field for song, and all this was effected through my agency. I should now be the theme of every song, and the subject of the world's praise. Was I happy? for a moment I was: with the prospect of fame so fair I was transported, but imagination had another picture to dampen the beauty of the vision. She opened to me the reception of my discovery. I was transposed ten years ahead, and the halo of my glory was waxing dim, thousands were treading my passage to the skies, but their shouts were of other things; not one seemed to know or care for him who had prepared the way, and I heard not my name, save in execrations from the wife and child, whose husband and father had left home and friends to seek among the stars a new abode, and then a pang shot through my heart, and I was miserable. The passage was thronged with the gay and happy, the serious and disconsolate. I looked upon the busy multitude, anxious to catch one sound of praise, but no one came, and then I wept for my own glory departed and for the ingratitude of man. I saw the efforts of genius and study were a benefit and a pleasure to many, but heard no thanks for him who possessed and used them; and then revenge seized upon me, and had I possessed 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 disconsolate 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 substance to its whisperings, has been left in cold neglect, to drag out a pitiful existence, and at last to die unhonored and unknown. 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 damper is thrown upon my ardor, 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 whited sepulcre 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? which are general and not local in their effects, besides the great mass of mankind cannot comprehend the works of genius, nor understand 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 doer, 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 plaudits and their praise, is the prayer of ever man of talent. For this purpose they bend every nerve, 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 many a noble act, it awakes 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 anxious 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 immediate 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 recorded on the page of history and descend to posterity, is another thing, as valueless as impossible, as foolish as wild and chimerical. 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 delusion, a thing which when obtained is nothing? For what does it profit a man if he win the laurel and reach the high temple? does it add days to his stay on earth? does it increase his felicity while here? if not, where is the benefit? 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 looses its force, and when you reach it, it proves a source of trouble rather than pleasure. It is better to die "unhonored and unknown," loved by those around you, than to be carried to the tomb with all the pomp and show of greatness. To be a good citizen, 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, Cæsar betrayed, and Napoleon left to die in exile; and yet they were great. Their end how unlike 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 and was known to but a few, or he who had made whole nations weep that he might be great?

A. O. X.

A gentleman having, in a dense crowd, accidentally stepped on the toe of the one next him, asked pardon for his carelessness. "No matter, sir," was the good natured reply, "it is only *an error of the press*."

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 quaint 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 beholding the gallant ships of the enemy, Captain Berry, in an ecstacy of delight, exclaimed—"If we succeed what will the world say?" "There's no if, in the case," replied Nelson: that we shall succeed is certain. Who may live to tell the story is a very different question." His personal valour sometimes rose to enthusiasm, as when, with only his boat's crew, he fought the Spanish commodore hand to hand in Cadiz bay; or, when, on St. Valentine's day, he boarded two of their ships of the line: yet even then it was regulated by a steady sense of duty. His was not a blind physical courage: he knew and felt the danger, but his self-possession never deserted him. At Copenhagen, during, as he often declared, the hottest engagement that he had ever witnessed, the fire of the Danish batteries was doing terrible execution on board our ship, when a shot struck the Elephant's mainmast close to him. "Warm work," said Nelson to the officer with whom he was pacing the deck; "this day may be the last to many of us in a moment—but mark me," said he, stopping short at the gangway,—"I would not be elsewhere for thousands." Soon after this, Sir Hyde Parker became exceedingly anxious for Nelson's critical position, and made the recall signal. This being reported, Nelson, humorously putting the glass to his blind eye, said, "I can't see the signal," and directed that for close action to be kept flying. On the last day of his life his farewell to Captain Blackwood, as well as other circumstances of his conduct, showed a remarkable presentment that he should receive his death wound in the approaching conflict: yet, under this foreboding, the cool deliberation with which he made his dispositions, and gave his orders, and watched every movement of the enemy, while exposed to a hail-storm of bullets, proved the imperturable intrepidity of his heart. Unwearied perseverance was another striking feature of Nelson's character. Every succeeding triumph indeed was but the inspiration of a greater undertaking. "Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum." He set no value on personal comforts, nor cared for the severest privations. Public duty, while afloat, occupied all his thoughts. For two long years he watched with cat like vigilance the Toulon fleet, and when the French Admiral put to sea in a heavy gale, which blew Nelson off their coast, and, uniting with the Spaniards at Cadiz, sailed for the West Indies, with eighteen sail of the line, having on board four thousand troops, he pursued them thither, with ten ships only, and tracked them with such speed and sagacity through those ilsands that false intelligence alone saved them from his grasp. Returning to England, worn down by the unceasing anxiety and fatigue of this extraordinary chase, he had scarcely arrived at Merton, his beloved retreat near London, to enjoy a short repose, when he was roused at five in the morning by Captain Blackwood, on his way to the Admiralty with despatches. 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 resuming 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 of Teneriffe. Mr. Nisbet, son of his lady by a former husband, was serving on board of Nelson's ship, the Theseus.—Knowing the very desperate nature of the service in contemplation, he resolved that this young man should not accompany him, but when all was prepared, Nisbet appeared before him, equipped to take his share in it. Nelson urged him to remain on board, saying—"Should we both fall, Josiah, what will become of your poor mother? the care of the Theseus falls to you." Nisbet replied—"Sir, the ship must take care of herself. I will go with you to-night 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 then 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 afterwards it was proposed to take him alongside of Captain Freemantile's ship, for surgical aid, he insisted on being carried forward to the Theseus, 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 no allusion to his wound. A similar omission was observed three years before, when he lost an eye, at the seige 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—this is 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 baneful passion. What peoples our state prisons—What fills our penitentiaries? 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 bestrew 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.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

STANZAS, ON VISITING A GRAVE YARD.

Tread light o'er the sleeping dust
That crumbles on every side!
For Death, like a powerful rust
Is at work in the midst of his pride!

How awfully still is the place!
And the wind, as it passes along,
Moans low as it hastens apace
O'er the dust of the sleeping throng!

Mary B.——; ah! I knew that one;
What a light brilliant spirit she had!
She was one who I once looked upon
With much joy—for she never was sad!

And other bright names here I see
Who have fled in the tide of life's charms;
What an *army* of bright ones there be
Who sleep in the *conqueror's* arms!

Here Sorrow, and Gladness, and Hope,
And Envy, and Pride, and Despair,
Lie silently buried up
In Death, as the dead ones are!

Alas! how the dark wing of night,
Flaps horror-like over the spot;
Ah! 'tis not the tread of delight,
That strays where our fellow-ones rot!

Oct. 17, 1833. ADRIAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TO——.

Fair forms were in that festive hall,
And eyes that well might hold in thrall,
The youth assembled there—
And cheeks whose brightness mocked the rose,
And necks that rivalled winter's snows,
And hearts that knew not care;
Yet all their charms could never wrest,
The lone emotions of my breast.

Why was I lonely? not that here,
I shared not friends, with hearts sincere,
And light with festive mirth;
Nor that my soul is dead to joy—
Nay—all my powers find sweet employ,
Around the social hearth,
When ONE is there, whose beaming eye,
Would warm my heart with ecstacy!

'Twas not that forms were here less fair,
Or cheeks possessed a smaller share
Of hope-inspiring bloom—
Nay—brighter cheeks my lips here pressed,
Than in life's stormy morn, that blessed,
And scattered all its gloom;
But something here was wanting still—
A *something*—call it what you will! H.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THINK OF ETERNITY.

Think not of age with all its cares—
Nor yet of youth with all its joys,
Of things that are, or things 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,
E're yet you close your wearied eye,
Or 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—the cold grave lie,
O, happy—happy may you be,
For endless is Eternity.

Ithaca, Oct. 12th, 1833. HENRY.

MR. EDITOR—By giving the following humble production a place in your paper, you will very 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 R******

Ah Amanda, thou beauteous flower,
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!

Fell *Consumption*—Death's tyrant King!
Preys around *this* frail aching heart,
Death's spell soon around me will fling—
Soon, soon, must my spirit depart.

Adieu, then fair maiden, adieu!
In heaven our bright spirits shall meet,
There forever our songs will be new,
There our Saviour us to glory will greet.

Soon broke is the bright golden bowl,
Soon my spirit will reach the glad bourn,
Soon to bliss shall ascend my glad soul
Then why, ah why, should we mourn?

Spirit *quench'd*—it cannot be,
Tho' the tomb-king's icy stamp
On the outward man we see:—
Tho' the grave is dark and damp,
Spirit! it is not for thee.

Spirit! in this house of clay,
In Jehovah puts its trust,
Flesh is destined to decay,
And demanding "dust to dust,"
Worms have mark'd it for their prey!

Adieu then fair maiden, adieu!
In heaven our glad spirits shall meet,
There forever our songs will be new,—
Grim *Death!* thy sure *blow* then I *greet!*

Henrietta, Oct. 7, 1833. FITZTIS.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

☞ Several original articles, prepared for this No. of the GEM, we were obliged to omit, in order to give the conclusion of the story of the Nun of St. Lawrence:—thus infringing a little upon our desired variety.

SELFISHNESS—AMBITION.—Much has been said and written upon the selfish and ambitious passions of men—but they seem to be very much the same, in every age of the world, although education it is belived generally serves to ameliorate their effects. The arts practised by the most selfish and ambitious part of mankind, in even this enlightened period of time, nearly agree with the advice which was once humourously given by the learned Erasmus, to a particular but poor friend, in regard to "pushing his fortune," and which he literally followed with great success. In the first place, said he, throw off all sense of shame, thrust yourself into every one's business, and elbow out whomsoever you can; neither love nor hate any one: measure every thing by your own advantage; give nothing but what is to be returned with usury, and be complaisant to every body. Let this be the scope and drift of your actions, and your fortune is made. Ah, but is a fortune acquired in this way worth having?

PERIODICALS.

THE LADIES' MIRROR, heretofore published at Southbridge, Mass. after a short discontinuance, has again made its appearance. It is now printed at Woonsocket 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 will prove a cheap and valuable paper to the reader, but we fear not a profitable one to the proprietor, at $1 per ann.

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 BERNE. 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 Edson, 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 hand writing, 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. LUTHER 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. *Wealthy Marsh* both of Rochester.

In Henrietta, on the 3d ult. by the Rev. H. Miner, Mr *Erastus Whitcomb*, Esq. to Miss *Synthia Fowler* all of Pittsford, N. Y.

In East Chili, on the 1st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Cheesman, of Scottsville, Mr. *Henry Banks*, to Miss *Amanda Melvina Basset*, of Chili.

DIED,

In Havanna, of the Asiatic Cholera, Enrico Causici, late of N. 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. 1419, 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 shaken 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. xxviii. 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:—"Cursed shalt 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 gropeth 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 byword, 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, "feared day and night?" And when have they had assurance of their life?" Truly it may be said, "their lives" have continually, for at least 300 years, hung in portentious "doubt." Could they have else than sorrow of mind," when they ruminate upon the sad destiny of their fading race? Neither have the "soles of their feet" had "rest," for they have been driven back from ocean to interior, and from river to river, and lake to lake, dwindling away the while, until their numbers are "few" indeed! Nor even *now*, (far as they have receded toward the western ocean,) does the ambitious white man give him peace and "rest." Can the forlorn Red Man have other than a "trembling heart?"

How literally it is fulfilled, that the (misnamed) Indian, as well as his brother, the Jew, has "become an *astonishment*, and a *proverb*, and a *byword*," over the face of the earth!—Have they not, as well as the Jews, been "oppressed and spoiled" alway? and has any man taken their part, or, (as the prophet has it) "*saved them?*" Have they not had "vexation," and "rebuke," and "cursing," in every attempt to better their condition, or to defend their own dear rights & homes? Have they not, finally, been "cursed," on the right and on their left, behind them and before them, "on their comings in, and on their goings out?"

Isaiah says—"And He shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the *outcasts* of Israel, and gather together the *dispersed* of Judah from the four corners (or *wings*) of the earth;" and, after mentioning several different countries where they should be "scattered," (and where many of the *Jewish* portion of the great family still remain,) the prophet adds, "and the Islands of the sea." It will be observed here, that the wandering *Jews* are particularly denominated "the dispersed," and the lost tribes, the "outcasts." This exactly agrees with many other prophetic passages, where it is said, as in Deut. xxix. 28. "And the Lord rooted them out of their land in anger, and in wrath, and great indignation, and *cast* them into another land, as it is this day." This evidently refers particularly to the "ten tribes," for they only might be said to have been *cast out*; and cast out too in a *land*, (in the singular number) and not, as were the Jews, "*dispersed*" *among the nations*. To be sure, they (the ten tribes,) were, no doubt, for a long time "dispersed" among the "heathen" nations of Asia, before they "took counsel together," as another prophet tells us, "to depart for a farther country." Many other prophetic passages might be adduced to show, that the children of Judah only were denominated "the dispersed," and the lost tribes, "outcasts." They were, however, when considered together as a whole, or one great family, sometimes called "the dispersed" or, "the scattered" remnants of Jacob, or Israel. This was reasonable. This passage, among many similar ones, proves it is thought, that the ten tribes of Israel, after the curses came upon them, were to remain, in a manner, *cast out* from the view of the rest of the world. And what more fit place on this planet, than this continent? If we can form any conjecture from the prophecies, we should judge that they had enjoyed this their secluded country for more than 2000 years before its discovery by the descendants of Japhet, Europeans.

Whether they had lived useful and happy lives, all along down this long line of generations, or whether they have been in constant anarchy, and bloody and exterminating wars, it is not for the ken of man to determine. But still, if the Bible prophecies are true, we have much foundation for conjecture, as to their condition during this long period. Indeed, if there be any thing among the prophecies, of this nature, it cannot but be relied on as correct history, for "the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Let us see. The Lord tells us, through the mouth of his servant Moses, that after they shall be "rooted out of their own land," and shall have been cast off into a far land, "He will send a faintness into their hearts," that "they shall fall upon one another," and, "they shall flee when none pursueth"—yea, that "the sound of a shaken leaf shall chase them!"—And the Lord curses them "in the fruit of their bodies, and in the fruit of their land!" And "the Lord shall make the pestilence cleave unto thee, until he hath consumed thee from off the land whither thou goest to possess it." Here I would remark, that this cannot but have express reference to the ten lost tribes, for the reason that the Jews were never sent to take possession of any land or country, and never have possessed any inheritance since they were driven from the promised land, and have ever since been a wretched, and oppressed, 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 a consumption, and a fever, and with an inflamation, and with an extreme burning, and with the sword, and with blasting, and with mildew; and they shall pursue thee till thou perish. And thy carcase shall be meat unto the fouls 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 this people.

Much of these threatnings 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.

S.

Rochester, Sept. 18, 1833.

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Edwin Scrantom, Editor.

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Biography--N. 4.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

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 mutined, 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, seized the ring-leader, and restored order on board.

In the year 1795, 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 Bourdeaux to St. Thomas, in the small ship Hope with four small carriage guns and nine men, he was engaged by a British Schooner, commanded by a sailing-master in the Navy, and mounting eight guns and manned with thirty-five men, and after killing several of her crew, he compelled her to strike her colors, though the two countries not being at war, he could not take possession of her; but indignantly sent her away to *make report of her action.*

In July, 1798, he unexpectedly, and without application on his part, was offered the command of the United State's Schooner Retaliation, of fourteen guns, which he accepted under a lieutenant's commission, conditioned that he should stand first of that grade for promotion.

In the Autumn of that year, the Retaliation, in cruising to windward off Gaudaloupe, was captured by two French Frigates and a lugger; but he was permitted to return to the United States with his ship, & forty of his crew on parole. Soon after his return, an exchange was effected, and he again sailed on a cruise to the West Indies, 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 barges.

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, & 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 agreed upon by treaty. He was well received by the Dey, who presented him with an elegant Turkish sabre, in testimony of the personal friendship which he entertained for the man, 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 him. 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.—Capt. 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 unsual 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 Mediteranean, where he was employed in protecting American ships against the Tripolian cruisers.

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 Mirbohar of 22 guns, & 110 men, from Morocco, and retook an American brig, seized by her a short time previous. On board the Mirbohar 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 Tripolian 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 opaulettes, 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, uncomplying, 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 should 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 further.

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 Philadelphia—the explosion of the fire-ship, and various attacks made upon the town, all of which passed wtthin 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 countryman.

At length a treaty was concluded by the American Consul, Col. Lear, and the officers and seamen were liberated, June 3, 1805, after nineteen months close confinement, and embarked on boaad 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 Sation at the city of New York. In 1808, he was appointed to take command of the Portland Station. In the year 1809, 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 Constellation; 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 the sloop of war Hornet, 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 hauled 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 cannister 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 luffed 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 foremast went by the board—her main topmast followed—then the gaft 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 hove to for 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 athwart her bows, was on the point of raking her with a broadside, when he hauled down her colors, being a completely unmanageable wreck, entirely dismasted, without a spar of any kind standing. On boarding 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 so 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 "dauntless in war."

The Constitution being in a decayed state, and other circumstances, interfereing with his intended cruise, Com. Bainbridge sailed for the United States. He arrived at Boston in Feb. 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 superintendance 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 Carthagenia, 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 15th, 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 resumed 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 heroe's best reward.*"

Such being the gratitude of our country, and the immortality of her herees, they need not the mouldering marble's aid, 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
Of honor'd bones indeed."

SHAKSPEARE.

Lockport, October, 1833. L. C. D.

MRS. HALE'S MAGAZINE.

The September number of this popular and useful periodical, (says the Troy Budget) contains several articles from the pens of the pupils of the Troy Female Seminary.—The productions are of different characters, prose and poetry, and show high attainments in style. The principal also herself has enriched a few pages with noble and elevated sentiments. Mrs. Hale speaks in the highest terms of the character of the Seminary—of the advantages of education which it affords to the community, and of the liberality of the Corporation towards the institution.

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 oportunity 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 literary lady, never before married, 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, the nurse of vice, 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, tractible, 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 complaisance 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 posession 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 reprove or quarrel with him: do not tease him with sour or tedious remonstrances. You will never suceed by so doing. Suffer in peace and show much patience. Drop a word occasionly, 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."

FOR THE GEM.

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
Undimed, 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've named it after thee:
And when I gaze upon the glow
Of beauty it doth wear,
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'll 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,
Our lasting, long farewell.

Etna. S.

From the Cincinnati Mirror.

LITERARY INSTITUTIONS OF CINCINNATI.

Cincinnatians are generally entered on the memoranda of travellers, who tarry but a few days in the city, as an industrious and business community, with but little pretension to scientific knowledge or literary taste, and having less claims to either. For the information of those whose knowledge of our city has been gathered from such sources, and to show, not so much what its population is, in point of intellectual greatness, as what it is destined to become, we have collected and now publish the literary statistics which follow. It is true, we are a community of workingmen; but the bow of labor is not always bent, and literature has her worshippers amongst us, and the arts and sciences have their devotees.

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.

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.

Mechanics' 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 philosphical 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 Lyceum.—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 teaches, and 220 pupils.—Total, 1230 pupils.

Public Schools.—For males and females, 20 schools, 31 teachers, and 2,000 pupils.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

"The love of money is the root of all evil," is the language of inspiration, but it says not, that *all* love of money is the root or cause of evil. Nor, while it is so very evident that wealth exercises influence, commands and receives respect, and in general, is made the standard by which men are esteemed; and that moral purity, uprightness of deportment, and mental endowments are entirely overlooked, or greatly neglected, in the estimate of qualifications which establish a man's reputation; is it a thing to be astonished at, that almost every one should wish to avail himself of this surest means, and shortest mode of obtaining the confidence and respect of his fellow men?—Not at all—it is perfectly rational. And for wealth to insure an object so desirable, it must be obtained by a frank, manly, honorable course of conduct. The miser, whose money is the price of "widow's house, and orphans bread;" or he, who by fraud has made himself able to count over ill-gotten gains and call them his, neither deserves or receives the esteem of candid men. If envy be ever pardonable, it is when felt towards one who has not only the means, but the heart to "do good unto all men as he has opportunity," to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and spread light and truth abroad in the land. Who does not wish to be in a situation to do so likewise? For verily he reaps a rich reward who can and does so feel and act. I think that must be a lame philosophy, or religion, which leads us to despise or even think and speak lightly of "blessings, God's free bounty gives;" yet how often do we hear those who make pretensions to both speak in such a manner of the good things of this world, as would (and rightly too) be deemed, by them, insulting, if used by one, about donations which they had graciously bestowed on him.

Poor, short-sighted mortals! O, that we possessed wisdom enough to place the right value on mind and matters, on time and eternity.—Let us endeavor to fix in the MIND, the principle of *doing right, because it is right,*—giving it that food which will create and strengthen every virtuous quality, and purge from it all that is foul and erroneous—that we may exercise these kindly feelings of the heart, in generous acts. Why not strive to gain some of this worlds' goods? Thus we shall be happy in doing good; and while living, be prepared for death and uninterrupted enjoyment in eternity.

NAIVTE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

"Major et melior actionum quam sonorum concentus est." Consistency of conduct is much more excellent and pleasing, than harmony of sound.

When we look abroad upon the works of nature, we cannot but remark that mutability is by far their most striking characteristic. They have their beginning, meridian and decline. And so rapid are these transitions, as to leave upon the mind a deep impression of the transitory nature of all things earthly. Observant however, of the mutations of objects around us, we are prone to overlook the fact that we ourselves are the subjects of more frequent and radical change. While our bodies are continually being transformed into the substances which support our animal life, our minds yield to the influence of every new impulse,

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 *ennui*. The enchanting waterfall, the lofty mountain, the majestic view, no sooner become familiar to the eye, than they nearly loose 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 variegated tints of foilage and flower, the endless hues and forms, and tunes of the feathered tribe, in hill and dale, in summer and winter.

Our love of novelty extends to all the departments of 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 weakness and inconsistency, and a mind upon which it would be about as easy to make an abiding impression as upon the waves of the sea. He who pursues such a course will have the mortification of seeing himself excelled, by persons of inferior ablities, but of greater diligence. First efforts in any pursuit are always attended with more difficulty than subsequent ones, which are rendered less difficult by habit.

The unstable man is ever making these first efforts, which proving abortive, only serve to tire and vex. He is ever projecting new schemes, the offspring of intense thought; and thus is his mind in perpetual agitation, and thus does he waste his mental energies. But decision is calm and husbands its physical and intellectual might, until the time of *action*.—And though its resources be small, yet will it succeed ultimately, as the rock which defies the rage of the ocean is excavated by a constant succession of drops. But love of novelty may become inconsistency. Are we then bent upon a scheme to-day, which we abandon to-morrow, circumstances being the same;—do we love and hate the same object, almost at the same time, we know not why—do we have on hand a dozen books with leaves turned down—are our feelings graduated by the weather—let us remember—"Major et melior actionum quam sonorum concentus est."

J. H. A.

FOR THE GEM.

A SKETCH.

We stood around his bed—the bed of one,
Whose flowing life-sands now seemed nearly run;
Death's chilling damps seemed gathering on his brow,
And his bright eyes had lost their lustre now.
All loved the youth whose unaspiring mind,
Genius and soft humility combined—
Whose private character no stains had found,
But stood a Mentor for the youth around.

Parental forms were bending o'er their son,
Watching the features of their dying one;
And friends were there whose every look express'd
The gloom that reign'd triumphant in the breast:
And ONE was there, so pure—so sweetly fair,
It seemed that Heaven had set its impress there!
She did not weep—but 'tis no trifling woe
That stamps its image on that brow of snow!
Calmly on her are fixed his gazing eyes—
They follow her as from the room she flies,
To hide the bursting tear she feared to show,
Before the world, the anguish of the blow:
Tho' she could claim no kindred ties with him,
Whose eyes by time's fast-gath'ring mists were dim.
Yet ties there were twined round each willing heart
Which earthly power could never rend apart—
The task was Death's alone. But soon again,
Her fairy form is by that couch of pain;
For how could she bear absence from the bed
Where all her hopes in deep despair were laid;
Or how 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!

Like the dark bearer of impending storm,
Despair hung o'er us with his blighting form—
Pointed us coldly to the swelling flood,
On whose dread brink the loved Lorenzo stood—
Painted the terrors of the passage o'er—
Heaven's frowns, perhaps, when time should be no more—
And left his lineaments of haggard care,
Transfered full deeply to each visage there.

But lo! a form appears divinely bright,
And drives the monster from the realms of light!
On the sad group the god benignly smiles,
And all their anguish by his look beguiles—
Takes the pale hand that cold and trembling hung,
And joins it with another fair and young,
And points them forward to the sunny isles,
Where social bliss and sweet Hygea smiles!
Even Death's cold stream we view with dread no more,
And flowers seem sweetly springing on its shore!

Oh! sacred Hope! form of celestial birth!
How bright the joys thou scatterest o'er the earth!
How fair thy form appears—how purely bright,
When rising on despair's unhallowed night,
Thou bid'st the heart where gloom and sorrow lay,
Wake to the beauties of unclouded day!
Oh may thy presence ever bless my mind,
Till thou in bright fruition art enshrined!

Ogden, Oct. 1833. * * *

FOR THE GEM.

THE ESTEEM OF BUT ONE.

O few are the joys I require,
And few are the wishes that rise;
Yet I own I do fondly desire
The respect of the good and the wise.
O grant me, kind heaven, but this—
I care not, to all to be known:—
To fill up the measure of bliss,
Let me have *the esteem of but one!*

HENRIETTA BARD.

Nov. 6, 1833.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

No more with fondness now I rove
With those whom I did once adore,
Nor breathe the gentle sigh in ears,
That listened *once*—but *now* no more.

Oh, how this world deceives us all,
As hope delusive, leads us on,
Still points us to some happier geal,
Till hope, the world, and all are gone.

Yet from the tablet of the heart,
The scenes gone by, or false, or true,
Will never go. Stern memory's power
Still holds them all in bright review.

Farewell—the friends of former days,
And *cherished* hopes, a long farewell,
We ne'er may meet on earth again—
Still, still—my bosom's struggling swell.

Be still my heart—thou'st parted now
With all the bright, the fond, the *dear*,
No loss may chill the pulses' play,
Thou'st nought on earth to *hope* or *fear*.

I know that life is waning fast,
I know that death is hast'ning on,
And in a few more years at most,
I'll be from earth forever gone.

But oh! the world may never know
The depths of love in this sad heart,
And how it bled and ached, when first
Opinion tore those chords apart.

Opinion tore those chords apart!
No! independence of the soul—
And firm resolves shall still remain,
Till heaven's last thunders shake the pole.

What tho' in foreign climes I stray
An *exile* from my native home,
Think'st thou my heart can ever change,
And pure affections ever roam?

No—tho' our bodies soon must die—
Laid in the cold and silent tomb—
Yet 'till that time, and past the grave
Undying love shall brightly bloom.

ARAL.

Scene in our Office. "Dis de office ob de Saturday Wisiter?" asked a *colored blood*, stepping into our office a day or two since. Answer being in the affirmative, he pulled up the corners of his collar and exclaimed, "Where you las paper?" The clerk handed him one of the last number, when he placed his ebony finger on a communication signed "Sensitive"—"Who write dat 'are article?" "I don't know," replied the clerk.—"! Ah, you don't know! well—you tell him I treat him wid de utmost contemp end be so kine as to trike my name off you sumcription lis, I don't paralize papers what make personalities."—*Balt. Visitor.*

A famine at the latest dates was at Madras, and such is the destruction of the poor, that the most humane exertions of Government and of the more wealthy inhabitants are inadequate to keep them from starving. The amount of voluntary subscriptions exceeds 300*l.* a month, whi the Governor subscribes 20*l.* out of his own pocket.

Mr. O'Connel is about establishing a new daily paper in Dublin. $100.000 capital is to

e Literary Inquirer.

N STUDENT'S SONG.

ive me back my bended bow !
My cap and feathers, give them back !
To chase o'er hills the boundless roe,
Or follow in the otter's track.

Ye took me from the forest wild,
Where all is bright, is free, is blest ;
And said the Indian hunter's child
In classic halls and bowers should rest.

Long have I dwelt within these walls,
Have pored o'er ancient pages long—
I hate these antiquated halls,
I hate the Grecian poet's song.

My soul was framed for nobler deeds !
This form o'er Indian plains to roam !
Your bell of call no more I heed,
But sigh to see my childhood's home.

There still my brother bounds as free
As the wild heron's soaring wing ;
There, too, my sisters think of me,
As their low chant at eve they sing.

There, too, perhaps !——away, away !
I cannot think and linger here ;
In dreams I hear her lonely lay,
In dreams I see the silent tear.

'Tis done, 'tis past, and free as air,
I drink the breath of forest glade ;
On, on ! nor toil, nor footsteps spare—
I seek the deepest, wildest shade.

uffalo, 1833. G.

From the Rural Repository.

THE PILGRIM.

PILGRIM—is thy journey drear ;
Are its joys extinct forever ?
Still suppress that rising tear ;
Heaven forsakes the righteous never.

Storms may gather o'er thy path,
All the ties of life may sever ;
Still amid the fearful scath
Heaven forsakes the righteous never.

Pain may rack thy wasting frame,
Health desert thy couch forever ;
Faith still burns with deathless flame,
Heaven forsakes the righteous never.

enrietta, 1833. N. B.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

The soul or principle of life within us, may ore truly be said to exist, when it *loves*, than ien it merely *animates*. SAINT BERNARD.

Those animals which are not endowed with tellect, may indeed derive happiness from ere existence, as

The bounding fawn, that darts across the glade,
hen none pursues, through mere delight of heart,
id spirits buoyant, with excess of glee."—

it *man*, reflecting man, derives not his hap- iess from this source alone. Indeed, he ay be sorrounded by all that is adapted to arm the eye, and exhilarate the spirits ; his may be saluted with the varied chorus of ture, amid perfumes wafted on the breath heaven ; he may behold the tender lamb, it "frolics around the bush," and see all ure rejoicing, as fresh from the hand of its

"The warbling woodlands, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields—
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even ;
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven ;"—
And may view all, *all*, with utter apathy.—
Nay, amid all these sources of delight, he may wander, like Cain, shunned by every kindly influence ; the victim of a deep, an abiding dejection: And yet he may be in health, the child of fortune, and of genius. Why then, unhappy ? Because he loves no one, and (of course) no one loves *him*. A bitter, corroding misanthropy has settled like a thick fog upon his soul. His heart is chilled and cold, his sensibility benumbed, his moral taste perverted—and yet he thinks himself better than those around him ; and shuts them out from his sympathy and regards, as beings incapable of affording him either happiness or improvement. He retires into the dark and gloomy recesses of his cold heart, which he renders more and more insensible, by removing it far from the melting influence of reciprocal kindness and fraternal love. Of all the scourges of mortality, of all the blighting influences which wither human happiness, misanthropy is most to be dreaded, as it paralyzes those efforts, for the amelioration of man's unhappy lot, which are at once our duty and our happiness. Show me a man destitute of love to his kind—who can neither rejoice at their happiness, nor shed a tear over their misfortunes, and I will point you to an oak in the midst of a fruitful forest, scathed by the lightning—not a leaf upon its bare and withered trunk, and no flourishing boughs with wide spread branches deriving nutriment from the same generous stock. Man is the offspring of love, and cast helpless upon the world, is nourished in the arms of love. And being warmed and nurtured into life, and supported until his powers are developed, by nothing but love, mark his ingratitude to that Providence which has smiled upon him, and to that kindness which has cherished him. He hates his species. And why ? Because in the cup of love have been mingled some drops of unkindness. Yet—surely, he has received at the hand of his fellow man more good than evil. Shall he then forget all the *good*, and remember against him *evil, only* evil, and that *continually !*

In youth, man is credulous, and a stranger to deception : he receives as truth, all that wears the garb. He fondly hopes to find that fidelity in friendship, that generosity in feeling, and that constancy in love, of which he has read in books, and dreamed in the seclusion of his youthful studies. But soon he finds men veiling selfishness in the guise of benevolence, and the more he seeks to penetrate this veil, the more he finds he has been deceived. He sees men so entirely the opposite of what he though them, that he considers them all as unworthy his regard. But his disappointment results from his incorrect views. He has pictured to himself an imaginary goddess, at whose shrine he has knelt with enthusiastic devotion : He has expected more from friendship than is compatible with the frailty of our nature. He has been disappointed. And will he now forego all the blessings of loving, and being beloved, because he has discovered no love to be perfect in its kind ! He knows not, how great an amount of happiness he foregoes. For he who exercises love towards another, enters into all the enjoyments of the person beloved, and these joys are multiplied to him, in the ratio of the increase of the objects of his regard. We should then cultivate love towards *all*, not merely as it promotes general happiness, but as it greatly augments our *own*, and secures the love of man in return, and the approbation of Him, who is love.

From the Vermont Chronicle.

LETTER TO CHILDREN.

Dear children—I am to tell you what you can do more. You can join the temperance society. One old lady who is now dead, heard that her little grand-daughter had put her name on the paper. And she was grieved. She thought there was no hurt in drinking a little. "I think," said she, "they ought to wait until children come to years of *destruction* before they get their names." She meant discretion. But I have often thought when people complain about getting the names of children, of that woman's mistake. I am afraid, if parents keep their children back from a good act, waiting for more discretion, that possibly they will come to years of destruction first. Come then and put your name where it will do good.—Don't stop and say it will do no good to join. Did you ever read about the beavers? They join together. When 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 place, to make a dam, they would all fail. But where they all come together the work is easy. Besides, when any wild creature comes to disturb them, they can *all* scare him off. God has given all animals the wish to have company. Birds, you know, go in great flocks, so that when one gets into trouble the rest can help him. And they can be pleased with each others stories and songs. Now you can do so. All join together. And then if any boy hears that you have joined the temperance society, perhaps he will feel bad. If he drinks rum, every time he meets you he will think how you have done drinking, and he will feel it to the end of his fingers.

You can do yet more. You can try to get others to join. "Mother," said a little boy, "I wish you would take the constitution and go all round the village, and get them to put their names on. And if they won't put their names down, I will carry my picture book and show them what they are coming to, and than I guess they'll join. He had a little book filled with pictures of drunkards. You can buy a picture-book and show it to other children, and tell them what they are coming to.

Another little boy got a paper and put his name down, and then said to another, James will you have your name down? Yes, he said.—But said his sister, you will never drink any of that stuff that takes people down? No, he said. Well then I will take your name. But now the little boy is dead. Do you think he is sorry that he left his name with the temperate? Come then do something like it. And then, my young friends, when we die we may rejoice that we began early to do good.

CHILDREN'S MINISTER.

LOUISA.

Shortly after my settlement in the ministry, I observed in the congregation a young lady whose blooming countenance and cheerful air showed perfect health and high elevation of spirits. Her appearance satisfied me at once that she was amiable and thoughtless. There was no one of my charge whose prospects for a long life were more promising than her own, and perhaps no one who looked forward with more pleasing hopes of enjoyment. To her eye the world seemed bright. She often said she wished to enjoy more of it before she became a Christian. * * *

Two or three months passed away, and my various duties so far engrossed my mind that my particular interest in Louisa's spiritual welfare had given place to other solicitudes; when one day as I was riding one of my parishioners informed me that she was quit unwell, and desired to see me. In a few moments I was in her sick chamber. She had taken a voilent cold, and it had settled into a fever. She was lying in her bed, her cheeks glowed with the feverish hue, and her lips parched with thirst. She seemed agitated when I entered the room, and the moment I stood by her bed-side and inquired how she did, she covered her face with both her hands and burst into a flood of tears.

Her sister, who was by her bed-side, 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 consistently could to soothe and quiet her.

'But, sir,' said Louisa, 'I am sick and may die; I know that I am not a Christian, and O, if I die in this state of mind, what will become of me?' and she again burst into tears.

What could I say? Every word she said was true. Her eyes were opened to her danger. There was cause for alarm. Sickness was upon her. Delirium might soon ensue; death might be very near; and her soul was unprepared to appear before God. She saw it all. She *felt* it all, Fever was burning in her veins. But she forgot her pain, in view of the terrors of approaching judgment.

I told her that the Lord was good, and that his tender mercies were over all his works; that he was more ready to forgive than we are to ask forgiveness.

'But, sir,' said she, 'I have known my duty long, and have not done it. I have been ashamed of the Saviour, and grieved away the Spirit; and now I am upon a sick bed, and perhaps must die. O, if I were but a christian I should be willing to die.'

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 Savouir. But all was unavailing—Trembling and agitated she was looking forward to the dark future. The Spirit of the Lord had opened her eyes, and through her own reflections had led her into a state of alarm. I knelt by her bed-side and fervently prayed that the Holy Spirit would guide her to the truth, and that the Saviour would speak peace to her troubled soul. O, could they, who are postponing repentance to a sick bed, have witnessed the suffering of this once merry girl, they would shudder at the thought of trusting to a dying hour. How poor a time to prepare to meet God, when the mind is enfeebled, when the body is restless or racked with pain, and when mental agitation frustrates the skill of the physician. Yet so it is, one half of the world are postponing repentance to a dying bed. And when sickness comes, the very circumstance of being unprepared hurries the miserable victim to the grave.

The next day I called again to see Louisa.—Her fever was still raging, and its fires were fanned by mental suffering. Poor girl! though I, as the first glance of her countenance showed the strong lineaments of despair. I needed not to ask how she felt. Her countenance told her feelings. And I knew that while her mind was in this state, restoration to health was out of the question.

'And can you not, Louisa,' said I 'trust your soul with the Saviour who died for you? He has said, 'come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' 'O, sir, I know the Saviour is merciful, but somehow or other I cannot go to him, I know not why—O, I am miserable indeed.'

'Do you think Louisa, that you are penitent for sin? If you are you are forgiven: for God who gave his Son to die for us, is more ready to pardon than we are to ask forgiveness. He is more ready to give good gifts to the penitent than any earthly parent to give bread to his hungry child.'

I than opened the Bible at the 15th chapter of Luke, and read the parable of the prodigal son. I particularly directed her attention to the 20th verse: 'When he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell upon his neck and kissed him.'

'O, sir,' said she, 'none of these promises are for me. I find no peace to my troubled spirit. I have long been sinning against God, and now he is summoning me to render up my account, and O! what an account have I to render! The doctor gives me medicine, but I feel that it does no good, for I can think of nothing but my poor soul. Even if I were perfectly well, I could hardly endure the view which God has given me of my sins If they were forgiven how happy should I be! but now—O!' her voice was stopped by a fit of shuddering, which agitated those around her with the fear that she might be dying. Soon however, her nerves were more quiet, and I kneeled to commend her spirit to the Lord.

As I rode home, her despairing countenance was unceasingly before me. Her lamentations her mournful groans, were continually crying in my ears. As I kneeled with my family at evening, I bore Louisa upon my heart to the throne of grace. All night I was restless upon my pillow dreaming of unavailing efforts at this sick bed.

Another morning came. As I knocked at the door of her dwelling I felt a most painful solicitude as to the answer I might receive.

'How is Louisa this morning?' said I to the person who opened the door.

'She is fast failing, sir, and the doctor thinks she cannot recover. We have just sent for her friends to come and see her before she dies.'

'Is her mind more composed than it has been?'

'O no, sir. She had a dreadful night. She says that she is lost, and that there is no hope for her.

I went to her chamber. Despair was pictured more deeply than ever upon her flushed and fevered countenance. I was surprised at the strength she still manifested as she tossed from side to side. Death was evidently drawing near. She knew it. She had lived without God, and she felt she was unprepared to appear before him. A few of her young friends were standing by her bed-side. She warned them in the most affecting terms to prepare for death while in health. She told them of the mental agony she was then enduring, and of the heavier woes which were thickly scattered along that endless career she was about to enter. All her conversation was interspersed with the most heart-rending exclamations of despair. She said she knew that God was ready to forgive the sincerely penitent, but that her sorrow was not sorrow for sin, but dread of its awful penalty.

I had already said all that I could to lead her to the Saviour—but no Saviour cast his love on this dying-bed—no ray of peace cheered the departing soul. Youth and beauty were struggling with death; and that eye which but a few days before had sparkled with gaity, now gazed on eternity, it was fixed in an expression of despair.

'By many a death-bed had I been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this.'

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 grappling 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 present to my mind, as it was when I looked upon it through irrepressable tears. I can now see the disorder of the dying bed—the restless form—the swollen veins—hectic burning cheek—the eyes rolling wildly around the room—and the weeping friends. Who can describe such a scene? And who can imagine the emotions that one must feel who knew her history, and who knew that this delirium succeeded temporal, and perhaps preceded eternal despair.—Louisa could no longer listen to my prayers: she could no longer receive the precious instructions of God's word. And what could be said to console her friends?——'Be still and know that I am God,' was all that could be said. I could look and listen with reverence, inwardly praying that the sad spectacle might not be lost upon any of us. For sometime I lingered around the solemn scene in silence.—

…ken. All knew death was …who were most deeply af… …to restrain the audible ex… …silence I had entered the …silence I went away.

…Early the next morning I called at the door …inquire for Louisa.

She is dead, sir,' was the reply to my ques…on.

'At what time did she die?'

'About midnight, sir,'

'Was her reason restored before her death?'

'It appeared partiallly to return a few mo…ents before she breathed her last, but she was …most gone, and we could hardly understand …hat she said.'

'Did she seem any more peaceful in her …ind?'

'Her friends thought, sir, that she did ex…ress a willingness to depart, but she was so …eak and so far gone that it was impossible …r her to express her mind with any clear…ess.'

This is all that can be said of the eternal pros…ects of one who 'wished to live a gay and …erry life till just before death, and then to be…ome pious and die happy.' Reader!

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer!

MONROE COUNTY SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

The anniversary of this Society was attended …n Tuesday last, at 10 o'clock, in the Methodist …hapel, in Rochester. The children attached to …e different schools in the village, belonging to …e Union, assembled at their several school …ooms, and proceeded in procession to the Cha…el, there filling the lower floor of that spacious …uilding to excess. The number of children in …ttendance, is supposed to have been about 1600. …he galleries was occupied by spectators. The …eeting was opened with an address to the …hrone of Grace, by the Rev. Mr. LYONS, after …hich the hymn from the Union's collection was …ng, commencing,

Come, children, hail the Prince of Peace, &c.

…hich was followed by an address to the children …nd teachers, by Mr. John H. Thompson. The …ddress to children was judicious, and was, as …uch addresses always should be, full of anecdote …nd illustrative fact, setting forth, in glowing …ords, rich motive for a life of holiness and use…lness. It was evidently intended for children, …nd succeeded in riveting their attention. The …llowing hymn, written for the occasion, by …rs. SIGOURNEY, of Hartford, was then sung.

Tune—*Peterborough.*

1. Lift up the exulting strain of praise,
   To Him, the Almighty Friend;
   Who bids the gospel's glorious light,
   On infant souls descend.
2. Who bids the heaven-touch'd spirit toil,
   To spread its knowledge wide;
   And lead the listening child to love
   The name of Christ who died.
3. Who makes the moral desert hear
   Salvation's quickening voice;
   The wild and solitary place,
   With sudden bloom rejoice.
4. To those, oh Lord, who learn thy word,
   A docile mind impart;
   And deign to touch with quenchless zeal,
   Each faithful teacher's heart.
5. Till, as the mighty waters fill
   The boundless ocean's bed;
   The saving knowledge of thy truth,
   O'er all the earth shall spread.

The report was read by the Secretary, Mr. W. S. Griffith, in about three-fourths of an hour.—We cannot but regret that so much valuable time should be spent in preparing such a voluminous document; particularly to be read in the hearing of children. Reports of religious bodies, it has often been said, should be brief and in point.

A. Samson, Esq. moved the acceptance and publication of the report, which was seconded by the Rev. Mr. Eldridge of the Baptist Church.

The meeting was closed by singing the doxology, and benediction by the Rev. Mr. Fillmore of the Methodist Episcopal church.

The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

Aristarchus Champion, *President.*
Henry L. Achilles, *Vice President.*
Walter S. Griffith, *Secretary.*
William A. Reynolds, *Treasurer.*
J. H. Thompson, Henry Smith, Clarkson, Rev. Mr. Goodenough, Greece, *Committee.*

MONROE COUNTY BIBLE SOCIETY.

The friends of the Bible cause throughout this county, was held in the 1st Presbyterian Church, in Rochester, on Wednesday last, at 10 o'clock, A. M. A. SAMPSON, Esq., President, took the chair, and the meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Hart, of Avon.

The report was read by M. Chapin, Esq., Secretary of the Society.

On motion of Rev. W. Wisner, seconded by Rev. Mr. Danforth, Agent of the American colonization Society,

Resolved, That the permanency of our free institutions depend, under God, upon the influence of the Holy Scriptures; and that we are bound as patriots, no less than as Christians, to use our best endeavors to supply all the destitute in our land with this palladium 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 them in this noble enterprise with our prayers, our efforts, and our property.

The addresses were very eloquent and judicious.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

JAMES SEYMOUR, *President.*

Rev. D. Eldridge, Sweden; Timothy Barnard, jun., Mendon; James Sperry, Henrietta; John G. Crandall, Greece; William B. Brown, Ogden; R E. Furman, Clarkson; Henry Brewster, Riga; Alfred Scofield, Chili; Philip Garbutt, Wheatland; Rev. M. Barnett, Rush; ——— Hall, Pittsford; ——— Leonard, Perrinton; Abram Hanford, Penfield; Thomas Blossom, Brighton; Everard Peck, Gates; C. J. Hill, Monroe, *Vice Presidents.*

George A. Avery, *Cor. Secretary.*
William Pitkin, *Rec. Secretary.*
Elijah F. Smith, *Treasurer.*

Abner Wakelee, William Atkinson, Enos Pomeroy, Orin Sage, Samuel D. Porter, *Directors.*

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

A numerous meeting of the friends of Temperance, was held in the Methodist Chapel of this village, on Tuesday evening.

The meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Birch of this village, and addresses delivered by Rev. Mr. Eldridge, of Brockport, S. M. Hopkins, Esq. of Geneva, and Rev. Mr. Galusha of Utica. In these addresses, many of the objections made 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.—*Daily Adv.*

PROCLAMATION

By WILLIAM L. MARCY, *Governor of the State of New York.*

During the present year, the beneficient Ruler of the Universe has been pleased to dispense, in a liberal measure, his bounties and his blessings to the people of this state. Peace 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 diversified pursuits 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 this state have been exempted by a kind Providence from its visitation, and signally blessed with an unwonted degree of health. Entertaining sentiments becoming a moral and religious people, 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:—

I do therefore in conformity to usage most respectfully recommend that *Thursday the fifth day of December next*, be observed as a day of public PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING by the people of this state.

Given under my hand, and the privy seal of the state, at Albany, this twenty-eight day L. S. of October, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three. W. L. MARCY.

ITEMS.

We learn that the millers of Rochester and vicinity have determined to shut down their gates and close up their flouring operation for the season on the 16th inst., 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 sittings 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 26th of March, a fire broke out in the city of Manilla, 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 manufactory.

A London paper states that eight or ten millions 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 canals.

Large Beet.—We have in our possession a Beet, grown in the garden of A. Stewart, of Geneseo, weighing 13 lbs. 3 oz. and measuring 25 inches in circumference.—*Liv. Reg.*

Peter D. Vroom has been chosen governor of New-Jersey, by the Legislature of that state.

The emigration to Indiana increases with wonderful rapidity. The daily average of the emigrants passing through Indianapolis, during the last two months, to the west is about 100 a day; thus amounting to upwards of 6000 persons; and it is expected that this average will increase during the present month.

A manufactory of Prussian blue is in successful operation in the town of New Bedford, Mass.

A railway communication is proposed between Edinburgh and Leith, the cost of which is estimated at £120,000; the estimate of revenue, £28,000 a year, or 24 per cent. on capital stock.

The United States Gazette says it is on Saturdays, and not on Fridays, on which the Pope has permitted Catholics in the United States to eat meat.

The Hartford Review states, that more than one hundred pensioners had been paid at the agency in that city, within the ten days preceding the 19th ult. The amount paid being probably more than $50,000.

Green Peas.—We saw a few days since, in the garden of Mr. John Cowles, in this village, green peas, nearly large enough for the table. The vines looked uncommonly healthful and vigorous. This is a rare exhibition for October.—*Pough. Jour.*

THE ROCHESTER GEM:

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Volume V.—With 8 Plates.

Edwin Scrantom, Editor.

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A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

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From the [Hartford] Pearl.

THE BRIGAND.

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 revellers 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 suprise 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 them together. On discovering them his countenance was lighted up 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 mysterious characters should be looked after—and that the countenance of Zareo was not the newest, if it was the latest among them. Such speeches, indeed, did not injure the popularity of Zareo, although his companions looked upon him with eyes more scrupulous, 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 her 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 eve 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 the mountain, 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. Zitella was kneeling, clothed in a beautiful Brigand dress, and her head dress gave her the look of a Madonna, as she alternately cast her eyes on the crucifix and upward. An inexpressible delicacy of lustre played upon her features, and her eyes beamed with a quiet meekness of adoration, which told that the heart was moved by an almost angel-like sensibility. Awe, love and submisson to the will of the Divine Spirit seemed the characteristics of her heart's devotion, and the hour of vespers, when all bowed in the same attitude of prayer, gave the scene an almost ideal and romantic cast. Even the robbers seemed to have forgotten their recklessness and to have assumed the garb of virtue and honesty. Zitella dropt a tear as she cast her eyes on Zareo, and her bosom struggled with deep emotion, for she loved—she intensely loved the romantic Zareo.—Again all was bustle. Zitella still gazed on the face of her lover, who had now sunk into a deep sleep. Her eye was soon attracted by a ribband which, placed around his neck, had something attached to it. Curious to know what it might be, she ventured to draw it from his bosom. It was the miniature of an elderly looking lady, clad superbly—her head dress adorned with the most precious jewels. The case was of pure gold, studded with the most precious diamonds. She concluded that he must be the descendant of some great family; and having carefully replaced it, taking her guitar, she sung this song adapted to a beautiful Italian air.

Through the cave of the bandit,
The light zephyrs blow;
The summoning mandate
Wakes brave Zareo.

Quick he springs from his soft bed,
To join the brave band,
By the brave and bold led—
The active Brigand.

His Zitella he meets then,
In front of the cell—
And hoping to meet again,
Bids her farewell.

Farewell, then Zitella sighs,
Since you must go,
I'll follow with my wet eyes,
The brave Zareo.

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-

cil debate on the subject well known to the lovers, although not to the banditti. It was a glorious night, and the beautiful Italian sky was bespangled by myriads of stars. The lovers departed from the cave; as they walked along, Zitella expressed her fears that his death would take place in the morning. Zareo fearing too that her feelings might cause her injury, thought best to discover himself.—'Doubtless,' said he, 'you remember a person who some time ago was confined in the Doom dungeon, and whom you, by your intercessions, released. He was the Prince of Naples, who is now before you.' Zitella would have been thunderstruck, had she not been thinking of the miniature, and about to ask who the lady was she had seen. 'Now,' resumed the Prince, 'may I hope to gain thee for my wife, and may that Cusay, who would have caused my death, be punished as he deserves.' 'How can he be punished?' asked Zitella; 'if one of the band be punished, the rest will rise.' 'Fear not, he answered, 'the dawn will bring every thing aright.' They then returned to the cave, and entering, beheld the band sitting in solemn silence. The Prince was regardless of it, however, for he well knew the cause. It would have made the heart of the stoutest sink, to hear the captain pronounce the sentence; 'Death to Zareo, at sunrise!' Every one retired to his couch melancholy, except Zitella, who smiled, enraptured with joy at the thought that Zareo would not suffer.

The morning was one of uncommon splendor. The band had assembled to witness the execution. The solemn look and trembling step 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 rivitted 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 carabines, 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.

FOR THE GEM.

CONVERSATIONS WITH AN OLD MAN.--NO. 3.

"There are hours of our existence," said the old man, "when we seem to forget ourselves, 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 picturings 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, & imagining 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 buffetings of time have 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 imbibe a stoical indifference of man—look upon the past scenes of life with contempt and commiseration. He seems to live in painful remembrace—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 surrounded, and the course and destiny of our lives, often give to us notions directly contrary. I confess that I myself regard the world and man with too much indifference, perhaps with contempt. But had destiny shaped a happier & smoother path, I might have regarded them with feelings entirely different. It is not therefore a fair criterion to judge of all by one. Man is a being of circumstance, operated upon, influenced and governed by incidents and considerations, with which he is associated; and if this be true, there will ever be a vast diversity of opinions—a thousand grades and classes of men, each holding different notions on almost every subject."

"Sir," said I, "there is poison beneath your remarks, you reason upon a theory the most destructive of our happiness, the most humbling to our reason. Your premises place a man in the creation as above no other creature, it gives him no attribute peculiarly his own, it subjects him to the same principles, governed by the same laws, and influenced by the same causes, as the brute creation. It makes him superior, but not otherwise different from them: it gives him a superior instinct—but takes from him his distinguishing attribute, reason."

"You mistook me," said he, "I breathed not aught against any man's belief on this subject, nor did I set up a theory of my own: I only reasoned from premises which my reason and experience sanctions. I said that circumstances often influnced man's notions of man, and governed his opinions of the world. But I did not say that man was not a reasonable creature, nor did I humble him with the brute. It were needless for me to express an opinion of mind or of its nature and attributes. It is a thing of mystery, and such it must ever remain. But from tracing causes to their effects, and looking upon the result of means in different and the same circumstances, we may form some conclusion of the origin of opinions and sentiments. Whether mind be an original something existing prior to the creation of the body, or whether it be a something connected with the senses of the body, I profess not to know. But one thing is certain: circumstances have an important bearing upon our actions, and in the formation of our opinions." "You arrive at the same conclusion still," said I. "It seems to be your opinion that mind originally is nothing, that it consists solely of impressions made from external causes, through the senses of the body, and that as these impressions are, so is the man. This being the basis of mind, it is consequently the origin of thought, and the foundation of opinions. Your doctrine leads to the conclusion, that man does not possess the power of discriminating between right and wrong; that his notions of these will vary as circumstances and incidents may place and present objects before him, and does it not then follow that mind has no distinct existence—that it is originally no part of man—that it is the re-

sult 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 reference to the opinions of others, has set a will o' 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 neighbours, 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 inimitable principles, the poor victim steals along, now veering to the one side, now to the other, watching the minutest token that would indicate a change in public sentiment, so that he may be prepared to catch the fanning of the popular breeze. Such a character is as contemptible as it is wretched Let each one walk forth amid his fellow men, strong in the feeling of conscious innocence & upright integrity, determined to perform the duties that devolve upon him, unmindful of the noisy clamors that may assail his path. Such a one will play his part on the stage of life, unmindful alike 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 and estimable, and soothed by the peace and calmness of a conscience void of offence.

AN EPITOME OF THE WORLD.—Bulwer, in his last work, " England and the English," tells the following anecdote :

" A Russian of my acquaintance visited England with a small portmanteau, about two years ago.—Good heavens ! how he abused us ! never was so rude, cruel, barbaric people ! I saw him a few months since, having paid us a second visit ; he was in rapture with all he saw ; never was a people so improved : his table was crowded with cards—how hospitable we were ! The master of the hotel had displaced an English family to accommodate him; what a refined consideration for a stranger !—Whence arose the difference of the Russian's estimate of us ? His uncle was dead : he had come into a great property. In neither case did our people look at the *foreigner*. They had looked the first time at the small portmanteau, and the second time at the three carriages and four."

FOR THE GEM.

Mr. Denio,

You will please insert the following piece of poetry, which is from a young man of no common 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 heretofore written considerably for it, under the signature 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 height,
Untir'd by the distance, unblinded by light ;
Unscath'd are his pinions, by frost 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, unconfin'd,
Untempted, untramelled, my course to the skies,
Till o'er darkness and doubt learning's beams shall arise. O.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

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 out her rays,
And stars look 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 rove,—
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 hush profound
Have closed their wings, and are lingering round:
How soft they descend, while they bend not a flow'r,
Alighting on earth at the still moonlight hour.

When silent the busy hum of men,
Sweet to commune with my spirit then ;
To read my heart by the moon's pure ray
And ask if its guilt is washed away.
How sweet is retirement's heart-soothing pow'r,
At all times, but most at the still moonlight hour.

Sweet t'indulge in a gush of prayer,
And thank my GOD for his tender care ;
To raise to heav'n my tearful eye,
And meet in its looks a kind reply !
How sweet to my heart with its soul-stirring pow'r,
The hour of devotion, the still moonlight hour.

O ! this is the hour with blissful wings
That o'er my soul such a rapture flings ;
Giving a proof of its noble birth,
And making a heav'n of this dull earth !
O ! sweet is the day break in grove, or in bow'r,
But sweeter, far sweeter the still moonlight hour.

JANE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

STANZAS.

Oh ! I would lay me down to sleep,
Beneath the wild flowers of the vale,
Or where the overwhelming deep,
Should hush my spirit with its wail.

Why should I cling to life ? no ray
Of heavenly Hope beams on my path ;
But lone and desolate I stray,
Like the devoted child of wrath.

What though there be a sunny spot,
Where no dark clouds of sorrow lower ;
But every worldly care forgot,
Enraptured glides the social hour ?

O could I *always* linger there,
How calm should be my spirit's rest !
But short, alas ! the seasons are
That joy's bright sunbeams glad the breast.

Then, as the cloud that veils at noon,
A summer's sky, serene and clear,
And shrouds her smiling face with gloom,
Appears by contrast doubly drear ;

So banished from THAT smiling form—
The sunshine of THAT beaming eye ;
How doubly dark appears the storm,
That gathers round my destiny.

My bosom, *lonely* and forlorn,
Devoid of pleasure is, and rest ;
And HOPE that smil'd upon my morn,
Lies sleeping on despair's cold breast !

Then I would sink with you to sleep,
Beneath the wild-flowers of the vale ;
Or where the overwhelming deep,
Should hush my spirit with its wail !

H.

SELECTED FOR THE GEM.

'TIS EVEN THUS.

There is something in the female form,
That thrills *man's* heart, and bows the sternest mind
To its controul. " A still small voice" is heard
Alike by him, whose dwelling place is rocks,
And caves, and nature's wild and drear retreats,
As by the ear unused to aught beyond
The scientific hall, and learned parade
Of schools and social life.——'Tis thus when love,
Which has its seat in woman's breast, invades
Our rest with a " fond mysterious spell,"
That we, regardless of our fate, rush on,
And pass—perhaps the rubicon of virtue.
The form once beautiful, unloosed, and free,
Now shrinks at our approach, and fades and dies !
Yet *we* walk onward, as though nought 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.
'Tis even thus too oft—*man* forgets his
Rank, and tramples on the flower he should have
Reared, and dies a *murderer !*

SAVAGE.

GENIUS IN PRISON.—It was in prison that Bœthius composed his excellent work on the consolations of philosophy ; it was in prison that Goldsmith wrote his " Vicar of Wakefield ;" it was in prison that Cervantes wrote " Don Quixote," which laughed knight errantry out of Europe ; it was in prison that Chas. I, composed that excellent work, the " Portraiture of a Christian King;" it was in prison that Grotius wrote his " Commentary on St.

Matthew; it was in prison that Buchanan composed his excellent "Paraphrase on the Psalms of David;" it was in prison that Daniel Defoe wrote his "Robinson Crusoe," (he offered it to a bookseller for ten pounds which that liberal encourager of literature declined giving;) it was in prison that Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his "History of the World;" it was in prison that Voltaire sketched the plan and composed most of the poem of "The Heriade;" it was in prison that Howel wrote most of his "Familiar Letters;" it was in prison that Elizabeth of England, and her victim Mary, queen of Scots, wrote their best poems; and it was in prison that Margaret of France (wife of Henry IV.) wrote an "Apology for her irregular conduct;" it was in prison that Sir John Pettas wrote the book on metals, called "Fleta Minor;" it was in prison that Tasso wrote some of his most affecting poems. With the *fear* of a prison, how many works have been written! The list may be extended.—Pelico's Memoirs are a recent example. *Lady's Magazine.*

JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER, ESQ.

The return of this distinguished novelist to his native country, after so long an absence, and the esteem in which he is held among us, may warrant a brief notice of him.

Cooper is a native of New-Jersey, having been born in 1788, at Burlington, on the Delaware, where his father then resided, but from which the family soon afterwards removed. His father, William Cooper, was a native of Bucks county, Penn. and had been taught, and practised the trade of a cabinet maker, till his removal to the state of New York, where his acquisition of land and wealth procured him the acquisition of influence and of office: for he became a judge in his neighborhood, on the bank of the Otsego lake—graphically described by his son in his 'Pioneer.'

His early education was superintended by the Rev. M. Donald, of Cooperstown; but he was soon placed under the tuition of the present President of Union College, Schenectady, preparatory to his being admitted into Yale College. Having passed through his studies there with credit, he entered into the merchant service, and made some coasting voyages, and it is said some foreign; but in what capacity, we have not ascertained.

The merchant service of the sea not being consonant to the ardency of his feeling or the emulation of his mind, he procured a warrant as midshipman in the navy; but it does not appear that he either rose or sought to rise higher; although it is evident that in that station he had rendered himself conversant with nautical science and subjects.

Disliking the inactive service consequent upon the peace of 1815, he returned home; and commenced his career of authorship—fortunately striking out for himself a new path to fame and profit; but unfortunately finding his first work, 'Precaution,' almost stillborn 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 novelist 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, 1828; 9th. Notes of a Travelling Bachelor, 1829; 10th. Wept-of-the-Wishton-wish, 1830; 11th. Water Witch, 1831; 12th. Bravo, 1832; 13th. Heidenmauer, 1832; and 14th. The Headsman of Berne, 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 Charge d'Affairs at Paris. —*Philadelphia Sentinel.*

From the Springfield (Mass.) Gazette.

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 curtain, with a needle and thread, which it was supposed, from several circumstances, she could have obtained from no other source but the lost needle-book. This fact, together with other facts in the case, seem to show some connection between the several paroxysms, in regard to the trains of thought; and also an analogy between this and some cases of insanity, where lucid intervals intervene. In all these instances she moves about the house with as much ease and self-possession as if every thing was going on as usual, avoiding persons and objects which are in her way, although her eyes are often shut.

When in one of these paroxysms, she usually talks a great deal, and with much more fluency and vivacity than in her waking hours, and occasionally upon religious subjects; so that the case may in this respect, be somewhat analogous to the sleeping preacher at Saybrook. One striking feature of this case is, that she is governed in her language and actions by her dreaming thoughts or imaginations, and all her impressions from external objects are made to accord perfectly with these imaginations. For instance, she frequently supposes herself in some other place, usually her native place, and calls the persons around her by the names of persons who live in that place, and speaks with much interest of scenes and objects which she has seen there. If inquired of about persons and things in Springfield, particularly the family in which she lives, she knows nothing about them. Nothing which can be said or done to her seems to have the slightest influence in changing the current of her thoughts. All attempts to awaken her generally prove unsuccessful.

At one time cold water was thrown upon her, but it had no other effect, except to produce the exclamation—"why do you want to drown me?"—and immediately she went to her chamber, changed her clothes, and came down again to her work. On one occasion an emetic was given to her, (which she took, as she said because the physician, whom she called her father, wished it,) but though it relieved her headache, it did not awaken her. If left to herself, she after a while voluntarily goes to bed, and composes herself to sleep; but remembers nothing in the morning which has transpired.

When in the paroxysms, she usually suffers much pain in one side of her head, her face is flushed, and her breathing so laborious & loud, as to be heard in a distant room. She sometimes complains of the pain in her head; and in one instance wished to have it opened to ascertain the cause. Her appearance usually indicates perfect health; but her general health is not good; and she is the most subject to these paroxysms when she is more unwell than usual. She has been subject to them more or less for several years.

Knowledge is silver among the poor, gold among the nobles, and among princes a jewel.

Office of the N. Y. S. Temperance Society, }
Albany, Nov. 8, 1833. }

PROFESSIONAL TESTIMONY.—More than three hundred and sixty 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 subjoined declaration, or a similar one, drawn up by the Physicians of Albany.

"The subscribers, Physicians of Boston, having been requested by the directors of the Boston Society for the Promotion of Temperance, to express their opinion in regard to the effect of ardent spirits, hereby *declare* it to be their opinion, that *men in health are* NEVER *benefitted by the use of ardent spirits*--that, on the contrary, the use of them is a frequent cause of *disease* and *death*, and often renders such diseases as arise from 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 sate of N. York, and a copy to any 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 concur in the opinion, the public will be enabled to judge how far the efforts of the Temperance Societies are in accordance with the sentiments of that enlightned profession. The names of such Physicians, it is hoped, will be cheerfullv 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 this. If the friends 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.
Chair'n Executive Com.

Editors friendly to Temperance will advance the object 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 most 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 H———, Vt. who, though he can easily converse with others, yet he *cannot speak to his father.*

It appears that before the individual alluded to 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 its father's knee, it was invariably silent, the parent endeavoring to draw forth the winning accents which it would indulge 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 persuasive to induce the child to speak to him. He flattered and intreated, but every endeavor was equally fruitless, while the child was unusually social and fluent with others.

At another opportunity he had recourse to severer means—he commanded the child to converse with him, and informed him that in case of refusal he would incur his highest 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 vainly endeavoring to speak. The parents, and all who witnessed the scene, were now 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 afterward resorted to.

The history of this singular individual is not entirely devoid of romance. Soon after attaining the age of manhood, he was compelled to give another evidence of his inability to speak to his parent, or crush the bright visions of a happy future. He had for some time paid his addresses to a young lady and solicited her hand in marriage. The terms on which she would consent to become his were not easily to be complied with. She would consent upon no other condition than that he should go to his father and speak and converse with him freely. This was attempted----but with precisely the same results which had been experienced in his earlier years---no utterance save that of unearthly and heart rending sounds.

The fair one now yielded heart and hand. There is no discord existing between the families, but they continue to enjoy all that felicity which is common to erring mortals here.

We have related these facts because they struck us as being more remarkable than any we had ever heard or seen recorded in the medical books, and not for the sake of *telling a story*; in which the reader has already learned we are no adept. The individuals we have alluded to are all in respectable circumstances, and our informant has not only resided in their neighborhood for years, but is personally acquainted with them.

Singular Phenomenon—a Shower of Meteors.—A neighbor disturbed our slumbers this morning at day-light, to tell us that something was going on aloft, which we, as Editors, ought to behold. 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. Probably from 10 to 15 meteors fell per minute, in the vista afforded by a single window; and on going to the other side of the house, it was found they were equally numerous in that direction. They were mostly small, but some large enough to [illegible] them and make a bright light, as well as an audible report. Their direction was from East to West, making an angle of about 75 degrees with the earth's surface. How long they continued to fall, we have no means of knowing; but at the time we were called, they had been falling for several minutes, and continued to fall till it was too light to see them. The atmosphere at the time was perfectly clear, with a beatiful starlight, wind West. Not a cloud to be seen. In the course of the previous day, the wind changed from the Eastward, after which, for several hours, it blew with considerable violence.

P. S. A gentleman connected with this office, who went home between 4 and 5 o'clock, informs us that he saw meteors falling in every direction. Consequently the shower must have continued at least an hour. The wind was blowing fresh from the westward.—*N. Y. Jour. of Com.*

ROCHESTER POST OFFICE—IMPROVEMENT.

The Rochester Post Office is now located and arranged in a manner every way 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 us who have witnessed the destitution of such conveniences 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 Office is in consonance with its external neatness---and these, with the central location, (situate 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 unexampled growth of this "City of the Wild." Twenty years ago, and the quarterly income was but the paltry sum of *three dollars and forty cents!*—while now the revenue of its Post Office places Rochester *third only in rank* among the cities of this 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.*

A RHYMING LETTER,

Addressed to the Rev. J. Newton—by Wm. Cowper.

"My very dear friend—I'm 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 it be, did you ever see, of late or yore, such a ditty before?

"I have writ charity, not for popularity, but as well as I could, in hopes to do good, and if the reviewer should say, to be sure, 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 taste and fashion, and ruling passion, and the hoydening play of the modern day, and though she assume a borrow plume, and now and then wear a tittering air, tis only her plan to catch if she can, the giddy and gay, as they go that way, by a production on a new construction, she has baited a trap, in hopes to snap, all that may come, with sugar plum. His opinion in this, will not be amiss; 'tis what I intend, my principal end, and if I succeed, and folks should read, till a few are brought to serious thought I shall think I am paid, for what I have said, and all I have done, though, I have run, many a time, after rhyme, and as far from hence to the end of my sense, and by hook or by crook, write another book, if I am here another year.

"I have heard before, of a room with a floor laid upon strings, and such like things, with so much art in every part, that when you were in, you were forced to begin, a minute-pace, 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,

dancing away alert and gay, till you've come to an end of what I have penned, which that you may do, ere madam and you, are quite worn out, with juggling about, I take my leave, and here you receive, a bow profound, down to the ground, from your humble me,

W C.

From the Diary of a London Physician.

THE BURIED ALIVE.

* * * * * * *

I had been some time ill of a low and lingring fever. My strength gradually wasted, but 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 recoliection 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 move even an eyelid. After a short pause my friend drew near: and sobbing and convulsed with grief 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 ribaldry.

When they had laid me out, these wretches retired, and the degrading formality of affected mourning commenced. For three days a number of friends called to see me. I heard them in low accents speak of what I was; and more than one touched me with his finger. On the third day some of them talked of the smell of corruption in the room.

The coffin was procured; I was lifted and laid in: my friend placed my head on what was deemed its last pillow, and I felt his tears drop on my face!

When all who had any particular interest in me had for a short time looked at me in the coffin I heard them retire; and the undertaker's men placed the lid of the coffin and screwed it down.—There were two of them present; one had occasion to go away before the task was done. I heard the fellow who was left begin to whistle as as he turned the screw nails; but he checked himself, and completed his work in silence. I was then left alone—every one shunned the room. I knew, however, that I was not yet buried; and tho' darkened and motionless, I had still hope; but this was not permitted long. The day of interment arrived—I felt the coffin lifted and borne away—I heard and felt it placed in the hearse. There was a crowd of people around; some of them spoke sorrowful of me. The hearse began to move—I knew that it carried me to the grave. It halted, and the coffin was taken out—I felt myself carried on shoulders of men, by the inequality of the motion. A pause ensued—I heard the cords of the coffin moved—I felt it swing as depended by them—It was lowered, and rested on the bottom of the grave. The cords were dropped upon the lid—I heard them fall. Dreadful was the effort I then made to exert the power of action, but my whole frame was immoveable.

Soon after, a few handfuls of earth were thrown upon the coffin. Then there was another pause—after which the shovel was employed, and the sound of the rattling mould, as it covered me, was far more tremendous than thunder. But I could make no effort. The sound gradually became less and less, and by a surging reverberation in the coffin, I knew that the grave was filled up, and that the sexton was treading in the earth, slapping the grave with the flat side of his spade. This too ceased, and then all was silent.

I had no means of knowing the lapse of time; & the silence continued. This is death, thought I, and I am doomed to remain in the earth till the ressurrection. Presently the body will fall into corruption, and the epicurean worm, that is only satisfied with the flesh of man, will come 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 me, and fancied that the worms and reptiles of death were coming—that the mole and rot of the grave would soon be upon me. The sound continued to grow louder and nearer. Can it be possible, I thought, that my friends suspect they have buried me too soon? The hope was like light bursting through the gloom of death.

The sound ceased; and presently I felt the hands of some dreadful being working about my throat. They dragged me out of the coffin by the head. I felt again the living air, but it was cold, and I was carried swiftly away—I thought to judgement, perhaps perdition.

When borne to some distance, I was then thrown down like a clod—it was not upon the ground. A moment after I found myself on a carriage; and, by the interchange of some brief sentences, I discovered that I was in the hands of two of those robbers who live by plundering the grave, and selling the bodies of parents and children and friends. One of the men sung snatches and scraps of obscene songs as the cart rattled along over the pavement of the streets.

When it halted, I was lifted out, and I soon perceived by the closeness of the air, and the change of temperature, that I was carried into a room, and being rudely stripped of my shroud, was placed naked on a table. By the conversation of the two fellows with the servant who had admitted them, I learned that I was that night to be dissected.

My eyes were still shut, I saw nothing; but in a short time, I heard, by the bustle in the room, that the students of the anatomy were assembling. Some of them came round the table and examined me minutely. They were pleased to find so good a subject had been procured. The demonstrator himself at last came in.

Previous to beginning the dissection, he proposed to try on me some galvanic experiment: and an apparatus was arranged for that purpose. The first shock vibrated through all my nerves; they rung and jingled like the strings of a harp. The students expressed their admiration at the convulsive effect. The second shock threw my eyes open; and the first person that I saw, was the doctor who attended me. But still I was as dead—I could, however discover among the students, the faces with whom I was familiar; and when my eyes were opened, I heard my name pronounced by several of 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 crackling 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.

ENVY.

Of all the irascible passions, there is none, perhaps, that is the occasion of more unhappiness to the bosom which harbours it, than that which creates uneasiness at the prospect of excellence or happiness in others, and which we denominate envy. It usually appears in a little, but ambitious mind,—one that cannot attain to the goodness, reach the greatness, or enjoy the happiness, which it knows and sees that others possess; and therefore repines and vexes itself, because that others have that of which itself is destitute. We would seriously advise all such as find themselves afflicted with this painful malady, to seek a speedy relief from their mental agony, in the exercise of some more happyfying and virtuous principle of action.

From the Mother's Magazine.

MY MOTHER.

When dark frowns of fortune have over me thrown,
The gloom oft attendant on watchings and cares,
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 toss'd,
Illumine the pathway that leads me from earth.

Utica, N. Y. August, 1833. O.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

"Boy, bring my overshoes," 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 discomfiture 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 plodding his way 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, whatever the change may be in life, or in the things around it!"

"Nonsense!" roared my friend. "Talk about a contented mind! Look at my feet, bundled up to the size of half a bushel, my body burthened with clothes, and I myself obliged to travel, carrying an umbrella through mud and rain, and wheezing at every step like a man running a race for his life! Contented mind, indeed."

"You should thank heaven that you are no worse off," I replied. By this time, my friend had got bundled up to launch forth into the storm—and looking upon me with a scowl of utter contempt, and then sending his scowl athwart the blackened west, he went out without reply.

Is it strange, thought I, as he went forth in his bitterness, that such men should be unhappy. They 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.

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 without a few words on separation. For many years, dear patrons, we have, some of us, been acquainted, and not a few have been the kindnesses that have passed between us. I remember how your smiles and your substantial friendships have entered into my feelings, and caused my heart to flow with grateful thanks. I remember how you have borne with my follies, and supported my little barque amidst difficulty and peril, until you placed my hopes upon a more commanding eminence. And now I assure you, that in parting, I feel no common emotions of regret; and the remembrance of your kind offices to me will ever be a green spot upon my memory.

Suffer me to ask you still to continue your support to the Gem. It has become a useful and an instructive work, and will not be less so, than now, so long as you continue your substantial support. Although my pecuniary interest in the paper has ceased, my contributions have not, and will not—and my good wishes will ever attend the publication, and its present incumbent, whom I recommend to you as one capable of amply filling the station, and who is entitled to your hearty support and confidence. Farewell.

E. SCRANTOM.

Rochester, Nov. 30. 1833.

Premiums.—The Publishers of the Saturday Courier, Philadelphia, offer to the author of the best Original Tale, $200—and to the author of the best Original Poem, suitable for publication in the Courier, $50—Competitors to forward their contributions on or before the 15th December.

Harvard University—has 216 Students; Seniors 53, Juniors 61, Sophomores 52, Freshmen 47, and 3 on the partial course.

Brown University—has 145 Students; Seniors 26, Juniors 33, Sophomores 35, Freshmen 47, and 4 on the partial course.

Amherst College—has 235 Students; Seniors 44, Juniors 50, Sophomores 60, Freshmen 85.

Cholera.—The deaths by Cholera, in Columbus, Ohio, from 14th July, to the 29th of Sept. were 100, including 6 colored persons, and 11 prisoners in the penitentiary.

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.

ORIGINAL.

Officious Medling.—A sailor in one of our eastern ports, went into a store belonging to a Quaker, and seeing a 25 cent piece lying on the counter, called to the shopkeeper—'Mister, there is a quarter of a dollar on your counter.'—'Well, there let it lie, was the laconic answer.'

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 us 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 *plaigiarism*, yet it is even so—and this fact reminds us of a conversation once had between a Miller, and one whom he had caught in taking a little grain from his Mill.—"Mr. M." said the Miller, "why don't you leave off stealing—you *always* get found out!" The stuttering thief replied—"w-h-y, w-h-y, n-o, n-o, I don't half the time."

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

LINES

ON SEEING A BIRD OF PASSAGE FLY PAST MY WINDOW.

See yonder bird, that cleaves the sky,
And southward wings its way,
From rude November's blasts to fly,
Which tell of chilling Winter nigh,
And vaunt his coming sway.

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,
And on some orange spray,
'Mid blossoms bright and roseate,
Its little heart with joy elate,
Will warble its light lay.

Ah happy bird ! whose easy flight
Can bear thee thus from ill—
Who thus can flee from Autumn's blight,
And to new region's of delight
Can migrate at thy will.

Full many hearts there are, I ween,
That human breasts confine,
Which, could they change earth's troubled scene,
For one where sorrow ne'er hath been,
Would long for wings like thine !

And while I watch thy rising form
Fast lessening 'mid the blue,
I feel high aspirations warm,
Spring freely as the swift-winged storm,
And ask a pinion too !

The soul asserts its upward flight,
But still our mortal chain
Restrains awhile its native might,
Still darkly dims its vision bright—
Earth claims it back again.

Canandaigua, Nov. 1833. G. H. S.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE LAST BIRD.

I heard a soft and mellow note
Come stealing from the bower ;
It was a lonely bird methought,
Chanting to his lov'd flower.

I listen'd, and methought at length
It had a mournful spell ;
It breath'd, till in its dying tones
It seem'd to sigh, *farewell !*

Again I sought the yellow bower,
Where such soft strains I'd heard,
But it had been the parting hour
With that *last, little bird !*

ADRIAN.

Oct. 1833.

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 dead of the night, when the robbers where all asleep, he rose and cut their throats. Thence 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.

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW VOLUME OF

THE ROCHESTER GEM :

A Semi-Monthly Literary and Miscellaneous Journal.

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 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 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 paged 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 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. 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 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 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.

MARRIED,

In Lancaster, on the 13th inst., by the Rev. Mr Martin of Buffalo, Mr. SAMUEL HAMILTON, of this village, to Miss SARAH, daughter of Mr. Joseph Carpenter.

In Lockport, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Myers Mr. WILLIAM HUMPHREY, Merchant of that place, to Miss RACHEL S. HARRIS, formerly of this village.

In Le Roy, by the Rev. Mr. Stockton, Mr. Henry J. Alvord to Miss Henrietta B. Fitch.—By the Rev. Mr. Crane, Mr. John Sampson, to Miss Clarrissa Peck.

In Redding, Ct., on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Sanford, Mr. C. B. Rich, of Richville, Genesee Co., to Miss Betsy M. Bartram.

At Greenwich, Conn. on the 28th of Oct. by the Rev. Joel Man, Mr. Stephen H. Seaman, merchant of Albion, New York, to Miss Eunice R Hobby.

In East Bloomfield, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Gideon Simmons, Mr. Henry A. Cheson, to Miss Harriet G. Evarts, of the former place.

In West Bloomfield, the 23d Oct. by the Rev. Mr. Brown, Mr Heman Doolittle, of East Bloomfield, to Miss Charlotte Noble of Richmond.

In Homer, on the 6th instant, by the Rev. H. Gregory, Mr Henry W. Harris, of Orleans Co. to Miss Eleanor, daughter of Mr. Asa Austin, of the former place.

DIED,

In Batavia, on the 19th inst. Mrs. Almira, wife of Richaed Smith, aged 47 years.

At Black Rock, on the 4th inst, Major Daniel S. Davison. aged 46 years.

In this village, on the 18th inst. AMOS DEAN, in the 34th year of his age.

LIST OF AGENTS.

Auburn, Geo. S. Bennet—Ann Arbour, Mich. Ter. Luther W. Gitteau—Attica, Roswell Cheney—Brockport, Wm. Nash—Buffalo, A. W. Willgus—Bloomfield, Mich. Ter. Dr. E. S. Parke—Black Rock, Elam Dodge—Chicago, Ill. J. Woolley, Jr.—Cleaveland, Ohio, A. S. Sandford—Dunnhamsville, N. Payne, Esq. Post Master—Bloomfield, H. Munson—East Avon, D. Rowley—Fairport, H. Burr, Esq. P. M.—Framingham, Mass. John Ewers—Farmington, Wm. Robson—Greece, H. N. Marsh—Green Bay, John V. Suydam—Hatfield, Ms. Erastus Billings—Jamesville, Sweet Johnson—Lakeville, J. Bishop—Lima, C. Ingersoll, Esq. P. M.—Murray, A. Clark, Jr. Esq. P. M.—Medina, Uri D. Moore—Middlebury, Wm. C. Lawrence—Norwalk, O. William Brewster—Nelson, U. C. J. L. Ranney—Ogdensburgh, E. N. Fairchild—Orangeburgh, O. Allen, P. M.—Ovid, Charles A. Gibbs—Plymouth, Mich. Ter. H. B. Holbrook—Pontiac, Mich., H. Munson, Esq.—Perrysburgh, O., P. B. Brown—Penn Yan, Th. H. Basset—Parma, E. M. Conklin, P. M.; Pavillion, Wm. C. Lawrence—Painesville, O., E. H. Day—Portageville, W. D. Hammond—Randolph, Elmer Draper—Scottsville, Ira Carpenter—Seneca Falls, John W. West—Walworth, V. Yeomans—Wyoming, W. C. Lawrence—West Mendon, H. Wheeler, P. M.—Williamsport, Pa., J. R. Eck—Wheeling, Va. Geo. S. McKeirman—Yates, S. Tappan, Esq. P.M.—York, Pa. Dr. A. Patterson.—Greenfield, Ms. Charles Ingersoll—Hudson, Ohio, Dr. Wm. Noble—Albany, N. Y. Guy Arms.

THE ROCHESTER GEM:
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Volume V.--With 6 Plates.

Edwin Scrantom, Editor.

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THE ROCHESTER GEM.

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

VOLUME 5.] ROCHESTER, DECEMBER 14, 1833. [NUMBER 26.

From the Muncy Telegraph.

THE BLOSSOM.

BY WILLIAM PIATT.

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

"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 lonely 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 will then have a theme to moralize on the transitoriness of beauty."

He placed the blossom as he proposed, while Mary smiled as if delighted with the gallantry of the act. And yet she blushed as she reflected: "poor modest flower, how much like beauty's, is thy fate. Torn from the home of thy nativity, thou art doomed to charm the senses for awhile—and then, withering, from the cruelty of thy despoiler—thou shalt be cast aside, to be forgotten and to die, as worthless of the trouble it cost to wrench thee from thy parent stem." Thus she thought, and a tear glistened in her eye as she looked up into the face of Francis; for he had her whole heart, and she sighed when the fancy stole upon her brain, that that reflection might be the index to her own fate.

"What, Mary!—in tears—now you *have* been moralizing on that worthless little flower," said the volatile Francis—"Come tell me—have you not?"

"Indeed I have," she replied, "but Francis, why term you it worthless? I shall not so consider it, for this little flower, even when its beauties are gone, never shall be forgotten by me. I will keep it, yes, Francis, I will keep it so long as there is a possibility of retaining it; even after its delicate leaves have crumbled into ashes."

"You will forget that, Mary—"

"No, never will I desert this mild blossom which you have so rudely torn from its native wilds."

"Now, Mary, you are too full of romance for this world of fact. What is there in that little wild flower that can attach you so to it? Dare I hope it is the donor who arouses this sentiment?"

Mary looked down; she had not tho't her words would have been so construed. She did not deny it, but such a thought had been far from the one which had awakened her imagination and elicited the expression she had made use of. She became more pensive; and without scarcely another word, they returned to the mansion of her father.

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 lustre, shone in her full blue eye that beamed 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?—he 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 beauties of that flower had first been 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 in anguish. She reflected upon the cold and gloomy prospect which presented itself to her imagination in this wide world.

"Has he forgotten me," she exclaimed in agony. "Then has the world deserted me.—She wandered—she knew not where.

* * * * * * *

Her friends alarmed at her long absence sought her in the woods where she frequently rambled, but it was long before they discovered her retreat: and when they did discover her, there was a wildness in her countenance that foretold a fearful secret; an alienation of all that gives pleasure to the soul; her mind was wrecked—the fabric of the memory had been overturned—for all that seemed left of that sacred structure resounded in the words, "*The Blossom is faded—and it is lost.*"

Francis returned—but the beautiful Mary never recovered her reason; and his mournful notes may often be heard over the Susquehanna, singing the wild notes of her desolation.

Such is the story of the Blossom. Oh! how many are thus doomed to fade, and leave not a trace but that they have been, and been most beautiful.

THE ANGEL OF THE LEAVES.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

'Alas! alas!' said the sorrowing tree, 'my beautiful robe is gone! It has been torn from me. Its faded pieces whirl upon the wind, they rustle beneath the squirrel's foot, as he searches for his nut. They float 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. Scarcely 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 robe with his smile. The zephyrs breathed softly through its glassy 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 shorn, my arms are stripped; I cannot throw a shadow on the ground. Beauty has departed, gladness has gone out of my bosom; the blood has retired from my heart, it has sunk into the earth—I am thirsty, I am cold. My naked 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 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, tho' 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 thy 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.

'The storm will drive over thee, the snow will sift through thy naked limbs. But these will be light and passing afflictions. The ice will weigh heavily on thy helpless arms; but it shall dissolve in tears. It shall pass into the ground and be drunken by thy roots. Then it will creep up in secret beneath thy bark. It will spread into the branches it has oppressed, and help me to adorn them. For I shall be here to use it.

'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.

'The sap that has for a while gone down, will make the roots strike deeper and spread wider. It will be renewed and strengthened.—Then if thou shalt have remembered and trusted in my 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 and fit it in every part. It shall be a comely raiment. 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 burthen overcome you. Break not beneath this heavy affliction, break not, but bend, 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!'

The scowling face of winter began to loose its features. The raging storm grew faint, and breathed its last. The restless clouds fretted themselves to atoms; they scattered upon the sky and were brushed away. The sun threw down a bundle of golden arrows. They fell upon the tree; the ice-cakes glittered as they came. Every one was shattered by a shaft, and unlocked itself upon the limb.—They were melted and gone.

The reign of spring had come. Her blessed ministers were abroad in the earth; they hovered in the air; they blended their beautiful tints, and cast a new created glory on the face of the heavens.

The tree was rewarded for her trust. The angel was true to 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 scorching heat had not faded it the moth had not profaned it. The tree stood again in loveliness; 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.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

WORLDLY DISTINCTIONS.

How humbling to the sensitive and aspiring mind, are the distinctions that worldly circumstances confer. And if it gives us a more humbling view of fallen human nature, to see the world lavish of its attentions to the sordid—selfish slave of mannon,

"While unassuming worth in secret lives,
And dies neglected,"——

what are our feelings when those distinctions are not severed by the cold touch of death, but follow the victim to the silent grave.

I have seen a lovely infant—the cherished idol of not humble parents, clothed in the habiliments of the grave. Called to assist the last sad rites ere the mourning train passed to the home of mortality, I witnessed the parting scene. But Oh! what pencil could do justice to the picture, as that family circle gathered round the cold and blighted flower, so late the pride and joy of their breasts. 'Tis seldom, yield to sympathy, but this scene burst the adamantine chains of my heart. I had seen those beings in happier hours—I had felt the sunshine of those beaming eyes illumine with gladness the cold recesses of my heart. Now, that clouded brow—those weeping eyes were too much;—retiring to a window, the tears coursed down my cheeks. But when the Fa-

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 faithful heart 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 humbler dwelling—the cherished idol of humbler 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 sun of worldly distinction: as loud was the wail of anguish; the tear as freely flowed! Enough followed that humble child of poverty to the grave to perform the last sad rites—and what need was there of more?

O! thought I, as I gazed on the scene,—I too would sink into an obscure grave. I would not that the long and glittering train should display over my blighted form the hollow mockery of woe. I would not that the sculptured marble should rise to tell to other generations what else had not been known, that I had lived—and died! No! my funeral train should be my few and humble friends, my grave retired as this lowly infant's, with no monument but the flower planted by the hand of affection, and watered by her tears! Smile ye proud aspirants for fame—for fortune—for popular applause—humbling as is the sentiment, it is that of the heart. But I too have sent forth my thoughts in the same pursuit. I have sighed for fortune—for space in the world's affections; and have dared to murmur that I must pass from this fair world just as the morning of life was verging into manhood, and sink with my proud aspirings into an obscure—an unhonored grave. But the hand of inspiration has pointed me to "vanity and vexation of spirit," inscribed on the pursuit, and her soft voice whispered of "Eternal life, and a crown of Glory which fadeth not away, to those who, by patient continuance in the ways of well doing, seek for honor and immortality."

And tho' these fading cheeks—this wasting form admonish me in a voice that cannot be misunderstood, soon "dust must return to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it," yet I can look forward with calmness to the repose of the grave, nor sigh to leave a name behind——a name borne upon the breath of that world which looks with coldness upon humble, unaspiring worth, and which to merit, we must "elbow" our way, by avarice and oppression, to fortune, and its attendant, worldly renown. And while I look with contempt upon the applause of the world, oh! may my humble course be such that a few friends may drop over me the tear of sincere affection, and as they point to my youthful grave, be enabled to say,

"A sense of virtue bound his wayward steps,
Nor o'er the rules of honor he o'ertrod;
Content, he knew not fortune's glittering heaps,
But hung confidingly on his Maker, God."

Ogden, Nov. 1833. H.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

Hark! how the chilling breeze,
Sighs through the leafless trees,
It sings a solemn requiem o'er Nature's tomb,
And fills the once bright earth with universal gloom;
'Tis AUTUMN'S blast on earth has blown—
How soon, alas! her flowers have flown.

Hark! hear the tolling bell—
It peals a *funeral* knell!
Yes, 'tis the knell of a belov'd youthful friend,
Who like the flower has come to an untimely end:
And now that friends and flow'rs are dead,
What joys hath earth for this gray head.

The winds of *Winter* blow—
See too the falling snow!
Creation all, now lowly bows her *hoary* head—
The blast of *Death*, I feel—I bow me to the dead!
Thus man, the being of an hour,
Puts forth and dies, even like a flow'r.

TYRO.

Chili, Nov. 18th, 1833.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

A PARODY.

'Tis the last stick of fire-wood left burning alone,
All its former companions have perished and gone.
There's no stick of kindred, no sapling of oak,
To give blaze for blaze, or return smoke for smoke.
I'll not leave thee, poor firebrand! to pine at their doom,
Since the rest have all perished, so thou shalt consume.
Thus kindly I scatter thy ashes about,
Where thy mates of the chimney have also burnt out.
"So soon may I follow when friendships decay,"
And from life's social chimney the coals drop away;
When foretsicks have vanished, and backsticks are gone,
Ah, who would remain on the cold hearth alone!

JANE.

Nov. 31. 1833.

FOR THE GEM.

PARTING.

To Mrs. H. of R.

I knew a youth, when forc'd to part
From one whose virtues made her dear,
Who clasp'd that object to his heart,
And kissed away a starting tear.

And *then* I thought, that *friends* could not
Feel such a pang to sever;
That something more than *friendship's* power,
Must bind those hearts together.

But when I hear the word *farewell*,
And breathe to friends a parting sigh,
I feel a pang I cannot tell,
And turn aside—I know not why:

For we know not of friendship's power,
Nor yet how dear a friend can be,
Until the *sad*, the parting hour—
We ask for friendship's memory.

Ithaca, Nov. 1833. HENRY.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

☞ This 26th number, accompanied with the Title Page and Index, brings the 5th Volume of the GEM to a close. A few days more and the Volume of Time for 1833, will also close:—yet, dear patrons, permit me to hope that your subscriptions and good wishes for the GEM, will not cease at the termination of either—but that we may proceed on together—with satisfaction and pleasure—through eighteen hundred and thirty-four—and in health and prosperity, many years more.

The 1st No. of Vol. 6th, will be issued the first week in January 1834.

We shall make every exertion in our power to render the 6th Vol. worthy the patronage of an enlightened public, and if not superior, we think we may say it shall be fully equal to the 5th.—Our prospectus is before the public, and whether we shall or not command success, we will endeavor to deserve it.

☞ Persons indebted for the 5th Vol. must be sensible of *what we expect*. And a word to the *just* we presume will be *enough*.

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 forebodings of evil—and, 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, as Virgil beautifully expresses this idea in the first book of Georgics, thus:

"And oft before tempestuous winds arise,
The *seeming* stars fall headlong from the skies,
And shooting through the darkness, gild the night
With *sleeping* glories, and long trails of light."

The Editor of the Cincinnati Mirrior, eloquently remarks of this "splendid celestial phenomenon," that "it were in vain, perhaps, to attempt a delineation of the thoughts called into being by this interesting and sublime display. Grandeur, majesty, glory, poetry—visible, matchless and amazing—mingling together their impressions on the mind, and awakening into stirring action, those sentiments and ideas of sublimity and infinite power, which are felt when we contemplate the stupendous developements of the outward creation. An ethereal sky with its ever-twinkling luminaries, not a cloud within 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 mere passing notice. The interests 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, accounts of the phenomenon as it appeared in various parts of the United States, from Maine to Georgia, and from the Atlantic to Kentucky and Ohio, which are the boundaries beyond which our information does not as yet extend. The presumption is, that it was visible over the whole Continent; and we know that it was observed 130 miles at sea—probably much farther.

From the various accounts we have presented, it does not appear that there was any marked difference in the *time* at which the meteors began to fall however distant the places, nor in the degree of splendor which the phenomena exhibited. All

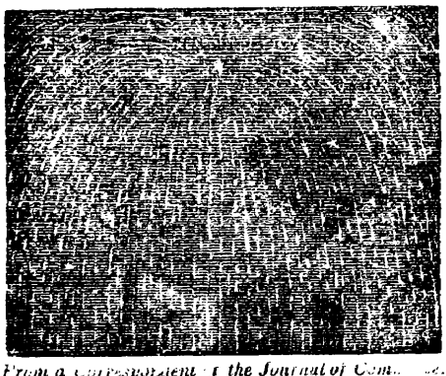
the *apparent* variation in either respect, probably arises from the times at which it was first *noticed*, and the actual difference in the degree of splendor at different hours of the night. It would seem that meteors, in small numbers, were observed, both at the North and South, as early as midnight; but the most brilliant part of the scene was reserved till 4 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;—which proves that it was only an illusion, and not 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 is, that they will account in a great measure for the appearance mentioned.

At Buffalo the *Aurora Borealis* was distinctly noticed as a part of accompaniment 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.

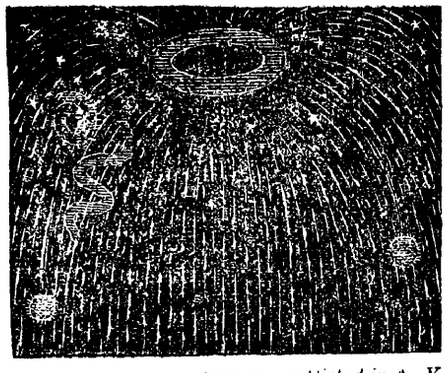
At Buffalo also, it is stated that some of the meteors *shot upwards*: a peculiarity which we do not find to have been noticed in other places.

The phenomenon, although extremely rare, is not unprecedented. One quite as splendid, was seen in South America on the 12th of November 1799, we are sorry, for the sake of "remarkable coincidences," that it was not the 13th,) a previous one had occurred there in 1766,—a very brilliant one was observed at Richmond, Va. and elsewhere in April 1803,—and another at Mocha, Nov. 13th, (mark the coincidence,) 1832 The present one, Nov. 13th, 1833. The details of these phenomena, so far as within our reach, will be found below.



From a correspondent of the Journal of Com... ce.

The falling stars did not come, as if from *several* trees shaken, but from *one*: those which appeared in the East fell toward the East; those which appeared in the North fell toward the North; those which appeared in the West fell toward the West; and those which appeared in the South, (for I went out of my residence into the Park) fell toward the South; and they fell, not as the *ripe* fruit falls. Far from it. But they *flew*, they WERE CAST, like the *unripe* fruit, which at first refuses to leave the branch: and, when it does break its hold, flies swiftly, *straight off*, descending; and in the multitude falling, some cross the track of others, as they are thrown with more or less force. Such was the appearance of the above phenomenon to the inmates of my house. I walked into the Park with two gentlemen of Pearl street, feeling and confessing, that this scene had never been figured to our minds by any book or mortal, save only by the prophet. What should be next, we were at a loss to conceive, consistent with the usual course of events.—We asked the Watchmen how long this had been? He said, "About 4 o'clock it was thickest." We gazed until the rising sun put out the lesser *falling* stars with the lesser *fixed* stars; and until the morning star stood alone in the East, to introduce the bright orb of day. And here take the remark of one of my friends in mercantile life, who is as well informed in polite learning, as most intelligent merchants 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 feeling, just after an hour's watch of the magnificent scene; and was met with an open response of approbation from other intelligent eye-witnesses. The reader will see that this remark proceeded from an almost irresistible impression of intelligent eye-witnesses, that the firmament had given way, that the whole hosts of stars had broken up; yet hope clung to the bright morning star, which never appeared more glorious.



From the Countryman, published in N. Y.

This heavenly Vision that was beheld here last Wednesday, commenced immediately after midnight. Then the star shoo s were few and far between. By one o'clock the fluid discharged had become almost incessant; and by two o'clock, the whole heavens were streaked with liquid fire and strung with golden beads, which bursting upon us in brightness of various colors and various diameters now hid the soft glory of the stars, and anon would have caused the Moon, if present, to have hid her head, and acknowledge herself outshone.

At 4 o'clock, it appears the explosion of one of the falling balls was sensibly heard. And about a quarter past five we saw a star shoot far from the zenith, about two or three points to the westward of North, which in descent shewed a line of fire the color of fish blood, about 2 or 3 inches wide, which after traversing far down the vault described a ball the size of a man's hat, and then rushed on the road it had come, and actually became a SERPENT, [as shewn in the Cut.] It laid upon the firmament we say ten minutes, others say twelve, and then it struck off it seems to the West, and SCROWLED up!- [See the Cut.]

While the SERPENT hung in the Heavens, a star shot from the circle—near the zenith—about S.S.E. which left an immense trail behind, 2 inches perhaps wide, and as measured by the eye, about 21 feet long. Its first color was tinged beautifully with blue, it merged into silver, became an orange ball, near the size of a man's hat, and then rapidly vanished.

Some lines of light appeared no thicker than whip cord; others as thick as your wrist. We think all the primitive colors were displayed. We saw blue, green, orange, red, falling to every point of the compass. The circle above, from whence they started, was very accurately preserved.

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 *Fore-runner*—a merciful SIGN of that great and dreadful Day which the inhabitants of the Earth will witness, when the SIXTH SEAL SHALL BE OPENED!

That time is just 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 behold."

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Rochester, Nov. 1833.

Editors with whom we exchange, will please to copy the above.

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MARRIED,

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. L. Lyons, Mr. GABRIEL LONGMUIR, to Miss JULIA S. FITCH, daughter of Mr. Asahel Fitch, all of this village.

At Wyoming, Mr. H. S. Taber, English Tutor in the Classical School, to Miss Cornelia Allen, of the same place.

In Warsaw, on the 28th ult. by Rev. Mr. Ennis, Mr. Erasmus D. Carpenter, to Miss Lucy Maria Knapp, of the same place.