THE

ROCHESTER GEM,

AND

LADIES' AMULET.

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE—HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, ESSAYS, POETRY. MORALITY, SENTIMENT, WIT, &c.

VOLUME SEVENTH.

We grasp the works of nature and of art--To raise the Genius and to mend the heart.

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SELECT TALE.

THE KENTUCKIAN'S HUNT.

After supper, when the company were again ranged about the fire the conversation took a lively turn; hunting, war and love, naturally became the leading subjects. The old, when they are benevolent love the conversation of the young. Genuine simplicity of character is always shown, in a relish for hearing the sentiments, and witnessing the joys of youth. Persons of the strongest minds often read children's books with interest, and mingled with delight in their sports.—Col. Hendrickson was one of those. Although dignified in his manners, and even austere in his appearance he could unbend, and win the eager attention of a youthful circle by his cheerful sallies. On this evening he was in high spirits, and joined freely in the mirth of his guests.

"I will tell you," said he, a very singular ~~hunting~~ *adventure*, which happened whe nMrs. Hendrickson and I were both young people.—"

"Mr. Hendrichson," interposed the venerable lady mildly, but with a little spice of having authority, "I would not tell that story now."

"Why not my dear? It is a good story."

"But you have told it so often, Mr. Hendrickson."

"No matter for that, my dear; our guests have never heard it."

"You must know," said he, (while the young folks all assumed the attitude of eager listeners;) that my father was a wealthy farmer in the western part of Virginia. We lived near the mountain, and I learned to hunt when I was a mere boy. We had plenty of servants, and I had little else to do than to follow my inclination. At fourteen, I used to break my father's colts, and had gained the reputation of a daring rider; at the same age, I could track a deer as successful as the most experienced hunter, and before I was grown, I had beeu a volunteer among the Indians. At sixteen, I began to get fond of going to see the young ladies; so that between my gun, my father's colts, and the girls, I was in a fair way of growing up a spoiled boy.—Things went in this way until I was twenty one; then the Revolution came on, and saved me.—War is a good thing in some respects. It furnishes employment for idle young men. It brings out the talents, and strengthens the character of those who are good for any thing, and disposes of many who would otherwise hang upon society, and be in the way of better folks. I joined a company that was raised in the neighborhood, and was made an officer; and off I went in a gay suit of regimentals, mounted on a fine horse, with a rifle in my hand, and a heart full of patriotism, and courage and love.—Perhaps you all want to know who I was in love with?"

Here the old lady began to fidget in her chair, and threw a deprecating look at her spouse, who nevertheless, proceeded.

"I was just of age, and my old dame there was seventeen, when the war broke out. Our father's estates joined, and we had known each other intimately from childhood. She was generaly allowed by every body—"

"Mr. Hendrickson," exclaimed Mrs. H. "I would leave that out."

"To be remarkably handsome," continued the Colonel, "and what every body says must be true.—She was, really, al though I say it myself, a *very great beauty*."

"Well, I declare—you ought to be ashamed, Mr. Hendrickson!" interrupted the lady, but the husband who was used to these scattering shots, very composedly continued his story.

"She was a regular toast at the barbecues, and General Washington, then a Colonel, once drank her health at a county meeting."

This reminisence was better received by the worthy matron! who took a pinch of snuff and then left the room; not without throwing a look of pride and affection at her good man, as she passed; but as respected herself, she remained absent untill near the close of it.

"I cannot say that we ever *fell* in love with each other; for our mutual affection commenced from childhood, *grew* with our growth, and filled our hearts so *gradually* that it may be said to have formed a part of our natures. As for courting, there was none; I rode to meeting with Caroline every Sunday, and went with her to the races, and barbacues, danced with her at every ball, and spent half my time at her father's or at my own, just as it happened to be most convenient, and felt myself as welcome at the one as at the other. But no explanation had taken place,—When equipped for service, the last thing I did before I marched away, was to go there with my new regimentals, to take leave. She wept, but my mother and sisters did the same, and I thought nothing of it at the time.

I was gone more than a year, was in several engagements, and went through a great variety of hardships and suffering.—We were poorly paid, and badly fed, and terribly lashed by the regulars, while learning the discipline which enabled us to beat them in return. At length our company was completely destroyed; some were killed, some were taken prisoners, some got sick, and a few got tired of being patriots.—The remainder were discharged, or transferred into other companies; and I obtained leave of absence. I had lost my horse, spent my money, worn out my clothes, and had no means of traveling except on foot. Patriotism, young gentlemen, was an unprofitable trade then, and it is not much more profitable now. Lik Falstaff's honor, it will not set a limb; and I found to my sorrow, that it would not keep out cold, or furnish a barefoot soldier with a pair of shoes. But it warmed the hearts and opened the doors of all the true whigs, and I generally procured a meal, and a night's lodging, at the close of each days' travel, under the roof of some friend to the cause of liberty.

"I had lately thought a great deal about Caroline.—It was not until I parted from her that I knew how necessary she was to my happiness. I now recollected her remarks, and recalled with delight the amusements in which we had participated together. When lying upon the ground in my cheerless tent, or keeping guard at the solitary outpost, I amused the weary hours in forming plans for the future, in which she was always one of the *dramatis personæ*.—When any thing agreeable occurred, I longed to tell it to her; and when in trouble, I could always fancy how entirely she would enter into my feelings and how tender would be her sympathy, could she be at my side. I had no doubt that her sentiments were similar to my own; yet, when I recollected that no disclosure had been made, or pledge given on either side, and that she was not even bound to know of my attachment, I condemned myself for having taken no procaution to secure a treasure, without which the laurels I had got would be valueless, and life itself a burden.

"In order to get home, I had to pass the door of Caroline's father; and I determined to stop there first, curious to know whether I should be recognised in my wretched garb, and how I should be received. I was as ragged a rebel as ever fought against his unlawful king. I had no shoes on my feet, my clothes torn and dirty, my long hair hung tangled over my

face, I had been without a razor for some time, and this scar which you see on my cheek, was then a green wound, covered with a black patch. Altogether I looked more like a deserter, a fugitive from a prison-shop, than a young officer. The dogs growled at me as I approached the house, the little negroes ran away, and the children of the family hid behind the door.—No one recognised me, and I stood in the hall where most of the family were assembled, like some being dropped from another world. They were engaged in various employments; Miss Caroline was spinning upon a large wheel in the farther part of the room; for young ladies then, however wealthy their parents, were all taught to be useful. She looked at me attentively as I entered, but continued her work; and I never felt so happy in my life as when I saw her graceful form, and her light step, while she moved forward and backward, extending her handsome arm, and displaying her pretty fingers, as she drew her cotton rolls into a fine thread. The ingenuity of woman never invented a more graceful exercise for showing off a beautiful figure than spinning cotton on a large wheel.

"I thought she looked pensive, but her cheek was as blooming as ever, and her pretty round form, instead of being emaciated with grief, had increased in stature and maturity. I felt vexed to think that she was not wretched, that her eyes were not red with watching, nor her cheeks furrowed by tears. I endeavored to speak in a feigned voice, but no sooner did the tones meet her ear, than she sprang up, eagerly repeated my name, and rushing towards me she clasped both my hands in hers, with a warmth and frankness of affection, which admitted of no concealment, and left no room for doubt. The whole family gathered around me, and it was with some difficulty that I tore myself away.

"When my good mother had caused me to be trimmed and scrubbed, and brushed, I felt once more the luxury of looking and feeling like a gentleman. I passed a happy evening under my native roof, and the next morning, early, shouldered my rifle for a hunting excursion. My friends tho't it strange, that after the hardships I had recently undergone, I should so soon evince a desire to engage in this fatigueing sport; but I had different game in view from any that they dreampt of. I took a by-path which led to the residence of a certain young lady, approaching it through a strip of forest, which extended nearly to the garden. I thought she was dressed with more than usual taste, and she certainly tripped along with a livelier step than common. I leaped the fence, and in a moment was at her side. I need not tell what passed, nor how long we stood concealed behind a large clump of rose bushes—nor how much longer we might have continued, if the approach of some one had not caused Caroline to dart away, like a frightened deer; while I returned to the woods, the happiest fellow in existence.

I strolled through the forest, thinking of the present interview, recollecting the soft pressure of the hand that had trembled in mine the exquisite tone of the voice that still murmured in my ear, and the artless confessions that remained deeply imprinted on my heart. It was some hours before I recollected, that in order to save appearances, I must kill some game to carry home. How many fat bucks had crossed my path while I was musing upon this precious little love scrape, I know not; I had wandered several miles from my father's house, and it was now past noon. Throwing off my abstraction of mind, I turned my attention in earnest to the matter in hand; and after a dilligent search, espied a deer, quietly grazing in an open spot in full view. I took aim, touched the hair trigger, and my gun snapped. The deer alarmed, bounded away, and not being very eager, I renewed the priming and strolled on. Another opportunity soon occurred, when my unlucky piece again made default—the priming flashed in the pan but no report followed. As I had always kept my rifle in good order, I was not a little surprised that two such accidents should follow in quick succession—and I began to consider seriously whether it might not be an omen that my courtship would end in a mere flash. Again and again, I made the same attempt, with a similar result. I was now far from home, and night was closing around me; I could not see to hunt any longer, nor was I willing to return home without having killed any thing. To sleep in the woods was no hardship, for I had long been accustomed to lodging upon hard ground in the open air. Indeed I had been kept awake most of the preceeding night by the novel luxury of a feather bed. Accordingly, I kindled a fire and threw myself on the hard ground. I never was superstitious, but my mind was at that time in a state of peculiar sensitiveness. My return home, the sudden relief from privation and suffering, the meeting with my father's family, and the interview with Caroline, had all concurred to bewilder and intoxicate my brain. When I fell asleep, I dreamed of being in a battle unarmed, of hunting without amunition, and being married without getting a wife: the upshot of the whole matter was, that I slept without being refreshed.

"I rose, and was proceeding towards a neighboring spring, when a strain of singular music burst upon my ear. I hastened towards the spot from which the sounds proceeded. As I approached, the tones became familiar, and I recognized a voice which I had known from childhood. On a platform of rock, overhanging by jutting points, from which the sound of the voice was returned by numerous echoes, knelt a superanuated negro, whom I had known from my infancy; from my earliest reccollection he had been a kind of privileged character, wandering about the country, and filling the offices of fiddler and coujurer. Latterly he had quit fiddling and taken to philosophy. The old man was engaged in his morning devotions, and was chanting a hymn at the top of his voice, with great apparent fervor and serenity. I made up my mind in a moment that he was the very conjurer who had placed a spell upon my gun, and perhaps upon my courtship; for he had long served as a kind of lay brother at the altar of Hymen, and was famous for his skill in delivering *billet doux*, and finding out young ladies' secrets; moreover, his name was Cupid. I disclosed to him the mysterious conduct of my gun, which was as good a rifle as ever man put to his shoulder, and my suspicion that some necromancy had been practised. The old man was overjoyed to see me, for I had danced to his violin many a long night: he uttered some very profound and philosophic moral reflections, upon the rapidity with which little boys grow up into big men, complimented me upon my improved appearance, and safe return from the wars, and assured me that I looked "*mighty sojerfied.*" Then proceeding to inspect my unluckly weapon, he first examined the lock, then drew the ramrod, and having searched the barrel, handed it back and exclaimed, with a sarcastic grin—

"Pleas goodness! Mass Charley, how you speck you gun go off, 'out powder?"

The truth broke upon my mind with the suddenness of an explosion. I stood with my finger in my mouth like a boy caught in a forbidden orchard, a lover detected in the act of swearing allegiance upon his knees, or an author whose wit had flashed in the pan. The simple fact was, that, in the pleasure of courting, and the delight of winning my old dame there, who, (plain as you see her now, was as I said before, in her young days allowed to be a great beauty,) I had totally forgot to load my gun! But old Cupid kept my secret—I kept my own counsel—Caroline kept her word and I have always considered *that* the best hunt I ever made.

BUTTER AND CHEESE.—"Need I say that butter is irritating to the stomach of the invalid, and, poison to that of the dyspeptic? It is the arch-demon with which all writers on dietetics have warred; it is the thing with which invalids seem to be least able to dispense, and yet it is the thing which perhaps does them the most harm. If eaten at all it should be eaten sparingly and cold. Melted butter, whether on toast or in sauces, should be banished from the table of every veletudenarian. I have, however, known instances of people who have hardly ever felt that they have such a thing as a stomach, in whom it proved as a gentle relaxative, and to whom it proved servicable. Children should not be allowed to eat butter. Indeed, childhood is the age at which a rigorous attention to dietetics is most imperatively called for, both as the means of warding off the diseases of early life, and mitigating their severity when they do occur, and as the means of laying a foundation for temperance in after life. Cheese is generally very difficult for digestion. The impunity with which most people can eat toasted cheese may probably be attributed to the great quantity of mustard taken with it. Decayed cheese is so notorious for the soothing effects which it produces, when taken as the climax of a dinner, that, if unnoticed, it may be thought by some to contradict the assertion, that cheese is difficult of digestion. Decayed cheese has, in fact, ceased to be cheese, properly so called: it has, to a considerable extent, undergone decomposition, and has become a decided stimulant, which may be considered to exert much the effect on the stomach as spices, or other stimuli: in fact, I have seen cases in which it has produced considerable irritation in the stomach and bowels. But if people will eat to repletion; if their insatiate cravings and *gourmandize* will roam from soup to fish, from fish to meat, from meat to poultry, from poultry to game, from game to confections, more than one stimulus is necessary to goad the stomach into an effort powerful enough to concoct the heterogeneous mass; and as one of these stimuli, decayed or decaying cheese is probably almost as harmless as any other."

From the Saturday Evening Visiter.

THE LIFE OF A GAMBLER.

"Behold the picture! It is like?"

I knew Arthur Beaufoy from a child; he was born in Paris, although of English parents; and being an only child, was, as is too often the case, a spoiled one.—His father was connected with a commercial house, and in a few years accumulated a respectable fortune; he bestowed on Arthur an education becoming the heir to his extensive property, and which fitted him to move in the most polished circles in Paris. When Arthur was about seventeen years of age his mother's health became very delicate, and her physician advising a removal to the country, Mr. Beaufoy purchased a "Chateau," three leagues from Paris, whither he removed with his family; but the quietude of a country life did not do for one of Arthur's gay disposition; he expressed a wish to reside in Paris—this, as well as every other which he expressed, was gratified, and having a partiality for the law, he was placed with an eminent counsellor in that city. For two years he studied assiduously, and his private expenses did not exceed two thousand francs per annum; his fond parent looked forward to his becoming an ornament to his profession, and to society, and with this pleasing prospect before her eyes, his mother was removed from the "evil to come;" she died in the spring of 18—, of consumption. Mr. Beaufoy continued to reside in the country, and relying on Arthur's honor, and presuming on his previously steady conduct, this blindly indulgent father empowered him to draw on his banker whenever he chose to do so. I well remember the night on which Arthur played his first game at "rouge et noir." I entreated him not to commence a practice that might end in his destruction. "Oh! said he, "I shall only play for amusement—it will do me no harm." Each succeeding night found him more fond of play, and as soon as he became in some degree master of the game, he began to shake heavily; the sharpers with whom he played permitted him to win for many succeeding nights, but his success was not to last always.—One evening he lost ten thousand francs, but he had now become an inveterate gambler, and *hoped* to win double as much the next night. As his fondness for play increased, his profession was neglected; of this his father was aware, although unacquainted with the cause.

Arthur now became a constant attendant at a gaming room in the 'Palais Royal," and frequently lost heavy sums. When he returned to his lodgings in low spirits, in consequence of his losses, I would reason with him, entreat him never to enter a gambling house again; sometimes he would reply, "I will go one night more and endeavor to get back what I have lost tonight, and then I will desist."

On one occasion he gained as much as he had lost for a week; then he was flushed with the *hope* of getting *more*, and the next night he was found at his usual haunt.—He continued to run this round of madness and infatuation for several years. Having lost to one individual several thousand francs, he gave him a check on his father's banker. Mr. Beaufoy was in the bank when it was presented; he had feared for sometime that his son had been drawing to a great amount, and directly commenced an examination of his account with the bank, when to his grief and astonishment, he found that his son had drawn to the enormous amount of eighty thousand francs. The dreadful truth flashed across his mind, that Arthur had gambled. Mr. Beaufoy's resolution was soon formed, and almost as soon put in force. He blamed himself for having paid so little attention to the proceedings of his son. The period had nearly arrived when he expected Arthur would make his debut at the Bar; but this hope was now blasted. Mr. Beaufoy disposed of his Chateau, and returned to Paris—at the same time he prevailed on Arthur to reside with him. Having completed these arrangements, he hoped, by his presence and advice, to stop his son's progress in the road to ruin; he informed him of the discovery he had made at the bank, and without waiting to interrogate him, attributed it to gaming, which Arthur immediately acknowledged to be the cause.

"Then," said his father, "you must be by this time convinced those who profit by gambling are very few, and that you, so far from gaining any thing, have lost an enormous sum of money; will you then swear to me that you will never again enter a gambling house?"

"Sir!" said Arthur, "I will not swear; but on my honor I assure you that I will endeavor to give up a practice which I now confess must be ruinous."

"On these considerations," said Mr. Beaufoy, "as you are now of an age which requires that you should settle in life, I will invest one hundred and fifty thousand francs in any line of business which you may prefer, provided some respectable house will receive you as a partner."

This business was soon adjusted, and for some months Arthur kept his resolution; but at length the force of habit prevailed—he returned to his old haunts, and rushed headlong into those scenes of dissipation which are almost of necessity contemporary gaming.

Mr. Beaufoy had not exercised towards his son when young, that wholesome parental authority which would have given an influence over him in after life, and now his persuasions and entreaties were of no avail. Arthur's mind had become proof against the reception of serious impressions, and although aware that he would eventually bring his fond father's "grey hairs with sorrow to the grave," he persisted in the same desperate course, and in two years was a bankrupt. His father fearing, that the want of money might drive him to the perpetration of crime, continued to supply him with it.

One evening, soured with losses and disappointment, he had recourse to the "intoxicating draught," and returning home, was met by a winner whom he suspected of foul play; Arthur struck him to the ground, at the same time applying the epithet "cheat;" this was enough in a Frenchman's estimation to justify a challenge. The next morning one was sent and accepted; of this I knew nothing—neither did Mr. Beaufoy. At the appointed time the combatants met; Arthur received no injury, but he lodged his ball in his adversary's heart. The intelligence soon spread, but Arthur was not to be found, neither did any one know what direction he had taken. Mr. Beaufoy's cup of sorrow was already full; and soon after the news of the duel and of his son's flight reached his ear, he was seized with a delirious fever, of which he expired four days after.

The same day on which Mr. Beaufoy was buried, I received a letter, which from the post mark I observed had come from beyond the frontier—it was from Arthur; he was now beyond the reach of justice.—I immediately wrote to him, urging him to return to Paris, giving him directions which if attended to, would ensure his safety. It was evening when he arrived, and without acquainting him with the death of his father, I took him to the cementery, pointed out to him a grave, thus addressed him: Arthur, there lies the remains of your father; grief, on account of your excesses, had long been undermining his constitution, and when he heard of the duel he was seized with a delirious fever, which soon terminated his existence. He trembled so violently that I thought he would have fallen.

"Oh Henry!" he exclaimed, "what have I done! wretch that I am—I have murdered the best, the most indulgent of fathers; but had he no lucid intervals previous to his death?

"Yes," I replied, "he was occasionally sensible for a few minutes."

"Oh God! what would I give to have been there, that I might in his dying moments have given him assurance of my repentance and determination to reform; it is now to late,—but here on the grave of my father, I vow never to enter a gambling house again."

Having empowered me to settle his father's affairs, he left Paris the same night for London.

The remnant of Mr. Beaufoy's property did not exeeed sixty-thousand francs; this sum Arthur invested in business in London, and in about a year, to my great joy, he married. He continued to prosper for some time; his wife was an amiable and well educated woman, and he appeared to be devotedly attached to her and to his two children.

It was four years after the death of his father, that I spent a short time at his house; he appeared to enjoy in a great degree the pleasure of domestic life. In him I thought I saw what I had often believed to be almost an impossibility, a reformed gambler, but the sequal will show how much I was deceived. I heard nothing of Arthur for nearly two years, when business calling me to London, I went to his house. I knocked but no servant appeared—I knocked again, and again—at last the door was opened by a little boy almost in rags. I inquired if Mr. Beaufoy lived there. "Yes Sir," was the answer. Is he in? "No Sir," but ma is." What, thought I, is this the son of Arthur? With dark forebodings, and almost unconsciously, I followed the boy to an upstair room. As I entered it the anguish of my feelings choked my utterance. There, with some bread and cheese and a cup of water before her, with two children beside her, and one on her lap, sat the once gay and charming wife of Arthur Beaufoy—lovely she still was. As soon as I could summon courage to speak, I inquired, to what, my dear Mrs. Beaufoy, am I to attribute this change in your circumstances—you were once happy? Yes, she replied heaving a

deep sigh, but I have now a tale of woe to unfold.—Soon after you left London, Arthur brought here a gentleman whom he had known in Paris, and from that time he came home later at nights, and brought less money than usual; he became increasingly irregular for several months. One evening he came home in a great state of agitation—I was very anxious to know the cause but he would not answer me; at length, he said, Louisa, to-morrow I must send my library and the best parlor furniture to an auctioneer's to have them sold. I entreated him to tell me the reason that induced him to do so; if you have been unfortunate, said I, you have one who can bear it with you. Well then, said he, I am bankrupt, and last night I staked at a gambling table what I supposed to be the worth of these things and lost it. Oh! how can I describe the agony of my feelings at the moment. I pointed out to him the misery he would bring on the dear children and on me, and disgrace on himself; but he heeded me not. Since then all our furniture has been sold by degrees—besides what you see in this room, we are in arrears for half a year's rent, and yesterday our landlord gave us a week's notice to leave. I have suffered severely, both from agony of mind and from weakness of body. I feel that I have not long to live, but I know my dear babes will find a friend in you.

I put a bank note in her hand, and was leaving the room, when Arthur entered; I shook his hand, but I could not speak.—I immediately went in search of lodgings for them, which having procured, I returned the next day.

Arthur was at home; I did not upbraid him—but with him immediately commenced removing his family to the lodgings—Day after day I visited them, but it was evident that his wife was fast hastening to the grave. One morning I found her much worse than usual although I had obtained medical advice, and had supplied her with every necessary and comfort; she did not rally; disease had taken deep root in her frame.—On seeing me at her bedside she faintly said, Mr. M. I am glad you are come; I shall soon leave this world of woe.—I am getting weaker every minute. If any thing should befall Arthur, will you be a friend to my babes—I assured her that I would. Then, having kissed her children she turned her dying eyes on her husband and said, Arthur, you will soon loose me, but you have these dear children; remember the claims they have on you—for their sakes may your life be spared, and may you———" Here her voice failed—she beckoned him to her—he had just time to imprint one kiss on her lips and all was over. She had breathed her last. The day after her funeral, I went to devise with Beaufoy some scheme for the future. I found he was not yet up—I attempted in vain to arouse him—he was dead. On a table I found the following note, addressed to me, along side a bottle containing laudanum.

"Dear M———: I have been taking a retrospect of my past life—the reflection maddens me.—My father, and my adored Louisa, have fallen victims to my folly, and now, I am a vagabond on the face of the earth. Had I listened to your repeated advice—had I kept the vow I made on my father's grave, then I should not have come to this. The recollection of what I *once was*, and what I *now am*, harrows up my soul,—existence is a burthen;—I cannot endure the tortures I now feel; ere you peruse this, I shall have slept the sleep of death. Adieu.

ARTHUR BEAUFOY."

Thus died the once amiable, accomplished, and wealthy Arthur Beaufoy.

ROMANUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

The past! how may the association cluster around that short but expressive phrase. It carries us back at once into new life—it brings before us a new existence—our thought run back to that time when every thing around us was fragrance. We picture to ourselves the innocence of infancy—and the joys of childhood, and as we muse on the bright vision, sorrow takes possession of the heart, and in silent agony we sigh over departed days of happiness—never more to return. We reflect how every emotion of the mind drank in pleasure, and every feeling of the heart was a source of happiness:—and in the comparison, the present appears to us misery—the future a blank. We almost wish that in our younger days we had left the world, and freed ourselves from all its corroding cares and perplexing difficulties.—Now, instead of the rose and the flower, springing up at every step, along our path, it is hedged in with thorns and briars.—Where once nothing but joy and hilarity reigned supreme, now all is dark, foreboding and gloomy. We in vain wish that we might live over the days which to us were the spring tide of life—and the morn of existence; those days when fancy waved her fairy wand around us—when all above was sunshine, and all below was flowers—when to our clear and charmed vision, this ample world was but a weedless garden, whose every tint spoke nature's loveliness, and every sound breathed heaven's melody, and every breeze was but embodied fragrance—when love wove his rosate bandage over young heart's life.

How the heart beats with joy, and the bosom throbs with emotions of pleasure, when the nursery tales told us hardly ere we could lisp, flash across the mind. How have the feelings of patriotism kindled within our young breasts, as we listened to our aged grandfather, as he shouldered his crutch, and told us, while the fire of enthusiasm beamed from his eye, how battles were fought and won. It does indeed appear to be a picture true and perfect—and would that we could say that there was no dark side to the representation: would that we could look back to some portion of our life without any feelings of sorrow, but it is not so! When reference is had to past years, how bitter oftentimes are our thoughts—how marring even the feelings which prey upon our minds. What frequently is the cause of the faded form—the dejected air—the emaciated countenance? What, I ask, is the cause of all the ruinous and mouldering trophies by which misery has marked its triumph over youth and health? What the cause of the broken heart, the mind falling into ruins, and the very form of the man fading from the earth? Why often the heart rendered scathless, and the best feelings of the soul blunted and destroyed? Oh! it is from the keen and cutting reflections which the past brings! How often are men obliged to weep over fallen fortunes, and lament over their days of sunshine! Memory not unfrequently is the worst scourge of man: she arouses the conscience, and with all her artillery rushes upon the man and well nigh overpowers him. It corrodes, eats and stings, until the grave yawns and is ready to receive him. Take the young man who has gone astray from the path of virtue and rectitude—who has sunk into the lowest depths of vice, and he dare not look back to the days when innocence was his, when unalloyed pleasure was in his possession—the thoughts of his early life sting like the serpent, and bites like the adder. Oh! Memory, how terrible! how awful art thou!!

But when man dare not look at the past, and the present yields him no satisfaction, in what direction can he turn. The future is still before him, and upon that he siezes and lives. In the future the past is forgotten, and the cares of the present are cast into the land of oblivion. The future is the mainspring of life—it is an asylum in which all may take shelter. None so poor—none so miserable—none so far gone in crime and wickedness, but what the future holds out something on which to hang a hope. They picture to themselves oceans of pleasure and happiness, in prospective. Here is acquired food and nourishment for the sustenance of life. The meanest beggar that walks the streets has as high wrought dreams of wealth and splendour as he who is now in the actual enjoyment of them. The wretch who is dragging out a miserable life within the dreary vaults of a dungeon, casts his eye forward, and rapture fills his soul while he thinks of the joys of the future. The student while he spends his nights in sleeplessness, and his days in toil; who consumes the midnight oil, over the writings of sages long since gone, is buoyed up in his course by the pleasing idea, that at some future day, stations of honour and eminence will reward him. He also in the distance beholds his name emblazoned on the escutcheon of fame: this excites and urges him on.—

"Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar."

Were it not for this principle of deriving pleasure from the future, life indeed would be miserable, existence would be a curse. What joy brightens the christian's eye, as he from this vale of tears looks foward to that purer, happier world, where nothing can mar his joys! Take away hope from the mind of man, and you render him a fiend incarnate—a worse than devil; then every man's breast would be a hell, and every fire-side a purgatory. Hope! bright immortal hope, is the friend of all, in whatever situation—in whatever place, in this wide world, their lot may be cast.

CLIO.

CONSUMPTION.—A gentleman met another in the street who was ill of consumption, and accosted him thus—"Ah! my friend, you *walk* slow." "Yes," replied the man, but I am *going fast*.

General Education.—A strange idea is entertained by many that education unfits persons for labor, and renders them dissatisfied with their condition in life. But what would be said were any of the powers of the body to be in a certain case disused? Suppose a man were to place a bandage over his right eye—to tie up one of his hands—or to attach a ponderous weight to his legs; and, when asked the cause were to reply that the glance of that eye might make him covetous—that his hand might pick his neighbor's pocket—or that his feet might carry him into evil company—might it not be fairly replied, that his members were given to use and not to abuse; and that the abuse is no argument against their use, that this suspension of their action was just as contrary to the wise and benevolent purpose of the creator as their wrong and guilty application? And does this reasoning fail when applied to the mind?

What Letters should be.—Many people, and well informed people too, sit down to write a letter, as if they were about to construct a legal document, or a government dispatch. Precision, formality, and carefully worded and rounded periods are considered all essential, even though the epistle be intended for a familiar friend. Others appear to be writing for publication, or for posterity, instead of making epistolary communication, a simple converse between friends.—Away with such labored productions. A letter on business should be brief; to a friend, familiar and easy. We like Hannah Moore's ideas upon the subject.—She used to say, 'If I want wisdom, sentiment, or information, I can find them better in books. What I want in a letter is the picture of my friend's mind, and the common sense of his life. I want to know what he is saying and doing. I want him to turn out the inside of his heart to me, without appearing better than he is; without writing for a character. I have the same feeling in writing to him. My letter is therefore worth nothing to an indifferent person, but it is of value to the friend who cares for me.' She added, that 'letters among near relations were family newspapers, meant to convey paragraphs of intelligence, and advertisements of projects, and not sentimental essays.'—*Galaxy.*

A Freak of Nature.—We were presented the other day with an apple about the size of a hen's egg, and somewhat of a similar form, of very pleasant flavor, and being the second growth of this season.—The tree bloomed about the beginning of August in Mr. James Park's garden, in this town, and the fruit seemed to have arrived at maturity about the last of October.—There were a number of branches, containing five or six apples on each. This, though not altogether out of the order of nature, is nevertheless of rare occurrence and may deserve to be chronicled as one of the freaks of the old dame.—*Knoxville Regist.*

A clergyman sometime since, rather hurried while reading his funeral service over a corpse, when he came to the words, this our beloved brother, &c. forgot whether the deceased had been man or woman.—Turning therefore to one of the mourners who happened to be a Hibernian, he asked him. "Is this a brother, or a sister?—"Neither one or the other," replied Pat, "it was only an acquaintance."

Original.

The Ring.

"Take this," said he, "and remember the giver."
Here Lady, take this gift of love,
Emblem of his, who dwells above:
Beginning none, nor end is there;
Oh! take this gift, my lady fair.

And when away, I view no more,
Those rosy cheeks, as once before,
Those mild blue eyes, which now I see,
Fair lady, then remember me.

When the dark wave between us rolls,
And rends apart congenial souls,
My wandering thoughts shall fly to thee—
And then, Oh! then, remember me.

When rude misfortune's blasts shall blow,
And howls in wrath the storm of woe,
When friends no more thy friends shall be—
Oh, then, fair girl, remember me.

Methinks I hear some whisper say,
"Oh haste no more thy steps, away,"
But, ah! I cannot list to thee,
I go—farewell—*remember me.*

Aonian Bard.

THE GEM.

To our Patrons and Friends.

In presenting the first number of the seventh volume of the Gem to our numerous patrons, we tender them our warmest thanks for the ardour and partiality they have shown for this publication, and assure them that in this volume more pains shall be taken to render it worthy a liberal support.

From experience we know that a publication of this kind is attended with much expense; but we feel encouraged by the philanthropic generosity which has been manifested by many of our friends, to make some improvements, which we apprehend will be recognized in the present number.

It will also be discovered that the price of the Gem has been reduced Fifty Cents, on which account we look for a more extensive patronage than we have at any time heretofore had. And of each of our present subscribers, we would ask the small favour of procuring for us One Subscriber, if no more. This, generous Patrons, can be to you but a small task, while to us it would be a great favour. Thus would our subscription list soon be doubled, and we made to rejoice that the friends of literature are alive, and that the spirit which glories in the dissemination of useful knowledge still walks abroad in the strength and triumph of its own divinity.

To the patrons of the Gem—to the friends of education, and lovers of polite literature, we respectfully dedicate this volume of the Rochester Gem, and Ladies' Amulet, with a confidence that they will lend their co-operation in extending its circulation. And now we will close these laconic remarks, (varying a little from the usual compliment of the season,) by wishing our patrons, continual happiness throughout the whole year. *Editors.*

The Boston Pearl and Literary Gazette, is now edited by McMellan & Pray, and is ably edited and neatly printed. Price $3, in advance.

The New Yorker, a literary paper published by H. Greely, and Co. New-York, is a highly valuable paper, and cheap in price, $2 per annum. Mr. George Jones, of this City, at the Store of E. & G. Jones, State street, is Agent for it.

New Daily Paper.—H. A. Salisbury, City Printer, Buffalo, has issued a "Daily Commercial Advertiser," in that City. It is a handsome paper, and is edited by G. H. Salisbury, who has heretofore often written for the Gem.

Mr. Wirt and Politics.—In the memoirs of the Rev. Dr. Rice, just issued from the press, we find a letter from the late excellent and amiable Wm. Wirt, in which he thus amusingly expresses his unfitness for political life: "I am sick of public life; my skin is too thin for the business; a politician should have the hide of a rhinoceros to bear the thrusts of the folly, ignorance and meaness of those who are disposed to mount into momentary consequence questioning *their betters*,—if I may be excused the expression after professing my modesty. 'There is naught but care on every hand; all, all is vanity and vexation of spirit, save religion, friendship, and literature."

Put it down in Ink.—In Halifax co. Va., a man entered his name upon the list of a Temperance Society, in *pencil*, saying, that if after trial he did not like the temperance plan, he could have it erased. In a short time he came to the Secretary saying, "put it in Ink, that it may be a permanent record, and be seen as my testimony, after I am gone." This incident opens on interesting train of reflections. Temperance men are doing work for after ages; and a time will come when the *fac simile* signatures of the fathers of temperance will be looked upon in something of the same light as the fac similes of the venerated signers of the Declaration of Independence. After we are gone, and the places which now know us, shall know us no more, our children will regard the expression of our firm opinion of the nature of ardent spirit as contained in the pledge to which we have affixed our names, as a memento not to be trifled with: and that very signature may save more than one of our descendants fom all that is terrible in a drunkard's life and death.

Boot Blacking.—Warren, the Boot Blacking manufacturer in London, has a retired residence ten miles from the city; keeps his carriage; goes in it to London in the morning; puts on his apron, and works all day in his shop, and returns in his carriage at evening. He employs a poet who does nothing else but to vary his metre and modes of illustration in singing the praise of Warren's blacking. It is not at all surprising that Warren has realized an immense sum in the sale of this article, for there is not a newspaper or periodical in all Great Britain or Ireland, which he has not patronized in the way of advertising. In fact his advertisements appear in almost every part of Europe, & he has agents in every principal town.—It is stated that $1,000,000 are annually expended in London for advertising the single article of Blacking!

Importance of Newspapers.—"Were it left for me to decide, whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate to prefer the latter."

PARNASSIAN FLOWERS.

Original.

Adieu to thirty-four, and Welcome thirty-five.

The sun in golden majesty once more
Has run his daily round ; again has sunk
Within the vast Pacific's boundless wave,
Or seemly so ; and night, calm, pensive night,
Resumes her reign, while forth I lonely walk :
Yes, silence, broad and deep is round me now.
Where are the thousands gay, whom late I saw
And met?—gone, gone, to loose themselves in sleep,
And dream of future bliss. Yes, dream of bliss
Unfelt, unknown, save where our anxious hopes
Are to the future bent—nor reason guides
Our futile thoughts :
And darkness deep, sublime, is round me cast,
Save where a lonely star, peeping askance,
Looks down in sparkling majesty, as if
To know that men, creation's lords,
In sweet content their earthly pilgrimage
Pass joyful through—nor mortal, direful strife,
Disturbs their rightful peace ; for Luna too
Her parent sun pursued, and left no trace
Where her sweet path had been.
But hark ! I hear a mourn : from whence came that?
Ah, 'tis the dirge of nature ! 'tis the last
Sad requiem sung for the departed year.
Then while old Somnus chains the world, as dead,
And nature mourns her obsequies, a peep
Perchance I'll take, at what the new year brings.
But erst the new year to unfold I try,
The old somewhat I'll scan : and first enquire,
How much to drown the world in bliss and joy
Has yet been done ? how much to make this sphere
The paradise designed, by him who gave—
The giver of all good ? How much to spread
That glorious name, by which we hope to reach
Our promised Heaven ? Who have been sent,
Swift messengers of grace, to orient lands,
Where darkness deep, intense sits brooding o'er
There once blest lost ? Who speed their anxious way,
To haste that glorious day, when peace shall reign,
And love unfeigned abound, to bless lost man.
And in our own bright land of promised hope,
Is there no one to need our charity—
Our welcome aid—and bless the friendly hand
Thus kindly sent to virtuous worth in want ?
Fair science lends her aid, her willing hand,
To bless our lot ; and while her shining ray we ask
Translucent, to direct our powerless selves,
We yet may hope, ere long to see full bright
Her beaming light crown joyously all lands.
Yes, Afric's dark, ill-fated land, shall smile ;
Liberia fair, shall spread her wings and bless.
And science, art refined, shall spread as erst
'Twas wont when Egypt, Carthage stood in prime,
Nor sons more learned and wise, nor compeers knew.
And since the bright beaming of thy fleet career,
Thou scarcely past, and lingering year, O tell
If thou hast promised nought, still unperformed ?
If thousands who have followed phantom fame,
Are answered in their wishes, in their hopes.
Go ask the politician vain, if he,
In all his studied schemes of fraud
And artifice, has clothed his lifted brow
With laurels, as he hoped and fain did wish :
I fear that few can say, 'all meets my wish—
All came to pass as I would have it be.'
Again, I ask, since thou commenced thy reign,
How many have the debt of nature paid,
And gone to meet their judge ? their stations what ?
Has the grim messenger his victims took
From high or low, or heeds he not of that?
Our own lov'd State can tell of one unsung,
Who, fifty years or more, has served her sons,
Midst changes, revolutions great, and then
In honored age, reclined in silent death :
Dewitt the man of whom I thus do speak.
But, leaving all, save him whom nations mourn,
Untold, we see that death spares not the great.
If honour, fame, and virtuous worth availed,
The great, the good, immortal Lafayette
Had still survived—a nation's blessing still.
But victims ne'er avail ; th' insatiate wretch
His purpose still pursues, nor slacks his speed ;
And though the high-souled Lafayette no more
Our thanks receives, his name shall still survive,
Nor nations cease to honour—to adore.
But mingled crowds, and ceremonious pomp,
And eloquent orations told for hire,
And eulogies pronounced, but ill can show
The deep respect we feel—the loss we mourn.
Unrivalled he, who, in the bloody years
That tried men's souls, embarked his all on earth,
Left fortune home, and partner dear,
To rescue from a tyrant's grasp our now
Thrice happy land : nor heeds he these,
But dwells, we trust, where angels meet and smile.
The parting year would less perhaps present
Of war, and her concomitants in strife,
Blood, murder, rapine, crime of every hue,
And deepest dye—but still enough remains
To show the will of princes, kings, of lords
And potentates, to be unchecked, uncurbed.
They only wait the chance—would fain unfurl
Their bloodstained banners proud, and spread disease
And death, nor heed the groans they cause.
But why the darker side I choose so long ?
Have not we much of good that seems to speak?
Is not our nation free, her sons at peace ?
And hope we not that so she will remain.
Nor factious rulers lead us from the road,
Till neighbours own our laws are good and wise,
And imitate ; nor strife, nor war, be known.
And now thou parting year, I bid farewell,
Nor heed thee more, save as a monitor,
The future still to guide ; the aspiring wish
Too high, to check ; and spirits live to raise
And welcome '35. Thou'rt ushered in
With prospects bright ; O brighter be thy end!
With bliss be it replete to us. O grant
That we, for ill or good, may stand prepared ;
And bring us only good, or bring us that
Will prove our good, and guide us safely on
In virtue's way ; give us content, and peace,
And banish envy, discord, slander foul,
That demon fell, that bane of heartfelt joy,
Of social life, of every bliss ; for these
O give us heavenly thoughts, to seek
Another's good, and thus ensure our own.

CESSATOR.

Niagara, 1st January, 1835.

Original.

To the Evening Star.

Fair Venus, whom the bard, have often sung,
The peeress of the radient train of night
Enthroned ; tho' thou hast no organic tongue,
To tell of love, as Cupid does or might,
Thine eye has still a language which the young
Fond lover reads by intuition's light;
For *eyes* in love are voice and tongue and ears,
Though silent as the music of the spheres.

What absent lover gazes on thy face
As on another Star, and feels unmoved ?
Recalls he not to mind the bowery place
Where he sat with the dear girl he loved,
And mutual faith was vowed beneath thy rays?
Thou wast their witness! Thou hast ever prov'd
Their promise true, while separated far,
To gaze each night upon the Evening Star.

Each knows the other has a lover's eye
To-night upon thee, beauteous guardian Star;
Each thinks of seasons past, and breathes a sigh,
(For sighs in love are coin that passes par)
And tell a tale of love : O, what the joy
To know in this cold selfish world there are
Views with our *views* uniting—there is *one*
Who feels like us, and *thinks of us alone!*

Dryden, N. Y. BLUE.

THE ROCHESTER GEM,

AND LADIES' AMULET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE ARTS. EDITED BY J. DENIO AND E. D. KENNICOTT.

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From the Boston Pearl.

DESCRIPTION
OF A VERY PRETTY GIRL.

BY I. MC LELLAN, JR.

We were importuned by a young friend, some days since, to furnish her with a few verses descriptive of female beauty. We were a little startled at the request, and protested that we were altogether unequal to the task. Describe female loveliness, and we a bachelor!—We might perhaps attempt it in plain homespun prose, but it seemed the height of madness to undertake to achieve it in majestic verse. We tried to beg off from the undertaking as anxiously as ever doomed felon prayed for reprieve or pardon—for the dear boon of life.—We hinted the names of several persons who had been suspected and even convicted of committing poetry, and enlarged upon the grand imagination, the lofty sentiment, the touching pathos, the charming jingle, to be found in their verses, and offered to solicit the desired boon from their more worthy pens; but all our attempts at evasion were fruitless, and we gave our promise that 'we would try.'

And here we sit, waiting for inspiration. We have sharpened our pen, spread out the virgin sheet, and are at perfect leisure to paint, with the brush of vancy, the face and form of any beautiful being, who will condescend to sit for her picture. But whom shall we sketch, and how shall we effect it? Shall she be merely an imaginary being, such as will sometimes smile upon us in our dreams—or a living, blooming, blushing creature, with a step as graceful as the motion of the young fawn, and a breath sweeter than the breath of the violet?—Shall she be tall or short,—of a stately and queenlike carriage, or slight and delicate as the Ariel?—We are really puzzled at the very outset of our task.—There are so many admirable living specimens of both these orders of beauty, that crowd—a brilliant throng!—into our memory and imagination, that we really cannot make a selection, without the fear of giving offence to the one or the other,—and who can sustain the frown of offended beauty? Shall she be pale, like the lily, or red, like the rose,—a blonde, or a brunette?—Shall she—but to our task, which we can best accomplish by painting separately each charming grace and feature, and then conclude by uniting them all in one perfect whole.

When you meet with a beautiful woman, does her form or face first captivate your eye? The latter, you unhesitatingly answer, and first of all, the brow; therefore let us now adjust the palette and the easel, and attempt the brow. It must be white,—brilliant white—and high,—yet not too high—and beautifully curved and rounded, as the sacred 'dome of thought and palace of the soul' must needs ever be. It may be likened for whiteness, to the falling snow-flake, or the wreathed foam that crests the blue billow, or still more aptly to the chaste blossom of the wild-rose, which blooms in the deepest woods—therefore

> Her brow is like the snow-white rose
> That blossoms in the woods of June,
> Or like the mountain's frosty top
> Touched by the pale, cold moon.

Next for the cheek. Let the white and the red be skilfully commingled, so that the transition from the one to the other be so gradual, that the point of union shall be imperceptible. The white should melt and vanish in the red, and the red should tenderly lose itself in the white. The intense hectic of consumption, though often beautiful, is yet painful to behold, for who can gaze upon that brilliant spot, without the mournful thought that it must soon cease to glow forever, and therefore we must not be too prodigal of the scarlet. We must rather endeavor to copy that exquisite crimson that trembles and glows, and glows and trembles on the cloud of dawn and eve. There is also a rich line of faint crimson running through the heart of the rainbow, and therefore we think it best to say that

> Her cheek is like the trembling flush
> That crimsons Twilight's heavenly cheek,
> Or like the mellow glow that fades
> Within the rainbow-streak.

Now for the eye. We admire the blue eye of the Saxon, the black of the Persian, and the hazel of the German, but we cannot determine which we prefer. The black eye penetrates, the blue eye softens, and the hasel eye entrances the soul; therefore we will say nothing about the color of the eye, but only insist that the organ be bright. We think, then we may with perfect propriety compare the bright eye of our beauty, to a beaming star, burning with a perpetual flame from age to age, far away in the blue chambers of the midnight heavens. So then

> Her eye is like the diamond star
> That sparkles on Night's queenly head.

We next come to the hair. Shall it flow with a golden glory around the marble neck, or hang in midnight darkness over the white forehead? Shall it be arranged in the classic simplicity of the Grecian damsel, or shall it hang in clustered curls, a la Kemble? We prefer that it be of lustrious auburn, now of wavy gold, and now, when lit by a different lustre, of the purest chesnut, or the deepest amber,—and so

> Her hair is like the amber cloud
> Around the early morning spread.

Now for the lip. All will readily agree that the lip should be full and red, tinted like the cleft domegranate, the polished ruby, the enamelled ocean-shell, and gracefully curved like the Indian's bow or the horned moon, new risen from the ashes of the old. And so

> Her neck is like the wild swan's neck,
> Whose home is on the rocking swell.

Is it possible that this long catalogue of beauties should be unaccompanied with a voice of the rarest cadence, and the sweetest modulation? It is not possible. We will then liken it to the echo of the lute, the tinkle of the harp, the whisper of the flute, the warble of the bird, the sigh of the breeze, the gush of the wave, or any or all of these bound together in one entrancing harmony. So then

> Her voice is like a tuneful bird's,
> Or golden harp, or silver bell.

And to complete our intellectual picture, it remains only for us to sketch the *mind*, that pure and indestructible essence, in comparison with which the corporeal part is but worthless dross, valueless ashes. But we will not attempt to paint what is beyond the limner's art, and concerning which volumes might be written in vain. We can only say that

> Her mind is the seraphic guest
> That hallows the angelic breast.

We have now gone through with our picture in detail, and will conclude by collecting together these disjointed fragments, that we may view the picture at a glance.—Thus then it reads:

> Her brow is like the snow-white rose
> That blossoms in the woods of June,
> Or like the mountain's frosty top
> Touched by the pale, cold moon;
> Her cheek is like the trembling flush
> That crimsons Twilight's heavenly cheek,
> Or like the mellow glow that fades
> Within the rainbow-streak;

Her eye is like the diamond star
That sparkles on Night's queenly head;
Her hair is like the amber cloud
Around the early morning spread;
Her lip is like the ruby red
That glows within the darkling mine;
Her teeth are like the crystal pearls
That glimmer through the foamy brine,
Or like the spotless buds that deck
The wilding mountain vine;
Her neck is like the wild swan's neck
Whose home is on the rocking swell;
Her voice is like a tuneful bird's
Or golden harp, or silver bell;
Her mind is the seraphic guest
That hallows the angelic breast.

☞ Here follows a part of the above description, which was misplaced in making up the form: it should have been placed on first page, before the lines, 'Her neck,' &c.

Her lip is like the ruby red
That glows within the darkling mine.

Her teeth must be like pearls, without speck or blemish, and of a most perfectly even arrangement. They should resemble, in pure whiteness, the little shell of the sea, which receives its exquisite polish from the rolling billows of ages. Well then,

Her teeth are like the crystal pearls
That glimmer through the foamy brine,
Or like the spotless buds that deck
The wilding mountain vine.

What shall we say of her neck? Shall it rise like the polished ivory, in all its unadorned simplicity, or shall it be clasped with the brilliant zone of jewels, or embraced with the transparent chain of pearls?—or shall the thin vapor-like gauze cast its misty covering around it? These are all matters of taste, upon which we are not bound to pronounce, but we must claim for it the rounded beauty and graceful curve of the neck of the wild swan. And so

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Anecdote of an American Artist.—Mr. Dunlap, in his new work on Arts & Artists, relates the following stage-coach adventure of the late distinguish'd painter, Gilbert Stuart, soon after his arrival in England.—Some of his fellow travellers, in the coach, interested in his appearance, resolved to 'spier him out,' and to that end plumply asked him the nature of his calling and profession:

'To the round-about question, Mr. Stuart answered with a grave face and serious tone, that he sometimes dressed gentlemen's and ladies' hair, (at that time the high pomatumed hair was all the fashion.)—'You are a hair-dresser then?' 'What!' said he, 'do you take me for a barber?' 'I beg your pardon, sir; but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, may I take the liberty to ask what you are then?' 'Why I sometimes brush a gentleman's coat or hat, and sometimes adjust a cravat.' 'O, you are a valet then, to some nobleman?' 'A valet? Indeed sir, I am not. I am not a servant—to be sure I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen.' 'Oh! you are a tailor!' 'Tailor! do I look like a tailor?' 'I'll assure you I never handled goose other than a roasted one.' By this time they were all in a roar. 'What are you then?' said one. 'I'll tell you,' said Stuart; 'be assured all I have said is literally true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust a cravat, and make coats and waistcoats, and breeches, and likewise boots and shoes *at your service.*' 'O ho! a boot and shoemaker after all?' 'Guess again gentlemen. I never handled a boot or a shoe but for my own feet and legs; yet all I have told you is true.'—'We may as well give up guessing.' After checking his laughter and pumping up a fresh flow of spirits by depositing in his nasal organ, a large pinch of snuff, he said to them very gravely,—'Now, gentlemen, I will not play the fool with you any longer, but will tell you, upon my honor as a gentleman, my *bona fide* profession. I get my bread by making faces.' He then screwed his countenance, and twisted the lineaments of his visage, in a manner such as Samuel Foote or Charles Matthews might have envied. When his companions, after loud peals of laughter, had composed themselves, each took credit to himself for having all the while suspected that the gentleman belonged to the theatre, and they all knew that he must be a comedian by profession; when to their utter surprise he assured them that he never was on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of a playhouse, or any other similar place of amusement. They now all looked at each other with astonishment!

'Before parting, Stuart said to his companions, 'Gentlemen, you will find all I have said of my various employments, is comprised in these few words: I am a portrait painter. If you will call at John Palmer's, York-Buildings, London, I shall be ready to brush you a coat or hat, dress hair a-la mode, supply you if in need, with a wig of any fashion or dimension, accommodate you with boots or shoes, give you ruffles or cravats, and make faces for you.'

'While taking a parting glass at the inn, they begged leave to inquire of their pleasant companion, in what part of England he was born; he told them he was not born in England, Whales, Ireland, or Scotland. Here was another puzzle for John Bull.—'Where then?' 'I was born in Narragansett. 'Where's that?' 'Six miles from Pattawoone, and ten miles west of Connecticut, and not far from the spot where the battle with the war-like Pequots was fought.' 'In what part of the East Indies, is that, sir?' East Indies, my dear sir!—It is in the state of Rhode Island, between Massachusetts and Connecticut river.'—This was all Greek to his companions and he left them to study a new lesson of geography.'

From McLeod's Voyage in the Alceste.

THE BOA CONSTRICTOR AND THE GOAT.

The Cæsar, a private ship, was hired at Batavia to bring home the Chinese embassy, and the officers and crew of the Alcete, after their unfortunate wreck in the straits of Gaspar; besides them, it appears, she had two passengers of no ordinary description; the one an Ourang Outang; the other a Boa Snake, of the species known by the name of the Constrictor. The former arrived safe in England; the other died of a diseased stomach, between the Cape and St. Helena, having taken but two meals from the time of his embarkation. The first of these meals was witnessed by more than two hundred people, but there was some thing so horrid in the exhibition that very few felt any inclination to attend the second.—The snake was about 16 feet long, and 18 inches in circumference; he was confined in a large crib or cage—but we must give the dreadful relation in Mr. McLeod's own words:

"The sliding door being opened, one of the goats was thrust in, and the door of the cage shut. The poor goat, as if instantly aware of all the horrors of its perilous situation, immediately began to utter the most piercing and distressing cries, butting instinctively, at the sametime, with its head towards the serpent, in self defence. The snake which at first appeared scarcely to notice the poor animal, soon began to stir a little, and turning his head in the direction of the goat, at length fixed a deadly and malignant eye on the trembling victim, whose agony and terror seemed to increase; for, previous to the snake seizing its prey, it shook in every limb, but still continuing its unavailing show of attack, by butting at the serpent, who now became sufficiently animated to prepare for the banquet. The first operation was that of darting out his forked tongue, & at the same time rearing a little his head; then suddenly seizing the goat by the fore leg with his mouth, and drawing him down, he was encircled in an instant in his horrid folds. So quick indeed, and so instantaneous was the act, that it was impossible for the eye to follow the rapid convolution of his elongated body.—It was not a regular screw like turn that was formed, but resembling rather a knot, one part of the body overlaying the other, as if to add weight to the muscular pressure, the more effectually to crush his object. During this time he continued to grasp with his mouth (though it appeared an unnecessary precaution) that part of the animal he had first seized. The poor goat, in the mean time, continued its feeble and half stifled cries for some minutes, but they soon became more and more faint, and at last it expired. The snake, however, retained it a considerable time in its grasp, after it was apparently motionless. He then began slowly and cautiously to unfold himself, till the goat fell dead from his monstrous embrace, when he began to prepare himself for the feast. Placing his mouth in the front of the dead animal, he commenced by lubricating with his saliva that part of the goat; and then taking his muzzle into his mouth, which had, and indeed always has, the appearance of a lacerated wound, he sucked it in, as far as the horns would allow. These protuberances opposed some difficulty—not so much from their extent as from their points; however, they also in a very short time disappeared—that is to say, externally; but their progress was still to be traced very distinctly on the outside, threatening every moment to protrude through the skin.—The victim had now descended as far as the shoulders; and it was an astonishing sight to observe the extraordinary action of the snake's muscles when stretched to such an unnatural extent—an extent which must have utterly destroyed all muscular power in the animal, that was not like itself endowed with very peculiar faculties of expansion and action at the same time. When his head and neck had no other appearance than that of a serpent's stuffed to bursting, still the working of the muscles was evident; and as power of suction, as it is generally but erroneously called, unabated; it was in fact the effect of a contractile muscular power, assisted by two rows of strong hooked teeth.—With all this he must be so formed as to be abled to suspend, for a time, his respiration; for it is impossible to conceive that the process of breathing could be carried on while the

mouth and throat were so completely stuffed and expanded by the body of the goat, and the lungs themselves(admitting the trachea to be ever so hard)compressed as they must have been by its passage downward.

The whole operation of completely gorging the goat occupied about two hours and twenty minutes; at the end of which time, the tumefaction was confined to the middle part of the body or stomach; the superior parts, which had been so much distended, having resumed their natural dimensions. He now coiled himself up again, & lay quietly in his usual torpid state for about three weeks, when his last month's meal appearing to be completely digested and dissolved, he was presented with another goat, (not alive, we hope,)which he devoured with equal facility.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

AUTUMN.

Magnificent is the Autumn of our fatherland! By what a subtle alchemy the green leaves are transmuted into gold, as if molten by the fiery blaze of the hot sun! A magic covering spreads over the whole forest, and brightens into more gorgeous hues. The tree-tops seem bathed with the gold and crimson of an Italian sun-set. Here and there a shade of green, here and there a tinge of purple,—and a stain of scarlet so deep and rich, that the most cunning artifice of man is pale beside it. A thousand delicate shades melt into each other. They blend fantastically into one deep mass. They spread over the forest, like a tapestry woven with a thousand hues.

Magnificent Autumn! He comes not like a pilgrim, clad in russet weeds. He comes not like a hermit, clad in gray. But he comes like a warrior, with the stain of blood upon his brazen mail. His crimson scarf is rent. His scarlet banner drips with gore. His step is like a flail upon the threshing floor.

The scene changes.

It is the Indian Summer. The rising sun blazes through the misty air, like a conflagration. A yellowish, smoky haze, fills the atmosphere; and

——'a filmy mist,
Lies like a silver lining on the sky.'

The wind is soft and low. It wafts to us the odour of forest leaves, that hang wilted on the dripping branches, or drop into the stream. Their gorgeous tints are gone, as if the autumnal rains had washed them out. Orange—yellow—and scarlet,—all are changed to one melancholy russet hue. The birds, too have taken wing and left their roofless dwellings. Not the whistle of a robin,—not the twitter of an eaves-dropping swallow,—not the carol of one sweet, familiar voice! All gone. Only the dismal cawing of a crow, as he sits and curses that the harvest is over,—or the chit-chat of an idle squirrel,—the noisy denizen of a hollow tree,—the mendicant friar of a large parish,—the absolute monarch of a dozen acorns?

Another change.

The wind sweeps through the forest, with a sound like the blast of a trumpet The dry leaves whirl in eddies thro' the air. A fret-work of hoar-frost covers the plain. The stagnant water in the pools and ditches is frozen into fantastic figures. Nature ceases from her labors, and prepares for the great change. In the low-hanging clouds, the sharp air, like a bushy shuttle, waves her shroud of snow. There is a melancholy and continual roar in the tops of the tall pines, like the roar of a cataract. It is the funeral anthem of the dying year.

From the same.

LEAVES FROM AN AERONAUT.

'But in Man's dwellings, he became a thing,
Restless, and worn, and stern, and wearisome;
Droop'd as a wild-born falcon, with clipt wing,
To whom the *boundless air* alone were home.
BYRON.

I HAVE realized one of the dreams of my youth, and gratified the strongest aspirations that ever agitated my manhood. I look back with a kind of intoxicating bewilderment upon the perils I have encountered, and the fears I have subdued;—for, to me, the memory of excitement, is excitement still.

My early day passed in a village in the country. I first opened my eyes to the light, near the banks of the Hudson; and my juvenile hours were full of the most flighty visions. I always had a very aerial imagination. Any thing in *motion* always had for me a peculiar charm. I shall never forget the delight I experienced in seeing the doves fly from their shelter in the end of my father's carriage-house.—They would alight, and poise themselves for a moment on the eaves, turn their bright necks in the sunlight, pour forth a few reedy murmurs, and then launch out upon the bosom of the air. Often, in the fulness of youthful desire, have I felt ready to say,—

'—Oh, for thy wings! thou dove,
Now sailing by, with sunshine on thy breast,
Thou thing of joy and love,—
That I might soar away and be at rest!'

My school-bench commanded a view of a long and distant range of the Catskills, lifting their tall summits aloft, 'and printing their bold outlines against the sky.'—How did I love to watch the evening clouds as they drave before the summer gale, along those gigantic tumuli of blue, in throngs of gold and purple,—magnificent waftage, of rack undislimned! My ardent fancy peopled them with fairy inhabitants. Sometimes, castles and cities seemed rising from them,—groves nodded in beauty,—and sometimes there would seem to spring up from their midst a mighty rock, 'o'erhanging as it rose, impossible to climb.'—I used to think how those misty peaks of cloud could be surmounted, and was wont to muse and dream over my shut arithmetic, until I thought myself among them.

With my years, this soaring passion increased within me. I constructed large paper kites, and sent them out of sight, at the end of some thousand yards of twine,—procured by the outlay of every cent of my pocket-money for holidays. My heart bounded with every movement of those bird-like objects. Finally, I constructed one of linen, nearly six feet long; and, considering the shape of a kite, proportionably wide. I had conceived the idea of sending up a *cat* at the end of it, suspended a few feet from the paper tail. One gusty afternoon in autumn, I attempted the enterprise. Taking the kite on the terrace of my father's house, with the cat tied to a chair, I arranged my large spindle of almost interminable twine, and perfected my arrangements. I secured the affectionate old grimalkin to the cord, and attached it to the kite, which I had much ado to hold steadily in my hand, for the violence of the gale. Swinging the affair over the ballustrade, I let the small windlass slowly unrol with my left hand, while with my right I held the cat by the soft velvet strap which I had tied around her body, just behind her forelegs.

The kite was now moving slowly upwards, and puss was purring most cordially,—'her custom always of an afternoon.' As soon as the kite rose above the garden trees, it felt the full press of the wind and rushed upwards like an arrow.——At this juncture, my venerable tabby was lifted from her chair where she stood in unsuspecting quietude, and went dangling off, zenith-ward. As I heard her hysterical *yowlings* grow fainter and fainter, and saw her feline corporation fading into indistinctness on the edge of a cloud, I came to the conclusion that I had performed one of the greatest achievements ever consummated by man. That curious, Yankee-like Ancient, who stumped about, crying *Eureka!* on making his great discovery, could not have enjoyed himself more, in that paroxysm of rapture, than I did when I heard and saw that old puss, squalling her way into ether. When the twine had completely unrolled, she was entirely out of sight, among the clouds. I tied my string to the ballustrade, and let the poor old quadruped remain *in nubibus*, by the space of three hours, when I wound her down, wet and shivering. Her large green eyes were dilated with fear, and their sockets looked as if they would soon have had,—to use the boarding-school phrase,—'a vacancy for pupils.'

But this adventure did not satisfy my ambition. I wished to be, *personally*, in the air. The blue fields above me looked ever to my eye, like the abodes of beauty and peace. One afternoon, about this period, I gave notice to my school-mates, that I would treat them to a specimen of 'the art of sinking,' from the roof of the village academy,—a stone edifice, five stories high.—Choosing a breezy day, and having each hand occupied with a large umbrella, made for the occasion, I stalked gingerly out of the dormer window of the cupola, and walking to the end of the roof, looked down upon a whole green-full of spectators. I had experimented, previously, as an *amateur*, from divers heights, without injury.—Getting a little dizzy, I opened my umbrella, and made the spring. I descended with a decent slowness at first, but the operation of gravity upon me, after I pased the second story, was too strong for breath or comfort. I struck the ground with force enough to cut my tongue desperately between my teeth—for I suppose I was about to say something in the ejaculative way—and to be jarred into a state of feeling like that of a glass of jelly,—allowing that article to have the capacity of sensation. I rose to my feet, laughing as if the exploit were a fine one, and I delighted,—but, at the same time, with my mouth full of blood.

The memory of this feat was only a stimulant to the prosecution of others. But science now began to lend her influence and aid to my longings. One part of my academical studies was chemistry. I lis-

tended to the lectures of the Principal with a pleasurable wonder, which I cannot describe. The best portions of the course were the evenings set apart for *experiments*. One circumstance tended to render them peculiarly attractive. My heart, about this time, became touched with the living fervors of the tender passion. The object of my regard was a lovely creature, only seventeen years of age. Sweet Sophia Howard! She is one whom I remember as a perfect beauty, if one ever lived. How richly the golden hair disparted on her calm forehead, and lay in silken waves upon her rosy cheek! There was a light in her clear, hazel eye, that used to fill me with a kind of dreamy transport, which no time can annul.

In some of the lectures, the lights were extinguished, for the purpose of showing the effects of phosphorus. On such occasions, how great was the change of places among the students! Every young lover hied to his mistress' side—for all the refined young ladies of the village attended,—and many were the kisses exchanged in the darkness, then! With my Sophia near me, I was supremely comfortable. We watched the marks and letters of flame as they played on the wall, and heard the lecturer talking in his obscurity,—'but our hearts were otherwhere!' Ah, good gracious!—those were happy days! But I rhapsodise.

The study of chemistry interested me beyond any other. It seems so *supernatural*, in many respects, to the half-initated, that it is very difficult to believe that an unearthly agency is not exerted, in its results and combinations. It always reminded me of the tales of wonder and enchantment, and *diablerie* of Faust, Monk Lewis, and other Satanic intellects. By degrees, the study became to me a passion. What with that, and love, I was well nigh distraught. Finally, after a good deal of thought upon the subject and a careful estimate of my chances of prosperity in any other pursuit, I resolved to become a chemist by profession.

As soon as I had made up my mind, I came to the city to continue the study. I pressed forward in my career with unabated ardor. In the course of my resarches on the subject of gases, I encountered some histories of *Æronauts*. They acted upon my imagination as a spark of fire would on a nitrous train,—they kindled it into a blaze. With what enthusism did I pore over the recorded experiments and doubts of Cavallo and the Montgolfiers',—of Charles, and d'Arlandes! I resolved at some future time, and that not remote, to try *my* silken sphere in the sky,—and to live, in fame, with those bold adventurers of Paris and Avignon.

This era of my life was one of unmingled enjoyment. My charming Sophia passed her winters with her relations in town; and our evenings were, of course, mutually shared. In her society, music and beauty warmed me into rapture; and when the summer called her and her gentle cousins of the city to her rural home, I used to feel like a hermit. Then my thoughts would revert to chemistry with increased earnestness. The goodness of my father enabled me to suprise my friends with a superb store, and I conducted it with brilliant and unexpected success.

Practical chemistry is a severe calling,—and I was only a superintendant of my establishment. I had faithful and competent subordinates for all the details, which left me nearly one half of my time to spend at leisure, with men of science and letters.—The inspiration thus acquired, all tended, to one point—my ultimate ascension.—There was not a day in the year, in which the thoughts of it were absent from my mind. Occasional notice of ascensions abroad, which met my eye among the foreign quotations, served only to fan the flame.

One bright morning in June, as I was passing along about Maiden Lane, I saw a piece of light-colored silk, at the door of a fashionable shop. I stepped up to examine it. The quality was uncommonly excellent. It was light, but very firm. Here, thought I, is the *materiel* for my balloon. I entered asked the price, and found that the shopkeeper had several pieces of precisely the same quality. I purchased them at once, and leaving my address, walked home as if on air. I had made the primary movement in my enterprise, and I felt that it would not be long, ere I should cease to be one of the 'undistinguished many.' I was determined to make some sensation in the world; to rise superior to that large number, each of whom is only famous for counting one, in a general census,—but to preserve a strict *incognito* until the time arrived, when I should blaze upon the public like a stray comet.

My intimacy with scientific gentlemen was of much service to me; although I do not imagine that a close knowledge of men and things will add much to one's self-confidence. My acquaintance with the science by which I expected to rise, was by no means complete, and perhaps my limited attainments inspired me with vigor to trample with a firm and resolute step, upon every obstacle that might interpose to prevent my flight. The mystery of the æronaut was of no remote introduction in the country; and though I had witnessed one or two ascensions, and conversed with the æronauts, as to the details of their efforts, yet I found myself unable properly to comprehend them. They were of transatlantic origin, and after one or two voyages aloft, generally returned whence they came, each bearing with him the marvellous *ærostat*, that he had brought from foreign lands. Books, therefore, and my own judgment, supplied my deficiency in practical knowledge, and my soaring resolution daily grew stronger and stronger.

At this period, I surveyed the heavens by night and day, with an intensity of interest. *There* swelled that broad blue theatre, among whose cloudy curtains I was yet to rise; there, were the empires of the imagination; from thence came light, enveloped in heat; and there, was *the source of life*. There the sun 'looked from his sole dominion like a God,' sowing the earth with his vital smile; from that endless vault came the subtle, invisible, and mystic fluid, which pervades the globe,—ubiquitous in its principle—resistless in its power. There, the tremulous stars sang together,—there, the Thunder lifted his voice,—there, the meteor streamed its horrid hair; and from thence, the moon poured her religious lustre on the earth, blending her rays with the sweet influences of Orion and Pleiades, —of Arcturus and his sons.

I never prided myself much on my weather-wisdom; and the atmospherical phenomena or changes of seasons seldom occupied much of my attention. But now, as I meditated an early voyage, I began to compare a few old almanacs together, to ascertain the mildest part of the seasons. Whether the comparison was accidental or not, I am unable to tell; but I found that the early days of September had been for many years previous, remarkably clear and calm; Presuming on the continuance of such wheather, I fixed upon the first part of that approaching month for my aerial debut.—The sequel proved that my ratiocination was at fault. I looked for a day such as we sometimes experience after the fervors of the solstice, when the sky appears palpable, and you can see the downy beard of the thistle, gradually moving through its depths, as if empowered to make its way, fast or slow, by inherent volition. But there is such a thing as a premature equinox—and in dry weather all signs fail.

Not a week now passed, without finding me in the possession of some new materials, all tending to the ultimate object. My nights, instead of sleep, gave me visionary slumbers—fitful passages of repose, which made my waking hours seem like the fragments of a dream. I felt like one wrapt, —inspired. I shunned all company, I neglected my affectionate Sophia's correspondence from the country. In fine, I was half demented—perhaps a monolithiac—a fool on one point. But there was method in my mood. I had a determinate purpose in my mind, where every energy centered.

About a month before the time, I sent a confidential notice to an editor of one of the journals, requesting him to observe in his editorial department, that, early in Sept. a young American would make his first ascension in a balloon from Castle Garden, and that due information would be given of the day on which the event would take place. The article appeared and went the rounds. I immediately sent a paper, and wrote to Sophia Howard, and her brother, giving her the intelligence that the æronaut was a friend of hers, whom we both knew, and requesting the brother to accompany the family to the city in the steamboat, on the Saturday evening previous to the ascension—the time of which I promised to communicate as soon as definitely known. I had the satisfaction of receiving a compliance with my request, and a thousand questions from Sophia, concerning 'the intrepid young gentleman, who was about to leave the world in so singular a manner.'

I kept my secret, and perfected my arrangements. Long before the day selected for my enterprise, my balloon was made, and folded, according to the forms I had seen; the netting, iron, oil of vitriol, barometer, vessels,—all the apparatus, prepared; even the ice was engaged, with which the conductors were to be cooled. I had proceeded with the utmost caution; and proximity of the wished-for, yet dreaded, time occupied almost every thought. Gas and love divided my intellect between them. My scientific confederates were all sworn to be *mum* about my name; the newspapers announced the day, and 'keen the wonder grew.'

At the time specified, my friends came. The expected voyage was then a town's talk, and I had much ado to keep my counsel from Sophia. At an evening or two after

her arrival, on visiting her with my accustomed punctuality, I found her beautiful eyes filled with tears. I asked the cause. She handed me one of the evening journals. It announced *my name* as that of the æronaut who was about to make his perilous venture. Sophia *implored* me to say that it was erroneous, and thus remove her misery.

For a moment I was utterly unmanned. The tears of a lovely being who had never before met me but with a smile, and whom I adored so tenderly, were too much for me. I hesitated a little,—but *Truth* was my counsellor: I knew that some of my confidants must have '*blabbed*,' and I owned that the statement was veritable.

I will not describe the scene that ensued. Had not my *unusual* eloquence succeeded in explaining to her the comparative safety of the attempt, and in soothing her fears, I would have flung a thousand balloons to the wind, rather than wound that gentle heart. But Sophia Howard had a yielding spirit. When she found that my whole soul was bent on the effort,—when I showed her the reputation and advantages it might give me,—she grew calm with a 'sweet reluctant delay,' that endeared her to me more than ever.

At last, came on the evening previous to *the* day. As I walked among the busy throngs of Broadway, I heard my name uttered by hundreds, and caught occasional views of the rich scenery across the Hudson where twilight was faintly blushing, I could not help asking myself,—*Where shall I be at this time to-morrow?*' Perhaps, a lifeless corse in the ocean,—or perchance dashed upon some rocky crag,—or blasted by some dreadful explosion!' I spent a *holy*, melancholy evening with my beloved, and our adieu was like that of friends who part to meet no more.

That night, I could not sleep. Perturbed by a multitude of thoughts, I tossed upon my couch in restless longings. At last, I slumbered, and dreamed.

Methought I embarked in my balloon to cross the ocean. I cut the ideal cord, and set forth in my imaginary car. Day after day, to my fancy, I rode on the posting winds, far above the long green swells of the Atlantic. At last, I made the coast of England, and sailed among the clouds to London. Here, methought, news had been received of my approach, and an escort of several pilot-balloons came out to meet me. I found a committee of both houses of Parliament, with the Lord Mayor, on the broad flat roof of St. Paul's, ready for my reception. They offered me the hospitalities of the city. How fantastic is a dream! I declined the honor, and pushed on to Windsor. There I stopped for a moment, fastened my balloon to the terrace, and took a glass of wine with the king, who I thought was walking on the terrace, in his *robe de chambre*, and eke his night-cap. He gave me a passport to France. I shook his royal hand, borrowed some pig-tail tobacco of him, and sailed away. I reached France soon after. Passing over the heights of Montmartre, I looked down upon the capital. I seemed to *know* the city; and when I arrived over the place Vendome, I was made to look up, by some irresistible monition, and lo! my balloon had changed to the semblance of a horn!—a long, bright trumpet of silk, the little end towards the earth —and from it, by a mere thread, was my car suspended! All at once, the thread parted. I went down—down, in a way that one can only sink in dreams. I *saw* my head strike against the statue of Napoleon, and fall separate from my body to the earth. I *observed* the jabbering crowd picking up my limbs—(these are *sights* for dreams only!)—and then I awoke.

[*Remainder in next No.*]

THE WARNING.

Old Time, the creditor of all mankind, with noiseless tread, and steady, stealthy pace, again knocked at the door of drowsy memory. I started at the hollow sound, and chilled; for concience told me I was unprepared to meet his just demand. I promised him, when last he came, that I would strive his bounty to improve. But mingling in the busy, bustling world,—charmed with its baubles and its vanities, I had forgotten, quite, this sage instructor of the soul of man. His ancient, wrinkled brow, in gloomy disappointment bent, upon my thoughtless sense conviction struck, no language can express. But when his aged eye, whose leaden gaze had near six thousand years of folly borne, fell full upon mine own, it sent a glance of such severe reproof, which all my giddy faculties subdued, and conscious guilt suffused my soul with shame.

The following beautiful passage is from Henry's Commentary on the Bible:—

"Adam was first formed, then Eve, and she was made of the man, and for the man; all which are urged as reasons for humility, modesty, silence, and submissiveness, of that sex in general, and particularly the subjection and reverence which wives owe to their husbands. Yet man being made last of the creation, as the best and most excellent of all, Eve's being made *after* Adam, and *out* of him, puts an honor upon that sex, as the glory of the man. If man is the head, she is the crown, a crown to her husband, the crown of the visible creation. The man was dust refined, but the woman was dust double refined, one remove further from the earth."

"Woman was *made of a rib out of the side of Adam;* not made out of his head to top him; nor out of his feet, to be trampled upon by him; but out of his side, to be equal with him; under his arm, to be protected; and near his heart, to be beloved."

Ohio—The unparalled quickness of growth which the State of Ohio exhibits, in population and in the arts of life, both useful and elegant, is a subject of wonder and delight to the philosophic observer and benevolent man. The State is nearly 222 miles in extent from North to South, and from East to West—containing an area of about 200 miles square independent of the waters of Lake Erie. The climate is warm and salubrious; and the character and manners of the people partake, in no inconsiderable degree, of the respective States and countries from which they have emigrated.

The population of the State has been rapid and almost beyond example. By the census of 1830, this State contained 937,679 inhabitants; which number has no doubt been since increased to something more than 1,200,000. The present state of literature in Ohio, is encouraging.—Her schools and colleges are in a flourishing condition. There are no less than eight colleges in the State, some of which are liberally endowed—and bear the name of Universities.—The internal improvements of the State by means of Canals, important public roads, and objects of local enterprise, are great. The Ohio Canal, 108 miles long, commencing at the flourishing town of Cleveland, on Lake Erie, and terminating at Portsmouth, on the Ohio, is one of the greatest works of the age, and second only in point of importance, to the grand canal of N. York. The Miami canal, another important link in the chain of Western enterprise, is sixty-six miles in extent; commencing at Dayton, and terminating at Cincinnati. Besides these there are lateral canals, all of more or less consequence.

Biting off the Nose to spite the Face.—We once heard of a man's marrying to be revenged. Having been refused by a lady to whom he had offered his hand, he renewed the suit until she consented, and they were married. After the ceremony was over, he slipped a note into the hands of the bride, and left the house. It ran thus: "Madam, you would not be mine—now I will not be yours; neither can you be the wife of another while I live. I am revenged." The best of the story is, that the self-bandished bridegroom forgot to make his will, and in less than a month after, being killed by a fall from his horse, his deserted wife, according to law, inherited a large portion of his very handsome property.—*Camden Journal.*

An Observationist.—A drunken vagrant, named Betts, was brought up to the Police Office yesterday, on a charge of rioting. Well knowing that he should get sent up to the Penitentiary for thirty days, as a vagrant he assumed a kind of mock Duke-Aranza-consequential air, and strutting up to the magisterial desk, he placed his arms acimbo, and with a sort of semi-serious, semi-impudent tone of voice, said to the Justice—"You haven't the honor of my acquaintance, I believe, sir?"

Mag.—I have not, indeed, sir. Pray, who are you?

Pris.—Is it me you are addressing, sir!

Mag.—It is, sir; who are you?

Pris.—Who am I! "Whence and what am I," I suppose you mean?

Mag.—What's your name?

Pris.—Oh! that's a very different question. sir—my name! oh, my name? Humph! my name isn't worth much, to be sure; but then, "what's in a name?" My name—oh, my name's Betts—Bill Betts.

Mag.—And what are you?

Betts.—I'm an *observationist.*

Mag.—A what?

Betts.—An *observationist, sir.*

Mag.—And what's that?

Betts.—Why, I looks out and observe closely all day, to see what I can steal at night.

Mag.—Oh! that's sufficient. Take him over.—*Transcript.*

Change of the Moon.—William W Moon, Lexington, Ky. offers a reward of $100 for the apprehension of one Henry D. Moore, who ran away with Mr. Moon's change, amounting to about $300.

Original.

THE DYING BROTHER.

What means that look of sorrow, and the sigh
But half suppress'd, and the aged matron's groan,
And the slight form that's bending there in humble
Supplication, while drops of agony are oozing
From a brow, which nature with her pencil's touch
Has form'd in perfect beauty? What grief has
Entered that domestic scene of former bliss
And joy; or why does sadness sit upon the
Face of all? Maring with its withering touch
The richest of their hopes!
The son, the brother, lies upon the couch
Of sickness—perchance of death, a lovely
Fair hair'd youth, just entering into manhood's
Prime; the eldest, best beloved of Wentworth,
Lies writhing there in agony—parched
With the burning fires of fever. "Come
"Caroline, sweet sister, dear beloved one,
"This struggle must be short—a frame like mine
"Cant last forever;" and the low soft voice of
William thrilled upon her ear with gentle
Harmony, for sickness had made those
Rich melodious tones more soft and sweet,
But not more touching, than in his happy days.
Sister, come nearer!'—and as he spake, she lean'd
Her o'er his pillow, and he twined his arms
About her neck; and her soft breath play'd
Upon his brow; and then he whisper'd—
'Beloved one, I am dying now. I feel
'The conqueror's fingers linked so closely 'mong
'My heart strings, chilling in their contact
'Every nerve within my bosom, that
'I know I am to be his victim. No—
'I would not say that *every* one was chill'd,
'For while this throbbing pulse holds out, this heart
'Will beat with warm affection, much for thee,
'Dear sister; but rememberest thou Althea,
'Who but a little while ago abode in this
'Our Village, but whom the fates
'Removed from this lov'd spot to western
'Wilds, the far off Michigan?' The sister
Started first, then calmly said, 'yes, brother, I
Remember her—a lovely girl, and much
Beloved by all. Do thy thoughts wander
From thine own happy home, to one so far away?'
'Caroline, knowest thou not that I love Althea?'
And the blood, which sometimes speaks more eloquent
Than mortal voice, rush'd quickly to his brow;
'And I must leave her too: mourn not for me,
'But for that frail flower, so early crush'd.
'O comfort *her!*—oh God!' And as he spoke
He groan'd with agony. 'Bear up that fragile
'Flower amid her sorrows!' and he murmur'd
'Althea, dear Althea,' with lips compress'd;
And then another groan, more deep and hollow,
Fell upon the ear. 'But I never told her
That I loved her thus. But I have felt her
Warm heart throb to mine—and I have spoke of
Friendship's sentiments—promising a brother's
Tenderness and care. We loved—
We knew we were beloved, and we were happy.
What mortal would not be thus? But I must
Die, and ne'er shall look upon that face again.
That gentle tone I loved so well, will never
Thrill upon my ear in its wild notes of
Music. But though we meet no more on this
Bright earth, heaven grant me her sweet presence,
In regions of another world—in scenes of
Future bliss.'
He said, and nature's weak, exhausted
Frame sunk back upon the pillow. The sister
Kiss'd his shrivell'd lips, and sat herself beside
Him, with his clammy hand in hers,
And many a tear flow'd fast from her
Dim eyes, that sad, that solemn hour.

* * * * *

He died, the beautiful, the bright, the honor'd
And belov'd. The father, with his stern,
Forbidding air, look'd gentle, and the frown,
Which always sat upon his brow, relaxed
Into a kindly look, whene'er he bent his eye
Upon his sorrowing wife and child.
They laid him in the Village Church Yard,
Where the willow, and the yew, bend gracefully,
And the zephyrs sing their mournful song
At evening, nestling 'mongst their branches.
The sister planted violets on his grave,
And the first fair flowers that bloom'd,
In early Spring-time, shed their fragrance there,
Speaking with their perfum'd breath, a sister's
Strong affection.

Away my tho'ts, and wander now to western
Wilds afar—where the chrystal waters of
St. Clair 'flow on forever' in their native force,
And where the bright expanse of fairy woodland
Scene, is dotted by the flowers, and shrubs,
And maple groves, and forest old of
Lordly oaks, and towering pines, with brightest
Evergreen. There in that 'sweet sequester'd
Spot,' upon the circling streams' green bank,
A small white cottage rises; in building,
Not devoid of taste; to neatness all allied.
A fair white morning flower its snowy
Blossom twines around the front-hall porch;
And honey-suckles sweet, and eglantine,
And all the tribe of roses fair, are taught
To lean their bending forms, with cumbrous loads
Of fragrance, against the half clos'd blinds.
A little distance off,
And near a canopy of oaken boughs,
Together closely knit, with twining tendrils
Of the clustering vine, upon a mossy
Seat, with wild flowers strewed around,
And sweet buds withering, "herself a fairer
Flower," a young girl sits. Reclining 'gainst
An oak's rough trunk, and her fair face, on which
The glow of the bright rose remaineth, hid
Among the green leaves of the clustering branch;
She thinks to hide her grief, from the cold stare
Of worldly gazers, and unfeeling hearts.
For 'tis not meet that the crush'd hopes of
A maiden's love should e'er be whisper'd forth
And known, bejond the narrow precinct of
Her own pure heart. The unfeeling sneer of pity,
Which the callous harted proffer, is but
A faint requite for disappointed love,
And bright hopes blasted; the heart itself,
The victim first to bleed upon the altar,
Which its pure devotion rear'd.
Oh, there's no grief that falls upon the heart
With suddenness, more deep toned, and full of woe,
Than 'disappointed love,'——when sorrow throws
Her darkened shade around, and closes in
Upon the soul with midnight gloom; when no
Bright star of hope looks down with pitying gaze,
And points with brightning ray to some pure fount
Of joy that still remains an 'earthly bliss.'
But one hope now remaineth———for the
Broken-hearted——*there's rest in Heaven.*

CORIANNA.

Experiment of Dr. Hunter.—The celebrated Dr. Hunter gave one of his children a full glass of sherry every day after dinner for a week.—The child was then about four years old, and had never been accustomed to wine. To another of the same family, under similar circumstances, he gave a large orange for the same space of time. At the end of the week he found a very material difference in the pulse, heat of body, and state of the bowels, of the two children.—In the first the pulse was quickened, the heat increased, and the bowels deranged, whilst the second had every appearance of health. He then reversed the experiment; to the first he gave the orange, the second the wine. The effects followed as before; a striking evidence of the pernicious effects of vinous liquor on the functions of life in full health.

A QUAKER REMEDY.—Mr. Sargeant, in giving a Temperance Lecture to the Bostonians, a few evenings since, related the following anecdote:

"A moderate drinking landlord, one who gave to almost every customer who came in, an example of moderate drinking, was harnessing the horse of a Quaker who had stopped at his house, and as he met with some difficulty in buckling a strap, complained of the badness of his eyes, which were covered with a pair of goggles. As the Quaker manifested an interest in his case, the landlord removing the goggles, and submitting the swollen and inflamed balls to the examination of his customer, begged him to tell him what he had better do for them. 'My advice, friend,' replied the Quaker, 'is that thou shouldst *put thy brandy on thy eyes, and tie thy goggles over thy mouth!*'"

Lady Elizabeth Dryden, one morning, having came into his study at an unseasonable time, when he was intently employed in some composition, and finding her husband did not attend to her, exclaimed,

"Mr. Dryden, you are always poring upon these musty books; I wish I was a book, and then I should have more of your company."

"Well, my dear," replied the poet," when you do become a book, pray let it be an almanack; for then at the end of the year I shall lay you quietly on the shelf, and shall be able to pursue my studies without interruption."

Knowledge and Ignorance.—"The man of knowledge lives eternally after his death, while his members are reduced to dust beneath the tomb. But the ignorant man is dead, even while he walks upon the earth; he is numbered with living men, and yet existeth not."

A curious historical fact.—The first rough model of a steamboat, made by Fulton, in N. York, was cut out of a common shingle, shaped like a mackerel, with the paddles placed further in front than behind like the fins of a fish.

Earthquake.—A shock of an earthquake was felt recently very sensibly in Hartford, Conn. It continued but a very few seconds, and passed off with a noise resembling distant thunder.

THE SHELL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Lord Byron, during his residence in Venice, often undertook marine excursions. On one occasion, his fondness for this amusement led him, and those by whom he was accompanied into great danger. Every body wished to be allowed to attend him; and in all Venice there was no gondolier, in the Adriatic, no seaman, who did not consider the English lord as a countryman, and who would not have willingly exposed himself to any risk for his sake. Lord Byron delighted in visiting an island called Gabioncello, situated near Ragusa, and often repaired thither in a four-oared barge, accompanied by the Countess Guiccioli and two or three other friends. He always carried with him writing materials, and the Countess, who drew very prettily from nature, had her portfolio by her side.

It is well known that numerous small islands lie on the Dalmatian coast, and they frequently landed on some one of these to refresh themselves, to hunt or to fish. The island of Grossa Minore is a rock, covered scantily with green, and scarcely half an English mile in length or breadth. Here, early one morning, they landed; and, as in the middle of the island there was a fine spring surrounded by bushes, the only place in which any protection from the rays of the sun was to be found, they resolved to remain there during the heat of the day. The gondoliers stepped on shore, and were employed in kindling a fire and cooking fish; and the whole party spent several hours in various amusements. But, on returning to the place where they had left their vessel, they found that it had been so carelessly fastened that it had drifted from the shore, and was now at the distance of two miles from land. Grossa Minore is distant nearly twenty-five miles from Gabioncello, and none of the neighboring islands were inhabited.

Lord Byron laughed when he saw his companions turn pale; it was no laughing matter however, as vessels seldom visited these places. Guns, ammunition, and fishing apparatus they had in abundance, and also some provisions; in the boat, there was a sufficient store for a week, but this was lost. The white shawl of the Countess was fastened on a pole as a flag of distress, and they spread a cloak over the bushes so as to form a tent. Nothing remained to them now but the expectation of death through hunger and cold, unless the flag of distress, or the sound of their guns, which they discharged from time to time, should bring some vessel to their rescue. Fortunately the weather was fine, the Countess slept in the tent, and the remainder of the party stretched themselves like Bedouins on the rocks. So long as wine and brandy lasted they kept their spirits up; but after two nights had passed away, they became extremely anxious, and they determined to build a raft; but on the whole island they could not find a stick of more than an inch in thickness. To swim from one island to another was impossible; and Lord Byron himself began to be uneasy, when a Venetian, whom from the circumstance of his having but one eye, they nicknamed the Cyclops, proposed a plan for their deliverance, and induced by the promised reward, urged by his own dangerous situation, resolved to carry it into execution. At Gabioncello there is no good water, and for that reason they had brought on shore a cask, for the purpose of filling it at the spring. They proceeded to work with their penknives, until they had cut it through in the middle, and so formed a sort of canoe or shell, in which the Cyclops seated himself, and by means of two large sticks which he took with him, to the great joy of the party, succeeded in preserving his balance. To encourage him he was well supplied with brandy, and in this singular bark he directed his course towards the open sea, in which at first it threatened every moment to turn over. After the lapse of an hour it fell in with a strong current, and disappeared from the view of those who remained on shore. They knew that the current flowed towards the main land, and the hope of rescue was awakened in them. In this they were not disappointed. On the following morning, before day, the Cyclops returned with a six-oared barge furnished abundantly with wine and fruit, and was welcomed with a universal cry of joy. He was carried in his bark past the island of Gabioncello, to a place not far from Ragusa, and in this novel and stange manner, had made a voyage of nearly one hundred miles. Lord Byron recompenced him liberally; and on their return to Venice bought for him a barge, which the Cyclops named the Shell, in memory of this remarkable adventure.

THE GEM AND AMULET.

Our *prospects* for the 7th volume of the GEM appear well; every mail brings us subscriptions, and we have already more Ladies' names on our list, than we had for both the last vols.

KNICKERBOCKER.—Right glad were we to view the countenance of the "old Dutch gentleman," at the commencement of the new year. Truly, it is *like*—and the "work that bears his name, and succeeds him on the earth," deservedly "asking," should not fail to receive "a generous patronage, as a tribute to its own merit, and his renown." Two, of the many good articles with which the January No. of this Magazine is stored, may be seen in this number of our paper—the one a beautiful description of 'Autumn'—the other 'Leaves from an Æronaut.' Messrs. Hoyt & Porter, Booksellers, of this City, receive subscriptions for the Knickerbocker. Price $5 per ann. or $2,50 for six months.

Messrs. Russell, Odiorne, & Co. Booksellers Boston, have just published a new edition of "Familiar Letters on Public Characters and Events, from the Peace of 1783, to the Peace of 1815—By Hon. William Sullivan."

Messrs. Editors,—Being an old Correspondent of your useful paper, I take the liberty of recommending, through its medium, to the attention of our young men, two courses of Lectures; one on Self Education; and the other on the Bible, by Solomon Southwick, Esq. of Albany. These lectures, (judging from the marks of approbation they have received, wherever delivered) are of great utility and merit. Mr. S. in his course on Self-Education, points out to young men the course of studies to be followed in their pursuit of honest fame, usefulness, and respectability. His course on the Bible has received the unqualified approval of some of our most eminent laymen and divines.

His 4th Lecture on Education, will be delivered on Monday evening, January 26, and the 5th, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 28th. His Lectures on the Bible, will be delivered next in course to his Lectures on Self-Education. A HEARER.

A STRONG EXPRESSION, BUT IN MOST PARTS TRUE.—One of our southern writers, speaking of the utility of manual labor colleges, says of literary institutions deprived of this athletic, useful system, that they are little better than "manufactories for invalids, and slaughter houses of cultivated talent."

Ten thousand copies of the Life of Col. Crockett, have been sold, and he has realized upwards of three thousand dollars. Messr. Carey & Hart, the publishers, have in press another work from him describing his tour through the southern states.

LIST OF AGENTS.

Bloomfield, Mich. Ter. Dr. E. S. Parke.—Black Rock, Elam Dodge.—Cleaveland, O. A. S. Sandford.—Detroit, M. Ter. Ruel Ambrose.—E. Bloomfield, L. Noble.—East Avon, E A. Bibbens.—Fairport, H. Burr, Esq.—Farmington, Wm. Robson.—Greece, H. N. Marsh.—Hadley Mills, Mass. Dwight Smith.—Lyons, N. Talmadge.—Lakeville, A. M. Chapin, Merchant.—Medina, Uri D. Moore—Middlebury, A. Wright, Esq. P. M.—Nunda Valley, Wm. D. Hammond.—Nelson, U. C. Robert Bennett.—Oswego, D. K. Neal.—Onondaga Hill, A. Shove.—Orangeburgh, P. Master—Ovid, C. A. Gibbs. Paynsville P. Office, N. Payne, Esq.—Perrysburgh, Ohio, P. B. Brown—Penn Yan, C. W. Bennett—Parma, E. M. Conklin, Esq.—Pike, Asa Pride.—Randolph, Elmer Draper.—Seneca Falls, J. W. West.—Walworth, V. Yeomans.—West Avon, J. N. Merrill.—West-Bloomfield, Gustavus A. Griffin.—Yates, S. Tappan, Esq. P. M.—York, Pa. Dr. A Patterson.

City of Rochester, Mr. Ezekiel Fox.

AGENT FOR NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HENRY G. WOODHULL, of Wheatland, Monroe Co. N. Y. is agent for the New York American Daily, at $10; Tri-weekly, at $5; Semi-weekly; at $4; in advance. The American Rail Road Journal, weekly, at $3. The Mechanic's Magazine, 2 volumes a year, at $3. The New York Farmer and Gardener's Magazine, at $3. The Quarterly Journal of Agriculture and Mechanics, at $5, or $1,25 a vol. The Family Magazine, 416 pages a year, at $1,50, in advance. The Monthly Repository and Library of Entertaining Knowledge, of 36 pages a month, at $1,00, in advance; bound vols. $1,25. The Ladies' Companion, of 54 pages a month, at $3, in advance. The Rochester Gem, and Ladies' Amulet, at $1,00 in advance.

All communications addressed to him, will be promptly attended to. Jan. 1835.

PARNASSIAN FLOWERS.

Original.

THE FALLEN CHIEF.

The matchless chief is fallen! He whose power
And might secured to him the gem of fame,
The wreath of conquest, and of glory too,
Has fallen! Now the diadem no more
With glitt'ring splendor burns upon his head;
The royal robe, no longer hides his form,
With rich embroidery and shining pomp:
No fearless herald shouts his dread approach,
And crowding millions throng no more his way.
Kings once that shuddered—thrones that tott'ring fell,
At the deep echo of his thund'ring voice,
Resume again their place—forget their fear;
Rejoice to think the bulwark of their guilt
Has reared a brazen barrier between
The splendid genius of a towering mind,
And their own insignificance and pride.

Yes—he is fallen! but the glitt'ring throng
Of living virtues, that illum'd his way,
Will shine with fadeless lustre in the sky
Of distant years, and rear themselves with pride,
Encircled with the wreath and blaze of fame—
A burning pillar in the waste of time.

Nor can the scoff of sycophantic broods,
Power-seeking men, and demagogues of guilt,
Erase the eternal footsteps of his fame,
From off the charter freedom claims her own;
For 'tis engraven there in letters bright,
By all the virtues burning in the man.

True, he had made the blood of man the sheath
In which his sword retreated for repose:
True, he had made the thrones of earth to shake
And tremble, at the terror of his nod,
Lest he should reach his arm of conquest forth,
And make the world obsequious at his call.
But then to meet, a host of foes he had,
A host of kings, and man-enslaving slaves,
Whose reign had watered well the earth with blood,
And been the plague and curse of honest men,
Draining the stores of earth—the cup of life;
The mind enslaving with the body too;
To gather round themselves the pomp of wealth,
Or rob the veins of life, to bless themselves.

AONIAN BARD.

Original.

LINES WRITTEN IN MISS M——C——'S ALBUM.

We never met—our paths in life
Were cast full wide apart;
One pang at least is spared us then—
We were not doomed to part:

We were not doomed to live awhile
In friendship's sacred ties,
Then clasp with pain the parting hand,
While floods of sorrow rise.

Our hopes and fears, our joys and cares,
Are each to each unknown,
Nor do I know what Providence
Hath in thy pathway thrown.

We never met—we never knew
As friends, each other's love;
But though we never meet on earth,
O! may we meet above.

JANE.

Rochester, Oct. 1834.

Selected by a Young Lady.

Messrs. Editors—I have selected the following lines, for your consideration: If they meet your approbation, please give them an insertion in your highly useful, interesting and valuable paper. M. A. T.

Victor, Ont. Co.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow,
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
O'er the soft radiance of the lake below.

Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow:
E'en in its very motion there was rest,
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.

Emblem, methought of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
And, by the breath of mercy, made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

Original.

POETIC SKETCHES—No. 1.

HINTS AND DEDUCTIONS.

The ills of life, how hard they press;
The hours we curse, how numberless;
How few the months we're free from pain—
How hard we toil one sweet to gain!
When gain'd, we eager seek that sweet,
And drain it 'till the dregs we meet,
Then disappointment turns the strain,
And dear bought pleasure turns to pain!

The thoughts of man are ever fraught
With beings that must come to nought,
For fancy, which is half man's life,
Puts off the things of pain and strife—
And crying peace and long tranquilities,
Keeps fishing for impossibilities,
Things that if gain'd must surely cloy;
Things our vile natures can't enjoy.

There's nought so bad, (a writer says)
In life, as human *jealousies*:
Thus will it be seen, by man's pretence
So much to worship innocence;
The dog will be by man carress'd,
And find affection in his breast,
Which is made known, or soon, or late,
And which time can't eradicate;
But could the dog grow great, or wise,
Competing with *man's* faculties,
Rash jealousies would seize his breast
Too stout for reason e'en to test,
And hate would help him on to spurn—
And vengeance with a curse would burn!

But ignorance and innocence,
Are worshipped with the same pretence;
The one we always deprecate—
The other mortals cannot hate!
We all love innocence; we feel
It in our actions always steal;
And when tis placed before our eyes,
Its softening charm we can't despise—
We feel a love for innocence,
A pity, feel, for ignorance!

The world is false! There's not a soul,
Among this vast stupenduous whole,
But can be false—but does deceive,
And make some mortal false believe!

This is, for sooth, a faulty race,
Where *perfect goodness* has no place;
For none there are so far from evil,
Who'll tell the truth, and shame the D—l.

ADRIAN

What a paradise this world might be, if man were but disposed, and woman too, to make it so.

THE ROCHESTER GEM,

AND LADIES' AMULET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE ARTS. EDITED BY J. DENIO AND E. D. KENNICOTT.

VOLUME 7.] ROCHESTER, FEBRUARY 7, 1835. [NUMBER 3.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

LEAVES FROM AN ÆRONAUT.

Concluded from last No.

The morning sun was shining in my window. I dressed instantly. My dream seemed to indicate, that I should, at any rate, have an extensive sail, though the close omened that I should come out at last from the little end of the horn. 'Never mind,' said I,—'that last part was dreamed in the morning; and there is an adage, that 'morning dreams always go by contraries.' This satisfied my superstition,—and I took my slender breakfast in cheerfulness and hope.

I had scarcely finished this hasty meal, when my apartment was entered by a meagre-looking gentleman, who seemed nervous and agitated. I inquired his pleasure. He answered me with a marked French accent. 'My dear sir,' said he, you are not acquainted with me, but I have taken the liberty to come and try to dissuade you from your voyage this day. I have never seen but one balloon ascension, and God forbid that I should ever see another. It was that of M. Romain, and Pilatre de Rozier, in '85. I saw them rise from the shore of France, to cross to the English side; as their double balloons ascended among the clouds over the waves, I saw the flames burst forth in the lower globe; I saw the fierce blaze flashing aloft, and the daring æronauts precipitated from on high, mangled by the fiery gas, and swept to death by that aerial power which they had fondly hoped would give them fame! Horrid remembrance! My dear friend,—can I persuade you not to go?'

I was touched with this abrupt evidence of friendship; but I argued with the adviser, that important discoveries had since been made in the science;—that my gas would be cool, and no embers be placed near the ærostat, as there were with that of Rozier and Romain. My determination, I added, was inflexible. The gentleman smiled reluctantly, and bowed himself out as suddenly as he entered, leaving me surprised at the quickness and singularity of the interview.

I now consulted my barometer. It had risen during the night,—but there were flying clouds in the sky, and they drifted along with a rapidity which betokened a strong wind. I found, however, on opening my window, that it was light, but summer-like. The barometer could not be doubted, and my hopes were assured.

I was nowdelayed for hours with men from the amphitheatre at the garden, wishing my directions. I gave them like a general commanding his legions. One I ordered to the sail-maker's for canvass to spread the balloon on; one to the cooper's, for extra casks; one to one place,—one to another. I issued my ukase that no particle of iron, or any sharp, hard substance be left on the ground about the canvass; that the policemen should be on the ground —tickets sent to editors,—and arranged every thing with a promptitude that has since astonished me.

I then retired to my room, and dressed in a plain suit of *American* cloth, for the occasion,—had my chin new reaped by a dainty barber,—and sallied into the street.

It was now about twelve o'clock. I called for a moment on the Howards, to inform them that one of the best seats had been reserved for their use, and that an attendant would be at the gate, to conduct them to it. This, to me, *first* duty arranged, I walked slowly down Broadway to the garden. As general a turning of heads occured among the most of those I met, as if I had been the sea-serpent. There was excitement in this. I felt like a monarch.

I found the garden by no means empty, even at that early hour; and around about the scene, were premature groups of curious sailors, country urchins, and Fly-market loafers, looking up at the flags, and other popular furniture, that fluttered above. I examined every thing connected with the apparatus, most strictly. Minutes seemed hours. At length the cannon, booming over the bay, and starting the distant shores and heights, announced the opening of the gates, and the commencement of the process of inflation. Throngs of well-dressed citizens, ladies and gentlemen, began to arrive. The empty benches became fewer and fewer; and there was a bustle around me, which filled me with impatience. My natural timidity was lost in the consciousness that my preparations were perfect, and an assurance that I should perform what I had promised. The wind had lulled,—the clouds dispersed from overhead,—though a few bright-edged ones still lay along the west.

The attendants now opened the carboys of oil of vitriol, some of which they poured into large jars: these were emptied in capacious hogsheads, where three thousand pounds of iron, and some thousand gallons of water had already been placed. The chemical compound was complete; the noise proceeding from the casks, proved the powerful action of the agitated acid on the iron. The water was fast decomposing,—the gas rushed through the tubes to the condenser, and thence poured in volumes into the balloon, which nowarose from the canvass, gradually distending into a globular form, and quivering like a thing of life, in impatient bondage. Finally, it was permitted to rise a few feet, for the proper arrangement of the delicate cord-work, by which it was encompassed. I now experienced a strong feeling of pleasure, when I heard the loud cheering which attended the letting-off of the little pilot balloon. It passed to the east of the city, and describing a vast semicircle over the north part of the town, floated, at last, away to the west, beyond the wind-mills of Jersey city, toward the town of Newark. There was a kind of pleasing bewilderment in being thus the focus of ten thousand eyes,—in the bursts of national music, and the encouragement of so many hearts. I felt it all. It surpassed every previous experience of *condensed excitement.*

Only twenty minutes now remained before the hour of ascension. 'The time of my departure was at hand,' and I was 'ready to be offered.' Every thing requisite had been placed in my fairy gondola,—my pigeon, the poetry in handbills, for the occasion; the tissue paper, flags, ballast,—all. Every moment seemed an hour. I did not trust myself to look often at the seat where Sophia, and all my nearest relations, were seated; for I feared that they might disconcert me. Observing a broken carboy of oil of vitriol lying carelessly by the passage through which the balloon, with its netting, had been brought, I ordered it instantly removed.———The amphitheatre was now filled; the Battery trees 'bore men;' the bay was crowded with craft of all sorts, and every eminence in the neighborhood was clothed in clusters of human beings.

My gay wicker-car was now attached, with the minutest care, to the long cords that depended from the buoyant globe above. I was looking at my watch, observing that the time of twenty had dwindled to eight minutes, when I heard the cry of 'Fire!' I sprang towards the ærostat, as if a bullet had perforated my heart.—'Where!' said I. 'There, in the balloon!' was the answer. Looking upward, I perceived the netting had become entangled with the valve,—which ever and anon flew open, as the wind surged against the balloon,—and the gas, mixed with vapor, issued from the aperture, resembling smoke.—The netting was soon disengaged; and the valve, closed and held by its stout springs, remained firm in its place.

My hour had now come and I entered the car. With a singular taste, the band struck up at this moment the melting air of 'Sweet Home.' It almost overcame me. A thousand associations of youth, friends, —of all that I must leave, rushed upon my mind. But, like Dashall in the play, I had no leisure for sentiment. A buzz ran through the assemblage; unnumbered hands were clapping,—unnumbered hearts beating high;—and *I* was the cause.—Every eye was upon me. There was pride in the thought.

Let go!' was the word. The cheers redoubled, handkerchiefs waved from many a fair hand,—bright faces beamed from every window, and on every side. My last look was towards Sophia. She was pale, and her lips parted 'like monument of Grecian art.' Her white fingers touched them, as I cut the cord. One dash with my knife, and I rose aloft, a habitant of air.

How magnificent was the sight which now burst upon me! How sublime were my sensations! I waved the flag of my country; the cheers of the multitude from a thousand house tops, reached me on the breeze; and a taste of the rarer atmosphere elevated my spirits into ecstacy. The city, with a brilliant sunshine striking the spires and domes, now unfolded to view—a sight incomparably beautiful. My gondola went easily upward, clearing the depths of heaven, like a vital thing. A diagram placed before you, on the table, could not permit you to trace more definitely than I now could, the streets, the highways, basins, wharves, and squares of the town. The theatres and public buildings, I recognised from their location near parks or open grounds, and from the peculiarity of their being covered with various metals, as well as slate, or tiles. The hum of the city arose to my ear, as from a vast bee-hive:—and I seemed the monarch-bee, directing the swarm. I heard the rattling of carriages,—the hearty yo-heave-o! of sailors from the docks that, begirt with spars, hemmed the city round: I was a spectator of all,—yet aloff, and alone. Increasing stillness attended my way; and at last the murmurs of earth came to my ear like the last vibrations of a bell.

My car tilted and trembled as I rose. A swift wind sometimes gave the balloon a rotary motion, which made me deathly sick for a moment; but strong emotion conquered all my physical ailings. My brain ached with the intensity of my rapture.—Human sounds had fainted from my ear.—I was in the abyss of heaven, and *alone* with my God. I could tell my direction, by the sun on my left; and as his rays played on the ærostat, it seemed only a bright bubble, waving in the sky,—and I a suspended mote, hung by chance to its train. Looking below me, the distant Sound and Long Island appeared to the east: the bay lay to the south, sprinkled with shipping; under me the city, girded with bright rivers and sparry forests; the free wind was on my cheek and in my locks; afar, the ocean rolled its long blue waves, chequered with masses of shadow, and gushes of ruby sun-light; to the north and west the interminable land, variegated like a map, dotted wilh purple, and green, and silver, faded to the eye.

The atmosphere which I now breathed seemed to dilate my heart at every breath. I uttered some audible expression. My voice was weaker than the faintest sound of a reed. There was no object near to make it reverb or echo. Though rising with incredible swiftness, I had nothing to convince my eye that I was not nearly still.—The weak flap-flap-flap, of the cords against the balloon, in regular motion, as the trembling ærostat, moved by its subtle contents, continued to rise, was all that indicated my tendency. My barometer now denoted an immense height; and as I looked upward and around the concave above seemed like a mighty waste of purple air, verging to blackness. Below, it was lighter; but a long, lurid bar of cloud stretched along the west temporally excluding the sun. The shadows rushed afar into the void, and a solemn sabbath-twilight, reigned around. I was now startled at a fluttering in my gondola. It was my *compagnon du voyage*, the carrier pigeon. I had forgotten him entirely. I attached a string to his neck, with a label, announcing my height,—then nearly four miles,—and the state of the barometer. As he sat on the side of the car, and turning his tender eyes upon me in mute supplication, every feather shivering with apprehension, I felt that it was a guilty act to push him into the waste beneath. But it was done: he attempted to rise, but I out-sped him; he then fell obliquely, fluttering and moaning, till I lost him in the haze.

My greatest altitude had not yet been reached. I was now five miles from terra-firma. I began to breath with difficulty.—The atmosphere was too rare for safe perspiration. I pulled my valve-cord to descend.—It refused to obey my hand. For a moment I was horror struck. What was to be done? If I ascended much higher, the balloon would explode. I threw over some tissue paper to test my progress. It is well known that this will *rise* very swiftly. It *fell*, as if blown downward, by a wind from the zenith. I was going upward like an arrow. I attempted to pray, but my parched lips could not move. I seized the cord again, with desperate energy. Blessed heaven! it moved. I threw out more tissue. It rose to me like a wing of joy. I was descending. Though far from sunset, it was now dark about me, except a track of blood-red haze, in the direction of the sun. I encountered a strong current of wind; mist was about me; it lay like dew upon my coat. At last, a thick bar of vapor being past, what a scene was disclosed! A storm was sweeping through the sky, nearly a mile beneath, and I looked down upon *an ocean of rainbows*, rolling in indescribable grandeur, to the music of the thunder-peal, as it moaned afar and near, on the coming and dying wind. A frightened eagle had ascended through the tempest, and sailed for minutes by my side, looking at me with panting weariness, and quivering mandibles, but with a dilated eye, whose keen iris flashed unsubdued. Proud emblem of my country! As he fanned me with his heavy wings, and looked with a human intelligence at the car, my pulse bounded with exulting rapture. Like the genius of my native land, he had risen above every storm, unfettered and FREE! But my transports were soon at an end. He attempted to light on the balloon—and my heart sunk; I feared his huge claws would tear the silk. I pulled my cord—he rose, as I sank, and the blast swept him from my view in a moment. A flock of wild fowl, beat by the storm, were coursing below, on bewildered pinions, and as I was nearing them, I knew I was descending. A singular effect was now produced by my position. It was a *double horizon*,—one formed by the outer edge of the upper cloud, and the other by the angle of the eye to the extreme strata of the storm over the earth. A breaking rift now admitted the sun. The rainbow tossed and gleamed; chains of fleecy rack, shining in prismatic rays of gold, and purple, and emeral, 'beautiful exceedingly,' spread on every hand. Vast curtains of cloud pavillioned the immensity, brighter than celestial roses, or 'jasper, bdellium, or the ruby stone,' glittered around: masses of mist were lifted on high, like stepts of living fire,—more radiant than the sun himself, when his glorious noontide culminates from the equator. A kind of aerial Euroclydon now smote my car; and three of the cords parted, which tilted my gondola to the side, filling me with terror. I caught the broken cords in my hand, but could not tie them. They had been dragged over the broken carboy of oil of vitriol of which I have spoken, and had rotted asunder.

The storm below was now rapidly passing away, and beneath its waving outline, to the southeast, I saw the ocean. Ships were speeding on their course, and their bright sails melting into distance: a rainbow hung afar, and the rolling anthems of the Atlantic came like celestial hymnings to my ear.

Presently, all was clear below me.—The fresh air played around. I had taken a noble circuit,—and my last view was better than the first. I was far over the bay, 'afloating sweetly to the west. The city, colored by the last blaze of day, brightened remotely to the view. Below, ships were hastening to and fro through the narrows: and the far country lay smiling like an Eden. Bright rivers ran like ribands of gold and silver, till they were lost in the vast inland, stretching beyond the view; the gilded mountains were flinging their purple shadows over many a vale; bays were blushing to the farewell day-beams; and now I was passing over a green island. I sailed to the main land; saw the tall old trees waving to the evening breeze; heard the rural lowing of herds; heard the welcome sound of human voices,—and finally, sweeping over forest tops and embowered villages, at last, descended with the sun, among a kind-hearted, surprised, and hospitable community, in as pretty a town as one could desire to see,—'safe and well.'

If I have told too long a yarn for so short a voyage, I crave the reader's mercy.—My feat has not diminish'd the number of my friends, and nothing could increase Sophia Howard's love. She is now mine; and when she wishes to amuse *our* little Sophia, as some childish casualty bids her weep, she takes her on her knee, and tells her 'about Pa's Voyage in the sky,' until,—

'Throned on her mother's lap, she dries each tear,
As the sweet legend falls upon her ear.'

D.

"I know of no such thing as genius," said Hogarth to Mr. Gilbert Cooper, "genius is nothing but labor and diligence."

A TALE.

During the Revolutionary War, a number of high bucks, took a jaunt of pleasure from Philadelphia to Trenton. The British army was then at New-York, and General Washington, with the American forces, encamped on the Highlands. While the young gentlemen were waiting for dinner, they observed an American officer, who appeared to be a stranger, walking pensively beneath the shade of some elms that grew before the door of the inn. They immediately sent him an invitation to join them at dinner, but he modestly declined. They however renewed their request, and the officer politely yielded to their solicitations.—Dinner was served up in suitable style ; a flow of good humour cheered the table, and the wine began to circulate, when a young gentleman, who sat at the left of the officer, in attempting to ascertain the hour, discovered that his watch was missing. It was of gold, and rendered thrice valuable and dear to him, as it was a present from an esteemed friend. " My watch is gone," said he anxiously, " and it is very singular, continued he, for I am sure I had it when we entered the dinning-room." A look of distrust glanced at the strange officer. Search was made around the room but the watch was not found. Suspicion fixed every moment still stronger upon the lieutenant, but they hesitated to charge him directly with the theft. " It is a mysterious affair," at length observed one of the young men, " we will to satisfy our companion, consent to be searched, it can do no harm, and may remove suspicion—begin with me." No one objected, and all the company were searched, except the officer. " We have all submitted to be examined, said one of the Philadelphians to the officer, it is now your turn." The lieutenant peremtorily refused. Suspicion ripened into assurance. No one doubted, but he had dexterously taken the watch from the fob of his companion, at table.—" You wear the habit of a gentleman, said the Philadelphian who had lost his watch—and now Sir, if you persist in refusing to be searched, you must fight me."

" Very cheerfully," replied the lieutenant. Swords were immediately produced, and they placed themselves in an attitude for combat.

Henry, (for such was the name of the gentleman from Philadelphia) indignant at the treatment he had received from the officer, exerted himself to make a successful pass at his adversary.—When lo—he felt his watch sliding down between his pantaloons and his thigh. He had in returning it to its fob, mistaken the entrance, and thus was deceived into the opinion that it was stolen.

Henry immediately threw his sword upon the floor, and in the most handsome manner apologized to the lieutenant, for the injurious suspicions he had entertained of him, drew forth his watch and made suitable acknowledgments to the company for his conduct. The officer very freely gave him his hand and forgave him, with the gentle admonition, not for the future to be too hasty in entertaining suspicions. But the conduct of the officer was inexplicable. Why should he risk his life, rather than consent to be searched, when it would be no dishonor, as all the company had submitted to it; and particularly when he knew that he was innocent, and would prove so?—Henry entreated him to explain to him the mystery. The officer hesitated for a moment, but at length, though with some embarrasment proceeded to comply.

I am, said he, a lieutenant in the American army, and hold a commission in a Virginia regiment. By permission of my superior officers, I have been home upon a furlough, and am now returning to join my company. I have an amiable wife and five children. We are poor, and the pay of a lieutenant you know, gentlemen, is poorly competent to our support. I had left, continued he with emotion, all the money, the result of my pay, for the support of my family ; and my wife had put up this chicken, (drawing a fowl from his pocket) to help me on my way to the army. Indeed, added he, I chose to fight rather than to disclose to you my poverty, and to subject you, who had treated me so politely, and myself, to the ridicule that would follow the discovery.

The goodness of the lieutenant's heart, his nice sense of feeling, and his bravery, strongly recommended him to the young gentlemen. His family was immediately rendered comfortable, and soon after he was promoted through the influence of his new acquaintances, to a more elevated and lucrative situation.

TRAITS OF LIFE.

" There are people," continued the corporal, " who can't even breath without slandering a neighbour."—" You judge too severely," replied my aunt Prudy—" very few are slandered who do not deserve it."—" That may be," retorted the corporal ; " but I have heard very slighty things said of *you*."—The face of my aunt kindled with anger. " *Me !*" exclaimed she, " *Me !* slight things of *me !* What can any body say of *me ?*"—" They say," answered the corporal gravely and drawing his words to keep her in suspence—" that—that *you are no better than you should be*."—Fury flashed from the eyes of my aunt—" Who are the wretches ?"—" I hope they slander one that does not deserve it," remarked the corporal, jeeringly, as he left the room.

The feelings, of my aunt may well be conceived.—She was sensibly injured.—True, she had her foibles. She was peevish and fretful. But she was rigidly moral and virtuous. The purest ice was not more chaste. The pope himself could not boast more piety. Concious of the correctness of her conduct, she was wounded at the remark of the corporal.—Why should her neighbour slander her? She could not conjecture.

Let my aunt be consoled. She falls under the common lot of human nature. A person who can live in this world, without suffering slander, must be too stupid or insignificant to claim attention.

The corporal told me the other day, that he could compare slander to nothing but one of *Fulton's Torpedoes*. It is of the most destructive nature ; and yet acts so secretly and underhandedly, that its object is taken unawares and blown into atoms in an instant. It gropes in the dark, and works by undiscovered springs: still its composition is so hellish and powerful, that no strength, no discretion can guard against its effects. It is most gratified when its exploits bear upon great objects.—The corporal would have proceeded, but the simile was too palpable to require further illustrations.

YOUNG YORICK.

TALES OF THE BORDER."—Under this title Judge Hall has just given to the reading public another volume of his delightful sketches of Scenes and Manners in the West. It needs no quotation to give assurance of their excellence to the many who are already familiar with his style of mingled graphic simplicity and unfailing humor. To those who are not, we would commend the following brief extracts, illustrative of primitive life in Missouri :

"Some twelve or thirteen years ago, when the good land on the northern frontier of Missouri was beginning to be found out, and the village of Palmyra had been recently *located* on the extreme verge of the settlements of the white men, uncle Moses, who had built his cabin hard by, went into that promising village one day, in hopes of finding a letter from his cousin David, then at Louisville, and to whom he had written to come to Missouri. Three hours' pleasant ride brought him *to town*.—He soon found Major Obadiah——, who had been lately appointed postmaster, and who had such an aversion to confinement, that he appropriated his hat to all the purposes of a post office—an arrangement by which he complied with the law, requiring him to take special care of all letters and papers committed to his keeping, and the instructions directing him to be always found *in* his office, and at the same time, enjoyed such locomotive freedom, as permitted him to go hunting or fishing, at his pleasure. He was thus ready at all times, wherever he might be, to answer any call on his department promptly.

"The major, seating himself on the grass, emptied his hat of its contents, and requested uncle Moses to assist him in hunting for his letter ; ' whenever you come to any that looks dirty and greasy, like these,' said he, ' just throw them in that pile ; they are all *dead* letters, and I intend to send them off to head quarters, the very next time the post rider comes ; for I can't afford to *tote* them any longer, encumbering up *the office* for nothing.' Uncle Moses thought they were at *head* quarters already, but made no remark, and quietly putting on his spectacles, gave his assistance as required.

" After a quarter of an hour's careful examination, it was agreed by both, that there was no letter *in the office* for uncle Moses.

" But stop,' said the postmaster, as uncle Moses was preparing to mount his horse, ' you are a trading character,—come, let me sell you a lot of goods at wholesale. Willy Wan, the owner, has gone to St. Louis to lay in a fresh supply, and has left me to keep store for him till he returns.—He had almost sold out, and I hate to be cramped up in a house all day, so I have packed up the whole stock in these two bundles'—hauling then out of his coat pockets.

" Uncle Moses looked over them without even cracking a smile, for it was a grave business.

" Here, examine them—calicoes, ribbons, laces, &c. all as good as new—no mistake

—I'll take ten dollars in *coon skins* for the whole invoice, which is less than cost, rather than *tote* them any longer.'

"Major's offer of a lot of *store goods*, for less than cost, struck him favorably, and he offered three dozen racoon skins for the whole. 'Take them,' said the Major, 'it is too little—but if Wan does'nt like the trade, I'll pay the balance myself.'

"Now,' said the Postmaster, 'let us go down the river where Hunt, and the *balance of the boys* are fishing. We've been holding an election here for the last two days, and as nobody came in to-day, we all concluded to go fishing.'

"'But what election is it?

"'Why, to elect delegates to form our State Constitution.'

"'I have heard of it, but had forgot it.—I am entitled to a vote.

"'Certainly you are. Hunt and I are two of the judges. He has taken the poll-books along with him :—come along we will take your vote at the river—just as good as if it was done in town. I hate formalities, and this three days' election—every one couid as well do their voting in one.'

"Down they went to the river; the judges and clerks were called together, and recorded the first vote that uncle Moses ever gave in Missouri."

WASHINGTON AND BONAPARTE.

If Washington and Bonapate, are compared, man with man, the genius of the first will seem to take a less lofty flight than that of the second. Washington belongs not, like Bonaparte, to the race of the Alexanders and Cæsars, who surpass the ordinary stature of the human race. He is not seen contending on a vast theatre for glory with the greatest captains, most powerful monarchs of the earth. He traverses no seas; he hurries not from Memphis to Vienna, from Cadiz to Moscow. His work is the simple one of defending himself, with a handful of citizens, within the narrow circle of domestic hearths, in a land without a past, and without celebrity. He gains none of those battles which renewthe bloody triumphs of Arbela and Pharsalia; he puts not his foot upon the necks of kings; he does not say to them, waiting on the vestibule of his palace, "Attend the pleasure of Attila!"

A certain spirit of silence envelopes the actions of Washington; a slow caution marks them all. One would say that he had ever the sentiment of his great mission within him, and that he feared to compromise it by rashness. His own personal destiny seems not to have entered into the calculation of this hero of a new species. The destinies of his country alone occupied him, and he did not permit himself to risk or gamble with what did not belong to him, but from this profound obscurity what light breaks forth! Seek through the unknown forests where the sword of Washington glittered, and what will you find there?—Tombs? No! A world. Washington has left the United States as the trophy of his field of battle.

Bonaparte possessed no single trait of this grave American. His wars were all waged upon an ancient continent, environed by splendor and stunned with noise. His object was personal glory. His individual destiny filled all his thoughts. He seems to have known that his mission would be short, that the torrent which fell from such a height would quickly expend its force. He hurried forward to enjoy and to abuse his glory, as if aware that it was a fugitive dream of youth. Like the gods of Homer, four steps must suffice him to reach the end of the world. Every shore sees his apparition. His name is inscribed on the records of every nation—but precipitately: In his hurried career he scatters crowns to his family and his soldiers. His monuments, his laws, his victories, are all the work of haste. Hanging as a portent over the world, with one hand he overthrows kings, and with the other strikes the revolutionary giant to the earth; but in crushing anarchy he stifled liberty, and in the end lost his own on his last field of battle.

Each of these men has been recompensed according to his works. Washington, after having raised a nation to independence, slept peacefully, as a retired magistrate, under his paternal roof, amid the regrets of his countrymen, and the veneration of all people.

Bonaparte, having robbed a nation of its independence, was hurled, a dethroned emperor, into exile, and the terrified earth hardly thought him secure enough even under the custody of the ocean. Even whilst, exhausted and chained to a rock, he was struggling with death, Europe dared not lay down her arms in her fear of him. He died; and this event, published at the gate of the palace before which the conqueror had proclaimed so many funerals, hardly arrested the passer by. What, indeed, had citizens to weep for?

Washington and Bonaparte both arose out of the bosom of a republic; both were born of liberty; the first was faithful to it; the second betrayed it. Their lot will be, according to the different parts they chose, very different with future generations. The name of Washington will spread with liberty from age to age, and mark the commencement of a new era for the human race. The name of Bonaparte will be pronounced also by distant generations, but no benediction will be attached to it; it will serve, on the contrary, as an authority to oppressors, great and petty, of all times.

Washington represented completely the wants, the ideas, the state of enlightenment, and opinions of his epoch. He seconded, instead of thwarting, the advancing movement. He willed that which he ought to have willed—the fulfilment of the mission to which he was called. Hence the coherence and perpetuity of his work. This man who strikes the imagination so slightly, because he was natural, and kept within his just proportion, has confounded his existence with that of his country. His glory is the common patrimony of increasing civilization. His renown rises like one of those sanctuaries whence a stream, pure and inexhaustible, flows forth for ever, for the solace of the people.

Bonaparte might also have enriched the public domain. His action was on the nation the most intelligent, the most brave, the most brilliant of the earth. What a rank would he have occupied at present in the universe, if he had joined magnanimity to his other heroic qualities; if, Washington and Bonaparte at the same time, he had nominated liberty the inheritrix of his glory!

But this disproportioned giant did not completely identify his destiny with that of his country; his genius belonged to the modern, his ambition to ancient times.—He did not perceive that the miracles of his life by far surpassed the value of a diadem, and that this Gothic ornament but ill became him. Sometimes one might see him take a step with the age: at others, he would retrograde towards the past. But whether he reascended the stream of time, or followed its course, the prodigious force of his genius seemed to comand a flow or a reflux at his will. Men were in his eyes, only means of power; there was no sympathy between their welfare and his own. He promised to liberate, and he enchained them. He separated himself from them, and they shrunk back from him. The kings of Egypt built their funeral pyramids, not amid fertile plains, but sterile sands.—On a like site has Bonaparte constructed the monument of his renown. Chautaubrian.

WOMEN,

CELEBRATED IN SPAIN FOR THEIR EXTRAORDINARY POWERS OF MIND.

Donna Anna de Cervaton, was a most celebrated woman in her day; though she was greatly noted for her extreme beauty, her talents and love of literature caused her to be still more esteemed. In the works of L. M. Siculo, the Latin letters which she wrote to him are preserved, and they would do honour to any author for their style and correctness.

Donna Isabella de Joya, who lived in the 16th century, was a very learned woman. It is related of her that she was accustomed to preach in a church at Barcelona to an extremely large congregation that flocked to hear her. In the pontifical reign of Paul III. she went to Rome, and in the presence of the Cardinals explained many difficult points of doctrine, entirely to their satisfaction. But what contributed the most to her fame was, that when in that capitol she converted a great number of Jews to the Catholic religion.

Louisa Sigea, a native of Toledo, was deeply intimate with philosophy and *belles lettres*; she was likewise very clever in the knowledge of languages, being well acquainted with Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac. She wrote a letter in these five different languages to Pope Paul III.

Dona Olivia Sabuco de Nantes, a native of Alcares, possessed an enlightened mind. She had a knowledge of physical science, medicine, morals, and politics, as her writings abundantly testify. But what contributed the most to render her illustrious, was her new physiological system which was contrary to the notion of the ancients. She established the opinion, that it is not the blood that nourishes the body. This system, which Spain did not at first appreciate, was warmly embraced in England, and they now receive from the hands of strangers, as their invention, what was, strictly speaking, their own. Fatal genius of Spain! before any thing to which thou givest birth can be deemed valuable, it must be transferred to strangers. It appears that this great woman assigned the brain as the only dwelling for a human

soul; in this opinion Descartes afterwards coincided, with this difference only, that she conceived the whole substance of the brain to be the abode of the soul, he confined it to the pineal gland. The confidence of Dona Olivia in her own opinions was so great, and her determination in vindicating them so powerful, that, in her dedicatory letter to the Count Debarajas, President of Castile, she entreated him to exercise all his authority among the learned naturalists, and medical men in Spain, to convince them that their heresies were inaccurate, and she could prove it. She flourished in the reign of Philip II.

Donna Juliana Morella, a native of Barcelona, was a most learned woman. Her father having committed homicide, was obliged to fly his country. He took up his residence at Lyons, carrying with him his daughter, and so great was her progress in literary persuits, that, at the age of ten years, she dedicated a work, defending public discussions in philosophy, to Margaret of Austria, Queen of Spain. According to the authority of C. Patin, who lived at that period, she had a long dispute with the College of Jesuits at Lyons, when she was only seventeen years old. She was intimately acquainted with philosophy, theology, music and jurisprudence. She is said to have known fourteen languages. She belonged to the Dominician convent of Avignon.

The celebrated nun of Mexico, Juanna Inezde la Cruz, is well known for her erudition and poeticial powers, and requires no eulogy of mine. I will only say, that in my opinion, she is less esteemed for her poetry than for her learning. Many of the Spanish poets have been gifted with extraordinary genius; but no one, perhaps, equalled her in general knowledge.

For the Gem.

LINES—by a novice.

O! I have struggled with the ills of life,
And boldly struggled in the unequal strife;
And while the shafts of woe full thickly fell,
My cheerful brow disguised their presence well.
Misfortune's waves have rudely o'er me swept,
And care's deep wrinkles o'er my visage crept.
Hopes that have been this youthful spirit's stay,
Have, one by one, been seen to fade away;
And Friendship—needed most in sorrow's night,
Has ceased to yield its rapture-giving light.
Joys—joys that once with transport filled the mind,
Have fled and left an aching void behind.
While sweet Hygea veils her blooming face,
And Hebe's charms have fled from my embrace.

But 'mid the darkness that has long been mine,
One sacred star has never ceased to shine;
And though deep clouds my lonely pathway veiled,
Its gentle beams have never—never failed;
But while misfortunes were too great to bear,
Still buoyed me up to struggle with despair.
'Tis this *has* cheered me in my journey on,
Though every other hope and joy were gone:
'Tis this *shall* nerve me for the struggle now,
And chase the shadows from my youthful brow;
Shall kindly cheer this heart with woe opprest,
Till I shall reach a port of peaceful rest.

Ogden, Jan. 1835. H.

Original.

POETIC SKETCHES—No. 2.

A SIMILE.

A flower I saw, just op'ning to view,
Whose tints did discover a lightness;
I watch'd it as larger and larger it grew,
And unfolded the hue of its brightness.

Its stem was of form that beauty could claim,
As was the tall scion which bore it;
The leaf was a leaf which any can name,
Who ever has pass'd on before it.

As I watch'd, a youth had that way stray'd,
And he view'd the flow'r with pleasure;
Its petals were wide, and as none forbade,
He seized it, and bore off the treasure.

And I saw as his eyes were beaming bright,
That he hail'd the fair hour with gladness,
As his spirits then took a sudden flight,
And he cast off the idea of sadness!

Adrian.

For the Gem.

CORRESPONDENCE.

My Dear Friend—Our correspondence has for some time languished on my part, for want of matter of sufficient interest to communicate—but a circumstance lately took place in this neighbourhood, that has made much talk. It has amused some and terrified others.

Before relating this marvellous circumstance, I will mention what you already know, that the life of man has been commonly divided into *infancy, youth, manhood* and *old age*. But of late there has arisen a race of beings, whose life is divided into *infancy, dandykood*, and *insignificance*. The dandyhood commences early—from the age of ten to fourteen or fifteen, and lasts as long as there is any one to notice those objects, which bear some resemblance to human beings. As soon as this ceases to be the case, they sink into insignificance.

Sometimes they sink earlier, sometimes later; but sink they must, for "such is the doom written on their foreheads." At the commencement of dandyhood, the following symptoms appear. They pay special attention to their external appearance; for as there is little within that is amiable or attractive, they endeavour to dazzle the eyes of beholders by as fair an outside as possible. They then usher themselves into the company of the young ladies, and if they can find any among that amiable sex, like themselves, they readily assimilate, and are highly delighted with each other. As they are totally incapable of discriminating between the gross flattery of fools, and the just praise of the discerning, they derive all their consolation from mutual flattery. Another symptom of dandyhood is that they hold their heads remarkably high. This they have not much difficulty in doing, as there is nothing in them.—Their heads are much like a balloon; they are so much lighter than common atmospheric air, that they would, were they not strongly attached to something that looks like the shoulders of a man, fly quite away; and after exhausting the *gas* with which they are inflated, alight in some distant part of the country. Such a catastrophe did happen not long since in this neighbourhood. A young dandy, just let loose from his mother's apron string, had made several visits to the young ladies: (the *dandy ladies*, remember) he was much praised for his fine appearance and his wit. Now you must know the more silly a *dandy* talks the more the *dandyess* will flatter him for his wit, till he is fully impressed with the belief that he is a great man. This chap immediately on his entrance upon his dandyhood spent the whole of his waking hours in decorating his great and mighty self, and other occupations worthy of the character of a dandy. He used to spend whole hours before a glass much longer than himself. One day he took his glass into the open air, in order to view himself in every possible attitude, and avail himself of every opportunity to set off his personal charms. After adjusting his cravat and ruffles for a long time in this situation, he grew more and more vain of his splendid appearance; he stretched his head higher and higher, till at length the ligaments gave way, and the head mounted aloft, and went through the "fields of unlimited space," with wonderful rapidity, till it disappeared in the clouds. There were great crowds of people who witnessed this awful calamity, awful to dandies, for they feared that a similar fate might happen to their whole race. The head was seen to take a north eastern direction; and from the rapidity with which it went, it was confidently thought by many that it would go quite beyond the continent of North America before it would fall. Others again predicted that it would either fall in the dominions of John Bull, or else among the Esquemaux Indians. It may with much truth be said, that,

"Amazement seized the circling crowd,"
And all the dandies wept aloud.

It was, however, after several weeks' anxious suspense, understood that it fell in the north eastern corner of the state of Maine. It was discovered by an honest farmer in the midst of his cornfield, and taken by him for an early pumpkin. He conveyed it home to his wife, who is a very frugal managing woman, and for making the most of every thing. She now made her calculations for pumpkin pipes in abundance, as you know the yankees are remarkably fond of them. But when she came to examine it, she found to her utter astonishment that there was *nothing* in it. The news of this strange appearance was soon noised abroad. The people collected from all quarters to behold it. "They wondered still, and still the wonder grew;" but all to no purpose, for no one could divine what it could be. Various were the conjectures concerning it. Some *guessed* that it was a trick played upon them by their neighbour John Bull, who, they tho't, had conveyed an imitation pumpkin over the St. Croix, out of pure derision to Brother Jonathan, for being fond of pumpkin pie. This they considered a great insult, and began to meditate deep revenge. But on further, and more deliberate inquiry, they were informed by a number of credible witnesses, that it had been seen coming from a south-western direction. Their anger towards poor innocent John began to cool. They then concluded to suspend all further speculations respecting it.

During this period of suspense, an intelligent traveller, who had visited many of our principal cities, and had seen dandyism in all its various forms, pronounced it to be a *bona fide dandy head of the first water*.

To the opinion of this traveller, who was a plain, sensible, and learned man, much deference was paid. A close examination ensued, and some of the most scrutinizing ones really thought that it appeared, in several respects, like the head of a man; but as it contained nothing, they could not understand the subject, until the gentleman went into a full explanation, and convinced them from what he was able to state from his personal observation, that this was the most sure indication of *dændyism*. Altho' all other signs should fail, yet this never did. He observed to them "that the ape, the monkey, the baboon, and the ourang outang, all had a considerable quantity of brains, and manifested much sagacity, but the dandy had neither." All present were convinced by this gentleman's remarks, and the head was laid aside as useless.—After a few weeks, the owner heard of it, and sent for it with all possible despatch. It was accordingly returned to him and fitted on without the least injury. And, I think it becomes him better than ever, for he carries it with more care.

Yours, K. L. N.

Study of Geology.

From a number of the *Scientific Tracts*, published semi-monthly at Boston, we copy the following "reasons why Geology should be universally introduced as a branch of common education:" *Roch. Repub.*

1. It is nearly allied to geography. The connexion and distinct provinces of these two sciences, have already been pointed out in the introductory remarks of this number. From that view it is believed, many will be ready to acknowledge that the claims of this science to becoming a subject of common school instruction, are equally strong with those of geography, and in some points superior.

2. It is an interesting science. It opens to our view a new world, and presents us with numerous objects of beauty and of interest, before unnoticed. The most barren ledges, the commonest rocks and walls by the wayside, destitute of anything to admire or notice, show to groups of young explorers, that these have not merited the long neglect they have suffered; but they contain much that is rich and beautiful, not merely when arranged on the shelves and cases of a cabinet, but when placed on the mantelpiece of the parlor or drawing-room, and furnishing instruction and delight to the most elevated minds.

3. It is among the grandest of sciences. It leads us to view, with increased admiration, the towering mountain and awful precipice, and induces and enables us to examine with greater ardor and more exalted delight, those features of the earth, which never fail to excite ideas of sublimity even in the rudest mind. We learn from it, that amid the lofty aspect, the terrific grandeur, and the wild confusion of the Alps and Andes, there is order and regularity, which evince the skill of a wise and all powerful architect. Arrangement amidst apparent disorder, a vast storehouse of riches overhung by forms of terror, objects of the highest beauty grouped beneath the awfully sublime, afford to the passing geologist a moral as well as an intellectual banquet.

4. It gives new interest and increased utility to our journeys and our walks. A person, with the slightest knowledge of geology, never passes from one country or place to another, without finding much to admire, and much to increase his store of knowledge. If he find no thriving village, no field covered with the fruits of the farmer's industry, no fertile tract groaning under its load of stately forest trees, or smiling beneath its dress of beautiful verdure, he still finds, in the barren plain or the broken ledge, much that is beautiful, rich and instructive.

5. It furnishes a healthful and instructive amusement to the young. Wherever it has been introduced into schools, the pupils have taken more or less of their pastime in examining and collecting specimens of minerals within their reach. A geological excursion is uniformly preferred by them to their ordinary sports, too often calculated to dissipate their minds, and unfit them for patient and successful application, when they return to their school-rooms or their books.

6. It teaches children to be observing. A thousand objects, before unnoticed, press upon their view; their imagination and taste are awakened, and called into vigorous and healthful exercise, in discriminating the aspect of objects. Their minds, once put upon the search to discover what is beautiful and rich in the mineral kingdom, are led to examine other parts of this wide creation; and wherever they go, or whatever they see, they find something to admire, and to convey to their minds entertainment and instruction.

7. It leads to useful discoveries. Wherever the science of geology has been introduced into schools, or to the attention of other young people, valuable discoveries have been made to enrich the treasure of science, or to furnish new sources of industry and of wealth, both to individuals and the nation. If once introduced into all our schools, the whole country would be put under the most minute and rigid examination, and compelled to yield up its treasures, now buried beneath the surface of the earth. In New-England, alone, from one to two hundred thousand young, but ardent and efficient surveyors, might be induced to afford their gratuitous and cheerful services, to explore our resources in the mineral kingdom; and while they amused and instructed themselves, they would make important accessions to the public treasures of science and of wealth.

8. As the adoption of geology as a branch of common education, uniformly leads to a thorough examination of the natural features of the country, it would prepare the way for obtaining maps of all the towns where it should be introduced. Considering the trifling expense at which lithographic prints of town maps can be procured, and the important vehicles they would be to convey a minute and accurate knowledge of the character and resources of our country to the minds of its inhabitants, few subjects better deserve the immediate attention of every town.

9. No science is more practical. It acquaints farmers with the nature of their soils, and the best methods of improving them; civil engineers with the materials for constructing roads, canals, railways, wharves, dams, &c., and the proper method of combining them; artists with the origin and nature of paints, and other substances in common use; and the miner when and how to extend his researches, pointing him to a reward for his labors, and guarding him against abortive attempts.

Agriculture, internal improvements, manufactures, and the various useful arts, occupy, at present, so large a place in public attention, as to render every method which can be adopted to advance them worthy of public and private patronage.

10. The introduction of geology into schools, would tend to promote moral improvement among the young. Perhaps there are not two more unfortunate circumstances attending our system of popular education, than that the exercises of children in the school-room are irksome, and those for recreation are dissipating to the mind. If school-houses could be rendered places of pleasant resort, and amusement sources of useful instruction, the great work of reform in cultivating intellectual and moral taste would be fairly begun. The more innocent and useful amusements are scattered around the young, the less time and disposition they will have to pursue those which are pernicious or useless. No subject, perhaps, is better fitted to answer the double purpose of amusement and instruction, than geology. And few are better fitted to show the power and wisdom of Him, "who weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance."

11. It is easily acquired. The features of this science are not only striking and grand, but they are few and simple, and exactly fitted to entertain and expand the juvenile mind. By the aid of specimens, with appropriate descriptions, its general principles are more easily and readily understood, than those of any other science which is taught. Nothing is more easy than to introduce it into every district and private school in the country, and to acquaint every child with the names, ingredients and uses of the rocks he daily observes in his walks, and with the prominent geological features of our country.

12. It is necessary. Without it, gazetteers and journals of travels cannot be understood. In some places, a knowledge of the great geological features of the earth is as common and familiar, as of the continents and oceans; and consequently, without this knowledge, a person is liable to find himself ignorant of the most common and familiar topics of conversation, in the society he will frequently meet. To be destitute of a branch of science so important and accessible, is to be unprovided with a great source of mental occupation and entertainment for early life; and in the case of teachers, the want of it is the want of a powerful and happy means of influencing the youthful mind.

If it should be asked how this science can be most readily introduced into schools, it is answered, from numerous experiments, that fifty or a hundred labelled specimens, with some small manual to describe them, explaining their ingredients, uses, &c., are sufficient to make a beginning, which, if once made, seldom, if ever, fails to be extended to a general knowledge of the subject.

From the Amaranth.

FEMALE CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE.

The difference between the male and female mind is not less marked and characteristic, than the difference of external circumstances to which it has given rise. Female affection is a delicate and a tender plant, and he who can wantonly trifle with, or abuse it, is not a man, but a monster. Man is formed of a sterner cast. His mental and moral nature, not less than his physical constitution, appears to be moulded with especial reference to the station in society for which an allwise providence has designed him. Nor has that Power, which wisely allots to us our several spheres of action, and who in creating us, adapts our faculties to the duties which we are destined to perform, enstamped upon woman a less peculiar character.

Woman is to the human race what the affections are to the human soul. The secret motive, the unseen affection which prompts to action, and gives direction to all the faculties of the mind, often lies concealed. The influence of woman, when that influence is exerted in a state of true order, is of an unseen and retiring character. It seeks not for ostentation; it rather avoids it. But modest and retiring from the gaze of untutored curiosity as she ever ought to be, it is believed that, could we discern the inner workings of the human heart, could we know the history of the mind from its infancy; and could we ken all the passion, feelings and emotions, by which it is developed, and by which it is excited and actuated in mature years;—much of the eloquence, patriotism, and unswerving virtue, which in all ages commands the admiration even of its enemies, might be traced, indirectly perhaps, but ultimately, to the influence of woman.

It is hers to guard the steps of helpless infancy; to watch over the budding intellect, and to give to the embryo faculties as they are successively and gradually awakened into life, a right direction. It is hers to inspire a taste for science and the arts, and while the infant mind is gathering strength from the warmth of the affections which overshadow it, and swells with grateful surprise a the innumerable sources of enjoyment, which it beholds spread out in the works of creation, it is hers to seize the favorable moment, while the affections are yet warm with admiration and gratitude, and to lead them from the creature to the Creator.

The value and extent of the influence which a single female may thus exert, cannot be over estimated. It is not confined to one mind, nor to one generation. But

in consequence of the reciprocal influence, which mankind exert upon each other, it must, continue to be felt, and to be operative in determining the character & condition of the world, in all coming time. Who is there that has not felt how deep and irradicable is the impress of maternal affections! The lessons of the nursery, though imperfectly comprehended at first, grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength; and, as the infant is developed into maturity, become the basis of the man.—No association exerts a more sacred influence, or recurs oftener, or more vividly to the mind in after years, than those which are connected with the image of her, to whom we owe our existence. How often have we paused amid the bustle of business, or started from profound reverie, to dwell on the pleasing idea, as an action, a thought or a sound, has recalled her image to our minds.

But it is not as the guardian and guide of childhood alone, that the woman exerts an important influence. A situation can hardly be conceived more rife with interest, than that which she sustains as the companion of man. True she may not enter the forum, nor mingle in the busy turmoil of professional life; true her delicate sensibilities would shrink from the uncourtly and unseemly approach of the sons of strife, but she has another, and more appropriate office. When man returns from the active service of his fellow man, it is hers to render his home the home of contentment and happiness, and to excite him again to virtuous and vigorous action. Is he unfortunate, it is hers to beguile him in the hour of affliction, to administer the kindly balm of sympathy, to direct him to the only source from which consolation can be derived, and by teaching him to recognize in all things the goodness of an allwise Providence to lighten adversity of half its bitterness.

Does he deviate from the path of unswerving rectitude? Is he assailed by the enemies of his peace, and by them urged to yield to the enticements of vice? It is hers to adhere to him in the dark hour of trial and temptation, to strengthen the principle of moral integrity, to inspire him with an affection to love and obey the truth,—and with that native gentleness which is so eminently adapted to gain her access to the seat of his affections, to fortify him against seductive influence of every evil allurement.

While such are the uses which in the economy of the human family fall to the lot of the female part of our race, we find them endowed with a nature that peculiarly fits them for the station which they are destined to occupy. Man is distinguished for intellectual vigor; woman for strength of feeling and for delicacy of sensibility. It is for man to investigate and direct; but it is for woman to inspire him with generous sentiments, and to stimulate him to the performance of virtuous deeds.

Woman is not superior to man, nor is man superior to woman. The will and the understanding in the human mind should not be separated, but should act in conjunction. Woman should not usurp the province of man; nor should man abuse the tenderness of woman. Both have their own appropriate duties, and these it should be their endeavor to perform.

Is it otherwise?—Does either, not content with the allotments of Providence, obtrude upon the duties of the other, for which, they are not qualified; and assume a character for which they were never designed? The consequences of such a perversion of the laws of established order are too obvious to need exposure. We behold them in disorder, distraction and confusion that we so frequently witness around us, and which so often renders life a curse, instead of a blessing.

T. H. P.

THE GEM AND AMULET.

☞ Persons who may wish to become subscribers to the 7th Vol. of our paper, are informed that they can be furnished with the Nos. from the commencement of the Volume.

This number of the GEM will cost those subscribers who receive it by Mail, less than 5 cents. After perusing it, they will please say, if it is not worth thrice that sum to any reader.

Those still indebted to us for the GEM, had in time past, *know* whether they ought to pay or not—and they may *know*, if they do not already, that we should be *pleased* to have them, and the sooner the better. At any rate, we intend not to *disgrace* this vol. by printing in it a *black list*: If it becomes necessary to publish such a list, of old delinquents, it will be printed on a separate sheet, and sent out as an extra.

The following account, from the Mobile Mercantile Advertiser, informs us of one of the many accidents which happen to those who greatly risk their lives in order to obtain money, or who by an improper ambition are driven to attempt soaring *high* above their fellow beings.

SHOCKING RESULT OF BALLOONING!

A Warning to Æronauts.—Mr. Elliot, the Æronaut, attempted to make an ascension in New Orleans on Sunday 28th ult. but the wind proved to be too strong. After seating himself in his balloon, and cutting lose, he was swept violently across the arena, where the spectators had gathered, knocking down several persons in his passage. The sudden puff of wind by which the balloon was thus driven, continued, as it rose above the enclosure. The balloon next encountered a chimney top, which was overthrown by the concussion. By this dreadful shock, Mr. Elliot's thigh was broken. Part of the bricks of the chimney falling into the car, prevented the balloon from rising higher, and it was afterwards dragged over the house tops and walls, and dashed against windows, till the Æronaut's hands, face and head, were shockingly cut and mangled. At length the cords of the balloon became entangled on the masts of two vessels in the river, and fortunately for Mr. Elliot, his farther flight was checked. In his passage over the buildings in the city, some of the cords by which the car was attached to the balloon, were sundered, and the Æronaut afterwards sailed with his head nearly downwards. It is said, if he recovers from his wounds and bruises, he will owe his life mainly to the great presence of mind that he maintained amid all the perils through which he passed. The people of New Orleans have shown the stranger every kindness which his circumstances required.

CHARCOAL EATERS!—Who are they?—The LADIES!—A late number of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, says

"It is notorious among physicians, that many young ladies, in some of the Northern States, are addicted to the very pernicious practice of eating charcoal—and that when this habit has once been established, they undergo as much apparent suffering if deprived of their accustomed stimulus, as the tobacco devourers, who feel that life is divested of all its rational value when their quantum is by any circumstance diminished, or as they would generally consider it, unfortunately withheld. In the factories, particularly, it is said that the female operatives actually consume so much of this article as to astonish those who have taken the trouble to make an investigation. The vice is by no means exclusively confined to this class or the circle at first adverted to. School-misses and house-maids have also in many instances, contracted the love of charcoal-eating, which is seldom relinquished by means of persuasion or arguments.

There is a separation of the coal-eaters, into two divisions. Those of the feeblest make, of pale countenances and exceedingly delicate frames, are said to prefer an occasional meal of dry blue clay, such as is found in the brick-yards. Mention has been made of one individual who was altogether partial to pipe clay.

No one will doubt for a moment, that the ostensible object in beginning to eat such an unnatural, tasteless article, is based upon its imaginary effect as an internal cosmetic, in beautifying the complexion. Even the extremities of the body—the fingers, nails, &c. are all supposed to become exceedingly delicate under such potent black regimen."

A SAD MISTAKE.—A lady had a custom of saying to a favorite little dog, to make him follow her, 'come along sir.' A would-be-witty gentleman, stepped up to her one day, and accosted her with 'Is it me, madam, you called?' 'Oh, no, sir,' said she, with great composure, It was another *pup* I spoke to.'

MARRIED—At Yates, Orleans Co. on the 21st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Page, Mr. Harman V. A. Tappan, to Miss Betsey Ann Parmelee, daughter of James Parmelee, Esq.—all of that place.

In Eaton, Madison Co. N. Y. 26th ult. by Robert Henry, Esq. W. Henry Gray, of Elk, Warren Co. Pa. to Miss Waity Palmer, of the former place.

☞ For sale, the 5th and 6th Volumes of the GEM, Bound. Nearly complete sets unbound, also, can be had cheap, at the Office.

PARNASSIAN FLOWERS.

Original.

SOLITUDE.

How sweet when care invokes the breast,
And troubled surges roll,
Is solitude's repose and rest,
That gathers round the soul.

It lulls to rest the fiercest dart,
And barters pain for peace ;
chains the fury of the heart,
And bids its anger cease.

The monarch dizzy with his pride,
Or folded in his power—
When splendor mocks, and cares deride,
Will seek thy silent bower.

The inmates of the pompous dome,
Whose top invades the sky,
Within thy shade will hail a home,
When sorrow heaves the sigh.

The comely peasant thronged with care,
Or buried in his grief—
Or filled with bodings of despair,
Will court thee for relief.

O ! solitude, delightful maid !
With *thee* I long to stray,
Within some unfrequented shade,
And breathe my life away.

AONIAN BARD.

Original.

DEATH OF REV. REUBEN MASON.

The Rev. Reuben Mason, died suddenly at Clarkson, on the morning of the 25th inst. The occasion suggested the following lines:

Thine had not been the couch of pale disease,
Nor weeping friends around thy bedside stood,
Watching, amid successive darts of pain,
To see the spirit fluttering to depart,
And soar triumphant to its maker, God.
There were none near to whom thy warning voice
Could reach, as oft in days gone by, and point
Them from these transitory scenes, above
To that bright Heaven where all thy treasures lay.
Thou hadst no warning:—mid the shades of night,
Unseen by all, the King of Terrors came;
To thee he had no terror—and at once
Severed the thread of life : no sigh, no groan
Escaped thee, nor regret;—THOU WERT PREPARED,
And didst not care at what unwonted hour,
Or where, should come thy fate. And what were earth,
With all its gay allurements and its joys,
To thee? Thou sawest them fading one by one away,
Like some dim shadow at the twilight hour,
And leaving but a painful sting behind:—
Then didst thou look above—treasures there,
Bright and lovelier than earth's were seen.
There were thy treasures, and there too thy heart—
And thou without one parting pang hast fled
To range among them to eternity.
Thus might *I* die, and thus be prepared
For time's last change, whene'er the master come,
And welcome death, a messenger of love,
To bear me gladly to the realms of bliss.

E. W. H. E.

Brockport, January, 1835.

Original.

Low in the vale of discontent,
A wretched miser lay ;
On wealth his little soul was bent,
Through each succeeding day.

He neither ate, drank, nor slept,
In what the world calls peace,
But meanly through the world he crept,
Nor dreamed of happiness.

In vain he strove to make his gold
Alleviate his pain ;
And O ! alas, his coat he sold,
To add unto his gain.

Full to the brim an iron pot
He filled with glittering stuff ;
His soul was grieved because he'd not,
Or thought he'd not, enough.

With hasty steps and haggard eyes,
The pond'rous weight he brings ;
But O, what heavy sobs and sighs,
It from his bosom wrings.

Low in his native mother earth,
He softly lays it down,
And drops a tear on all he's worth,
And thinks his treasure 's flown.

A STRANGER.

Rochester, 12th Jan. 1835.

Original.

To MISS M. R. G.

" Vale tandem, non imme mor mei."

You bid me write :—the muse obeys—
But what, O what, shall be the lays
To friendship due ?
I quite despair to touch a theme,
Befitting aught of the esteem
I have for you.

Yet if this hasty written scrawl,
In future years, shall chance to fall
Beneath your eye,
Pray, think of him who felt, *who knew*,
He had a friend sincere in you,
In days gone by.

Yes, think e'en then when evening throws
Her mantle o'er a world's repose,
And fancy notes
Him musing o'er his youth awhile,
That *Mary's form, and Mary's smile*,
Are in his thoughts.

J. H. B.

Dryden, Tompkins Co.

Original.

STANZAS.

She liveth—she liveth—the glow of life
Mantleth the lip where Death was rife,
And the wand'ring eye is fixed again ;
The cloud hath past from the burning brain.

I bow me before thee, Father of all ;
Thine is the bidding whatever befall—
Yet little we reck of the worth of prayer,
'Till the goading of terror awakens despair.

I bow me before thee, God of power ;
Thou wert beside me in that dark hour—
Thy presence was felt through the blinding gloom,
And the halo of mercy veiled the tomb.

Almighty Eternal, to thee—to thee,
Grateful and humble we bend the knee ;
Thy hand hath chasten'd, thy hand hath bared ;
The branch is riven—the trunk is spared.
Oh give us to kneel, as the prayerful should,
To mingle our whisperings with the good—
And looking above when our race is run,
In calmness to utter, thy will be done.

T. H.

THE ROCHESTER GEM, And Ladies' Amulet :

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

Vol. 7--With Plates.

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THE ROCHESTER GEM,

AND LADIES' AMULET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE ARTS. EDITED BY J. DENIO AND E. D. KENNICOTT.

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From "The Friendship's Offering," for 1835.

THE BRAZILIAN BRIDE.

BY MRS. NORTON.

Time glided by unheeded: the London season was near its close, when, one morning at breakfast, Mr. Mordaunt observed, 'Well, Alonzo, time gets on, we are now in July, and before the end of October you must be safely landed at Rio. We must secure your passage in the next month's packet."

All this was well known and fully expected, yet did the intimation astound Alonzo. 'So soon! can it be possible!'

The same evening they were *en famille* at the Countess's: the whist and chess tables were arranged as usual. 'What are you thinking of Don Alonzo, to make such a move as that?'—inquired Viola? 'you are a little absent—out of spirits this evening.'

'I ought not to be so,' said Alonso, trying to rally, 'for we have been busy all day planning and arranging about our voyage home.'

'Indeed!' said Viola. Alonzo thought she sighed: certianly she in her turn made a false move. Soon after, a servant entered with a case of jewels belonging to Viola which had been returned from being repaired: while looking at them Alonzo observed that she was not a little envied by the London belles for the splendor of her jewels.

'How comes it,' said she, 'that I never see *you* wear any ornaments, not even a ring?' Our young Brazilian beaux are naturally so fond of these decorations.

'I assure you,' said Mr. Mordaunt, looking off his cards, 'Don Alonzo has one of the most superb rings I ever saw—a single yellow diamond of great value.'

Alonzo felt irritated, he scarcely knew why and replied in a bitter scarcastic tone, quite unsual for him—'Yes I have a yellow diamond, indeed, that I never wish to see, or to show to any one else.'

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before he felt their impropriety. 'Draw your card, my lady, if you please,' said Mr. Mordaunt.

'Check,' cried Alonzo, and with an effort looked at Viola. She was leaning on her hand; and her large, black, and brilliant eyes, with their long up-turned lashes were fixed on his. He started at the look —why or wherefore he could not imagine. The eyes were withdrawn, and the game continued.

A few evenings after, he was leading her from a dance to place her as usual by the side of the Countess; they had to traverse three or four rooms before they could reach the one where her ladyship was seated at whist; they moved very slowly and loiteringly along, seemingly in no great hurry to arrive at their destination.

'Are you *really* going to leave us next month, Don Alonzo?'

'Really:—and *you*, Donna Viola, what becomes of you?'

'I go to Portugal.'

'And *there?*' said Alonzo in an inquiring tone.

'O there *we* shall not remain long; our Brazilian property will require our presence.'

'Then we shall meet again,' said Alonzo eagerly.

'I hope so—I dare say in a few months.'

'Well, that is some comfort!'—and he seemed to respire more freely; then after a pause—'but I shall never again meet *Viola!*'

'But Viola, Don Alonzo,' she replied firmly, 'will meet you as she has always met you; what she has been, she will continue to be—your sincere and affectionate friend.'

'Thank you, Viola, thank you!—but pray you do not speak another word to me just now.' He placed her in her seat, and without looking at her, turned away and left the house.

Mr. Mordaunt had accepted the pressing invitation of Alonzo to accompany him to Brazil: their passage was taken and their preparations well forward. Alonzo paid his farewell visits, and did all that was necessary on the occasion, with the most perfect composure.

A passage was also taken for Viola and her suite in the Lisbon Packet, and the day was fixed for her leaving town for Falmouth. The day following was decided on by Alonzo for the same purpose, but this he managed to conceal from her.

The morning before her departure, he called on the Countess. 'You are come to take leave of Donna Viola,' said her ladyship.

'No, I am not, I am come to take leave of *you*, (for I also am on the eve of quitting London,) and to thank you for all your kind attention.'

'But why not of Viola?' said the Countess; 'she will be so disappointed.'

'It is better I should not.'

'But what am I to say to her?' inquired she.

'Precisely what I have just said—that it is better I should not.'

The Countess returned no reply; and with all good wishes on each side they parted.

The weather was beautiful, and Mr. Mordaunt appeared to enjoy his journey exceedingly; but Alonzo was absorbed in tho't, and it was only now and then, when Mr. Mordaunt touched upon his approaching meeting with his father and his old Rio friends, that Alonzo could be aroused for a moment. At the inns too he occasionally heard something that attracted his silent attention, of the beautiful young foreigner who had passed the day before.

They arrived at Falmouth in the morning to breakfast. With a beating heart, Alonzo inquired concerning the foreign lady and the Lisbon packet; the lady had gone on board the evening before, and the Lisbon and Rio packets were to sail on the following morning.

After breakfast, the two gentlemen were engaged in superintending the embarkation of their servants and baggage, and having taken an early dinner, went on board.

It was a lovely evening. Alonzo glanced at the merry and busy town of Falmouth, the numerous vessels, the broad Atlantic, which lay stretched out before him; then his eye fixed as though there were nothing else worth looking at, on the small vessel that lay nearest to him. He suddenly left his station, descending into a boat, and was in a few minutes on board.

In the outer cabin he met the duenna, who looked very much surprised at seeing him; but without speaking, threw open the door of the after cabin; he entered, and the door closed behind him.

Viola lay on a couch, apparently absorbed in reading; the noise startled her; and she looked up; but nothing can express the astonishment painted on her countenance at the sight of Alonzo, who stood fixed as a statue before her. She sprang from the couch, and evidently her first feeling was to run towards him, but probably the strangeness of his look and demeanor arrested her; for she checked herself, and exclaimed, 'Don Alonzo!'

'Viola!' said he, seizing both her hands, and gently forcing her to return to the seat she had left: 'Viola!' (the word seemed to choke him,) 'I cannot live without you —you are yet free—have pity on me!'

'Alonzo,' she asked, in a tremulous voice, 'are *you* free?'

'I am not *irrevocably* bound.'

In a moment she seemed to recover her self-possession, and replied, 'Then I must tell you that *I am*. You are laboring under a fatal error; you think I am but en-

gaged—*I am married*—' But stay!' she exclaimed, alarmed at the effect of her communication,—' stay!—one moment!—Alonzo!—I beseech you!'

It was in vain; he almost shook her off, rushed to his boat, and in a few minutes was on board of his own vessel; he pushed by Mr. Mordaunt, and every body, and every thing that impeded his way to his bed, in a state of mind not to be described.

Mr. Mordaunt took possession of the boat Alonzo had quitted, went on board the Lisbon packet, and had an interview with Donna Viola.

At day break the following morning, Alonzo, wrapped in a cloak, and his hat slouched over his brow, stood on the deck watching with gloomy composure, the Lisbon packet getting under way: she soon began to move,—a few minutes more, and she was dashing the water close beside him. Desperate thoughts for an instant darkened his mind, a feeling of revenge and despair, beset him, and he felt a strong temptation to plunge into the wake of the flying vessel,—when one of the latticed windows of the after-cabin was suddenly throw open; he saw a waving handkerchief, and then the form of Viola herself, her eyes streaming with tears, kissing both her hands, and waving them to him. He had just time to return the salutation: his dark purpose vanished, the weakness of his mother came over him, and he wept: 'She loves me!'—that thought alone, single and abstracted, brought back the blood in a rush of stransport to his heart: 'She loves me! and nobody sets me the example of a virtuous submission to our fate!'

A friendly hand at that moment was laid on his; Mr. Mordaunt drew him to his cabin. 'Alonzo,' he said, 'I have been *sadly to blame, I ought to have foreseen* and guarded against all this. Donna Viola, whom I saw last evening, bade me give you this note,' putting one into his hand.

Alonzo tore it open. 'Alonzo, I conjure you, for the sake of your father—for *my* sake—struggle against your fatal and hopeless passion! We shall very soon meet again,—let us meet in peace, in innocence, and friendship! Heaven bless you, and heaven forgive us both, for we have been much to blame! Viola.'

Viola was very inexperienced, and Mr. Mordaunt knew very little about love, otherwise Alonzo had never received this note, which only added fuel to the flame: he kept it next his heart, and read it every day during the passage. He questioned Mr. Mordaunt closely concerning his interview with Viola the preceding evening, and especially inquired whether he could give him any information concerning her husband. "I am told," he said, that he is a man of a high rank, very rich, old and infirm. He has married the orphan daughter of his friend, merely as a safe guard to to her and her property in these dangerous times." At this intelligence, Alonzo's heart bounded with secret joy: he became comparatively tranquil, but he would not analyse his feelings—he dared not.

A few weeks brought them to Rio. On entering its superb harbor, Mr. Mordaunt was struck with admiration at the magnificent and beautiful scenery that surrounded him; but to the heart of Alonzo it spoke yet more feelingly, entwined as it was with his dear and early asscociations. He could have kissed the black and baren rock of Sugar-Loaf; it was passed, and threw open the graceful sweep of the Bontafago, surrounded with its wooded and lofty mountains; this too was passed, and the harbour of the Rio appeared. Great political changes had taken place, and the imperial flag waved upon every fort and hill. The visiting boat approached, and by the side of the officer sat Alonzo's watchful and expecting father, who in a few minutes more was locked in the arms of his son. On their landing, friends crowded around them: in the afternoon they visited the good kind Abbess; and the evening was employed in renewing Alonzo's recollection of his young female friends, most of whom had now became wives and mothers; and those whom he had known as children had started up into young women, a process remarkably rapid in that country. He was pleased to observe the vast improvement that, even during the short period of his absence, had taken place at Rio, as far as concerned the comforts and refinements of domestic life. On the following morning he was present at court; in short, for two or three days he had not leisure even to *look* melancholy.

But one morning after breakfast, (a time universally agreed upon for making disagreeable communications,) his father informed him that in about a month, Donna Isabella might be expected with her father and aunt. "I have taken a temporary residence for you, which I think you will like, at Botafago—(I say *temporary* for you will soon be offered, what you most desire a diplomatic mission to Europe;) and the furnishing and arranging this residence has been my hobby for the last six months. If you and Mr. Mordaunt have no objection, we will ride to see it this afternoon." "If you please sir, was the only reply; and, accordingly, at the appointed time they set out. The house and situation were both delightful; the furniture tasteful and costly. The appartment peculiarly appropriated to Donna Isabella, and called her garden-room, opened into a delicious parterre; it contained tables for needlework and drawing, bookcases filled with a choice collection in English, French, and Italian; there was also a piano, harp and guitar.

"Is Donna Isabella such a proficient in music?"—asked Alonzo with a scarcastic smile. "She is, I believe, very fond of it," quietly replied the Marquis. Alonzo, with much warmth and sincerity thanked his father for the kind pains he had taken; then sighed, and thought how happy he could be here with—certainly not with Donna Isabella.

After the first novelty of his arrival had worn off, Alonzo elapsed into sadness; a settled gloom was gathering on his youthful brow. Sickening indifference to all around was gradually stealing over him. His father and Mordaunt did all they could to arouse and distract his attention. Excursions into the country were frequently made, especially to the botanical garden about six miles from the city. It is arranged with exquisite order and good taste, encircled by bold and rugged mountain scenery, opening towards the ocean,—reposing in all its richness of floral beauty, with its shady and stately trees, its leafy bowers and gushing streams, like a gem in the wilderness,—like the decked and lovely bride of a dark-browed warrior in those stern days of "auld lang syne," of which, one loves to dream in spots like these.—Water-parties to the many beautiful islands,—society and study,—were all tried and in vain: every day, every hour, seemed to increase the despondency of Alonzo; but he never complained, never even touched in any way upon the subject that caused it. Upwards of three weeks passed in this manner.

Alonzo was fond of the society of the Abbess; with the unerring tact of her sex she managed his present mood; she would sit opposite to him, engaged at her old fashioned embroidery frame, for an hour without speaking: this was just what he liked. One afternoon he had ensconced himself in his accustomed seat in her little grated parlor; he scarcely observed her entrance, but instead of seating herself at her frame, she stepped towards him.

"Alonzo, I am glad you have come, for I was just going to send for you."

"To send for me?" repeated he, listlessly.

"Yes, a friend of yours has arrived at the convent, and wishes to see you."

"A friend of mine!"

"You recollect, I suppose, Donna Viola de Montezuma?"

He started from his seat—the shock was electric.

"Viola, did you say!—Donna Viola!—recollect her!—what of her!—what of her?"

"She has become a widow."

"Go on!"

"She arrived at Lisbon just in time to receive the last breath of her expiring husband. After the funeral she consigned her affairs there into proper hands, and delayed not a moment in returning to this country, where they demanded her instant attention. She arrived yesterday, and remains here for a short time. She wishes to see you."

"I am ready," said Alonzo.

The Abbess left the room. "This is too —*too* much?" he exclaimed aloud, as he paced the little parlor with hurried steps. A slight rustling near the grate arrested him: it was Viola in deep mourning, looking more lovely and interesting than ever. She presented him her hand through the grate—he knelt and prest it to his lips, to his heart, to his burning forehead. "Alonzo," she said in the kindest and most soothing tone, "I have heard from the Abbess of your marriage, and fear that I have innocently contributed to render that, which might have proved the highest blessing, a source of bitter misery. What can I do but to entreat you to arm yourself with the resolution of acting right? I confess that your forcing me to lose my esteem for you, would be the greatest pain you could inflict, even although your affection *for me* were the cause. Promise me, Alonzo—"

He hastily interrupted her: "I will promise nothing—nothing!—Heaven grant that I my do what is right, but in the present state of my mind, I will pass my word for nothing."

Viola sighed. "Well," she resumed, "I shall see whether Alonzo be really what I believe him, or not; I shall see whether he be capable of sacrificing the happiness of his young and innocent wife, and of his

doating father—his own honor and principles, to the shadow of a shade; for such is all hope of me. Heaven bless you, Alonzo! and support you through this trial!—You have my prayers, my best, my warmest wishes: *deserve* to be happy, and leave the rest to Providence."

She disappeared: he still remained kneeling at the grate, apparently wrapped, in thought: at length a ray of light seemed to break through the darkness that surrounded him; a single spark of hope saved him from utter despair. He decided that in his first interview with Donna Isabella, he would reveal every secret of his heart, he would conjure her, as she valued their mutual happiness, to assist him in breaking the tie that had been made between them; he would recall to her recollection the fatal hour of their union, when reluctance on his side, and the necessity of absolute force on hers, formed but an evil omen of future concord. Since that moment they had never met, had never even corresponded; he had formed elsewhere a deep and serious attachment, and so perhaps had she. As to the debt he had incurred towards her and her family, with a little time and indulgence it would be cleared, as the property in Portugal was on the eve of being restored to his father. Thus, if they acted with determination, and in unison, there could be no doubt of their succeeding in breaking the galling fetters in which the mistaken zeal of their relatives had bound them.—"If," he exclaimed, "she be not utterly devoid of the common pride and delicacy of her sex, here is but one step to take:—she will—she must take it—and I shall become free and happy!"

Full of this thought he left the convent; and, on his return home, sought Mr. Mordaunt, and laid his project before him.—Mr. Mordaunt listened with the utmost kindness and sympathy; he saw but one objection to the attempt: If Donna Isabella, in spite of all he could urge, should refuse to enter into his views, how much wider would it make the breach between them! how much would it diminish their chance of happiness! But to this side of the picture, Alonzo absolutely refused to turn; and Mr. Mordaunt, seeing him perfectly resolved, gave up the point, glad at all events, that Alonzo had even this slight support to lean upon until the crisis arrived.

At the top of the Marquis's small and rather inconvenient abode, was a room which, on account of its height and airiness, and the view of the harbor it commanded, the gentlemen preferred to breakfast, and to spend the morning in: a spyglass was fixed here, to which of late the eye of the Marquis had been often and anxiously applied. One morning, about a week after the scene just described, the Marquis seemed more than usually on the alert, watching the approach of a fine Brazilian merchant ship. "Is she near the fort!"—"here she comes,"—"she is abreast of it,"—"now for it!" and as he spoke, up flew a private signal. The Marquis clasped his hands, and exclaimed, in a half whisper, to Mr. Mordaunt, "Thank heaven, there they are at last!" and the two gentlemen instantly left the room.

"Well," thought Alonzo, "I am not bound to know that there they are at last, until I am informed of it," and he tried again to rivet his attention to study.—Three intolerably long hours passed away; a note was then brought him from the Marquis; "Donna Isabella, her aunt, and father, have arrived, and are now at Botafago. The two ladies are somewhat fatigued, and prefer not receiving you until the evening; therefore, between seven and eight, Mr. Mordaunt and the carriage will be at your door."

Alonzo sent away his untouched dinner: he dressed *en grande toillete*; and, taking down Walter Scott's last new novel, strove to fix his attention on its delightful pages. Alonzo had generally the power of exercising great majesty over his mind; to an indifferent observer he would appear rather cold, reserved, and not easily acted upon in any way; but when his feelings once burst their barrier, it was with a violence proportioned to the restraint he had thrown over them.

At half past seven, the carriage drew up to the door, and Alonzo immediately descended to it. "I am glad to see you are quite ready," said Mr. Mordaunt, as he entered: the door closed and they drove off.

"You have seen Donna Isabella?" inquired Alonzo.

"Yes, I have," was the laconic reply, with evidently a wish of saying no more. After a considerable pause, Mr. Mordaunt asked whether he still kept to his purpose.

"Certainly," said Alonzo firmly, and no further conversation passed.

Half an hour brought them to their destination; with a throbing heart, Alonzo descended from the carriage. They were shown into the grand *sala*, brilliantly lighted. Here were assembled Senhor Josef and Senhra Theresa, the Marquis, and the Abbess with an attendant nun; the old lady had not left her convent for many years, but on this occasion she was determined to be present.

Alonzo saluted Senhor Josef and his sister, with gravity, but perfect and sincere kindness; he kissed the hand of his aunt; then, turning to his father, begged to know where he might find Donna Isabella.

"She waits for you in her garden room" replied the Marquis. Alonzo bowed, and left the *sala*.

He struggled successfully to continue the same appearance of composure, as he passed along the corridor that led to the garden room; the door was a jar; he entered and closed it.

The room was only lighted by a single Grecian lamp, suspended from the centre; the latticed doors leading to the garden were thrown open, and the moon-beams quivered brightly on the rich festoons of flowers and foliage that twined around them. Leaning on the harp near the furtherest door, stood a lady magnificently dressed as a bride; one hand hung listlessly at her side, in the other were gathered the folds of her veil, in which her face was buried. Alonzo advanced, and although somewhat prepared for a favorable alteration, he was struck with astonishment at the exquisitely fine and graceful form that stood before him. "Donna Isabella, I believe,"—no reply, and no change of position. He approached a little nearer, and ventured to take the unoccupied hand, whose slight and delicate fingers were covered with gems, but on the arm was only a single bracelet, and that was of *pink topaz*. "Donna Isabella, I venture to claim a few minutes' private conversation with you, on a subject that deeply concerns the happiness of us both; permit me to lead you to a seat." He paused—the emotion that visibly pervaded her whole frame convinced him that he was not addressing a statue. Suddenly she raised her head, clasped her hands, and sunk on her knees at his feet. Alonzo recoiled, as though a supernatural appearance had presented itself, while with a tone that thrilled through his heart and brain, she exclaimed—

"Alonzo, can you forgive me?" It was Viola.

"Can you forgive me for all the deception I have practised, and caused others to practise? May the prize I strove for—my husband's heart—plead my excuse? I know it will!"

While she spoke, Alonzo in some degree recovered himself. He raised up the beautiful applicant, and folding her in silence to his breast, kissed her with pure, intense and devoted affection. He could not speak; he thought not and cared not how it had all been brought about; he only knew and felt that his wife was in his arms, and that *that wife was Viola.*

The party in the drawing-room, to whom the duenna was now added, were in the agony of impatient expectation—The Marquis at length led the way,—and all crept softly along the passage: "May we come in?"

"Come in," said Alonzo—the first words he had spoken since the denouncement.

Their entrance dispersed, in a great measure, the concentrated feelings of Alonzo, and he became attentive to learn the mechanism by which his present happiness had been effected. It appeared that the prepossession Isabella had conceived for her husband at the altar had produced a striking change on her, as love did on Cymon. Ill health, the absence of the usual means of education at St. Paul's, the ignorance and weak indulgence of those with whom she resided, had allowed weeds to spring up and choke the rich treasures of her mind. However, she accompanied the Marquis from St. Paul's, and was placed by him under the charge of the Abbess, where in three years her improvement in health, beauty, and mental attainments astonished all those who observed it. The two years she passed in England, under the most judicious care, had brought her to the point of perfection to which she had now arrived.

Alonzo had not the slightest recollection of any of her features except her eyes, which on the day of their union had that large size and troubled expression which usually attends ill-health. He could not account for the startling recollection that had passed over him one evening at the chess board; the look she then gave and that with which she had impressed him on her leaving the oratory were the same.

"And you my grave and worthy tutor," said Alonzo, addressing Mr. Mordaunt, "did *you* join in this powerful league against me?"

"I confess," replied Mr. Mordaunt, "that I was in the service of the enemy; so much so, that on the evening you first met with Donna Viola, and were introduced to

her at the opera. I knew beforehand that such a meeting and such an introduction would take place. I take this opportunity, however, of hinting, that you may thank your own impetuosity that the discovery was not prematurely advanced on board of the Lisbon Packet; for Donna Viola, terrified at your vehemence, would have revealed the whole truth, could she but have prevailed upon you to stay and hear it."

"Alas! for my vehemence," exclaimed Alonzo; and trying to collect his puzzled thoughts, he turned to the Abbess; "and you, too my dear aunt—you, too, my Lady Abbess! it is well you have the power of absolving yourself for all those little fibs you told me the other day."

"May our Lady grant me absolution," replied the good Abbess, devoutly, "for whatever stain of sin I may have contracted by playing a part in this masque!"

"Supper! supper!" cried the Marquiss, as he marshalled them the way. Alonzo seized his Viola (for thus he ever after named her, as if he dreaded that some magical delusion would again snatch her from his sight)—and never did a set of happier creatures meet than those which now encircled the sumptuous banquet prepared in honor of this Brazilian Wedding.

From the New England Magazine.

ANOTHER STORY—By Neal.

* * * Take an example or two from the experience of Dr. S——of Baltimore, a gentleman of high character, who had been accustomed to the savage glories of the western world for many years. He had seen a boat snagged some years before in the Mississippi,—the Consort—and something happened to bring it to his recollection, and so he just happened to mention it in a sort of parenthesis—nothing more. He was sailing one way and she the other.—All at once while they were looking at her, they saw her stop and begin to settle. After a few moments, she changed her course and aimed for the shore, like a wounded Leviathan. Her deck was crowded with passengers; there were at least a hundred on deck with all their baggage, or plunder as they called it there. They soon reached the shore, and a large hawser was made fast to a tree. But in the midst of the rejoicing that followed—it swung off—the capstan was ripped up by the roots—and down she went headfirst. All the passengers jumped overboard. Two or three odd incidents occurred in the very presence of the narrator. A newly married man, being unable to persuade his wife to take the leap, caught her in his arms and flung her over, to the amazement of every body—and then followed her. Another young man was fished up, just as he was settling down for the last time—when they pulled him out they found an old Dutch woman hanging to his legs. All the passengers were saved, but the vessel and cargo were lost. But such, it would appear, is but an every day sort of occurrence in the Ohio and Mississippi—even Doctor S. himself speaking of it, as if it were hardly worth mentioning.

At another time, I believe in 1832, he saw the Kentucky, Capt. Buckner, in a situation not paralleled in the history of steamboat adventures. It would be a glorious subject for a picture, and then what a transparency might be made of it!—The Kentucky was a boat on her first trip, and having reached Louisville, she run up the river a little way to show off. On her return, as she approached the falls, which are twenty feet high, she rounded to and stood for the canal. But the engineer let off too much steam—the boat fell away—grew unsteady—loitered—and was beginning to yield gradually and slowly to the tremendous weight of the river. The deck was crowded with passengers, and the shores covered with people, afraid to move or speak.

It was evident to all that she must strike the pier at the entrance of the great ship canal, when, if nothing worse happened, her chimnies would be tumbled about the ears of the passengers, and her boilers unshipped. But to the astonishment of every body, instead of striking, she only touched the pier, and lifting herself slowly up she slid gently upon it to the distance of several feet. *All safe*, now! *all safe!* cried the people aboard. *All safe!* shouted their friends ashore. But in the midst of the congratulations and rejoicings that followed, somebody on the pier was observed pointing at the stern with a look of unutterable horror—the boat began to move—the roaring of the falls grew louder and louder—the passengers rushed forward in a body to escape over the bows—and the people on the shore ran down the bank to the water's edge and stood there with outstretched arms, waiting the frightful consummation. She swang off notwithstanding all their efforts, and gradually, though reluctantly yielding to the strength of the river, began to move sideways towards the falls. Not another word was spoken, either aboard or ashore. Louder and louder thundered the waters, aud faster and faster moved the huge pile, freighted with human creatures on their way to immediate and inevitable destruction. Already were they under the pitch of the falls, so that the passengers could look over into the gulf below and see the rocks, and the fierce terrible waters leaping and roaring for their prey. At this moment she touched—rubbed—faltered for a few seconds, and then broached broadside to, and grounded!—yea *grounded!* on the very edge of the crumbling precipice, with the whole pressure of the Ohio upon her side, hurrying headlong toward the Mississppi! Out went every hawser and rope with two or three chain cables. Every heart and every arm was employed struggling and gasping for life. All the hawsers and cables were strained tight, but they could not move her an inch. Out with her cargo! Start her cargo! shouted a dozen voices from the shore; out with her cargo! start her cargo! cried the people aboard, and immediately a large number of lighters were seen crowding and hurrying to her relief. These lighters were pulled ashore by a rope. The cargo was very valuable, and the work of discharging was continued till after dark.

During the night another incident occurred of which the narrator was an eye witness. Owing to some accident, or the most extraordinary carelessness, one of the lighters was not made fast; and while the men were stowing the cargo with lanterns, happening to turn our heads, after looking another way, said the Doctor, we saw them drifting slowly astern, apparently toward the falls. Before any earthly help could reach them, or even prepare the people aboard for their danger, she went over head first among the rocks! A tremendous outcry followed, above and below the falls. Boats were run out—lanterns swung in the air—and multitudes were seen rushing down the banks and calling for volunteers.

It was generally acknowledged that such a boat could not live ten minutes below; notwithstanding which, six men instantly volunteered and pulled after her in the long boat! What a subject for a painter; as I have said before—ay, and what a subject for a poem! The roar of the waters—the midnight darkness—the outcries of the multitude above and below the Falls—the innumerable lanterns dancing about in the air and along the surface of the river, the desperate courage of these unknown men—altogether it was a story worth telling, reader, I'll leave it to you if it was not! Well, over they went—over into the foaming and roaring abyss! their path way visible to thousands, not withstanding the darkness of the night, by the lanterns and torches they carried, as their well-steered boat shot like a black shadow over the white surface of the tumbling and effulgent waters.—After a breathless pause of a few minutes, a joyful uproar was heard below. All safe! All safe! came pealing up, as with the voice of trumpets from the very centre of the whirling abyss, and after a little more waiting, it was ascertained not only that these brave fellows had escaped without loss or injury, but that even the flat bottomed boat had made the passage without touching a single rock!—not a man was lost! Are you astonished at these things? Do you doubt their truth? They are every word true. And what is more, they are things of daily occurrence in the great western country—that store house of kingdoms, and tough stories.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

I have seen an infant with a fair brow and a frame like polished ivory. Its limbs were pliant in its sports; it rejoiced and again it wept; but whether its glowing cheek dimpled with smiles or its blue eye was brilliant with tears, still I said to myself, it is beautiful! It was like the pure blossom which a cherished plant had shot forth, whose cup is filled with the dew drop, and whose head reclined upon a parent stem.

I again saw this child when the lamp of reason was first dawning in its mind. Its eye sparkled with joy, as it looked round upon this good and pleasant world. It ran swiftly in the ways of knowledge; it stood like a lamb before its teachers. It was not proud nor envious, or stubborn—and it had never heard of the vanities or the vices of the world. And when I looked upon it, I remembered that the Saviour had said, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

But the scene has changed—and I saw a man whom the world called honorable, and many waited for his smile. They pointed out the fields that were his, and talked of the silver and gold that he had gathered; they admired the stateliness of his domes and extolled the honor of his family. And his heart answered silently, "by my wisdom have I gotten this;" so he returned no thanks

to God, neither did he fear or serve him. And as I passed along, I heard the complaints of the many industrious laborers who had reaped down the fields, and the cries of the poor whose covering he had taken away; but there was the sound of feasting and revelry in his apartments, and the unfed beggar came tottering from his door. But he considered not that the cries of the oppressed were continually entering in the ears of the Most High. And when I knew that this man was once the beautiful infant I had gazed upon with delight, I said in my bitterness, 'I have seen the end of all perfection,' and laid my mouth in the dust.

PORTRAIT-PAINTING.

To every department of the arts, America has furnished names that honor her. In land-scape-painting, for which our country has such eminent advantages, we have artists competent to represent our scenes—the pictures of Doughty and Cole have a character decidedly American. The former infuses into his pictures all that is quiet and lovely, romantic and beautiful in nature; the other imparts to his canvass the grandeur, the wild magnificence of mountain scenery. The landscapes of Fisher are well known, and deservedly esteemed, and those of Birch present us rural life, and rural scenes, as they are familiar to our eyes; his water views are unsurpassed in excellence. It is much to be regretted that the splendid talents of the two first mentioned artists, should be so poorly rewarded as to allow the first to leave his native city, and the other to absent himself from his country, in search of patronage.

The department of portrait-painting, as it has obtained most of the patronage, has engrossed most of the talent of the country, and cannot, therefore, be passed in silence, and though acknowledged as subordinate to historic painting, deserves a more respectful consideration than is generally accorded it, and exerts upon society a more beneficent influence than is commonly supposed.

Portrait-painting must ever be the pioneer of more exalted art—the forerunner of an elevated taste, which admires eminent art for its own sake—valuing the beautiful reflection of unseen and perfect nature, more than the resemblence of a particular individual object. In this country it has done much toward introducing such a taste; and in Philadelphia, some of the highest talents of the age have been devoted to this department. Here, West first flourished as a portrait-painter—Copley produced his beautiful pictures, and Stewart painted here—artists who now have worthy followers in Rembrandt Peale, Sully, Neagle and Inman.

Need I say more for the art, that, in the hands of Stewart, permits posterity to stand in the presence of Washington;—while Sully, places before us the generous Lafayette—and, in his vast household of liberty, makes the remotest descendants familiar with the forms and faces of those who laid down all for their country, that it might be dear to their children.

Washington Irving.—We are highly gratified to learn, that our much admired and distinguished fellow-citizen, Washington Irving, has purchased a small property of about ten acres, eminently romantic in its location and appendages, on the bank of the Hudson, near the residence of his nephew Oscar Irving, about three miles south of the village of Tarrytown. On the premises just mentioned there is still standing an old stone house, built in the ancient Dutch style of arhitecture, during the French war, by Wolfred Acker, and afterwards purchased by Van Tassel, one at least of whose descendants has been immortalized in story by the racy pen of its present gifted proprietor. We also understand that it is the identical house at which the memorable tea party was assembled, so faithfully and admirably described in the inimitable Legend of Sleepy Hollow, on that disasterous night when the ill-starred Ichabod was rejected by the fair Katrina, and also encountered the fearful companionship of Brom Bones in the character of the headless Hessian. The characters in this delectable drama are mostly known to our readers; but time, that tells all tales, enables us to add one item more,—which is, that the original of the sagacious schoolmaster was not the individual generaly considered as such, who still resides in this country, but Jesse Martin, a gentleman who bore the birchen sway at the period of which the legend speaks, and who afterwards removed further up the Hudson, and is since deceased.

The location is a most delightfully secluded spot, eminently suited to the musings and mastery of mind; and we are informed that it is the design of the proprietor, without changing the style or aspect of the premises, to put them in complete repair, and occupy them as a place of retirement and repose from the business and bustle of the world. Rest we say, calm and soaring spirit!—yet the conciousness of the proximity, and the reverence we feel for the many excellencies, of our countryman, may often urge us, even to intrusion, to seek, with feeling friendly grasp, the hand that in obedience to the heart, has repeatedly refreshed and blessed us with its bland and beautiful conceptions.

Westchester Herald.

Wm. Turpin, formerly of Charleston, S. C., who died recently in New York, seized of a handsome estate, has made liberal provision by his will, for the colored people formerly in his service. To one of the blacks whom he had freed, he bequeathed property in New York, to the value of $60,000. He also bequeathed to the editor of the "Genius of Universal Emancipation," $1,500—the editor of the Liberator $500—to Dr. Wm. Beach, "the Medical Reformer," $500—to the editors of the New York Daily Advertiser, $1000—and sundry other sums to various individuals. He made ample provision also for his connexions. He died at the age of 81. He drew his own will less than two years ago,—the writing was good, and the words contain strong evidence of the sanity of his mind, and the liberality of his heart.

Truth.—Truth alone may not constitute a great man, but it is the most important ingredient in a great character; it exalts and extends its own qualities; it gives confidence to those who serve under him—and security to those who employ him.

Original.

THE DELIVERER.

Exodus, Chap. xiv.

When Israel's persecuted seed,
By stratagem from bondage freed,
The wilderness had gain'd,
And on the shore of Arab's flood,
Scarce breath'd from flight, their squadrons
Stopp'd by the rolling main— [stood,

On either hand a fearful wild,
With cloud topp'd ragged mountains pil'd,
All hope of flight denied;
While in the rear a vengeful foe,
Threats an exterminating blow,
Worse than the furious tide—

In this deplorable suspense,
'Twixt hopeless flight and weak defence,
The powerless Hebrew train
Did thus to the illustrious chief,
By Heaven sent for their relief,
Ungratefully complain:

The brick-kiln's bondage better far,
Than thus provoke unequal war,
To end our wretched state.
Could Egypt's land no graves supply,
That thou has brought us here to die,
A base inglorious fate?

Mildly the chieftain then replied,
Secure that God was on his side,
In majesty above:
We're here—such is Jehovah's will;
Then cease your anxious fears—be still,
And his salvation prove.

He ceas'd, and gently wav'd his hand,
Arm'd with the wonder working wand,
O'er the expanded flood:
The troubled waves on either side
Were hush'd, and the obedient tide
On liquid hills upstood.

Now through the deep a vista wide,
Immense, appeared from side to side,
The work of power divine.
With silent wonder and amaze,
Th' astonished Hebrews on it gaze—
Then hail the heavenly sign.

Not long—for darkening in the rear,
Like tempest clouds approaching near,
Came on the dreaded foe.
Forward th' inspired leaders press,
And through the watery wilderness
Their wond'rous path pursue.

But scarce the distant shore they reach,
And safely tread the pebbled beach,
Where billows spend their force;
When down from the opposing coast,
Egypt's infatuated host
Pursue their headlong course.

But now the clouds with thunder riven,
That shook the firmament of Heaven,
Flash'd terror in their eyes;
While o'er them closed the rushing main,
Its wonted channel to regain,
And drown their frantic cries.

In vain they urge with utmost force,
Their broken cars and jaded horse,
To reach the distant shore:
O'er them the surging billows fly,
And Egypt's boasted chivalry
Are sunk to rise no more.

Rochester, Jan. 5th, 1835. B.

From the Saturday Evening Visiter.

AN ESSAY ON HAPPINESS.

BY J. MITCHEL.

If the Arts and Sciences were once more buried and ignorance were again to plant her iron throne upon this happy globe,—then Happiness would take her final leave forever. Do we not see some of those most ignorant nations the Kamschatkans, Buschmen and New-Hollanders deprived of all happiness and true enjoyment?—Even some of the inhabitants of the most civilized nations are not less miserable, because they know not in what true happiness consists. They place their enjoyments and happiness in the possession of wealth.—Riches in my opinion form no ingredient whatever of human happiness, unless they are properly used, unless they are employed in alleviating the distresses and soothing the afflictions of others. But where shall we find the rich man who applies his riches to this praiseworthy purpose? With more certainty might you endeavor to point out the situation of a diamond in the midst of the waves of a stormy ocean. Alas! so few, and so rare are charitable men!—And when found,—what blessings to the poor! How many widows and orphans cease their cry to bless their benefactor!

But Happiness,—*thou* who art always sought for in the palace, yet never found until our feet have been taught to stray towards the cottage,—towards the mountain clad in the beautiful simplicity of *Nature*,—there in the desert throwing aside all the vanities, pomp, and false pleasures of human life; there we may venture to sacrifice to the shrine of this great goddess. *Luxury*, the "bane of life," is now banished from our table—the crystal fountain supplies us with our drink—and our hunger is satiated by the mountain herbs,—no avaricious thought ever enters our dwelling,—our sleep is sound and undisturbed,—and we are free from the many cares that canker the heart and destroy the pleasure of mankind. This is true happiness—this is the happiness that has been sought for in the ball-room, but sought for in vain! In vain have men plunged into dissipation in search of this treasure! In vain have they drowned themselves in intoxication to obtain a respite from care! Never! Never! have they found that true happiness—the happiness of virtue—until they embraced a life of solitude, and seclusion from the haunts of men and civilized life.

But although secluded, it is entirely out of the reach of man to be perfectly happy; until death separates him from this world of sorrows; this true happiness belongs to no subordinate creature but angels! It is even out of the power of some men to be happy in solitude; they perhaps remember former crimes; they are tortured with *remorse*, yet they do not *repent*. Perhaps they have not learned the art of governing their own passions,—it *is folly* to hope for happiness,—they rage and blaspheme one moment,—the next, remorse tortures up their souls.—So it is, the sin of a minute may be a subject of remorse for *years!* Nay it has been for *ages!* If Adam had not unfortunately been a little ambitious, we might have retained our primitive happiness of angels, but now the gates of happiness being shut,

"Eternal misery reigns."

Perhaps no *christian* age has ever been so happy as the age which Ossian depicts. United to great simplicity, they possessed an extensive knowledge of sublime learning: courageous in war, they never treated their prisoners with cruelty. Unlike Achilles and Alexander, *their* commanders never behaved with cruelty to prisoners, but sought rather by good graces and politeness to gain their esteem and good will, and by planting them in colonies and teaching them the arts of civilized life, they laid a firm foundation for their own future peace and happiness.

It has been supposd by some persons that the *Aborigines* of this country, before the visit of Columbus, possessed much happiness. They possessed it as far as boundless liberty extends. But on the other hand, involved in perpetual war and continuallymaking enemies, they enjoyed none but *sensual* pleasures, and that happiness which *satiated cruelty* affords. They indeed had same notions of a future state, and were happy in the contemplation.

To BE, contents his natural desire,
He ask no angel's wings, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
POPE.

MISCELLANY.

BY REV. J. G. MAFFIT.

A few days before the sixteenth of July in the year 1779, a tall, commanding personage, mounted on a strong charger, was seen on the eminences of Stony Point. He had a glass in his hand, appeared to study the character of defences with an intensity of interest. Johnson, who was returning to the gaze of the horseman with his spy glass, turned to one of his staff, and remarked that the apparition on the hill portended no good. Rumors were afloat about the entrenchments, that the same tall figure had been seen across the river on the largest opposite eminence the day before, like a horseman painted against the sky. A cow-boy said that this figure was the apparition of Washington, and that it never was seen excepting just before a battle or a thunder storm. But while these idle rumors floated round the atmosphere of the camp, the real Washington from observations made with his own eyes, was concerting a plan for its surprise.

On the night of the sixteenth of July, by the trembling light of the stars that broke over and through the clouds, two columns of soldiers might have been seen under the brow of the eminence in front of the fort. They were the stern men—the silent, though the free-men, of New-England.—The Eagle-eyed Wayne was at their head, and his heart was like that of a lion.——The regiments of Febiger and Meigs, with the youthful Major Hull's detachment, formed the right column; Butler's regiment, with two columns under Major Murphy, formed the left. The van of the right was formed of one hundred and fifty volunteers, at whose head stood the brave Fleury; one hundred volunteers, under Hewart, composed the van of the left. And still further advanced, the noblest post of all, stood two "forlorn hopes" of twenty men each—one commanded by Lieut. Gibbins, and the other by Lieut. Knox. Wayne, stepped from man to man through the van guards; saw them take their flints from their pieces and fix the death bayonet. At twenty minutes past eleven, the two columns moved to the bloody work before them, one going to the right and the other to the left, to make their attack on opposite sides.

The inhabitants on the eastern side of the river first heard a sharp crashing, as the forlorn hope on either side broke in the double row of abattis; the muskets of the sentinels flashed suddenly amidst the darkness, and in a moment the fortress vomited out flames and thunder, as if a volcano had been ignited, and was tossing its lava upwards. The cry of battle, not to be mistaken, shrill, wild and fearful, broke upon the dull ear of night. But all was in vain for the fortress.—Under the showers of grape, and full in the red eye of battle, the two gloomy, still, unwavering columns moved on, and the two van-guards met in the centre of the works. The British made an instant surrender, to avoid the extermination which awaited the deploy of the columns upon the entrenchments. Sixty-three of the British soldiers lay dead at their guns; five hundred and forty-three were made prisoners, and the spoils were two standards, two flags, fifteen pieces of ordnance, and the other materials of war. Of the sons of New England, ninety-eight were killed and wounded. Of Lieut. Gibbins' forlorn hope, seventeen were no more. Of Lieut. Knox's about the same number were slain.

BUFFALO THEATRE.

The ceremony of laying the corner stone of Mr. Duffy's Theatre, took place on Saturday 31st ult. at 4 P. M. A handsome silver plate with the following inscription, engraved by *J. G. Darby*, "BUFFALO THEATRE, founded by WILLIAM DUFFY, January 31, 1835. L. HOWARD, master builder: In presence of E. JOHNSON, mayor, and *Common Council*," was presented by the mayor to the master builder, together with copies of the daily and weekly papers of the city, directing him to deposit them beneath the corner stone of the edifice, with the following apropriate remarks, which, together with the outline of Mr. Duffy's reply, we coppy from the Journal.

Gentlemen,

We are called as witnesses to the laying of the Corner Stone of another ornament of a public character, to our city. Modern history for more than 250 years, tells of the building of Temples to the Muses, in all enterprising and growing cities; and, I believe, gentlemen you will all freely accord with me that but few more years are to elapse, when this public building will adorn the second city of this Empire State.

I am happy to have the pleasure to state that Mr. L. Howard, the Master Builder, enjoys the highest confidence of this city, and as an industrious and enterprising mechanic, is fully qualified to add to his reputation in the erection of this edifice, and I do cheerfully wish him success.

We welcome you Mr. DUFFY, and cordially wish you success in your enterprise.

To which Mr. DUFFY made a handsome and appropriate reply, speaking of the rise and progress of the "City of the Lakes," the enterprise and liberality of its citizens—his visit to it in years past, and his intention long since to erect an edifice of this character, so soon as its growth and prosperity should reasonably warrant. That time, he was happy to say, had arrived, and by

the advice of many of its most respectable citizens, and in the presence of many of them, had the work been now commenced. And whatever might betide his experiment, he should never forget the open hospitality which had been extended to him, the frankness with which he had been met and welcomed, and that the present moment would be cherished as one of the happiest of his life.

The campany now partook of a collation prepared at the Exchange Reading Room, passing the compliments usual on these occasions, and at an early hour, dispersed. *Bulletin.*

Curious Springs.—In Oahu, one of the Sandwich Islands, are a number of wells, in which the water is perfectly free from salt, though it invaribly rises and falls with the tides of the Ocean. They are from one hundred yards to three quarters of a mile distant from the sea. This water is uniformly found on penetrating a number of feet into a stratum of porous calcareous rock which underlies the soil. It is difficult to account for its freshness, unless, as is suggested by Ellis, who furnished the statement, it is deprived of its salt by filtering through the rock.

Heat produced by Friction.—Sir Humphrey Davy proved that two pieces of ice rubbed together in an atmosphere at 23 degrees, or at the freezing point, are converted into water. A piece of ordnance is heated much sooner by constant discharges, than if filled with burning coals for ten times as long a period. These facts are adduced, among others by the advocates of the immateriality of heat and light, to support their theory, which attributes heat and light to vibratory motions among the particles of bodies, and in a supposed etherial medium.

Powerful Current of Air in Teneriffe.—It is stated in Ure's Geology, that on the top of the Peak of Teneriffe, the wind blows for the most part so strongly from southwest that a person finds difficulty in standing upright against it. This current may be a part of the current which is supposed to be constantly flowing from the tropics toward the poles in the elevated regions of the air, caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere on the earth's surface by the sun. The rarefied air of course rises, and then flows over on either side. From a south, it becomes a southwesterly current, in consequence of the diminishing velocity of those portions of the earth over which it passes, the wind retaining the momentum which it had acquired at the equator, in moving with the earth's surface in an easterly course.

Meteorological Stone.—A Finland Journal gives an account of a singular stone in the north of Finland, which answers the purpose of a public barometer. On the approach of rain this stone assumes a black or dark gray color; and when the weather is inclined to be fair, it is covered all over with white specks. This stone is in all probability, an argillaceous rock, containing a portion of rock salt, ammonia or saltpetre, and absorbing more or less humidity, in proportion as the amosphere is more or less charged with it. In the latter case, the saline particles, becoming chrystalized, are visible to the eye as white specks.

Hydrographic Paper.—M. Chevalie, has examined a paper lately invented, which may be written on with a pen dipped in pure water. He found that it was prepared by soaking the sheets of paper in a solution of sulphate of iron, drying them, and then covering them with finely powdered galls. He states that similar papers may be prepared by using other solutions and powders; thus blue is probably prepared by powdering the paper, soaked in sulphate of iron, with ferrocyonate of potash.

From "Odds and Ends," in the Feb. number of the Knickerbocker.

The coal will not burn!—and the thermometer fifteen degrees below zero! This is horrible weather! I have been trying to keep myself warm, by calling to mind some of the hot days of last summer, but my teeth still chatter, and my hand still trembles.—We do not properly appreciate warm weather until mid-winter. For my own part, although I *have* felt more comfortable than I did the last season, when the thermometer was at ninety-six degrees, I am free to say, that even that height is preferable to its present depression. There are always some mitigatory attendants on hot wheather. If we have warms days, we have cool evenings, and pleasant walks on the Battery.

The Battery! What a spot in a moonlit summer evening, for young men and women of sensibility! It was ten o'clock when we reached it, and could look upon the waters of our beautiful bay as they lay glistening in the moon's silver rays.—When I had taken off my hat, and let the fresh ocean breeze fan my forehead, and play in the 'tangles of my hair,' I began to grow loving and sentimental. I believe I was eloquent, for the liquid-blue eyes of my companion were fixed on me with an expression of surpassing tenderness,—her sweet kiss-loving lips were parted,—and, pardon me, most decorous reader, if I tell you that I closed them with my own!—Would it have been strange, if at such a moment I had been guilty of some indiscreet speech,—if I had made a tender of my affections? Certainly not; and yet I cannot reproach myself with but one imprudence, and that was rather in manner, than words. She had been speaking of my partiality for some other lady. I begged her to desist, and asked her what I should give her, never to mention the subject again. 'What *can* you give me?' she replied. 'The only thing I have that is not utterly useless,—my heart.' She was silent, and her arm trembled, as it rested upon mine.

THE GEM AND AMULET.

Taste.—This is a very difficult subject, we know, to write upon,—mankind differing so greatly in regard to Taste,—and we have not the vanity to attempt to fix a standard, but only to offer a few hasty remarks upon it.—What we understand by Taste, is the peculiar feeling or choice we have and exercise for an object; and it is more or less perfect, according to the degree of judgment we employ in distinguishing and appreciating its beauties. It ought always to be founded on *truth*. Good taste cannot be acquired without much toil and study—and men are often too indolent to accept of it on such terms, and on this account, it is frequently found to be only the child of opinion, or the mere result of accident. This is the true reason, we believe, why a false taste so generally pravails in the world. A man of good taste, like a man of good sense, possesses it only after great and serious reflection. Nothing is more common than affectation of taste, but in this way one seldom obtains it. An ancient author observes that "A good taste is the heightener of every science, and the polish of every virtue: it is the friend of society, and the guide to knowledge: it is the improvement of pleasure, and the test of merit. By it we enlarge the circle of enjoyment, and refine upon happiness. It enables us to distinguish beauty, wherever we find it, and to detect error in its disguises. The influence of good taste extends much farther than is generally imagined. It is not confined solely to writings, painting, and sculpture, but comprehends the whole circle of civility and good manners, and regulates life and conduct. For want of it, we see a thousand absurdities, that reason condemns. Pertness passes for wit; dulness for decorum; lewdness for humour; dissimulation for honour; and vanity for every accomplishment."

An individual often shows by his conduct, a good taste in some instances, and a bad one in others; this may be owing to the want of education, or proper consideration. The education of Montmorency, a former great Constable or Marshal of France, the Marquis D'Argenson informs us, had been so neglected in early life that he could neither read nor write, yet he always carried a *Book* with him to mass. In this, considering his situation, he shewed good taste—but in the duties of his office, he manifested a singular one. In signing patents, &c. he would make *twenty* great strokes or scrawls, one after another, after which, his secretary used to stop him, by saying "Monseigneur, there are enough." Some persons now-a-days, shew some what of a similar taste to the one last mentioned,—more on the labor-saving principle, however,—for instead of making twenty great scrawls, each one, very modestly, makes, thus ⋈ his mark.

We have before us the February No. of the Knickerbocker Magazine, and like the January number, it contains excellent matter. "Lines suggested by a burst of Madame de Stael," written by Mrs. Emma C. Embury, are beautiful—the same may be said of "An Evening Ode," by Dr. R. Montgomery Bird. "Our struggle for Independence, or a glance at American Literature," by Samuel L. Knapp, Esq. is a very interesting article. In short, this number is an equal mate for the Jan. No.

Errata.—In the 3d No. of the Gem, at the head of the lines over the signature of E. W. H. E. for Rev. Reuben Mason, *read* Rev. Reuben Nason.

To Correspondents.—Several communications which have had a first, are reserved for a second reading. 'Townsend,' will appear hereafter.

PARNASSIAN FLOWERS.

Original.

My Cottage Home--Farewell.

Farewell, my home of childhood,
Of innocent delight,
Farewell the shady wildwood
Now fading from my sight;
And yon tall elms now waving,
That stand before the cot,
I promise ere I leave you,
You shall not be forgot.

Ye songsters of the meadow,
Ye warblers of the grove,
Where often I have listened
To hear your lays of love;
The mountain and the waving pine,
And yonder flowery dell—
To all the joys that once were mine
I bid a long farewell.

Yet oft when tempests' howling
Shall roll around my head,
And foes and dangers scowling
Shall fill my heart with dread,
I'll turn to you with sorrow,
(Ah! how my breast shall swell!)
And sigh that I had ever
Been doom'd to say farewell.

Or if kind Heav'n propitious,
Bestows a sunny ray,
And brightest flow'rs delicious
Bloom sweetly on my way;
I'll turn my eyes delighted
Towards this enchanting spot,
And say, though thou art slighted,
Thou never art forgot.

Twas here with joy transported,
I pass'd blest childhood's day,
And friends I lov'd the dearest
Strew'd roses in my way—
And while I thus regret thee,
And tears my feelings tell,
Say, can I e'er forget thee?
Oh! never—then farewell!

E. W. H. E.

Brockport, January, 1835.

Original.

POETIC SKETCHES—No. 3.

TIME WORKS SOME CURIOUS CHANGES.

To-day man has a friend at every arm,
Whose voices form an echo of desires
And wishes for his happiness. A day,
And where are friends? They're blown before the wind,
Or stand aloof, indifferent! Where late
There was that sweet, unbroken, social converse,
Now there is *hate* to fill the measure up!
Where late the brilliant hall and social fire-side
Witnessed the breathings of devoted spirits,
Slander, with her ten thousand tongues, is heard,
And a chaotic jar—and discontent—
And foul disgrace, and ruin, oft come in.

This is a contract such as time does make,
And which he oft *indorses* o'er to man!
Since then Time has no failure, but in truth
Is but a *Branch Bank* of *Eternity!*
'Tis well we pay up Time—lest in the event
A transfer should be made up by the first,
And interest and cost outstrip our means!

ADRIAN.

Original.

Introduction to a Young Lady's Album.

Go—let thy lilly page invite
The guileless hand thereon to write
A tribute of respect:
Show to the aged, nor virtuous youth,
Who love the sacred ways of truth,
A shadow of neglect.

Go ask the mind that glows and burns,
And at the voice of friendship turns,
To spend a thought with thee,
To write upon thy virgin page,
A line to cheer desponding age,
In dire adversity.

Invoke the heart, refined and great,
That smiles amid the frowns of fate,
To waste with thee an hour;
Invite the learned—the good—the sage,
To weave a laurel round thy page,
From some immortal flower.

But he who scowls at virtue's laws,
And hates the triumph of her cause,
Shun, as a deadly foe;
Nor let the scrib'ling herd disgrace
The lovely beauty of thy face,
With tales of love and woe.

Then, mayest thou yield delight to all;
The grave—the gay—the great, the small,
Shall find in thee a charm;
Thy visage smile mid wreaths of flowers,
That sweeten life's disasterous hours
Of terror and alarm.

AONIAN BARD.

Original.

DREAMS.

"———*dulci declinat lumina somno,*
———*sopitos deludunt somnia sensus.*"

How sweet to steep in Lethe's waves,
The care of business one short hour,
While the rapt fancy ceaseless laves
In all the joy it's longing for.

How sweet to dream, when potent spells
Hang o'er the mind, and bring to view
A scene of glory, such as dwells
In th' wizard glass* of every hue!

How sweet to dream, when all we seek,
Untoiled for, courts us, and it is
So charmed a time, that every freak
Of the light brain enhances bliss!

How sweet to dream of her you love,
And think your arms around her thrown;
To have her smile, and speak, and move,
And dream, that she is all your own!

How sweet to dream, that you have said
And done immortal things of fame;
To dream, that civicks crown your head—
That grateful millions lisp your name!

How sweet to dream, that all the pains
Of life are gone—forever gone,
That you are on th' Elysian plains—
All dangers past, and heaven won!

INCOG & Co.

* *The Kaleidoscope.*

Dryden, Tompkins Co.

LIST OF AGENTS,

FOR THE GEM.

Bloomfield, Mich. Ter.—Dr. E. S. Parke.
Black Rock, N. Y.—Elam Dodge.
Cleaveland, O.—A. S. Sandford.
Cazenovia—S. C. Walker.
Detroit, M. Ter.—Ruel Ambrose.
E. Bloomfield, N. Y.—Lawrence Noble.
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Vol. 7--With Plates.

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ROCHESTER

THE GEM,

AND LADIES' AMULET.

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From the Feb. No. of the Knickerbocker.

DESPERATION.

A TALE OF WOE AND WEAL.

A gentleman, whose word, like his penmanship, is straight up and down, and deserving of credit, has sent us the following Tale, which has about it a touch of the Germanic pencil. The discoverer of the narrative says he picked it up in Philadelphia, as he turned from Chesnut st. into Ninth, near the University. It is evidently the work of some young student, who is merely auto-biographical. His adventures, which seem to be described in a letter, are not without parrallel, and certainly not without warning.

EDITORS KNICKERBOCKER.

Thank Heaven, my dear George, I have arrived at home, after a fortnight's mad seige at the Great Metropolis. How curiously inscrutable are the freaks of fortune! Three weeks ago, I could scarcely have met my tailor with a smile, or heard a friend propose an extra bottle of Sillery at dinner, without feeling in my bosom a void similar to that which reigned in my purse. But I am bravely over all these unpleasant sensations. Imprudence and stratagem have set me superbly upon my legs. I have made the maxims of Jeremy Diddler my vade mecum: and now methinks, I could lend a clever chum any given amount of shekels, within the circumscription of an X on the Monster. I am *flushed* by success, and 'my countenance gives out lambent glories.' Every thing needs a preface, and my good fellow, for what is to come, these remarks serve only as a head. I will address myself to my tale.

'Eugene Dallas,' said Tom Edwards to me, as we sat at Parkinson's on a mild afternoon in December, discussing a delicious punch, *a la Romain*, 'I have just been reading an article at the Athenæum, in a Washington paper, describing the society there—the beauty,—the brilliancy,—the life. It has made me sick of college and books, and the parties we meet here,—where the music is but so-so,—the ladies clannish,—sometimes dull; and where the young men line the long halls of their entertainers from parlor to kitchen, in order to besiege the first invoice of champaigne, unmindful of the fair, who, fatigued with moving in the dance, await with Christian patience their allotment of ice-cream, oysters, and ckicken-salad. I say, I begin to tire of these things. I should like to cut the town, 'clandecently,' for a fortnight or so, and go to Washington. Would'nt you?

The next day, we were warming our feet by the stove in the gentlemen's cabin of the steamboat, and watching through the windows the receding shores of Chesapeake bay. With trunks hastily packed, a confused wardrobe, and only thirty dollars between us, we had entered upon this hair-brained frolic. A hurried letter to one of the Faculty announced that we should be absent a week or two, and the inference instantly transpired over town, that we had 'gone gunning at each other,'—or in other words, to fight a duel.

Baltimore is an agreeable place. The approach to the city is picturesque; the Cathedral and the Washington Monument, rise magnificently to the view; the principal streets are elegant,—the ladies, petite and pretty. We staid there two days, attended one splendid soiree, smelt the gas foot-lights at Holliday-street Theatre, and then—on, for Washington.

The monumental city fades beautifully on the traveler's eye. The noble statue of the Saviour of his Country, towers, a white and shining column, in the sky,—a pharos of liberty, sending the warm beams of patriotism into every American heart. Its tall form dwindled over the brown landscape, to a slender shaft against a gay host of clouds, as we rolled toward the capitol.

How shall I describe the feelings which animate a young citizen of this great republic, as he approaches the place where the destinies of a confederacy of *nations*, are controlled and guided! Throned on a lofty hill, he sees the domes of the capitol, colored by the sunbeam, and shining amid the stripped and starry banners, that roll out, and rustle above them. A flood of historic associations pours upon his mind.—He bethinks him of the surmounted perils of the past, and the unrecorded glory of the future, until his heart and his eyes are filled with emotion, and he rises with enthusiasm from his carriage-seat, and waving his hat on high, *hurrahs* for the land of the brave and the free!

Beyond the capitol lies the city, covering ground enough for half a dozen times its houses and inhabitants, yet no inapt emblem of the country itself,—large in plan, and rapidly fulfilling its scope, even beyond all original conjecture.

Drove to Gadsby's. Fine house. Good *table d' hote*, excellent wines, and a talkative barber, who kills the English language, speaking daggers to it, at every breath.—Went to the Capitol. How proudly it rises at the end of the Pennsylvania Avenue! What views from its dome? The gay and winding Potomac,—the out-spread city,—Georgetown, Alexandria,—the gorge near Mount Vernon in the distance,—the solemn burial ground of Congress near at hand—the vast doings below and within! It is a great place, Washington.

Tom Edwards had a senatorial uncle at Washington,—but I knew nobody, except a country member of the House from our District. The chances of admission into society, therefore, were good for him, but faint for me. The result of his relationship, was an almost immediate invitation for him, the next evening, to a party at Sir *. *——'s, the Foreign Minister.—There was none for me; but my wild chum vowed that I should go, on his introduction, and I assented.

My first movement was to cast about for a *blanchisseuse*. This was easily arranged. But my dismay can better be conceived than described, when I found that I had left my best coat at home, and brought away a cloth one, of summer-green, somewhat marked by the careless positions of study. It had an unctuous collar, and buttons of disreputable antiquity, singularly rubbed by the finger of Time. What was to be done? I observed from my window a tailor's sign; and thither, after night-fall, I hied. On the 'board,' like a Turk with his pipe and slippers, was seated an old Frenchman, the master of the premises. I produced my garment, and desired to know what the swindle would be for a new set of buttons, a professional renovation of the sleeves, and a banishment of the oil from the collar. I told him the habit was an indifferent one, but that if he would make its amendment cost me only a trifle, he should receive all my future patronage, which I hinted would be pretty extensive. The enterprise of the gallic snip was awakened; and 'promise.crammed,' he said:

'You shall ax me tree dollar.'

'Cheap enough,' said I, feeling conscious of my ability for the outlay, with a present sufficiency besides, if Edwards made a fair division; 'but mind, my friend, let the thing be nicely done; renew the youth of the garment, and let the buttons be yellow, flashy, and fashionable.'

'*Certainment, Monsieur*,' replied the complaisant artisan, and I took my leave.

The brilliant apartments of Sir *. *——, never looked *more* brilliant, I am sure than they did on the next evening after this economical colloquy. Tom bowed me in, but by what species of social smuggling, I am unable to tell. At any rate, *in I was*, el-

bowing my trembling way through a glittering maze of beauty and fashion, humming with smalltalk, & shining in gorgeous apparel. Supposing Edwards at my side, I turned my head to address him. The fellow had gone. It was indispensable to seek him; and, 'all unknowing and unknown,' I attempted an awkward retrogression for the purpose. At that instant, I saw him bowing to a splendid young creature of about sixteen: at the next, they were standing together in a cotillion. I edged my way thither, and gave him a supplicating look which said, '*Do*, my good fellow, introduce me to somebody.'—The mischievous wretch glanced at me, with an eye whose oblique winter I shall never forget. He *cut* me dead! He had a malicious smirk on his phiz, which expressed the meditated deviltry that was working in his mind. My pride was roused, and I was determined to show him my independence of his protection. Fortunately, I saw close at hand, a young gentleman with whom I had formed a slight dinner-table acquaintance at Gadsby's. I am not ungenteel; the blood of wounded pride was in my cheek,—its fire was in my eyes; and as to dress, thanks to the felicitous metamorphosis of the old tailor, my coat was handsomer than ever. My other appointments were unexceptionable. I tied a good neckcloth,—my buttons shone lustrously, and my linen was fair as the broidered sails of Tyre. Never did I look more gallant, *comme il faut*. My mere *presence* at the party, established a claim to my new friend's attention; so, stepping up to him, I bowed obsequiously, and said: 'Do you know that beautiful young lady yonder, whom you are regarding with such devoted attention?' 'No,' said he, politely, 'by Jove, I wish I did.' I touched his arm, and insinuated a white lie into his ear.—You *shall* know her, I can effect that for you. But first, let me beg you to acquaint me with the lady to whom I saw you just now so courteous and cordial.'

'Certainly,' was the answer,—and it was done.

I flourished like a prince for the remainder of the evening; and through the diplomacy of my first fair partner in the dance, was enabled to perform my promise to my friend, being first introduced myself. The strategie of that night could not be surpassed. I flirted with bevies of beauty,—and while walking in a general march through the rooms, with the gay daughters of two certain Secretaries in the Department, Tom Edwards passed me: '*Huge*,' said he, (this was his abbreviation for Eugene,) 'you are well supported, eh?' Army and Navy!'

'*Sir*?' I replied, staring at him, 'who are you! You are mistaken.' Tom quailed away, looking daggers at me, which I forgot in a moment. The excitement of wine, the glitter of lights, the sweet gushes of music, thrilled through my nerves; while, amidst the rich odours of scented kid gloves and 'kerchiefs, 'the rustling of silks and creaking of shoes, betrayed my fond heart to woman.' It was an evening, to my apprehension, that might have been stolen, with all its dramatis personæ of the opposite sex, fresh from Paradise.

As the visitors began to lessen, I saw afar the country member from our District.—He was obviously out of his element. He moved like a bear among young chickens. His white cravat,—which was tied behind his neck, where the ends projected among his lank and tallowy locks,—awakened a doubt whether it was in use for ornament or strangulation. Had it been a thought tighter, that necessary vessel called the jugular would have been a useless conduit. His face was like to the setting sun, in an Indian summer. He was making towards me, with his broad hands spread on his black tabby-velvet vest, his thumbs inserted in the arm-holes,—whereupon I decamped, for fear of an interview.

I took my *breakfast* the next day at five o'clock, P. M. In my room, I found a note to my address, in Tom's chirography. It discoursed to me thus:

'*Gadsby's, 9 o'clock, A. M.*

DEAR HUGE,—

I am gone to spend a fortnight, in a Christmas festival, with some friends in Virginia. I enclose a regular division of our joint funds. I have spoken to my uncle about our hotel bills here, and he will fix them. It is all understood. You can stay a fortnight if you like,—though how you'll get back to Philadelphia, after that the Lord only knows. Perhaps you may accomplish the transit without trouble: if so, I shall be, (as I was last night, when I *thought* I knew you,)—*mistaken*.

Yours,

TOM.'

Here was a pretty business. He had enclosed me *five dollars!* In my perplexity, I was on the point of descending to book myself to Baltimore, when I remembered that I had received two verbal invitations to parties, early in the ensuing week, and one from my fair acquaintance of the preceding evening, to accompany her to church on the morrow, which was Sunday, and hear her favorite parson.

There was no alternative. I must stay a week—and stay I did. My five dwindled to three. I had glorious times in society, but when I thought of my breeches pocket, my suspense was actually horrid. Could some stout pugilist have knocked me into the middle of the next month, I should have blessed the transportation. The future seemed a blank,—and Philadelphia as inaccessible as Jerusalem.

'All settled Sir,' said the bar-keeper, as I asked him the amount of my bill. I forgave Tom on the instant. I had feared for a week, that it would, all be a trick—though I dared not ask.

'What is the fare to Baltimore, in a private carriage?'

'*Five* dollars, Sir,—but here is a barouche, about to leave with some passengers in which you may have a seat for three.'

I paid out the last cash of which I stood possessed, and seeing my trunk properly lashed, embarked. After taking a final look at the city, and the Capitol, as we rolled away from the metropolis, I was in an unbrokened reverie, till the domes and pillars of Baltimore rose again to view. We wheeled on, until by the increased rattling, I found we were on the city pavements.

'At what hotel shall I set you down, Sir?' said the driver, touching his hat.

I was in a quandary,—and so I answered his question by asking another. 'Do you know any quiet and fashionable, but retired hotel, near the centre of the town?'

'Oh, yes, Sir,'—and he deposited me accordingly.

I did not put my name on any book, but was shown directly to my room. It was a pleasant one, commanding a distant view of the Great Square and Battle Monument.—Here I staid three days,—eating my meals stealthily, and being out nearly all the time. On the afternoon of the third day, I resolved to disclose my condition,—and to nerve myself for the effort, I ordered dinner and wine in my room. I determined if a splendid repast, and sundry bottles of good wine, would screw my courage up, that it should arrive before bed-time at a proper tension. I regret to say, when I had finished my dinner, and punished an unusual quantity of champagine, all alone, that I was, as Southey says of the sky, in Madoc,—

'Most darkly, deeply, beautifully *blue*?'

At eight o'clock in the evening, I retired to bed, after a lusty pull at the bell. The servant came.

'Ask the landlord to step up to my room and bring his bill.' He clattered down stairs, giggling,—and shortly thereafter, his master appeared. He entered with a generous smile, that made me hope for 'the best his house afforded,' and that, just then, was *credit*.

'How much do I owe you?' said I. He handed me the bill, with all the grace of polite expectancy.

'Let me see,—seventeen dollars. How *very* reasonable! But my dear Sir, the most disagreeable part of this matter is now to be disclosed. I grieve to inform you that, at present, I am out of money: but I know, by your philanthropic looks, that you will be satisfied, when I tell you that *if I had it*, I would give it to you with unqualified pleasure. But you see, my not having the change by me, is the reason I can't do it; and I am sure you will let the matter stand, and say no more about it. I am a stranger to you, that's a fact,—but in the place where I came from, all my acquaintance know me, as easy as can be.'

The landlord turned all colors. 'Where *do* you live, any how?'

'In Washing—I should, say, in Philadelphia.'

His eye flashed with angry disappointment. 'I see how it is, Mister, my opinion is, that you are a black-leg. You don't know *where* your home is. You begin with Washington and then drop it for Philadelphia. You *must* pay your bill.'

'But I can't.'

'Then I'll take your clothes,—if I don't blow me tight.'

'Scoundrell'! said I rising bolt upright: 'Do it, if you dare?—*do it!*—and leave the rest to me!'

There were no more words. He arose,—deliberately seized my hat, and my *only* inexpressibles, and walked down stairs.

Physicians say that no two excitements can exist at the same time in one system.—External circumstances drove away, almost immediately, the confusion of my brain.

I arose and looked out of the window.—The snow was descending, as I drummed on the pane. What was I to do?' An unhappy wight, *sans culottes*, in a strange city,—no money, and slightly inebriated. A thought struck me. I had a large, full cloak, which, with all my other appointments, save those he took, the landlord had

spared. I dressed immediately,—drew on my boots over my fair white drawers, not unlike small clothes,—put on my cravat, vest, and coat,—laid a traveling cap from trunk jauntily over my forehead, and flinging my fine long mantle gracefully about me, made my way through the hall into the street.

Attracted by shining lamps in the portico of a new hotel, a few squares from my first lodging, I entered, recorded *some* name on the books, and bespoke a bed. Every thing was fresh and neat,—every servant attentive,—all augured well. I kept myself closely cloaked,—puffed a cigar, and retired to bed, to mature my plot.

'Waiter, just brush my clothes, well, my find fellow,' said I, in the morning, as he entered my room. 'Mind the pantalaons, —don't spill any thing from the pockets,—there is money in both.'

'I don't see *no* pantaloons.'

'The duce you don't! Where are they?'

'Can't tell, I'm sure: I don't know, so 'elp me.'

'Go down, Sirrah, and tell your master to come up here immediately.' The publican was with me in a moment.

I had arisen, and worked my face before the glass, into a fiendish look of passion.—'Landlord!' exclaimed I, with a fierce gesture, 'I have been robbed in your house,—robbed Sir, robbed! My pantaloons, and a purse, containing three fifty dollar-notes, are gone. This is a pretty hotel! Is *this* the way that you fulfil the injunctions of Scripture? I am a stranger, and I find myself *taken in*, with a vengeance. I will expose you at once, if I am not recompensed.'

'Pray keep your temper,' said the agitated publican. I have just opened this house, and it is getting a good run: would you *ruin its reputation*, for an accident? I will find out the villain who has robbed you, and I will send for a tailor to measure you for your missing garment. Your money shall be refunded. Do you not see that your anger is useless?'

'My dear Sir,' I replied, 'I thank you for your kindness. I did not mean to reproach you. If those trowsers can be done to day, I shall be satisfied,—for time is more precious to me than money. You may keep the others if you find them, and in exchange for the one hundred and fifty dollars which you give me their contents are yours.'

The next evening, with new inexpressibles, and one hundred and forty dollars in my purse, I called on my guardian in Philadelphia, for sixty dollars. He gave it, with a lecture on collegiate desertion, that I shall not soon forget. I enclosed the money back to my honorable landlord, by the first post, settled my other bill at old Crusty's, the first publican, and got my trunk by mail. I have now a superflux of thirty dollars; and when Tom Edwards returns, if I can find no other use for it, I will give it to him, for the lesson he has taught me.

If this story has bored you, George, you must forgive it. It is pleasanter to remember, being past, than it is to tell.

Cordially Thine,
EUGENE DALLAS.

A pail full of ley, with a piece of copperas half as big as a hen's egg boiled in it, will color a fine nankin color, which will never wash out.

From the Boston Pearl.

MINE ANCIENT CLOAK.

'Tis good to look upon the face of an old friend.
Old Story.

THOU relict of years, I might almost say ages, gone by, how do I venerate thee? How many pleasing recollections dost thou call up of the forgotten past! And how many a tale, of deeds perpetrated by sires and grandsires under thy very cape, couldst thou unfold!—And well dost thou know that since, heirloom as thou art, thou hast been mine, thou hast not been inactive.—Couldst thou but answer, how would I overwhelm thee with questionings. Wert thou present at the famed Boston Massacre, on the fifth of March? I verily believe thou wert. Wert thou not perched on the shuddering shoulders of some timid female or decrepid male, as from some balcony they fearfully watched the issue of that eventful strife on Bunker Hill? And hast thou not graced with thy presence, one, nay two Proclamations of Peace? Perchance it has been thy lot to fall gracefully upon the shoulders of some man of God, as, in devout thankfulness for the blessings of Heaven, he has trodden these streets in days of yore. Perchance, more fantastically, thou hast been thrown across the shoulders of some youth of the century past, as he has been wending his lightsome steps to the gay assembly of the rich and the fashionable. But no—there do I wrong thee. Thou wearest too sombre an aspect, and art withal too dignifiedly threadbare, to suit the taste of such, if they at all resembled their successors of the present generation. Has it been thy lot to march in solemn dignity to yonder hall of legislation? —to hang upon the back of the peer of the Commonwealth? Oh! hast thou not, in more solemn pace and with a sadder air, kept time to the roll of yonder hearse wheel, and stood by the side of tombs, and seen around thee hillocks which nature never raised? Hast gazed upon the face of loveliness, consigned forever to the charnel-house, to moulder there, and turning thence, hast met the wrinkled face of age, who gladly would exchange places with the lovely and the lost? Hast not wished to cast thyself as a shield to the cold corse, instead of the sticking clay, and the ratling stones and earth? Well do I know thou hast seen all this. Is it then to be wondered at, I do love thee?—Do I not look upon thee with pleasure, nay more, with pride, thou connecting link of three generations?—Oh! say not thou art useless; that day after day thou hangest in thy quiet nook behind the door, unthought of and unseen, or looked upon by yonder groom, as an embryo coat, vest and pantaloons for some heir of his. Let him not count on that; and think not, thou art forgotten.—Didst not mark the glance of affection I this day cast on thee? Oh? many such shall still be thine, my faithful, constant, enduring friend. Dost remember the eve, when, to shelter a fair one from the pelting storm, with a proud mien, and a confident air, thou didst willingly transfer thyself from thy master's shoulders to those delicate limbs, and nobly protected from the rain that fragile form? And when we reached the haven home, how reluctantly didst thou drop from those arms into the ones which knew thee best, and best loved thee. O naughty, naughty cloak! 'Twas the first act of thine which savored of disobedience—and fearfully was it revenged; for well dost thou know, that on that night I did not spare thee, but angrily, and lest thou shouldst again wander, closely clinching thee around me, I hasted forth into the storm, and many a time that night didst thou pass and repass that door. And yet for that act I do not blame thee—nay, I am not sure that very act doth not wind thee closer around my heart. 'Twas a good deed, and I will not rebuke thee for it. No, 'twas the most devoted and brilliant achievement of thy long life; and well worthy thy younger or thy riper years. Thy sun may well go down, and not ingloriously. Can I then refrain from casting on thee a look of affection, thou most honored of all my wardrobe? O no—Thou art more graceful than the cravat, for it is stiff-ened.—Thou art more pleasing to the eye than coat or nether garments. Their portions are still the same, while thine is ever varying, ever free; and when time has made sad havoc with all these, then dost thou, like gentle Charity, cover a multitude of sins. Thou flutterest in the breeze, and reposest in the 'still quiet of the skies.'—Thou art to be preferred before hosiery or shoes, whether of satin or of leather, for they are under foot. Thou art more noble than the hat or any chapeau on earth, for thou art not doffed to every supercilious money-bag thou meetest. Thou art not raised fitfully and reluctantly on a hot summer day, for a procession of learned professors and antiquated L. L. D's., to sweep by with more honor to themselves. Thy dignity would indeed be compromised by such a course. Hats are raised, caps are off—but amidst the wreck of hats and crush of caps, thou remainest unmoved. Beside, they change as do garments—but thou, honored cloak, thou,—I might almost finish the allegory by saying, remainest forever. To be sure, thou dost sometimes hang a little awry, and dost indeed look woefully shabby; but yet, in very truth, 'with all thy faults, dear cloak, I love thee still.' E. G. F.

Extract from the Life and Treason of Benedict Arnold, by Jared Sparks.

MURDER OF MISS M'CREA.

The murder of Jane M'Crea has been a theme, which eloquence and sensibility have alike contributed to dignify, and which has kindled in many a breast the emotions of a responsive sympathy. Gen. Gates' description, in his letter to Burgoyne, although more ornate than forcible, and abounding more in bad taste than simplicity or pathos, was suited to the feelings of the moment, and produced a lively impression in every part of America; and the glowing language of Burke, in one of his most celebrated speeches in the British Parliament, made the story of Jane M'Crea familiar to the European world.

This young lady was the daughter of a clergyman, who died in New Jersey before the Revolution. Upon her father's death she sought a home in the house of her brother, a respectable gentleman residing on the western bank of Hudson's river, about four miles below Fort Edward,—Here she formed an intimacy with a young man named David Jones, to whom it was

understood she was engaged to be married. When the war broke out, Jones took the side of the royalists, went to Canada, received a commission, and was a captain or lieutenant among the provincials in Burgoyne's army.

Fort Edward was situate on the eastern margin of Hudson's river, within a few yards of the water, and surrounded by a plain of considerable extent, which was cleared of wood and cultivated. On the road leading to the north, and near the foot of the hill about one-third of a mile from the fort, stood a house occupied by Mrs. M'Neil, a widow lady and an acquaintance of Miss M'Crea, with whom she was staying as a visitor at the time the American army was in that neighborhood. The side of the hill was covered with a growth of bushes, and on its top, a quarter of a mile from the house, stood a large pine tree, near the root of which gushed out a perennial spring of water. A guard of one hundred men had been left at the fort, and a picket under Lieutenant Van Vechten, was stationed in the woods on the hill a little beyond the pine tree.

Early one morning this picket guard was attacked by a party of Indians, rushing through the woods from different points at the same moment, and rending the air with hideous yells. Lieut. Van Vechten and five others were killed and scalped, and four were wounded. Samuel Standish, one of the guard, whose post was near the pine tree, discharged his musket at the first Indian he saw, and ran down the hill towards the fort; but he had no sooner reached the plain, than three Indians, who had pursued him to cut off his retreat, darted out of the bushes, fired, and wounded him in the foot. One of them sprang upon him, threw him to the ground, pinioned his arms, and then pushed him violently forward up the hill. He naturally made as much haste as he could, and in a short time they came, to the spring, where several Indians were assembled.

Here Standish was left to himself, at a little distance from the spring and the pine tree, expecting every moment to share the fate of his comrades, whose scalps were conspicuously displayed. A few minutes only had elapsed, when he saw a party of Indians ascending the hill, and with them Mrs. M'Neil and Miss M'Crea on foot. He knew them both, having often been at Mrs. M'Neil's house.

The party had hardly joined the other Indians, when he perceived much agitation among them, high words and violent gestures, till at length they engaged in a furious quarrel, and beat one another with their muskets. In the midst of this fray, one of the chiefs, apparently in a paroxism of rage, shot Miss M'Crea in the breast.—She instantly fell and expired. Her hair was long and flowing. The same chief grasped it in his hand, seized his knife and took off the scalp in such a manner as to include nearly the whole of her hair; then springing from the ground he tossed it in the face of a young warrior, who stood near him watching the operation, brandished it in the air, and uttered a yell of savage exultation. When this was done the quarrel ceased; and, as the fort had already been alarmed, the Indians hurried away as quickly as possible to Gen. Frazer's encampment on the road to Fort Anne, taking with them Mrs. M'Neil and Samuel Standish.

The bodies of the slain were found by a party that went in pursuit, and were carried across the river. They had been stripped of their clothing, and the body of Miss M'Crea was wounded in nine places, either by a scalping knife or a tomahawk. A messenger was despatched to convey the afflicting intelligence to her brother, who arrived soon afterwards, took charge of his sister's remains, and had them interred on the east side of the river about three miles below the fort. The body of Lieut. Van Vechten was buried at the same time and on the same spot.

History has preserved no facts by which we can at this day ascertain the reason, why Miss M'Crea should remain as she did in so exposed and unprotected a situation. She had been reminded of her danger by the people at the fort. Tradition relates, however, and with seeming truth, that through some medium of communication she had promised her lover, probably by his advice, to remain in this place until the approach of the British troops should afford her an apportunity to join him, in company with her hostess and friend. It is said, that, when they saw the Indians coming to the house, they were at first frightened and attempted to escape; but, as the Indians made signs of a pacific intention, and one of them held up a letter, intimating that it was to be opened, their fears were calmed, and the letter was opened. It was from Jones, and contained a request that they would put themselves under the charge of the Indians, whom he had sent for the purpose, and who would guard them in safety to the British camp. Unfortunately two separate parties of Indians, or at least two chiefs acting independently of each other, had united in this enterprise, combining with it an attack on the picket guard. It is incredible that Jones should have known this part of the arrangement, or he would have foreseen the danger it threatened. When the prize was in their hands, the two chiefs quarrelled about the mode of dividing the reward they were to receive, and, according to the Indian rule of settling disputes in the case of captives, one of them in a wild fit of passion killed the victim and secured the scalp. Nor is it the least schocking feature of the transaction, that the savage seemed not aware of the nature of his mission. Uninformed as to the motive of his employer for obtaining the person of the lady, or not comprehending it, he regarded her in the light of a prisoner, and supposed the scalp would be an acceptable trophy. Let it be imagined what were the feelings of the anxious lover, waiting with joyful anticipation the arrival of his intended brid , when this appaling proof of her death was presented to him. The innocent had suffered by the hand of cruelty and violence, which he had unconsciously armed: his most fondly cherished hopes were blasted, and a sting was planted in his soul, which time and forgetfulness could never eradicate. His spirit was scathed and his heart broken. He lived but a few years, a prey to his sad recollections, and sunk into the grave under the burden of his grief.

The remembrance of this melancholy tale is still cherished with lively sympathy by the people who dwell near the scene of its principal incidents. The inhabitants of the village of Fort Edward have lately removed the remains of Miss M'Crea from their obscure resting place, and deposited them in the public burial-ground. The ceremony was solemn and impressive. A procession of young men and maidens followed the relics, and wept in silence when the earth was again closed over them, thus exhibiting an honorable proof of sensibility and of respect for the dead. The little fountain still pours out its clear waters near the brow of the hill, and the venerable pine is yet standing in its ancient majesty, broken at the top and shorn of its branches by the winds and storms of half a century, but revered as marking the spot where youth and innocence were sacrificed in the tragical death of Jane M'Crea.

Waves of the ocean.—After all the talk about the mountain billows of the ocean, the height of waves in a storm is only about twenty-four feet. Yet I have known practical sailors, who have rated them at a hundred.

Changes of the mind.—The mind is always undergoing fine changes. Impressions fade as their distinct new edge is worn off. As for example; observe a portrait of some friend during his presence, and again during his absence. In the first case, the likeness will lose much of its resemblance and power to strike. You compare it with the original, and a thousand points of difference appear. But when the original is away, the picture grows upon you, and attains at last almost the force of reality.

Value of time.—It is said that a man who had accustomed himself to seize a pen whenever his wife was putting on her shawl and bonnet to walk, found, before he suspected such a result, that he had written a tolerable book. Wonders may thus be accomplished by all in their stray moments, would they but improve them. I would not prevent people from reflecting, from resting or enjoying themselves; but the worst of it is, many was e large portions of their lives without doing any of these.—Circumstances favor persons thus bent on rational employment. Instead of idling away a half hour before dinner or some appointment; if they take up a book or a pen, or undertake to do any little duty which demands their attention, they find often the time which they might have frittered away, much longer than they anticipated. Many a friend might be secured or obliged by a letter written at these intervals, by those who profess to have "no time."—We all have "time," more or less, which might be devoted to the performance of neglected duties.

The Poet Rogers.—The biographer of Rogers, the Poet, observes of him:—"No one has ever been able to reproach him with the abandonment of a single principle with which he originally set out in life."—This is no praise. It is equivalent to a confession that he has either not had sense to detect the errors of youth or the candor to correct them.

Reverence for Antiquities.—Mrs. Gould in her lively "Letters from Abroad," published in the New-York Mirror, says with truth, that "Americans have a holier regard for antiquities than any other nation."

MODERN DICTIONARY.

Eyes and ears. Ports of entry to the soul, through which all ships are more easily admitted than those laden with the whispers of prudence or the lessons of truth and experience.

Health. A precious gem, which, like Aladdin's lamp, is often bartered away for paltry gewgaws by those unconscious of its value.

Truth. A monarch who often travels *incog*; while the usurper, Falsehood, receives the shouts of the multitude.

Prejudice. A poisoned arrow, which the victim loves while it kills him.

New York Mirror.

LIFE——A BOOK.

We compare life to a book. You may smile at the simile, yet life may be likened to an intensely interesting volume. It is a glorious book; of strange and thrilling incidents; of varied and ever varying contents; of joy and love; of hope and despair; of light and shade; of misery—and the grave closes the contents.

There are golden passages in the book of life, and these are the sunny hours of childhood. The mind loves to rove thro' its flowery meads, and linger amid its fond enchantments. The syren Hope sings in its sun-lit bowers, and all is light and redolent of bliss. We read with breathless interest—we take no heed of time—and weep when the chapter closes.

Next a tale of love enchants us; and we rove with frenzied interest through the wildering bowers of affection. What hope—what love—what fond desires!—Yet its gloomy *finale* shows us, that

"Tis but a false bewildering fire;
Too often love's insidious dart,
Feeds the fond soul with sweet desire,
But wounds the heart.

Now we turn to the more sober expectations of friendship. The ardent flame of love has been quenched by the damps of disappointment, and the rational hopes of friendship absorb all our interest. But, alas! we find too soon that the reality is far, very far below our fancied standard, that it is too often but a phantom which flits away like the "baseless fabric of a vision;

"A sound which follows wealth and fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep."

Then we open upon a new page, and here is manhood's busy story. And for a while we are lost in the cares, the business and the turmoils of life. But the page soon tires. It is a monotonous tale; and again we turn the——but we cannot review the book in order; let us turn to the closing chapter.

And there what a sad collection of incidents meet the eye! Sickness—misery—a coffin—a winding sheet! The deep tones of the death-bell falling heavily on the ear, sound a solemn "Finis"—and the lids are closed for ever.

"NO TIME TO READ."—It is a remark very often made by those who are dependant upon manual labor for their support, that they cannot find any time to devote to the cultivation and improvement of their minds—that they cannot even take a newspaper, because the pressure of their daily avocations prevents them from perusing it. Nothing can be more untrue than this assertion; although many, no doubt, are conciencious in making it and fully believe in its truth. They really imagine, that if they attend to the duties of their particular callings with industry and fidelity, that all their time is completely employed, and to the best possible advantage. They very seldom consider, unless their attention is particularly directed to the subject, how much time they *waste* in the most frivolous and useless manner, which if rightly employed, would procure for them the social equality which they seek, and elevate them to the rank which they would then deserve to possess. Much time is spent in doing nothing, or worse than nothing, at public resort, which, if occupied by the perusal of periodicals, would furnish a store of much useful information, & prevent the pecuniary expenses and risk of moral contamination which attends the hours of relaxation of the greater share of our working men.

THE FARMER.—There is not a more independent being in existence than the farmer. The *real* farmer; he who tends strictly to the duties of his profession: who keeps every thing about him snug and tidy, and who seeks every opportunity to introduce such improvements of the day as will tend to add beauty and worth to his farm. Such a farmer is always happy and independent, and he lives as it were in a little world of his own, with nothing to trouble him, save the cares of his farm, which by the way are considered rather as pleasures than otherwise. His mind is always at ease, and the duties of his calling are performed with a good degree of pleasure.—When the toils of the day are over and the 'night cometh he takes his seat at the domestic fireside and whiles away the evening in sweet converse with his little family circle. The toils of the day have been perhaps rather arduous—but what of that?—They are drowned and forgotten in the pleasures of the evening. And then, he feels a sincere pleasure on reflection, that while he rests from his labors his business continues to flourish: His crops are growing and preparing for harvest; his cattle &c. are fattening ready for the market, and every thing prospers. With such thoughts as these, he can calmly resign himself to the night's repose and rise on the morrow with the returning sun, refreshed and prepared for the duties of another day.

For ourselves we are peculiarly fond of the society of farmers, and it is with great delight that we occasionlly steal out to pay a visit to our friends of the plough and the spade, though from our confining occupation, it is seldom we are permitted so to do. We love to meet the merry face and clasp, in friendship the hands that have been browned and hardended by out-door toil and industry. There seems to be something substantial and becoming in their appearance:—and then the hand is proffered with such frank and open-heartedness, that one always feels himself perfectly at home, and is led to admire and applaud that which perhaps in others might be thought boldness and intrusion.—Indeed there is a certain pleasing openness about the manners of the cultivators of the soil that is characteristic of no other class in society—and which never fails of securing to the "Farmer" an agreeable reception in whatever circle he may move.—*Mohawk Adv.*

Original.

FAME.

It was a noble saying of an ambitious youth —"I shall die contented when death writes GLORY, on my tomb-stone."

I start not back, nor fear to die;
I fear not in the grave to lie,
And know its dread realities!
For conscience is my friend, and heaven
Is where approving conscience even
Smiles—and smiling, whispers peace.

Yet there is what I dread!—I dread
Th' oblivious silence of the dead
Uncannonized—unsung by Fame!
O, must it be my doom of dooms,
To place my tomb 'mid other tombs—
Forgotten, and without a name?

Is effort vain?—Is toil? Must I
Feel fate has fettered me, and sigh,
And live unnoticed and unknown,
While others gain the laureate—
The civic honours of the state,
And Fame's immortal crown?

Say, must Ambition burn for naught?
Say, must undying Fame be sought
On earth, and never, never found?
Say, must I perish, ere the praise
Of one proud action lights a blaze
Of glory o'er my humble mound?

O, I would smile at death's alarms,
And boldly throw me in his arms,
And court th' embrace they give,
To have the hero's honours mine—
The fate to fall at glory's shrine—
And have my MEMORY *live!*

Dryden, N. Y. BLUE.

EXECUTION OF CAPTAIN HALE.

THE case of Capt. Nathan Hale has been regarded as parallel to that of Major Andre. This young officer was a graduate of Yale College, and had but recently closed his academic course when the war of the revolution commenced. Possessing genius, taste, and ardor, he became distinguished as a scholar; and, endowed in an eminent degree with those graces and gifts of nature which add a charm to youthful excellence, he gained universal esteem and confidence. To high moral worth and irreproachable habits were joined gentleness of manners, and ingenuous disposition, and vigor of understanding. No young man of his years put forth a fairer promise of future usefulness and celebrity; the fortunes of none were fostered more sincerely by the generous good wishes of his associates, or the hopes and encouraging presages of his superiors.

Being a patriot upon principle, and an enthusiast in a cause which appealed equally to his sense of justice and love of liberty, he was among the first to take up arms in his country's defence. The news of the battle of Lexington roused his martial spirit, and called him immediately to the field. He obtained a commission in the army, and marched with his company to Cambridge. His promptness, activity, and assiduous attention to discipline, were early observed.—He prevailed upon his men to adopt a simple uniform, which improved their appearance, attracted notice, and procured applause. The example was followed by others, and its influence was beneficial.—Nor were his hours wholly absorbed by

his military duties. A rigid economy of time enabled him to gratify his zeal for study and mental culture.

At length the theatre of action was changed and the army was removed to the southward. The battle of Long Island was fought, and the American forces were drawn together in the city of New York.—At this moment it was extremely important for Washington to know the situation of the British army on the heights of Brooklyn, its numbers, and the indications as to its future movements. Having confidence in the discretion and judgment of the gallant Colonel Knowlton, who commanded a Connecticut regiment of infantry, he explained his wishes to that officer, and requested him to ascertain if any suitable person could be found in his regiment, who would undertake so hazardous and responsible a service. It was essential, that he should be a man of capacity, address and military knowledge.

Col. Knowlton assembled several of his officers, stated to them the views and desires of the General, and left the subject to their reflections, without proposing the enterprise to any individual. The officers then separated. Capt. Hale considered deliberately what had been said, and finding himself by a sense of duty inclined to the undertaking, he called at the quarters of his intimate friend, Captain Hull,—afterward General Hull,—and asked his opinion. Hull endeavored to dissuade him from the service, as not befitting his rank in the army, and as being of a kind for which his openess of character disqualified him; adding that no glory could accrue from success, and a detection would inevitably be followed by an ignominious death.

Captain Hale replied, that all these considerations had been duly weighed, that 'this kind of service was necessary'; that he did not accept the commission for the sake of fame alone, or personal advancement; that he had been for some time in the army without being able to render any signal aid to the cause of his country, and that he felt impelled by high motives of duty not to shrink from the opportunity now presented.

The arguments of his friends were unavailing, and Captain Hale passed over to Long Island in disguise. He had gained the desired information, and was just on the point of stepping into a boat to return to the city of New York, when he was arrested and taken before the British commander.—Like Andre, he had assumed a character which he could not sustain; he was 'too little accustomed to duplicity to succeed.'—The proof against him was so conclusive, that he made no effort at self defence, but frankly confessed his object; and, again like Andre, without farther remarks, 'left the facts to operate with his judges.' He was sentenced to be executed as a spy, and was accordingly hanged the next morning.

The sentence was conformable to the laws of war, and the prisoner was prepared to meet it with a fortitude becoming his character. But the circumstances of his death aggravated his sufferings, and placed him in a situation widely different from that of Andre. The facts were narrated to General Hull by an officer of the British commissary department, who was present at the execution, and deeply moved by the conduct and fate of the unfortunate victim, and the treatment he received. The provost-marshal, to whose charge he was consigned, was a refugee, and behaved toward him in the most unfeeling manner; refusing the attendance of a clergyman and the use of a bible, and destroying the letters he had written to his mother and friends.

In the midst of these barbarities, Hale was calm, collected, firm; pitying the malice that could insult a fallen foe and dying man, but displaying to the last his native elevation of soul, dignity of deportment, and an undaunted courage. Alone, unfriended, without consolation or sympathy, he closed his mortal career with the declaration, 'that he only lamented he had but one life to lose for his country.' When Andre stood upon the scaffold, he called on all around him to bear witness, that he died like a brave man. The dying words of Hale, embodied a nobler and more sublime sentiment; breathing a spirit of satisfaction, that, although brought to an untimely end, it was his lot to die a martyr in his country's cause. The whole tenor of his conduct, and this declaration itself, were such proofs of his bravery that it required not to be more audibly proclaimed. The following tribute is from the muse of Dr. Dwight:

Thus, while fond virtue wished in vain to save,
Hale, bright and generous, found a hapless grave;
With genius' living flame his bosom glowed,
And science charmed him to her sweet abode;
In worth's fair path his feet adventured far,
The pride of peace, the rising grace of war.

There was a striking similarity between the character and acts of Hale and Andre; but in one essential point of difference the former appears to much the greater advantage. Hale was promised no reward, nor did he expect any. It was necessary that the service should be undertaken from purely virtuous motives, without a hope of gain or of honor; because it was of a nature not to be executed by the common class of spies, who are influenced by pecuniary considerations; and promotion could not be offered as an inducement, since that would be a temptation for an officer to hazard his life as a spy, which a commander could not with propriety hold out. Viewed in any light, the act must be allowed to bear unequivocal marks of patriotic disinterestedness and self-denial. But Andre had a glorious prize before him—the chance of distinguishing himself in a military enterprise, honors, renown, and every allurement that could flatter hope, and stimmulate ambition. To say the least, his personal advantages were to be commensurate with the benefit to his country. But whatever may have been the parallel between these two individuals while living, it ceased with their death. A monument was raised and consecrated to the memory of Andre, by the bounty of a grateful sovereign. His ashes have been removed from their obscure resting place, stransported across the ocean, and deposited with the remains of the illustrious dead in Westminister Abbey. Where is the memento of the virtues, the patriotic sacrifice, the early fate of Hale? It is not inscribed on marble—it is hardly recorded in books. Let it be the more deeply cherished in the hearts of his countrymen.—*Life of Arnold.*

MISCELLANY.

COMPARATIVE EFFECTS OF DIFFERENT LIQUORS.—Professor Eaton states, that from observations which he had made on the effects of intemperance, upon different persons, he thinks the following results clearly established. Those who drink cider, wine, perry, brandy, and cider brandy, present red, bloated, and highly inflamed surfaces. Those who drink gin become pale and debilitated. Those who drink rum show a medium aspect. Hence he infers that, although alcohol is always the same, there is something combined with it which gives a different character to its effects; that alcoholic liquors, from succulent fruits, such as grapes, apples, pears and peaches, have a tendency towards the surface; that the juice from the farinaceous seeds, as wheat, rye, corn, oats and barley, cause a recession of the fluid towards the heart; and that when alcohol is derived from the herbage of plants, as the stalk of the sugar-cane, its effects are of the medium kind.—*Oracle of Health.*

CHARITY.—Among the graces that adorn the christian character, that of charity has ever been deemed the brightest, the purest, the best. It is a gem of the first water; no cloud can obscure it—no rude hand sully its purity. Its sister graces dwindle away in its presence, and in the hour of expiring nature, it remains the only solitary companion of the departed one, that sustains unmoved the shock of death. Indeed, it may be termed in an eminent degree, the most distinguished characteristic of christianity, the Alpha and Omega of all religious truth. It received its birth in the bosom of divine benevolence, and was fostered under the beamings of the Sun of Righteousness. And when the lips of truth uttered some of its first counsels, CHARITY was the subject upon which was lavished divine eloquence.—And wherever this heaven-born spirit has found its way, there it has diffused the breath of Paradise, shedding around the blessing of Providence, and proclaiming a jubilee to the sons and daughters of misfortune.

SHORT CATECHISM.—*Question.* What quantity of grain is annually consumed in England, Ireland and Scotland, in the production of Intoxicating Liquors?

Answer. The quantity of malt for which duty was paid last year, ending January 5, 1834, was 40,005,348 bushels.

Question. What is the cost of this malt?

Answer. At 7s. per bushel, the cost would be £14,001,871 16s.

Question. What length of road would this grain cover, supposing it were laid 3 feet deep, and 30 feet wide?

Answer A hundred and eight miles?

Question. What quantity of intoxicating liquor is annually produced from this malt?

Answer. As near as can be calculated, *four hundred and forty-three millions of gallons*

Question. What length of a canal would this make, 3 feet deep, & 30 feet wide.

Answer. One hundred and fifty miles!

These answers do not include the vast quantities of foreign spirits and wines which are annually imported, or those liquors which are produced by the illicit traffic of the country.

ARISTOTLE, being reproached for giving money to a bad man, who was in want, answered with his usual accuracy of distinction:

"I did not give it to the man, but to humanity."

EDUCATION.—The Governor of Pennsylvania frankly acknowledges the disgraceful truth, that in that great state, the *keystone*, as it has been termed, of the union, there are 400,000 persons totally destitute of the benefits of education. The system of primary or common schools was commenced in New England as early as 1647, and in the latter part of the last century it was adopted by New-York and Virginia. Since that the system has been introduced into South Carolina, Ohio, New Jersey, and Delaware.—N. Y. *Star*.

Government of Children.—Never chastise in a state of wrath; no parent in such a state of mind can be in a condition nicely to adjust the kind and degree of punishment to the offence; it is like administering medicine scalding hot; which rather burns than cures. God waited till the cool of the evening before he came down to arraign, try, and punish our first parents, after their fall. Patiently examine the offence before you punish it. Accurately discriminate between sins of presumption and sins of ignorance or inadvertence.—Accidents should be reproved, but not punished, unless they involve wilful disobedience.—J. A. JAMES.

An Irish Postillion.—'You are not going the straight road,' said I to the post-boy, seeing that he had turned to the left.—'I've my reasons for that, your honor,' replied he, 'I always turn away from the castle out of principle—I lost a friend there, and it makes me melancholy.'—'How came that to happen?' I enquired. 'All by accident, your honor.—They hung my poor Patrick there because that he was a bad hand at arithmetic.' 'He should have gone to a better school then,' said I. 'I've an idea that it was a bad school he was brought up in,' replied he, with a sigh. 'He was a cattle dealer, your honor, and one day some how or another, he'd a cow too much—all for not knowing how to count, your honor—bad luck to his school master!'

ANECDOTE—*on time*——Two brothers, named Josiah and William, fullgrown boys, happened in at a store one evening, where the attention of the company was somewhat attracted by a very long watch-chain dangling at the fore quarters of Josiah. One of the company asked, "What's the time, Josiah?" With no small ceremony, Josiah drew out his watch, and after examining it some time, referred to his brother, and said, "Brother William, is this figury nine or figury 'leven! William, after a few moments' deliberation, declared it to be figury seven.' 'Well,' then replied Josiah, "it lacks about half an inch of eight."

TAX ON BACHELORS—A lady having remarked in company that she thought there should be a tax on the single state——'Yes, madam,' rejoined Colonel——of——, (in Berkshire,) who was present, and a most notable specimen of the uncompromising old bachelor—"as on all other luxuries."

A SENSIBLE DIFFERENCE.—A gentleman presenting a young lady to his mother, said—"Madam, this is Miss F. and she is not so great a fool as she looks to be." 'There, madam,' said the young lady, 'lies the difference between your son and me.'

TOO DEEP.—During a retreat, an officer commanded his men to form two deep. 'I'm too deep already," shouted a grenadier 'from between two mountains of mud.

FOR THE GEM.
From 'the City Spy.'

PRINCIPLE—HUMAN NATURE.

I shall class human nature among the eighteen chemical principles that are either of a doubtful nature or unmanageable in the arts. It is insoluble in pure philosophy. This is more wonderful, as it is found in every part of the earth where man is resident. As it is thus obdurate, I shall give only a few of its most prominent characteristics, and leave others, who are acquainted with its peculiar properties, to judge whether I analyze it correctly. Proposition 1st. Malice and other evil passions may be obtained from human nature by the aid of caloric. Illustration—Put a few grains of human nature into a crucible, and cover it with another crucible: heat it to the white heat of anger, and slander will come out profusely in the state of gas, which coming in contact with the gas of pride and vanity, will combine with them by the aid of elective affinity. Proposition 2d. After the combination of the gasses before mentioned, if a few grains of common sense be added, reason will be precipitated in the form of a beautiful crystal. Illustration—Have these things conglommerated and amalgamated. Put them into a wine glass; evaporate them in the usual way, and reason will become crystalized, and may be distinguished from any other principle by its specific gravity. Proposition 3d. Human nature, in its simple state, will combine with love and friendship, by elective affinity. Illustration—Put a table spoon-full of simple human nature into a wine glass, together with a scruple of friendship; they will combine, and bear a halcyon appearance. Then add a few grains of love, and they will become deeply agitated; reason will of course be precipitated. Proposition 4th. Human nature, in a cultivated state, will combine with envy and hatred by the aid of caloric. Illustration—Put a few grains of human nature into a crucible, with equal parts of envy and hatred; heat them to a high heat, and they will combine and emit a disagreeable suffocating odour; it will not extinguish flame, but will burn with a deep red color and much dense smoke. Either will destroy life, when disengaged in large quantities. Proposition 5th. Human nature, when acted upon directly for a worthy object, will combine with esteem and affection, and emit an agreeable odour, which may be perceived at a great distance. Illustration—Mix a few grains of human nature with equal quantities of esteem and affection: let them be amalgamated by a person of worth; they will combine and have a great affinity for said person. They possess the property of greatly lengthening life. Proposition 6th. Human nature will become intoxicated with flattery, the effect of which may be counterbalanced by common sense amalgated with reflection. Illustration—To a portion of human nature, add a large dose of flattery, and it will immediately over-flow: then cast in a little sense and reflection, and reason will immediately bear sway, and hush the passions into peace.

This is my analysis. I leave others to make their own nomenclature, rationale, and application. C. A. B.

Original.

Reflections on Beauty.

Call you the girl of auburn hair,
That floats in glossy curls in air,
With polished brow, and eyes of jet
Or ocean's blue or violet,—
With dimpled cheeks of lily hue,
Stained with the blushing rose-tint true,
And coral lips that softly smile
As they were purely free from guile;
The model of perfection given—
The noblest gift designed by heaven?

Her charms I willingly confess,
Nor could I wish to make them less;
'Tis rapturous to behold her so,
A being formed to sooth our woe;
But if we worship beauty's shrine,
Nor nobler virtues round her twine,
We seek but what can never give
The joys we fain would thus receive.
'Tis not in such exterior grace,
That we our dreams of bliss should place.

I'll love the girl of modest mein,
Who like the rose that blooms unseen,
And sheds its odoruus sweets alone,
Seeks not to be for beauty known,
But who the path does e'er pursue
Of virtue, honour, friendship true,
Whose beauty is the polished mind,
By nature, and by art refined;
Where innocence and charity,
Unite with tender sympathy;
Whose every word, and look, and thought,
With sweetest, holiest bliss is fraught.
Such are the beauties I admire,
And such should every fair desire.

LEANDER.

THE GEM AND AMULET.

Some readers of the GEM have complained that our paper too easily soils on using it. This is not owing to a bad quality of paper, as they suppose, but to its being handled while damp. If readers will take pains to dry their papers before reading, they will find the paper to appear of a firmer texture, and it will not so soon become defaced by use.

MARRIED.—In Parma, on the 17th ult. by the Rev. H. B. Dodge, of Greece, Mr. Wm. T. Smith, of this City, to Miss Frances L. Smith, of the former place.

In this City, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. O. C. Comstock, Alvin C. Bradley, Attorney at Law, of Trumansburgh, to Miss Julia Smith, of Rochester.

At Scottsville, on Thursday the 12th ult. by Augustus G. Bristol, Esq. Mr. James H. Hedley, of Rush, to Miss Mary W. Pope, of Chili.

DIED.—In this City, on the 25th ult. Martia A. youngest daughter of Mr. Asa Carpenter, aged 14 years.

In this City, of consumption, on the evening of the 27th ult. JOHN SMITH, aged 26 years, eldest son of Mr. Ezekiel Fox, formerly of Now London Co. Conn.

How short the race our friend has run!
'Cut down in all his bloom—
The course but yesterday begun,
Now finished in the tomb!

☞ Printers in Michigan and Ohio, will please notice this.

In Hudson, Ohio, on the 21st ult. William Gray Noble, eldest child of Doct. William Noble, in the 3d year of his age.

PARNASSIAN FLOWERS.

Original.

THE PARTING.

It was a winter evening. The moon
Shone down sweetly from her empyrean
Pathway, and the snowflake-diamonds
Glittered bright in her rays of softest mellowness.
The winds came not forth. The myriad stars
Looked upon our earth in sparkling splendor.
And a calmness, beauty, and a brightness,
Was around us, like unto the peerless
Radiance of the great Eternal's smile.
Nature was amidst of her rejoicings,
And the angel of love seemed to have shed
A rainbow of glory over all her works.

But this spirit of joy touched not the souls
Of all life's feeling creatures. Two beings
Of God's own image, looked out upon the earth,
Unconscious of its loveliness. I saw
Them side by side. Often they had mingled,
And their hearts' pure affections had gone out
To each other in lasting love. And they
Had dreamed of this sad hour, and though it came
When the night shades were upon them, yet 'twas
Not unexpected as the thief's slyness.
They knew it was Fate's ordering, and they
Murmured not, neither were the outgushings
Of tears manifest, nor were sighs audible;
Yet their souls' FEELINGS—but, no! 'twere wicked
For me to babble such pure, holy things,
To the heedless multitudes of *this* race.

The moment came, and *he* was to go forth
'Mid life's business and bustle. And then palm
Greeted palm, and their hands' ardent pressure
Told the farewell-words, to their hallowed hearts.
Servile fashion here had no mockery—
Here her falsehoods polite were uttered not.

They parted. And days have passed, and long years
May yet roll away into the eternal
Reservoir of time flown, ere those two loved
Ones "shall meet again."

TOWNSEND.

East Bloomfield, 1835.

Original.

NY HEART IS IN HEAVEN.

Air—'MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.'

My heart is in heaven—my heart is not here;
My heart is in heaven—my treasure is there;
I long to see Jesus, his glory to know:
My heart is in heaven wherever I go.
Farewell to earth's pleasures–farewell to all sin;
The sword I'll gird on, and the battle begin;
The victory, thro' Jesus, I wish to obtain,
And with him in glory eternally reign.
Farewell to the charms which the world holds to view;
Its hopes are deceitful—its pleasures untrue—
Its laurels will fade, and its glories wax dim,
But Christ bids us feel there is fulness in him.

My heart is in heaven—my heart is not here;
My heart is in heaven—my treasure is there:
I long to see Jesus, his glory to know—
My heart is in heaven wherevor I go.

JANE.

Rochester, Oct. 1834.

Original.

A CALM MORNING ON LAKE ONTARIO.

The Lake, which this morning so calm, so placid,
Seems only to move with the sea nymph's soft breath;
No one can behold, by its beauty invited,
Or gaze on its grandeur, unmoved, undelighted,
Though sill it reminds of the ocean of death.

Its smooth gentle motion may soon be converted
To wide rolling billows of foam and of spray:
Fit emblem of man, whom the morn finds contented,
Untroubled, unmoved, and seems to be destin'd
To spend a long life like the morn of this day.

But soon may the storm of adversity find him,
And ruffle his prospects so bright and serene;
Or sickness may reach him, or friends may forsake him,
Nor peace, nor contentment, nor hope, may support him,
And happiness seem like a fanciful dream.

LORENZO.

Original.

Acrostic to my Cousin.

Clear science, around thee its glories have shed,
All its honors are twined, like a wreath, round thy head;
Religion and virtue which come from above,
On thy heart have enstamped their image of love,
Like the rainbow, at evening, in colours combined,
Imparting their influence over the mind.
Not only here death you may view with delight;
Eternity's veil cannot hinder thy sight.

Hail! science, religion, and virtue, combined,
United in one and enstamped on thy mind:
Long, long may you live, my dear cousin, to greet
Loved friends here on earth, and in heaven we'll meet.

MORDEN.

Franklinville, 1835.

Original.

To ——, THE DIRECTOR OF MY YOUTHFUL STUDIES.

Custom, that tyrantess of fools,
That leads the learned round the schools,
Thy genius storms her throne:
No more ye slaves, with awe
Beat the dull track, or dance the round:
Loose hands and quit the enchanted ground;
Knowledge invites us each alone.

I hate the shackels of the mind,
Forg'd by the haughty wise:
Souls were not born to be confin'd,
And led like Sampson, blind and bound,
Who when his native strength he found,
He well avenged his eyes.

The pinions of a single mind
Will through all nature fly;
But who can drag up to the poles,
Long fettered ranks of leaden souls?—
A genius, which no chain controls,
Roves with delight, or deep, or high—
Swiftly surveys the globe around,
Dives to the centre, thro' the solid ground,
Or travels o'er the sky.

M.

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AND LADIES' AMULET.

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SELECT TALE.

THE VETERAN'S REWARD.

If the French Revolution has presented to us horrors till then unexampled, it must be owned to have furnished us with some striking traits of humanity and magnanimity. Many persons of both parties voluntarily risked their lives to preserve those whom the unhappy state of the times, compelled them to regard as enemies—and these acts of generous devotion were not uncommon among the military, who, by their profession, and the horrors they witnessed, might be supposed less susceptible than others of the softest feelings of compassion.

During the civil war, in a skirmish that had taken place between the Republicans and the Chouans, several of the latter were made prisoners. When the troops halted to take some refreshment, they stopped in a place near a spring, formed a circle, and placed the prisoners in the midst of it.—Their captain, a very young man, who had lately attained the command, seated himself at some distance on the trunk of a tree, and taking some provisions from his knapsack, began to refresh himself. He perceived one of the prisoners speaking with his lieutenant, and directly afterwards advanced to him. Delmont remarked, as this unfortunate man drew near him, that he had no other clothing than his shirt and trowsers, which were in rags and covered with blood, and that a linen bandage, also stained with blood, covered his forehead and his left eye.

The sight of so much misery sensibly touched the heart of the young officer, and he was still more moved when the prisoner said to him, "M. le Commandant, I have saved the miniature of my wife: will you when I shall be no more, have the charity to remit it to my mother, Madame Duplesis, at Lambelle!—My wife and my children reside with her." Too much moved to reply to this touching request, Delmont gazed upon him in silence; and he added in a tone of more pressing entreaty, "in the name of heaven, do not refuse me! If you do, they must always suffer from the ignorance of my fate, for it is my intention to conceal my name from the court martial. Thus they will have no means of ascertaining what has become of me; but if they receive the portrait, they will be certain that I have parted with it only at the hour of death.

Delmont was silent; in fact his mind was occupied between the desire of saving the prisoner, and the difficulty, or rather impossibility, which he found in doing it.—Duplesis, believing that he had no intention to grant his request, became still more urgent "In the name of God! in the name of all that is dear to you!" "Say no more," cried the other abruptly, "the commission is a very disagreeable one, but still I will not refuse it."—Taking the minature, as he spoke, he put it into his pocket, and added, "will you eat a mouthful of something and take a drop of brandy to refresh you."

"I cannot swallow," replied Duplesis—"a fever consumes me, and I am impatient to reach our destination, that I may escape from my misery.—These words made Delmont shudder. He looked earnestly in the face of the speaker, and disfigured as it was with dust, sweat and blood, there was something in the features so noble and touching, that he could not help resolving to risk every thing in order to serve him.—"Listen to me attentively," cried he—"I will give you a chance, which if well managed may preserve your life. Say that you came to tell me that you could not continue to march, and I have refused you any assistance. Go back, and complain of my cruelty to the same officer who has allowed you to come and speak to me, and try to act so that he many solicit me to leave you behind with an escort, to wait for a *voiture de requisition*—I will take care that the men who guard you shall be all drunkards, make them drunk, recover your energy, and escape."

"Ah my God! If it were possible. But you forget I must have money to give them, and I have not a single sous!"—"And unfortunately, I have very little, only four assignats of francs each; you will find them under this piece of meat," continued he, wrapping part of his provisions in paper, "be sure you are not seen to take them out; and God speed you!"

Duplesis turned away without speaking, but the tears that started from his eyes were more eloquent than words. He followed Delmont's directions so successfully, that in a few minutes afterwards the lieutenant came to tell the captain, that the prisoner to whom he had given provisions, could not eat; and that a burning fever rendered him incapable of marching. Delmont replied with feigned harshness that if the man could not go on, it was better to shoot him at once.

"What," cried the other indignantly, "shoot a man before you know whether he will be pronounced guilty or innocent by the court martial? You cannot seriously mean it, captain."

"Pray, then, what would you have me do with him, for you know that I cannot remain here to watch him. My orders are to proceed; and I cannot diminished the force of our troops, already too small for a part of the country like this, in order to leave an escort with this man."

"But look at the state in which he is.—Three men would be quite sufficient to guard him till we can get a *voiture de requisition*, which no doubt may be had tomorrow, and certainly captain you cannot say that you cannot spare three men."

"Well," replied the other, with feint impatience, "you shall have it your own way; but remember I tell you, you are bringing me into a scrape. However since you will have it so; tell Corporal Gilard, La Porte, and Desmolvius to remain with him; we must now set out."—The lieutenant did not wait for another order; he made the men carry the prisoner, who appeared to be dying, into a hut.—Delmont recommended them to keep a strict watch over him, as they would be answerable for him, if he escaped: and he set forward.

As Delmont had foreseen, the general refused to approve his report, and ordered him to go himself the next day to present it to the commissary of the convention. When he waited on the commissary, the soldiers arrived without their prisoner. The corporal declared that, notwithstanding his appearance of illness, he had tried to escape in the night by the window, but the men being upon the alert, had all fired at once; he fell dead upon the spot, and they buried him there.

This tale was told so naturally that Delmont could not entertain a doubt of its truth, it cost him a great deal to dissemble the pang it gave him, but he dared not manifest any regret, and taking with him the three soldiers and his lieutenant, he went to make his report to the commissary, who after hearing all the depositions, told him very roughly that he had done wrong to expose three brave soldiers of the republic only to convey a sick rebel more easily to be shot; that however, as they had done their duty by shooting him when he attempted to escape, and had returned safely, the affair should be passed over, but that he might be certain, if such a thing occurred again, his conduct should be sharply inquired into.

The commissary finished by giving him fresh orders to march with his detachment, saying at the same time, "I believe you will be commanded before your departure

to shoot the men whom you have brought with you. I am waiting for the order; and as soon as I get it, I will transmit it to you." My readers will believe that this was enough to quicken the motions of Delmont; in ten minutes he had marched out without beat of drum, and they escaped the horrible office of executioners.

Delmont's detachment was ordered to march to——: while on the road, he recollected the mission which he accepted from the unfortunate Duplesis: and as he had to halt at Lambelle, he determined to fulfil it, though he felt an unspeakable reluctance to be the bearer of the news to a mother.—When he presented himself at the house of Madame Duplesis, the servant who opened the door, supposing he was billetted upon them, said to him "citizen, mistress cannot lodge you in her house, but she has arranged with the inn-keeper over the way to receive you instead."

"It is not lodging I want: I must speak to your mistress in private."

The poor girl turned as pale as death, and went with a look of horror to inform her mistress—returning in a moment showed Delmont into an apartment, where he found an elderly lady of very prepossessing appearance, and a beautiful little girl four or five years old, at her side. "I would wish my daughter to be present at our conversation, sir," said she; "Go Pauline and seek your mama."

Delmont would have stopped the child, but she disappeared in a moment, and before he could determine to begin, a beautiful young woman entered. She looked at him with emotion, and the old lady then said, "this is my daughter. You have a commission for us, have you not?"

"Alas! yes, a sorrowful one."

"Ah, not so, best of friends, of benefactors—he is saved!" "Yes," cried the mother in a transport of gratitude, "I owe you my son's life. Agatha, embrace the preserver of your husband."

Both embraced him with tears of joy.—The lovely Agatha brought her infant boy, and her little girl, that they might also caress him to whom they owed a father's life. Ah! how delicious were these caresses to Delmont! never in his life had he experienced such pure and heartfelt pleasure.

"But how is this possible," said he, at last: "did they not fire? they told me they had killed and buried him." "My dear friend, they were so intoxicated that they would not have been able to kill a fly. Heaven be praised, he is now in safety and is recovering very fast. How I wish you could see him, but that must not be. But now tell us, are you come to stay at Lambelle?" "No, I can only stop for one night."—"Well, at least for to night you will stop with us;" and Agatha hastened to get an apartment prepared for him.

We may easily believe that he did not refuse their hospitality. They told him their whole situation without reserve.—Duplesis had determined to emigrate with his wife and children; his mother resolved to remain behind, in order to preserve the family property. "I shall not repay your twenty francs," said Agatha to him, "nor will I take back my portrait; my husband desired, if ever I was fortunate enough to see you, to tell you to keep it, and beg you to regard it as that of a sister."

The next morning, Delmont was forced to tear himself from this amiable family whom he saw no more. Twenty years passed away, and found Delmont at the time of the restoration, a disbanded officer, who lived with a widowed sister, upon the produce of a little farm which he cultivated with his own hands. One evening, an elderly man, of gentlemanly appearance, dismounted at the veteran's gate, and throwing himself into his arms, exclaimed, "Heaven be praised, my dear preserver, that I am allowed to thank you once at least before I die!" It was Duplesis, returned after so long an absence to end his days in his native country. He had entered into mercantile speculations in England, had been fortunate, and had come back rich. Delmont congratulated him heartily and sincerely.

"And you, my dear Delmont, how is it that you are not more fortunate!"

"My friend, I do not complain; I have quitted the service with clean hands and a clear conscience." "And without promotion?" "I have not sought it." "No, but you have well deserved it: I am not ignorant of the wounds you have received in your various campaigns." "I only did my duty."

Upon this point, however, the friends could not agree: but Duplesis soon dropped this subject, to talk with his friend about his present situation. He found that he should soon be compelled to quit the farm he occupied, as it was to be sold; he did not complain, but it was evident that he felt great reluctance to leave it.

"And what price," said Duplesis to him one day when they were talking on the subject, "does the owner demand for it?"—"Twenty three thousand francs," (near four thousand dollars,) "That is luckly, for it is exactly the sum you have in Lafitte's hands." "I? You joke." "No, indeed, I never was more serious; and so you will find if you draw upon him to that amount." "But can you think that I will rob you?" "Not at all; the money is yours: it is the accumulated interest of your twenty francs." "Impossible!"

"I will convince you that it is very possible and true. It is my wife's plan, and this is the manner in which she executed it. As soon as we were settled in England, she laid out your twenty francs in materials for embroidery and artificial flowers. She worked at these in her leisure hours, sold them to advantage, purchased materials for more, and constantly gave me, every six months, the profits of her work, to place it in the public funds. We lived retired, and consequently she'd much leisure and worked incessantly. During more than twenty years, this fund, at first so small, has been constantly increasing, till it has become the means of rendering your old age easy.—But it is not enough that the old age of a brave and virtuous man should be easy; he ought to receive a public recompense for his services, and I bring you one. Means have been found to represent to the king that your career has not been less distinguished by humanity than by valor, and he shows his sense of your services, by presenting you with this cross of St. Louis, and the rank and half pay of *chief of battalion*."

The worthy veteran threw himself into the arms of his friend. It would be difficult to say which was most affected. He still lives in the enjoyment of this noble reward of his humanity. Need it be said that he makes a worthy use of it!

From the Ohio Annual Register.

CONDENSED HISTORY OF OHIO.

Ohio was organized as a State in the spring of 1802, and the present constitution was adopted by a convention, which met at Chillicothe in November of the same year.

The first settlement was commenced at Marietta, in 1788, by a company of emigrants from New England. General Putnam, and forty-six other hardy, enterprising individuals from Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, led the way into the western wilderness, and were the first adventurers who commenced a permanent settlement northwest of the Ohio.

The river Ohio gave name to the State; and some historians have indulged in considerable speculation as to the true origin of the word. Its proper derivation is not yet settled, nor is it material whether in fact it means, agreeably to the early French explorers of the Mississippi Valley, "Beautiful River,"—or takes its origin from the "Bloody River," as designated by the Indians.

Whatever may have originated the term Ohio, it must certainly be admitted, that it is now the name of one of the most flourishing states of the Union.

Ohio is bounded north by Michigan and the lake, east and south by Pa. and the Ohio river, and west by Indiana. The state is nearly 222 miles in extent from north to south, and from east to west; containing an area of 200 miles square, independent of the waters of Lake Erie. The climate is warm and salubrious; & the character and manners of the people partake, in no inconsiderable degree, of those of the respective states and countries from which they emigrated.

Brought rapidly together from all parts of the world, it cannot be supposed that they will immediately assimilate in social habit; but time and opportunity are alone required to produce that uniformity of opinion and feeling, so essential to all well regulated communities.

The population of the state has been rapid, almost without example. By the census of 1830, as returned from the several counties it will be seen that Ohio contained 937,679 inhabitants, which number has no doubt been since increased to something more than 1,000,000, The number of legal voters, as taken by the authority of the state in the year 1823, was 124,624. By the enumeration of 1827, the number was 147,745; and a subsequent enumeration, (1830,) the number of electoral votes in '32 was 152,294. This increase of population and public suffrage, must be considered as unparalleled in the history and settlement of this country. In 1800, the teritory northwest of the Ohio contained only 45,000 souls! Of free blacks, under the census of 1830, there were 9,580——slavery being unknown to the constitution of the state, all colors and all complexions of people, breath the free air of Ohio. This fact forms, no doubt, a prominent argument why the settlement of this state has been so much more rapid than the states south of the Ohio river. It held forth inducements to early emigration, and was one of the great leading cau-

ses of the rapid strides of Ohio in the march of wealth and improvement.

The present state of literature in Ohio is encouraging. Our schools and colleges are in a flourishing condition. There are no less than eight colleges in the state, some of which are liberally endowed, and bear the name of universities. Each of these respective seminaries of learning, as well as the several academies and public schools scattered over the state, will be more particularly noticed in the subsequent pages of this work.

The principal towns of the state are, Cincinnati, Columbus and Sandusky (incorporated cities,) Chillicothe, Cleveland, Zanesville, Dayton, Steubenville, Marietta, Portsmouth, Painesville, Lancaster, Springfield, Lebanon, St. Clairsville, Canton, Wooster, Massillon, Newark, Xenia, Hamilton, Warren, Circleville, Mount Vernon, New Lisbon, Norwalk, Wilmington, Piqua, Urbana, Delaware, Marion, Coshocton, Huron and Ashtabula. There are many other towns of nearly equal size and importance with some of the above, which are rapidly increasing in wealth and business. The city of Cincinnati, from its position on the Ohio, its favorable situation and great local advantages, must continue to flourish, as it has done for a long succession of years. It must remain, and perhaps forever, the great emporium and chief commercial city of the west, to which the other towns of Ohio are tributary.

The internal improvements of the state, by means of canals, important public roads, and objects of public enterprise, have been rapidly advancing, under the guidance of an enlightened public policy, within the few past years: and should the improvment and industry that has hitherto marked the conduct of the citizens of this state, continue to animate them in the successful prosecution of the great works now in progress, Ohio will soon exhibit to the world a glowing picture of her great internal resources, and furnish an example fit for the imitation of all her surrounding sisters.

The Ohio canal, 309 miles in length, commencing at the flourishing town of Cleveland, on Lake Erie, and terminating at Portsmouth, on the Ohio, is one of the greatest works of the age, and second only in point of importance, to the grand canal of N. York. This splendid improvment is truly an ornament to the state, and reflects the highest credit on its early projectors, and upon the gentlemen commissioners, through whose great skill and industry, faithfulness and perseverance, it has been caried successfully through to final completion. At the inceptive stages of this great work, many opposing obstacles presented themselves, obstacles that nothing but great foresight, and unshaken firmness and resolution could have surmounted. Ohio should not be easy to forget the services and exertion of those on whom the responsibility of this work was made to rest.

The Miami canal is another important link in the chain of western enterprise. This canal is 66 miles in extent, commencing at Dayton, now among the most popular and flourishing of the inland towns of the state, and terminating at Cincinnati.

This also is a work of magnitude, and of great public utility. It extends through the heart of one of the finest countries in the world. The Miami and Scioto valleys, are supplied with a large body of the richest bottom land in America, and abound with the most fertile soil of any portion of the union, of equal extent.

In addition to these two great public works, there are several lateral canals extending from the main canals to the most prominent commercial and business points in the adjacent country. The latter branch, which terminates at Columbus, is 11 miles in length. The Dresden side cut and the slack water navigation to Zanesville, is 17 miles in extent. The Lancaster lateral canal, and the one leading from the Miami canal to Lebanon, are in a state of forwardness, the former nearly or quite completed.

We have already more than 400 miles of finished canals in the state, and when the Miami canal shall be extended, agreeably to provisions of the act of the legislature for that purpose, and that of the Wabash and Erie line shall be completed, we shall have nearly or quite 550 miles of canal in Ohio—These indelible marks of western industry and enterprise, are flattering to the pride of all who love their country and rejoice in its prosperity.

Our public highways too, are rapidly improving, through the agency of a wise system of internal policy. A laudable public spirit has been infused among the people. Many important turnpikes have been constructed within the few past years, and that great national work, the CUMBERLAND ROAD, as it is familiarly called, extending through the centre, and the heart of the state, from east to west, affords incalculable advantages to the business of the state, and furnishes the finest facilities for travel of any work of its kind in the union.

It is computed that Ohio enjoys, upon our northen borders, about 190 miles of ship and steamboat navigation: and nearly or quite four hundred and thirty-six miles of steamboat navigation on the Ohio.

These great local advantages, united with a soil abounding in every production and luxury of life, must inevitably give Ohio, at no distant day, if not the first, at least the second rank among the states of this union. She already holds a conspicuous place in the confederacy. Altho' in 1830, the fourth in point of population, she is now the third state, not only in numbers, but in wealth and resources; and for her rapid advancement in population and improvment, she is mostly indebted to her admirable form of government, to the spirit of industry that pervades her citizens, and to the mildness and freedom that mark her laws and institutions.

The form of the government of Ohio partakes of the nature of the other members of the republic, varying only in some unnecessary particulars.

The general assembly of the state consists of a Senate and House of Representatives, the former of 36, and the latter of 72, members. The members of the senate are elected once every two years, and those of the house are chosen annually. A senator, to be eligible to a seat in the senate, must be 36 years of age, and the members of the house of representatives of the age of 25.

The first territorial legislature met at Cincinnati, as early as 1799, when there were assembled only five members of the council, and about sixteen or eighteen representatives. The names of these individuals may appear in some portion of the following pages. Judge Burnet, of Cincinnati, was one of the members of the council, and Wm. H. Harrison, the first delegate to Congress ever appointed in the territory. Allusion is here made to these minute particulars, with no other view than to show the rapidity with which the population and improvments of the state have advanced, and to cite the reader to the first grand impulse given to the spirit of emigration and enterprise that has characterized the settlement of the west.

The organization of the territorial courts, as well as other civil institutions of the country, gave a sudden impetus to those changes and improvements which followed the tread of the early adventurer to these western wilds; and the citizen of the world, he whose observations and researches have led him to a general and comprehensive view of our present state of civilization and wealth, must look with no ordinary amazement and wonder on the mighty revolutions effected in this important portion of the American Union.

EDUCATION.

The education, moral and intellectual, of every individual, must be chiefly of his own work.—There is a prevailing and fatal mistake on this subject. It seems to be supposed that if a young man be sent first to a grammar school, and then to college, he must of course become a scholar, and the pupil himself is apt to imagine that he is to be a mere passive recipient of instruction, as he is of the light and atmosphere, which surround him, but this dream of indolence must be dissipated, and you must be awakened to the important truth that if you aspire to excellence, you must become active and by vigorous co-operation with your teachers, work out your own distinction with an ardor that cannot be quenched—perseverance that considers nothing done while any thing remains to be done. Rely upon it that the ancients were right—*Quis que suæ fortunæ jaber*—both in morals and intellect, we give the final shape to our own characters, and thus become emphatically the architects of our fortunes. How else should it happen that young gentlemen, men who have precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such destinies? Difference of talent will not solve it because that difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candidate. You shall see issuing from the walls of the same school—nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family—two young men, of whom one shall be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other scarcely above the point of mediocrity; yet, you shall see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness; while on the other hand, you shall observe the mediocre plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting at length, to eminence and distinction—an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country. Now whose work is this? Manifestly their own. They are the architects of their fortunes. The best seminary of learning that can open its portals to you, can do no more than to afford you the opportunity of instruction, but it must depend at least, on yourselves, whether you will be instructed, or to what

point you will push your instruction. And of this be assured, I speak from observation, certain truth, there is no excellence without great labor. It is the fiat of Fate from which no power of Genius can absolve Youth.—Genius unexerted is like the poor moth that flutters around the candle, till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind which like the condor of South America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo, above the clouds, and sustains itself at pleasure, in that imperial region, with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort;it is this capacity for high and long continued exertion—this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation—this careering and wide sweeping comprehension of mind—and those long reaches of thought, that

Pluck bright honor from the pale faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And drag up drowned honor by the locks.

This is the prowess and these the hardy achievements which are to enrol your names among the great men of the earth.

From the Philadelphia Sporting Companion.

A POLICE SKETCH.

"It is most astonishing," said Richard Mervyn, as he relinquished the attempt to rise from the gutter at the corner of Sixth and Prune-streets—"it is really astonishing how soon this dreadful climate of America brings on old age. I shall never survive to get home and write a book about the place—never. Here am I, six feet two, without my stockings, sprawling in a dirty republican gutter, without being able to help myself out of it. There's that lamp winking and blinking in my face, as if it wants to laugh, and would if it had a mouth; and a big brute of a dog just now nosed me to see whether I was good to eat. What a country! what gutters! and what liquor! I only took nine smallers of whiskey, and what with that and the premature old age, I verily believe I'm assassinated—I'm a gone chicken!"

Mr. Mervyn now clamored so loudly that assistance soon came.

"Silence there! What's the matter?"

"Matter yourself—I'm being done, or as some people say, I'm doing. The march of mind has tripped, and Richard Mervyn is too deep for himself. Help me out—gently—there. Aint I in a pretty pickle? This is what the doctors call *gutta serena*, isn't it?"

"When I was at school, the boys would have called you a gutteral."

"They wouldn't have known much grammar, if they did. I'm a liquid—see me drip."

"Oh! ho!" said the watch don't try to be funny; I know you well enough, now you've wiped your face. You're the chap that locked me up in my box once, and when I burst open the door you knocked me heels over head, and legged it."

"That's me. I did that thing. How did you like the ups and downs of public life? Isn't variety charming?"

"If it wasn't that I'm a public functionary, and musn't give way to my feelings, I'd crack your cocoa, and ease my mind by doing as I was done by. I'll make an example of you, however. You're my prisoner.—*Hally cooshay* to the watch'us. That's the Dutch for being tuck'd up."

"Well, give us your arm. Don't be afraid of the mud. Gutter mud is very wholesome. Look at the pigs, how fat it makes e'm; and if you like fat pork, why shouldn't you like what makes pork fat?—So—so—steady. Now, I'll tell you all about t'other night. I was passing your box in a friendly promiscuous sort of a way, I thought you were asleep, or had run down, and I turned the key to wind you up. If a watch aint wound up, it can't either keep good time, or even go."

"Well what else?"

"Why, then I watched the box, and when you came out, I boxed the watch.—That's all. It grew out of my obliging disposition."

"Ha! very obliging. Now it's my turn to wind you up, and in the same way, I'll take you before the watchmaker, to be cleaned and regulated. You go too fast, but he'll put a spoke in your wheel; he'll set you by the State House, and make you keep good time."

"Why, watch, you're a wag. Why don't you say that I was a horizontal, and that you lifted me up like a patent lever! You're wide awake now; but that night you wer'n't up to trap, or you would have caught me. I caught a weasel asleep that time—I put fresh salt on you for once."

To add one more to his vagaries, Mervyn now refused to walk a step further; and sitting down on a step, loudly avowed his resolution, declaring his name was not Walker.

"Whether you're name is Walker or not, you must go."

"Not without a go-cart—you can't force me to go—I'm a legal tender, and you must take me. Hav'n't I got an office, or at least, aint I in a public situation, here on the steps, Mr. Charley Rattletraps?—If I must go, it shall be on the Yankee principle of rotation—bring a wheel-barrow. Reform me out regularly."

Persuasion being useless, the officer procured assistance and a wheel-barrow, in which Mervyn was placed. Away they went.

"So we go," said Mervyn. "Charley's making a barrow-knight of me. Gently over the stones. I don't like bumpers, except when I get them of porter. This is the way to Wheeling—hurra? cart before the horse!"

When arrived at the watch-house, Mervyn insisted upon being wheeled up stairs, and styled the place a *barrow*-nial castle.

"I'm a modest man," said he, "and no stairer. If I can't have a ride up, I think myself entitled to a draw back"—

So saying, he attempted to escape, but not being so nimble with his feet as with his tongue, he was soon caught, and lugged back, being, as he said, like Goldsmith's work, beautifully chased. Willing hands make short work, and in consequence, the unsavory punster was soon carried up aloft, and next morning, sober and penitent, paid his tipsy fine and his carriage-hire with a doleful countenance.

Spitting and Grumbling.—Mrs. Trollope, the English tourist, says, "An American spits from his cradle to his grave—at the board of his friend—at the feet of his mistress—at the drawing room of his president—and at the altar of his God—He salivates for three score years and ten—and when the glands of his palate can secrete no longer, he spits forth his spirit, and is gathered to his fathers to spit no more."—An English tourist's habits of grumbling may be written down in a similar style. He grumbles his way to our shores—grumbles a two month's journey through the country—grumbles at our institutions—and, (if he does not grumble himself into our state prison for picking pockets) then grumbles his way across the Atlantic to write a grumbling book for his grumbling readers. In fact, he grumbles from his cradle to his grave—at the foot of his king—in the kitchen of his wife—and at the altar of his God. He grumbles for three score years and ten—and when his tongue, from old age, can grumble no longer, he grumbles out his spirit, and is gathered to his fathers to grumble no more.—*Dr. Green.*

Original.

THE POET'S LOVE.

"She is yet present to my imagination—smiling and lovely as ever. It seems but yesterday, when I folded her in my arms; and asked no more of the world. But, alas, the Fates separated us!"

Confessions of a Poet.

IRENE'S smile—IRENE'S smile,
The love it told of, and the wile
Of those cerulean-blue eyes—
O, how the thought comes o'er my soul!
Belike the glimpses Adam stole
Of his forsaken Paradise,
When all its joys were gone forever!—
Those hours are passed—O, never, never,
Did speed the hours so fast away—
A month—a year, was but a day;
For Love is an Elysium,
Where changes ne'er are seen to come,
Whose Sun of Happiness in zenith
Knows not what declention meaneth;
But vertical in central noon,
He casts no shadow from the dial,
To warn the lover;—soon, too soon,
Whole days and months, as father Time
Tells by the clock's unheeded chime—
O cruel haste—are past by all!

They're gone—and I have sought for fame,
Which young Ambition eager sips,
To cool the fever of my soul;
And sought with some success. The bowl
Of nectared praise has to my lips
Been pressed with a convulsive hand;—
'Twas sweet—'twas cordial, but too bland,
An opiate potion far too tame
To lull the achings of my heart!
Why should *I* heed the world's applause?—
I'm thinking of what *once* I was,
And thou, I never wert—
Fond lover—loving and beloved!
I recollect the whole; 'tis grooved
The deepest in my tortured brain,
Where *thought*, like rain-drops, night and day,
Has worn its dark and lonely way!
Must memory drive me on to madness?—
I have been happy!—With what gladness,
I'd tear the laurel from my brow,
And part with all my honours now,
To be one hour as I was then!

BLUM.

Dryden, N. Y.

If we had no faults ourselves, we should not take pleasure in observing those of others.

LOUIS PHILIP, KING OF THE FRENCH.

Seldom indeed has fortune excercised her dispensations more copiously than in directing the existence of Louis Philip, the present King of the French, through its various phases. A prince, a conqueror, a refugee, a martyr, an exile:—a lieutenant general to-day—a king to-morrow! His triumph, now a trophy to the country—and now, his exile an exultation: his name, now an abomination; and now, his assumption of royalty the very safety of "*le grand nation.*"—Once the most remote aspirant to the throne of his ancestors; now, enjoying what was sacrificed by the imbecility of Capet, and the ambition of Napoleon; now content with the simple security of a republican asylum, and now dispensing the fortunes of a monarchy.

Louis Philip, the eldest son of the unfortunate Egalite, by Marie Adelaide de Bourdon Panthievre, was born in Paris on the 6th of October, 1773; so that he is now in the sixty-second year of his age. Louis Philip first bore the title of Duke of Valois, but on his father's accession to the title of Duke of Orleans, he became the Duke of Chartres; and in the enjoyment of this title all his subsequent sufferings commenced and progressed. In the year 1778, he was placed under the tutorship of De Bonnard, where he remained until the year 1782, when his tuition was confined to the *surveillance* of the celebrated Madame de Genlis; under whom he obtained no inconsiderable portion of that philosophy which distinguished his subsequent career. When he had attained his 18th year, a decree was issued by the constituent assembly, requiring all proprietary officers to surrender their military profession, or immediately and effectively to join their respective regiments. He, true to the glory of his country, and possessing the abstract ambition to serve her reputation and her interest, placed himself at the head of the 14th regiment of dragoons, which he joined at Vendome, where it was stationed. Here his humanity and courage in saving a nonjuring clergyman from the violence of the populace, and an engineer from drowning, obtained for him from the city the offer of a civic crown, and the entire respect of the inhabitants.—In the month of August, 1791, he went with his regiment into Valenciennes, where he wintered and performed the duties of the oldest colonel of the garrison. In the year 1792, when he had attained only his 19th year, he received from the celebrated Kellerman, who had been just reinforced from the army of the Rhine, the honor of the command of twelve battalions of infantry, and six squadrons of cavalry, at whose head he fought in the battle of Valmy, plucking laurels from the brows of veterans, and astonishing the experience of age with the daring chivalry of youth; and rendering his bravery not more remarkable for the perseverance with which it was exercised, than the judgment with which it was directed. He shortly after accepted the offer of a command in the army of Dumourier, who was about to proceed to Flanders to undertake the invasion of Belgium: little, at that time, was his present connexion with that nation anticipated; a connexion which, notwithstanding the amicable relation of other interests, is pregnant with most important consequences. On the 6th of November, he distinguished himself at the Battle of Jemappes, and contributed to the triumph of the French that day, under Dumourier. When the decree of banishment was passed by the Convention against the members of the Bourbon family, Louis Philip was at Tournay; and became desirous that his father and family should emigrate with him to the United States; but before he could complete the necessary preparatory arrangements the decree was revoked. In February, 1793, he was recalled to the army, and served at the siege of Maestrich under Miranda; when too openly manifesting his hostility to the revolutionary excesses in France, he soon saw that a decree had been hurled against himself, and immediately resolved on quitting both the army and country. He accordingly went to Mons, where he obtained passports for Switzerland, whither he went in the year 1793; and there, passed as a fugitive, through the countries, which, a short time since, he passed over as a conqueror: and here he first became acquainted with his family's arrest. In September he arrived at Basle, and finding no place safe for him, he was advised, by the refugee General Montesquin, who lived in Switzerland, under the name of Chevalier Rionel, to wander in the mountains, but not to tarry for any considerable time in one place; until the progress of time should tame the aspect of political severity. This advice he adopted, and travelled into the interior of Switzerland and the Alps; and under those circumstances exhibited a philosophic courage in contending against misfortune and poverty, which would have been worthy of the most stern of the stoics. In a short time he was recalled to Brengarten by Montesquin, who provided him with a professorship in the college of Richenan, for which he was examined and appointed under a fictitious name. In this college Louis Philip, the King of the French taught for eight months, his name and rank equally unknown; and here he first became acquainted with the fate of his unfortunate father. Some political changes having taken place in the Grisons, Montesquin deemed it too hazardous longer to give the ducal pedagogue an asylum; and consequently invited the Duke to his dwelling, who left the college with the regret of the professors and pupils, and repaired to Brengarten, where, under the name of Corby, he remained, until the decline of 1794, when his retreat being no longer a secret, he again resolved on quitting Europe for America; and went to Hamburg, as the most convenient place for embarkation; but not having sufficient means to sustain his intentions, he procured a small letter of credit on a banker at Copenhagen, with the intention of visiting the north of Europe. This banker succeeded in getting him passports from the King of Denmark, as a Swiss traveller; and Louis Philip forthwith travelled through Norway and Sweden; journeyed on foot with the Laplanders, passed along the mountains to the gulf of Tys, and reached the north cape on the 24th of August 1795, where he remained for a few days situated at 18 degress from the Pole: he then repassed through Finland to Torneo, and thence to Abo and Stockholm. In the month of August 1796, he received a most admonitory letter from his mother, the Duchess of Orleans, requesting him to leave Europe and take up his residence in America; he accordingly sailed from the Elbe in September, 1796, and arrived in Philadelphia in the October following.

In the course of the year 1797, he was joined by his brothers, the Duke of Montpensier and the Count de Beaujolais, and, accompained by them, set out for Baltimore; he passed from thence into Virginia, where according to an invitation given before the expiration of his presidency, they had the honour of meeting General Washington at his Mount Vernon residence.—Here the Father of his country and his amiable consort treated the princely wanderers with their characteristic kindness & hospitality;

and they after a short stay, proceeded southward; they thence returned northward, and visited the Falls of Niagara, and in July, 1797, returned to Philadelphia, during a fearful prevalence of the yellow fever. It was their desire, but not their ability, to leave this city. They, who had been born princes and educated to their birth, had not the trifling means of removing from their pestilential residence, and they must have severely felt the mutability of fortune's favors.—In the following month they received from their mother a remittance which enabled them to proceed to New York, from which place they went to Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine. On their return to Boston, they received the mortifying intelligence of their mother's banishment, and immediately returned to Philadelphia, with the intention of joining her in Spain, the place of her exile. In the month of December, 1797, they left Philadelphia; and travelling down the Ohio and Mississippi, reached New Orleans, where they sojourned for five months, at which time, tired of the expectation of a Spanish ship, they went on board of an English frigate. The Duke now dicovered himself to the captain, and he and his brothers were landed at Havana on the 11th day of March, 1798.

The hopes which their reception at Havana inspired, were disappointed by the Court of Madrid, by which they were forced to leave Cuba; and an order was received by the Captain General of Havana to send the three brothers to New Orleans, without providing them with any means of support. They, however, refused to go, but went to the English Bahamas, where they were received by the Duke of Kent in the kindest manner. They sailed thence for New York, whence they sailed for Falmouth, and arrived in London in February, 1800.—In the month of November, 1809, he was marrived at Palermo, to the Princess Amelia, daughter of the King of Sicily. On the fall of Napoleon, he repaired to Paris, where he remained until the return of Napoleon from Elba, when he sent his family to England, and joined them there in March, 1815. After the final overthrow of the Emperor, and the restoration of Louis XVIII, the Duke returned to France, and took his seat in the Chamber of Peers, where he distinguished himself by the liberality of his sentiments, and the purity of his principles. In the year 1824 he received the tittle of *Royal Highness*, and in 1830, after the events of the revolutionizing, *trouis jouis*, he was invited to assume the excutive power, under the title of Lieutenant General of the kingdom; this invitation he accepted, and immediately issued a proclamation in that capacity.

On the 3d of August he opened the Chambers, and announced the abdication of the throne by Charles X. and his son. On the 6th and 7th of that month he was invited by the Chamber of Deputies to fill the throne which they had just declared vacant, and under certain conditions, which he accepted, he assumed the title of King of the French. On the 9th he took the oath to the new charter as Louis Philip I., and in a short time the new dynasty received the acknowledgment of all the foreign powers. Whether the French nation gained by the accession of this new dynasty, comes not within the proposed limits of this article; but the affirmative is very generally questioned. The object of this memoir was to exhibit the mutability of fortune, to which all hold an equal inheritance; and with a perfect confidence in the truth of the introductory sentence, we in conclusion repeat that "seldom, indeed, has fortune exercised her dispensations more capriciously than in directing the existence of Louis Philip, the present king of the French, through its various phases; to-day the protege of an individual, and to-morrow the crowned choice of a nation. *Sat. Courier.*

For the Gem.

ADVERSITY.

Who is there that has not felt the cold and unwelcome hand of Adversity darken the path of his career as he first entered upon the stage of action? Alas, there are but few! In every age and land it is invariably the case that mankind, from the corrupt nature of their hearts, meet with many disappointments, which in the day of prosperity, they least expected. The rich and affluent, as well as the poverty-stricken man, alike feels the sting of Adversity.

There is in our land many cases of IMAGINARY as well as REAL subjects of Adversity.—But there is no foe so terrible to our nature and which clothes the unwelcome shaft of Adversity with so much venom to prey upon our vitals, even in the day of prosperity, as that of Death! Behold the pratling infant, nursed in the lap of parental love!—Before he can scarcely lisp a syllable, he is torn from the bosom of his affectionate mother by the cruel hand of Death!—And the father, from the keen pangs of Adversity, occasioned by the irreparable loss of her child, soon follows his wife to the tomb!

Now, reader, you can behold an ORPHAN BOY, not yet in his teens, a victim of REAL Adversity! He is thrown upon the cold charities of the world, without friends or home—he has no kind parent to take him by the hand and point out to him the path of duty and say, "walk ye in it."

As he becomes more advanced in life, he finds, in bitter sorrow, that he is destitute of those fine and noble feelings which others have—he is robbed of those parental ties that bind families and social circles together. Yes, he has lost every thing of an earthly consideration, if he has not had the guidance of a faithful mother bestowed upon him in his days of youth!

Young reader, are you crowned with the richest blessings—of Heaven's temporal gift—good parental government—consider then, how far superior your situation is to the one like, or similar to that above described, and profit thereby. Do not complain at every trifle that may cross your path, or find fault because of a bed of sickness, if it can be smoothed with a Parent's care, for even in that condition, you are a stranger to REAL Adversity.

W. D. A.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

GEN. LAFAYETTE.

The name of this illustrious and distinguished individual will long hold a conspicuous place in the annals of this nation. His name, when that of some of the most potent monarchs of the east shall have long been forgotten and their actions sunk far in the gulf of oblivion, will still be remembered and cherished by the American. How insignificant does the deeds of those far-famed warriors, Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon appear in comparison with those of the immortal Washington and Lafayette! The blood of thousands and tens of thousands have marked their career—While they lived, the fertile plains of Europe were drenched in the blood of her slaughtered sons—They were rendered famous from the carnage and misery they occasioned.—But on the other hand, the names of Washington and Lafayette will be handed down to posterity, not by colossal statues, erected upon the pedestals of human bones, but by the pen of the impartial historian, describing their respective merits. Lafayette, when a youth, with wealth, honor and distinction before his eyes; living in all the splendor of the European nobility, and surrounded by all the allurements of the French court, was willing and did leave his native land, at the risk of the Royal favor and even of his life, to embark in a doubtful struggle then waged between these United States and her mother country; regardless of every thing generally sought for by young persons of his age and station, he enlisted under our banner and bravely wielded the sword in defence of our rights. The bravery and skilfulness he displayed in resisting the British Lion, soon attracted the attention of Washington, our good old father; moving by whose side during all the perils of the Revolution, our young chieftain was a contributor to the Veteran's glory, the guardian of his person, and the co-partner of his toils. When the contest for Freedom, to which he had repaired as a voluntary champion, had closed by the complete triumph of her cause in this country, he returned to fulfill the duties of the philanthropist and patriot in the land of his nativity. There in a consistent and undeviating career of forty-seven years, he maintained, through every vicissitude of alternate success and disappointment, the same good and glorious cause to which the first years of his active life had been devoted—the improvement of the moral and political condition of man.

O. P. Q.

Lockport.

Original.

TO TELEMACHUS.

TELEMACHUS, if still you live,
I hope a stranger you'll forgive,
Who now attempts, for the first time,
A Letter to compose in rhyme.
I tremble, lest I should offend
One whom I wish to call my friend;
For I indeed am well aware,
How sensitive, most poets are:
But if I do not now intrude—
If I by you am not tho't rude,
Then tell me, sir, do tell me why
Your pen of late you have thrown by?
Why you do not, as heretofore,
The muses' sacred haunts explore?
Once "fair Creation," was your theme;
Once did you give us "Adam's Dream;"
The "Album," could you then explain,
And witty verses write "to Jane:"
But what avails what you did then,
Since you no longer use your pen?
Some think you still write for the GEM,
And only have exchanged your name.
Some say you to the East have fled;
Others, again, think you are dead.
But none are right, not these, nor those;
Perhaps not I, though I suppose,
"Down East," nor here, you do not write,
For should your verse but meet my sight,
I'm sure I'd know it, tho' the name,
Or signature, be not the same:
Nor are you dead, for I, last week,
Yourself did see and heard you speak.
Then, sir, since you have no excuse,
To keep conceal'd what is the use?
O, sir, arise! no longer rest—
Improve the gift within your breast;
Tell us, again, if you're inclined,
The charms that you in Nature find;
If now the service of your hand,
The "ponderous Leger" does demand;
If still religion does inspire
Your genius with seraphic fire.
But I must close: so now, adieu—
I hope, ere long, to hear from you.

MENTOR.

Wheatland, March, 1835.

MISCELLANY.

From the Evening Star.

JANE ELMORE SANDS.—It is stated on the authority of the Mirror, that the mysterious death of this unfortunate girl some 40 years since, and which produced such a thrilling sensation at the time in our city, is about to be converted into the subject of a novel by Mr. Fay. We well recollect in our childhood what an excitement this sad event caused, and the indelible impression it left on our memory—served up to us as it was among the nursery tales of horror with which our housekeeper fed our marvel-loving imagination, as we sat around the hearth and fancied that we saw in the glowing embers every hobgoblin and sprite that magic or necromancy has conjured into existence. Time has partially obliterated the imagery of this dreadful picture, but the graphic outlines, though dimmed, seem by the lapse of years to have become magnified in their grim and fearful profile. We remember well how eloquently our old nurse, (for she was truly eloquent and of deep reading for one of her station,) depicted to us the scene when Elmore left her aunt's home,—the sleigh and the snow, and the bright moonlight—the dark ferocious features of her supposed murderer—the beautiful lineaments of the girl's face—her innocence, her amiable virtues, her fond devotion to the wretch of whose cruelty she was the victim—the consternation—the dreadful horror which her absence occasioned—her bonnet, her veil, and the deep well where her lifeless, mangled corpse was found. To this day we remember the fatal well in an open field, on the outskirts of the city, as if we had seen it yesterday. It is now some populous part of the town—but we can vividly recal the frequent visits which our boyish curiosity led us to make to it, and how we stood there on its circular wall, and gazed tremblingly down upon its black turbid waters. It was at this spot that was nightly seen after her death, as the story goes, the apparition of her ghost, with dishevelled locks and in a white shroud, all besmeared with blood—lingering around the curbstone and on her knees, imploring in piteous cries the mercy of her savage murderer. But few there were who did not believe in the truth of this widely extended superstition, and but few there are who were born at that time, who have not heard recounted to them this melancholy fate of the untimely death of poor Elmore Sands—as one of the most romantic and touching narratives that enter into the local history of our city, and which is more intimately blended than any other with our earliest recollections. No theme could have been chosen by Mr. Fay more prolific in incidents of a tragic and heart-rending character, and if he does it justice, as we believe he will, he may congratulate himself that others who have preceded him, have left untouched or neglected to avail themselves of a subject of such intense interest, and one so susceptible of dramatic delineation.

The late Mrs. Jane W——was equally remarkable for kindness of heart and absence of mind. One day, she was accosted by a beggar, whose stout and healthy appearance startled even her into a momentary doubt of the needfulness of charity in this instance. 'Why,' exclaimed the good old lady, 'you look well able to work. 'Yes,' replied the supplicant; 'but I have been deaf and dumb these seven years.' 'Poor man, what a heavy affliction!' exclaimed Mrs. W——,at the same time giving him relief with a liberal hand. On her return home she mentioned the fact, remarking, 'What a dreadful thing it was to be so deprived of such precious faculties!' 'But how,' asked her sister, 'did you know that the poor man had been deaf and dumb for seven years?' 'Why,' was the quiet and unconscious answer, 'he told me so!'

In a dispute between two officers on board a vessel, whose crew were English and Irish sailors, one of them contended that the English could not answer a common question with half the adroitness that was natural to the Irish. A bet being proposed it was agreed to try the point immediately, and an English seaman was asked what he would take to go aloft blindfolded in a hard gale. 'I would take a months' pay,' said the fellow.—'And what would you take, Pat,'said one of the officers to an Irishman. 'By St. Patrick,' said he, 'I would take nothing but fast hold.'

PERVERSION OF TALENT.—Why are often the most highly cultivated minds polluted by errors and vices which overshadow and corrupt all their acquirements and knowledge? For the same reason it may be answered, that the best natural soils are frequently injured by imprudent cultivation and the introduction of spurious seed—for the same reason that the most fruitful tree is sometimes blighted, and avoided by its unhappy situation and exposure; and for the same reason that the sunshine of heaven sends up incense of fragrance from a stagnant and putrified lake.

Most men, like plants, have secret propensities, which chance discovers.

FIRE AT SCHENECTADY.—On Tuesday morning the 3d inst. a fire broke out on State-st. and about one acre of that city is now a heap of ruins. The devastating element spread eastward to the canal, sweeping every thing that was wood and brick. Four stores, one soap factory, one store house, four barns, one woodhouse, and one blacksmith shop belonging to Isaac Howes, were all entirely comsumed: whose loss will be, as we are informed, from 8 to $10,000, no insurance. Quite a number of other buildings were destroyed, besides two or three boats that lay in the canal, making a loss of nearly $30,000, a very little of which was covered by insurance. HERALD.

WAR AND LOVE.

War and Love have various cares;
War sheds blood, and Love sheds tears;
War has swords, and Love has darts,
War breaks heads, and Love breaks hearts.

War makes foes, Love makes friends;
War's soon o'er, Love never ends;
War makes wrath, Love makes strife,
War takes wealth, and Love takes life.

War moves bold, Love moves sly;
War makes us rave, Love makes us sigh;
War's rul'd by the men, Love by the fair;
War needs many soldiers, Love needs but a pair.

THE GEM AND AMULET.

☞This number of our paper completes the first quarter of the 7th volume, and we are pleased to say that the prospect of its receiving a liberal patronage, for the SEVENTH YEAR, appears fair. There has been added to our list, a goodly number of new subscribers during this quarter, and we are not unmindful of the exertions which our friends and agents have made to give the GEM an extensive circulation. Many of them have sent us ONE, TWO and THREE, new subscribers, accompanied with the NEEDFUL—and several have forwarded classes of FIVE, with a V enclosed. For such favors we have felt, and ever shall feel grateful. Our friend at West Erie, Michigan, will please accept our particular thanks for an X, on one of our state Monsters, which came safely to our hands. He has set a good example (as did another in Indiana) for others to do the same for us.

Some few persons have had the numbers, this quarter, sent to them bythe order of their friends, without the pay in advance. Such will please to notice the terms of publication. None can have the advantage of the reduction in price, who do not comply with the terms.

HAPPINESS.—If we were careful in observing mankind—if we were to look into the thoughts and actions, and study the causes which impelled them on in the pursuit of virtue, or career of vice, we should find them originating in a desire for happiness. What, exclaims one, has a desire for happiness ever produced devastation and carnage? Is it this that has made the heavens dark with the smoke of ruins and caused the earth to blush with human blood? The answer is, yes. Go to the tombs of sleeping warriors—ask the cause that hurried on an Alexander, a Cæsar and a Bonaparte to carnage and bloodshed, and the answer comes—"It was a desire for happiness." It is a desire for happiness that invigorates the sage in his studies, and strengthens the warrior in the field of battle. They suppose, perhaps, that here a name will be secured that will render them happy—Alas, how vain the thought! Yon peasant in his lonely cottage, is far more happy, and the modest robe of virtue is much more happifying than the glittering mantle of monarchy.

MEDICAL PRIZE QUESTION.—The Medical Society of the state of New-York, offer a premium of $50 for the best dissertation on "The influence of trades, professions, and occupations in the United States, in the production of diseases," to be sent in by the 1st of Dec. next.

To CORRESPONDENTS.

"Scraps and Sketches—by E. W. H. E." came too late for this number, but in our next, we will give them with pleasure.

Should like to hear again from "Townsend."

"Clio's" productions are inquired for, by our readers.

"J. H. B."—"Lorenzo"—"Lysander"—and "Cornelius,"—are on file.

☞Subscriptions will be received at this office, for the Philadelphia "Saturday Courier"—Price $2,00 in advance.

MARRIED.—In Riga, on the 12th inst. by Rev. Mr. Childs, Mr. Aretus Adams, to Miss Sarah Sheldon, both of Riga.

PARNASSIAN FLOWERS.

Original.

THE REMNANT CHIEF.

The Sun reclining low, but gave
Its golden tinge to the blue wave ;—
The haughty Chief, though now forlorn,
Who to direct, was seemly born,
Reclined him 'neath the tall oak's shade,
And thus his sad lament he made :

Why must our race forever be
The sport of sad adversity?
Why must our tribes, by slow decay,
Be doomed, alas, to waste away,
And the pale face possess the land
Rent from our race with ruthless hand ?
Has the great-spirit quite forgot
That we his children are ? Our lot
Was happy once, ere white men came
To clear our fields and kill our game ;
But since they first came o'er the flood,
To share our soil, our noble blood
Has seemed, by slow degrees, to be
Reduced from its first purity ;
And famine, war, and pestilence,
Have all combined to drive us hence :
For when our foes would westward come,
We must remove from our dear home—
Must leave the land our fathers gave,
Where sleeps the chieftain-warrior brave.

The far east land that gave me birth,
Still seems the holiest spot of earth ;
There first the bow I learned to bend—
O'er hill and plain I oft would wend
My cheerful way, nor care, nor pain,
O'er my young heart could hold its reign ;
And when our dauntless warriors rose,
And marched in might against our foes,
My soul would pant for warrior's fame—
I longed to rear a deathless name :
My fondest hopes were met for me ;
They chose their chief, and victory
On victory, our arms achieved,
Till we the homage due received.

Those days like dreams to me appear,
While lonely I must linger here.
My warriors, where are they ? Ah fled,
To rest them with the happy dead.
My friends are gone, alone am I
Doomed here to wander till I die :
Had I but son or daughter here
My lonely hours to bless and cheer,
My life would less a burden prove ;
Alas, I none can know or love,
But, like a lone tree, bared and cere,
I mourn the fate that placed me here.
And when the white men thus shall see
Each of our tribes reduced like me,
To single remnant—then will they
Rejoice, that we must soon decay.
Our rights—our wants—are all forgot ;
Our sighs—ours tears—can move them not.

CORNELIUS.

Original.

ADDRESS TO SENECA LAKE.

Written at Geneva, N. Y. Oct. 1834.

I.

Hail lovely waters ! to thy pebbly strand,
In pensive, melancholy mood I stray,
And plant my footsteps in the silvery sand,
Spread as a barrier to resist thy sway :
On thy fair breast the glittering moonbeams play
Like fairy beings in a field of light ;
While o'er thy waters, spreading far away,
Sweet fields and hamlets greet my ravished sight,
Tinged with mild sadness by the shades of night.

II.

The busy hum of industry has ceased—
The light has faded from the social hearth ;
The mother's watchful eye from care releas'd,
And stilled the footsteps in the halls of mirth.
No light beams forth upon the darksome earth,
From yonder Halls,* where science holds her throne,
And high-wrought visions of celestial birth,
For former hours of studious care atone :—
All nature is at rest, save thou and me alone.

III.

Thou knowest no rest ! On—on thy waters roll,
And rudely dash their surges on the shore ;
Nor shall, proud Lake, thy requiem ever toll,
Till nature and its changes all are o'er.
Though we who view thee now shall view no more,
Locked in the chambers of our dreamless rest ;
And other eyes thy fairy bays explore,
And other forms be mirrored in thy breast,
No change shall ever *thee* of loveliness divest.

IV.

All else is changing:—lately clothed in green,
Yon forest's shadows on thy bosom slept ;
Faded and desolate is now the scene,
For Autumn's gorgeous hues have o'er them crept.
Yea ! even yon oaks, where nature long hath kept
Her sylvan reign, while ages rolled away,
Must soon in all their mighty power be swept
From thy fair shores, to reckless time a prey;
While thou shall still roll on, nor feel the fingers of decay.

V.

All else is changing !—Man, proud haughty man,
Frail as the bubble floating on thy wave,
Upborne on life's cold stream his little span,
Soon sinks to slumber in the silent grave,
Nor all that honour, all that wealth e'er gave,
Can ever save him from the general doom :
Proudly awhile he may life's tempests brave,
But from the cradle to the silent tomb,
His way is short, and sure those changes are to come.

VI.

All else is changing !—Fortune, Fame, and Power,
Youth's halcyon smile, and fair Health' ruddy glow ;
What are they but the pageants of an hour?
How short are oft the blessings they bestow ?
Disease may lay each worldly prospect low,
And stricken hopes their nameles pangs impart.
Friendship may fail, and sorrow's cold tide flow,
In all her depth of anguish o'er the heart :
O, why are not man's joys as changeless as *thou* art !

VII.

Fair Seneca, adieu ! I must away,
To seek again my couch of sleepless rest ;
For I must still, with each returning day,
Join in life's jarring scenes. At best,
Unwelcome scenes, where life has lost its zest,
And every pulse with pleasure ceased to swell ;
Yet not discarded wholly from my breast,
For sacred duties those pursuits impell,
And I must go to rest me for the toil :—
Farewell !

Greece, Feb. 1835. H.

* Geneva College.

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THE ROCHESTER GEM,

AND LADIES' AMULET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE ARTS. EDITED BY J. DENIO AND E. D. KENNICOTT.

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From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

A SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

'The facts not otherwise than here set down.'

WIFE OF MANTUA.

Amidst the exaggerations of modern literature, and the fictions of that exuberant fancy, which in these latter days is tasked to gratify a public taste somewhat vitiated, it is useful to present occasional views of actual existence. Such are contained in the following sketch, which is studiously simple in its language, and every event of which is strictly true. We have this assurance from a source entitled to implicit credit.

EDITORS KNICKERBOCKER.

THERE is a vast amount of suffering in the world that escapes general observation. In the lanes and alleys of our populous cities, in the garrets and cellars of dilapidated buildings, there are pregnant cases of misery, degradation, and crime, of which those who live in comfortable houses, and pursue the ordinary duties of life, have neither knowledge nor conception. By mere chance, occasionally, a solitary instance of depravity and awful death is exposed, but the startling details which are placed before the community, are regarded as gross exaggerations. It is difficult for those who are unacquainted with human nature in its darkest aspects, to conceive the immeasurable depth to which crime may sink a human being,—and the task of attempting to delineate a faithful picture of such depravity, though it might interest the philosopher, would be revolting to the general reader. There are, however, cases of folly and error, which should be promulgated as warnings, and the incidents of the annexed sketch are of this character. Mysterious are the ways of Providence in punishing the transgressions of men,—and indisputable is the truth, that Death is the wages of Sin.

Twenty years ago, no family in the fashionable circles of Philadelphia was more distinguished than that of Mr. L******: no lady was more admired and esteemed than his lovely and accomplished wife. They had married in early life, with the sanction of relations and friends, and under a conviction that each was obtaining a treasure above all price, They loved devotedly and with enthusiasm, and their bridal day was a day of pure and unadulterated happiness to themselves, and of pleasure to those who were present to offer their congratulations on the joyous event. The happy pair were the delight of a large circle of acquaintances. In her own parlor, or in the drawing-rooms of her friends, the lady was ever the admiration of those who crowded around her, to listen to the rich melody of her voice, or to enjoy the flashes of wit and intelligence which characterized her conversation.

Without the egotism and vanity which sometimes distinguish those to whom society pays adulation, and too prudent and careful in her conduct to excite any feeling of jealousy in the breast of her confiding husband, Mrs. L——'s deportment was in all respects becoming a woman of mind, taste and polished education. Her chosen companion noticed her career with no feelings of distrust, but with pride and satisfacton. He was happy in the enjoyment of her undivided love and affection, and happy in witnessing the evidences of esteem which her worth and accomplishments elicited. Peace and prosperity smiled on his domestic circle, and his offspring grew up in loveliness, to add new pleasures to his career.

The youngest of his children was a daughter, named Letitia, after her mother, whom, in many respects, she promised to resemble. She had the same laughing blue eyes, the same innocent and pure expression of countenance, and the same general outline of feature. At an early age her sprightliness, acute observation, and aptitude in acquiring information, furnished sure evidences of intelligence, and extraordinary pains were taken to rear her in such a manner as to develope, advantageously, her natural powers. The care of her education devolved principally upon her mother, and the task was assumed with a full consciousness of its responsibility.

With the virtuous mother, whose mind is unshackled by the absurdities of extreme fashionable life, there are no duties so weighty, and at the same time so pleasing, as those connected with the education of an only daughter. The weight of responsibility involves not only the formation of an amiable disposition and correct principles, but in a great measure, the degree of happiness which the child may subsequently enjoy. Errors of education are the fruitful source of misery, and to guard against these is a task which requires judgment, and unremitting diligence. But for this labor does not the mother receive a rich reward? Who may tell the gladness of her heart, when the infant cherub first articulates her name? Who can describe the delightful emotions elicited by the early developement of her genius—the expansion of the intellect when it first receives, and treasures with eagerness, the seeds of knowledge? These are joys known only to mothers, and they are joys which fill the soul with rapture.

Letitia was eight years old, when a person of genteel address and fashionable appearance, named Duval, was introduced to her mother by her father, with whom he had been intimate when a youth, and between whom a strong friendship had existed from that period. Duval had recently returned from Europe, where he had resided a number of years. He was charmed with the family, and soon became a constant visitor. Having the entire confidence of his old friend and companion, all formality in reference to intercourse was laid aside, and he was heartily welcomed at all hours, and under all circumstances. He formed one in all parties of pleasure, and in the absence of his friend, accompanied his lady on her visits of amusement and pleasure—a privilege which he sedulously improved whenever opportunity offered.

Duval, notwithstanding his personal attractions and high character as a 'gentleman,' belonged to a class of men which has existed more or less in all ages, to disgrace humanity. He professed to be a philosopher, but was in reality a libertine. He lived for his own gratification. It monopolized all his thoughts, and directed all his actions. He recognized no feeling of the heart as pure, no tie of duty or affection as sacred. No consideration of suffering, of heart-rending grief, on the part of his victim, were sufficient to intimidate his purpose, or check his career of infamy.—Schooled in hypocrisy, dissimulation was his business: and he regarded the whole world as the sphere of his operations—the whole human family as legitimate subjects for his villainous depravity.

That such characters—so base, so despicable, so lost to all feelings of true honor—can force their way into respectable society, and poison the minds of the unsullied and virtuous, may well be a matter of astonishment to those unacquainted with the desperate artfulness of human hearts. But these monsters appear not in their true character: they assume the garb and deportment of gentlemen, of philosophers, of men of education and refinement, and by their accomplishments, the suavity of their manners, their sprightliness of conversation, bewilder before they poison, and fascinate before they destroy.

If there be, in the long catalogue of guile one character more hatefully despicable than another, it is the libertine. Time

corrects the tongue of slander, and the generosity of friends makes atonement for the depredations of the midnight robber. Sufferings and calamities may be assuaged or mitigated by the sympathies of kindred hearts, and the tear of affection is sufficient to wash out the remembrance of many of the sorrows to which flesh is heir. But for the venom of the libertine, there is no remedy—of its fatal conseqences, there is no mitigation. His victims, blasted in reputation, are forever excluded from the pale of virtuous society. No sacrifice can atone for their degradation, for the unrelenting and inexorable finger of scorn obstructs their progress at every step. The visitation of Death, appalling as his approach to the unprepared, were a mercy, compared with the extent and permanency of this evil.

Duval's insidious arts were not unobserved by his intended victim. She noticed the gradual developement of his pernicious principles, and shrunk with horror from their contaminating influence. She did not hesitate to communicate her observations to her husband—but he, blinded by prejudice in favor of his friend, laughed at her scruples. Without a word of caution, therefore, his intercourse was continued—and such was the weight of his ascendant power—such the perfection of his deep laid scheme, and such his facility in glossing over what he termed *pardonable*, but which in reality, were grossly licentious indiscretions of language and conduct—that even the lady herself was induced, in time, to believe that she had treated him unjustly. The gradual progress of licentiousness is almost imperceptible, and before she was aware of her error, she had drunk deeply of the intoxicating draught, and had well nigh become a convert to Duval's system of philosophy. Few who approach this fearful precipice are able to retrace their steps. The senses are bewildered,—reason loses its sway,—and a whirlpool of maddening emotions takes possession of the heart, and hurries the infatuated victim to irretrievable death. Before her suspicions were awakened, the purity of her family circle was destroyed. Duval enrolled on his list of conquests a new name,—*the wife of his bosom friend!*

An immediate divorce was the consequence. The misguided woman, who but late had been the ornament of society and the pride of her family, was cast out upon the world, unprotected, and without the smallest resource. The heart of the husband was broken by the calamity which rendered this step necessary, and he retired, with his children, to the obscurity of humble life.

At a late hour on one of those bitter cold evenings experienced in the early part of January, of the present year, two females, a mother and daughter, both wretchedly clad, stood shivering at the entrance of a cellar, in the lower part of the city, occupied by two persons of color. The daughter appeared to be laboring under severe indisposition, and leaned for support on the arm of her mother, who, knocking at the door, craved shelter and warmth for the night. The door was half opened in answer to the summons, but the black who appeared on the stairs, declared that it was out of his power to comply with the request, as he had neither fire,—except that which was furnished by a handful of tan,—nor covering for himself and wife. The mother however, too much inured to suffering to be easily rebuked, declared that herself and daughter were likely to perish from cold, and that even permission to rest on the floor of the cellar, where they would be protected, in some degree, from the 'nipping and eager air,' would be a charity for which they would ever be grateful. She alleged, as an excuse for the claim to shelter, that she had been ejected, a few minutes before, from a small room which, with her daughter, she had occupied in a neighboring alley, and for which she had stipulated to pay fifty cents per week, because she had found herself unable to meet the demand,—every resource for obtaining money having been cut off by the severity of the season. The black, more generous than many who are more ambitious of a reputation for benevolence, admitted the shivering applicants, and at once resigned, for their accommodation for the night, the only two seats in the cellar, and cast a fresh handful of tan upon the ashes in the fire place.

It was a scene of wretchedness, want, and misery, calculated to soften the hardest heart, and to enlist the feelings and sympathies of the most selfish. The regular tenants of the cellar were the colored man and his wife, who gained a scanty and precarious subsistence, as they were able, by casual employment in the streets, or in neighboring houses. Having in summer made no provision for the inclemencies of winter, they were then utterly destitute.—They had sold their articles of clothing and furniture, one by one, to provide themselves with bread, until all were disposed of, but two broken chairs, a box that served for a table, and a small piece of carpeting, which answered the double purpose of a bed and covering. Into this department of poverty were the mother and daughter,—lately ejected from a place equally destitute of the comforts of life,—introduced. The former was a woman of about fifty years, but the deep furrows on her face, and her debilitated frame, betokened a more advanced age. Her face was wan and pale, and her haggard countenance and tattered dress, indicated a full measure of wretchedness. Her daughter sat beside her, and rested her head on her mother's lap. She was about twenty-five years of age, and might once have been handsome, but a life of debauchery had thus early robbed her cheeks of their roses, and prostrated her constitution. The pallidness of disease was on her face,—anguish was in her heart.

Hours passed on. In the gloom of midnight, the girl awoke from a disturbed and unrefreshing slumber. She was suffering from acute pain, and in the almost total darkness which pervaded the apartment, raised her hand to her mother's face.—'Mother,' said she, in faltering accents, 'are you here?'

'Yes, child: are you better?'

'No, mother,—I am sick,—sick unto death! There is a canker at my heart,—my blood grows cold,—the torpor of mortality is stealing upon me!'

'In the morning, my dear, we shall be better provided for. Bless Heaven, there is still one place which, thanks to the benevolent, will afford us sustenance and shelter.'

'Do not thank Heaven, mother: you and I are outcasts from that place of peace and rest. We have spurned Providence from our hearts, and need not now call it to our aid. Wretches, wretches that we are!'

'Be composed, daughter,—you need rest.'

'Mother, there is a weight of woe upon my breast, that sinks me to the earth.—My brief career of folly is almost at an end. I have erred,—oh God! fatally erred,—and the consciousness of my wickedness now overwhelms me. I will not reproach you, mother, for laying the snare by which I fell,—for enticing me from the house of virtue,—the home of my heart-broken father,—to the house of infamy and death: but oh, I implore you, repent: be warned, and let penitence be the business of your days.'

The hardened heart of the mother melted at this touching appeal, and she answered with a half-stifled sigh:

'Promise me then, ere I die, that you will abandon your ways of iniquity, and endeavor to make peace with Heaven.'

'I do,—I do! But, alas! my child, what hope is there for me?'

'God is merciful to all who——'

The last word was inaudible. A few respirations, at long intervals, were heard, and the penitent girl sunk into the quiet slumber of death. Still did the mother remain in her seat, with a heart harrowed by the smitings of an awakened conscience.—Until the glare of day light was visible through the crevices of the door, and the noise of the foot passengers and the rumbling of vehicles in the street had aroused the occupants of the cellar, she continued motionless, pressing to her bosom the lifeless form of her injured child. When addressed by the colored woman, she answered with an idiot stare. Sensibility had fled,—the energies of her mind had relaxed, and reason deserted its throne. The awful incidents of that night had prostrated her intellect, and she was conveyed from the gloomy place, A MANIAC!

The Coroner was summoned, and an inquest held over the body of the daughter. In the books of that humane and estimable officer, the name of the deceased is recorded,—'LETITIA L******.'

Philadelphia. B. M.

Original.

SCRAPS AND SKETCHES,

BY E. W. H. E.

THE RECLUSE.

In the side of a tall rugged mountain, at whose foot lay the broad Susquehannah, furiously rolling its dark waters down to the ocean, was a cave, hollowed by nature, and by the hand of man fashioned into a convenient dwelling for one who was proud of the appellation of Hermit; of whom no body knew any thing, save that he was a single man, and much disposed to gloom and melancholy. Learning that he was not unwilling to receive company, in connexion with a few others, I resolved to visit him. After toiling up the steep and rugged way, by a very circuitous route, we found ourselves at the entrance of the cave, which was surrounded by a circling vine and many a flower that his hand had planted. He

came to the door to receive us, and we were politely invited to take a seat in his cavern. "You look fatigued," said the old man.—"Yes, sir, we found it a hard path to travel to gratify our curiosity." "Curiosity! so then you came here out of curiosity?"—"Why, sir, we heard of you, and thought it would be interesting to us to learn the motive which induced you to take up a residence here, so retired from all human society." "No doubt of that—curiosity is the failing, I will not say crime, of youth. But as you have been at so much trouble to gratify that curiosity, I will relate in a few words the history of my life."

"You see yonder lofty mountain," he continued, pointing far across the river toward a stupendous pile that seemed to touch the very clouds. "A little beyond that was my birth place. My father was an industrious farmer, who brought up all his boys to work, and would often quote to us whole chapters of the proverbs and maxims of poor Richard, as his authority. My task, until I was eighteen, was to watch his flock that grazed upon the mountain side, and there was one who kept a daily watch with me, for hours, rendering all my toil a pleasure. MARY was a gentle, lovely girl, of my own age, between whom and myself had subsisted a mutual attachment from the earliest hours of our recollection.—Hand in hand, in childish innocence, would we stray by the side of the meandering brook, and watch it as it bubbled over the pebbles; or climb the mountain top to look down upon the plain below, and admire together the beauties of the landscape. Ours was not, it is true, the wealth in which so many pride themselves, but in our holy attachment we were contented and happy. Often did we look forward to the day that should make us one—a happy *one*—and in pleasing anticipation we had selected the spot where our thatched cottage should be erected. With hearts pledged to each other, nothing was wanting to render us happy.

But our prospects of happiness were suddenly blighted by the news that war had been commenced between the United Colonies and the mother country. The older boys armed themselves for the battle field, and I entreated my father to let me take part in the struggle of my suffering country. "And what can you do in the camp?" asked the old man. "What can I do? I can fight as well as the oldest veteran, I replied, only give me ammunition and game." "Go then, my boy," said my father, while tears rolled down his cheeks, "I admire your patriotism—go, and do your duty. Your poor father is too old to go—you shall be my representative, and may God bless you. But if you ever come back, never let it be said that you turned your back upon the enemies of your country, for, that disgrace to my family would be worse than death itself." It was arranged that I should leave home the next morning, and preparations for my departure were made accordingly. The next thought was, that I must first see MARY. I did see her—but what passed at that interview, I hardly know—it seems rather as a dream, that I related to her my intentions, amidst her sobbing and weeping, and that she told me with a patriotic spirit becoming her, to fight nobly, until death, and we parted—how, I know not, for I had no consciousness of myself, until I again stepped on my father's thresh-hold. Are the arms all ready, said I, as I entered. "Yes, boy," answered my father, "and here is my own trusty sword, before which the enemy has often trembled—take it, perhaps you may meet some who have feared it before. It is a good one—use it well, and it will use you well." I took it—it was heavy for my peurile hand, but I soon learned to brandish it with ease. The next morning came on apace, and as the sun began to rise over the mountain top, I took leave of home and all its endearments, and pursued my journey toward the place where the army lay encamped.—Gen. Washington welcomed me with an outstretched hand as I approached in full order for battle—my knapsack strung over my back, my gun on my shoulder, and my massy broad-sword dangling by my side.

But the details of the camp would be uninteresting to your delicate ear—you do not delight in the contemplation of such awful struggles between man and man. The roaring of ten thousand fire-arms have no musick for your ears—the groans of the dying and the shouts of the combatants, for you, have no melody; and the sight of thousands falling in death, trodden under feet by their surviving comrades, is no pleasing spectacle for your eyes—therefore, I shall not detail them. I remained in arms while the war continued, without returning to my father's home, or receiving any intelligence therefrom; during which time I was promoted to the office of captain of a band of volunteers. In the meantime, also, I saw my three brothers bravely fall by my side, fighting for the liberty of their country. I shed a tear over each of them as he fell, and received his dying benediction, but could do no more—my country demanded the rest.

The struggle was at length over—peace again extended her refulgent wings over the country, and we were on the returning march to our quiet homes. Ah! how fondly did my heart beat with the anticipation of the pleasures that awaited me in my paternal valley. I could see the old man, my father, rising from his seat with extended arms to welcome me as I entered—tears would course down his furrowed cheeks as I should relate the fate of my brethren—and again he would gaze with exultation at my scars received in battle, and the honors I had acquired, and thank heaven for my safe return. My aged mother would weep over me with joy—and Mary—yes Mary—with what feelings should I meet her—how would I clasp her in my arms, and kiss off the tear that trembled on her cheek, while she should relate to me the little incidents that had occurred during my absence, and how painful that absence had been. Actuated by such thoughts as these, I pressed onward with speed and alacrity, and soon stood upon the brow of a well known mountain that overlooked my native home. But I saw it not—nor Mary's home. A thrill of fear passed over me, and I ran down the steep to the place where my father's habitation once stood. Nothing was to be seen there to point out the place of its location, save a few half burnt logs—I went where Mary had lived and the same unwelcome scene presented itself. The destroyer had been there too. Two years previous, as I afterwards learned, a large body of Indians made a descent upon the defenceless settlement, at the still hour of midnight, and enveloped every cottage in flames. Not a soul escaped—those that perished not by the fire, died by the ruthless tomahawk of the savage. Thus you have my history. I would have slain myself, but such a death I considered dishonorable, and after mingling in the busy world until I became disgusted with it, without effacing the recollections of what I had lost—I came to this cave, where I have since remained, and where I ever love to sit and gaze upon that lofty mountain, and breath a prayer to Heaven for those whose ashes are resting there."

The old man ended his narrative, while tears gushed from his sunken eyes, and we, (strange weakness of nature,) forbore not to mingle our tears with his.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'TEN YEARS IN THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI', ETC.

Near the close of May, at the grey of the dawn of a delightful New England Spring morning, I rolled away from Boston over the Charlestown and Malden bridges, on a tour to—among other places—Lake Winnipissiogee, and the white Mountains of New-Hampshire. The turf of that region is a carpet of the tenderest and most brilliant verdure. The fruit trees were in full blossom,—the foliage half developed,—the air rife with a delicious aroma,—the flocks driving a-field,—the farmers going forth to their task until evening,—and Nature, on every side, was redolent of health, cheerfulness, order, and industry. I had seen richer prospects, a more luxuriant nature, and ranker vegetation, in the ever-verdant lands of the palm and the citron. But slavery was there, and hurricanes and pestilence, and deluging rains, and scorching drought, an intolerable fierceness of the sun, and a nature often fearful in the midst of her lavishness. 'Peace to you,' I communed with myself, 'my native New-Englanders! If you turn a rough and rocky soil, which yields its scanty returns but to unremitting toil, you have health, and peace of mind, and contentment, and you grow old in the midst of your children's children, and depart full of years, soothed with the kind offices of friends, consoled by the voice of prayer, and followed with 'dirges due, in sad array, to your long home!' In no part of America, perhaps of the world, is summer travelling more cheerful and restorative to an invalid, than amidst this land of industry, high cultivation, democratic equality, white villages, frequent spires, neat and appetizing taverns, and rosy and beautiful faces. My associations, thoughts, remembrances, on the route through Reading, Andover, and Haverhill, may be imagined,—for these places are identified with the morning and spring-time of my years. I should never have done, if I were to broach this prolific theme, which would meanwhile, perhaps, tire all but those who have similar associations.

As we were passing through Haverhill, the house of Mrs. Atwood was pointed out. This dwelling is memorable as the natal place of Harriet Newell, whose memoirs created more interest, and had a more extensive circulation, than any similar book published before or since. Amidst a great

amount of tiresome repetition, the true pathos, the deep feeling, the exalted poetry of religious sentiment, abound in that little book. It honors the taste and intellectual character of New-England; that nature, truth, simplicity, high feeling, and a sprinkling of thought above the flat mediocrity of tame common-place, will redeem a book, and make it circulate, without leave of the critics, though it abound with a thousand faults. Who, whether sharing the religious sentiments of Harriet Newell, or not, has not been thrilled in reading her memoirs? In whose mind is not the remote isle of the ocean, where her ashes rest,—a spot consecrated to deep thoughts and feelings, as well by her own works, as by the inimitable tale of Paul and Virginia? The New England critics, one and all, denounced Pollock's 'Course of Time,'—a book radiant with many a gem, glistening in the darkness and chaos of crude thoughts, and harsh sentiments,—sometimes ludicrously, sometimes revoltingly, exaggerated. But without leave of the critics, edition after edition of that powerful work continued to be struch off, and to sell. Give me the intellectual land, where genius, and the enthusiasm of true feeling make their way in spite of the interdict of pinched and narrow minds, fettered by dull rules! But to return.

I had not heard the Merrimac celebrated for its beauty; but rolling along its green banks, dashing over its rocks, filling its noble channel, it struck me as a singularly romantic and beautiful river. Concord, too, presented an aspect more metropolitan and spire-crowned than I had expected to see. The political capital of the Granite State has a most charming position, and has improved greatly in size and appearance since last I saw it. By many a secluded hamlet, beautiful grove, hill and dale, we rolled along, after leaving Concord, until the White Mountains, whose summits were still white with snow, began to stand forth on the Northern horizon, glittering in the beams of the declining sun.

These are unquestionably the noblest mountains in North America, east of the Mexican piles of Orizaba. Little can be imagined sublime in mountain scenery, that these grand and inaccessible summits do not present. There are the hoary peakes above the clouds,—there are the unmelting snows, ancient and awful granite crags, the dark, evergreen woods, the deep glens & valleys, the nature-cut chasms, the roaring torrents, and to fill out the associations of by-gone times, there are the Indian tales of carbuncles, and glittering gems, hung out to tempt the white man's avarice, at heights to which mortal foot has never ascended. While roaming amidst this secluded and imposing scenery, in these haunts of grandeur, coolness, and health, the traveler in search of the picturesque is deeply impressed with an avalanche tale, of the deepest moral interest. As he listens to the roar of mountain winds, and the tumble of ice-formed torrents, and passes with a thrill along the cascades of the Saco, as it sweeps through the Notch, he is pointed to the spot where, in a night of storms, a whole family, residing in this wild and secluded place, were awakened from the profound slumber of their peaceful labors, by the first crashing of disruption of an avalanche, torn by the torrents from its mountains peakes,—and who, in attempting to fly from the fearful path of its downward progress, were arrested, and buried under its superincumbent masses.

Of beautiful sheets of water, nothing can surpass Lake Winnepissiogee, with its hundred little emerald landscapes rising from the bosom of water as pellucid as air, and affording to the angler the finest sport in the shape of pike and trout. Numberless little lakes and ponds of extraordinary beauty, diversify this route. The rich amenity of the Connecticut valley, with its fair white villages, opens, successively, to the view of the traveler. He pauses but a moment at the beautiful cataract of Bellows Falls, before he begins to ascend the Vermont chain, which, if not so grand as that of the White Hills, surpasses all others in North America, in beauty, verdure, romantic vallies, secluded nooks, healthy and robust inhabitants, and in the season of its supplies, of delicious raspberries, strawberries, and wild fruits. When wearied with clambering among the hills of this charmingly picturesque country, with its immense belt of ever greens, and its cool, mountain trout streams, the beautiful shores of Lake Champlain at length open to view.

I leave others to describe the sail down this charming sheet of water, every where in view of neat villages, retiring and wooded bays, hills and mountains, as the steamboat bears them rapidly towards the Canadian shores. To a person chiefly conversant with the anglo-Americans of New-England, the spruce, capoted, brisk, sunburnt, chattering Creoles of La Prairie afford a striking variety, and remind him, that in landing on the Canadian shore, he has reached a foreign country. In visiting the sublime cascade of Montmorency, he witnesses a spectacle of this class, second only to that of Niagara Falls. The descent, indeed, is much greater,—the surrounding scenery more imposing. It needs only the prodigious mass of water of the Niagara, to excel that and all others cascades, in sublimity. As it is, no one has looked down upon this fearful mass, descending, as it were, from the higher to the lower world, without a blenching eye, and a thrill of revulsion. Who has seen the Niagara and the St. Lawrence for the first time, without having his imagination powerfully excited by the view of this noblest of American rivers, —without thinking of the immense space it traverses,—the vast lakes it drains,—the dark forests, the wild and desolate swamps, from which it collects its waters,—the numerous tribes of red men that dwell on its shores,—the tremendous precipice down which it pours its mighty flood from age, to age?

It is after having the mind stored with such associations, that the traveler finds himself in the interesting city of Quebec.—American travelers from North and South, from the West Indies, New Orleans, Charleston, Philadelphia, New-York, Boston,—now that the prodigious, and, considering the age of our country, unexampled facilities in travelling have in some sense annihilated space and time,—meet in this city, or on some of the points of its magnificent river, above or below it. No where,—give the English their due,—are there finer or better found steam-boats, than those that ply between Quebec and Montreal. The broard stream, which, in course of five hundred miles, has hardly yet forgotten its relationship to the sea, gradually narrows from a width of five leagues, to one.—Nothing can be more romantic to the eye, or exhilerating to the spirit, than the St. Lawrence shores, as the swift steam-boat sweeps past them, giving to the groups of spectators the exquisite verdure, the trees, farm-houses, the continued village, for such is the show of the dwellings,—the turrets, with their tinned roofs, glittering in the intervals of the green trees in the distance, the appearance of sliding down stream with a pleasing yet dizzying motion, while the sky and shores are beautifully re-printed in the sublime vault, that opens below the warters, curling, winding, concentering and broken into wild, innumerable magic forms, by the waves of the boat wheels.—Listlessly promenading, sitting, conversing, playing at chess, harranguing, coquetting, love-making watching their children's movements in the hands of the servants, the olive Mexican, the bronzed West Indian, the quick-moving planter from the shores of the Mississippi, the ruddy Bostonian, the portly Englishman, the officer, whose bearing, still more than his epaulettes, denotes authority, the brisk, erect Canadian Creole, the whole sprinkled with belles with huge sleeves, gay streamers, and bright eyes, contemplate the splendid shores, while they breathe the vernal air, so fresh and instinct with life, that one can scarcely imagine that the bleak and inexorable winter breeze but a few days since whistled over this same scenery, then a surface of snow, six feet in depth, and that this broad stream, now rolling on in holiday calmness, seeming only adapted to float barges like Cleopatra's, on Anthony's festival, was then bridged with ice, as thick and firm as the solid earth, in the midst of a desolate nature, where Winter and Death held undisputed empire. Now, corn-fields, pastures, trees, snow-white cottages, ornamented churches, gay peasants, the animals, wild and tame, the earth, the welkin,—every thing,—breathes gladness, as though Nature had never known the horrors of a Canadian winter. The delicious, moveable landscape melts away in the blue distance, mingling the green forest and the mountains with the sky. I throw out of this sketch the grand spectacle of the Montmorency, as surveyed from the abyss below, coming down upon the spectator as a snow-white spray from the heavens.—I pass, too over the majestic Ottawa, rolling its tribute from its dark forests to the St. Lawrence.—I say nothing of those prodigious works of art, the Rideau and Welland canals, and the numerous towns springing up along their course,—nothing of the unique scenery about Quebec—nothing of the strange Upper Town, perched in its eagle eyric of rocks,—nothing of the historic plains of Abraham, where Wolfe & Montcalm, struggling for the ascendancy of the new world, both fell on that memorable and blood-stained spot,—nor of the place yet more interesting to a citizen of the United States, where Montgomery poured the still more precious blood of a patriot soldier.—Whoever has surveyed the country about Quebec, and has ascended this noblest of rivers to Montreal, at the right season, has seen all of grandeur and beauty of scenery, —has inhaled all of balmy and health-giving air, that I can imagine,—has been brought in contact,—in the amiable, spruce,

alert, aud buoyant Creoles, crowned with roses, and the gayest flowers of the season, or goading their little horses to their utmost speed,—with as amusing and original a race of people, as the earth offers. To me, at least, there remain of this journey remembrances of recovered health, corroding anxieties laid asleep, pleasant acquaintances, and half-forgotten dreams, as gay and as agreeable to dwell upon in the retrospect, as I ever expect to have of any days still reserved for me in the future of this life. T .F.

From the March No. of the Knickerbocker.

Late Hours.—We are killing ourselves in this country by inches, and that for a tall man or an amazonian woman is a dreadful reflection. In sooth, our late hours break in terribly on real comfort, sound health and that refreshing sleep which "seals up the eyelids" in calm and soft repose, and ministers to our real enjoyments. We marvel why *fashion*, instead of being represented with bewitching and attractive colors, is not drawn with a Medusa's head, fiery eyes and snakey crest—or, under the silken cowl and wreaths of roses, a skeleleton head peeping out as a warning, a caution in time—*memento mori*. In this country we eat ourselves and dance ourselves to death, with much more rapidity than they do at the Sandwich Islands.

I met a friend on the *pave* last week who said, "Will you come to our party to-morrow night?" "A party? How? Comfortable dish of tea, game of whist, glass of whiskey punch, and a Sandwich, eh?" Oh, no—a real tearer—a regular turn out—been preparing a fortnight. I must give a couple a year for the sake of the world, you know." "The world, ha! Well I'll come, and if I don't, you won't miss me in the squeeze. Tell me, for old acquaintance sake, how much will the party cost?" "Why, about $1500." "Fifteen hundred dollars? Prodigious!—How many charming *tertulias* in Spain, *converzations* in Italy, or *soirees* in France, would $1500 procure?—and all this sum swallowed up in one eating and dancing frolick!"

I determined to go; a friend promised to call for me in his carriage. I was ready at seven, and sat quietly until eight—half past eight—nine—half past nine—ten;—when, just as I was ringing for my slippers, and preparing, as Monsieur Morbleau says, for my night cap, rat tat-tat goes the coachman, and in walks my friend—pumps and tight pants on—white gloves and perfumed handkerchief. "So, sir, a pretty time you have called for me, why I have been ready since seven o'clock." "Seven o'clock? why bless you, the company only begin to assemble at ten; and even now we are rather early." "Early, do you call it? Go out to spend the evening at half past ten o'clock.—Well, well, I suppose we must not be out of the fashion—so come along." Our carriage rattled up one of the principal streets and a glare of light was showered in all directions from the house. We fell in behind a range of coaches, and had to wait until our turn, and found, on alighting, a retinue of black servants to usher us in the mansion; to take our coats, hats and canes and prepare us in form for the *entree*. Every thing was elegant; gaity, fashion and pleasure, reigned triumphant;—beauty, in resplendant beams, shed its halo over the scene:—plenty, from its golden horn, was poured forth in all directions;—music, and the giddy dance, were kept up with unabated vigor, until the russet morn had nearly streaked the east. I got home; tossed and tumbled for two or three hours in bed, and then rose for the duties of the day.

Having occasion to call on an old gentleman about 12 o'clock, I found him in his parlor, with the breakfast table before him. "What, not breakfasted yet?" O yes, long ago, this is for my daughters, who came from the party about three o'clock, and are not yet up." In a few minutes the young ladies entered, but O, how altered—where was the bounding step and elastic gait, the brilliant eye, the silken attire, the well dressed hair, the jeweled form, of last night's entertainment. They were pallid and exhausted, their eyes, their hair, their dress, all *en dishabille*, both with a hectic cough, both looking as wo begone and spiritless as if they had just escaped from the siege of Troy. "Have you slept well, girls?" said the anxious parent. "Not a wink, father, we tossed and tumbled and worried for several hours, but not a wink of sleep; oh, my head, my head; oh, my bones, my bones. "Probably your restlessness arose from eating too heartily at supper." "No such thing, father, why I only ate a little chicken, salad, a wing of a turkey, some jelly, a few macaronies and mottoes, a dozen pickled oysters, and drank a few glasses of champaigne; that's all, excepting a sponge cake or two, and a glass of lemonade, during dancing, and a little ginger sweetmeats. There's Lizzy ate twice as much as I did."

"No I didn't, but I was more select, father, a few slices of cold tongue, a piece of a-la-mode beef, three pickles, a few olives, some *blanc mange*, two plates of ice cream, a little floating island, and some trifles in bon bons, oranges, plumb cake, and custard, during the evening. I'm sure I don't care much for solids." "And did you dance after supper?" "To be sure we did; one cotillion, one country dance, the mazourka, and a gallopade." The murder's out! no wonder at head aches, and bone aches, and heart aches, and sleepless hours, after so much eating; and then dancing, churning these singular masses of food and contradictory condiments in a delicate female stomach, with scarcely sufficient gastric juice to digest the wing of a pheasant. That's the way our girls kill themselves prematurely; that's the cause of our heavy weekly lists of interments; of the many cases of consumption, uncharitably carried to the credit of our climate. Alas! how many charming women are hurried to the grave by carelessness; by the bewitching attractions of fashion; by keeping late hours, by their clothing, and by eating too much. The observation made by strangers is, "how pale and thin your ladies are." Why will they not have resolution enough to discard these seducing and destructive allurements; why not enjoy life soberly, discreetly and prudently?

What can be more agonizing to true affection than to see the girl nourished with tenderness in infancy—amiable, intelligent and accomplished, gradually sinking into the grave ere she reaches the age of womanhood? the pride and delight of fond parents and numerous friends, the rose which early bloomed, daily fading in the brilliancy of its colors, and drooping like the lily of the vale? to see the eye, once so brilliant, sunken and dull, and the lips once so rubby, now thin and pallid? to witness the being so beloved, so cherished, the victim of slow but unerring disease, not constitutional, but brought on by neglect, by fashion? to see the vision recede from the sight, step by step, until evening frowns upon its setting glory, and the tomb closses upon it for ever.—*N. Y Star.*

Original.

Yes, I have Loved thee.

Yes, I have loved thee long and dearly,
Thro' the storms of grief and woe,
But the heart that beats sincerely,
Breaks beneath its anguish now.

All the smiles that mirth could waken,
Seem as shadows cold to me;
Give me back the bower forsaken,
When my soul first flew to thee.

Other lovers' prayers may move thee—
Other eyes may light to bliss;
But can other bosoms love thee,
More sincerely warm than this?

Other hearts may yet caress thee—
Other sighs may blend with thine;
But when other bosoms press thee,
Think of all the pangs in mine.

'Tis not wealth, nor fame, nor splendor,
That can wean my heart from thee;
'Tis not glances warm and tender,
That can change the truth in me.

No! the heart once rudely broken
By the blasts of grief and pain—
Though the lips of joy have spoken,
Cannot throb with life again.

Oh, say not, that my heart is vain,
Or that it cannot feel,
Because no tears of burning pain,
Beneath my eye-lids steal.

The world may call my spirits gay,
My feelings light and free;
But why to *it* should I betray
What I would hide from thee?

Ah no! the sinking heart may own,
In secret, its distress,
Or to another heart alone
Its miseries confess.

But to the careless world around,
To whom should I proclaim,
That tho' with wreaths my hair be bound,
The brain within is flame.

I would not have thee think of me
As fickle, vain, or gay;
I would not thou shouldst ever see
To what I am the prey—

Ah no! to all the world beside,
My secret should be free,
If I could think the world could hide
My *heart*, my *love* from thee!

M. M.

Friendship may have its origin in esteem, but sensibility must support it.

George R. T. Hewes.

From a work entitled, the Boston Tea Party, and Memoir of George R. T. Hewes.

GEORGE ROBERT TWELVE HEWES, the subject of this article, was one of the patriot band who drowned the British Tea, in Boston Harbour, in 1773, and is now the only one living of that party. He resides near Richfield Springs, Otsego Co. N. Y. in the enjoyment of sound health, at the advanced age of about 100 years.

Those who would have great deeds, and splendid achievements, alone entitle one to a place in the biographic page, cannot deny to the venerable subject of this memoir, that dignity. The event with which the name, and the renown of Hewes is inseparably connected, has already been exhibited to the world in history, as conspicuously as are the constellations in the heavens : not that event which was designated only by the destruction of a few hundred chests of Tea, which required only an effort of physical power, and might be effected by the momentary impulse of an infuriated populace ; but an event which was to put at defiance the power of the British parliament ; which was to commence a reformation in the political condition of the world, and exhibit the rights of man in a new blaze of glory ; an event in which a blow was to be struck, which to tyrants throughout the world, should echo as the knell of their departing hour ; an event which gave to the American character a renown, for magnanimity, for fortitude and heroic achievement, unprecedented in the annals of the world.

Events seem to have been so ordered, that an unusual number of the venerable veterans and sages, from the front ranks of our revolutionary conflict, have been permitted to outride not only the storm of war, but the more fatal devastations of Time, as the living monuments of their well earned fame, and to teach by their example, that moral, intellectual, and physical endowments, had proved efficient, in wresting from the hand of oppression, the fortunes of their country. The last of those immortal patriots, who sealed their names to the declaration of our independence, and proclaimed it to the world, has but recently disappeared from the drama of human life ; and one of those, who, with the " tomahawk and club," vetoed the unrightous doings of the British Parliament, sixty years ago, yet lives, and exhibits to our view a bold and manly visage, of which the above is but an imperfect representation, and may well inspire our veneration and respect, for the vigor, the integrity, and the intelligence of the mind, to which it is an appropriate index.

Original.

——And 'twas midnight deep,
When every tongue was mute,
And every eye slept silently—
(Save of the fiendish few.)
I look'd, and saw him come !
Where virtue, in majestic beauty dwelt ;
There sought he his abode,
And likewise sought by wily craft,
To blast her worthy fame.
As Virtue—sainted and celestial maid,
Sat high on her imperial throne ;
Or as she deeply mused, or calmly slept ;
Or as at morn she rose to greet fair happiness ;
Or as at noon, with stately step,
She stalk'd abroad ;
Or as amid the busy crowd she mingled,
Bidding treachery and hate retire ;
The fiend was on her track,
Seeking by constant means most dire,
To wound her blissful happiness,
And stain her worthy name with lasting infamy!
His devotees were many—
Far more his dire disciples :
The diabolick fiend companions had—
Hells blackest inmates !
Youth !
Whatsoe'er thy name may be,
Wouldst thou beneath the banner of this fiend
To serve him constantly— [enlist,
Be governed at his will ?
Thou surely would not !
Go when thou wilt
To his huge ugly forge !
Go thou when friends are lull'd to rest
And peaceful sleep—when nature all is hush'd,
Save Philomel's sweet song,
Which deeply sounds, to cheer the night ;
When Luna in unclouded majesty
Ascends the chalky galaxy,
And casts a deep and feeling glimpse on mor-
When the firmament is spotless, [tals ;
Save night's gay luminaries ;
While all is peace and harmony ;
While Sol's bright rays—cadaverous—
Now in awful silence are reposing—
Sure thou'lt find the fiend engaged
In fabrications vile !
Or on his pillow framing lies !
Or at his forge preparing darts, [ly poison—
Whose points are tinctured with deep and dead-
Than the fatal Upas far more deadly !
The youth of undenied repute,
Whose guide is virtue,
And whose aim the happiness of man,
And man's esteem,
He singles out,
And aims his poison'd darts,
With hand unshaken, though in hell's employ,
To blast what is more dear than all—
Her dearest fame.
But where's the haunt
Of this dire fiend ?
Tell me, I pray, that I his dart may shun.
Youth !
Whoe'er thou art, who thus dost ask,
Retire to some secure retreat ;
Indulge in solitude,
And suffer self-inspection !
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
I fear thy bosom is his haunt !
I fear he may be found
In thy " clay tenement !"
If so, fair youth, how does it thee behove
Thyself to re-examine.
Wouldst thou not stand abashed—aghast
At the mere sight of this foul demon ?
" Enough ? enough, I cry :
Tell me his name, I pray,
That I may shun him,
And save my soul."
'Tis SLANDER.

CONSTANTUS.

Niagara, 1835.

Original.

ACROSTIC,

TO A YOUNG MARRIED LADY.

Required to entwine a fair wreath for thy brow,
How shrinks my dull muse from so hopeless a " Task"—
On thee I might lavish my wishes, but thou
Dost share all the joys even friendship could ask ;
All the wealth of Peru I would ask not for thee;
As with it must come its deep burden of care,
Nor wish thee more lovely—from folly less free,
Nor friends more devoted, than now thou dost share.

Kind hearted as fancy could ever desire,
Is my FRIEND on whose arm thou so fondly dost lean—
Laughing health adds her blessings, and hope's joyous fire
Beams bright o'er thy pathway, undim'd and serene.
O ! then all the boon I can ask is that thou,
(Remembering what changes oft come o'er the scene,)
Ne'er may'st share less of life's varied blessings—than now !

M...H.

Greece, March, 1835.

" What advantage arises from all this boasted love of learning and study of Nature ?" said Cleon to Aristippus, as they were walking one day under the portico of Minerva's Temple, at Athens : " will they furnish us with splendid equipage ? will they fill our porticos with attendants ? or will they enable us to give rich banquets to our friends ?"—" No, none of all these," replied Aristippus. " Will they protect us from legal outrage ? will they lull the poisoned tongue of calumny ? will they render us so sacred that misfortune cannot reach us ?" " Far from it."—What then will they do for us ?" inquired Cleon, with some degree of exultation. " If there were no other advantages arising from them than this," returned Aristippus, " it were sufficient; they enable us to chastise the mean by our contempt, the envious by our smiles, the malicious by our silence, and the sordid by our scorn ?" " Enough" exclaimed Cleon, in an ecstacy, " lead me into the temple !"

The education of men is intended to answer I know not how many purposes—that of woman only one ; it is intended to improve the qualities with which they were born ; it is intended to prevent modesty from dwindling into an unbecoming awkwardness, simplicity from becoming a prey to the ensnarer, and a mind unemployed in business from being absorbed by ignorance. She who is adorned with an education that answers these purposes, may without effort, secure to herself that respect in the eyes of man, which refinement pursues, and affection sighs for in vain. Nor will these ornaments be thought of little value, when it is remembered, that in each of them beauty finds an instrument of authority ; nor can she part with one of them without proportionably diminishing her prerogative.

THE GEM AND AMULET.

"BOY, BRING MY OVER-SHOES—I'll teach the rascal," said my friend Frank Lighter, as I sat by his fire one muddy day last week. "What is the matter Frank," I asked—"You seem to be unhappy, as if all things did not go smoothly with you." Frank is not the best tempered man in the world—I have been brought up side by side with him, and how many times I have seen him angry I cannot tell. Scarcely did we ever play a game at ball, or at "GOOLD," or have a race, but he would either get dissatisfied with choosing, keeping tally, or something else. Many is the time that all our play for the afternoon on Saturday, has been either broken up, or made unpleasant, by this same Frank Lighter. He could not bear to be beaten in any thing, and all the boys knew he was an unconscionable growler. As was the boy, so was the man. He had become a man of family, and was in tolerable circumstances. As I finished the sentence above, my old friend Frank let his eye fall upon me with one of those looks of undivided contempt for which he was marked. It really made me remember a day fifteen years, or so, before, when he and I fell out about who was to have the choice. We had placed one hand above the other upon the ball-club, until mine came out at top, and he saw he had lost the right first to choose. The look he then gave was the same as the one now, except that the AGE of his brow, now heightened the picture.—"Smoothly, did you say, James?" muttered Frank: "have you not seen enough of this world yet, to know that there is not a smooth surface in all the sea of it? Why, if I should find myself going on smoothly for a week, I should know that there would be a burst from some quarter that would either undermine or overwhelm me."

"Why, Frank, what makes you talk thus? I am sure, to the mind that is willing to submit to the ways of Providence as they occur, there is many a sunny spot amidst the dark ones—many a cloudless day. A contented mind is a continual feast, some author says, and no doubt it is true." "So Symmes told of a cavity in the earth, and no doubt it is true," said he, interrupting me. "Here is a man comes to me with complaints that my cattle trouble him—Another man sends me a bill twice for payment, not waiting three weeks between times—another of my neighbors calls me unreasonable because I won't consent to have ALL the highway taxes worked out to benefit HIS land—and my hired man left me this morning, calling me every thing but a gentleman, because I scolded him for INSISTING that he would thresh out the wheat, although I told him not to do it! Smooth indeed, this life is! Why, its a perfect Malestrome—It is Scylla and Charybdis—While you are attempting to clear one difficulty, you fall into another." Thus saying, Frank concluded the tying up of his over-shoes, and very unceremoniously put off, leaving me alone in his dining room.

I could not help moralizing upon this scene a little, as my readers know I am wont to do. Here was a man making war with shadows. Don Quixotte fighting the Wind-mills was outdone here. When the sun shines upon poor Frank, it shines too hot,—if not at all, it is too gloomy to live. When the roads are dry, they are too dusty. When wet, they are too muddy. —And thus goes life with him; like biting a file! Why, the gold of Ophir heaped up before him would only make him like the daughter of the Horseleech, which cried, "give, give."—The breathing south-wind "o'er a bank of violets," would ruffle his temper, and the melody of the wood songsters would excite his envy to such a degree, that their notes became hated!—Such is the man who finds fault with every thing in life. He travels up a hill where he is entangled at every step, and he fights with every Will-o'-the-wisp that he imagines hangs upon his path. All about him are uncomfortable—himself the most so. Then, reader, make not "mountains of mole-hills;" neither take the other extreme. "All extremes are error." If you would be happy, learn wisdom.

"Mr. News-man, just tell your master to stop his paper to me. I have no idea of being ridiculed in his pieces, no—not I." This salutation from Frank, who had returned, reminded me that it was time I was done with reflections upon his character, as well as with warming me by his fire; so bidding my readers to lay up for USE what little they find in this sketch, I take my over-shoes, and am off.

Postage.—We are very often improperly subjected to pay postage, by correspondents, on their orders for the GEM. One will enclose a dollar bill in a letter, pay single postage, order a vol. of our paper, and oblige us to pay another postage, or leave the letter in the post office. Another will send us an old newspaper, with a communication on it; for which, if we take it from the office, we have to pay a letter postage, and if we do not take it out, our friend is liable to a fine of $5. Some months past, a person in Michigan, owing us $1,50, sent a dollar bill wrapped in a small piece of paper, and this he enclosed in a newspaper on which he had written a few words, and carefully coverered the whole with strong paper: and in order to satisfy *Uncle Sam*, we had to yield up the contents of this valuable package, and pay a discount on the bill besides—and lost the debt. Some persons even send for back Nos. which they have once received, in order to supply their broken files, without paying either for the Nos. or postage. Such undoubtedly suppose we can *work* for *nothing*, *live* on *air*, and *pay postage on all favors*. But we can't—and all orders, by which we are unjutly taxed, will hereafter be laid either *on the table* or *returned*.

OBSERVATION, BY A LOOKER-ON.

I have OBSERVED that many young men before they arrive at years of discretion, are more positive in their opinions, more dogmatical in their disputes, more self confident in their whole deportment than their fathers or grandfathers are. I have observed that, generally, the men who have least experience, and whose original stock of talent was most slender, have, of all people in the world the best opinion of their learning, shrewdness, and abilities. If asked the reason of these things—I should answer, that pride and ignorance were at the bottom of it. As we gradually come to know ourselves, we discover imbecility, and the discovery never fails to humble us. It is then that in reality, WE BEGIN TO LEARN.

SMOKING.

"What harm is there in a pipe?"—says young Puffwell. "None that I know of," replies his companion, "except that smoking induces drinking—drinking induces intoxication—intoxication induces the bile—bile induces jaundice—jaundice leads to dropsy—dropsy terminates in death. Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

AN ARREST.—Col. Swift, the Mayor of Philadelphia, has succeeded in arresting one of the most skilful counterfeiters in the U. States, if not the very chief of the craft. —He has also secured all the implements of the culprit's labor—the steel dies, presses, stamps, perfected plates; and every thing connected with the art and mystery of counterfeiting. We are not permited as yet to give the name and all the minute particulars of this arrest, but we feel well convinced, that when the whole history of the transaction is submitted to the public, the highest praise will be awarded to the mayor for his indefatigable exertions to bring to justice so accomplished a villain. He has resided for some months in the lower part of Philadelphia, and has during the whole period been engaged in preparing a plate with the object of engraving notes of the denomination of ten dollars on the Bank of the United States. The mayor was aware of his movements, and watched him narrowly, determined to arrest him the moment he was in possession of sufficient testimony to convict him. The offender succeeded in perfecting the plate—printed off about one hundred notes, and had paper in readiness for an immense sum of this description of money, when he was arrested and imprisoned.

The plate is now in possession of the mayor. It is a masterpiece of engraving—a perfect representation of the genuine plate—like it as well in beauties as in blemishes.

The notes that have been printed from it have been submitted to some of our brokers, and are acknowledged to be genuine in all respects. Indeed, it is impossible to distinguish between the genuine and the forged, and we have the testimony of the publisher of the Counterfeit Detector, to the effect that the counterfeit alluded to is decidedly the most masterly that ever came under his notice. The Banking institutions of the United States are under obligations to Col. Swift, for the arrest of this villain, that they never will be able to repay.—*Phil. Inquirer.*

PUBLIC WORSHIP.—When Archbishop Fenelon was almoner to Louis XIV. his Majesty was astonished one Sunday, to find, instead of the usual crowded congregation, only himself and his attendants, the priest and other officers of the chapel. "What is the meaning of this?" said the King. The prelate answered, "I caused it to be given out that your Majesty would not attend chapel to-day, in order that you might see who came here to worship God, and who to flatter the king."

To Correspondents.—The reason we have omitted noticing until this time, "Constant Affection," &c. is, not having received the whole of the story, we were unable to judge fully of its merit. The parts received need revision by the author.

"A Stranger," is informed that we occupy *neutral* ground, off which, we must not step.

"T. H."—in our next.

MARRIED,

In Pittsford, on the 25th ult. by Rev. by Mr. Richardson, Capt. Thomas Wilcox, of Mendon, to Miss Sarah Ann, daughter of Stephen Lusk, Esq. of the former place.

DIED—In this city, in a fit of apoplexy, on the 27th ult. Mr. Charles Magna, aged 57 years, formerly of Westbrook, Conn.

In Sweden, 17th ult. Nancy Almira, aged 22, wife of Mr. Lyman Randal.

PARNASSIAN FLOWERS.

Original.

LINES TO A YOUNG FRIEND ON HIS WEDDING DAY.

Sweet—Sweeter—Sweetest.

"All bliss is center'd in that one word—Wife."
PETER PINDAR.

'Tis *sweet* to know, that smiles arise,
For us alone, on love's warm cheeks;
To read, in Mary's radiant eyes,
More love than human language speaks.

'Tis *sweet* to know, that we divide
Our empire with no other one;
To know, that all the world beside
Is naught to her with us alone.

But *sweeter* 'tis to know, she's worth
All love, and grace, and beauty, are:—
An angel dropped from heaven to earth,
As amiable as she is fair.

Yet *sweetets* 'tis to have a boon
So far beyond the rest of life,
That gods* have enviously looked on
That Eve whom favoured man calls—Wife!

BLUE.

Dryden, N. Y.

* See Moore's "Loves of the Angels."

Original.

DEATH.

How cruel the tyrant, that triumphs o'er all,
Who prostrates alike both great and the small,
Before whose *sirocco* the mighty must die,
And virtue and beauty in solitude lie.

The monarch, whose dignity once filled a throne,
The beggar, whose pittance is scarcely his own,
The honest of earth, and the merciless knave,
Have passed from the earth to the vaults of the grave.

The youth once exalted, and noble and wise,
Whose lips uttered knowledge, and wisdom his eyes,
Has closed his career, and yielded his breath,
And sealed up his eyes in the vision of death.

The lady whose countenance seemed like the rose,
Whose days were all pleasure and peace and repose,
Has passed like the flower, all beauty and bloom,
To sleep in the noiseless recess of the tomb.

The bard that gazed on the cities of yore,
And sung all their greatness, can sing it no more,
His harp is now hung on the willows that wave
Their tops in solemnity over his grave.

The orator—he who was noble and great,
Whose eloquence shook the proude temples of state,
Now sleeps in silence, his comfortless bed,
Till the trumpet's last peal shall awken the dead.

Thus falls the whole world, at the terror of death,
His words are destruction—poison his breath,
He rides forth to victory, his conquest is great,
But ah! he must die, there's a greater than great.

AONIAN BARD.

Original.

Reflections on Human Life.

How sweet the reflections which fancy induces,
When fondly we think of the home we have left:
When, far from the scene of our happy spent childhood,
We seem of all friends and of pleasures bereft!

How sweetly we think on the tender attentions,
Our mother bestowed, on our infantile years;
And oft when the world seems to lose its attractions,
Our home still as lovely as ever appears.

We view the loved haunts of our young recreations,
Where we were accustomed our leisure to spend:
The Spring, decked by Flora, had many attractions,
Which oft we enjoyed with a thrice valued friend.

Though years have passed by us, and blightings come o'er us,
We fancy they'd charm us, and yield us delight,
As when in life's morning, no ills had beguiled us,
Nor sorrow nor care shed its withering blight.

But when after wandering in vain for enjoyment,
To countries far distant—perhaps for long years;
When all our attempts fail to give us contentment,
We turn to our home which so lovely appears;
And stray o'er the wildwood, or down by the river,
That ever delighted, nor left us a care;
We find not the happy, the light buoyant rapture,
That ever had seemed to be with us when there.

Though friends there may welcome us seemly with transport,
And vie with each other, in efforts to please;
We're here disappointed, we find not the comfort,
The hoped for delight, which from every care frees.

We then learn with sorrow, this truth so important,
That pleasures are fleeting—that we ourselves change;
That delights of this earth, though they seem to be constant,
Fail to satisfy long, for the mind oft will range
Beyond what at present our eyes are beholding,
And dwell on the future with anxious suspense,
'Till we find the pure joy, which is ever unfading,
And is ever, in trouble, our surest defence.

We then can find comfort, and peace and contentment,
Wherever our lot may by fortune be cast;
If friends shall surround us, or we be far absent
From parents and home, where our first years were past,
The world will then give us ('tis right to accept it,)
Enough for our good, if not taken amiss;
And when death shall call us, by angels protected,
We'll hope to be guided to mansions of bliss.

LORENZO.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

It cannot be that this earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves and sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it, that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temples of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied?—Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which 'hold their festivals round the midnight throne,' are set above the grasp of our limited faculties—forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken away from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon the heart? We are born for a higher destiny than earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, and where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever.

THE ROCHESTER GEM,

AND LADIES' AMULET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE ARTS. | EDITED BY J. DENIO AND E. D. KENNICOTT.

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SELECT TALE.

THE CONSPIRACY DETECTED.

BY MORRIS MATTSON.

Dom Bernardo was by birth a Spaniard. In his youth he was indulged in every luxury that could be procured by his affluent parents; still he preferred a wandering and irregular life. He was at last driven from the protection of his father; and with this mark of parental dislike fixed upon him forever, he sought refuge with a company of banditti, who horded in the mountains of the Asturias. With his new associates he remained but a short period. A dispute between him and one of the lawless hidalgos, was the cause of their separation. He left them, however, with a character for bravery that few among them had acquired.

A few years subsequent to this period, we find Dom Bernado the captain of a piratical cruiser. His depradations, at first, were committed chiefly along the Mediterranean; but, at last, he honored the shores of America with his formidable presence.—Many efforts were made to secure his person, but they all proved abortive. While pursuing his dangerous profession, he was never seen a second time by any other than his crew, in the same apparel. Thus he eluded the ministers of justice.

Dom Bernardo's vessel had been dashed against a rock during a sever storm in the Gulf of Mexico, and his crew, one and all, perished, while he was preserved to fulfil a darker doom, by clinging to a fragment of the wreck. He was taken up by some fishermen; and after partaking their hospitality for several days, he set out on his way to New Orleans. In this city he had a confidential agent to whom he had consigned a large portion of his funds.

It was at this time that the Pirate thought of changing his mode of life. He fancied he had become disgusted with the scenes of blood and slaughter through which he had passed. The secret of all this, however, was that he had fallen desperately in love with a hadsome young lady whome he met at the house of his agent. The worthy Dom could not altogether resist the influence of love. He began to sigh, and as a necessary concomitant, to read poetry; but this romance of feeling was destined to be of short duration. Scarcely two months had elapsed before the lady, of whom he had become so deeply enamoured, was the partner of his passions. In the society of his young bride he enjoyed a happiness he little expected to have realized. In her abscence she was the sole occupant of his thoughts. She was as a star upon which he loved to fix his gaze. In her beauty there was a delirium that filled his soul with a strange and ineffable rapture. His whole nature underwent a change. The asperities of his character were entirely subdued. He resigned himself to the dominion of love and gentleness. Thus he was rendered contented and happy; and at length, as a pledge of his continued felicity, he was blest with the birth of a daughter, who was called Isabel. Soon after this his wife died; and his affections were centered in his only child. He bestowed upon her every possible attention, and when she had arrived at a sufficient age, he placed her at a public school to receive an education.

Again we find Dom Bernardo restless and dissatisfied. He had been accustomed to a life of cruelty and blood, and without some powerful excitement, he became the victim of his own gloomy and foreboding thoughts. As a remedy he returned, once more, to the seas. He was absent three years, during which time he plundered many vessels, while his young and innocent daughter was profoundly ignorant of his nefarious pursuits.

The luxurious habits of the Pirate subjected him to frequent and severe attacks of the gout; it was during one of these visitations that he solemnly resolved to quit forever his dangerous profession, and retire with his daughter into private life. Accordingly, he bid adieu to his associates, and hastened to receive her welcome embrace. He found her grown almost into womanhood—possessing a gay and cheerful spirit. Her heart was light and buoyant as the breeze, for care had never yet laid upon her his withered touch. Her cheeks were flushed with the roses of youth and her dark eye sparkled with irresistible eloquence and fascination. She was told by her father that she must prepare for a life of seclusion—that he was weary of the world, and with the exception of herself wished to stand aloof from all society.—For a moment a shade came over the brow of Isabel, but it vanished in an instant; she thought only of contributing to the happiness of a parent, who was so enfeebled by excess that she doubted whether he could survive many months.

Dom Bernardo fixed his residence in a narrow and secluded valley, formed by two ranges of hills that rose abruptly on either side. He took with him only one domestic, a man servant named Manuel, who, together with himself and Isabel, constituted the whole of his family. A month after their arrival in this place of retirement, Bernardo took his daughter by the hand and led her to a seat upon some rocks at a short distance from the house.

'My child,' he commenced after looking at her for some time in silence, 'you have probably never asked yourself what I am? I have wished to make known to you this secret. My situation in some measure requires it. But you must remember that a single whisper would plunge me into irretrievable ruin. Did I not know, my daughter, that oaths are mockeries, I would call upon you to swear that you would lock up my words as an inviolable treasure in your bosom. But as it is, there is a tie between us that will be less easily broken. What say you, my child?' Isabel remained silent, gazing upon her father with a mingled look of wonder and astonishment. Dom Bernardo resumed. 'Within the two last years you have heard much of a celebrated pirate? Not three months ago, if I mistake not, you read to me an account of his having despoiled a vessel of a valuable cargo that was just returning from the Indies. You may also remember he exercised great humanity towards the crew, by deterring his band of desperadoes from violations and unnecessary havoc. That man is now before you—Dom Bernardo, your father. You tremble, my girl; but you have nothing to fear. My days are numbered—I almost feel the deathrattle in my throat. I shall soon pass away; and until that time I wish to remain as much secluded as possible. I would desire your kindness and attention; still, I will force nothing upon you as a matter of necessity. I am unworthy to be the parent of so lovely a daughter. I have an immensity of wealth that shall be equally yours, whether you remain with me to soothe the last pangs that this feeble body is doomed to suffer; or whether you fly from my presence, and seek a home among those who better deserve your society. What is your decision?'

Isabel burst into tears—while the pirate pressed her gently to his throbbing bosom. She imprinted a kiss upon his lips and replied—

'Dearest father! think not that I could ever desert you. You know not how bitterly I lament the misdeeds of your past life; but you are still my parent, and ties of blood are too sacred to be riven, merely because a combination of circumstances however painful seem to render it expedient.—No, my father, your destiny shall be mine.

I will watch over you—and I will pray for you; oh, how unceasingly I will pray for you! albeit the whole world should be up in arms against us. Dry your tears, my beloved parent, and let not grief have the power to scathe your already parched and desolate heart. What is peril when we have wrought up our souls to resist its power? Let us be content, and put afar off the day of evil and tribulation.'

The beautiful enthusiast paused. The pirate wept aloud, and almost involuntarily sunk upon his knees, and, fervently clasping his hands, offered up a prayer to the throne of the Eternal.

* * * * * * *

Isabel occasionally visited Philadelphia, though never in company with Dom Bernardo, who now deemed it unsafe to appear again in public, whatever might be his disguise. It was in this place she formed an attachment to one Burnet—Henry Burnet, if our authority is correct; a young gentleman of wealth and education; but unhappily of dissipated habits, and who had squandered the greater portion of his money in gambling and horse-racing. It was in this struggle between pride and poverty, that he formed the accquaintance of Isabel; and such was the influence he exercised over her young and unpractised heart, that she disclosed to him the secret of Dom Bernardo. Her affection for Burnet was so sincere and ardent, that he prevailed upon her to meet him privately at stated periods near her father's dwelling. It was upon one of these occasions, that we will detail the conversation of the lovers.

'And you will not consent?' said Burnet, taking the hand of the innocent girl.

'It is impossible?' replied Isabel. 'I have promised not to desert my father in his forlorn condition; at his death my heart is wholly yours.'

'Well, be it so. I am undeserving of so much happiness, I will await it patiently; but that is not it. Know you, dearest, that my ample possessions have passed away—that, by unforseen accident, my fortune has become that of another?'

'Henry,' quickly replied the girl, 'you are not, on that account, the less estimable. What is wealth but a mere shadow—a plaything for those who are incompetent to appreciate the loftier attributes of our nature? But if riches are a blessing, Dom Bernardo has an abundance, and with you, Henry, they shall be enjoyed by your own faithful and devoted Isabel. For the present we must separate: my assistance is required in the sick chamber. And remember, Henry, at your own solicitations I have become your betrothed; but not, I again repeat, until the death of my father can I consent to be your bride.'

The lovers bade an affectionate adieu, and parted, Isabel to administer to her afflicted parent; Burnet, to regret that he had failed in the accomplishment of his designs.

Three nights after this, the beautiful form of Isabel glided along a narrow path, leading directly from Dom Bernardo's dwelling, and terminating, at a distance of about a hundred yards, upon an elevated rock, shaded with drooping willows. Hither she had come to woo the fragrance of the breeze. It was a beautiful night and every thing around was still and calm. The moon was shining with unusual splendor, and the stars were abroad in all their bright and glorious magnificence. Suddenly a loud whistle broke upon her startled ear, and then, for a moment, all was again silent. Presently she heard footsteps, and looking earnestly whence the sound proceeded, she saw the person of Manuel, her father's servant, groping his way through the underwood, almost immediately beneath her feet. He was soon joined by a person, who emerged from the thicket; and they both now stood at the base of the rock upon which our heroine was seated. She soon recognized the stranger to be no other than her affianced husband—Henry Burnet.

'And what has brought him hither at this late hour?' was the instant inquiry of the unsuspecting girl; 'and why this secret conference with Manuel?' She paused to listen to their discourse.

'The evening is well nigh spent,' said Burnet. 'How fares our project?'

'All is well,' returned Manuel. 'There is not even a suspicion.'

'Does Bernardo sleep?'

'Ay, soundly.'

'And Isabel?'

'She is worn out with watching. Besides, she can present no obstacle. An admirable disguise is that of yours, Burnet! You brought the masks and pistols, I suppose?'

'Ay, all: nothing has been forgotten. I was thinking Manuel, whether it would not be better to defer our attempt a little longer. Dom Bernardo may not probably survive another week, and it would be less appalling to our consciences, if the affair were settled thus amicably. In the event of the Spaniard's death, Isabel has promised to share with me his fortune. I love the girl, it is true—you may laugh—but I declare I love that beautiful and dreamlike creature. Her voice is to me as the richest music. I could kneel to her, Manuel, and worship at her feet with all the devotion of a saint; but with all this, should we not cast the sickle into the golden wheat, when the hearvest is ready?'

'Ay now you talk sense, and I reverence what you utter. It is, indeed, a golden harvest—one that we cannot wisely overlook!'

'But Isabel must not suspect that I have been even accessary to the damned crime we are about to perpetrate?' said the agitated Burnet. 'Manuel, I feel a chill creeping through my veins, and my limbs seem as marble.'

'Pshaw! this is your fancy. I tell you the girl can know nothing of it. Burnet, listen to me. I have met you here by your own appointment, and I have come to prosecute a scheme of your own invention. The thoughts of guilt have already been associated in my mind too powerful to be driven away.—I have been attracted by the glittering bait with which you sought to allure me; and it is now too late to recant.'

'I leave the execution of the deed to yourself; I confess my courage has deserted me. Be the reward entirely yours.'

'Coward!' exclaimed the infuriated Manuel, seizing Burnet violently by the arm.—'Tell me that you abandon our project, and,'—uttering a horrible oath,—'I will strike you to the earth. I fear not to send a bullet through Dom Bernardo's heart; but the task must and shall be yours: my only fear is, if I suffer you to escape thus, that your weakness would betray me into the hands of justice. Half the spoils, by agreement, are to be yours, and it is now nearly the appointed hour. In good faith, if my watch says truly, it lacks only fifteen minutes. You agree? that's a brave fellow! You know the signal. When the lamp is removed from the window where it now glimmers, do you approach. I have already told you in which chamber may be found the Spaniard. Let the work be that of a moment, and instantly disappear. In a few days you may return to claim the hand of his daughter—you know the rest. In fifteen minutes I shall expect you—farewell!'

Isabel hastened home with all possible speed. She was determined to use every exertion to foil the cursed design of Manuel and her perfidious lover. She flew to the apartment of Dom Bernardo, and snatching up his loaded pistols in silence, secreted them in the folds of her dress. She then seated herself in the apartment where she expected Manuel and his confederate to enter. It was not long before the former made his appearance. Contrary to custom, he seated himself very deliberately in a corner of the room. Isabel watched his countenance, but remained silent. She observed not a single emotion of doubt or fear. After a short pause, he arose and removed the lamp. He then threw himself carelessly upon a sofa.

'Manuel,' said Isabel, taking up the light, 'what have you concealed beneath your waistcoat? A pistol and loaded too! Do you apprehend any danger, that you are so valiantly armed? Hypocrite!' cried the undaunted girl, as she replaced the lamp on the spot whence it had been taken.—'Know you not that I was a listener to your sanguinary schemes? Indeed, you shall be rewarded for your zeal and activity.—I have but one favor to request, and I am sure you cannot refuse me. It is that you will descend into the dungeon where my father has hoarded his wealth, and remain there during the night. Away, I say! for if you refuse, you shall share the fate that you intended for Dom Bernardo!' and saying this, she levelled a pistol at his breast.

Manuel, somewhat disconcerted, took his way to the dungeon, and Isabel secured him by turning several iron bolts. She returned to the apartment she had just left, and removed the lamp from the window.—She waited some time, expecting the arrival of her gallant lover—Burnet. At length he strode rapidly through the hall, and was making his way to the apartment of Dom Bernardo. Isabel sprung after him, and before he was aware, disarmed him of his weapons.

'Who are you?' she demanded in a determined voice. 'Come to the light, sir; come, I say, or here is a bullet that will cure you of your obstinacy. How cleverly you are masked—eh? Not shamed, I hope, of your features? Off with your disguise—off with it, that I may introduce to you the worthy Manuel, whom you will find secreted in the dungeon.'

The mortified Burnet, on perceiving that he was known by Isabel, was so overcome by his emotion, that he staggered back a few paces and fell to the ground. At this instant, Dom Bernardo entered the room.—He had heard the commotion, and started hurriedly from his bed, although more dead than alive. He was so enervated, that his

limbs scarcely supported his own weight, and but for the timely assistance of his daughter who caught him in her arms, he would have dashed headlong to the floor.—She thought only of assisting her father to his bed; and while she was engaged in this duty, she was astounded by the report of a pistol. It was the deathblow of Henry Burnet, struck by his own hand. He had snatched the weapon from a table, where it had been thoughtlessly laid by Isabel on the appearance of Dom Bernardo, and buried its contents in his forehead. The blood was already streaming upon the floor. He was writhing in the agonies of death—a self immolated victim upon the altar of his own consummate wickedness and folly. He attempted several times to speak, and rose once again upon his feet. Oh, what a fearful picture! He lifted his hand red and dripping with blood to his lacerated forehead, and thrust it madly in the fatal wound, and then he glared around with the wildness and fury of a manic, and uttering a loud and piercing cry, fell heavily in his own gore. Life had fled, and Isabel was in the presence of the guilty dead.

Dom Bernardo did not long survive this tragical event. He was gathered to his fathers, rejoicing in the termination of his turbulent and perilous career. As to Manuel, he was elevated to the height of his deservings. Isabel, upon the death of her father, took up her residence in Philadelphia, and soon became the envied bride of an opulent merchant, who, it has been rumored, was not unacquainted with the celebrated pirate, whom we have introduced into our story under the name of Dom Bernardo.

From the Saturday Evening Visiter.

DESCRIPTION OF MOUNT HOLYOKE.

Many are the Mountains, that have, in the different ages of the past, been celebrated, either for the events which have transpired upon or around them, or for their scenery, and the views which they have afforded to the traveler. Olmypus was graced often, by the presence of Jupiter and the mythological court of heaven. Parnassus was the fabled residence of the Muses, and Ætna was thought, by the ancients, to be occupied as the workshop of Vulcan and the Cyclops. Calvary was the altar upon which was offered the victim which was appointed to expiate the sins of the world, and was the theatre whereupon the grand drama of helish malice was acted. Many more might I mention, which have been celebrated for some act or circumstance or peculiarity, which has immortalized their names. But this would be foreign from my design. I intend merely to give a description of Mount Holyoke. This mountain is situated upon the east bank of Connecticut river, in Hampshire county, Massachusetts, about eighty miles, if I recollect right, northward from the seaboard. It stands three miles south of Hadley, about as many from Northampton, the shire town of the county which lies across the river, and is 1160 feet above the level of the surrounding plain. Its base is narrow compared with its height, and the ascent to its summit is quite abrupt, being so steep in some places along the pathway, that winds round it in the accessable part, that it is very difficult for the footman to sustain himself from falling, and draw himself up its declivities by the shrubbery.

In 1822 or 3, if I recollect, a number of indviduals, from the town of Northampton and Hadley, assembled upon the top of the mountain, and erected a small house for the accommodation of the thousands of travelers and pleasure parties from the surrounding country, which visit it in the summer. The four corners of this house were each bolted down with large iron bars to the solid rock upon which the house was built. After the frame was erected, the people present were addressed, in an eloqent speech appropriate to the place and the occasion, by Mr. Mills, an honorable Senator from Massachusetts.

Across the river from Holyoke, about a mile, or a mile and a half distant, and in an exact range with it, stands mount Tom, of the same height as if both had in some former age, been one unbroken chain,—and had, by some violent disruption, been separated. From a multitude of facts, I have no doubt, that they *were* thus separated. There are appearances sufficient in numbers and plainness, to warrant the conclusion, that the whole valley above the mountains, including the fertile towns and beautiful villages of Northampton, Hadley, Hatfield, Sunderland, Deerfield, &c. occupy ground which was once the bottom of a lake whose southern bank was formed by the united chain of Tom and Holyoke; and whose outlet was over the top of that ridge, forming a cataract, if not as perpendicular, yet, at least as grand as Niagara; and I think more so: for instead of one hundred and fifty feet fall, the whole volume of the Connecticut, which is very considerable, must have rushed down a precipice of *five* hundred feet or more. My reasons for believeing that it was a lake, are drawn from the fact that the soil is alluvial to the depth of from twenty to sixty feet, at which depth logs and timber have been found, which have doubtless been buried for ages, and, also from the fact, that, upon the north side of the ridge, which would have formed the lake shore on the south, and about eight, or perhaps, nine hundred feet above the surrounding plain, a channel is worn deep into the solid rock, evidently by the dashing of waves against it—a channel so plain, that it can, at the village of Hadley, three miles distant, be seen distinctly along the extent of the ridge horrizontally, upon a line exactly water level. The two ends of each mountain, upon either bank of the river, exhibit evident marks also of some violent convulsion; for rocks weighing hundreds of tons, have been, at some time, turned out of their original beds, and turned out too in a southern direction, down the course of the stream, and these rocks lie now upon the declivities on either side, two or three hundred feet above the present level of the river. I cannot then but conclude, that the valley of the Connecticut above the mountains, was once covered with water to the depth of several hundred feet, and that by wearing away its mountain barrier, it gained sufficient force to tear up the solid basement of rocks, and make for itself a level channel. At the distance of four miles below, the falls of South Hadly are formed, no doubt, by the rocks that were swept there by the tremendous flood which must have poured thro' the mountain pass, when the embankment yielded to the resistless force of the rushing waters. This is also the opinion of Professor Silliman. While writing this article, I have thought it very possible that at some distant age the rocks of Niagara may wear away in the same manner, and pour the flood of Erie into the Ontario, and leave villages which are now sea ports, high and dry for miles from the water.

A TRAVELER.

From the Amaranth.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

BY H. S. DALE.

"This is my own, my native land."

This is the language of poetry, and it finds a triumphant response in human bosoms all over the globe.

Whether it be the Greenlander, in the realm of eternal winter, or the Arab amid the scorching sands of Zahara, or the Indian in his solitary wild, it may be said of each, that in his own clime would he live, and there would he die.

There is his home; there slumbers the hallowed dust of his ancestors; there is the paternal mansion, in which his infancy was nursed, his childhood carressed and protected, and his maturer years instructed and admonished. It is his *own* language he speaks, and by which he communes with his kindred and friends around him.

Local attachments are among the strongest and most permanent of which our nature is susceptible. Who can imagine the feelings of an exile? Mountains may rise, and rivers roll between him and the land from which he has been cast out, or from which he may have exiled himself; but memory and imagination can bring before him all that is lovely there, and by the contrast, torture his bosom with the keenest pangs.

"How often," said Camillus, on his return from a voluntary exile, "how often did my native country spread itself before me with these hills and plains, the Tiber's silvery flood, this scenery, so familiar to my sight, and this sky, beneath which I was born and educated!" He felt that he had been injured, but with all her faults, he loved his country still. He came indeed in the hour of her disaster, and led forth her troops to victorious battle.

The captive Jew hung his harp upon the willow, for his trembling hand could not sweep its strings, the heavenly melodies of *better, happier* days. He could not sing one of Zions's songs, for the effort woke within him affecting remembrances of home, and his native land. "He wept when he remembered Zion."

Why weeps the invalid in foreign climes? Not merely that he must die in a strange land, or perchance on his flight homeward find an unlettered tomb in the caverns of the great deep.

But why need I multiply illustrations of this sort, to an American citizen. With what intense and impassioned feeling may *he* exclaim, "this is my own, my native land."

He may indeed, share many of the beauties of nature, and blessings of sosiety, only in common with the dwellers of most other countries. But does he not feel the strength of, at least, *one* tie, unfelt almost

every where else? Yes, it is here Freedom, which more than any other tie, binds an American to his birth-land.

It is Freedom's air he breathes; it is Freedom's sun that shines upon him. It is Freedom prized in his heart's just estimation above all price. It is Freedom that kindles up in every visage the smiles of joy and contentment. It is Freedom, which invests with a charm the spot, otherwise most uninviting. The rock-bound, sea-girt isle on our coast, where the humble fisherman spreads his nets, may not win the heart of him who treads in the green vale, and beside the unruffled streamlet; but is not the tenant there free as the sea-bird that waves her wing in mid heaven? Ay! amidst eternal rocks would our hardy countryman linger while he lives, and mingle his last farewell with the murmuring of the billows that beat its shores!

But let me remark that in an American citizen, the love of country should rise higher than a mere affection? it should be with him a practicial principle. In a patriot what is feeling without action? Our fathers loved this land, but they bled for it too. Had their patriotism been mere affection, sluggish feeling, their liberty would have expired in its infancy. Lexington, Bunker-Hill, Boston and Concord would have been undistinguished by their illustrious achievements, and their bones would not have been mingled with the soil of every state from New-England to Georgia.

From the New England Galaxy.

MY FIRST AND LAST LOVES.

Poor worm! thou art infected!
This visitation shows.—SHAKS.

Although I have been engaged in many skirmishes in the campaign of love, and though numberless have been my victims, yet the first TUMBLE of the kind I ever had happened to me when about the age of nineteen. Like the bee that wanders from flower to flower, tasting slightly as it flies, I had merely sipped of its sweets, nor till then, had been lured to a deeper draught of the divine nectar. But my time was now come. I was actually in love—yes, I had FALLEN in love—I was up to my eyes. I had not sunk gradually—imperceptibly—unconsciously—but had plunged knowingly—wilfully—at a single bound.

She was a divine creature—at least I then thought her so. I first met her in the ball room—amid the bright array of beauty and fashion she shone peerless—a lovely, laughing being.

'She glittered through the crowded halls,
Gay and capricious as a sprite of air."

I was delighted, enchanted, fascinated. I had clasped her hand, I had gazed in her eyes, I was already in love, but she was a coquette, and I was her slave.

I was now considered the happy man—the favored lover—and was congratulated as the first who had been able to tame her wild spirit. I had myself begun to entertain hopes of obtaining her love, but it proved an illusion, an ignus fatuus—a phantom. I was her constant attendant at balls and parties, and was repeatedly vexed by her unthinking coquetry. One evening I had danced with her but once, and towards the close of the evening, I asked her hand for the succeeding dance—it was refused! I had scarcely left her when another gentleman requested that honor—it was granted. I was thunder struck. A sickening sensation came over me, a tumultuous heaving at the heart, and a reeling of the brain. It lasted but an instant. I gave one look—one searching, withering look, and she felt it, yes, I saw it by the flush that passed over her face, like a stream of fire. I did not dance again. I stood aloof, meditating on what had passed, and gazing abstractly upon the rest. *Her* step had lost its buoyancy, her face its gladdening smile, and once I saw her steal a troubled glance at the spot where I stood. It was too late, she had scorned me, and mortal never scorned me twice. I had loved her with an affection surpassing the love of *woman*. It was over now: suddenly had it appeared, and as suddenly vanished. In silence I saw her to her home—but one word was spoken—it cost an effort—but it was firmly uttered—"FAREWELL." The next day a note was received from her—I knew not what it contained—it was returned unopened. Let it not be supposed that all this cost no pang—no laceration—no disquietude—it did. I could have flown to her and knelt at her feet—aye, and wept too—but unmanly tears! But I was proud, my spirit rose against the degradation. I had been rejected and slighted by a woman—a woman I had loved; and I hoped, nay, prayed that I might be permitted to humble her, to make her feel, deeply, bitterly, how much I despised and scorned, and loathed her! Oh, pride what a tyrant art thou; how many sundered hearts, and broken hopes, and blasted joys, are laid to thy charge.

Almira H. was my next flame. Her voice captivated me: moreover she was a beautiful girl: in form a very sylph, with a face like—like thine own, fair reader, and thou art handsome. I have sat hours listening to the soft melody of her voice, as it fell in its peculiarly rich and liquid cadence upon my ear, lifting the soul from the sordid and grovelling cares of earth's region to a pure and a loftier flight. And I have gazed on her beaming countenance, radient with the theme—the blue veins swelling—the carnation mantling—a being from a bright sphere she seemed; but when she ceased, the illusion was gone. She possessed no mind, no thought, no conversational powers—nothing to fill up the vacuum which was sure to succeed her divinest melodies, and I soon found that instead of a woman, I had loved "*vox et praetera nihil.*" I soon formed a distaste for her company, even her voice attracted and charmed less than formerly. Besides, I had conceived a *penchant* for another lady, and so as "*non omnia possumus omnes,*"—we parted.

The next in course was a literary lady—a regular blue stocking. She would jabber French like a parrot—decipher Egyptian hieroglyphics, read Greek, and was a great admirer of Homer—indeed she had written a work of some three hundred pages, wherein she clearly proves by sundry sage conclusions, logical deductions and wise conjectures, to her own satisfaction, that he (Homer) was actually born in one of the seven cities which contended for the honor of his birth place; but which of the seven she has not yet favored us with her researches upon the subject. She was also a Phrenologist—a firm believer in the science of bumps and protuberances. The principles of Phrenology were applied by her in all her intercourse with her fellows—her opinions of the characters and dispositions of those with whom she associated was founded on their phrenological developements. She believed that the shape of a person's head might be changed from the Grecian to the Ethiopian model—from a human caput to that of a brute by the exercise of certain propensities, and the action of the mind upon the brain. I was a sceptic in Phrenology: nor could all her casuistry or argument induce me to put any faith in a science which teaches me to read a man's character and disposition upon his forehead. In fact I had a marvellous lack of marvellousness; and she declared that it was solely and totally from the unusual depression of that organ, that my disbelief in the science originated. For her mantel ornaments, and in the niche of her room, she had phrenological casts, and the walls of her apartment were studded with lithographic and engraved heads celebrated for their extraordinary developements. This then was the woman I had sought—this was a woman with mind, thought, intellect, talent, and *conversational* powers; yes, she had those to perfection, for I verily believe she could out-talk any other woman on earth. My former Dulcinea I had complained of as being deficient in these matters—heigho! I was now supplied to my heart's content. Extremes they say sometimes meet, and I was now as much disgusted with what she called her literary *acquirements*, as I had formerly been mortified at Almira's lack of them. She did not possess any of the finer and nobler feelings—no lofty or sublime sentiments were hers, nothing but earth—earth with its vanity and selfishness occupied her thoughts, and absorbed her attention. I was disappointed, dissatisfied, sickened. There was a want ungratified, a yearning after something pure and tender, and impassioned, a longing for something that might tend at times to dissipate the dull realities of life—wants that could not be satisfied but by a woman of less pedantry and more nature. Reader, I jilted *her*.

The next object of my ever-changing affection, was one every way calculated to fix them—one of complete congeniality of sentiment—one whom I could love without being vexed by her coquetry, mortified by her ignorance, or disgusted by her pedantry. She was indeed a noble—an interesting girl. She was romantic and melancholy—two requisites for a novelist's heroine—but her's was a natural romance—and her melancholy was the effect of that insidious destroyer—consumption. The bloom and promise which once had flattered her friends in the hope of a life lengthened for usefulness and joy, had departed. I loved *her*—but it was with a feeling unlike any I had ever before experienced. I knelt to the power of her beauty, with an ardor as deep, as holy, and as reverential, as devotee ever approached shrined saint; there was nothing grovelling, sensual or earthly in it.—She was not such an ideal being as Bulwer's Gertrude; but she threw around her a spell, a fascination, an influence, as thrilling and intense as ever Gertraude did. To be in her presence—to listen to her low sweet tone—to gaze in her large, dark eyes, beaming with a melancholy lustre, a radi-

ant eloquence—to see her smile, so sad, so mournful—and withal so benevolent—was enchantment to me—and, oh! the hot tears have filled my eyes, as I have thought, that she was not long for this earth—and how soon—how very soon the cold grasp of him of the icy hand would be upon her. That I was beloved by her, I could not doubt: there needed not language to tell me the thrilling truth. As she rested her throbbing temples on my breast, and with a earnestness looked into my face, the hectic tinge mellowing her burning cheek, as I pressed it to my lips: this was love! in all its fervency and purity: holy and hallowed love; love which flowed rich and undefiled, from the pure fountain of the heart: a bliss was mine that earth could not give; a bliss which the low intriguing sensualist in all his imaginings never aspired to.

Few, very few, can conceive of the anguish, the agony of soul I endured in witnessing the rapid strides of the dreaded disease; in gazing on her snowy brow; her hueless cheek and sinking frame. She saw it, and strove with all the energy which her love for me inspired, to appear cheerful and unconcerned—to assume a gaiety and happiness she could not feel—but it was of no avail. It was a forced, unnatural cheerfulness that was even more painful than her actual condition. I had been absent a few days—but ere I went, a slight amendment was visible; her breathing was less labored; she could converse, without fatigue—there was a brightness in her eye, and a smile upon her features, I had not seen for months. But "consumption is a syren." When I returned, she was confined to her room. She had sunk back to her former helplessness and danger; her eye still gleamed, but it was with an unearthly brightness; her cheek was pale; and the impress of death was upon her brow.—"Oh, God!" I exclaimed, as I took her attenuated hand—"can it be possible; so changed so soon!"

"James,"—and the tone, in all its mellowness and mournfulness still thrills me—"I'm dying now. The time has come when earth with all its joys and sorrows, its hopes and fears, its vain attractions and ambitious longings, its gloom, and its misery, is vanishing, departing; death is before me now; yet it has no terrors; its bitterness is past. Yes, James, I am dying; this poor frame so emaciated, so wasted, which you have comforted and supported in the bitter hour, will soon be laid in its last resting place; and on the cheek you have so often pressed, the worm will riot. I have loved you, James, I still love you; and oh, 'tis hard, 'tis painful: now, when it pervades my very being, when with its etherial glow, it has fanned and kept alive life's flickering flame—now to leave you—oh, it has cost a pang—so deep, and bitter, and heart-rending;—it is past. You will think of me when I am gone—you will sometimes remember her who has thought of you as the only tie that binds her here—"

"Think of you, oh, God!—do not talk thus—I cannot, will not lose you now. He who has joined two hearts like ours together, and sanctioned and hallowed their communion, will not so wantonly sunder them!" And in my wild agony I clasped her to my heart, and kissed her cold cheek, and felt the deathlike throb, and knew there was no hope. One look she gave me—a look of undying, unconquered love: one sigh she breathed that trembled on her lips, and all was over.

J. A. H.

[From the Schenectady Wreath.]

THE DOMESTIC FIRESIDE.

There is certainly no pleasure so sweet—no enjoyment so lasting—no scene of bliss that gives to the heart such enduring happiness as the domestic fireside. Here is concentrated all that is dear to the youthful heart—all the hopes of the aged. Here is a joy that the splendors of the world cannot give—here the strifes of the few and the turmoils of the multitude never enter. Here we are secure from the tumults that wreck the world without.—We can look out upon the excited world, and by contrast better realize the happiness of our situation. Here all is calm. Peace is in every bosom—love and friendship in every breast. Heart mingles with heart, peaceful as the waters of the valley. While the world without is in an uproar, even empires rent assunder, the domestic fireside is a quiet home. The brother's friendship, the sister's love, father's affection, the mother's kindness—in short, the whole circle conspire to make it a scene of the most heart-satisfying bliss.

Oh! never while memory remains can I forget the pleasures of my father's fireside. Years have flown by since I bade it adieu, yet how bright the image! With what enrapturing emotion is each scene recalled! How brilliant does each character pass before my mind! The pleasant shades—the calm retreats—the quiet mansion, are all before my view, brilliant as on the morning when I bade them adieu. How sweet—how delightful to the memory of one who is far absent from the beloved scenes of his early home! To the stranger who has long lived and wandered amid the gaiety of the world, shut out from the endearing associations of domestic scenes, an hour spent in brooding over the joys of his early home, is worth whole days of the giddy pleasure that the world can give. He may mingle in the liveliest society—in the merry dance—but his mind will wander far back into days that live but in the memory. He will be lost in the solitude of his own thoughts, even amid the gaiety that floats around him. Bright eyes may sparkle—merry voices may greet his ears—but in vain.—His fancy has carried him back to scenes sweeter and more dear to his heart.

I have seen the absent youth amid the gayest pleasures for awhile be as merry as the merriest—but it was only for a moment. I have seen a gloom come over his cheek, his eyes grow dejected and sad. He would seat himself in quiet abstraction, even amid the universal jolity, his mind apparently roving far beyond the bounds of his present society. His eyes would occasionally cast out a ray of pleasure, then sink again into the same melancholy expression. And I have asked him what scenes were those that flitted before his vision, for a moment giving his cheek a bloom of pleasure, then passing away and leaving a melancholy gloom—And he has answered me in the fullness of his heart, that they were scenes of by-gone days—his early youth—his father's fireside.

Original.

POETIC SKETCHES---No 4.

TO TIME.

What art thou Time?—Thou art the chariot swift,
That carries life on to its close,
Thou'rt the moving stream whence all things drift
Buoyant on, to where—no one knows!

Thou art servant to all in life's dull round,
Yet govern'd by none—whatever his station;
Thou art waiting for all, where'er they're found,
Yet ending with all—thy duration.

Thou art one who has travell'd in years that are past;
Thou art yesterday—thou art to-day—
Wherever mortal man's hard lot be cast,
Thou art with him, till life's last ray.

And since thou travel'st with us along,
And bear in thy index our actions,
We should move with the heterogenous throng
In the *faultless* path of transactions.

Virtue should guide our steps here below—
And truth and strict justice be given,
That when *thou* shalt cease along with us to go,
We, alone, may advance on—to Heaven.

ADRIAN.

Original.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

My bright eyed and light hearted one,
I love to look on thee—
And hear the rich and ringing tone
Of thine unstinted glee.

Before thy cloudless happiness,
Before thy sunny eye,
The pangs of worldly bitterness
Are soothed to pleasantry.

There's health upon thy open brow,
My beautiful—my child,
And seemeth it, as through its snow,
Thy glowing spirit smil'd.

Aye! let them boast their revelry,
Who tread life's common path:
Give, Oh! my Father, give to me,
My children and my hearth.

My home, 'tis like those southern Isles,
Of which the seamen tell,
A speck of verdure, fruit and smiles,
Girt by the booming swell.

Look up my girl—there was a time
When I too laugh'd and sung;
When ev'ry hour some mirthful chime
Was ringing from my tongue.

Since years have past, and time and care
Have slowly made their way—
How like the ivy, that doth wear
The living oak away!

But sorrow not o'er dreams of mine,
And hopes long taken wing;
I would not change one look of thine
For all the past could bring.

T. H.

TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

The mild and virtuous Lady, is affable, pleasant and cheerful, she is sure to win and keep the heart.

The sensible and discreet Lady, commands respect and esteem.

The scold and loud talking termagant, will keep all prudent men at a *safe* distance.

The prude, has too much *affected* modesty, to be trusted.

The coquette, is too fond of conquests to secure the advantages of a victory.

The fashionable Belle, loves herself too much, to love any one else.

The novel reading and romantic Lady, has too much fancy and imagination, and builds too many castles in the air, to live comfortably in an house built on the land.

The learned Lady, has little time for the parlor, the nursery or the kitchen.

The musical Lady, may possibly bear the crying of children or hush them, by her *sweet toned* instrument: but it will be *too bad* for her to make bread or see if the dinner is well done.

The gadding, gossiping Lady, is constantly employed in looking into other people's business, has great care and anxiety for all her neighbors. But, poor soul, nobody cares for her, only to keep out of her way.

There is the dove-like, the butterfly and the waspish Lady. The first is excellent, the scond pretty, but generally on the wing and soon flies away; the last, is *worse than none*.

There is the simpering, smirking Lady, the rude noisy romp, and the *shil-i shal-i*, girl, as unlike "*help meets*," as fire and water; they are only fit for Fops and Dandies.

Original.

SCRAPS AND SKETCHES,

BY E. W. H. E.

MARIA—MARIA MANDEVILLE,—I remember her as though she were in my presence but yesterday—a beautiful flower in that far off western land, modest even to bashfulness among strangers, yet open, frank and generous to her acquaintances. She had just reached the age of seventeen, that year which decides the fate, for better or for worse, of so many thousands, when Mr. Mandeville first took up his residence in our little village. The retiring, unobtrusive habits of the family, so different from those commonly found in the new settler, rendered their general acquaintance limited; while to the few who were admitted as friends, they gave the privilege of a monopoly. Among that few, I was proud to be reckoned, and many a pleasant hour have I passed by their social fireside. Mr. Mandeville was a gentleman of intelligence and general information, possessing in his lady a fit companion for such a man, and under their combined instruction Maria grew up beloved and esteemed by all who had the good fortune to make her acquaintance. To all she returned their civilities and friendship as they deserved, with perhaps too strict an impartiality, but her heart had not as yet been doomed to feel to the extent of its susceptibilities.

Among the friends of the family was George Williams, a young gentlemen of respectability and talents, a native of the Granite State, handsome too, as the world said, and possessed of manners and accomplishments that few but the veriest prudes would be able to resist. He had the satisfaction of being a welcome guest at the residence of Mr. Mandeville,—and though after a few visits we were forced to see the growing preference which Maria unconsciously exhibited for his society, yet George was too good a fellow, as we termed him, to be looked upon with envy. In our riding and walking parties, young Williams was always at Maria's side, and the sprightliness of her countenance, the animation of her eye, as she listened to him, would have convinced a very careless spectator of the true state of the matter. As Mr. Williams was a young gentleman of unexceptionable character, and prosperous in his business transactions, Mr. Mandeville could not but be gratified with the bright prospects which were before his darling Maria. Rumor too, that impertinent hussey, who minds every body's business but her own, soon let out the secret, and that secret was that Mr. George Williams was very attentive to Miss Mandeville; so the story originated, but finally it was said that they were engaged and would soon be married.——Well, it was no more than I expected: the town rang with it, and I embraced an early opportunity to have a hearty laugh with my good friend George, and congratulate him on winning the affections of the Lily of the West. I thought to find him in full spirits, but he was quite the reverse, serious and thoughtful. 'What,' said I, "harrassed with the *blues*, and sighing with melancholy, when you are the most fortunate, and as I hope the happiest man this side of the Ohio!" "Do not aggravate my feelings," he replied rather peevishly. "Well, Cupid has played a singular prank," said I, "to leave you in a state of feeling like this'—and I laughed as heartily as I could under the circumstances. "I am a wretch," he exclaimed, "a heartless wretch. You are my friend—hear me silently, and then advise. I fear I have undesignedly blighted forever the happiness of that precious girl—you know the history of our intimacy—of the many nameless little attentions I have bestowed upon her, the familiarity of our intercourse, the preference she gave me, which I fear ripened into a passion that can never be extinguished. I say I *fear*, because my fate was already sealed—my betrothed is among my native hills, and tho' my attentions were lavished on this young stranger, my heart was ever true to its polar star. The society I found at Mr. Mandeville's, and the friendship of Maria, were pleasant and grateful to my feelings, and though I neve said I loved her, nor ever will say it *in words*, my actions told the accursed lie for me. I knew she loved me, and it was flattering to my vanity to possess the warm affections of so artless, young and innocent a creature; but while I felt myself the victor, I did not once reflect upon the consequences of my conquest, until within the last hour. This report of rumor startled me, and my first thought was what have I been doing? and my question now is what can I do? I know too well her heart, to think this feeling will pass off like a summer cloud—no, it will hang upon her like an incubus and weigh her down to the grave!"

During this speech I was alternately struck with horror at the deceit he had been practising, and with pity for the unfortunate Maria, and the agitated man who stood before me. The world blusters a good deal about coquetry—but they think it confined to the other sex, little knowing and little caring how many innocent creatures have sacrificed all their happiness by OUR cupidity. On some other occasion I shall take the liberty of saying that I have no pity at all for the male coquet, but would willingly see him jilted, entranced and abandoned by a hundred mistresses.

As my friend had for some time projected a journey to New Orleans, I advised him to hasten his departure, in the hope that absence would have a beneficial effect on all parties concerned. The next morning, accordingly, he embarked in the steamboat, leaving a short note to Maria, expressive of his purpose. He was to return in about six weeks, and left me his agent in all business matters during his absence. The six weeks elapsed, but no tidings were heard from him, and I observed that Maria inquired for him after that period with a good deal of solicitude. Another six weeks, and another transpired, but he came not, and Maria grew more and more thoughtful and reserved—the rose upon her cheek began to fade, and her every feature and action displayed the melancholy feelings that thrilled her heart. 'Why did he not return—could he have forgotten her? no—could he be sick or dead?' She shuddered at the thought.

At length, toward the close of September, a litter was seen born up from the landing to the boarding house, and in the sick man was recognized the long absent George Williams. It may be naturally supposed that the news of his arrival, and under such circumstances, made a rapid transit from house to house. "I will visit him," said Maria, with eagerness, on hearing the reports—"and you will go with me father!" "I will,' replied Mr. Mandeville, and they were soon on their way to the boarding house. There was no one but myself with the sick man, who now lay comparatively calm—the intense agony of his disease was over. The numerous friends that first crowded around him had hastily retreated when the nature of his disease was intimated. It was the CHOLERA, the Asiatic monster, already gorged with the blood of fifty millions. George raised his eyes as Mr. Mandeville and his daughter entered—the blood rushed to his cold purple cheek a moment, and was gone. He extended his hand to them. Mr. Mandeville shrunk back involuntarily from the touch, but Maria pressed those cold shrivelled fingers with affection. I had not for weeks seen that countenance of hers so animated as when she first entered the room, but an expression of fear for his safety soon settled upon it. Her father presently proposed to retire, but Maria would not leave him—'no she would watch him with me—she would not desert him—God would protect her in this sacred duty." "You are too good," exclaimed the sick man, "I have never deserved this!" and he turned upon her his lately brilliant, but now sunken eyes, while her face mantled again with blushes. She did stay with him, scarcely left him for a moment, and when I directed her finger to his pulseless wrist, a tear that could not be repressed gushed upon her cheek. "Inestimable girl," faltered the invalid who had chanced to witness her emotion. The fate of our friend was sealed, and before the morning dawned he

was a corpse. The report carried consternation, dismay and sorrow through the village, but on none did these sad circumstances fall so heavily as on Maria. I leave to professional disputants to settle the question of contagion or non-contagion, as I have nought to do with it on this occasion. It is my business to narrate facts, and I do it briefly. In two days Maria Mandeville, the young, beautiful, innocent, admired and beloved Maria, fell a victim to the same disease, yet cherishing to the last the belief that the absorbing passion of her heart had been as warmly and kindly returned. I would not have undeceived her for the world—it was all that sweetened her fate—but I cursed the folly and vanity that had been the destruction of two of the fairest of nature's workmanship. Such is the brief and simple history of Maria!

Original.

A SKETCH.

The Commodore and myself, sat upon the quarter deck, silently admiring the prospect before us. The sky above, was clear and brilliant; the ocean around, raised in gentle undulations, was steadily bearing us on to our destination. The gallant vessel bounded over the waves, dashing the white spray from her bows; the flag of my country proudly floated from the mast-head;

"not a stripe polluted, nor a star obscured."

We had now been several weeks at sea, and all except myself were anxiously looking forward to the time when we should be safely anchored in the bay of Naples.—This was the first time that I had ever been upon this sublimest part of creation. Every thing was intensely interesting. I could sit hours gazing upon the ocean, witnessing the gambols of the "monsters of the deep," or listening to the surging of the waters as they rushed past the vessel. When the evenings were clear I would lie upon the deck, and gaze upon the heavens, numbering the planets as they wheeled along, or fancying the brightest of them as the residence of my sainted sister. Thus I passed away my days, and mused away my nights. The ocean and the firmament were alternately my admiration. The former I had seen in almost every situation except in a storm, and inwardly hoped I might be gratified in this respect also, before the prow of our vessel touched a pier. The Commodore who had been steadily gazing at the sky for fifteen or twenty minutes, suddenly sprang up, and in a loud voice ordered a dozen men aloft; and in less than half that number of moments the requisite number were in the several stations assigned, in the rigging. I must be excused from giving the nautical language of the commodore as I could understand it only by its effect in altering the appearance of the ship. In ten minutes the cloud of canvass that had been "given to the wind", almost entirely disappeared, leaving the tall masts, and disclosing an endless mass of ropes. Our motion was necessarily retarded by this operation, and the noble vessel lay upon the warter nearly motionless. After seeing his orders properly executed, the commodore resumed his seat by my side, I enquired the meaning of such extraordinary preparation. He answered only by pointing to the heavens. To my inexperienced eye there was no unusual appearance, or alterations, except a thin fleecy robe thrown over the sky, and a slight freshening of the breeze. But soon there appeared in the east a dark belt, skirting about one fourth of the horizon. Gradually it arose, extending father, growing broader and deeper, till it appeared like the Andes seen from a distant part of the Pacific. The sun had descended nearly into the ocean, throwing over it a gorgeous robe of golden, sunset light. The ocean appeared like molten god; the waves breaking and floating in the sun, the spray forming a thousand fantastic images.—Still the cloud advanced, though slowly, as if gathering all the thunder-bolts of jove, and infernal horrors of the lower world, to pour the collected whole upon our frail bark, (frail compared with the elements!) vivid lightning surmounted its crest, and lurid fires played around its borders. On! on! it came, advancing steadily and more rapidly, till it towered to the zenith. The wind howled fiercely through the rigging, answered in a deep chorus by the bellowing thunder. The ocean began to roll in heavy swells, each succeeding larger still, till mountains towering over mountains, reached the sky, and then tumbled headlong into the foaming abyss, created by their own creation. We were driven along with inconceivable rapidity, now mounting up to the heavens, & realing for a moment on the created summit of a wave, then driven like an arrow down the terrible declivity to the bottom of the ocean, and skimming over the valley to the foot of another wave, our vessel would strike as against a rock, for an instant recoil, racked in every joint, and trembling like an aspin, begin again the toilsome ascent. The tremendous cloud had now shut down around the whole horizon. The burning lightning flashed along the sky, revealing the whole terrific scene, which was again hid in tenfold darkness. The thunder rolled "peal on peal" reverberating, and red thunderbolts dashed flaming into the sea. Streams of fire burst forth from the cloud, and rolling down its side like a stream of burning lava, an instant blazed, and was extinguished. A fiery belt would then shoot round the firmament, seeming to enclose the ocean in its broad circumference. Then another volley of heaven's artillery would burst and roll over the flood, answered by another deeper still; old ocean trembled to her "hidden depths." Such warring of the elements I have never seen since, and never wish to see. But we rode it out in safety; and with the rising of the sun the ocean was calm, the sky serene and lovely, and at evening we were anchored in the beautiful bay of Naples.

G. M. G.

Original Wit and Repartee—Several years since, two Indian Chiefs were making a tour through some of the U. States. They arrived in Philadelphia; and during their stay, a gentleman invited them to dine at his house, where a large and fashionable party were assembled. At dinner one of the sons of the forest, observed some mustard on the table, and after eyeing it awhile intently, admiring its color, and revolving in his mind its probable pleasant qualities, took a large spoonful into his mouth—he instantly felt its effects, but had presence of mind and fortitude sufficient to swallow it, notwithstanding, it forced tears into his eyes. His brother chief, observing the tears, enquired "why he was crying?" he answered, "because I was thinking of the virtues of my father who was slain in battle." The company, knowing the cause of his tears, with difficulty suppressed their laughter. He now, however, watched his tawnny brother in the hope of seeing *him* caught in the same trap. In a few minutes he saw his wishes fulfilled, for his companion took the same quantity and it was productive of the same effects. He instantly inquired why *he* was crying? The other promptly answered, "*because you were not killed when your father was!*"

The following question, was propounded in a late Oakland Whig. Suppose a ship to be under way, due south, at the rate of 30 miles an hour; suppose a cannon on board said ship, so loaded that were it discharged when the ship was stationary, the ball would move 30 miles the first hour, to be pointed due north, and discharged while the ship was under way, as aforesaid; how far asunder would the ship and ball be, one hour after the discharge?

Knickerbocker Magazine, for April.—The Contents: Original Papers—The use and abuse of Criticism, by Samuel L. Knapp, Esq. The Tomb of Josephine, by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Sketch of a self-made Sculptor, by B. B. Thatcher, Esq. author of the Abuse of the Brain,' &c. The Wreck, by I. McLellen, Jr. Esq. Sketches of Travel, (Number Two) by the Rev. Timothy Flint. Prayer in Solitude. Pulpit Eloquence. Evening, Night, and Morning at Sea. The Broken Heart. John Simth, by the author of 'Desperation.' A Vision of Steam, by Miss Mary Anne Browne, London. The Laboratory of Nature, (Number Two) by Professor L. C. Beck, N. Y. University. The Burial, by H. T. Tuckerman, Esq. Jeduthan Hobbs, a Tribute to the memory of a Metropolitan Book-Pedler. Is he rich? The Silent Water. American Literature. Memory. The Duelist, &c. &c.

Errata.—In the poetry, entitled the 'Poet's Love,' in our 6th No. an error occurred which destroys the sense of it. The 11th and 10th lines from the close, should *read* thus:

And thou, IRENE, wert;—
Fond *lovers*—loving and beloved!

MARRIED,

In Lockport, by the Rev. Mr. Barret, of Parma Corners, Mr. John G. Crandall, of the same place, to Mrs. Jane L. Dean, of Lockport.

On the 8th inst. by Rev. L. Lyons, Mr. David Clark, of Brighton, to Miss Sophia Putman, of this City.

In Victor, on the 12 inst. by Rev. Mr. Kay, Mr. Elijah A. Webster, missionary printer to Bombay, formerly of this city, to Miss Mariette, daughter of Mr. Joseph Rawson, of the former place. They expect to embark for their station early in May.

DIED,

In this City, on the 7th inst. of consumption, in the 36th year of her age, Catharine K., wife of Dr. A. Colman, and daughter of the late Col. Rochester.

In Albion, Orleans Co., on the 28th ult. the Rev. Andrew Rawson, aged 61 years.

At Albany, suddenly, Nathaniel Rossiter, Esq. aged 73, one of the oldest members of the bar in this State.

In Amherst, Mass. (in March) Mr. Benjamin Smith, aged 65 years.

PARNASSIAN FLOWERS.

Original.

'IS IT THE LAST FAREWELL?'

'Twas eve—the glories of the western sun,
In calm repose were fading in the west;
The rudy tints, seemed one by one to die,
And from the wan-faced Lady of the night,
With graceful modesty, in peace withdrew,
And hid their blushes with the veil of eve—
When, to yon blooming grove, whose waveing top,
With silent reverence, nodded to the breeze,
And seemed the weary traveller to invite,
I bent my way. But e're my feet had reached
That sacred spot of peace, repose and rest,
I saw a splendid mansion rise to view,
Clothed in the garb of modesty;—and joy
Seemed there to dwell, and peace to live.
Past now this mansion of contentment pure,
Which for a moment my attention caught,
Again, to yonder grove I bent my way,
With still more eagerness, than just before.
But scarcely had I onward turned my face
To yonder bower, when from the lips of some
Sweet Girl, an angel, I had almost said—
This sacred, thrilling, pleasing language dropped,
In accents mild—'IS IT THE LAST FAREWELL?'
I stopped—I gazed—but nothing heard nor saw
Of human kind. I leaned my form against
A mighty oak, whose strength had stood the shock
Of ages gone, and even now it bid
To passing tempests, winds, and howling storms,
A proud defiance. When, to yonder dome
Again I turned my eyes; and as I turned,
The same sweet language came in louder strains,
And sweeter voice, 'IS IT THE LAST FAREWELL?'
Now could I see and fairly comprehend
To what before I seemed to be so blind.
There stood by yonder mansion, modest, fair,
A lovely couple, blooming in the prime
Of youthful life. And thus, to her he said:
"Beloved Girl, sweet charmer of my soul,
In whom are centered all my hopes and joys,
I now must go, and leave THEE still behind;
Though 'tis with grief and sorrow, yet I must
Leave this sweet mansion, which, to me has been
A paradise below—a heaven on earth;
And o'er the world, by me yet unexplored,
Must bend my way alone—FAREWELL!"
As thus he spoke, she gently caught his hand,
And fondly to her bosom pressed the same,
And thus exclaimed, 'ISIT THE LAST FAREWELL?'
"No! no," he cried. "It must not, cannot be,
If life, and liberty, and mind, be spared;
For should the dashing waves between us roll,
And distance separate us months, and years,
Yet, still, shall sacred memory drive me back
To this fond spot, sweet home, and sacred place,
And all the glory of this happy hour,
Shall rush across my memory, and there
Inscribe in letters bright upon my heart,
It cannot, shall not, be the last Farewell!"

AONIAN BARD.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The March number of this popular periodical appeared with its usual commendable promptness.—It contains a variety of capital articles. Two or three scientific essays, several light compositions, various agreeable fictions, and a liberal supply of poetry, are comprised in its pages.

The following stanzas, by Simons the novelist. are pretty and well-turned, but they are not wholly without resemblance to Moore's—"When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved:"

Saturday Courier.

Oh, bury him quickly, and utter no word,
Of the memory saddened by sorrow so long,
But when the cold stranger shall say that he err'd,
Then tell the dark tale of his crueller wrong:
We may not approve, but when others condemn,
'Twere crime that defence of his heart to forbear;
And show that his faults were all prompted by them;—
They could goad him to danger, then fly from him there.

You saw him for many long days ere he fell,
In chains and in solitude, sad but serene;
'Tis grateful to know that he battled it well,
While his spirit grew strong with the gloom of the scene.
They thought him all callous to feeling and shame,—
Ah, little they knew him: the spirit he bore
Once cherished and sighed for as lofty a fame
As shines on the pages of history's lore.

But pile the dank sod which no stone shall adorn,
No hand ever freshen with shrub or with flower:
We bury him coldly, we leave him forlorn,—
And midnight was never more dark than this hour.
It is but a year since all proudly he stood,
Brave, bright, unassuming, the sought, the preferr'd;
Upheld by the strong, and beloved by the good,—
Now—bury him quickly, and utter no word.

From the Knickerbocker, for April.

THE TOMB OF JOSEPHINE.

'A Josephine, Eugene, et Hortense.'

EMPRESS of Earth's most polished clime!
Whose path of splendid care
Did touch the zenith-point of Hope,
The nadir of Despair,—
Here doth thy wronged, confiding heart,
Resign its tortured thrill,
And slumber like the peasant's dust,
All unconcerned and still!

Did love yon arch of marble rear,
To mark the hallowed ground,
And bid those Doric columns spring,
With clustering roses crown'd?
Say,—did it come with gifts of peace
To deck thy couch of gloom,
And like relenting Athens bless
Its guiltless martyr's tomb?

No! No! the stern and callous breast,
Seared by Ambition's flame,
No kindlings of Remorse confessed
At thy remembered name;
Alike the Corsican adjured,
With harsh and ingrate tone,
The beauty and the love that paved
His pathway to a throne.

He turned in apathy to gaze
Upon his Austrian bride,
Nor heard dark Fate's prophetic sigh
That warned the fall of pride,—
Saw not the visioned battle-shock
That cleft his Babel-fame,
Nor marked on far Helena's rock
A sepulchre of shame.

France!—France!—by thy indignant zeal
Were honors duly paid?
And did thy weeping fondness soothe
The unrequited shade?
Bad'st thou yon breathing statue strive
Her faultless form to show?
But rushing on in reckless mirth,
That Empire answered—*No!*

Then, lo! a still small voice arose,
Amid that silence drear,
Such voice as from the cradle-bed
Doth charm the mother's ear;
And then, methought, two clasping hands
Were from that marble thrust,
And strange their living freshness gleamed
Amid that sculptured dust.

Empress!—the filial blossoms nursed
Within thy bosom's fold,
Survived the wreath that throned Love
To heartless Glory sold;
Those hands thy monument have reared,
Where pausing prilgrims come,—
That voice thy mournful requiem poured,
Though all the world was dumb.

Hartford, Conn. L. H. S.

THE ROCHESTER GEM,
And Ladies' Amulet:
DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.
Vol. 7--With Plates.

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SELECT TALE.

From the New England Magazine.

THE ROGUE IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

It is said of Schiller, that he was, for a long time, undecided whether he was born for a poet or for a philosopher. Circumstances have been such as to leave me in doubt, whether fortune intended me for a knave or an honest man. I may aver, with sincerity, that my inclinations and intentions have been always correct; but a strange concatenation of occurrences has convinced others, and almost persuaded myself, that I am no better than I should be; or as a quondam friend expressed it, an irreclaimable scoundrel.

I was born in a thriving village, in Connecticut; and my birth was, in the words of Rousseau, the beginning of my misfortunes—not to speak of my birth-place. My father was a carpenter, by trade; but turned the greater part of his attention to the manufacture of clocks, nutmegs, and oak-leaf cigars. Pumpkin-seeds did at one time form a portion of his handy work, but he soon gave up the business, as not sufficiently lucrative. In my boyhood, I was distinguished by no remarkable propensities. My parents pronounced me stupid; and perhaps they were in the right. My tho'ts seemed to be always a wool gathering, and I would ponder for hours over a blade of grass, or a glittering pebble, with an astonishing gravity of countenance. I do not distinctly remember the nature of my lucubrations; but they were generally sufficiently profound and abstruse.

It was at an early stage of my career, that I was favored with a specimen of its future calamities. The old lady, who kept the school at which I attended, was a rigid and turbulent disciplinarian. She one day missed a piece of twine from her table.—After an examination of all her pupils, her suspicions rested upon me. I stoutly denied having any knowledge of the important article. But, in the midst of my expostulations, the real culprit started up, and explained—"Here it is, ma'm. I seen him throw it under his seat." My guilt was now palpable in the eyes of the good woman, and it only remained to receive my confession and to thrash me for the theft. It was not until after many severe applications of the birch that she succeeded in making me tell a lie. I gained very little by this—for my punishment was double, in consequence of the double crime, of which she now supposed me guilty.

So far was I from cherishing feelings of resentment, that this adventure determined me to stick the more doggardly to the truth. A motto which I accidently picked up, for it was not much in vogue in our village, also pleased me amazingly: it ran thus: "Honesty is the best policy." I determined to adopt it, and to act up to it. Alas! it has proved but an easily leaped bar in the way of my destiny.

My father threatened to disown me, because I could not fall in with him entirely in his notions of morality. My brother Ben had departed on several peddling expeditions, and made exorbitant profits, from the sale of his spurious commodities. My father strapped a pack about my shoulders, and sent me on a similar embassy. I arrived at the country town, and sat down where three roads met, to rest myself. I was reckoning the number of sheep in a neighbouring field, when a stranger approached and hailed me:

"Got any prime cigars, young man?"

"Twenty seven, twenty eight, twenty nine, thirty, thirty one!" said I, as I finished my calculation, triumphantly.

"Not much of an assortment, I reckon; but let's see your traps."

"Have no such article in my pack," was my unsophisticated reply.

"I'll tell you what, stranger," said my new companion, who was a formidable raw-boned fellow, with enormous boots, "you are barking up the wrong tree, if you think to fool me. I say, open that'ere pack."

I did as I was ordered, and displayed to my peremptory customer my assortment of goods. He seized upon some of my father's patent cigars, selected a dozen—and with an air of sagacity, applied them to his nose.

"Mister, this does'nt smell like prime quality tobacco."

"No, but it 's genuine oak leaf," was my reply.

"The duce it is!" exclaimed the stranger gazing on me with surprise. Then laying his brawny hand upon my shoulder, he said—"I'll tell you what, mister, suppose you go along with me to 'Squire Fleece's?"

"With all my heart," answered I, unsuspiciously; and taking up my burden, I accompany my new friend, with alacrity.—"This 'Squire Fleece," thought I to myself, must be some benevolent man, who will probably ask me to dinner. He must be a universal philanthropist. The wayfaring traveler is ever welcome to his table.—What matters it, that I am young, unknown, and inexperienced? The 'Squire will interest himself the more in my fate. He is probably rich, and his happiness lies in assisting the needy and relieving the distressed. Blessings on the man. The poor and friendless find him a——"

My train of reflections was here interrupted, and we entered a small, low-roofed shed, surmounted by a sign, on which was conspicuously inscribed the words, "*Ezra B. Fleece, Attorney at Law.*"

"Here's a victim for you, 'Squire," said my companion, spinning me by the collar into the middle of the floor. "He tried to pass off his oak-leaves upon me for real Havanas. Look to him, 'Squire."

I will not give a prolonged description of my interview with this limb of the law. In vain did I assert that my intentions were honest; that I had no disposition to cheat my customers. My pack offered indubitable proof to the contrary. The attorney took me aside, and offered to let me off for a couple of dollars. But I indignantly refused to give them to him; and, forgetting my own situation, commenced an exhortation upon the enormity of receiving bribes. The 'Squire grew angry; said that it was his duty to commit me, and requesting me to sit down until the constable should arrive. But I told him that it was time for me to go, and rose to leave the office.

The attorney sprung upon me like a wild cat upon a squirrel, and seized me roughly by the collar.

"I shall shake thee off, unless thou quittest thy hold of me, Ezra," said I, dashing my fist into his face, and prostrating him supine before me. I grasped my pack and hurried forth into the open air. I had not run far, when I heard a hue-and-cry behind me, and turning, I beheld a dozen sturdy fellows, with clubs and horse-whips, headed by my companion in boots, and vociferating in horrible discord, 'Stop thief!' The words were new to me then, and sounded harshly in my ears. I have since grown used to them. My pursuers soon came up with me, and began calling me rascal, pickpocket, and all sorts of pleasant names. By some summary process, which I never understood, I was thrust into jail. My friend Fleece drew up an indictment against me, containing no less than ten different counts, in which the assault upon himself was not forgotten. There seemed to be a probability of my being incarcerated for several months.

What was to be done? I could not brook the law's delay. I longed for the fresh air and the green fields. On the first night of my captivity, I was so fortunate as to effect

my escape. The night was dark and rainy. I ran in the direction of my home, where I arrived early in the morning. My reception was any thing but gratifying.

"O, you young gallows-bird!" exclaimed my father. "To knock down and rob a lawyer!" squeaked my aunt Esther.—"To part with your pack!" roared my parent. "To let 'm catch you!" said my brother Ben, contemptuously.

"Permit me to explain, my dear father, aunt and brother."

"O, we have heard the whole story, and know all about it."

"But there are two sides to it, my dear Sir. I may put a different face upon the transaction."

"We will save your conscience that trouble," replied my considerate parent.

My protestations of innocence were received with shrugs of disbelief by my accusers, who were fully persuaded that I had been guilty of an assault, with felonious intent, upon the person of 'Squire Fleece. I was consequently compelled to enjoy the full credit of such a deed, and to listen to an edifying moral lecture from every one of my three exemplary relatives.

The first thing that caught my eye the next day, on taking up the Shuttleville Banner of Liberty, was an advertisement, in flaming letters, headed "Twenty Dollars Reward!" I read, uninterruptedly aloud, as follows: "Escaped—that notorious and veteran villain, Pierce Parker—five feet ten, in height—dark eyes, that seek the ground—suspicious and uneasy manner—had on, when he left, grey homespun pantaloons—blue coat, with brass buttons—yellow waistcoat—any one giving information of the said Parker, which may lead to his being retaken, shall receive the above reward."

A cold shudder ran through my frame, as I read this attrocious paragraph. I hastened to the window, but as I was about opening the blinds, I heard voices, as of person approaching. I staid my hand, and looked forth. Sight of horror! There was my brother Ben, in company with two officers of justice, advancing cautiously, and with the evident intent of seizing me by surprise. Not a moment was to be lost. I snatched my hat, slipped out the back door, and ran until my legs sunk beneath me with tremor and fatigue. Night came on. I durst not seek a shelter in any hut or barn.—So, looking round for a soft stone for a pillow, I spread some light fern upon the ground, and threw myself down to rest. My dreams were prolific and horrible: I will not inflict them upon the reader. With the first sunbeams, I awoke.

I resolved to shape my course for New York. On the evening of the next day, I fonnd myself in Broadway. I proceeded along that busy thoroughfare, until I reached the outskirts of the city. The hour was late and I was upon the point of retracing my steps, when I heard a noise, which arrested my attention. I hastened to the spot whence it proceeded, and saw five men engaged in a desperate scuffle. "Three upon two isn't fair play," exclaimed I, as I rushed into the midst of the melee, and levelled some hard blows at the stronger party.—The two individuals, whose side I had taken, were dressed in the extreme of fashion, and seemed to be gentleman. As I approached, they vociferated, "Secure the thieves! Down with them!' I accordingly did my best to obey them, and dealt my blows about me so effectually, that the three desperadoes took to flight. I wished to pursue them, but my companions dissuaded me.

"To whom, may I ask, are we indebted for this timely assistance!" said the taller of the two gentlemen. "My name is Leroy, and this is my friend M'Dermot."

"And my name, Sir, is Parker—Pierce Parker"—I modestly replied.

The tall gentleman eyed me for a moment, with a piercing gaze, and then observed: "I have a description of your person in my pocket, I believe."

"Very likely, but I hope you will make no use of it."

"None that may injure you, my dear fellow. Come along, and take a glass with us."

"I am pledged to the Temperance Society to take no strong drink," answered I, with a serious indifference of manner.

"Ha! my young quiz, but you deserve to be one of us. Burn my whiskers, if you don't. Harkee, lad. Have you a taste for a professional life?"

"It depends very much upon what that profession may be."

"The ilegant and jointeel profession that you have already chosen, my honey," said Mr. M'Dermot, whom I recognized, by his brogue, for a son of the Emerald Isle.

I began to suspect the character of my new acquaintances, and plainly told them as much. I expressed my abhorrence of the profession, to which they alluded, and repenting of my late interference, I had the temerity to lay hold of them, and to call for the watchmen. But those most "quiet and ancient" guardains of the night heeded me not. Mr. Leroy gave me a blow, which made the sparks fly from my eyes, and almost stunned me. Mr. M'Dermot busied himself with relieving me of my watch—the hard earned trophy of my boyhood—and of a solitary five dollar bill—the last of my scanty savings!—Each of these professional gentlemen then gave me a kick, and bestowing upon me some very important epithets, bade me farewell. I passed a very disagreable night in the gutter, bruised and disheartened. Early in the morning I arose, and in a miserable plight limped down Broadway.

I had been standing for a couple of hours, gazing into the windows of a print-shop when I felt some one tap me on the shoulder. It was that terror of evil-doers, Constable Hays: rest his soul! In his insinuating way he requested me to accompany him, which I did, with ominous conjectures. I was carried before a magistrate, where I was confronted bythe three individuals upon whom I had fallen the night before. The result of the investigation, was that I was removed to a charming residence at Sing-Sing—where I was lodged and found, on condition of remaining two years!

I have given a somewhat detailed account of the incidents, which led to my two first imprisonments. I must hurry over the remaining events, which mark my unhappy carreer. The period of my tedious captivity at last drew to a close. Again I rejoiced in my liberty. But the stamp of infamy was fixed indelibly upon me. I was doomed to a perpetual recurrence of mortifications. The judges recognized me as a 'hardened offender.' The editors (they will be the death of me!) fathered upon me all the anonymous thefts, burglaries, and crimes, of every description, which were committed. In the course of six months, I had set fire to no fewer than ten dwelling houses, broken open some dozens of stores, and perpetrated an indefinite variety of petty larcenies. I was known as "dare-devil Parker!" I, the meekest, the most reserved, and, though I say it, the most conscientious of God's creatures! I became the terror of young gentleman with pocket books, and of young ladies with reticules.—The house keeper double bolted his door, as he thought of my exploits. The merchant deposited his loose bills safely in the bank, as he called to mind my numerous audacities.—The newspaper teemed with anecdotes of my adroitness, my unparalleled boldness! I was the prince of pick-pockets, the king of knaves! When a man has acquired, justly or wrongfully, a bad character, how, like pitch that defileth, it will stick to him!

My adventures and escapes would afford materials for a volume, but I have not the heart to relate them. My sinister destiny dogged me wherever I went. At times, I was half attempted to sacrifice all scruples of conscience, to take to some lucrative occupation, to cheat, lie, and overreach, and become an honest man. I embarked on an Indian voyage. The ship in which I sailed was wrecked. The sea greedily swallowed all my messmates, but was squeamish enough to cast me upon dry land. I thought of the old adage and shuddered.

After years of vicissitude, I resolved to emigrate to the West. I crossed the Alleghenies, and fixed my abode in a thriving village in Ohio. The next day, I was taken up for horse stealing, I was carried into court. The weather was warm, and the Judge sat smoking a cigar, with his shirt sleeves rolled up, and a red silk handkerchief tied loosely about his neck. I started back on seeing him, then recovered myself, and examining him more closely, exclaimed—'Ben! the duce! is that you?' It was, indeed, my rascal of a brother. Having by the failure of a publisher, come into the possession of a few law books, he had removed west of the mountains, and boldly set up for himself, in a place where the statutes were known only by tradition. He was now the 'Squire of the village, and was to be run for Congress, at the next election.

Ben pretended to be quite shocked at my familiar ejaculation on seeing him, and professed not to know me. After the adjournment of the court, however, he favored me with a private interview. He promised to let me off, on condition of my playing no more of my gallows-tricks, as he termed them, in those parts. This was too much for my philosophy: to receive a pardon from my brother Ben, who, if he had his deserts and in no unfraternal spirit I say it, would at this hour be cursing Mr. M'Adam in a certain mineralogical seminary, which shall be nameless—to receive a pardon from him, for a crime of which I was totally unconscious made me laugh outright. He convinced me, however, that I should get into trouble if I remained; and, as my reputation had now got up with me, even in this remote hamlet, I determined to quit the place without delay.

As I journeyed southward, I fell in with

an individual who introduced himself to me as the Polish æronaut, Ponvitupski. He expressed surprise at my not having heard of him, as he had made numerous ascensions.—He spoke English like a native, although he had not been six months in the country.

I was always of a speculative turn of mind, and was delighted to find myself in the company of a man who had been above the clouds. How would I like to ascend in a balloon myself! Mr. Ponvitupski declared that nothing was easier. In the end he agreed to let me make an ascension, in his balloon, from the next considerable town, and share the profits. Consequently, on arriving there, we announced our intention in the newspapers, and fitted up an enclosure for the exhibition.

It was a brilliant afternoon. All the fashion of the town was present. A band of music played Hail Columba, while the process of filling the balloon was going on. The discharge of artillery announced my entrance into the car. I waved the star-spangled banner, and stooping forward, cut the cord, which held me to the earth. Alas! though I had nothing to detain me, I did not rise. There swung the balloon to and fro, while the spectators vented their disappointment in hisses and groans. I threw over all my ballast—still the balloon would not go up, I detatched the car, and sustained myself by a simple hoop; but the propensity of the balloon seemed all to tend earthward. I kicked off my boots, dropped my coat, my waistcoat—threw away my double-bladed knife. No, no! These sacrifices would not avail.

Just as the spectators were rushing forward to tear me limb from limb, a sudden gust of wind carried the balloon and myself over the enclosure, and then quietly dropped us into a neighboring horse-pond. On reaching the banks, the multitude received me with threats of summary vengeance. Mr. Ponvitupski had run off with their money. The balloon was speedily torn into shreds; and the few clothes I had on me, were soon in a similiar condition. With great exertion, I at last escaped from my tormenters; but the cup of disasters was not yet brimmed. As I was proceeding hastily to my lodgings, I was arrested and thrown into prison for an impostor and vagabond—and here I have hastily indited thus much of my life.

FROM THE N. Y. SUN.

NOTES OF A VOLUNTEER.

On the Banks of the Niagara, in the Autumn of 1812:

It was night when we reached the camp at Buffalo. The din of martial music had ceased, and a dead stillness reigned, broken only at intervals by the sentinel's solitary tread. The six thousand soldiers, who had just before glittered in armour, were now unharnessed and asleep. The camp fires were beginning to grow dim, and served only to reflect an occasional gleam of light, to relieve the thickness of the gloom. Soon the cry of—"Who's there?" was heard from a sentinel in the rear, quickly followed by the report of a gun, and the running of the guards. "To arms! to arms!" rung thro' the wide encampment.

The drowsy soldiery were soon on their feet, and arming for the anticipated battle. The thunder roll of the drum, the hoarse bawling of the officers, the muttering curses of the privates, and the intermingling of a thousand heterogenous noises, created a discord direful to hear. Soon the lines were formed, and the orders "forward march," rung through the lengthened ranks. The bristling bayonets and the polished muskets shot a stream of meteoric light across the plain, and broke like showering scintillations through the circumambient darkness.

The march was slow, and silent, and solemn towards the wood, in the rear of the encampment. No noise was heard, save now and then the shrill blast of a bugle from the Canadian shore, accompanied by the distant roar of mighty Niogara's waters, as they rushed foaming into the deep abyss below. Soon the wood was reached, and the spot attained where the sanguinary foe appeared. But neither lurking savage, or haughty Briton was there to deal out leaden death, or to transfix the hearts of the host with their pointed steel. "Scour the wood," was the order given, and onward was the word; some objects were seen silently and slowly moving thro' the deepened gloom, as if stealing away from the broad glare of arms that approached. They were hailed, but disdaining to return an answer, the word fire was given with a roar that made the woods echo, and a hundred muskets or more were discharged at the silently retiring foe. A terrible crash was heard among the trees, and the rattling sound echoed and re-echoed through the woody vale.

"Charge!"—onward the heroes moved, with high beating hearts, to deal out death upon the daring foe. Like panting blood-hounds hurrying to their prey, they flew to the sanguinary spot where the enemy had stood, and there, horrible to tell, they found two bullocks, pierced by a score of balls, all gory and dying, whose noble lives had been thus valorously destroyed in the cause of liberty and our dear native land. The tide of war rolled back; and the victorious army returned to the camp to repose on the laurels they had won. Such are the *horrors of war.*

Western Scenery.——The following vivid description of Western scenery—its vast prairies and immense rivers—is extracted from a letter to the St. Albans' Repertory, dated Jefferson Barracks, September 1, 1834.

I can say that the 200 miles which I passed over of the Mississippi valley, is the most delightful country, richest soil and beautiful scenery that ever greeted my vision. When I saw the western portion of New York, on my way hither, I thought it was all the heart could ask for. In Ohio I found some spots that surpassed it, and which I imagined must be the 'beau ideal' for an agriculturalist. But ignorant man that I was, I knew nothing of the reality of a fine country, till I crossed the great Illinois Prarie. On the sight that opened to my astonished eyes as we rose from the lowland to what is called the 'Dry Prairie' would have drawn exclamations of delight from a misanthrope. Faras the eye could reach, extended a level plain, covered with a luxuriant growth of very superior and nutrious, as well as long grass, interpersed with flowers of the most gorgeous hue, with here and there a patch of one or two rods area, occupied entirly with flowers of one color only; sometimes purple, sometimes red, or blue or yellow or white appearing in the extent of grassy surface, like stars in the heavens. The whole waving in the balmy breeze with that shadow and rich motion that renders a field of ripe wheat so rich and luscious a sight.—In the distance were small clumps of trees, some smaller, standing out like Islands amid the grassy ocean. Springs can be found by digging a little in almost any part. The soil is of the richest—and yet nearly the whole of this 'Garden' is uncultivated and uninhabited. Where there is a settlement, the crops, are so heavy as to me to appear wonderful; the labour of cultivation is very slight. After the breaking up of the first year, the office of the farmer might, with considerable justice be called in the language of the 'out politicians' a sinecure. And it is splendid for raising stock. Millions of acres of superior grass for pasture without fee, rent, reward, or the asking. I have seen herds of cattle, two hundred or three hundred in a drove, every one in better order than any one I ever saw before. Wheat stacked up in huge stacks in the fields, more plentously than hay in the east. In short, the yield of soil is so great, that it may well be called rank. But I have said enough about the land, and will now get on the water. I have been on the sluggish Illinois, and seen its swamps, its beds of huge water lilies, and its wet Prairies, where the grass grows ten feet high—have drank its warm, insipid, yet clear water. I have seen its juncture with the Mississippi; have seen the rapid waters of the latter rolling on in their strength, deep, and mighty, and smooth, except where eddies like boiling oil rose in spots over its surface, caused by the whirling of its swift waters round the rugged rocks at the bottom—have seen its fairy isles, not such as are described in mawkish tales, but thickly studded with lofty trees, such as the cotton wood and sycamore, and walnut; its banks, bold and rocky bluffs on one side and low and marshy on the other, but crowded even to the water's edge with the high trees, which, like the river, are on a large scale—I have seen the majestic Missouri come roaring and raging, torrent like, with its thick muddy water, seeming as though it would bear all before it, and breasting the Mississippi as though it would sweep it from its channel, but being met by the Mississippi like a noble warrior—I have seen the two streams flow between the same banks, each keeping its own channel, and as it were, disdaining to mix with the other—the clear waters and the muddy, side by side; and thus do they keep alony for many miles, presenting a curious spectacle."

Original.

CHEMISTRY ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE DIVINE BENEVOLENCE.

It is a pleasant thing to behold the sun, when he gilds the eastern horizon with silver light—when he pours fourth his meridian beams on hill and plain, warming and fertilizing the earth—and when in his evening declination he flushes the western sky in purple and gold. It is refreshing to view the reviving tints of foliage and flowers—to breathe their fragrance—to examine the beauty of their form and structure. It is animating to see the tender lamb as it frolicks around the bush, and to view

'The bounding fawn that darts along the glade
When none pursues, thro' mere delight of heart,
And spirits buoyant with excess of glee.'

It is thrilling to view at once,

'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.'

But they awaken in the *good* man not only emotions of *delight*, but also those of gratitude and love. He gazes not only to *admire* but to *adore*; to adore the *benevolence* of Him who said, 'let there be light and there was light'—of Him 'who clothes the grass of the field'—of Him 'whose are the cattle upon a thousand hills'—of Him who built the mountains of granite and capped them with snow—of Him who 'spread forth the heavens as a curtain,' and himself sits in majesty and glory behind them. But the *informed*, the *intelligent* christian enjoys more *exalted* delight, while be exclaims, with deep emotion, Oh God! how wonderful are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all. He views them as indicative of design. He traces in them a wise, a skillful adaptation of means to ends. He finds for example, a certain amount of heat necessary in the atmosphere to preserve animal life. Without it, the human frame would soon be transformed into a pillow of ice. Now the atmosphere of the Polar region from the obliquity of the Sun's rays, is so cold that it does not of *itself* possess sufficient heat to support animal life. But mark the provision of a benevolent Providence. Water, when passing from a liquid to a solid state, through the influence of cold, gives off a large amount of heat—which passing from the freezing water in those regions into the atmosphere, warms it, and thus moderates the otherwise intolerable cold. Again, in consequence of the Sun's rays, the atmosphere in the regions of the torrid Zone, would be insupportably hot, but for another law of the Divine economy, viz. Water when it is heated above a certain degree, rises in vapor. This vapor absorbs a portion of heat in the atmosphere, and thus is the air in these hot regions cooled, and rendered *supportable*. Radiation is another chemical law, strikingly indicative of the Divine benevolence. The Sun, the great Source of light and heat, necessarily withdraws his beams during the night. In consequence of this absence of the Sun, the atmosphere becomes much cooler than during the day, and *would* become so cold as to chill and blast alike the flower of the field, and its fruits, did not the earth absorb the Sun's rays during the day, and radiate, or give them out during the night, to warm and defend the offspring upon her bosom, against the damp cold pall which night has thrown around them.

'That there is a God, nature proclaims aloud through all her works'—and if there be a God, how *great*, how *good!*

J. H. A.

Andover Theolog. Semn. 1835.

Original.

THE FORCE OF GENIUS.

"Nec mora, nec requies, ——."

When we see a youthful genius struggling with poverty, and nobly steming the tide of adverse fortune, the sympathy of our nature leads us to an involuntary admiration of his greatness of soul, and many are ready to exclaim—"What a pity that he has not the assistance of property or influential friends, to give him such a start in the world as his talents deserve!"

This is the language of commiseration, but it is not the voice of reason. Genius was never the offspring of luxury and pomp. The experience of all ages will tell us, that they who have been reared in the school of Adversity, have generally been the master-spirits of the world.—"Doth not nature itself teach?" Can aught but the hard steel strike from the flint its latent fires? Can aught but severe polishing exhibit the hidden beauties of the diamond? And what then but the rugged lore of adversity can fit, for the peculiar rank which they are to hold in the intellectural world, those gifted characters which shine forth the mystick gems of creative Omnipotence!

It is equally vain to imagine, that Genius can act a *masked* part on the theatre of life. It must be seen, and known, and wondered at! What?—Can the mysterious Comet blaze through the blue expanse of the heavens and not command attention? The *destiny* of Genius is sealed in the archives of the Eternal. The same Almighty hand which wheels the Comet through the fields of space, guides with alike precision the foot-steps of Genins—the course of both is onward—*onward*—ONWARD!

No mind cast in the mould of intellectual greatness, and stamped with the impress of superiour divinity, can be successfully diverted from its high destiny. Can degradation tame Genius? No. You may crop the pinions of "the bird of Jove"—you may for a time arrest his aerial flight; but he is an eagle still,

In the pride of his heart and the fire of his eye.

Esop was a slave, but his Fables are no less the emanations of an unshackled mind.—Can the snarls of envious criticks impede the progress of Genius? Go ask if the Moon will pause in her bright pathway round the heavens, because wolves howl at her brightness? No. And all the invective of the far famed Scottish Reviewers could not daunt the rising talents of a Byron. Can prisons confine Genius? No. John Bunyan's Pilgrim was written there, a work which has pleased and profited more than perhaps any other production of the English Language. Can despots bind Genius down? No. Can you fetter the tornado? Can you chain the lightning of the skies? Then and not till *then*, let tyrants hope to stay the force of Genius, and to stay the lightning of the mind!

BLUE.

Dryden, N. Y.

Original.

CONCORD.

The intervals of peace, possessing charms which dilate the bosom of innocence, how soon interrupted by some discordant sound! When happiness seems to shed her heavenly influence over our heads, some unfriendly blast bears away the veil that secures from our view the hideous forms that mar our peace. Oppression and cruelty arise in quick succession and spread clouds of human misery in our path, telling tales of woe that break the hearts of stone. Why this almost continued scene of wrong and outrage? Is man destined by heaven's firm decree, to open wounds he cannot heal, and disregard the cries and tears of oppressed humanity? Surely those qualities, that unite man to man, are lost, and nothing reigns but hatred and revenge. In no place can the eye range where peace and harmony bear sovereign sway. To every place where man has roamed, oppression and cruelty can be traced. Kindred ties and tender ligaments that unite the heart of brother to brother, are broken asunder, and give place to jealousy and revenge. Strange that such passions should prevail, and stir up endless strife, where peace should reign and hold her constant sway. If misery and oppression were confined to war, their effects would be lamentable, but they have a wider range, even where peace is said to be, in milder forms, but with venom full as keen.

In short, no situation in life insures unmolested peace; the canker works at every root, and all must drink, alternately, of the bitter and the sweet. The imagination erects a god, and then supposes happiness unmixed awaits his approach: in high expectation of having his hopes realized, man draws near, but the phantom eludes his grasp; still hope revives, and now he marks the place where he believes failure cannot be the fruit of his toils, and again arrives at the destined spot, and again sad disappointment is the result. Expectation of better times stimulates him to new exertions; and thus life is spent. He takes the busy round—then steps off the stage, to give another place. This is like beating the air: but thus it need not be, for there is a prize to be had, and a sure rule given by which it may be obtained. And short of this prize, all else will not fill the grasp of an immortal mind.

The heart of man, the strangest thing in nature, is capable of good as well as bad impressions. At one time it swells with emotions of love and kindness, at another it burns with malevolence and revenge. It is the source of that heaven-born charity, which makes the miserable rejoice—and it spreads gloom and dismay among mankind. It causes the matron to mourn her sons slain in battle—and the aged father to end his days in grief.

LEANDER.

Oswego, 1834.

Original.

MEMORY.

BY A. C. BARRAY.

There is a something in the word "Memory," that causes an instantaneous thrill to pervade the frame. It were easy to be resigned at the call of Death if we could be assured, that Memory would hover over our sleeping clay, and the green clod of the valley, that shields our ashes—and

"Thither by true affection led,
Commune with the distant and the dead."

The memory of the dead is a solem and an enduring memory—a love of the most sacred and chastened tenderness. When the world looks gloomy around us, and disappointment and sorrow have bruised the heart, we affectionately wander to the tomb of a sleeping friend, to drop a tear over the mouldering relicks of him we loved!—We feel that the dead can never be as nothing to us, while yet an office is left that affection can perform, and though all that remains of our lost ones, be the fading flowers and the undying love, the heart still gathers together its hoard of sacred recollections, that it may brood, in silence of affection, over its secret and mournful treasures!

Wrench from me the thought, that when Time that crumbles to dust the seemingly everlasting rocks shall find me resting in peace with my kindred nature, and no kind friend to visit my mouldering urn, and you implant in the tender feelings of my bosom a thorn: the joys of life have departed, and my heart, like the mountain that carries the volcano in its bosom shall burst with the throes of anguish and despair!

Original.

"Come, gentle Spring, etherial mildness, come,
"And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
"While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
"Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend."

The icy arms of winter are unlocked—and spring, sweet spring, with all its charms, is ushered in. What can be more cheering to our natures, after a long dreary winter, than a ramble in the woods, and through the meadows, tracing the meanderings of the little brooks, the rippling of whose waters burst like sweet tuned instruments upon the soul that has been slumbering for months in a torpid state. The birds likewise add to the enchantment, by straining their little throats with dulcit music, as they skip from bush to bush—so completely elated as to be unconscious of any fear. The Zephyr as it whistles through the trees, which have nearly gained their wanted freshness and beauty, also adds a charm to the scenery. The little squirrel as he jumps from branch to brance, shows in his smiling phis that his soul too is awakned to gladness, by the sweet and reanimating breath of Spring. The unsuspecting inhabitants of the floods, are again active, shooting through their watery element and basking in the warm and cheering rays of Spring; and in fact, the broad face of nature carries a smile on her countenance at the aproach of Spring.

J****

Original.

THE INCONSTANT.

A TALE.

By a Young Lady.

'Twas eve—the bright magnificence of day,
Had hid its flame behind the western hills,
And, one by one, the twinkling stars broke through
The mild ceruleous canopy of heaven,
And stood like faithful sentinels of night,
To guard the silent watch-tower of the sky.

The Queen of night, arrayed in silver robes
Stolen from the treasury of the King of day,
Rode up amid the starry lamps of light,
That dazzle in the firmament of God.

The tinkling cow-bell, in the distant wood,
Was heard no more. The busy woodman's stroke
Died gently on the whispering zephyr's breath,
And silence seemed to hold an awful reign,
Amid the speechless solitude of night.

'Twas thus, when from the haunts of home I strayed,
To muse upon the mighty works of Him,
Whose all-creating fiat call'd up light
From chaos rude, and night's terrific shade.

Here I beheld, a thousand glories shine—
The starry host that lit the vault above—
The Moon, the modest Lady of the night,
And all the countless works of Him whose power
Is infinite, and mocks at limitation.

As thus I gazed around in silence mild,
Upon the star-bespangled veil of night,
I heard a voice divinely sweet attune
Its notes. I paused—I stood—and thus it sung:

"Farewell to sunny scenes of joy,
Farewell to all below;
My days are numbered not in peace,
But in the shades of woe.

Life is a sea of storms and care,
Where frightful whirl-winds rave;
Whence many a treacherous heart has gone,
To slumber in the grave.

Once I beheld the joy of those,
Whom virtue would admire;
And called their social pleasures mine,
With innocent desire.

Then life appeared a lovely world
Of friendship and delight;
But ah! I now behold its storms
Of darkness and of night.

Farewell—farewell to blissful scenes,
That might have been my own,
Had treachery not within my breast
Reared up an awful throne.

Oh! had I kept my solemn vow,
To him who is no more,
Life would have been a stormless sea,
Where tempests never roar.

Farewell to earth:—yon silent spot,
Where shady hemlocks wave,
Shall be my long-reposing place—
Shall be my lonely grave.

I'll view no more the haunts of men,
To me their joy is pain;
Where spectres roam, and ghoasts affright,
There—there is my domain."

She ceased—an awful pause ensued! The fires
Glittered upon the curtains of the night,
Like golden stars upon a monarch's robe.
The Moon, in silent majesty, smiling
Sat. I saw on yonder peaceful grave,
A female form, in lamentation sad
Pour out her soul. I dared approach
And ask the cause of all this frightful grief.

"And would you know" said she "the cause of all
My grief, and why in sadness here I weep?
Ah! would you know the cause, the dreadful cause?"
She ceased—and memory, terrible to guilt,
Roll'd back a fearful tide upon her soul;
Her eyes were drowned in tears—her visage pale,
Bespoke the frightful raving of her mind,
While thus she cried alould—"O God of power,
Be merciful, be merciful to me, O God,
And let me live to wash away the stain
Of treachery, that blackens all my soul."

Again she ceased. Again I urged to know
The crimes that had bowed down her head in guilt,
And lit the torch of torment in her breast.
"And would you know indeed the crime," she said,
"Look there, behold that grave! 'Tis Albert's grave!
Albert! my best, my warmest, kindest friend,
Who strove to make me happy, and whose joy
Consisted in my own prosperity.
Albert! to whom I vowed eternal love,
Before the eyes of Him, whose temple is
Immensity of space: ah! now he lies
Low in the silent mansion of the tomb!
Ask you the canse, that brought him to the grave?
'Twas I—'twas I! inconstant wretch I am!
'Twas I that brushed the roses from his cheek,
And stilled the bursting thunders of his voice,
That rang with eloquence divinely sweet.
'Twas I that vowed to love, but soon forgot,
And from my presence spurn'd my warmest friend,
And drove him to the very gates of death;
'Twas I—" * * * * * * * * *
And as she spoke, the distant thunders groaned,
The lightning blazed amid the gath'ring clouds,
And nature, on her firm foundation, seem'd
To reel, in drunken madness. Far too much
For me was such a scene; I sunk upon the ground—

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The storm was o'er—the clouds had fled away;
The Moon shone forth, and stars in mistie dance:
The form had gone—but where she stood a scroll
Was seen, on which was written and inscribed,
"*Inconstancy's the road to* DEATH *and* SHAME."

Moral Philosophy makes the honest man; Natural Philosophy, the generous man; History, the man of experience; Poetry, the man of wit: Rhetoric, the eloquent man; polite learning sheds a diffusive grace and ornament upon all kinds of Literature; the knowledge of the world constitutes the intelligent man; the study of the sacred page forms the good man; but all those must go together to make the perfect complete gentleman.

COWPER'S POETRY.

The principal charm of Cowper's poetry, consists in a delicate perception and vivid delineation of minute details. He had a microscopic eye, which nothing was so diminutive as to escape. He took a narrow range, but in his chosen sphere, there was nothing that he did not explore. Instead of roaming through the wide world of vegetable matter, he selected a single flower, a a grass blade or a leaf, laid bare their tender fibres and tendrils, their thread-like veins and arteries, pointed out the beauty of their blended tints, and the harmony of their various parts, and from this minute examination, drew wise and useful lessons of the power and divinity of the hand that made them. He had poetry enough to throw a grace over every thing he touched. His descriptions are like cabinet pictures, which, though they would be overlooked in a gallery of the great masters, are charming ornaments to the boudoir. Cowper has thrown poetry even over the tea table, the most unpoetical of all household observances. He has placed the humble sofa next in dignity to the gorgeous throne, and he has made the fireside altar of home a shrine of worship far more delightful than the temples erected by the world to the goddess of pleasure.

THE SAILOR.

BY CHATEAUBRIAND.

Sailors have a passion for their vessel.—They weep with regret on quitting it.—They connot remain with their families: after having sworn a hundred times to expose themselves no more to the sea, they find it impossible to live away from it, like a young lover who cannot tear himself from a faithless and stormy mistress. In the docks of London and Plymouth, it is not rare to find sailors born on board ships—from their infancy to their old age they have never seen the land but from the deck of their floating cradle—spectators of the world they have never entered. Within this life, narrowed to so small a space under the clouds and over the abyss, every thing is animating for the mariner; an anchor, a sail, a mast, a cannon, are the creatures of his affections, and have each their history: "That sail was shivered on the coast of Labrador—the master sailsman mended it with the piece you see—that anchor saved the vessel, when all the other anchors were lost in the midst of the coral rocks off the Sandwich Isles—that mast was broken by a hurricane off the Cape of Good Hope—it was but one single piece, but it is much stronger now that it is composed of two pieces—the cannon which you see is the only one which was not dismounted at the battle of the Chesapeake." Then the most interesting news abroad:—"The log has just been thrown—the vessel is going ten knots an hour—the sky is clear as noon—an obser vation has been taken—they are of such a latitude—so many leagues have been made in the right direction—the needle declines, it is such a degree—the sand of the glass runs badly—it threatens rain—flying fish have been seen towards the South, the weather will become calm—the water has changed its color—pieces of wood have been seen floating by—sea gulls and wild ducks have been seen—a little bird has perched upon the yards—it is necessary to stand out at sea, for its dangerous to approach it during the night." Among the poultry is a favorite sacred cock, which has survived all the other—it is famous for having crowed during a batle, as if in a farmyard, in the midst of his hens. Under the deck lives a cat of tortoise-colored skin, bushy tail, long, stiff moustaches, firm on his feet, and caring not for the roll of the vessel; it has twice made a voyage round the world, and saved itself from a wreck on a cask. The cabin boy gives to the cock biscuits soaked in wine; and the cat has the privilege of sleeping when it likes, in the hammock of the first lieutenant.

The aged sailor resembles the aged laborer. The harvests are different, it is true; the sailor has led a wandering life, the laborer has never quitted his field, in ploughing its furrows; to the one, the lark, the red breast and nightingale—to the other, the albatross, the curfew, and the kingfisher, are prophets. They retire in the evening, the one into his cabin, the other into his cottage: frail tenements, but where the hurricane which seakes them does not agitate their tranquil consciences.

In the wind's tempestuous blowing,
Still no danger they descry;
The guiltless heart, its boon bestowing,
Soothes them with its lullaby.

The sailor knows not where death will surprise him, or on what coast he will leave his life. Perhaps he will mingle his last sigh with the wind, attached to a raft to continue his voyage; perhaps he will sleep interred on a desert island, which none may ever light upon again, as he slept alone in his hammock in the midst of the ocean. The vessel is itself a spectacle. Sensible to the slightest movement of the helm, an hippogriff or winged cruiser, it obeys the hand of the pilot as a horse the hand of its rider.—The elegance of the masts and cordage, the agility of the sailors who cluster about the yards, the different aspects in which the ship presents itself, whether it advances leaning upon the water by a contrary wind, or flies straight forward before a favorable breeze, make this scientific machine one of the wonders of the genius of man.

MISCELLANY.

GENIUS—TALENT—CLEVERNESS.

Genius rushes like a whirlwind—Talent marches like a cavalcade of heavy men and heavy horses—Cleverness skims like a swallow in a summer evening, with a sharp shrill note, and a sudden turning. The man of genius dwells with men and with nature; the man of talent in his study—but the clever fellow dances here, there, and every where, like a butterfly in a hurricane, striking every thing, and enjoying nothing, but too light to be dashed to pieces. The man of talent will atack theories—the clever man assails the individual, and slanders private character, but the man of genius despises both; he heeds none, he fears none, he lives in himself, shrouded in the conciousness of his own strength—he interferes with none, and walks forth an example, that "eagles fly alone—they are but sheep that herd together." It is true, that should a poisonous worm cross his path, he may tread it under his foot; should a cur snarl at him, he may chastise it; but he will not, cannot attack the privacy of another. Clever men write *verses*, men of talent write *prose*, but the man of genius writes *poetry*.

POMPEI.—The excavations at Pompei have agaln produced very important discoveries. In the house called that of Ariadne, a magnificent sacrarium has been found. The niche for the image of the tutelary divinity is at the back. On the sides are paintings of Leda and a priestess, who is in the act of offering a sacrifice, assisted by a girl who has sacred utensils in her hands. Some ornaments in a very elegant and delicate style, of a yellow color on red ground, are introduced as borders in the intervals of these representations.

In the house called that of Dædalus, the walls of a garden have been discovered. They are covered with magnificent landscapes. The first gives the prospect of a temple—which is extremely interesting on account of its details, and which seems to be dedicated to Apollo, whose statue stands near the entrance. On one side is a pond in which many wild ducks are swiming; and on the other a river in which are seen some cows. The second landscape is a delicious marine view in Scicily. Polynhemus is on the shore. Galatea, seated on a dolphin in the midst of the waves, seems to be listening to the singing of the Cyclops.

A combat of wild beasts in an amphitheatre is painted in large dimensions. A majestic bull is running from a lion which pursues him, but a tiger more swift, has already seized him under the belly. Meanwhile a courageous *bestiarius* strikes with his lance a wild bore upon the snout, from which the blood spouts up. A little further off, a second huntsman has laid at his feet a bear, in whose body a spear remains, while another ber flies in terror. Two stags are standing still, as if contemplating the destruction of their enemies. The compartments between the landscapes and the hunting piece are filled with figures of helmets, drums, and two small palms. The top of the wall is finished with some cornices of stucco, of elegant workmanship, and painted with various colors, which produce a wonderful effect.—*London Lit. Gaz.*

INTEMPERANCE.—A drunken man *freezes* to death in the streets; his companions drink to keep themselves *warm*, and stagger to the grave yard with his remains.—A son dies of drunkenness, and the father skulks to the sideboard and drinks off the dregs of the dead man's bottle.—One man drinks that his appetite may be sharpened, and his stomach toned and braced to a fuller and healthier action, though his neighbor's by a similar course is shrivelled and almost actionless. The glutton drinks before dinner to create the sensation of hunger, and he drinks after dinner to quiet the sensations of repletion.—In short, there is no end to such absurdities.—Men will talk and argue, and even stagger into eternity, singing pæans to the praise and glory of drink. If gunpowder, or fire-arms, or steam engines, occasioned the lowest fractional part of the evils ardent spirits occasion, the manufacturers, and all connected with their use in any way, would be hunted from every virtuous and humane community, by the force of public indignation. Did any one solitary disease make but half the ravages ardent spirits make on life and health, the skill and

genius of the medical faculty would be stretched to its utmost, and the men of prayer would crowd round the altars fast and thick as doves to their windows, and there would be terror and mourning over the land; but because it is alcohol—the dear good friend, in health and sickness, in joy and in sorrow, in warm weather and in cold weather, and all weather, men hug it to their hearts and shout after Temperance men, as Micah shouted after his idols, "ye are taking away my gods, and what is this ye do unto me, what aileth thee, Micah?"—

TRIAL OF MATTHIAS.

The trial of this singular individual for the alleged murder of Mr. Pierson, commenced at White Plains last week. A number of witnessess have been examined, and as usual, much interest excited. Before he was placed upon trial for the supposed murder, a jury was called to decide the important question of sanity. After the examination of several witnesses on this point, and some remarks by the counsel for the prosecution and the prisoner, the jury retired, and after an absence of about five minutes, returned with their verdict that he was a *sane man*. The prisoner has sustained his usual character throughout. Since writing the above, we have met with the following article in the Gazette;

The trial of Matthias, charged with the murder of Elisha Pierson, was concluded at White Plains on Saturday, and resulted in a verdict of acquitt al. He was subsequently tried for an assault on his daughter; convicted, and sentenced to an imprisonment of three months. He was also sentenced to one months additional imprisonment for contempt of court.

Those who have read the evidence in the first case will no doubt be astonished at his acquittal. In four months this dangerous impostor will again be at large, and God only knows to what extremes he may carry his infernal purposes.

N. Y Messenger.

THE GEM AND AMULET.

☞ A CHARACTER.

In the 22d Number of the 2d Volume of the GEM, printed March 5, 1831, it may be recollected by our readers, that allusion was made, by the then Editor, to a certain *character*, which he saw, while a witness attending Court, in one of our western Villages. This character was no other than a young Lawyer, who, though talented, and at that time quite respectable, gave fearful signs of being addicted to the awful practice of drinking, &c. For a more particular description of whom, we refer the reader to the article itself. As the then Editor made a promise of an intention to notice the same character after a lapse of years, we have undertaken to redeem that pledge.—The following is a part of a letter from a gentleman living near the person we have in view, and shows, alas! that the prediction made has proved awfully true!

" ' March 25, 1835.

" Your letter of 21st inst. came to hand this morning. I well remember the time you were here attending Court. I also remember the enquiries you made of me about the young Lawyer mentioned in your letter. An article I saw in a number of the GEM, after you returned home, I have been frequently reminded of as I have since passed him in the street. It is four years ago this month since you made your prediction in relation to him, which so impressed my mind at the time, that I laid aside carefully the No. which contained it. When two of the 3 years had passed away, I wrote an anonymous letter to him, in the style (as far as possible) of a lady's hand, stating the substance of what I had seen in a periodical of the day, and giving him a kind and solemn warning of his certain ruin, unless he left his cups—and I thought, or fancied I discovered a difference in the man—but alas! my fond anticipations are blasted; for though there is a difference in the man, *it is for the worse!* instead of the better. I believe, however, he did *try* to leave off, but the *monster, tyrant*, Intemperance, was too strong for him. When he first came here, he deservedly stood at the hegd of the profession in the County, for talents, which I believe were acknowled on all hands; his talents were gaining him a preeminence as a Lawyer, which but for the withering effects of intoxicating drink, would, we believe, have placed him at least *among* the first, in this and the surrounding counties; but, it is not so:—he still resides here, lives a vagrant life, spends most of his time in groceries, does I believe no kind of business, and whenever his health will possibly admit of it, he drinks, (for you know that sometimes it is the case with drunkards, that they cannot drink, the stomach refusing to receive and retain the deadly draught.) He is undoubtedly, a ruined—lost man! If he associates with any, it is with the degraded part of community. He still maintains a tolerable appearance of respectability as to his dress, and would feign persuade himself that he is safe—but oh! how deluded a man can be, even to think, when he is in the very *vortex of ruin*, that all's well! I pity him."

As this is no fiction, but relates to a living subject, we may refer to it again, at some future day: meantime, let the scholar, the young man, the youth, yea the Drunkard himself, look at this picture. Let them look at Intemperance as a great monster clinching in his deadly grasp a promising young man, and after beguiling him for years with the story that he was powerless, mashing him to atoms, under his feet! Then let them answer the question—" will I be his victim?"

PERSEVERANCE.

Audaces fortuna juvat timidosque repellit.

Perseverance in doing good, is commendable in all. It exhibits a noble and determined spirit—it unseals in the soul a fountain of generosity, and often elevates man to a dignified station in the ranks of human society.

In looking over the past, we can descry many good examples of perseverance. Nor need we leave our own country, while the name of Franklin, which shall live to nourish time upon his death-bed, shall have an existence. We can behold him, while but a boy, struggling amid the frowns of fortune, to acquire that information and science, which afterward marked his existence with an unclouded blaze of glory Perhaps it will be said, he laboured for fame. Be it so—it was a glorious fame—a fame that benefitted and enlightened, while it secured the plaudits of admiring millions. Such perseverance as we witness in Franklin, is commendable in all—and should ever be present with the youth of our Country, who have a longing anxiety, and unsatisfied desire to become eminently useful to mankind. True, there are many who have not the means of attending Academies and Colleges, yet this should not appall them—this reflection should not murder that struggling anxiety, which craves a feast in the temple of knowledge; but they should recollect, that, although deprived of this advantage, yet with untiring vigilance and perseverance, they can triumphantly overcome those seemingly insurmountable impediments. Many are the examples which I have witnessed of this kind; one of which I must beg the priviledge of relating.

H—— K——, was the son of a respectable farmer in the western part of this state. He had not the opportunity or means of obtaining a collegiate education; yet he was determined to obtain a good education, which by dilligence and unremitted perseverance, he at last effected. Hiram, (for that was his name) was never seen idle like many other boys, but whenever a moment's opportunity presented, he was reading some useful book, or studying some useful science; and his education, or at least much of it, was acquired during leisure hours, which by many are considered of no consequence.

One day I heard Hiram conversing with a neighbouring boy upon historical matters. He had just finished reading the life of Charles the XII. King of Sweden, and was relating some of the wonderful transactions and mighty achievements of this noted individual. " Well," replied his friend, " if I had time I should like to read something about that myself." " You have as much time as I," replied Hiram. " I have never seen his life before this week, during which time I have done as much work as you have. But while your leisure moments have been devoted to play, mine have been spent in treasuring up something that will be useful to me through life." At the age of 17, he engaged in a school, where he devoted all his leisure moments, as before, to study.—He has since become a lawyer of respectability and talent.

Till last summer, I had not seen him for some years. He was then in Buffalo, on his way to the West, for the purpose of commencing the foundation of a new village. Although he is but twenty five years of age; yet he is a man of considerable wealth, and speaks three different languages, with perfect ease. His countenance still wears that same smile of determination—his eye sparkles with that energy which always denotes a spirit of perseverance. I gazed upon his features—I thought upon his past life—his vigilance in becoming useful, and his whole existence glittered upon my memory, like the radiance of the sun in heaven—my mind became elevated—and my soul flowed out in admiration and delight.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—" Rome by Moonlight," a Poem—" A sudden change of Fortune," a Tale, will appear in next number. " The Beauties of Nature," are greatly marred by bad composition. " The Storm,"—we give below a specimen of the poetry:

" As though the fierce winds would hurl
" All nature from its foundation,
" And destroy all creation!"

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening, 21st instant, by the Rev. Tryon Edwards, Mr. Erastus B. Smith, Merchant, to Miss Margretta C., eldest daughter of John D. Henry, M. D., all of this city.

In West Middlebury, Genesee co., on the 15th inst., by Elder Leach, Rev. J. E. Ambrose, of Illinois, to Miss Eliza Ann Root, of the former place.

In Brookfield, Mass. Mr. Dwight Smith, of Hadley Upper Mills, to Miss Lovina Edson, of Brookfield.

PARNASSIAN FLOWERS.

Original.

DREAMS.

Dreaming is what?—in dreaming do we sleep?
Does somnus over us his vigils keep?
Or betwixt waking and sleeping, are we
When the visions of fancy come o'er us;
When the past, present, future's before,
To pain as if true—or wake ecstacy?

I sometimes dream, as other dreamers do,
What may instruct; and here I'll take a view
Of what my fancy saw, reclining late,
When years, as minutes swift, passed quickly o'er
My head, and changes bro't my mind before,
Which, seeming strange, I charg'd to fate.

Before me stood two sisters, fair to view,
And each a suitor had, a lover true,
But much unlike their stations seemed to be;
Fair Lucy's was a man of sounding fame,
In courts he stood; there he inscribed his name,
And drank the draughts of courtier's flattery.

The younger, Mary, choose from humble birth,
Devoid of titles, names, but virtuous worth
With him abode; she lov'd him not for wealth;
She lov'd him for his nobleness of soul,
His lofty mind, which never knew control,
Nor lov'd she him unknown, as if by stealth.

The plighted vow she gave, and tho' the chide
Of parents came—she must, what ill betide,
Be his. While Lucy's choice they approbate,
To Mary, scarce will they againd extend
A wish, a thought, or own her as a friend,
Such sordid minds can avarice create.

A change—anon I saw within my dream,
For years had fled, and there again did seem
To stand before me, those of long past years;
But O how changed; now, she who, favor'd more,
By fortune seemed, and friends, in days of yore,
In sorrow mourn'd, but grief forbade her tears.

But why her sadden'd state, her sorrow why?
Do friends to her their smiling face deny?
And where is he on whom her hopes were plac'd?
Ah! fortune frown'd—from him withdrew her aid,
And pride, of him a villain deep had made,
And from his heart all happiness erased.

A gambler he became, then dissolute,
Then business left—for now came disrepute;
And then to bring relief, banditti join'd,
Till murder stained his hands, and now condemn'd,
The gallows must his days untimely end:—
He leaves disgrace to children, wife, behind.

Where are the parents now, who once did smile
On him their Lucy chose, when blessed the while
With wealth and fame, he promis'd future bliss?
They mourn with her his wretched, hapless lot.
Him, next I saw in dream, they honor'd not;
Of whom, they judged soon, but judg'd amiss.

On him dame fortune's blessings now are shed,
And honour twines her wreath upon his head.
Was this in truth a dream? Well, be it so.
A lesson good, to me it seems to give,
A lesson which, reversed, may I receive,
And choose from merit, not from wealth or show.

LORENZO.

Original.

EVENING.

Come welcome twilight, with thysombre shade,
Around my view thy soothing hour extend;
Thy holy influence o'er my thoughts be laid,
And with accustomed skill my muse befriend.

Midst burstling day, thy grandeur we forget—
Forget the rapturous tho'ts thou dost inspire,
The sage reflections which with thee are met,
And that thou giv'st the poet's hallowed fire.

The thoughtful hail thy soft, thy still approach,
With pleasing dreams of what thou oft do'st give,
When busy care nor troubles dare encroach,
And when thou bidst the sinking heart revive.

When summer's sultry sun oppressively
Comes with its wonted power, its wontedgleam;
When scarce a breath has leave to wave a tree,
And nature droops beneath his scorching beam,

Who does not court thy soul reviving hour,
And gladly view the coming close of day?
When music, with its sweet, its swoothing power,
Comes o'er the breeze with most enchanting lay.

And when old Boreas rules with iron hand,
And Sol his rays withholds, 'tis pleasant then:
When circled round the hearth, the friendly band,
With hearts united, share their bliss again.

Since Winter's, Summer's, Autumn's eve is sweet,
And twilight gives the pensive, musing tho't,
May I with each return, new pleasures greet—
And thy thrice lovely hour ne'er be forgot!

HENRY.

Niagara, 1835.

Phrenology.—A couple of Gall's disciples made a very pretty speculation in the craniological line last week. They performed mensuration on some two or three score of heads, and defined the various bumps, moral & intellectual, with much minuteness. The whole bench of Judges, and every man of law, whose phiz was indicative of his calling,—merchants, mechanics and all, vied with each other in having their craniological wares duly registered. A 'bill of lading,' containing the quality and amount of sundries on board, was delivered to their respective owners thereof, for some York coin. By the way this 'bill of lading, we suppose is to be filed away in the bureaux of wives and sweet-hearts, for their special edification. To this end, we have been credibly informed that a certain wight was caught thumping his head with the haft of a jack-knife, in order to make some favorite bumps more prominent.—*Maysville Sentinel.* B.

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Black Rock, N. Y.—Elam Dodge.
Cleaveland, O.—A. S. Sandford.
Cazenovia—S. C. Walker.
Detroit, M. Ter.—Ruel Ambrose.
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THE SUDDEN CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

A PLAIN STATEMENT OF FACTS.

Some sixty five, or seventy years ago, a vessel from Boston, arrived at one of the Wharves in London. Among the hands on board, was one by the name of Tudor, a steady, respectable, and well looking young man, who acted in the capacity of both cooper and sailor. Very early one morning, and before any other hand than Tudor had come upon deck, a young, beautiful, and tolerably well dressed female came tripping down the street to the vessel. and inquired of Tudor for the Captain. She was told he had not yet arose, but she insisted upon seeing him without delay, and with Tudor's permission, proceeded, unaccompanied to his berth, and arousing him, addressed him with,

"Good morning, Captain: I have called to see if you will marry me."

"Marry you!" replied the astonished Captain, believing her to be of a suspicious character, "leave my vessel instantly if you know what is for your interest."

She then went to the Mate's berth, and asked him if *he* would marry her, and receiving an answer similar to the Captain's, she went upon deck, where Tudor was engaged in some business, and put the same question to him.

"With all my heart," answered Tudor, in a half serious and half jocular manner.

"Then," said she, "come along with me."

Tudor left his work and followed her, with motives which he afterwards declared he could never satisfactorily account for even to himself. By the time they had reached the principal streets of the city, many of the shops had been opened. The lady entered a barber's shop, followed by Tudor, beckoned him to be seated, and ordered the knight of the razor to take off his beard and hair, both of which operations he unquestionably greatly stood in need of. She footed the bill, and they left the shop, but soon entered a hat store. She requestered that the best lot of beavers in the store might be placed upon the counter, and then told Tudor to select such an one as suited him.—He soon did this; the price was paid by the lady; Tudor threw aside his old tarpawling, and left the store, in company with his companion, in a beaver that would not have disgraced His Majesty the King himself.—They next visited a shoe store, where Tudor was not long in selecting a pair of boots, nor the lady in paying for them.

Tudor by this time was puzzled to divine the object the lady had in view, and it must be acknowledged, he was apprehensive all was not right. But fully aware that he had committed no crime to make him dread the face of any mortal, and wishing to see the end of the farce which he considered had then fairly commenced, he was determined to press forward, prepared for the worst, trusting every thing to his guide and companion. He solicited from the lady an explanation of her designs, but she told him to be silent and to ask no questions, and immediately led the way into a clothing store, with Tudor at her side. Here Tudor was told to select the best suit of clothes in the store that fitted him, with corresponding articles of clothing; and the sailor in his doublet, tar-bedaubed pantaloons, and chequered shirt, was in a few minutes metamorphosed into as fine a gentleman, as far as appearance was concerned, as had walked the streets of that great metropolis for many a day. The bill at this place, as at the others, was paid by the lady.

Tudor's amazement was now complete: He neither knew what to say or to think. Who the lady was, what her intentions were, he could not even surmise. He again asked for an explanation, and insisted upon one; but the only answer he received was,

"Follow me, and be not alarmed—all will be explained hereafter to your entire satisfaction."

One thing Tudor was obliged to acknowledge—the lady, thus far, had done by him well as he could have wished; he therefore resolved to ask no more questions, and to comply with all her requests and demands. Presently she conducted him into a magistrate's office, and politely requested the minister of the law, to unite her and her companion in the bands of matrimony! This was something of a *damper* to Tudor, but nevertheless he tacitly yielded; the ceremony was soon commenced, and in a few seconds the couple were pronounced *man and wife!*

Without uttering a word, or even exchanging a kiss, Tudor and his wife now left the magistrate's, but not, however, until she had given him a sovereign for his services. The couple passed through many streets in silence—Tudor hardly knowing what he was doing, or what he had done, and certainly ignorant of where he was going or what awaited him; and of the thoughts that occupied his wife's mind, the reader will soon be able to judge for himself. Turning the corner of a street, Tudor beheld, a few rods in front of him, a splendid dwelling, towards which his wife seemed to direct her footsps as well as his own, and into the front door of which they indeed soon entered. The room into which Tudor was ushered by his wife, was furnished in a style of the greatest magnificence. She set him a chair, telling him to make himself contented for a minute or two, and then passed into another room.

The first one here to address her, was her uncle, who, on seeing her enter the room, jumped in astonishment from his chair, and calling her by name, demanded how she had escaped from her room, and where she had been. Her only answer was,

"Thou fiend in human shape, I allow you just one hour to remove your effects from this house. The actual possession of my property here you have long deprived me of, and vainly thought you had made arrangements by which you could deprive me of it through life; but I have frustrated your wicked designs—I am now mistress of my own house, for I was this moment married, and my husband is now in the front room!"

I must now leave the newly married couple for a short time, for the purpose of reverting to the previous history of Mrs. Tudor. She was the only child of a very wealthy gentleman, whom I shall designate as Mr. A. not recollecting his actual name, and, for the same reason, I shall give to his daughter the name of Eliza. He had spared neither time nor expense in the education of his daughter, she being the only object of his care and regard, his wife having died when she was quite young; and before his death, which took place when she was 14 or 15 years of age, he had the satisfaction of witnessing in her one of the most accomplished and beautiful young ladies of London.

A short time previous to his death, an arrangement was entered into between Mr. A. and a brother of his, by which his brother was to have the possession of his dwelling house, his servants, horses, carriages, and such other property as had not been deposited in banks for the benefit of his daughter, till the time of her marriage, when the possession of them was to be given up to her husband. It was also a condition of the agreement, that in case Eliza died without marrying, the property was to go to her uncle and his family.

Immediately after the death of Mr. A. his brother removed into his dwelling; Eliza boarded in his family; and every thing went on very agreeably for some months,

when Eliza discovered in her uncle and his family, the manifestations that she should never marry—the reasons for which, from what has already been said, must be obvious to every reader. Unluckily for Eliza, she did not discover the diabolical plot in season to frustrate it in its bud. It was nothing less than this: to shut her up in one of the centre rooms in the third story of the house; to prevent her leaving it by keeping the doors and windows thoroughly bolted, and to refuse her the company of her associates, by telling them, when they called, that she was either at school, or was at some of the shops on business, or had just stepped out to see a friend, or had taken a ride into the country for her health, and to see some of her relations, or by telling them something else equally destitute of truth.

Eliza generally received her meals thro' a small door in the ceiling, from the hands of her unfeeling aunt, to whom her cries for liberation from her lonely and dismal prison house, were no more effectual than they would have been had they been directed to the idle wind.

Three years was the unfortunate girl thus shut out from all communication with the world, when one morning her scanty breakfast was carried to her by an old female servant of her father. Eliza, once more discovering the face of her old friend and servant Juan, burst into tears, and attempted several times to speak, but was unble to. Juan well understood the meaning of these incoherent sobbings, and said, herself almost unable to speak from emotion, "Hush, hush, Eliza, Mistress; speak not; I understand all. Your tyrant aunt, was taken suddenly ill last night, and the doctor says it is doubtful whether she long survives. I will see you again at noon, and at evening. Some of your old servants have long been planning means for your escape, and are now in hopes of effecting it;" and without waiting for Eliza's thanks and blessings, tripped down stairs.

Eliza, though unable for some time to partake of her simple repast, did so at last with a better zest than she ever had before. Her old servants were still about the house, and were bent upon her rescue! Most welcome, soul inspiring intelligence!

"What!" said she to herself, "it is possible that I am to be delivered from this vile place of confinement? Is it possible that there lives one who seeks my liberation and happiness? Is is possible that all connected with this establishment—*my own* establishment—do not possess hearts of adamant? God speed thee, Juan, and thy associates, in thy work of love and mercy!"

It is unnecessary to detail all the minutia of the scheme for Eliza's escape, and the several interviews held between her and Juan for the three days she supplied Eliza with her meals. Suffice it to say, that on the evening of the fourth day after the above interview, Eliza was furnished with an instrument to unbar her window, and was promised a rope ladder the following evening, to effect her descent from one of the windows in the room adjoining; but having loosened the bars of the window the same evening the instrument for that purpose was put into her hands, she determined not to wait till the following evening for the promised ladder, not knowing but the plot of the servants might be discovered by her uncle, or by some of his children; and she accordingly went to work, making a rope, (if such it may be called) from her bed clothes, by tearing them into strips and tieing the ends together. After a few hour's labor she completed her rope, but fearing it might not be strong enough to support her, it was some time before she dared to attempt a descent. But preferring death to a longer confinement, and fearing that she might be detected, she resolved to make the attempt, resigning her fate into the hands of Him who is the orphan's friend. She *did* make the attempt, and she was *successful!* Yes, she was now liberated from a prison in her own house, where, for "filthy lucre's sake," she had been confined by her own uncle, and once more breathed the pure air of freedom. This was about day-light. She immediately bent her steps towards the wharf where the Boston vessel lay; and from that period in her life till she ushered her husband into her own house, the reader has already had an account of.

The surprised and horror-stricken uncle stood in mute astonishment for some moments, after being informed by Eliza of her marriage. She again repeated the demand, "Leave my house in an hour, thou monster!" and then returned to her husband, where the promised explanation was made.

The amazement of Tudor, and the transports of his wife, at this *sudden change in their fortunes and conditions*, may possibly be conceived, but they certainly cannot be expressed. Being incompetent to the task, I will not attempt to describe the scenes that successively followed the embraces of the happy couple, and the kisses exchanged—the joy of the faithful servants at seeing their young mistress once more set at liberty—the chagrin, mortification and decampment of the inhuman uncle, and his family—the congratulations of old friends and acquaintances—the parties that were given by Mrs. Tudor, as well as those attended by her and her husband—their many pleasant rides into the country, &c. &c.

One pleasant morning, some four or five days after the marriage, the attention of the officers and hands belonging to the Boston vessel was directed to a splendid carriage, drawn by two cream colored horses, richly caparisoned, which was approaching the wharf, and in a few moments halted immediately in front of the vessel. The driver dismounted the box, and let down the steps of the carriage; a gentleman gorgeously dressed, stepped out, and assisted a lady with corresponding habiliments, to alight; they then stepped on board the vessel, when the gentleman asked the captain what port he was from, how many days he was in performing the passage, when he intended to return, the amount of fare for passengers, and other questions of a like nature, and receiving appropriate answers to the same, asked leave to examine the cabins and the other accommodations of the vessel,(all the while avoiding, as far as possible, the scrutiny of the captain) which were very courteously shown him. He then observed, that he and his lady had some thoughts of soon starting for America, and in case they concluded to do so, assured the captain they would take passage with him. They then left the cabin, but before leaving the vessel, the gentleman turned to the captain and said,

"Capt. ——, (calling him by name) before leaving your vessel, permit me to *make you acquainted with Mrs. Tudor!*"

It was not till this moment, that the captain and those around him, recognised in the elegantly dressed gentleman, their old friend and companion, *Tudor, the Cooper!*—they supposing that some sad, if not fatal accident, bad befallen him. I once more leave the reader to judge of the congratulations that now followed, and of the healths that were drank.

The remainder of my imperfect sketch is soon told. Tudor distributed the wages coming to him among his old associates—bade them good bye, but not, however, until he had extracted a promise from the captain and his crew to call as often as convenient upon him, before sailing—left the vessel, entered his carriage, and was driven to his own door.

Tudor and his wife lived through life upon the most amicable terms, and were blessed with prosperity and an obedient and respected circle of children. Some years after his marriage, he returned, accompanied by his wife, to his native place, Boston, where he built two or three wharfs, that bear his name to this day. They afterwards returned to London, where they died, as they had lived since their union, honored and respected by all who enjoyed their acquaintance. YELDAH.

MACKLIN'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

"I have often told you that every man must be the maker or marer of his own fortune.

I repeat the doctrine; he who depends upon his incessant industry and integrity, depends upon patrons of the noblest and most exalted kind; these are the creators of fortune and fame, the founders of families, and can never disappoint or desert you. They control all human dealings, and turn even vicissitudes of any unfortunate tendency to a contrary nature. You have a genius, you have learning, you have industry at times, but you want perseverance; without it you can do nothing. I bid you bear this motto in your mind constantly,—'PERSEVERE.'

Things I hate.—A wowan riding in a stage with seven band boxes, and a squalling infant—A dull razor when I am in a hurry—An album sent me to put rhymes into—A long call when I am busy—Hot tea in a hot day—Dinner at a half hour after the time—A cravat so full of holes that I can't find one whole—Gridiron bridges and Portland side-walks built of stone as in Court street—To say a long prayer when I don't know where to put my eyes or lay my hands—The fumbling of a new beginner over the keys of a piano—A letter to write and nothing to write about—A hole in the heel of my stocking so that I must walk lame to keep it in my shoes—A call upon a lady who keeps me waiting thirty minutes, so that she may regulate her toilette—Three or four yards of advice from one I know to be a fool—False curls on a lady's head badly put on—Red gause dresses with white shining through them—A man at the Post Office, who keeps me waiting for him to read ten pages of the list of letters—And then that everlasting &c. &c. when one has nothing more to say—*Portland Adver.*

From the Saturday Evening Visiter.

BUMPOLOGY

" These various bumps do show the place,
Where friendship loved, where passion glowed,
Where veneration grew in grace,
Where justice swayed, where man was proud."

" Wo betide the man who plucks the wizard beard of hoary error," remarked the delightful author of the " British Spy."—There might have been justice in the exclamation some thirty years ago, at the period when that book was written, but at the present time it may with more truth and propriety be affirmed that " the spirit of innovation is ruining the world," as fast as it possibly can. Every thing old is passing away, and " all things are becoming new." Ancient theoriest that have stood the test of truth for centuries, yield without a struggle to new hypotheses. Fixed principles are becoming rapidly unsettled, and I should not be astonished to see the magnificent results of Newton's genius, give way before the ever busy spirit of change that is abroad. The eternal laws of gravitation as demonstrated to the world by that great philosopher, we may soon expect to see laid up among the dusty philosophy that has in its day and generation enjoyed the world's wonder and excited its credulity. But while the philosophy of nature has passed through so many mutations—a philosophy which appears to have been "every thing by starts and nothing long ;"—what has been done to the philosophy of mind ? The injunction of the wise Grecian, to " know thyself," has been one of the most unattainable things which man has ever attempted to comply. The more the mind looks in upon itself, the more difficult it seems to be to understand its phenomena. To a certain extent, metaphysicians are like a man from whom Hiero demanded to know what God was ; after three days, he despaired of being able to give an answer, and he said to the king, that the more he had considered the subject, the more impossible he found it to be comprehended.—Hobbes, Locke, Berkely, Reid, Dugald Stewart, and many others, have had their day of triumph, and now the star of Gall and Spurzheim is fast gaining the ascendant. Bumpology, *alias* Craniology, *alias* Phrenology, is becoming as popular as the oracles, auguries and sooth-sayings, were with the ancients, and as witchcraft and double-sight have been in modern times. Poor old Lavater, who I suppose had the organ of—physiognomy largely developed ; were he now living, would be compelled to hide 'his diminished head.' His doctrine is entirely exploded, or to be more technical, has collapsed its flue, and one, *said* to be much more rational, has taken its place. We must no longer look into a man's face to know his character ; for that pretention is all humbug or something but very little better.

" In vain we fondly strive to trace,
The soul's reflection in the face ;
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
Crooked mouth or short proboscis ;
Boobies have looked as wise and bright,
As Plato or the Stagyrite."

The *head* is considered the index of the soul, from which it derives its form and feature. Or is it otherwise ; does the conformation of the skull give character to the mind ? Is the size and shape of the brain the cause or effect of the mind ?—This is a question more easily asked than answered. It is not, however, one that can be of great importance to any body to know in order to avail himself of the wonderful capabilities of the science. And yet, perhaps, it might be useful to know that the mind receives its propensities and powers from the unevenness of the surface of the cranium. For if the mind doth take its form from matter, and as we can control the form of matter, it therefore is a logical conclusion that we can control the form of mind. If this be a true result, I shall differ from Pope, that

" 'Tis *education* forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined ;"

but must believe the common mind may be formed, while it is yet in its infancy, by the nurse or the physician, provided they are experienced phrenologists. To suppress the developments of the organs of the baser passions, it is only necessary for the application of pressure externally, to their respective localities. This, of course, in obedience to the first laws of matter, will increase the size of those other parts of the head that are not subject to the weight. Matter cannot exist without space, and the enlargement of one part of the periphery will be nearly in the proportion to the diminution of another.

What a glorious result will have been accomplished when phrenologists shall be able to prove that the mind is formed by the arrangment of matter. We may then expect to see human perfection on earth,—and the utopean creations that have existed only in the imaginations of dreaming philanthropists and crazy philosophers will more than be realized throughout the world. Dispositions and energies and intellects may be given to man after the most approved mechanical models, and he will stand forth, beaming with the light of an apprehension but little inferior to that of the " wrapt seraph that adores and burns."

It will be observed that I do not pretend to say how far Bumpology is a *true* science. I leave that matter to be determined by those who have had their 'dome of thought' satisfactorily explored. There is one thing you will see, however, in those that have undergone an examination—they are either favorably or adversely disposed towards the doctrine, as their characters have been pronounced good or bad. By placing the animal feelings very high, and the intellectual very low, nine times out of ten you will suddenly find the organ of combativeness excessively large and in full activity, so far as the truth of cephalic mensuration is concerned.

But a short time since, in the city of Philadelphia, I was in the company of a party of ladies and gentlemen, and I very soon found to my cost, that some were badly infected with the notions of Dr. Spurzheim. I took my seat beside a young lady, who would be called by the poets, angelic, and by men of the world, charming. She broke the ice for a conversation by putting her hand to her head, and telling me, in a most bewitching manner, that she had a large organ of philoprogenitiveness. I was then uninitiated in the science, and was at a loss to know what she meant. I consequently *felt* not a little embarrassed, and doubtless did not *look* less so. " Pray Miss," said I, " what did you remark ? The hum of voices throughout the room prevented me from understanding you distinctly."

" My organ of philoprogenitiveness is very large—I am exceedingly fond of children—I should make one of the kindest of mothers in the world."

This looked like a meditated design of taking some of my affections by storm. It was the first time a young lady had ever told me she would make a good mother and was very fond of children. I need hardly say, therefore, that I was at a loss to know how to reply.

" I have no doubt, Miss, that you would take excellent care of children. You of course should know better than I about that matter."

" There is not a day passes that I do not call upon my sister, Mrs.——, merely from my fondness for her little infant that is but five weeks old. It is the most interesting little dear imaginable. I am confident that it knows me quite as well as its mother—are you not fond of children, sir ?"

" Indeed, Miss, I can't say that I am *extravagantly* fond of them—I don't think I have ever seen one of the age of your sister's that I would go very far to dandle."

" I suppose then, Sir, that your organ is small."

" I really do not know."

" Do not know ! have you never had your head examined by a phrenologist !"

" Never."

" Why, don't you believe there is any truth in the science ?"

" I know so little of it that I am unable to judge."

"I am surprised. Every one in the city has got to be a phrenologist—It is considered almost as accurate as mathematics—I have had my character given to me several times, and I don't think it has ever been mistaken.

" It must certainly be a very remarkable invention or discovery. But do you not think that most phrenologists are like the Yankees of New England, very good at guessing?"

" They guess no more than astronomers do when they calculate an eclipse. I see you have the organ of marvellousness very low. Just permit me to examine."

Here was an alarming state of affairs. Ye powers ! my head was covered with a wig ; and I was trying to pass some elegant curls that sported over my bald pate as the natural productions of the soil. Inevitable discovery, if my head should be examined, must be the consequence. Among the Romans, bald heads were honorable, and the first Cæsar wore a coronal of oaken leaves over his hairless scalp ; but then I was not a Roman, and my fair lady was not one of their virgins.

I thought the only way for me to act in the emergency, was to make a bold stroke and avow a disbelief in the science.

" Why, Miss, I think it would be useless; I have no confidence in it. It is impossible to see a man's mind through the protuberances of his head."

" That is just where you mistake. You are far behind the intelligence of the age. Just permit me to give you a practical proof of your error."

" It is too ridiculous—just conceive of my head in the hands of a young lady ; besides, I do not think there can be any

thing found in it, if you should hunt."

"If you persist in refusing, I shall consider you afraid. It is not witchcraft—I shall not tell you how long you will live—nor whether you will ever be married."

A cold sweat had began to bedew my forehead; to permit her to feel my head would be little less than giving myself up a living sacrifice, and how longer to hold out against her importunities and raillery I was utterly at a loss to know. She attacked me not only with her wit, but also with her eyes. I made an effort to change the conversation, but all in vain. She followed up the subject as a hound follows the scent of the game. No doublings or windings could throw her off the track. At length, absolutely worried out, I yielded, with the *hope* that she would fail to perceive the manner in which my sconce had been covered.

"Well now," said she, "I have prevailed, and you have shown yourself at length a sensible man. Now mark me how truly I shall tell you the wonders of your head."

Her fingers were already in my hair, and I was trembling as if I were attacked with a fit of ague.

"Oh, I see it all—ha, ha, ha,—I now see the objections—you have the organ of *venerableness*—you were afraid to have that known. Well, never mind, you are not the first man that ever was bald, but I suppose you met with this misfortune by a fever. Fever, you know, will sometimes pluck out the hair as certainly as old age."

A dim ray of hope now beamed in upon me, and like a drowning man catching at a straw, I seized upon the idea she had charitably suggested to me.

"I have indeed, but just recovered from a violent fever, and I feel at present very much as if I should have a relapse. I shall be obliged to leave the company very soon, I fear, for the excitement of the evening has been too great for my yet feeble health.

I sprang upon my feet, and without scarcely waiting to take a civil leave, hurried into the street. As I quitted the room I cast one glance behind me, and thought I saw my tormentor laughing at my misery. I wished Gall and Spurzheim—all phrenologists, and all phrenology, in the depths of the ocean. I cursed my unlucky stars, and resolved never again to approach a craniologist. After hurrying through the streets, unconscious of what was passing around me, and half frantic with mortification, I was suddenly brought up by a friend, who clapped his hand upon my shoulder and called out, in a voice loud enough to awaken the dead, "Mr. Jones, what in the world is the matter. You travel as if your organ of locality was largely developed." If he had presented a pistol at my head he could not have alarmed me more. Another phrenologist! The whole town appeared mad—and was fast making me so.

"Not a word on that subject, if you please. I have an idiosyncrasy that causes me to sicken at the mere mention of it."

"Well, that is odd—but I suppose it rather a consequence of a peculiar organization of the head; just allow me to see."

"Hands off, Sir; he that touches a *hair of my head* is my enemy. Pull my nose, Sir, or spit in my face—for that I may forgive you—butlay a hand on my head and I know not to what it may drive me."

"My dear Jones, you are surely mad."

"Mad! no, *I'm* not mad—but the *world* is. I believe I am in a den of maniacs—monomaniacs. You have all run crazy, and are ready to tear the very head from a man's shoulders in your rage for feeling it. This night I shall quit town, and go in quest of some place where I may escape the infernal miseries of *Bumpology*."

I have much more to relate on this subject, but for want of room and time I will defer it for the present.

JOB JONES.

Pittsburgh, April 27, 1835.

MOUNT VESUVIUS.

This celebrated volcano is situated on the shores of the bay of Naples, to whose singularity and beauty it contributes in a striking degree. A burning mountain might be considered a dangerous neighbor, but except during its state of violent eruption, it causes no disquietude to the city of Naples. Though the great cities of Herculaneum, Pompeii, Stabia, and Roman towns of less note, lie buried by the lava and other matter thrown out by the volcano, still Portici and Ressina, the Torre del Greco, &c. and a succession of villages flourish round Mount Vesuvius with an immense population, constitutionally cheerful and generally prosperous in their circumstances. Some of these places are not only built over ancient interred cities, but have themselves, in modern ages experienced the violence of the volcano, and been wholly or partially destroyed by vast rivers of lava. This is particularly the case with the town of Torre del Greco, where the road is deeply cut through a bed of lava, and where other broad beds of the same dark material, which, in some places, have encroached far into the sea, forming little volcanic promontories, are found on every side of the town.—The inhabitants, however, in their attachment to the spot, having always persisted in building their houses above those that have been buried, thus keeping up, as it were, a struggle with one of the most fearful powers of nature.

The mountain is little more than four miles from the city of Naples, and owing to the beautiful transparency of the atmosphere, seems even at a shorter distance. It rises quite alone from the plain, declining on one side to the shore of the sea, and on the other towards a chain of the Appenines, which lofty mountains are seen several miles in its rear. Its base occupies an irregular space which may be about twelve miles all round; it rises connically to the height of some what more than three thousand feet, where it terminates in two mamillæ or breasts—one of which is called Somma, the other of which is the great crater of the volcano. From its form and entirely isolated situation, it looks like some vast tumulous or sepulchral burrow.

Except where broken by some chasms, and covered by courses of the lava which have not yet had time to acquire a superficies of soil and vegetable matter. Mount Vesuvius is cultivated (and inhabited as we have mentioned) for two-thirds of its height. The soil that accumulates over, and is mainly produced by volcanic matter of different natures, is wonderfully fine, and admirably adapted for vineyards. Here are produced the fair-famed Lachryma, Christi, the Greco, and other wines of superior quality.

The ascent to the mountain, though steep and very rugged, may be performed on mules or asses as far as what is called the hermitage of San Salvatore—a lonely little building on a flat, which rises the crater, or terminating cone of Vesuvius. But hence the remainder of the ascent, which may be about one fourth of the mountain, is difficult and fatiguing in the extreme. The outer sides of the acute cone by which you have to climb are nothing but a deep accumulation of cinders, ashes, and other yielding volcanic matter, into which your legs sink, and where you loose at least one out of every three steps you take.—Even hardy and active men have been known to throw themselves down on the sides of the cone in a complete state of exhaustion, long before they could reach the top. But the summit once gained, fatigue is repaid by prospects of beauty that are scarcely rivalled upon earth.

Naples and all the towns and villages we have mentioned lie at your feet; before you flows the magnificent Napolitan bay studded with islands; and inland stretches the luxurious plain of Campagna Felice, with cities and towns, and with villas and hamlets almost too numerous to count, while the sweeping chadi of the Appenines forms the extreme back-ground to the picture.

We have noticed the views first, as they are of greater interest than the interior of the crater. This is nothing, in ordinary times, but a grert funnel-shaped hollow, round the edges of which you can walk in perfect safety, and look down the curious depth. Some have even descended in it. The person who writes this short account did so in the summer of 1816, when the mountain had been inactive for some years, emitting only, from time to time, a little smoke. Provided with ropes, which the ciceroni or guides held at the edge of the hollow, he and a friend went down the shelving side for about one hundred and fifty feet, when they landed on a circular flat that sounded hollow beneath their feet, but presented nothing very remarkable, except a number of fumaroli or little holes through which smoke ascended. The interior of the crater was coated with lapilla and sulphur, and the pungent smoke from the little holes at the bottom of the crater, compelled a very speedy retreat, which was made with some difficulty, and without any great addition to their knowledge of valcanos. It must be observed, that this principal crater, on the summit of the mountain, is always considerably altered in its form and features when the eruption proceeds from it; and, moreover, that it is by no means, the *sole vent* the subteranean fire of Vesuvius finds. On the contrary, the fire and lava often issue from the sides of the mountain far below, while the superior funnel only emits smoke. In the winter of 1820, a mouth was formed at the foot of the superior cone, and nearly on a level with the hermitage of San Salvatore. To use a homely comparison, this vent was not unlike the mouth of a baker's oven; but a considerable stream of lava, which when in a state of perfect fusion resembles molten iron, issued from it, and flowed down a chasm in the direction of the Torre del Greco, the place we have described as having so often suffered from eruptions. A singular and deliberate suicide was committed here. An unhappy Frenchman walked up the mountain one night, and threw himself in at the source of

this terrific stream. The men who conducted him said afterwards, that they had observed he had a quantity of gunpowder about his person! He scarcely could have needed its agency, for the intense fire must have consumed him, skin, flesh, and bones, in a very few seconds. But though the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius do not always proceed from the grand crater, it must also be said that those that do are by far the most sublime in their effects, and that nothing can well be imagined more picturesque and striking than to see by night the summit of that lofty cone crowned by fire, as it frequently is, for many successive weeks. The finest view, under those circumstances, is from the bay, over the waters of which it often happens that the moon throws a broad path of silvery light in one direction, and the volcano the blood-red reflection of its flames in another.

THE BEST DISTINCTION IN EVERY MAN'S REACH.—I behold before me many men who are desirous of distinction, of power, of influence, or of *that*, by what name soever it be called, which will enable you to sway the decisions of the community, and give to your own arm the strength of a collected population. Listen to us, then, while we show you that benevolence is for your *interest*. Here, distinction may be purchased without opposition, enjoyed without envy, and surrendered without regret. Here, influence may be acquired without sacrifice of principles, and retained without consciousness of guilt.

The foundation of that power which you all desire, must be laid, as you are aware, in the good opinion of your fellow citizens. Tell us, then, ye men, who believe yourselves initiated into the secrets of a profound sagacity, hath there been any surer or more honorable, or more direct way to gain that good opinion, than in truth and honesty to deserve it? We will tell you a secret more valuable than any which ye have ever yet learned; and which your prying but purblind ingenuity hath never yet discovered. That skill on which ye so much boast yourselves, consists in merely giving to your own selfishness the appearance of that very philanthropy which ye so much despise. A power which ye do not understand, is by combinations which ye cannot counteract, daily stripping off your disguises, and consigning you to merited neglect. Other actors will succeed you, themselves to be in turn unmasked, and to follow you into oblivion. And hence the ceaseless agitations of the political world.

Suffer us, then to tell you now, for it will be too late when you learn it from experience, that this same feeling which shuts other men from your sympathies, shuts you out equally from theirs. The adroitness of management will not always prevail, and you will yet find yourselves impotent and friendless, isolated, and alone. The substantial regard of the community is to be purchased only *by doing that community good*. You must love your fellow men, or they will not love you back again; and ye cannot have the pearl, unless ye will pay the price. Love yourselves less, and ye shall accomplish your own purposes better. Be in fact what you wish us to believe you to be. Employ that time, that wealth, and those talents, in honest, pains-taking, matter-of fact benevolence, which you now employ in managing the mere appearance of it, and you shall obtain a power of which no party revolution can deprive you; your life shall be honored by your country's gratitude, and your tomb shall be hallowed by a nation's tears. Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together and running over, shall men give unto your bosoms. For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again.—*Extract from President Wayland's Discourse.*

Original.

SOLITUDE.

" 'Tis night when meditation bids us feel,
We once have loved, tho' love is at an end:
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
Tho' friendless now, will dream it had a friend."

It is not the *mere absence of society* that creates Solitude. I have been in the trackless wiles of the desert. I have been amid the rugged fastnesses of the Cattskill and Hoosack mountains—nature's undisturbed and far-off hiding-places. But it was not Solitude. Each green leaf seemed to waze me welcome—each wild flower to smile as I passed along, and each cascade, as it dashed from rock to rock, shivering into spray, and foaming in its pride, had a voice—it was the voice of nature, and it spoke to my heart.

I have stood on the solitary shore, and seen the last vessel vanish from my sight. But it was not Solitude. I threw myself on a mossy seat of rock beneath the canopy of a shady tree. The birds were singing around me; and the rippling waves were slowly undulating at my feet. Me thought every object had a tongue and seemed to say—" *we will be your companions!*"

I have shut myself up in my room alone and locked out the face of intrusion. But it was not Solitude. I gazed on the time-worn pages of Antiquity, and the spirit of other days came over me. I seemed to hold converse with the long-since departed good and illustrious. They passed before my imagination as evidently as do these lines before my eyes, and spoke in language which seemed not of this earth. I know not how long they were my guests—it *might* have been minutes—it *must* have been hours. I noted not time, but the shades of night had empaled me, ere the spell was broken.

But I have been in Solitude.—O God! it haunts me even yet! It was in Sept. 18——. The sun had just sunk beneath the rich autumnal horizon, as I arrived a stranger unknowing and unknown, at the pleasant village of K——, in eastern New York, and took up lodgings at the principal hotel of the place. In the morning previous, I had left my friends—all with whom affection had twined the strongest ligaments of my heart, and left them to return no more—no never! Oppressed with the thought, I finally strayed out along the streets. It was a beautiful place—the walks, the buildings, the village itself—every thing was tasteful. The full moon rose, and

" Floated in the azure air—an island of the blest."

Lamps and lights glittered from many a post and window. Night seemed but daylight with a pallid hue. Throngs of gay apprentices and clerks, and fair and smiling ones were tripping merrily along. Rich tones of music were borne on the gentle breathings of the air. And the sound of the mirth and hilarity of an assembled party came mingled with the notes of the Piano. In my anguish I observed all—all was lovely; but, *to me*, it was the loveliness of death—the vivifying spirit was not there! I had left my living self where I left my friends—my heart beat in other bosoms—my thoughts were captives in another land. I stood a lone self-exile, banished from the sympathies of friendship——" of human things, a thing apart." All about me wore but sad mementoes of joys no longer mine—of my utter desolation of soul—and I felt in the bitterness of that hour, and said in the keenness of my misery—*this is to be alone*—THIS IS SOLITUDE!

BLUE.

Dryden, N. Y.

Original.

HAPPINESS.

Happiness may justly be divided into two kinds, real and false. First then, of real happiness, which makes us contented with our present condition, and suffers us not to repine at imaginary evils. This is to be found in almost every condition of life, if we are of a right mind to possess it. If we wish to obtain this principle, so necessary for the peace and quietude of our own minds, let us look well to the manner in which it originates, and by having our attention fixed on its source, we may expect to enjoy many of its pleasures. Many consider happiness is not to be found in their present condition; hence, by overlooking the spring from whence it arises, they get none of its benefits, and beget in themselves a peevishness that destroys every comfort of life.

Harriet Spencer was the daughter of an honest farmer who had just enough of this world's good to be above want. Her attention was wholly taken up with the duties devolving on her, and no time would she spend in frivolous pursuits. Her mind she was careful to store with useful knowledge. By her discretion she was enabled to smooth the rough path of life, and live in the enjoyment of real happiness. The most adverse providence she met, without a murmur, and disarmed the heaviest afflictions

of their sorrows. By a wise course of conduct, she became not only the enjoyer of happiness herself, but the dispenser of it to others. In after life the young as well as old were pleased with her society, and the afflicted saught it as a means to alleviate their sorrows. And such was her general course of life, that when death called her from earth to a more genial abode, the society, in which she moved, felt that they had sustained a loss that could not easily be repaired.

How different from true happiness is that feeling, which is so called, commonly found among the more wealthy part of society. I know that the greatest number of mankind are willing to give the name of happiness to the elevation of animal feeling, while the mind, the great seat of all true happiness, is wholly unaffected. We see the votaries of pleasure, and believe they enjoy happiness in their round of show. But how far from true is such an opinion. A showy exterior too often covers a heart that is oppressed with sorrow. That wealth does not dispense happiness, is evident. Look at the rich and see how great their anxiety about their riches.

Catharine Wilson had been brought up in the enjoyment of immense wealth. Her father had never suffered a wish of hers to go unsatisfied, when he was able to gratify it, which he was generally, by means of his great wealth. Catharine's time was spent in the company of the fashionable of her time, for here alone it was that she was able to pass away her time without enui. In such society, the first to assume the fashions of the day, are those generally who are placed at the head of it. The manner of her life had made her vain, who otherwise was possessed of good sense, and whole hours would she spend in talking of the airy nothings of female dress. In the course of time she became a wife, and likewise a mother. But notwithstanding this change in her life, her notions of fashionable life were not altered; and she still continued to follow the same round of folly as ever. Her husband and children occupied but a secondary place in her affections, so but little domestic happiness could she be expected to enjoy, who had her mind filled with fashionable balls and parties of pleasure. Her life being thus spent, at her death, she was missed only by a few, and regretted by none. FIAL.

Original.

SPRING.

" Come gentle Spring! ethereal mildness come;
Ye fostering breezes, blow!
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend!
And temper all, thou world reviving Sun,
Into the perfect year "

The chilling winds of winter, and the jelid influence of wintry skies, are being subdued by the " balmy breath of Spring."—At her command, the stern visage of the Northern Tyrant is obliged to smile, and his haughty tone is softened into sounds of melody. How pleasing—how delightful are the prospects of Spring. It is the grand restorative of vegetation; and, of all the other seaons for delightful contemplation, this far exceeds them all. The cheering rays of a vernal sun, begin to impart life, and reanimate the faded beauties of nature; and how vivid the sensations of mankind, when they behold, at this season of the year, the seed that the husbandman has trusted to the bosom of the earth, starting into life, and rising into beauty. How wonderfully has the Author of Nature bestowed upon man the blessings of the seasons, whereby the earth smiles with plenty, and the splendid granarium of nature, is crowded to fullness. Each season has its peculiarities, and is admirably adapted to occupy its place; Spring, however, stands first, and is without a rival: It is the harbinger of joy; at its approach, we look with unmingled pleasure—we anticipate largely on the rich bounties that indulgent nature has in store—bounties which she ever delights to lavish on the virtuous and industrious sons of the soil.

Spring, indeed, presents to us a delightful scene; not only man is cheered by its beauties, but the beasts that have been shivering around their stalls, during the lurid night of winter, seem to show signs of joy, and give a hearty welcome to the return of a season, when they can once more sport upon the green carpet spread for their wants by the productive hand of nature.

The gay inhabitants of the air, that have been driven to distant climes, are, when joyous Spring looks out from the lucid chambers of the south, again seen riding on the wind, and sporting beneath the sunny skies. The songsters that enliven our forests now chant to us their merry notes, and proclaim from the mantled wood-lands their extatick joy.

Spring is the morning of the year—it inspires us with new life; its influence is a cordial to our desponding spirits; it raises our expectations, and fires us with ambition. But Spring is only a part of the year, and while we contemplate this really admirable season, we onght to realize too, that its glories will, by the rude hand of Time, soon be tarnished; its pleasantness will soon pass away. The bright season will soon come, and we may admire likewise the richness of the summer scene: we may view with passing delight her enamelled fields, which promise a rich reward of Autumnal fruits; but Time, unwearied, will soon remove this prospect from our sight; then we behold the 'sear and yellow leaf;' the hyperborean blasts brake loose from their captivity, and with cold and icy hands, lay waste the works of nature.

May the contemplation of the fading Seasons, and the illusory and transitory things of Earth, raise our affections to those superior regions of bliss, into which, the truly virtuous, shall, at the final consummation of all things, enter and forever enjoy an unfading and eternal *Spring!*—where flowers will ever continue to bloom, and whore there is light without any cloud.

April, 1835. O. H. P.

MISCELLANY.

A Hat Overboard.—The U. S. Gazette contains an excellent story, in which the following anecdote is related. A sailor was sent aloft, in a gale, and in a few moments afterwards was seen in the water—by great exertion was rescued. The captain, delighted with the success of his manœuvres, and with the happy attempt of saving the life of one of his crew, sent for Jobic to come aft.

Jobic, streaming with the water which he had drank, from the bottom of which he had so recently come, presented himself before the captain with his glazed leather hat in his hand.

"How did it happen, my poor fellow, that you fell overboard?"

"May it please your honor," said Jobic, "I did not fall overboard—I jumped off the yard on purpose."

"How is that? Are you drunk?"

"Beg your pardon, Captain; but the fact is, my hat, which cost me nine francs, fell overboard—it was my last—and as I knew that a boat would not be put off to save *that*, I threw myself from the yard into the sea, that we might both be saved together, and here it is in my hand, just as you see it."

THE WIDOW'S SOLIQUY.—" What!" said she, because I have been married once, shall I refuse to marry again? Shall I not take a second, because I have lost the first? That would be a reflection on the married life. Nay, it would be a sort of slandering as if it were of my husband, good man! It would be as much to say that he did not make me happy. And I'll never say that for him, though he is dead and gone. I loved him so well and enjoyed his dear society so much, that I never can be satisfied till I get me another. And the sooner I shall show my affection for the first. The word may say what it pleases; but I am sure that the best evidence that any person can give, whether man or woman, that they love their first partner dearly, is to take the second as soon as possible after the first is dead.

THE ARNEE, OR WILD BUFFALO.—This animal, which is an inhabitant of various parts of Bengal, far exceeds in size any of the cattle tribe that has hitherto been discovered, it being from twelve to fifteen feet in height. The horns, which are full two feet in length, are erect and semi-lunar, flattened, and annularly wrinkled, with smooth, round, approaching points. The Arnee is seldom seen within the European settlements, but a very young one was picked up alive in the Ganges some years ago, which was as big as an immensely large bullock, and weighed nearly three quarters of a ton. A British officer who found one in the woods in the country above Bengal, describes it as a bold and daring animal, and its form as seeming to partake of the horse, the bull, and the deer. Some of the native princes are said to keep Arnees for parade under the names of fighting bullocks.

Catharine I. of Russia.

The history of this female, who was exalted from a low station to the imperial throne of Russia, is well known to many. She was in the humblest capacity, that of a servant, when she attracted Peter's regard. After she became his wife, her influence over him was boundless—not from the solidity of her judgment, or brilliancy of her wit; but from the sweetness, pliability, and equanimity of her temper. His companion in all his wars and expeditions, she alone knew how to assuage the ferocity of his temper. Her gentle forbearance, her soothing tones, almost invariably served to allay his wildest transports of rage. The influence she possessed she never abused, and used it only for purposes of beneficence, and many a miserable wretch owed his life to her interference. Sensible, good tempered, and ever willing to oblige, Catharine never forgot a benefit.—She had been, before her marriage, protected in the family of Gluck; and when Wurb, who had been tutor to Gluck's children, presented himself before her, after her exaltation to the imperial throne, she said, "What, thou good man, art thou still alive? I will provide for thee;" and she gave him a handsome pension.

Gluck finally died a prisoner at Moscow. Catharine did all she could for his distressed family; she pensioned his widow, made his son a page, portioned his two eldest daughters, and appointed the youngest to be her maid of honor.

Without the smallest pretension to beauty, Catharine was nevertheless engaging. Her light hair she dyed black; her form, in youth, was finely turned, and peculiarly delicate, but she grew extremely corpulent as she advanced in years. She was unable to read or write, and her daughter was obliged to sign her name to all her despatches.

When Catharine succeeded to the empire, after the death of Peter, she enjoyed the good will of her people, by her mild and gracious conduct towards them. She reduced the capitation tax, removed the gibbets from the public places, and had the criminals interred who remained unburied. She recalled the exiles from Siberia, and paid all the arrears of the troops. But even the mild Catharine had her failings. We have already said that she could neither read nor write; and she was also averse to all thought and business. She finally abandoned herself to pleasure, drank immoderately of Tokay wine, of which she was extremely fond, and thus aggravated a cancer and dropsy, with which she was afflicted, and which took her off in the thirty-ninth year of her age.

Conch divers of the Bahamas.---In December, 1821, one of his majesty's ships in going into the harbor of New Providence struck on a bank, and rubbed off a sheet or two of her copper. The following morning, one of the divers being sent for, and supplied with hammer, nails, and sheets of copper, sunk himself to the keel, and, after two or three breathings at the surface of the water, made good the defects! He was afterwards required by the commanding officer to bend a hawser on to the chain cable near the anchor, as it lay at the bottom in nearly four fathoms water. This he accomplished with much ease, and a seaman-like bend it proved on the anchor being hove up. These divers, who are black men, and generally natives of the outer islands, are nearly six feet in height, with broad shoulders, and so accustomed to diving for conchs from their infancy, in from two to ten fathoms water, that they have habituated themselves to continue under water for as long a time, perhaps, as the pearl divers of India. They often take with them a hammer, and on finding a conch, will break his shell, take out the fish and prepare it for dressing before they rise; they will also take a bottle of any drinkable liquid, with the cork wired, and sink to the bottom in three or four fathoms, and, with a corkscrew, draw the cork, drink its contents, and rise with the empty bottle! Porter is always the beverage they solicit on these occasions.—*Nautical Mag.*

Marriage.—I never knew a marriage expressly for money, that did not end unhappy.---Yet managing mothers and heartless daughters are continually playing the same unlucky game. I believe that men more frequently marry for love than women because they have a free choice. I am afraid to conjecture how large a portion of women marry because they think they shall not have a better chance, and dread being dependent. Such marriages no doubt, sometimes prove tolerably comfortable, but a great number would be far happier single. If I may judge from my own observation of such matters, marrying for a home is a most tiresome way of getting a living.---*Mrs. Child.*

Courtship.—A gentleman feeling a strong partiality for a young lady whose name was *noyes*, was desirous, without the ceremony of a formal courtship, to ascertain her sentiments. For this purpose he said to her one day—with that kind of air and manner which means either jest or earnest, as you choose to take it, "If I were to ask you whether you are under matrimonial engagements to any one what part of your name (No—yes) might I take for an answer?

"The first," said she in the same tone.

"And were I to ask if you were inclined to form such an engagement, should a person offer who loved you and was not indifferent to yourself, what part of your name might he then take as an answer?"

"The last."

"And if I tell you that I love you, and ask you to form such an engagement with *me* then what part of your name may I take?"

"Oh, then," replied the blushing girl, "take the *whole name;* as in such a case I would cheerfully resign it for your own."

It is almost needless to add, that they were soon after married.

THE GEM AND AMULET.

Speculation.—Speculation seems now to be all the rage, in the world. From this, thank fortune, Printers are exempt: the spirit of speculation will never enter among them—because they have so little to loose, that they can't have any thing to gain. While some are speculating among *heads*, and some among *hearts*, others are deeply dealing in Wheat and Flour; others in Eastern and Western Lands. Some of the speculators it is thought have become land mad, as they have recently purchased eastern lands, 'tis said, at $7 per acre, that a few years since were sold under the hammer at ten cents an acre. An eastern paper states, that a Physician in Maine, had been so wholly engaged in the land speculation, that in prescribing for a patient, he ordered 20 acres of land to be taken before breakfast, and if that did not operate in two hours, to swallow 20 more.

The Literary Gazette. This is the title of a neatly executed paper, quarto size, published semi-monthly at Concord, N. H. by D. D. Fisk, at $1 per ann. in advance—and from the numbers we have received, we judge it well worth a dollar to any one who is fond of reading.

Albany Bouquet—Is another handsome quarto, semi-monthly, just commenced in Albany, price $1 in advance. George Trumbull, Editor. We hope it will meet a better fate than did several papers of a like character which were published in that City, some years past. The Microscope has lived there, and we believe is still alive, while literary monthly, semi-monthly, and weekly papers, have, at different times, appeared for a few days, weeks, or months, then sickened—gasped—and died.

☞ We would inform the present Agent of the GEM, in Penn Yan, that we must decline sending any more Nos. to that place, unless the pay is sent us in advance. For the dozen papers we sent there regularly two years and a quarter, we have received only $3, (from one subscriber $2, from another, through the Agent, $1) and have paid more than that amount in postage on letters from the Agents. Several *gentlemen*, to whom the GEM was sent, the Agents say, have *run away* without having paid any part of the subscription. Others have *neglected* to pay, and others again have *refused* to pay. One or two subscribers there, we have been informed, did actually pay for the 5th vol. to the then Agent, Mr. T. H. B. and he pocketed and kept the money, together with other sums received of subscribers residing in other towns: this can be shown by his own and others' letters in our hands. Thus we are about $20 worse for our former Agent and *patrons* in Penn Yan, notwithstanding the agents had particular directions to take none as Subscribers without the pay in advance.

A new Paper, entitled "The Spirit of Seventy Six," has of late been commenced in New-York. Our readers know that the spirit of '76 *was* a good spirit; whether the spirit of this paper will be the same, we cannot yet say, having seen but two Nos. Price for the Country Paper, is $2,50 a year in advance. For this paper, and for the New Yorker, price $2 per ann. Subscriptions will be taken at this office, until the proprietors shall have appointed Agents in this City. Also for the Sat. Courier.

MARRIED,

In Perington, on Wednesday, 29th April, by Rev. J. Booth, Mr. David Lilly, of Mendon, Monroe Co. to Miss Polly Hall, of the former place.

In this city, on Monday morning, the 4th inst., in St. Luke's Church, by Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, Mr. MARTIN BRIGGS, to Miss HANNAH SCRANTOM, daughter of Hamlet Scrantom.

In this city, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hebard, Mr. WYLLIS KEMPSHALL, to Miss AMELIA KNAPP, both of this city.

In Brockport, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. R. H. Conklin, Mr. CHASE RICHARDSON, of Holley, to Miss PHEBE CUSHMAN, of the former place.

DIED,

In this City, the 10th inst. Mrs. NANCY D. wife of Ebenezer Watts, merchant, aged 48 years.

In this city, on the 25th ult. of consumption, Hannah, consort of Reuben Reed, aged 58 years.

In this city, on the 2d instant, of consumption, Miss Zeruah Bixby, aged 39 years.

Original.

ROME—BY MOONLIGHT.

An Extract from an unpublished Poem,

BY C. H. C. HOSMER, ESQ.

I stood in Rome—without one cloud to veil
Her beamy disk, the moon shone coldly pale :
The ruined shrine, and antiquated pile,
Were clothed in beauty by her softening smile.
On fluted remnants, partly overspread
With nodding grass, the purest light was shed,
While moon-beams, sleeping on old Tiber, gave
Transparent lustre to his voiceful wave.

Majestic River ! bright thy current flows
When dewy morn unveils her cheek of rose ;
The vivid colours of expiring day
Thy bosom purple, ere they fade away;
But spirit like thy mournful billows glide
Amid the ruins of departed pride,
When rising calm and slow, the Queen of night
Converts thy waters into waves of light.

Proclaiming triumphs over Dacian foes,
Thy gleaming pillar, lordly Trajan, rose !
Though on its dizzy top, no longer stands
A marble statue, holding in its hands,
Wrapt in the semblance of a purple robe,
The rod of Empire, and refulgent globe.
Still cornice, shaft and ornamented frieze
In whiteness vie the foam of troubled seas.

Triumphal structures, relicks of the past,
On hallowed ground their graceful shadows cast ;
The Arch of Titus, stately in decay,
Was softly lighted by the lunar ray.
In bass-relief the pilgrim still can trace
Trump, candelabra, sacerdotal vase ;
The haughted victor and his humbled foe,
The pomp of triumph and Judean wo :
The glance of Dian spectral radiance flung
Upon those walls, with ivy overhung,
That once resounded to the voice of strife,
While ran, in crimson streams, the tide of life.*
Where are the timid and ignobly brave,
The purpled master and submissive slave,
Whose voices wildly mingled in one yell
Of savage pleasure, when some victim fell ?
Gone—like the airy phantoms of the brain
That fade away when Truth resumes her reign—
Gone—like light, plumy wreaths of vernal snow,
That melt away when zephyrs gently blow.

Bards of all climes ! while senators and knights,
Abject spectators of inhuman fights,
Live in wild warblings of the magic lyre—
Think of the christian martyrs and admire !
Where lie the relicks of that Monk,† who bade
The fierce Lecutor sheath his reeking blade ;
Who stood the target of an angry throng,
In soul undaunted, and in virtue strong ?
Tyrants have tombs:—to mark his lowly bed,
No speaking stone uplifts its aged head.

* * * * *

Although thy victor bird no longer flings,
On subject lands, the shadow of his wings,
Though ruins whiten on the doubtful hill,
Dead Queen of Empires, thou art lovely still !
The classic stranger trembles and adores
While crumbling arch and temple he explores ;
Views in the stillness of the moonlight hour
Colossal fragments of thy day of power ;
In fancy hears the Gothick trump again
Awake the echoes of thy lonely plain ;
Beholds the victor, in barbarick state,
At midnight enter the Salarian gate—
Clench in his gory hand the vengeful rod,
And bid thee bow before the scourge of God ;
While blazing domes change darkness into day,
And guide the robber to his shrieking prey.

* The Coliseum. † In the reign of Honorius, a Monk, by the name of Telemachus, was stoned to death, for humane interferancein gladiatorial combats.

For the Rochester Republican.

Lines on the death of a Friend.

BY E. D. KENNICOTT.

"Friend after friend departs,
Who has not lost a friend ?"

She has gone, she has gone from the sorrows of earth,
Far away in the skies, to the land of her birth ;
Where her spirit stands robed in a mantle of white,
Like the foam of the surge that emblazons the night.

Though the King of the day rolls along in the sky,
And the Queen of the night in her glory moves by ;
Though the firmament glows with a heavenly ray,
Yet the smiles of my Mary have faded away.

Though the storm vomits thunder and flame in the air,
And the battle-horse brays the wild note of despair ;
Though the torrent still roars from the cloud-beaten hill,
Yet the voice of my Mary is peaceful and still.

Spring comes, and the lark carols sweetly again,
And a carpet of verdure is spread on the plain ;
But the song of my Mary shall gladden no more,
Nor the rose-bud bloom out on her cheek as before.

She was fair, like the flower that blooms on the hill,
And the sound of her voice, like the flow of the rill ;
With a countenance calm as the smile of the morn,
E'er the zephyr has woke from his cradle the storm.

Oh ! I loved once to gaze on those features so bright,
For the look of intelligence shone in her sight ;
Then the smile on her cheek, and the rose in her hair,
And the song on her lip ; Oh ! I loved to be there.

But alas! she has gone to the city of rest,
To unite in a song with the crowd of the blest ;
Where the rose and the lily forever shall bloom,
Nor the eye of destruction looks up from the tomb.

Original.

Mr. Editor,

The following stanzas are sent to you for publication. They are the effusions of an aged man, once almost a stranger to adversity, but now, by her unexpected visitation, is reduced to the most undesirable situation that can be conceived. HUMANITY.

Placed here by niggard destiny,
I cannot weep, nor e'en complain :
The source of tears is parch'd and dry—
As well might marble bleed or cry,
Or adamant dissolve in rain.

Memory—strong attribute of mind,
And fancy too, point scenes long past,
Bright as the stars there twinkling seen,
Through whirling clouds that intervene,
And leave the vista drear and waste.

What if this attribute were blank,
And youth's fond dreams were now forgot,
The *present* still would wear a gloom:
My morning sun, eclips'd at noon,
Has ceas'd to shine, as if 'twere not.

My last—*my only hope* that's left,
Points to a light intense and clear,
But *not of earth*, nor yet unseen:
Though mists and darkness hang between,
Its bright effulgence will appear.

Death soon will let the curtain down,
Anguish and pain my body leave :
The worms—ah let them riot on—
My flesh—'twill to corruption turn,
While wandering zephyrs fan my grave.

Perchance some wag, while passing near,
Startled to hear the wild breeze moan,
May thus exclaim, " Whose buried here ?
His name's unkown, if 't ever were ;
I guess he's e'en forgot his own.

OFFENCE AND PUNISHMENT—A man who was imprisoned for marrying two wives, complained that he had been severely dealt with for an offence *which carries its own punishment along with it.*

A man is more faithful and true to another person's secrets than his own ; a woman on the contrary keeps her own secrets better than others.'

LIST OF AGENTS,

FOR THE GEM.

Bloomfield, Mich. Ter.—Dr. E. S. Parker.
Black Rock, N. Y.—Elam Dodge.
Cleaveland, O.—A. S. Sandford.
Cazenovia—S. C. Walker.
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THE ROCHESTER GEM,

And Ladies' Amulet :

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

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From the New-Yorker.

THE DELAWARE'S REVENGE.

——"Tell me no more, no more
Of the soul's lofty gifts! Are they not vain
To quench its haunting thirst for happiness?
Have I not loved, and striven, and failed to bind
One true heart unto me? *Mrs. Hemans.*

"Oh, deep is a wounded heart, and strong
A voice that cries against mighty wrong:
And full of death as a hot wind's blight,
Doth the ire of a crushed affection light."

The Indian nature is now pretty thoroughly analyzed. Cooper has made every body familiar with its peculiarities; and even if he had not, we of the Western land have enjoyed abundant opportunities of investigating it for ourselves.—We all know that the Indian predominates in our hearts when the kneeling offender is obliged to ask *twice* for forgiveness. And our children know that they are travelling 'Indian file when they march one after another in their unwilling peregrinations to school. For some wise purpose, which it becomes not us to inquire into, Providence has designed the Indian, as the African, for a distinct and separate existence. Their assimilation to Europeans, either in manners or disposition, can never be effected to a great degree. We may as easily change their complexions as their natures. This fact various occurrences have established beyond the possibility of refutation.

A friend of mine, residing in Buffalo, once informed me that three or four of the wealthy border chiefs sent their daughters to a boarding-school in that city—sent them when very young, and left them under the entire control of the worthy principal, with orders to instruct and 'accomplish' them in all things after the manner of the 'pale faces.'—The enlightened preceptress did her best, and her wayward pupils were under the absolute necessity of making some proficiency, though evidently against their inclinations; but, with all her precaution, persuasion, and reproof, the wild-wood peculiarities *would* make themselves apparent in a variety of ways; and these young ladies, who became at length well skilled in music, drawing, etc. and perfect adepts in the mysteries of the toilet, could not, while walking the streets, be prevented from trailing along, one by one, after the fashion of their forefathers.

A little farther, and I have done with instances of this kind. An infatuated young lady in one of the Eastern States, whose father had blindly encouraged a school for the education of Indians, became seriously attached to one of those handsome sons of the forest, after he had apparently become well educated and refined, and finally eloped with him to his native wilds. A letter received from her a few months afterwards announced to her afflicted parents a total relapse of her *civilized* husband into his former habits. Indeed, so far had he forgotten the customs of a better land, that he degraded himself as also his poor wife to the barbarous fashion of lodging on the naked ground of their wigwam with their heads to the fire.

These instances, 'tis true, illustrate more properly traits of external character; but if education fails to eradicate these, what can it do with those darker propensities implanted and fostered as it were in the very depths of the soul, some of which are so deadly and carried to such fearful extent that they would seem almost to imply demoniac agency? Revenge, the darling virtue of an Indian, suggested to him by nature, fostered in the recesses of his heart by tradition and example, the exciting prompter of all his warlike deeds, and frequently the sole object of his life—what will he not encounter to obtain it? Danger, fatigue, and even death, are but as straws in his path—his course is onward, and the comforts and destiny of self are seldom taken into the account so long as there is the slightest hope of inflicting misery upon the object of his resentment. A story was related to me the other day which, in my opinion, strongly illustrates this fact; and, if the reader feels half the interest in the perusal that I did in the relation, I shall be amply paid for the trouble of committing it to paper.

Many of the Indians who resided some years ago on the banks of the Susquehanna came from the river Delaware; hence they were called Delawares. They were quiet and peaceable until the descent of Brandt upon the lower settlements, when ery one who could draw a bow was obliged to accompany him. Thus all their little towns were left defenceless; and the Wyoming farmers who were driven unceremoniously from their homes, acting upon the principle of self-preservation, and perhaps slightly under the influence of a retaliating spirit, thought no harm in appropriating to themselves the few conveniences which said villages afforded, even to the exclusion of frightened female occupants, who needed little persuasion to induce immediate departure.

In one of these villages was found a dwelling entirely superior to the rest. It was a small, snugly built log-house, with two apartments, each containing a quantity of furs, deer-skins and horns, all arranged in the most perfect order. It was undoubtedly the wigwam of a chief. So said Anthony Williams, as he drew his wife through the door to the inner apartment; "'Tis undoubtedly the dwelling of a chief, that was—for very few of those poor creatures will get back to claim their property. War is a bad game and has little respect to persons, as this bruised arm can bear witness. —But what have we here, Lucy?"—and the young farmer stepped to the farther corner of the room, and raised carefully the corner of a glistening fawn-skin. A loud scream was the consequence,—and the young couple beheld with surprise and admiration the half-clad form of a little Indian girl of perhaps two years of age, and apparently just roused from a sound sleep.

"What eyes!" exclaimed Mrs. Williams, as her husband raised the terrified little creature in his arms—"What beautiful eyes! Oh, how could her mother thus forsake her?"

The infant gazed tearfully at the speaker for a moment, and then stretched out her little hands in affectionate confidence.

"Mine, mine!" cried the wife, pressing the dark form fondly to her bosom. "She shall be our own child, Anthony; see, she loves us already! we will be her parents."

"If no other claim her," was the considerate reply; and they left the place to inform their friends of the singular result of their adventure.

The next Sabbath, the little stranger was formally adopted and christened Martha by Anthony and Lucy Williams.—Mrs. Williams had no children, and the little Delaware promised soon to become the idol of her heart. This may seem strange to those who consider the misfortune of color or helplessness an excuse for degrading to menial servitude a human being—an image of Divinity. But the lady of whom we speak entertained very different opinions. Her heart was warm as the skies of June, —and, with a fancy more tinged with romance than prejudice, the circumstance of the Delaware child's discovery and the dependence thereon attendant laid claim to all her sympathies; and she would have scorned, as the vilest treason to her nature, the slightest desire to take an ungenerous advantage of her situation. No; she was her own beloved child—as such she should

be—as such she was treated—many of her officious friends to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Indian village soon became a village of very different character—handsome, lively and business-like—a description which will answer for many more at the present day on the same river. It contained churches and academies, and was surrounded by the most romantic scenery in the world. It might almost be said that Anthony Williams was the founder of said village—for his family from its numbers being least expensive of any in the place and himself acquiring with maturer years a capacity for speculation, he managed to outstrip his humbler neighbors, and soon became very wealthy and of course popular. He was a true friend to the public, and was ever the first to propose and lend a helping hand in the execution of public improvements. His wife and adopted daughter of course came in for a share of his influence; and though it would be an unfaithful delineation of poor human nature to say that no envy rankled in the bosoms of many young misses at the evident superiority, both in mind and person, of the dark-haired Delaware, still, we are gratified in recording that their ungentle thoughts for some reason or other—perhaps conscience—were seldom known to burst forth in more than half-suppressed murmurs. Mr. Williams gave his favorite (for their young charge was with him also a favorite—he making it a point, as all good husbands should, to love whatever his wife considered loveable,) every possible opportunity for education and polite accomplishments; but the worthy couple beheld with grief and astonishment that a desire to please them and displease her rivals were her only incentives to perseverance in study. She *would* excel, and for these reasons, but her heart was not in it. A book except in competition, was her utter detestation; and she would on the darkest night forsake her guitar to wander by the rushing waters and to listen to the hoarse and howling winds. Often on these occasions did her anxious guardians whisper to each other the words of the Indian philosopher, who, with all the advantages of books, superior wisdom, and the refinements of civilization, still turned with tears of regret to 'his blanket tied with yellow strings.'

Mrs. Williams could overlook, however, these national peculiarities—for was not Martha the most affectionate child that ever the eye of doting mother beheld?—the tenderest nurse—the fondest and most confiding friend? Nor did the good lady in these eulogiums at all overrate the qualities of the Delaware. Her gratitude and love knew no bounds.—She was at all seasons true to the minutest sense of duty; and in the last fatal illnesss of Mrs. Williams she left not her bedside day nor night; and when the lamp of life at length went out and the beaming eye was closed for ever, her head fell heavily upon the bosom of her benefactress, and many were the doubts entertained of her recovery.

Martha Williams was not 'just sixteen'—the only time when, if we can credit the popular writers of the day, a young lady is liable either to love or be loved—nor was she 'just seventeen'—the season when so many rose-buds are transferred to canvass and copperplate—but she was exactly somewhere between eighteen and twenty, when Carrington Lee, a young English artist of some eminence, took up his residence at her father's.

Anthony Williams was a lonely man after the death of his wife,—and, being pleased with the talent and vivacity of Mr. Lee, he had begged as a favor that he would make his house his home during his stay in the country; which invitation the young artist for various reasons was glad to accept. Martha was still in mourning when their guest first made his appearance at table. She had very seldom of late noticed strangers or even friends, but there was that in the appearance of the artist which drew her almost immediate attention; and before they had many times met and parted, she found herself singularly interested in him.—Carrington Lee was in truth a most strangely fascinating being—as may be said of many of the meteor-like geniuses of his fraternity. He had left the palace halls of his fathers, with all their elegant comforts, for the sole purpose of sketching the woods, waters and women of the Western world—had left many broken hearts behind, and was again exulting in the wicked witchery of his trifling mind at the inroads he was not slow to perceive himself making upon the affections of the unsophisticated Indian maiden.

Little did the poor girl suspect the penetrating powers of her now almost constant companion. She knew not that the eye of a skilful artist detects as easily a cloud upon the mind as upon the sky. Indeed, she was hardly herself aware that she loved; she was merely certain that Mr. Lee possessed a graceful loftiness of carriage, a touching gentleness of voice, and an eloquent expression of countenance, which she had never observed in any other; and she felt happier while listening to his stories of the world beyond the great waters, or watching the careless curvings of his fishing line during their excursions in the woods, than she had ever felt before. Yet had she never appeared to so little advantage before any one as before Carrington Lee. The timidity of a deep idolatrous love chained down her hitherto bounding spirit, and the remembrance of her lowly origin,—so considered by the world, and a fear that it might so be considered by him,—tended apparently to quench in rustic bashfulness the light of a soul whose beams were destined to dazzle or destroy. The young artist admired her, notwithstanding—yea, he believed he loved as much as his vain and fickle nature was capable of loving any person: nor was he long in acquainting her with his sentiments, and was far more pleased than surprised at her confession of a similar partiality. Yet how dissimilar was their love!—his the wild and threatning flame which illumines the passing cloud—hers the soft and settled light which beams forth from the fountain of purity, and fadeth not till the bitter waters of the world have corrupted its sources.

It was in an evening walk that Carrington Lee alluded more particularly to the feelings of tenderness which he said he had long cherished. He spoke of his beautiful home in England—his kind mother and affectionate sisters—and his deep anxiety to see them. He talked eloquently of the happiness he had enjoyed beneath the hospitable roof of Mr. Williams—happiness which could never be surpassed—he feared never equalled. He reverted with a trembling voice to the hour of parting—an hour which for the sake of his future peace had best be soon—and when he saw the agitated girl ready to sink to the earth with conflicting emotions, when he saw her cheek blanch and her eyes dim with the heart-dews of agony, he ventured to whisper, Inkle-like, in the temerity of an idle hope, of flight—flight from her own home to a sunnier one in England. Not sooner does the lightning look into the black vapors of the sky, than did the mind of the Delaware penetrate his hidden purpose. The mantle of second sight seemed to have descended to her. She threaded with an eagle eye the hypocritical maze—she beheld on his flushed cheek and quailing brow the dark symbols of the betrayer—and the iron which crushes to powder the awakened heart had entered her very soul. She spoke not—a slight and convulsive wave of the hand and she departed, leaving the disconcerted painter to contemplate at leisure this unforeseen frustration of his plans.

No sleep visited on that night the eyes of the proud daughter of the Delawares. All the long hours did she sit by the open window of her chamber, as silent as the pale stars that beheld her. She moved not, spoke not, but continued gazing upon the moon as intensely as if the destiny of nations depended upon the faithfulness of the vigil. Day dawned: the yellow sunlight fell softly upon the casement; the maiden bowed her head and whispered in a low and troubled voice, as if in reply to the pleadings of one unseen: "Mother, ask me no more—he has written death upon my hopes—shall he go unpunished? Mother, ask me no more!"—and she arose and looked out upon the rosy clouds, as they floated in delicate beauty above the unruffled waters.—"Beautiful, most beautiful!" she murmured, "beautiful to others' eyes, but never again to mine! The mirror of my soul is defaced—it will reflect the cloud and the sunshine no more. Night is on its surface. Thou Carrington Lee, art the spoiler! I bowed down my spirit to thee with an idolatrous worship, and thou hast requited me with the blackest treachery. Can I forgive thee?—Never! thy doom is sealed! Thou shalt love as man hath seldom loved—thou shalt mourn as man hath never mourned—even without hope!—*Revenge unto death!*"

It was with a faltering step that the young painter, on the following morning, sought the breakfast-room. His affection for that injured girl had in a measure been tested—it was far stronger than he had imagined; and though he pursued every argument that could possibly induce a belief of indifference towards her, except as the daughter of a degraded race, still every trial made but deeper the impression of her loveliness. The bitter frown which his dark words, had planted on her brow, haunted him through the night; and, for the first time in his life remorse and apprehension deprived him of sleep. What then was his joy on hearing himself saluted in the usual sweet and friendly voice—on seeing her dark eye flash with its accustomed pleasure at his approach? "She is but a woman after all!" said he to himself; "and as I am still Carrington Lee, it would

be nonsense to suppose serious offence possible." And he could not avoid curling his lip with a slight expression of pride and even contempt at the flattering thought. It escaped not the eye of the Delaware,—every sense was awake to the detection of prejudicial symptoms,—every faculty absorbed in the means of accomplishing the one stern purpose of her soul. Her path of perseverance was marked out.

Time passed on. She studied the tastes and preferances of her lover. Books, which had hitherto been her abhorrence, became her almost constant though secret companions. The 'Midnight lamp' streamed over the glowing numbers of Homer and Tasso, and page after page from these and various other authors was committed to the storehouse of memory for future use. She knew that Carrington Lee loved these things—that they were to him pearls of great price—and that he considered the mind a blank without them; but she knew that he loved still better the poetry of his profession, and she became soon a clandestine Mistress of the art. And now was she on a footing with the proud Englishman—his equal—nay, his superior. Her timidity was gone, and she appeared in her own natural character, lofty and beautiful; received each day additional interest from the improvement of a soul-flashing intellect, and the excitement attendant upon the exercise of the one strong ruling passion.

I have not described the person of the Delaware—indeed she was a being who barely came within the scope of description. She might have possessed the form and complexion of Cora Munro; but the expression of her face was such as may be dreamed of, but never told—high, heavenly, indescribable. 'And is this the being,' asked Carrington Lee of himself one evening, after listening to the wild melody of her voice till his very senses were bewildered, 'is this the being to whom I once proposed elopement? As soon now would I make such a proposition to the Queen of England. But she must have forgotten the circumstance. She loves me—yes, assurance worth worlds—worth every thing—life itself—*she loves me*. But for this, earth were a blank—with it, 'tis all, 'tis heaven!' He spoke sincerely—the Delaware had not misjudged her power.—He *did* love, as man hath seldom loved—devotedly, madly. His heart owned no thought in which she was not associated—no wish of which she was not the first object. Home and friends were forgotten—every thing was forgotten, save the bright Peri of his delusive Paradise.

Mr. Williams gave his cordial consent to the union of his adopted child with the young Englishman, and the evening had arrived in which Martha had promised to fix the important day. The lovers appointed to meet on the bank of the river, at a short distance from the mansion—there to make the final nuptial arrangements.

"I will be there before him," whispered the Delaware, at the same time throwing on her work-table a large packet directed to 'Anthony Williams, Esq.'—"I will be there before him, for I must have one hour's uninterrupted solitude"—and she drew her white shawl closely round her and hastened to the spot. It was early spring, and the melting snow and rains had raised the river to so unusual a height that the rocky and precipitous banks seemed hardly sufficient to restrain the madly swelling flood. Martha continued her course until she reached the centre of a high promontory, whose black points projected far above the roaring waters. The extensive prospect enjoyed from this height rendered it a favorite resort to the lovers; and the Delaware seated herself on one of the loose fragments of rock, apparently exhausted with the difficulty of attaining it.

Dark as had the tempter rendered the understanding of this infatuated girl, there were moments when the sunlight of her woman's heart—yea, when even the bright glimmerings of Christianity shone down on her benighted spirit, and almost unseated the demon to whose sceptre every thought had learned to bow. There were moments when the deep love of the artist awakened an answering tenderness in her heart, and made her regret her fearful determination. There were moments when the first impressions of childhood were shadowed beautifully forth on the dial-plate of Memory—when the voice of her sainted mother whispered the sweet law of forgiveness in her ear—and her resolution would waver. —But the midnight spectre of Revenge would not forsake her—his dark form closed up the avenue of virtue, and hurried her down the dreadful precipice.—She was agitated by these conflicting feelings on the eventful evening. She looked down into the steep and muddy waters, and drew back with a slight shudder at the prospect. She looked upon the form of her lover, pale and lifeless at the dread sacrifice, and she felt that he was dearer to her than ever. Again did her ear catch the tender pleadings of maternal love, and she involuntarily stretched forth her hands for protection.—But another figure rose to her imagination, stern and ruthless, with one hand pointing to the miserable remnants of his tribe, the other down the steep promontory. 'Daughter!' said he in a hollow voice; 'daughter! wert thou born in the cabin of a pale face? Our wrongs thou canst not revenge, but wilt thou forget thine own?'—"Never!" ejaculated she, springing upon a high and jutting crag, "never! never!"—and the woods of the opposite mountain re-echoed the fatal word.

"Martha, dearest Martha!" stammered a scarce audible voice from beneath—"come down, or I shall faint! Oh, to see you in such a perilous spot! Martha! Martha!"

The maiden descended the difficult path, and in a moment was at the side of her betrothed. He eagerly caught her hand, while an ashy paleness still lingered on his cheek.

"I would not for worlds," said he "suffer what I have within the last moment. Oh, to think such a thing possible!—and who were you calling to? Surely you will never go there again"

"You love me then?" whispered the Delaware quickly, evading his question.

"Love you, Martha! No! *Love* expresses the faint likes and friendships of others; but it tells little of *my* feelings—it expresses but slightly the deep devotedness, the——Oh most beautiful of beings! must we, can we ever be separated?"

The Delaware turned away her face, for her proud lip quivered, and a shadow was on her brow; but it passed away, and she replied kindly but calmly:

"Yes, dear friend, we undoubtedly can and must be separated. I will believe, however, that you love me, as you have said; it is of all things that which I most wish to be true. But you must promise me one thing"—

"Any thing! every thing!"

"Nay, not so lightly—it is a solemn promise, and must be solemnly kept. Promise me, swear to me, that you will never commit suicide."

The young artist could hardly suppress a smile at so singular a requisition; but he saw she was serious, and he pledged his true word in all solemnity.

"Yes, enough," murmured the Delaware, "enough. Wait here one moment, and you shall know all."

She stepped aside, and ere her wondering companion suspected her design, had reached the very height whence he had lately called her. The moon shone out brightly, the winds were still, and even the tumultuous waves hushed their ungentle voices, as the shadow of the beautiful apparition fell placidly upon their surface.

"Carrington Lee!" exclaimed she in a low subdued voide, at the same time placing her foot upon the farthest point of stone, and folding her hands calmly upon her bosom; "Carrington Lee! the fiat has gone forth!—we can and must part! Rememberest thou, oh faithless Englishman! the icy words which crushed the fondest affection that ever animated the breast of woman?—Rememberest thou?—Then remember thine oath! Live, as I have lived, with the Canker-worm of disappointment revelling at thy vitals—with the gleam of a sunset hope alone lingering 'mid the blighted flowers of Memory! Remember the Delaware!—Remember thy oath!—LIVE ON!"

There was the waving of a white robe—a wild rushing of the waves—a convulsive hand thrown out upon the billows, and darkness overshadowed them! It also overshadowed the intellect of the English artist.—He awoke only to the recollection of the insult—the revenge—the dreadful oath—and the sinking form. He is an old man now; his hut is situated near the fatal rock, and its walls are covered with portraits of the unfortunate being whose image alone survives the wreck of an erring and fearful, yet still gifted and noble mind.

J. H. K.

DR. FRANKLIN AND HIS WIG

As every one knows, when the American philosopher arrived at Paris as Plenipotentiary for the 'Old Thirteen,' his appearance at the gay and brilliant metropolis of France excited a good deal of curiosity. A plain republican among the nobles of the most refined and polite people in the world! The representative of the nation that braved the power of England—the ancient enemy of France! A philosopher who had enrolled his name among the greatest and best of France and England. The Doctor was, of course, 'the observed of all observers.' While he was exciting so much curiosity, and intersst among the Parley-vous Monsieurs of the luxurious French capital, he was dressed, according to the most authentic accounts, in a fashion that in these degenerate days would be denominated the antique; that is to say—he wore short breeches and gaiters—a long, pepper-and-salt coat and vest, with pockets about the size of a school-boy's satchel, and buttons

of the dimensions of warming-pans—to speak, as report makers say, in 'round numbers.' His wrists were surrounded with enormous ruffles, and on his head was perched a venerable three cornered, cocked hat, beneath which was that which kings, with their crowns and jewelled robes, did not possess. When the Doctor took off his hat, something was visible that covered more than all the crowns in christendom—videlicit, a wig—and thereby hangs a tale.

No man, not even the republican philosopher, could appear at the French court, without the express permission of the formerly useful bipeds—wigmakers. A splendidly dressed, capering, dancing and skipping barber, who in this capacity served his most excellent majesty, made his politest bow to the Doctor. This appendage of royalty was also king to his own servant, who wore his livery and ruffles on his wrists as gorgeous as his master, and each of whom was fastened to huge and ponderous swords—according to all accounts the swords were larger than their owners.—They brought with them a load of sweet scented bandboxes full of '*de vig—de superb vig for de great Doctor Franklin.*' The bandboxes were opened, and the hairy appendages displayed, sending forth odors as powerful as a score of musk rats, as sweet scented as the streets of cologne—as delightful as the spices of Araby the blest. One wig was tried on after another—the boxes were emptied—the contents were on the floor, but after various trials, it was found to the astonishment of the wig maker, '*dat all de vigs were too small. Vat de diable shall be done?*' The wig-maker began to think that Frenchmen's heads were made on an exceeding diminutive scale, and wondered why the Doctor did not pitch over, like a piece of cork with a bit of lead in it, from being top-heavy. He fell into the most violent rage, to the great amusement of Franklin, who looked at the perplexed, dumbfounded and volatile Frenchman with the greatest good humor. While the Doctor was being amused at the rage of the wig maker, who was calling all the saints to witness that *de vigs* were good *vigs*—most excellent *vigs*—the man of silks and perfumes clapped his hands together, and exclaimed that he had made *one grand discoverie*. Franklin, with all his philosophy, could not penetrate the secret.

'De fault does not lay,' cried the overjoyed Frenchman 'in de vig—Oh, no! by gar! de vig was just de size; de vig was not too small, de Doctors head was too big—very great deal too big."

This was the grand discovery. Franklin replied with a smile, that the fault could not be in his head, as it was the work of the Almighty himself, who could not err. Upon this the wig-maker pulled in his horns a little, but still maintained that something was 'de matter wid de Doctor's head.' His head was not a fashionable head, it was not a Frenchman's head, but the head of Doctor Franklin himself. He begged the Doctor to remember that his head had not the honor to be made in Paris the centre of refinement and gallantry, which alone contained the true standard of heads and wigs. 'No by gar! if his head had been made in Paris—Paree—it no bin more dan half such a head. The Doctor's head was *unique*, and none of the French nobles had any such heads as this. Not de grand duke of Orlean—not de grand monarch himself had half such a head as Doctor Franklin; and he did not see vat busisness any body had with a head more big dan de head of de grand monarch.' While the tongue of the poor, vexed and nonplussed wig-maker ran on in this fashion, having evidently recovered his good humor, the Doctor listened with great good nature, which is known so peculiarly to have distinguished him. He put a check to his rant by relating one of his fine anecdotes which so tickled the poor wig-maker, and gave him so exalted an idea of the Doctor's wit, that as he retired, bowing, capering, dancing, laughing, and shrugging his shoulders, he said with a particular arch and expressive look, 'Ah, ha! Doctor Franklin! Doctor Franklin! I no vunder your head too big for my vig. By gar, I fraid your head be too big for all de French nation—by gar! my poor vigs!' and away capered the wig-maker with his wigs. The Doctor was soon after summoned before the king and queen; how his mission sped is to be found in the history of the times—but whether he found favor in the eyes of the French court without the assistance of any great or small wig makers, we are not sufficiently acquainted with his private history to say; but the above rencounter with the wig making appendage to royalty is authentic, however much it may vary in its particulars from other accounts.

Nat. Eagle.

From the Boston Pearl.

LETTER WRITING.

I HAVE ever been a lover of epistolary composition.—For of all vehicles of thought, I think a letter the most apt and beautiful, combining in itself all the advantages of the more artificial modes of writing with most of those which belong to verbal intercourse. It is singular what a prejudice obtains, even among educated persons, in regard to letter writing. The most voluble talkers often shrink with unfeigned abhorrence from inditing an epistle. If one were disposed to judge harshly, this dread might be ascribed to a commendable fear of beholding their ideas in a tangible shape. But I believe very vague ideas prevail on this subject, and that a clear apprehension of the true character and legitimate design of letter-writing, would raise it to its deserved rank in human regards.

Perhaps the best definition of the word letter is that which describes it as written conversation. We trace on paper what we should say were our friend at hand. Nothing is more ludicrous, therefore, than for one when provided with all the conventional materials, to lament that he is minus in the essential—that 'he has nothing to say;' in the name of common sense then, let him not attempt impossibilities, nor waste time in preparations for doing—nothing. The truth is, I fear, that in cases of this sort, the desired epistle, which is expected to make its appearance spontaneously, is what is called a letter of duty; i. e. one of those things which a regard to appearances demands, and in which the mind and heart of the individual are as little engaged as they are in the countless 'how d'ye dos?' and words of recognition with which his physical organs are daily occupied. If it be so, sympathy is waisted on his case, and the most friendly can only hope that experience will teach him to give over battling with nature, and to *feel* that for a man to act the machine is a task under which ingenuity sinks, and from which every native impulse revolts.

In spite of the partial discredit cast upon this ancient and elegant species of writing by such calumniators, it has attained an elevated position even as a branch of polite literature. The letters of the young Pliny are unsurpassed for taste and purity by any ancient classic. And what compositions equal the fervor and rhetorical force exhibited in the epistles of St. Paul? How few writings of celebrity are given to the world without a portion, at least, of the author's correspondence. This is thought almost as essential as a memoir, and for very much the same reasons. If we are anxious to be initiated into the habits, circumstances, and domestic history of an interesting author, how can we be indifferent to his prevailing sentiments and mental moods? And what biography like a series of friendly letters? These are indeed the precious household lore, a portraiture dearer to affection than the delineation on the canvass or the studied history. Through this we behold not only the marked features of mind, but the delicate shades of feeling.

Yes—if nature, pure unsophisticated nature, is to be found in the guise of literature, we must seek it here.—How much of talent, poetry, and sentiment, that never aspired to the honors of authorship, has been developed through this medium! Especially is it a happy channel for the female mind. Could the worlding behold here the evidences of a celestial spirit—the breathings of a mother's love—the confiding trust of conjugal tenderness—the devotion of genuine friendship, he would feel that the iciness of self love and the impulse of ambitious passion hold a disputed sway.

There is, too, a disinterestedness in letter-writing peculiar to itself. When abilities of the highest order, or powers usually made subservient to personal good, are tasked for an individual's pleasure, there is afforded a true token of sympathy. Who has not felt this in perusing the consolatory letter of Sir Thomas Brown, or the characteristic epistle of Deborah Lenox, which concludes the favorite fiction of our distinguished countryman?

'The truth is,' says Melmoth, 'a fine letter does not consist in saying fine things, but in expressing ordinary ones in an uncommon manner.' This kind of writing is, indeed, admirably fitted to call forth originality, from the very fact that it favors independence of thought and feeling. We transscribe our opinions and sentiments freely, conscious that they are to meet only the eye of friendship. We labor not to give them a panoply of frigid words and regarded expressions, as they are not to be exposed to the arrow-darkened atmosphere of public criticism.

Interesting and valuable, then for its own sake, is that medium by which we hold intercourse with the absent and loved. And perchance, amid all species of composiston, none is more truly honorable to humanity. Nor should its contracted sphere of operation depreciate it in human regards. It may prove a blessing when the more ostentatious forms of literary enterprise shall have become futile from their very pretensions.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Female education is of immense importance, as connected with domestic life.—It is at home where man generally passes the greatest portion of his time; where he seeks a refuge from the vexations and embarrassments of business, an enchanting repose from exertion, a relaxation from care by the interchange of affection; where some of his finest sympathies, tastes, and moral and religious feelings, are formed and nourished; where is the treasure of pure disinterested love, such as is seldom found in the busy walks of a selfish and calculating world. Nothing then can be more desirable than to make one's domestic abode the highest object of his attachment and satisfaction.

Well ordered home, man's best delight to make,
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise her virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life:
This be the female dignity and praise

Neither rank nor splendid mansions, nor expensively furnished apartment, nor luxurious repasts can accomplish these objects. They are to be obtained only from the riches of elevated principles, from the nobility of virtue, from the splendor of religious and moral beauty, from that banquet of refined taste, affectionate deportment, and intellectual pleasures. Intelligence and piety throw the brightest sunshine over the dwellings of private life, and these are the results of female education.

Female education is extremely valuable from its imparting an elevated and improved character to domestic intercourse. Conversation is one of the greatest joys of existence: and the more perfect it is made by the resource of learning, enlarged views of morality, the refinement of taste, the riches of language, and the splendors of imagery, the more exquisite is the joy. It is from education that discourse collects all original drapery, "its clothing of wrought gold," its thrilling eloquence, its sweetest music, and all its magical influence over the soul. Intelligence and animated discourse eminently exalt the dignity, and multiply the charms of every female that can excell in them.

It is a sacred and homefelt delight,
A sober certainty of waking bliss.

She who can sustain an elevated course of conversation, whose mind soars above the trifles and common things of time and sense, who is distinguished for well digested opinions, sensible remarks, habits of thinking and observation, good judgment, and a well disciplined temper, is a perpetual source of blessings, and exhiliration to all within her circle. If her education is seasoned with an admixture of genuine piety, she cannot fail to make her home all that is desirable, so that none of her household will need or wish to seek elsewhere for happiness. They will be able "to drink waters out of their own cisterns, and running waters out of their own wells."

The Source of Pleasure Considered.

An Extract.

THERE are but few sources of genuine pleasure;—the toper whilst sipping the sparkling foam arising from the lively and sportful champaign, dreams of bliss, and believes, for the moment, that he has entered the mansions of unending happiness; but, when the vision has past, when reason reascends her throne, and resumes her potent sway, he wakes from his transient lethargy, and finds that the pleasure, which, but a few hours ago, rested like a halo upon his heart, hath fled from his grasp forever, and

"Left but a wreck behind."

The ambitious conqueror, having despoiled and desolated half the globe, and elevated himself far above the ranks of his fellow men,—beholds the mighty of the earth humbling themselves at his feet,—shouting with a loud voice the praises of his name, and the omnipotence of his power, becomes at length dissatisfied with himself, and gazes with a longing eye upon that which is not yet his own;—the pride of his former victories forsake him, the glory that he has already achieved, vanishes, the wreath of immortality which encircles his brow, fades away, and the happiness that he imagined to have been his, disappears like the phantom of uneasy slumbers.

Well and truly may it be said that there are but few sources of pleasure—the epicure feasts him to his heart's content, and he rises from the banquet with his desires satiated; but the joy he promised himself ceases with the cause. The miser treasures up his golden stores, and dissipates his useless life in misery and shame;—for the thought of his being deprived of his dearly beloved riches, is constantly recurring to his mind, and as constantly brings tormenting anxiety and suspense; and the instrument which should afford unmixed pleasure, brings with it its quantum of pain.

Then where may we look for happiness? shall we find it in the gorgeous palaces of kings? No! for there schemes of ambition and future aggrandizement occupy the attention of those who are clad in the rich vestments of royalty. Shall we find its radiant light shining beneath the roof of a hovel? No! for the inmates are discontented with their lot, and long to revel in the luxuries of the great and affluent.

But in the hearts of the benevolent, you will find it existing, pure and undefiled as a ray darted from the burning face of the sun.—'Tis only there it can be found, 'tis there only that it can glow in all its original fervor and brightness; for the pleasure arising from acts of kindness, will never evaporate, but diffuse itself throughout the whole system and concentrated in a fathomless fountain of happiness and delight; and, as the earth is quickened by the refreshing showers of heaven, so will the soul be refreshed from this perennial spring.

Benevolence, or a desire to advance the fortunes of others by contributing to their aid, may be considered as one of the few sources of earthly happiness; if we can consider ourselves as the cause of bettering the condition of one of our fellow beings, there is a satisfaction in the thought in which the mind loves to envelope itself, for it brings contentment and peace; and all lesser considerations for the time, are swallowed up in this all absorbing and exhilerating feeling.

Original.

HUMAN LIFE.

What is life? 'tis like the revolving year;
A season comes, and soon doth disappear.
Another quick succeeds and flies apace—
Another follows and pursues the chase.
Each occupies its place—no more remain;
And swift-winged TIME pursues the round again.
Each has its joys, its pleasures, and its charms,
Its hoarse rough winds, its tempests, and its storms.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Youth is the Spring—when *beauty* blooms and smiles—
When *fancy* captivates with artful wiles—
When *expectation* fond is full and free,
And *hope* inspires to mirth and levity—
When glows enchantment in her richest dress,
And all the world is grace and loveliness,
Save where perchance the ruthless spoiler breathes,
And deadly blight on the fair flow'ret leaves.
But soon these dreams, these joys, these charms decay—
This blisful season soon doth pass away;
Behold the Summer comes, of riper years,
And Spring into her lap her relicks pours—
Which though another cast, may be enjoyed,
If no rude blast the tender germ 's destroyed.
Though more advanc'd, this season has its bliss,
Though less facetious—not the happier less.
Cares arise—anxiety 's increased;
But in *this* season they but make us blessed.

When the fantastick joys of youth have fled,
Unto another class the soul is wed,
That in succession please and entertain,
But ere possessed, straightway are gone again.
'Tis now, the autumnly day of age comes on:
Adieu to youth and manhood—both have flown.
The bliss, that now remains to be possessed,
Lies in the fruit with which this season's bless'd:
And if the Spring no buds or flowers afford,
Or they be plucked, or blasted, or destroyed;
In wanting autumn, no precious fruit is found,
But all is waste, a wild and barren ground.
To sow the seed—to guard with anxious care,
Those flowers that ripen in an after year,
Is youth's employ—and this, the wise pursuit,
To culture well for choicest, richest fruit.

'Live while you live,' the sacred preacher cries,
'And well improve each moment as it flies'—
That when in WINTER's hour, the King shall come
To take you to your God, and heaven, your home—
To close your pilgrimage, and earthly toil,
You need not blame the culture, or the soil.

REFLECTOR.

HAPPINESS.—If you cannot be happy in one way, be happy in an other;—and this faculty or disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent man hunting for his hat, while it is on his head. Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict great pain, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and imprudently cultivating an undergrowth of pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

CHAPTER ON TEMPER.

One of the most impressive admonitions ever given to a mother, is found in the advice of her physician, never to nourish her infant in a passion, as the pure fountain from whence it derives its support, is for a time poisoned by the ebulitions of rage, and convulsion and death too frequently follow. How dreadful, therefore, is the consequence of passion, when it may even endanger the life of the innocent being at the very moment when it receives the nourishment so necessary for its existence —and how frequently is every enjoyment poisoned by giving away to the force of a crabbed, petulent, wayward temper. Something may be charged to Dame Nature in the formation of our tempers, but more to early impressions—as to proper corrections in repressing and checking the gusts of passion in a child. This watchful and anxious duty is more necessary with a daughter than with a son, because a boy is thrown upon the world, mingles with mankind, and rudeness and passion are promptly checked by prompt punishment; and the rough treatment he experiences on life's stormy billows, is an efficient correction of a bad temper. Not so with a girl. From her pursuits and domestic habits, she is necessarily estranged from the world until that period arrives when she is called on to take an interest in its bustling concerns, when her accomplishments draw around her friends and admirers; and when she is about to be translated from scholastic pursuits and maiden habits to the more elevated sphere in which the wife or mother moves. Here is the trying moment.—The ardent admirer sees in the object of his fond affections nothing but what is truly amiable; he finds all that glowing fancy has painted; but when the giddy lover is superceded by the temperate husband, and he anxiously examines with deeper scrutiny into the faculities of her head and heart, is he shocked beyond expression to find youth and beauty under the deformity of a confirmed bad temper, and dates his misery and unhappiness from that unfortuante discovery—he finds that human nature had been munificent in his blessings, but neglect had strengthened natural propensities, like a fair garden which is allowed to be overrun with weeds.

A Love Letter from a Tailor to a Mantuamaker.—REMNANT OF MY HOPES:—May I be *ripped* from the *borders* of your esteem, and never be *buttoned* to the *loop* of your kindness, but I am strongly *seamed* to the *hem* of your beauty, may I never lose a *thimble* full of your favor; but you have so *entangled* the *thread* of my understanding with that pretty *outside* of yours, that I am stark mad to be your * * * * Ods-*bodkins!* I am surely yours every *stitch* of me. Wherever you go, you are my *north*, and my *needle* follows you; *blunt* not therefore the point of my endeavors, but let me *baste* myself to your kindness, that I may set the *tighter* to your affections: I love you beyond *measure*, but yet it is so hard to *cabbage* one sweet look from you that I almost despair of having enough to *finish* my *suit*.

Pray put a favorable construction on this, and for the same I shall always sit *crossed legged* for your sake, being my dearest little *flouncer*,

Yours, P. S.

MISCELLANY.

MISSIONARIES.—The ship Shepherdess, which has sailed from Boston for India, has on board the Rev. John M. S. Perry and lady, of Mendon, Massachusetts, and Rev. J.J. Lawrence and Lady, of Genesee, New York, destined for Ceylon; Rev. Henry Ballentine and lady, of Marion, Ohio, and Mr. E. A. Webster, (Printer) and lady, from Utica, New York, destined to Bombay—all sent out by the American Board of Missions.

EMIGRATION IN THE RIGHT QUATER.—The tide of emigration has at last taken the right turn and extended to the tenderer sex. It is known that the predominance of the female over the male sex in Massachusetts is astonishingly great. In many towns theproportion is two to one, and in the whole state the excess is more than *fourteen thousand*. The sphere of woman's usefulness, of course must be much circumscribed here, whereas at the West, whither our young and energetic male population is going, in every department of female industry, she can become eminently useful. Teachers are needed in shools, domestic companions are wanted by the young men and more female industry is in urgent demand at the west. We are pleased to learn, therefore, that a company of industrious, energetic, capable and intelligent young Women are about to start from this town for the great West. They go out under the protection of a gentleman, and we are sure they will be welcomed with as much joy there, as was the cargo of young women brought to our shores in the early settlement of this country. A wide field of usefulness and industry and means of doing great good is spread out before them—and although we don't like to have them indulge in many visionary speculations, yet for a six-pence apiece we would *ensure* them husbands.—*Northampton Cour.*

RUN *vs.* TROY.—Some people are always upon the run, and yet never get to the end of the race. They start off without proper direction, and ere they know it, have travelled for miles upon some by-route. They are always in a hurry and never have time to get out of it; always full of business, and never do any thing—at least as it ought to be done.

No one can tell how much he can do, until he tries to see what can be done by system and arrangement. It was told of a man, who had been distinguished with an almost unparalleled succession of civil trust, through an eventful period of our country's history—that, while he was Clerk of the House of Representatives of one of the thirteen original States,—he actually wrote off the whole of the Bible, to occupy his leisure hours besides attending, promptly and regularly, to his official duties. It was a good remark of a wealthy and sagacious merchant, on being met by a friend, who knew that he had a vast number of vessels in port, requiring his personal attention, in addition to his other multifarious business—"Why sir I should think you would be in a *hurry*, you have such an immense amount of business to do." "That," said the merchant, "is the very reason I am not in a *hurry:* I have far too much to do to be in a *hurry* with it."

There is much practical philosophy in this reply: and we see it illustrated around us every day of our lives. It is not the man who runs fastest who holds out longest: besides, if he goes with such precipitancy that the posts and gutters are not noted, he may break his neck against the one, or tumble head-long into the other. If I buy a horse, I intend to get him for his *trotting*, rather than his *running* qualities: and if ever my old Bachelor notions should be disturbed, I think a woman who would *trot* orderly round the domestic circle, would be worth a regiment of those who *run* mazes to show and folly. *Boston Cour.*

AEROSTATIC.—We perceive by the Brooklyn Advertiser, that Mr. Prince will ascend in his India rubber balloon on the 20th inst. He is to take his flight, either eastwardly across the ocean, or westwardly to the lakes; his own choice of the direction being of course determined by that of the wind. Whether if that should be inclined to turn him south or north, the ascension is to be postponed to a more favorable time, we have not learnt. At all events, he is to be amply prepared with provisions, life preservers, &c. to go a little beyond any previous performance in aerostatics—to out-*Clayton* even, all other *balloonists*. A young lady living in Hick st. is to ascend with him, but will alight before the balloon leaves the Island.

Music—the charmed Warriors.—When the Cossacks were at Dresden, in 1813, one of them chanced to hear a young lady of a respectable family playing on the Pianoforte, and singing; as if enchanted, he followed the melodious sounds, pursued his way up stairs, from room to room, and after traversing several apartments, discovered the right one. He entered, and stood listening behind the lonely musician, who, half dead with fear, on perceiving the figure of her martial visiter in a mirror, would naturally have run away. He detained her, and, in unintelligible language, but with friendly gestures, begged for a *Da Capo;* and, without ceremony, fetched his comrades out of the street. The music soon relaxed the joints of the bearded warriors, and in a few moments they struck up a sprightly Cossack dance, in the best room in the house. The trembling girl was obliged to summon up all her courage and strength, that her fingers might not refuse to perform their office in this critical juncture. She returned sincere thanks to Heaven when the dance was over, and was not a little surprised, when one of the delighted performers, with the most cordial gestures, laid a piece of gold on the pianoforte. It was to no purpose that the young lady refused it; the doners retired, leaving behind them the piece of money, which the fair owner will doubtless preserve with care, as a memorial of the lovers of dancing and music from the deserts of Asia.

WOMEN in affairs of love may be compared to spiders, who spread their flimsy webs around them, and set watching in the middle, while the giddy flies are buzzing around, until they find one entangled in their net, when they secure the prey;—or rather, they are like anglers' flies, that skip or glide along the stream, the fish pursues the glittering bait, which seems to fly their fond pursuit, until one of them catches it, and finds a hook fast in his throat.

THE DEATH OF THE YOUNG.

Beautiful is that season of life when we can say in the language of scripture, 'Thou hast the dew of thy youth.' But of these flowers death gathers many. He places these flowers upon his bosom, and his form is changed to something less terrific than before. We learn to gaze and shudder not; for he carried in his arms the sweet blossom of our earthly hopes. We shall see them all again blooming in a happier land. 'Yes, death brings us back again to our friends. They are waiting for us, and we shall not be long. They have gone before us and are like the angels in heaven. They stand upon the borders of the grave, to welcome us with the countenances of affection, which they wore on earth, yet more lovely, more radiant, more spiritual. Death has taken thee, too, sweet sister, and 'thou hast the dew of thy youth.' He hath placed thee upon his bosom, and his countenance wears a smile. The 'far country' seems nearer, and the way less dark, for thou hast gone before passing so early to rest, that May itself dies not more calmly.—And thou art there waiting to bid us welcome, when we shall have done the work given us to do, and shall go hence, to be seen no more on earth. *Professor Longfellow.*

GENIUS.

It is the prerogative of Genius to confer a measure of itself upon inferior intelligences. In reading the works of Milton, Bacon, and Newton, thoughts greater than the growth of our own minds are transplanted into them; and feelings more profound, sublime, or comprehensive, are insinuated amidst our ordinary train; while in the eloquence with which they are clothed, we learn a new language, worthy of the new ideas created in us. Of how much pure and exalted enjoyment is he ignorant, who never entertained, as angels, the bright emination of loftier intellects than his own? By habitual communion with superior spirits, we not only are enabled to think their thoughts, speak their dialect, feel their emotions, but our own thoughts are refined, our scanty language is enriched, our common feelings are elevated; and though we may never attain their standard, yet, by keeping company with them, we may rise above our own; as trees, growing in the society of a forest, are said to draw each other up into shapely and stately proportion, while field and hedgerow straglers, exposed to all weathers, never reach their full stature, luxuriance or beauty.—*James Montgomery.*

PEACE.

O beauteous peace!
Sweet union of a state! what else but thou
Gives safety, strength, and glory to a people?
Thompson.

Oh, peace! thou source and soul of social life!
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,
Science his views enlarges, art refines,
And swelling commerce opens all her ports;
Blest be the man divine, who gives us thee!
Ibid.

Now no more the drum
Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangour shrill
Affrights the wives, or chills the virgin's blood;
But joy and pleasure open to the view
Uninterrupted! *Phillips.*

Original.

THE SEA.

Oh dearly do I love
The deep, dark purple sea,
And with a gallant ship to plough
Its blue eternity.

Oh dearly do I love
The freshness of the breeze,
The heaving of the soundless waste,
The music of the seas.

Earth hath no morn like those
Upon the lone, lone vast:—
Earth hath no summer-nights like those
O'er the wild waters cast.

The glory of the morn—
Its beauty who may tell!
The glory of the silent night—
The murmuring moon-lit swell.

Oh dearly do I love
O'er the glad waves to sweep
My sea-boat, like an ocean bird
Upon its native deep.

T. H.

Original.

INTEMPERANCE.

BY A. C. BARRAY.

* * * The spectacle before us, is indeed appaling. The victims of intemperance are wasting around us in frightful numbers. Neither age, nor sex, nor rank, nor talent, is respected by this fell destroyer! Man falls away from his glorious destiny among the virtuous sons of earth, and woman is degraded from her angel station: the young bow their faces in the beauty of their promise; the mature are arrested in the pride of their usefulness, and the white locks of the aged seek the tomb in disgrace! The rich are overcome in their splendid mansions, the poor in the cheerless hut of poverty; the arm of labour is paralyzed; the light of learning is extinguished; genius is struck down in his eagle career, and the holy functions of piety are defiled in the dust!

Such are the miseries to which our country is exposed; Oh! when will they find a grave in the shades of oblivion?—Philanthropy answers "ere long."

THE GEM AND AMULET.

Dr. Franklin. We have seen of late in a periodical, and often before heard, the question discussed, whether Dr. Franklin was or was not a believer of the Christian Religion? We are not now going to attempt to support either the affirmative or negative side of the question, for we mean not to admit either religious or political polemicks into our columns, but to give the Dr's own answer to the question. We find in the "Life of President Stiles," a Book now in our possession, the following Letter, from Dr. Franklin, in reply to one from the President: this letter, most likely, contains the last thoughts of Dr. Franklin on the subject, which he ever committed to writing, as the letter is dated the 9th of March, 1790, and he died on the 17th of April, the same year—It is as follows:

"I do not take your curiosity amiss, and shall endeavour, in a few words, to gratify it.——As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think the system of morals, and his religion, as he left them to us, the best the world ever saw, or is likely to see; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes; and I have, with most of the present Dissenters in England, some doubts as to his divinity."

Here is the whole of the letter, and the reader can form his own opinion of its meaning.

To Correspondents.

"The fire at Sea," by Mrs. Freeman, will appear in our next No.

We received, a short time since, at once, six or seven letters, containing a full Baker's dozen of communications for the Gem, purporting to come from several correspondents, being dated at various places, while the evidence on the face of them is, that they all came from one quarter, if not from one writer. But no matter where from—the more, the better, if good. Whether these may all be so called, we have not yet had time to satisfy ourselves, still we cheerfully return the author, or authors, our thanks for their laudable exertions. Toward correspondents, we wish and mean always to feel and act strictly impartial, and yet in regard to their productions exercise such a partiality as may seem to us proper:—no doubt, we do oftentimes err in judgment. Dates of places, we imagine, have little to do with the merit of communications for the press.

We will attend to the inquiry respecting A. Z. The fault may be on our part.

A large number of favors are on hand, and will be forth-coming, as we have time and chance to give them. "Anon." came to hand.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 21st inst., by Rev. E. Hebard, Mr. Thomas M. Smith, to Miss Phena F. Foster: Mr. Chester Macomber, to Miss Betsey Tuttle.

In this city, on 21st inst. Mr. John L. McNair, of Dansville, to Miss Caroline Pierpont, of Litchfield, Conn.

In Caledonia, 20th inst. Mr. John R. McAuly, of Seneca, to Miss Sarah Fraser, of the former place.

DIED,

In Rochester, on the 16th of May, Jane Elizabeth Brown, wife of Sylvester Brown, after a long and tedious illness, of the consumption, aged 24 years.

Yesterday, May 19, Mrs. Mary Green, aged 86 years.

Another Revolutionary Patriot gone.—In Batavia, on the 16th inst., Mr. Wiliam Savacool, aged 84 years.

In the same place, on the 17th inst., Mrs. Lavinna Chapins, aged 69 years. Her death will be much lamented by a large circle of friends.

At Sandy Hill, Washington co., on the 29th ult., Mr. John Blany, at the advanced age of 103 years.

At the Indian Reservation, Gaw-Yeh-Gwa,—Head Chief of the Seneca Nation—long and honorably known to the whites by the name of Young King. He was distinguished for his bravery on the frontier during the late war—and was held in the highest esteem among his people for his integrity of character. He was a man of giant person, and although it had been mutilated in battle, and was bent with age, denoted in brow and bearing the warrior and the Chief; he was of the Christian party, and was buried by the side of his ancient friend Red Jacket.

In New York City, on the 29th ult. after a short but distressing sickness, Oliver Sage, Jr. son of Capt. Oliver Sage, of Greenfield, Mass.

PARNASSIAN FLOWERS.

Original.

EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.

BY MRS. S. E. FREEMAN.

The following verses were suggested on viewing the Eddystone Light-House, erected on one of the rocks of that name, in the English Channel, 14 miles S. S. W. of Plymouth. As these rocks were completely covered at high water, several vessels were every season lost upon them, after they had safely crossed the wide Atlantic—it was therefore desirable that the spot should be pointed out by a warning light. The first Light-House was destroyed by a storm, 1703. The second was burnt, 1755. The third was built, 1759, and it has withstood the fury of the most violent storms.

THEY who have voyag'd o'er the trackless deep,
And seen it heave beneath the rising gale,
Like some vast monster, from unquiet sleep
In wrath awakening; when the storm's dark veil
Broods o'er the waters, and the seamen pale,
See through the wreathing mist, in stern despair,
The tall masts tottering, and the shatter'd sail,
Whene'er the vivid lightning's angry glare,
Fires with its frequent flash the thick and murky air:

Yes, they can tell with what convulsive joy,
Throbs the poor sailor's breast in such a night,
When the wild billows, thirsting to destroy,
Rave round his quivering bark with frantic might,
As to his anxious eye the beacon's light
Darts o'er the wave its faintly glimmering ray,
And guides him o'er the ocean-paths aright,
Far from those rocks that hidden by the spray,
In treacherous ambush wait their unsuspecting prey.

Yes, Eddystone, upon thy fatal shore,
Lies many a gallant vessel, wreck'd just ere
She reach'd her harbour, that from India bore
The wealth of burning climes, gems rich and rare
A precious store; and oh, more precious far
Than all beside, what then were brave
And lovely beings, creatures young and fair,
And rich in hopes, who dream'd not that the wave,
Ere morning's light, would prove their murderer, and their grave.

Three towers have on that wild and lonely isle
Frown'd o'er the ceaseless tide that chafes below.
Sheer from its base, the first deep-rooted pile,
Old ocean swept into his depths, as though
Man's stern control his strength would never know.
High raised again, devouring flames did blight
The melting fabric; yet by either foe,
Still unsubdued, the ever daring might
Of genius, planted there a firmer beacon-light.

Vainly the winds and waters round thee rave,
Star of the ocean—by the tempest's sway
Unmov'd—though buried in each crested wave
That dashes to the skies its snowy spray,
Still from thy summit streams the saving ray:
The sailor, tost upon the foaming sea,
Guides by thy welcome beam his homeward way,
And o'er the surge careering fast and free,
Turn to thy sea-girt rock, and gazing—blesses thee.

Thus ever, on life's rough and billowy deep,
When stormy passions toss the weary soul,
And like a strong and rushing tempest sweep
Man's slender vessel from the wish'd for goal,
A helpless wreck upon the waves that roll
Unceasingly—faith, firmly fix'd on high,
Points out each fatal rock, each hidden shoal;
Spreads a bright halo o'er the stormy sky,
And wafts the sinking bark into eternity.

Original.

A RURAL CHOICE.

My cot by the side of the willow I'll place,
Which shadows the streamlet that flows from the hill;
In front shall be spread the sweet meadow, to grace
With flow'rets of spring nature's loveliest face;
Beyond, the neat village extended shall be,
To grace the lov'd scene which I've chosen for me,
Which fancy oft paints, and recalls at her will.

In rear, shall be planted the orchard with care,
To furnish repasts which I'll welcome with joy
And likewise the wild-wood, by nature placed there,
Shall be in mid-summer, a lov'd retreat, where
The sun's scorching rays no admittance can find,
Where nature's sweet beauties enliven the mind:
Such beauties ne'er languish, such pleasures ne'er cloy.

The garden, with vines of the grape adorned round,
I'll culture for beauty, for pleasure, for use:
There shall the hawthorn, rose, and lilach, be found—
The woodbine, the polyanth, leaving the ground
Shall climb by the window, shall hang o'er the door,
With blossoms and fragrance that morn will restore;
And jessamines mingling, their charms will diffuse.

The *one* who enjoys and adds joys to the scene,
May be young, must be lovely, friendly and kind;
Her mind must be noble, and matured have been,
Be thoughtful, be placid, be calm and serene;
Be charmed with the beauties of nature sublime,
The beauties unrival'd of this happy clime,
And with ev'ry review new pleasures must find.

I'll seek not for beauty found only in show,
Nor choose among those of the loftiest birth,
For beauty is fading—it ne'er can bestow
Or claim the fair tribute affection should know;
But virtue I'll seek, and pure goodness of heart,
A charm that remains, and can always impart
Consolation and peace, when sickened with mirth.

Thoughout my short life, I think I'll be free
From ambition's vain course, that yields not a joy,
But gives trouble and care; for my aim shall be
To enjoy and be grateful: 'tis better for me
Than laurels of heroes, than public applause,
Which gain'd without merit, and lost without cause,
So often allure, and pure pleasures destroy.

LORENZO.

Original.

POETICAL SKETCHES--No. 5.

A SIMILE.

Love travelled out one day to seek
Some comfort in a vale;
When coming to his destin'd place,
He met with one congenial face,
Which did his presence hail.

Love liked his fellow much indeed,
And hail'd him not a foe;
A firm was made, in mutual chat,
A bargain struck, and after that,
'Twas *Hymen, Love & Co.*

ADRIAN.

THE ROCHESTER GEM,
And Ladies' Amulet:

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

Vol. 7--With Plates.

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AND LADIES' AMULET.

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Translated from the French, for the Pittsburgh Saturday Evening Visiter.

The Cruiser and the Yellow Fever.

Wafted by a light breeze, the Serpent, a negro trader, was ploughing the blue waves of the torrid zone, as the sun appeared in the east, pouring his splendors upon the waters, while not a cloud obscured the beautiful sky which overcanopied those seas. The atmosphere, brilliant, balmy and Arcadian-like, promoted the health and consequent happiness of those who inhaled it—an atmosphere and scenery most felicitously described in the sublime pages of Bernardine de Sainte Pierre, or of Lamartine, the magic of whose style and imagery deeply impresses the mind, and is as grateful to it as those days of serenity and warmth, which they have so glowingly depicted, are to the body.

Capt. Paul, Marine of Saint Malo, was walking upon the quarter deck with a firm step;—the fortune of his cruise to the coast of Africa had exceeded his most sanguine expectations, for he had arrived a day after a combat, and had bought of a tribe of Musselmen their prisoners for trifles of small value. Having escaped from various dangers in his perilous undertaking, and dismissing all anxiety from his mind he enjoyed the glorious spectacle of a morning among the tropics—and as he looked back complacently upon past exposures of life in his desperate avocation, even the traffic in human "flesh and sinews" rose in his estimation and assumed, by the illusion of sophistical reasoning, the rank of a fair and lawful commerce. If conscience upbraided—there, in the presence of heaven, so pure and lovely which breathed a balmy influence o'er the soul, while no distant thunder nor flash of lightning, nor sound of the far off tempest booming through the air, startled the monitor within—he would impose silence upon its murmurings. Thus he reasoned. "The love of money, is the grand principle which actuates all men. One exclaims against the vanity of wealth. —And why? Because, like the fox in the fable, he has none and can get none, and therefore cries out—"*sour grapes*:"—or if he has some, he shows that, notwithstanding his apparent contempt for wealth, he is avaricious, since he will not share with his neighbor who is more needy than himself a farthing of that which he so much affects to despise. Another vociferates loudly against hereditary privileges and titles of honor and profit; yet if the position of his family is a little more elevated than others around him, or if he has accumulated a little more wealth than they, he arrogates to himself importance on account of it, and thereby proves that he would gladly accept of those same privileges of birth and fortune against which he fulminates his hatred. And another calling himself a philanthropist, weeps over the poor slave and declaims against us:—And why? Because he has no *interest* in the colonies, or perhaps not courage enough to encounter the perils of the slaver and with others enjoy the profits derivable from the labors of the negro."

By such artfully woven sophistries, the Marine, sought to exculpate himself, by making the grand impelling motives of others as exceptionable as his own, when suddenly the cry, "A sail!" was heard from the top gallants. He made a rapid exchange of words to know the force and position of the stranger; "she is very far astern on the starboard quarter, and we are not yet able to distinguish her colors," said the watch.—The Serpent kept close to the wind under all sail on the larboard tack, being in the wind and much ahead, and as she was a good sailer, the captain thought he had nothing to fear.—In the mean time he ordered the main sail to be hauled close, a pull made upon the bow lines, and all the sails to be trimmed. Shortly after the man on the look-out reported that the stranger was a three masted ship; when the captain went aloft with his glass. There was no longer any doubt, the stranger neared rapidly, and soon the practiced eye of Paul recognised the masting of the Arthemise, an English frigate, the terror of slavers! He had yet the hope of being able to keep his distance until night, and escape by the favor of its shadows. In a preceding voyage, being pursued by a corvette, Paul had, from time to time, put the unhappy blacks in hogsheads cut in two, and sent them adrift on the ocean, in hopes of diverting the chase, and the enemy, impelled by their humanity, had checked their course to pick up these wretches, and thus the slaver had succeeded in gaining the cover of the night. But this time there remained yet much of the day; thus there were but two chances left: —to surrender?—the English were without mercy, and would promptly hoist them to the main yard with a sliding loop for a cravat;—to fight?—defeat was certain;—and thus on either side there was nothing but *death!* For if they thought of effacing the traces of their cargo, by throwing the negroes and their irons into the sea, yet the appointments of the ship, and much more the odor of the slaves, which no perfume could take away, would undoubtedly betray them. At first, consternation showed itself in all their visages; soon they began to murmur; for when one is in an unfortunate situation, he is always ready to accuse others, and will say if he had had the command they would not have been put into such a situation. But the captain suppressed, with a look, the sedition which was on the point of breaking out, for the sailors knew that the first who should disobey him, would not have long to live; and they prefered a distant death to a present one. Suddenly Paul ordered them to lower the top gallants, and brail up half of the lower sails, and in a word, to put every thing in disorder among the sails and rigging. They obeyed him in silence, for they saw by his look that he had not yet lost all hope, and the remembrance of all the stratagems which he had employed with so much success on many occasions, inspired them with that blind confidence which they had in him. Paul then sent all hands between decks, except a guard of four men, whose faces and hands he dyed with a decoction of saffron, well colored, which the heat of the tropics soon dryed, and then did the same to himself and waited the event.

In the mean time the English ship neared, and at length had gained so much on the Serpent, that she went to windward, and brought too, at a few cable lengths distance. The Serpent brought too also, but affected great feebleness and confusion in the manœuvre; and presently the Arthemise sent out a boat. Captain Paul was standing propped up against the netting, with a dying air, he hailed the ship with a languishing voice, and then, as the English officer had already seized on the side ladder, and had put one foot on the first step ready to mount, he presented himself at the head of the ladder, and feigning the greatest weakness he said to the officer: "You have come in time, for the *Yellow Fever* which we have caught in consequence of our stay at Senegal, has carried off nearly all my crew, we were on the point of giving up our lives in despair, and would certainly have perished, without this fortunate rencontre. At that moment the sailors who were on deck, threw overboard an old rusty tarpauling, of the size of a dead body, sewed in a covering, with some bullets, to make it sink.

"See there!" continued the captain, the bodies of my unfortunate men!" and

then he brought forth a sigh, and wiped away a tear. At the words *Yellow Fever*, the English officer, who had been viewing the prize of which he hoped to have the command, drew back frightened, the bowman shoved off with his boat hook, from the vessel's side, and the officer replied to Paul, that he would return promptly to the frigate, in order to send, without delay, to the brig the provisions, of which they had so great need. The conversation had been held in English, which Paul, spoke fluently, and he had also hoisted the English flag, in order to excite the more the compassion of a countryman.

Upon receiving this news, the commander of the Arthemise proceeded on his course immediately;—he blessed heaven that he was to windward; because he had less to fear from the contagion by the transmission of an infected air;—the men of the boat were put in quarantine at the head among the netting, but yet, as he was humane he abandoned a boat upon the sea, charged with victuals of every kind, which the Serpent picked up.

The Arthemise hugged the wind without inquiring further of the brig, and took her route to the coast of Africa. When she was lost to the sight, captain Paul, promptly rectified his sails, and continued his route.

That evening they had a great festival on board the slaver, and diverted themselves at the expense of the English, on whom many jokes were passed. They compelled a part of the negroes to mount on deck, chained two by two, and there forced them to dance and sing. One of them, in order to obey the white men, sung in that plaintive tone of the African girls, of whom Mungo Park has spoken, when they rendered their hospitality to the white man, who had no mother to prepare for him his bread. She sung:

"Weep, child of Zaarha, weep, for thou canst not return, neither to thy wife nor thy son, the breezes of thy native oassis will come no more to sport with thy hair, with a breath so sweet, when it has, in passing, left its perfume in each palm-tree, and each flower.

"Weep, child of Zaarha, for thou wilt never again follow the blue eyes of the gazelie in the great desert. After long moons of happiness thy dust shall not rest, mixed with venerated dust,—the dust of those who were dear to thee, and enjoy itself in the red clouds of the setting sun."

"Weep, child of Zaarha, weep, for the shores of thy country have disappeared *forever*. Well canst thou cry farewell, farewell, to the sweet liberty of thy native solitudes, to the days so pleasant, and the blue transparent nights. Thou goest to sprinkle, for the ingrates of a foreign land, thy sweat and thy blood: thou wilt perish under the blows of a barbarous master!"

The rest of the voyage was prosperous; the cargo of negroes was sold at Martinique, at a great profit; and the slaver pocketed the cash, and pacified conscience by saying that all men are swayed by *interest* instead of *principle* or *profession*.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom; he that thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

From the Boston Pearl.

THE DEFORMED GIRL.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

MEMORY—mysterious memory!—holy and blessed as a dream of Heaven to the pure in spirit—haunter and accuser of the guilty! unescapeable presence!—lingering through every vicissitude and calling us back to the past—back to the dim and sepulchred images of departed time—opening anew the deep fountains of early passion—the loves and sympathies of boyhood—the thrilling aspirations of after years. While the present is dark with anguish, and the future gladdened by no sun-bow of anticipation, I invoke thy spell of power. Unroll before me the chart of vanished hours; let me gaze once more on their sunlight and shadow.

I am an old man. The friends of my youth are gone from me. Some have perished on the great deep; others on the battle-field, afar off in the land of strangers, and many—very many, have been gathered quietly to the old church-yard of our native village. They have left me alone—even as the last survivor of a fallen forest—the hoary representative of departed generations. The chains which once bound me to existence, have been broken—Ambition, Avarice, Pride; even all that wakes into power the intolerable thirst of the mind. But there are some milder thoughts—some brighter passages in the dream of my being, yet living at the fountain of memory—thoughts, pure and angelic communion; linked by a thousand tender associations to the paradise of Love.

There was one—a creature of exalted intellect, a being whose thoughts went upward like the incense of flowers upon God's natural altars—they were so high and so unlike the earth. Yet was she not proud of her high gift. With the brightest capacities of an unbodied spirit, there was something more than woman's meekness in her demeanor. It was the condescension of seraph intellect—the forgiveness and the tears of conscious purity extended to the erring and passionate of Earth.

She was not a being to love with an earthly affection. Her person had no harmony with her mind. It bore no resemblance to those beautiful forms which glide before the eyes of romance in the shadowy world of dreams. It was not like the bright realities of being—the wealth of beauty which is sometimes concentred in the matchless form of woman. It was deformity—strange, peculiar deformity, relieved only by the intellectual glory of a dark and soul-like eye.

Yet strange as it may seem, I love her deeply, passionately as the young heart can love when it pours itself out like an oblation to its idol. There were gentle and lovely ones around me—creatures of smiles and blushes, soft tones and melting glances. But their beauty made no lasting impression on my heart. Mine was an intellectual love—a yearning after something invisible and holy—something above the ordinary standard of human desire, set apart and sanctified as it were, by the mysteries of mind.

Mine was not a love to be revealed in the thronged circle of gaitey and fashion; it was avowed underneath the bending heaven, when the perfect stars were alone gazing upon us. It was rejected; but not in scorn, in pride nor in anger, by that high-thoughted girl. She would ask my friendship, my sympathy; but she besought me—aye, with tears, she besought me to speak no more of love. I obeyed her. I fled from her presence. I mingled once more in the busy tide of being, and ambition entered my into soul. Wealth came upon me unexpectedly, and the voice of praise became a familiar sound. I returned at last, with the impress of manhood on my brow, and sought again the being of my dreams. She was dying. Consumption—pale, ghastly consumption, had been taking away her hold on existence. The deformed and unfitting tenement was yielding to the impulses of the soul. Clasping her wasted hand, I bent over her in speechless agony. She raised her eyes to mine, and in those beautiful emblems of her soul, I read the hoarded affection of years—the long smothered emotion of a suffering heart.

'Henry,' she said, and I bent low to catch the faultering tones of her sweet voice—'I have loved you long and fervently. I feel that I am dying. I rejoice at it. Earth will cover this wasted and unseemly form, but the soul will return to that promised and better land, where no change or circumstance can mar the communion of spirit. Oh, Henry had it been permitted—but I will not murmur. You were created with more than manhood's beauty; and I deformed—wretched as I am, I have dared to love you!'

I knelt down and kissed the pale brow of the sufferer. A smile of more than earthly tenderness stole over her features, and fixed there like an omen of the spirit's happiness. She was dead. And they buried her on the spot which she had herself selected—a delightful place of slumber, curtained by green young willows. I have stood there a thousand times in the quiet moonlight, and fancied that I heard in every breeze that whispered among the branches, the voice of the beloved slumberer.

Devoted girl! thy beautiful spirit hath never abandoned me in my weary pilgrimage. Gently and soothingly thou comest to watch over my sleeping pillow—to cheer me amid the trials of humanity—to mingle thy heavenly sympathies with my joys and sorrows, and to make thy mild reprovings known and felt in the darker moments of existence, in the tempest of passion, and the bitterness of crime. Even now, in the awful calm which precedes the last change in my being, in the cold shadow which now stretches from the grave to the presence of the living, I feel thou art near me—

> Thyself a pure and sainted one,
> Watching the loved and frail of Earth.

From the Boston Atlas.

AERIAL STEAM BOATS.

Some sixteen or eighteen years since, I passed a day at a tavern in Hanover, N. H., with Mr. Maury, the inventor of the rotary steam engine, used in the Glass House at Lechmere Point, and who has made numerous experiments on light, heat and combustion, and in various branches of mechanics. He stated that he should live to see the mail transported by carriages propelled by steam, between our largest cities, and that I should live to see it carried in steam boats thro' the air. On ex-

pressing doubts of the practicability of the latter improvement in the mode of transmitting intelligence, he went into a long argument to prove that it was not only possible, but absolutely easy of accomplishment. It has been ascertained he observed, that large weights can be elevated high above the earth, by balloons filled with air lighter than that of the atmosphere. The first grand step then has been securely taken, and it is only necessary to apply a power which shall give the balloon a horizontal motion, when a rudder can be applied to guide it, and this can be done by a steam engine, working paddle wheels as in a steam boat on our waters, but each of the paddles to move on an axis so as to offer no resistance, after having struck the air in one direction. The balloon must be constructed in the form of a fish, or in other words have length, and such a structure as will be most easily propelled and guided, while space is afforded for the machinery and passengers. He had estimated the requisite size of a steam aerial boat to sustain an engine capable of propelling it sixty miles an hour. After many details, this intelligent, ingenious, and sanguine gentleman closed his remarks with this bold and prophetic declaration: "You sir, if you live to the common age of man, will see aerial steam boats rise up out of our large cities every morning, like a flock of wild geese, and take their several directions to the various parts of the Union, laden with the mails and passengers."

Notwithstanding the doubts which are generally entertained, of the ultimate benefit to be derived from balloon experiments, a very scientific man, many years since, did foretell the establishment of railroads, and may not be mistaken as to the aerial ocean being successfully navigated. It would not be more wonderful than was the first steam boat which the illustrious Fulton launched upon the Hudson, or the sight of the first locomotive which sped like the wind from Liverpool to Manchester.

This is an age of grand inventions and and mighty results. Instead, therefore, of discouraging the adventurous aeronants, they should be cheerd on in their perilous career for glorious may be their triumph.

H. A.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGIZENE.

Charles F. Hoffman.—Sometime about 1812, when the Dutches Academy, was at the height of its celebrity, under the care of the late Daniel H. Barnes, we were one of the group of some fifty boys who assembled in the school room to greet a new comer. On introducing him, his father, observed to Mr. Barnes, that he had no great hopes of his boy's larning much, as he had no fondness, for his books. This boy was Charles F. Hoffman. The season advanced, many were the scoldings that Charles Hoffman received from Mr. Barnes, for neglecting his lessons; he was popular amongst his playmates, as a generous, gallant, and spirited boy, but so far as books were concerned, he was considered pretty dull, and when he left the Academy, being still a boy, no one dreamed that he took away with him more knowledge, than he brought.

A short time passed away. One day a boy was amusing himself at the Ferry dock, in NewYork, by sitting with his legs hanging over the wharf, as the steam ferry-boat from Jersey came, dashing up, trying how near he could let the boat approach before he showed his activity in springing out of harm's way. He was not quite as quick as the steamboat, and the little fellow had one of his legs mashed to pieces. This *boy*, who was thus amusing himself, was Charles F Hoffman.

Years passed. A series of brilliant literary articles, strongly marked with genius, taste and learning, appeared in the NewYork American, bearing the signature of a star, (*) which excited general admiration. Curiosity was aroused to learn the name of the man, who was adding these dazzling ornaments of American literature. That *man* was Charles F. Hoffman.

Of that band of school-boys, many, very many, are mingled with the dead—some of the survivors have risen to preference and fame, but that dull boy, who Mr. Barnes used to scold, and of whom his father used to have so little hope, has outstripped them all; so much for appearances.

It is a matter for speculation how far the loss of a leg may have influenced Hoffman's destines, by throwing him upon his mental resources for occupation and amusement. But for that accident he might have grown up a spoiled child of fashion, wasted his time in the giddy rounds of metropolitan society, and never been heard of or known beyond the circle in which he moved. Viewing things in this light, he may well thank the steamboat that, by taking off his leg, called his *brains* into action.

Two winters ago, Mr. Hoffman, left New York, on a travelling tour to the far West. His letters from the distant wilderness published in the New York American, disclosed a new world to the American public, and added fresh wreaths to his literary renown. His descriptions of that interesting region have lately been embodied, and published in New York, and have met with the warmest encomiums from the highest quarters.

M. Hoffman is now the proprietor of the American Monthly Magizine, and has associated with him the former editor, Mr. Herbert, under whom the work acquired a high character for talent and learning. Under such auspices the American Monthly cannot but have a prosperous career.

Winchester Republican.

Lucky Tom.

A secret Worth Knowing.

Tom Spooner was the luckiest dog in the world, at least so said his old cronies. "He began like a poor good for nothing mechanic," they would say, without a cent in the world—without a whole shirt to his back, half a shoe to his feet, and with nothing but his hands to work with.—And yet Tom Spooner is one of the most wealthy and influential men among us. What a "lucky dog that Tom Spooner has been." He went, among those who started in life with him, but who are now the frequenters of grog-shops, idle and dissolute—by the name of Lucky Tom. It puzzled his old friends not a little to account for his luck. "He had no rich relations, and though not extravagant, he was liberal. He was no skin-flint. Could he know some art of magic that would unbosom the treasures of the earth, and spread its gold before him? He paid no attention to the words of fortune-tellers, and goldfinders; he merely staid at home, and yet his course had been attended year after year, and week after week, with a wonderful share of good fortune—good luck. He must be in possession of some secret of which others are ignorant.—What can it be! What on earth can it be!" If Tom had a lot of pork to dispose of, people were always willing to pay him a couple of cents more a pound than any other person! And the dog! he was always lucky enough to pay debts!—He was never so unlucky as to feel the gripe of a sheriff, or hear the creak of the jail-door. Tom married. "Why this poor mechanic has taken the sweetest and most beautiful girl in the place. Who would have thought it! What a confounded lucky dog Tom Spooner is!—He must have got the girl by magic—yes, nothing less than magic! And then Tom's garden was a picture of neatness; the fences were never known to blow over, as did his neighbor's.—His land was rich, while that of his very next door neighbors would produce hardly nothing but weeds! What does Tom put into his land! How he rises one step after another! If there is an important station to be filled, why Tom Spooner was always the man. He could get a note discounted at the Bank without security. If any question between neighbors was to be settled, why Tom—Lucky Tom was always sure to be called in as umpire. "And now I think of it," says one, "I never knew Tom to speak an ill word against his neighbor—which shows plain enough that there are many in his secret, and therefore, that he dares not utter a word to their prejudice. He never drinks—because to be sure if intoxicated, SOME ONE WILL SNATCH HIS SECET FROM HIM. He has learned his wife the way too. THEY BOTH HAVE THE SECRET. He says nothing hard of his acquaintances. He goes to church regularly; but that is for mere appearance's sake. He pours over books when he can find time—*he must be learning something more of his art of getting rich.* HE IS LAYING UP TREASURES. And then he always has a lamp in his work-room late, and he is always the first up in the house—which furthermore shows that Tom's mind is always bent upon his secret. He can't find time even to take a glass with his old cronies at the grog shop. HE MUST HAVE A SECRET WORTH KNOWING. It occupies his thoughts so much that he minds nobody's business but his own. And yet it does not weigh heavy on his mind—he is always good natured, contented and happy, he has no quarrelling in his family. All is pleasant and agreeable. Nothing is out of place. Strange! Strange! said these wiseacres, that Tom Spooner, that poor mechanic, who began with nothing, of whom every body prophesied would come out of the little end of the horn, and who believed nothing of it, but stuck to his work, should have been *so* fortunate, so lucky in life! Up early, late to bead, ever at work with hands or head!...HE MUST HAVE A SECRET WORTH KNOWING! Ah? Lucky Dog! Lucky Tom! What can this secret be?" Reader! what can this secret be!

National Eagle.

TIME.

Old call you me? Aye! when the Almighty spoke creation into birth, I was there. Then was I born, 'mid the bloom and verdure of Paradise. I gazed upon the young world, radiant with celestial smiles. I rose upon the pinions of the first morn, and caught the first dew drops as they fell and sparkled on the bowers of the garden. Ere the foot of man was heard sounding in this wilderness, I gazed out upon its thousand rivers, flashing in light, and reflecting the broad sun, like a thousand jewels upon their bosoms.—The cataracts sent up their anthems in these solitudes, and none was here to listen to the newborn melody but I! The fawns bounded over the hills, and drank at the limped streams, ages before an arm was raised to injure or make them afraid. For thousands of years the morning star rose in beauty upon these unpeopled shores, and its twin sister of the eve flamed in the forehead of the sky, with no eye to admire their rays but mine. Aye! call me old! Babylon, & Asyria, and Palmyra and Thebes, rose, flourished and fell—and I beheld them in their glory and their decline. Scarce a melancholy ruin marks the place of their existence; but when their first stones were laid in the earth, I was there! Mid all their glory, splendor, and wickedness, I was in their busy streets crumbling their magnificent piles and gorgeous palaces to the earth. My books will show a long and fearful account against them. I control the fate of empires, I give their period of glory and splendor; but, at their birth, I concealed in them the seeds of death and decay.—They must go down, be humbled in the dust—their proud heads bowed down before the rising glories of young nations, to whose prosperity there will also come a date and a day of decline. I poise my wing over the earth, and watch the course and doings of its inhabttants. I call up the violets upon the hills, and crumble the grey ruins to the ground. I am the agent of a higher power, to give life and take it away. I spread silken tresses on the brow of the young, and plant grey hairs on the head of the aged man. Dimples and smiles, at my bidding, lurk around the lips of the innocent child, and I furrow the brow of age with wrinkles. Old, call you me? aye, but when will my days be numbered? When will time end and eternity begin? When will the earth and its waters—the universe be rolled up, and the new world commence its revolutions? Not till He, who first bid me begin my flight, so orders it. When His purposes, who called me into being, are accomplished, then, and not till then, and no one can proclaim the hour, I shall go to the place of all living.

Morning Star.

HOW TO COLLECT A BILL.

A FACT.

The late Walter Gibbs, Esq. of Charleston, whose name was a passport to respectable society, was, before the Revolution, a collector of money. A merchant had an open account against the honorable Mr. P. counsellor to his majesty George the 3d, who would pay nobody their just due if he could help it. Mr. Gibbs undertook to collect the debt of him—said he could and would do it.—After calling frequently for the money, without being able to see the honorable gentleman, Gibbs, bribed the servant, with a piece of silver, who informed him that there was only one hour of the day, during which he could find the counsellor, at leisure, and then he generally took a walk through the yard. Accordingly, the next morning, the collector, entered the yard, of his majesty's counsellor.—"Who are you," inquired the lawyer in a voice of authority, "that dares to enter my premises through my gate without my permission?" "You are acquainted with me," said Mr. Gibbs, "I called sir, to see if your honor will pay this bill," (presenting it to him.) "No," said the lawyer, "I don!t know you, nor your bill; I know no one who comes through my gates, but servants. If you come through my door in the style of a gentleman, I will be glad to see you and pay your demand." Mr. Gibbs thanked him for his politeness and departed. Next day, he went on board one of his majesty's vessels that was lying in the harbor, and borrowed a full dress uniform, with which he equipped himself, and started for Mr. P's residence, which was in Broad street, near St. Michael's Church. At the door, he gave such a tremendous rap, as to cause the counsellor himself to peep at him from within, who immediately ordered the servant to invite the military gentleman in, whilst he quickly ascended to the upper room, and put on a full suit court dress, to meet the supposed stranger. Coming down in great pomp he saluted the King's officer, and inquired if he had any commands from his majesty, to be entrusted to him. "No," said Gibbs, "I call in the style you desired me yesterday, for the money." "You shall have it sir," answered the counsellor, "and I should be very happy to employ you to collect for me, if you are willing."

Original.

AN ARTIFICIAL CAVE.

The hills of New England, how proudly they rise
In beauty, in grandeur, to blend with the skies:
Thrice happy thy vales, and sweet is the breeze;
New-England, my country, I love thee for these.
Altered from a Detroit Paper.

How many young, feeling, exiled bosoms often turn from the fertile fields and busy towns of the "Great West," to their never to be forgotten New-England—their native land—her romantic hills and lovely vales,

"With woods, and lawns, and spires,
Glittering towns, and gliding streams."

How dear are the associations they awaken, how loved the friends they bring to mind—how ardent the devotion they raise—how peaceful—how sacred the graves of our Fathers, in the midst of this sanctuary of our youth—the home of all we loved so well—Aye! what though an unbidden tear mantle the cheek as we thus revisit all we once loved,

To check *this* tear we need not seek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek.

But, I sat down to describe a curiosity, a visit to which formed my last excursion among my native hills. And though I have long since been cast abroad upon the wide world, the sport of its winds, and waves, yet the recollections of that day, are as vivid as the meridian sun beams. Strange that we can thus leave the endeared scenes of our childhood, the blue skies, that bent like a blessing above us, the sanctuary of home, the communion of neighbors the playmates of infancy, the very graves of our Fathers! Where again will we find *that* deep affection, *that* love, *that* grasp of friendship, which hallowed our own loved birth place. But to return. Though a half score years have passed, yet it seems but yesterday that the news ran through several of the most secluded and rural towns, in the interior of M. that a remarkable cave had been discovered. Whatever may be said of the sad insensibility of the American people, to the beauties and curiosities scattered over our noble country, certain it is, nothing could exceed the curiosity awakened by such an annunciation as the above in the minds of the intelligent but untravelled population of the interior of M., especially among the young.

It was a most lovely morning in May, that in the neighbourhood of H. we obtained a reluctant leave to visit the newly discovered cave, which was in an obscure and comparatively wild part of the town of T. and although some 6 or 8 miles distant, we set off with light feet, and lighter hearts, to see the wonderful cave; hilarity prevailed and by penetrating woods and fording streams, we soon found ourselves near the range of hills in which was the object of our search; and passing up the verdant banks of a beautiful stream, that watered the valley, which lay at the foot of the cliffs, we saw large numbers of people already collected; they seemed very diminutive among the little saplings which studded the steep ascent where they were collected around the mouth of the cave.

Having gained the spot, we found the only way of access into the body of the cave, was by letting ones-self down a nearly perpendicular passage or fissure between rocks forming a very uncooth opening, and so contracted with-all as to admit with difficulty those of ordinary stature.

Ambitious to be among the first to enter this subterranean abode, I descended with my comrades, and we soon found ourselves standing upright in a most beautiful cave, its perfect regularity (being indeed a hall, finely arched overhead) struck us with surprise, until we perceived that this huge opening in the mountain rock, was the work of men. It was an artificial cave, as marks of the drill throughout its whole extent plainly testified. Its length was about 35 feet, and height to the centre of the arch about 10, with corresponding breadth, and height of the walls; some beautiful incrustations upon the walls here and there, gave great brilliancy to the place when lighted, and bore ample testimony to the great length of time which had elapsed since this solitude had known the sound of a hammer. The grand effect given to the voice on singing or speaking was truly surprising. Nothing could exceed, when performed here, the deep toned melody of "Old Hundred," or the melting strains of the "Wail of Scotia's Lays."*

Of the history of this remarkable and visionary piece of work, but little is known, and that little is traditional. It is said that anterior to the revolution, a company of English miners, penetrated this then wilderness, and thus explored this hill, in search of valuable mineral products, of

* Elgin.

which there are flattering indications in various parts. Iron in combination with sulphur, (the proto, sulphuret) is however the most prevalent, and the only valuable one; from this large quantities of copperas, are now annually manufactured.

The entrance to this cave was soon rendered commodious, and this in connexion with the surrounding scenery, is yet a fashionable resort of the young from the neighbouring towns, during the warm season of the year. ANON.

Original.

HINTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Messrs. Editors—I am not a novelist, neither a periodical scribbling character. I have no gift for either, consequently I am contented with sitting in my room and perusing the effusing of the Muses, and other valuable writings. History, both ancient and modern, remarkable for simple plainness and pure veracity, is my favourite study; yet, notwithstanding this, I have no small propensity to novel reading, and am quite familiar with many of the valuable publications of the day, amongst which, (without sycophancy, I think) I may mention your GEM. As this is my first attempt to present to the public my views on a few subjects hereafter named, the reader will perhaps be compelled to bite his lips, or crowd upon his visage a forced smile, while observing the aberations from the strict rules of rhetorick and grammar. But the thought occurred, that peradventure, I may be pardoned for presuming to drop a few hints for the consideration of your numerous correspondents. The present custom seems to be, in inditing for the press aught of novelty or romance, to pass our own immediate vicinity, and even our own state, unobserved. If a tale of desperation, a tale of love, or description painted in the shades of romance, is attempted, the custom seems to be, to lay no scene in our own vicinity or state, but to wander for inspiration among the Alps or Pyranees, and there speculate upon the beauties of nature. Why do they, neglecting our own section, wander for subjects among the mountainous regions of Spanish scenery, or along the productive banks of the Nine? or choose for a love tale the suburbs of London? or for scenes of novelty and beauty point to the mountainous regions of our eastern States? Is this doing our own adjacent scenery ample justice? Do we reside in a land so inferior to the sterile climes of oriental sun-beams, and shall we acknowledge a land thus inferior to the fecundity of the east, as the land of our nativity? But do I hear your correspondents murmuring at this? And why, if this they consider contumelious, do they pass from easterm climes far to the west, as the eagle crosses on the wing the beauteous lake, without alighting to notice its beauty? The west then seems not insignificant; the east majestick; but our own section of country is beneath the dignity of the poetick pen, or the consideration of the novelist. Are the ragged works of nature, comprising barren hills, and mountains, whose summits are inaccessible, possessed of attractions so superior to fair New York? What is the lofty peak of Chimborazo in comparison with the fertile plains of Monroe, Orleans, or Niagara? If the snowy Alps or burning Etna, furnish scenes for the pen of the novelist, what might be said of the plains of New York in the month of July, when laden with wheat fit for the sickle, far as the eye can extend? The Merrimack, almost at the extremity of the Union, is, in the pages of romance, celebrated for its beauty and picturesque scenery: rolling along its green banks it dashes over rocks and majestically fills its noble channel with the purest of water. Lake Winnipiseogee too, is noticed as being one of the most beautiful sheets of water ever spread to charm the eye. The White Mountains of New Hampshire, are distinguished as the noblest mountains in North American. The scenery presented in these majestick piles, is the most sublime that can well be imagined of a like nature. Their lofty peaks are represented as extending so far above the clouds, that it seems rather like hyperbole than reality. There, are the inexcessible summit, covered with unmelting snow—the dark evergreen groves—the deep glens and chasms,—all formed by the hand of nature!

Is not the far west equally famed in fiction-story? The prairies are eulogised as almost places of paradise. We admit, they are beautiful; but how widely different from the scenery of the east. There we view high lands, hills, and lofty mountains covered with eternal snows; while here is to be seen nothing but one extensive plain, spread out farther than the eye can reach, and apparently as level as the peaceful lake on a calm summer's morning. Such are the scenes of the east and the west, which seem to engage the attention of writers—while those of our own state are unnoticed and neglected. But why is it so? What is the Merrimack when compared with the Niagara? Though its waters roll among groves of ever-green, along mountains, hills, and through vallies, by a thousand peaceful hamlets and populous cities, yet how does it appear when named with that majestic stream which pours the waters of Erie into Ontario. Were justice done to that state whose motto is deservedly—"Excelsior,"—not only the Merrimack, but the Nile so famed in story, the Ural, the Don, and even that styled prince of "earthly streams," the Amazon, could not be ranked with the grand Niagara. And cannot New York boast a rival for Winnipisiogee? Where is the beautiful Otsego, or Cazenovia, the majestic Ontario, or Erie? And as for the prairies of the west, our rival is ever at hand. Is not a land, productive of all that Epicureans can desire, interspersed with rising hills and fruitful vallies, with here and there a river or a creek, to convey its redundant waters into adjacent lakes, and majestic rivers, to be prefered to one which is not unlike the dead level of the ocean?

Here are my views, and they are submitted for the consideration of your correspondents, with the hope that they may call forth more able pens on the subject.

A PATRON OF THE GEM.

May, 1835.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

DECEPTION.

OF the various evils which afflict mankind, none perhaps, of equal magnitude, is less pardonable or more censurable, than deception. It is from this, perhaps, proceed more discord, more slanderous imputations, and more real unhappiness, than from any other—I had like to have said from all other evils combined.

The Proteus-like appearances of a person habitually addicted to this vice, are such as to deceive even the most wary; and those who are really friendly to such an one, and would fain flatter themselves that they have in him a true friend, will find, when they discover his real character, no enemy more deadly, and no one more fully possessing the means of injuring their reputations.

Since the day that the facinating apple was presented to our first parent, by the arch deceiver, to the present time, this vice has prevailed in the world—more especially (to their eternal shame) among civilized nations—and so fully does it pervade all classes of society, from the king on his throne, to the beggar in his rags, that to attempt passing through life without seeing and feeling its effects, seems as impossible as to breathe the pestilential air of a city infected with the plague, unscathed and uncontaminated.

If we inquire for the advantages of deception in community, what answer shall we receive? Will the devotee of the practice (could one be found openly to advocate its cause) assert that it is necessary? Suppose one sometimes may apparently be benefited for a time, does he not suffer in reputation when the deceit is detected, as it most assuredly will be, sooner or later?—Those most willing to practice it on others, are equally displeased when it is practised upon them.

It is not strange that an enemy should practice this art, and yet we are seldom deceived by a known enemy. When we find those who have every reason to be our friends, and in whom we placed confidence, adroitly using deception, then we feel the fullest conviction of the evil, and of the unhappiness it must create in all generous minds.

It is not confined, like many other vices, to the illiterate principally, but we find it even among the most polished circles; and often those of high attainments, whom we should suppose above the meanness of deception, seem to have made it a part of their study, instead of attaining that exalted station in knowledge which would teach them how much better they might enjoy life, by really being what they would fain appear to be.

It is well to avoid too free a communication with those whom we know to be strongly tinctured with hypocrisy, but to avoid intimacy with any, lest we should be betrayed, or our pretended friend should prove an enemy, would be to deprive ourselves of the greatest source of comfort and enjoyment imaginable. "It is better to be sometimes imposed upon, than never to trust," is an old saying, and one justly deserving of consideration.

Surely there can be no greater source of pleasure than the possession of a true friend in whose bosom reign the pure virtues of sincerity, kindness, friendship, and to deny ourselves sweet communion with such, because so much baseness, treachery, deception, and false friendship abound, would be like refusing to drink pure water because it has occasioned death, or abstaining from all food from fear that some poisonous drug might be commingled with it. V.

FOR THE GEM.

"THEY SAY SO."

This saying in common with others is sometimes productive of great evils in the world. Notwithstanding people so frequently find themselves mistaken regarding the accuracy of intelligence coming from this source, it is repeated with as much exactness (save the usual addition) as if entitled to the most implicit confidence--and by many with greater earnestness and despatch, lest the falsity of the report should be ascertained before it had gone the necessary rounds. Who does not find himself under the necessity of believing reports upon the authority of *they say so*, which he afterwards finds were fabricated by that knowing personage, and who that has himself been the subject of much speculation and calumny by the means, should not be led to doubt and dampen the circulation of reports based upon such authority, which may be prejudicial to others. And yet we find those who have been as much effected as any by the designing or idle, as willing and ready to give credence and circulation to idle tales, to the prejudice of others, as if they had never witnessed its deleterious effects, and apparently with as much *sang froid* as if they were entirely unconscious of the fact, that the party or parties concerned may suffer materially in reputation at last. When any one hears a tale, or *wishes* a tale of his own fabrication to be put into circulation, on being inquired of for the authority, he replies, why, *they say so*, and the hearer, without considering consequences, repeats the tale. Thus do reports come into circulation without an author, and each time they are repeated a little is added thereunto, and a different coloring given.

If a merchant or man of business chance to fail in an engagement, an idler meets a friend, and after the usual salutation, says have you heard the news? What news? Why Mr. A. is about to fail in business--Indeed! where did you get your news? Why, *they say so* !--This is deemed sufficient, and Mr. H. meets his friend with the usual salutation, of have you heard the news? No! Why *they say* Mr. A. has failed in business, and the next report says Mr. A. has defrauded his creditors, and unless he abscond, he must suffer the consequences.—But of all the examples which may be given to the same import, none are perhaps less excusable and none more frequent than those upon gallantry, and matrimonial matters. This seems to be uppermost in the minds of certain classes of community, sometimes apparently from the want of other talking materials, and sometimes from an incapacity to talk rationally upon subjects disconnected with the affairs of others.

Sometimes the propriety of the measure, or the possibility of it, is not taken into consideration, but if a young gentleman is seen going towards a particular place, at a particular time, or happen to speak complacently to a young lady, at least more than once, Mr. or Miss, says to a companion, Mr. L. is to be married soon. If doubts are expressed, well, "*they say so*, and it must be so," which sets the matter beyond a doubt, consequently it is again repeated with the slight addition of setting the day, and then no one dare dispute the fact. Now such things would be less inconsistent, were it not for the fact, that the same person is thus engaged by his kind friends to three or four different persons in the same number of weeks, while he himself is kept in profound ignorance, unless he hear it by accident.

Now, Mr. Editor, I profess no skill in such matters, but would humbly submit the case to you, whether a chapter might not be written upon the subject which would correct the error in a measure, or at least teach the better part of community, that it is sometimes well to doubt and suppress tales propagated by the veritable Mr. *they say so*. Notwithstanding they so generally prove erroneous--stories of "*they say so*," still are received with the same applause as if the authority could be relied upon, and doubtless will ever be by those who delight in reporting what they do not themselves believe, but the virtuous and intelligent part of community ought to scorn such things.

As your desire is to benefit mankind, I hope to be gratified with a communication upon this subject, which will gratify others as well as oblige your humble servant,

FELIX.

FROM THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

BARTRAM,

The self-taught American Botanist.

John Bartram, the celebrated and self-taught philosopher and botanist, was born in 1704, at Darby, in the county of Delaware, Pennsylvania. His grandfather of the same name, came over from Derbeyshire in England, with the adherents of William Penn, in 1682. Early in life he manifested an ardent thirst for knowledge; but the great distance from Europe, then the seat of arts and sciences, and the infant state of the colony, rendered it difficult to obtain even a moderate education. The difficulties of his station, however, yielded to the resources of his own mind, and intense application. Associating with the most respectable characters, he obtained the rudiments of the learned languages which he studied with extraordinary industry and success. So earnest was he in the pursuit of learning, that he seldom sat at his meals without his book; his victuals being in one hand and his book in the other. He had an early inclination for the study of surgery and medicine, and acquired so much knowledge as to administer great relief to the indigent and distressed in his neighbourhood; and as most of his remedies were drawn from the vegetable kingdom, he had an opportunity to prosecute the study of botany, which was his favorite object, together with natural history. Bred a husbandman, he cultivated the ground as the principal means of supporting a large family, and attentive to the economy of nature, and observing her minutest operations, he prosecuted his labors as a philosopher. When ploughing or sowing his fields, or mowing his meadows his inquisitive mind was exercised in contemplating the vegetable system and animated nature.

He was the first American who conceived and carried into effect the design of a botanic garden, for the reception and cultivation of American vegetables, as well as exotics, and of travelling for the acquisition of them: and for the purpose of accomplishing this scheme, he purchased a plantation in a delightful situation on the banks of the Schulkill, about five miles from Philadelphia, where he laid out with his own hands, a large garden, containing six or seven acres, comprehending a variety of soils and situations, which he soon furnished with an abundance of the most curious and beautiful vegetables, collected in his numerous excursions in different parts of the country, from the Floridas to the Canadas. Botany being his favorite pursuit, he soon made such proficiency in it, that the great Linnæus, said in one of his letters, that he was the greatest natural botanist in the world. His progress in botany, natural history and philosophy, attracted the notice and esteem of the principal literary and eminent characters of America; among whom were James Logan, Esq., Dr. Franklin, and Dr. Kennersley. of Philadelphia, Dr. Colden, of New York, and Dr. Clayton, of Virginia; and introduced him to the correspondence and friendship of Peter Collins, Esq. which continued for nearly fifty years, and terminated only with life; Lord Petre, Dr. Dellenius, Dr. Hill, Gronovius, Linnæus, Professor Ralm, Sir Hans Sloane, Mr. Catesby, Dr. Fothergill, Mr. Wrangle, &c., who furnished him with such books, philosophical apparatus, &c., as his genius and situation required, thereby lessening the difficulties with which he had to struggle in a newly settled country, and promoting the object which his benevolent mind had contemplated, in communicating his discoveries and collections to Europe. These communications occasioned him to be employed in collecting whatever was new and curious, to furnish and ornament the European gardens and plantations with the productions of the New World. His industry and success in the pursuit of science procured him fellowship in many literary and scientific societies in Europe, as those of London, Edinburgh, Stockholm, &c. and at last he was appointed American Botanist to George the Third, in which appointment he continued till his death, in September, 1777, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

He employed much of his time in excursions through the provinces then subject to England; chiefly in autumn, when his agricultural avocations least required his presence at home.—The object of these journies was to collect rare and nondescript vegetables, fossils, &c. His ardor was such, that at the age of seventy he made a journey into East Florida, to explore the natural productions of that country. His travels among the native Indians were attended with much danger and difficulty, and the different parts of the country, from the shores of Lake Ontario and Cayuga, to the source of the river St. Juan, contributed through his hands to enrich and embellish the grounds and forests of Europe with elegant flowering shrubs, plants, and useful and ornamental trees.

He was an ingenious mechanic. The house in which he lived he built himself, after quarrying the stone; and he was often his own mason, carpenter, blacksmith, &c., and generally made his own farming utensils.

His stature was rather above the middle size, erect and slender, of a sandy complexion, and cheerful countenance with an air of solemnity, his manners were modest and gentle. Amiable of disposition and

liberal in mind, he was a lover of charity and social order; and active and temperate, he always maintained a plentiful table; and annually, on new year's day, he gave an entertainment at his own house, consecrated to friendship and philosophy. He was an advocate for liberty; and born and educated in the Society of Friends, he led a peaceful, useful, and pious life.

EXPERIMENTAL ILLUSTRATION OF THE PRESSURE OF THE ATMOSPHERE.—The pressure of the atmosphere is most strikingy Illustrated by means of the air pump. But as few persons, comparatively, possess this instrument, the following experiments, which any person may perform at pleasure, are sufficiently convincing on this point. Take a common wine glass, and fill it with water; applya piece of paper over the mouth of the glass; press the paper to the rim of the glass with the palm of the hand; turn the glass upside down; withdraw the hand from the paper, and the water will be supported by the pressure of the atmosphre. That it is the atmospherical pressure, & not tne paper, which supports the water is evident; for the paper, instead of being pressed down by the weight of the water, is pressed upward by the pressure of the atmosphere, and appears *concave*, or hollow in the middle. If the flame of a candle be applied to the paper, it may be held, for an indefinite length of time, close to the paper, without setting fire to it. The same fact is proved by the following experiment;—Take a glass tube, of any length, and of a narrow bore; put one end of it in a basin of water; apply the mouth to the other end, and draw out the air by suction; the water will immediately rise toward the top of the tube; and if the finger or thumb be applied to the top of the tube, to prevent the admission of air, and the tube removed from the basin of water, the water in the tube will be supported by the pressure of the atmosphere on the lower end. Again:—Take, a wine glass, and burn a small bit of paper in it; and, when the paper is burning, press the palm of the hand upon the mouth of the glass, and it will adhere to the hand with considerable force. In this case, the pressure of the atmosphere will be *sensibly* felt; for it will sometimes require considerable force to detach the glass from the hand.

The pressure of the atmosphere explains a variety of common phenomena. When we take a draught of water out of a basin, or a running stream, we immerse our mouths in the water, and make a vacum by drawing in the air; the pressure of the atmosphere upon the external surface of the water then forces it into the mouth. The same cause explains the process of a child, sucking its mother's breast—the action of a boy's sucker, in lifting large stones—the rise of water in pumps—the effects produced by *cements*—the firm adhesion of snails and perwinkles to rocks and stones—the scarcity of water in the time of hard frosts—and the fact that a cask will not run by the cock, unless a hole be opened in some other part of the cask.

THE GEM AND AMULET.

D'ARGENSON'S ESSAYS.—We love to read the writings of the Marquis D'Argenson, who was a nice observer of *men, manners*, and *things*. Probably many of the younger class of readers of the GEM may not have read his valuable Essays on different subjects; supposing it to be so, and believing that some extracts from them might be acceptable, and more beneficial, to such, than any editorial matter we could furnish, we give the following short articles from his Essays, which, we think, will be pleasing to readers generally.

IMAGINATION.—The imagination is a quality of the soul, not only a brilliant but an happy one, for it is more frequently the cause of our happiness, than of our misery: it presents us with more pleasures than vexations, with more hopes than fears. Men of dull and heavy dispositions, who are not affected by any thing, vegetate and pass their lives in a kind of tranquility, but without pleasure or delight; like animals, which see, feel and taste nothing but that which is under their eyes, paws, or teeth; but the imagination, which is proper to man, transports us beyond ourselves, and makes us taste future and the most distant pleasures. Let us not be told, that it makes us also foresee evils, pains and accidents, which will perhaps never arrive. It is seldom that imagination carries us to these panic fears, unless it be deranged by physical causes. The sick man sees dark phantoms, and has melancholy ideas; the man in health has no dreams but such as are agreeable, and as we are more frequently in a good than a bad state of health, our natural state is to desire, to hope and to enjoy. It is true, that the imagination, which gives us some agreeable moments, exposes us, when undeceived, to others which are painful. There is no person who does not wish to preserve his life, his health, and his property; but the imagination represents to us our life, as a thing which ought to be very long; our health established and unchangable; and our fortune inexhaustible. When the two latter of these illusions cease before the former, we are much to be pitied.

IMAGINARY IDEAS.—There are chimeras which elevate the soul, and incline the mind to fortify itself with great and noble ideas; when a man believes himself to be destined to do great things, he is never guilty of a mean action; he conceives no low projects nor any thing of which he is ashamed.

CHARACTERISTIC MODELS FOR IMITATION—Were I a king, I sometimes say, should such a prince be my model? Were I a general of an army, should I conduct myself like such or such a famous warrior? If I were a minister or a magistrate, should I adopt the principles which certain persons in those situations of my acquaintance appear to have followed?

I have freequently sought, among my acquaintance, some person who might serve me for a model; but I have not yet found one which is perfect, and to whom I could wholly attach myself. The more particularly I have known the people I would fain have imitated, the more I was convinced that they were in many points far from that degree of perfection to which I was studious to arrive. Finally, I perceived that I ought to imitate Praxiteles, who, wishing to make his Venus a real *chief d'œuvre*, did not confine him to a single beauty. Although there were charming girls in Athens, and that he had Phryne before his eyes, he chose in a number, that which each of them had in the greatest perfection, and made of so many united attractions, a statue, which has been judged to be the finest piece of workmanship produced by the hands of man.

Besides, if even I found models capable of satisfying me, and if I were absolutely in their situation, I should carefully avoid copying them servilely. A copyist is in a subaltern and abject state, however excellent may be the original. A free and noble imitation is alone worthy of a man, who feels elevated, and believes that he has some genius.

THE ART OF PLEASING.—There is nobody but is convinced of the necessity of pleasing, and who has not more or less the desire of doing it; but this is not all; talents are moreover necessary.—Every actor upon a theatre carries with him the desire of being applauded; yet there are many who come off with being hissed and hooted. To succeed, two kinds of talents are necessary: those which nature gives, and cannot otherwise be acquired, statue, figure, and an agreeable voice; natural, easy, gay and amiable wit; those who possess not these advantages, should procure to themselves a fictitious amiability; though it is never worth that which is real, and what properly may be called innate, but still it is of some value; it is studied, but it must appear natural; is insensibly gained by habitude; and the occupation, of improving acquired advantages, becomes agreeable.

We would invite the attention of the public to Mr. Hodgkin's Microscopic exhibition in Lyon's Block, state street. An hour of leisure could not be more agreeably spent, perhaps than in witnessing the astonishing magnitude which the microscope imparts to minute objects. The animalculæ in vinegar, sport in reflected light on canvass, and assume the shape and appearance of eels of various sizes, some from two to three feet long. A fig also teems with life, being almost covered with various sized bugs, roving to and fro in search of food or pleasure. Objects are magnified by Mr. Hodgkins' Microscope to between *three* and *four* million times their actual size. *Roch. Repub.*

Williams's Annual Register, for 1835.—This is a very valuable work, containing a great variety of information highly interesting and useful to every Citizen, all of which is arranged in the best possible manner to be readily found. It contains an Almanac, Civil and Judicial Lists, with Political, Statistical, and other information respecting New York, and the United States—accompanied by a Map of the State, and embellished with plates. It is now for sale, in this City, at the Printing Room of Messrs. Shepard and Strong—price $1,50.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Patron of the GEM," and "V." will find their communications in this No. somewhat abridged and varied from the M. S. and perhaps not according to the liking of the authors—if so, we can only say, both were too carelessly prepared for the press—abounding with repetitions, &c. sufficient to mar greatly their beauty. The subjects and language seem well chosen, and show that the authors have talents for writing which should be improved.

"Alanzo's Thoughts on Love," are not, to us, worth the postage we paid on them.

"Minerva's" productions do not possess snfficient merit for the public eye. The same may be said of those of "Melissus," and several others we have on hand.

MARRIED,

In Grace Church, Rochester, on the 2d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. *Isaac Richards* to Miss *Jane Hip*, both of Brighton.

On Tuesday the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Cheesman, of Scottsville, Mr. NicholasGarbutt, to Miss Mary M'Intosh, both of Wheatland.

PARNASSIAN FLOWERS.

Original.

THE FIRE AT SEA.

By Mrs. S. C. Freeman.

The winds were hush'd and still—the summer sun
Shone brightly o'er the waters, and his rays
Were back reflected from the snow-white sails
Of one small vessel, that in silence deep,
Lay there becalm'd upon the glittering sea;
Brightly the gorgeous clouds were pil'd above
In massive splendor, ting'd with golden hues,
Changing their shapes each moment, tho' no breath
Disturb'd the waves, or fann'd the sultry air.
No other ship was near;—upon the deck
There stood a silent group assembled there
To praise their God. It was the sabbath morn,
And now far distant from their native shore,
In fancy they yet heard the village bells
Calling them to the holy house of prayer:—
They thought of their beloved glens and hills,
Upon the home they never more must see,
And tears stole down their cheeks.
An aged man,
With trembling limbs arose—the Patriarch
Of that small congregation—and he read
With solemn accents from the sacred Book;
While as he read, a peaceful, holy calm,
Fill'd every heart, and dry'd each weeping eye;
And now the psalm arose, the voices soft
Thrill'd strangely on the ear in that deep, calm,
Unbroken stillness. Suddenly there came
A low and rushing sound—and then the cry,
Fire, Fire, was heard.—their hearts beat audibly—
Hush'd was the psalm—none to his neighbour spoke,
But as the pent up flames came bursting forth,
And hideous blackness gather'd all around,
Each one in silence gave his utmost strength
To check the dread devouring element.
It was too late—with fast increasing rage
The conflagration spread:—Escape, escape,
Became the thrilling cry, and to the boat
They rushed as their last refuge.
On the deck
Two yet remained—husband and wife;—they stood—
Saw the departing crowd—but motionless,
They seem'd to wait their fate in silence there:
E'en while they gaz'd, the boat with all her crew,
Too deeply laden, sunk before their eyes.
Their cheeks were deathly pale, but in their hearts
No murmur rose—they trusted in their God.
"My Mary, it is sad to perish thus,
"Far from our country, mid this whelming sea;
"Together we will die. Weep not my love,
"Our parting will be short—we know with joy
"In whom we have believ'd, and now he stands
"Engag'd to lead us through the dreary vale
"Into eternal rest." E'en while he spoke,
The fierce explosion came with pealing sound,
And when the stifling smoke had pass'd away,
Nothing remain'd, but burning fragments strew'd
O'er the yet tranquil ocean.

Original.

"I'VE BEEN."

"The power of thought, the magic of the mind." **Byron.**

I've been in Europe:
And seen the wonders of that wealthy land,
Where kingdoms hourly rise and fall. And men
With Empires seem to sport.

I've been in Asia,
And stood on ground where millions once have stood;
Where cities flourish'd, and were overthrown;
Where hostile armies in deadly combat met,
And where kings have triumph'd, and been conquer'd.

I've been in Africa,
And held long converse with the tawny sons:
I've seen her towering pyramids oft,
And wondered much for what these were built,
And I've traced to its source the fertile Nile,
And beheld what centuries past have veil'd;
And on her almost boundless plains of sand
I've thought myself at home.

I've been in South America;
And from a lofty eminence, I've view'd
Her inexhaustible mines, her rivers wide,
Her "cloud capp'd" mountains and enchanting fields.

I've been, in short, every where!
To the Sun, Moon and Stars, visits have I paid;
Nor stopp'd with them, but farther on I went,
Where space, uninterrupted by a single world,
Presents nothing on which the eye can gaze,
Or judge of the distance which lies beyond.

Oceans, seas, rivers, sloping hills and vales,
Far swifter than the lurid lightning's glance,
I've pass'd; now resting on the billow's crest—
Now pausing on the highest mountain top;
Then scaling heaven's ether wall, heedless
Of the sentinell'd throng which guard the place;
Here wandering in spicy groves. And now,
In moonless night, groping my weary way,
'Mid mouldering columns and falling arches,
Where the Owl and the Serpent find a home.

Wonderful power! by whose agency,
Fearless, I safely took such daring flights!
Say, is earth thy genial clime, the world
The stage on which thou art content to act,
To live or die? 'Tis false! it cannot be;
Heaven alone has worthy charms for thee!
Ethereal essence! Immortal mind!
Where'er I have been, or wished to go,
Thou wert the vehicle, the *only* power,
That kindly bore me there: and what **I've** seen,
I have seen through *thy* eyes, and not my own.

D. D. D.

Original.

THE SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

It has long been noticed that a group of rude stones, mark the graves of soldiers near the ruins of Fort Ontario.

Here with the wild dashing lake below, and the mighty march of civilization above, have long, long slept, the martial dead. Nor is it without a sensation of regret we now see their virtual annihilation. Not one humble stone remains, not one bone escapes undisturbed, the march of improvement.

How sacred is the earth that holds,
The dust of soldiers dead:
How hallowed is the lonely spot
Where rests the warriors head.

What deathless hopes of love and truth,
Perhaps were buried here:
What noble hearts alive to fame,
But ever dead to fear.

Perhaps the fire which filled that breast,
From freedom's altar caught;
Perhaps the deeds of that right hand,
A nation's peace has wrought.

Anon.

A Balloon in Boston.—The Bostonians are growing as elevated in their aspirations as their neighbors. A Mr. Louis Lauriat is about to go up in a Balloon from that city, and intends taking his daughter with him; and what is a new notion in this branch of "National Industry," Mr. Lauriat proposes to establish a permanent Balloon, to let out to connoiseurs—keeping it constantly distended, and giving an opportunity to every one who wishes to go moonward, to do so without danger. He will have a cord attached to his machine, some two or three thousand feet long, by which it may be drawn back at pleasure.

N. Y Cour.

THE ROCHESTER GEM, And Ladies' Amulet:

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

Vol. 7--With Plates.

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SELECT TALE.

THE TWO MOTHERS.

Saumer is a most delicious place, with its little red and white houses, seated at the foot of a flower dressed hill, and divided by the Loire, which runs sportively through it, like a blue scarf, on the neck of a beautiful girl. But, alas, this new Eden, like all other cities, has its sad attendants on civilization—a prison and a sub-prefect, a literary society, and a lunatic hospital—yes a lunatic hospital! Ascend the Loire, by the left bank, and when you have arrived at the outskirts of the city, clamber by a steep path, and you will soon arrive at the top of a pebbly hill, in the flanks of which are placed small cabins, furnished with great bars of wood. It is there, while you are occupied with admiring, with all the powers of your soul, the beautiful country which stretches from Tour, to Angers, the green and fertile fields, the rapid and majestic current, which crosses and bathes the brilliant landscape, suddenly the cries of rage, and the laughter of stolidity will burst forth behind you, and call you to contemplate the spectacle which you have come to seek. Then you will renounce with pain, the happiness of the contemplation; but you will renounce it, because it cannot be enjoyed beside such an accumulation of misery. Look at that young man, who is walking almost naked—the young man, whose limbs are blackened by exposure to the sun, and whose feet, are torn by rough pebbles, in his pathway. He had taken holy orders—he was surprised by love—he went crazy—now he is stripped of his orders and his love—poor victim.

As I was wandering one day in the midst of all this wreck of humanity, behind me was walking a young lady, accompanied by her husband, leading by the hand, a pretty little girl, their child. She came, without doubt, like myself, to seek for strong and new emotions. We became strangely jaded with the tiring excitement of a city.

I arrived at the same moment with this lady, opposite a girl, who had been led out of her cell, into the court, and was fastened to the wall, by an iron chain. Her large, blue eye, had so much sweetness, her pale face so many charms, and her long auburn hair, fell with so much grace over her naked shoulders, that I looked at her with inexpressible pain. She appeared to have been weeping bitterly—how heavy then appeared that horrible iron chain, which abraded her white delicate skin

I asked the lay sister, who acted as guide to me, what had befallen this girl, that she was treated so rigorously?

She answered me, lowering her eyes and blushing, 'it is Mary, a poor girl, from the city, who has loved too deeply. The fiend, who tempted, abandoned her, and after two years, the child of her shame died. This last loss deprived her of reason; she was brought to this institution, and in consequence of sudden dangerous excesses of derangement she is chained.'

The good sister bowed as if ashamed of referring to such a subject.

I stood lost in reflection upon the mutation of human affairs, as I gazed at the unfortunate being before me; when suddenly I saw her spring the whole length of her chain, seize the little child, which the young lady held by the hand, press it closely to her breast, and rush back with the swiftness of an arrow, to her stone bench.

The mother screamed frantically, and sprung toward the miserable lunatic, who drove her back with shocking brutality.

'It is my babe,' cried Mary—'It is her, indeed—God has restored her to me—Oh, how good is God,'—and she leaped up with joy, and covered the child with kisses. The father attempted to seize his child, by force, but the lay sister prevented him, and besought him to let Mary, have her own way.

'It is not your daughter,' said she kindly to Mary, 'she does not resemble you in the least.'

'Not my daughter! good heavens, look—look, sister Martha—look at her eyes—her mouth—it is the very likeness of her father. She has come down from heaven. How pretty—how very pretty she is—my dear, sweet daughter'—and she pressed the child to her bosom, and rocked it like a nurse, to still its cries.

It was, however, heart-rending to see the poor mother, who watched with anxiety every movement of the lunatic, and wept or smiled, as Mary advanced toward, or retired from sister Martha.

'Lend your daughter, to me a moment, Mary; that I may see her,' said the good sister.

'Lend her to you, O no, indeed; the first time, the priests also told me, that I should lend her to God, who desired such angels, and she was gone these six months. I will not lend her again—no, no, I would rather kill her and keep her body'—and she held up the child, as if she would dash its head against the wall.

The mother, pale and inanimate, fell helpless upon her knees, and with bitter sobs supplicated the lunatic to give her back her child, and not to do it harm. Mary, gave her no heed; she was holding the infant, with her eyes bent intently upon its features.

The father, half distracted, had gone to seek the director of the institution.

It would have been difficult then, to say which was the real crazy one—the mother who lay trembling in my arms, and calling aloud for her child, or Mary, who, with wild laughter, was presenting to the child, her shrivelled breasts.

It was resolved not to employ force, but to allow Mary, to retire into her cell, and when she was asleep, to take away the child.

Once in in her cell, Mary, laid the child, at the foot of the bed, pressed down the mattresses, and disposed the clothes, into the form of a cradle—while the real mother, with her face pressed against the gratings of the cell, watched in the twilight of the place, with haggard and streaming eyes, every motion of the lunatic.

Mary, carefully disposed the child, in its new made bed, hushed it, and sung little nursery songs, with a wild and fitful voice, and then fell asleep beside the infant.

The nurse immediately entered the cell, on tip-toe, snatched up the child, and restored it to its mother's arms, who screamed with joy, and fled away with her precious burden. The cry of the mother, awakened Mary—she felt beside her in vain for the child; she ran to the grating, and shook it with a powerful arm—she saw the child borne from her, she uttered a wild, discordant cry, and fell her whole length upon the floor. She was dead—twice was too much.

THE RATTLESNAKE HUNTER.

BY J. G. WHITTER.

"Until my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns."
[Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner.

During a delightful excursion in the vicinity of the Green Mountains, a few years since I, had the good fortune to meet with a singular character, known in many parts of Vermont as the Rattlesnake Hunter. It was a warm, clear day of sunshine, in the middle of June, that I saw him for the first time, while engaged in a mineralogical ramble amongst the hills. His head was

deeply marked with the strong lines of care and age. His form was wasted and meagre, and, but for the fiery vigor of his eye, he might have been supposed incapaciated by age and infirmities for even a slight exertion. Yet he hurried over the rude ledges of rocks with a quick and almost youthful tread; and seemed earnestly searching among the crevices and loose crags and stunted bushes around him. All at once he started suddenly, drew himself back with a sort of shuddering recoil, and then smote fiercely with his staff upon the rock before him, another and another blow, and he lifted the lithe and crushed form of a large rattlesnake upon the end of his rod.

The old man's eye glistened, but his lip trembled, as he looked upon his writhing victim. "Another of the accursed race!" he muttered between his clenched teeth, apparently unconscious of my presence.

I was now satified that the person before me was none other than the famous rattlesnake hunter. He was known throughout the neighborhood as an outcast and a wanderer, obtaining a miserable subsistence from the casual charities of the people around him. His time was mostly spent among the rocks and rude hills, where his only object seemed to be the hunting out and destroying of the dreadful *crotalus horridus*, or rattlesnake. I immediately determined to satisfy my curiosity, which had been strangely excited by the remarkable appearance and behaviour of the stranger. For this purpose I approached him.

"Are there many of these reptiles in this vicinity?" I inquired, pointing to the serpent.

"They are getting to be scarce," said the old man, lifting his slouched hat, and wiping his bald brow; "I have known the time when you could hardly stir ten rods from your door in this part of the state without hearing their low, quick rattle at your side, or seeing their many colored bodies coiling up in your path.—But as I said before, they are getting to be scarce.—The infernal race will be extinct in a few years; and, thank God, I have myself been a considerable cause of their extermination."

"You must, of course, know the nature of these creatures perfectly well."—"Do you believe in their power of facination?"

The old man's countenance fell. There was a visible struggle of feeling within him; for his lip quivered, and he dashed his brown hand suddenly across his eyes, as if to conceal a tear. But quickly recovering himself, he answered, in the low, deep voice of one about to reveal some horrible secret—

"I belive in the rattlesnake's power of facination as firmly as in my own existence."

"Surely," said I, "you do not believe that they have power over human beings."

"I do—I know it to be so!" and the old man trembled as he spoke. "You are a stranger to me," he said slowly after scrutinizing my features for a moment; "but if you go down with me at the foot of this rock, in the shade there," and he pointed to a group of leaning oaks, that hung over the declivity, "I will tell you a strange and sad story of my own experience."

It may be supposed that I readily assented to this proposal. Bestowing one more blow on the rattlesnake, as if to be certain of its death, the old man descended the rocks with a rapidity that would have endangered the neck of a less practised hunter. After reaching the place that he had pointed out, the rattlesnake hunter commenced his story in a manner which confirmed what I had previously heard of his education and intellectual strength.

"I was among the earliest settlers in this part of the country. I had just finished my education at the University of Harvard, when I was induced, by the flattering representations of some of the earlier pioneers into the wild lands beyond the Connecticut. to seek my fortune in the new settlements. My wife"—the old man's eye glistened an instant, and then a tear crossed his brown cheek—"my wife accompanied me, young as she was, to this wild and rude country. I never shall forgive myself for bringing her hither—never. Young man," he continued, "you look like one who could pity me. You shall see the image of the girl who followed me to the new country." And he unbound, as he spoke, a ribband from his neck with a small miniature attached to it."

It was that of a beautiful female. She might have been twenty years of age; but there was an almost childish expression in her countenance—a softenss, a delicacy, and a sweetness of smile—which I have seldom seen in the features of those who have tasted, even slightly, of the bitter waters of existence. The old man watched my countenance intently, as I surveyed the image of his early love. "She must have been very beautiful," I said as I returned the picture. "Beautiful! he repeated, "you may well say so.—But this avils nothing. I have a fearful story to tell; would to God I had not attempted it! But I will go on. My heart has been stretched too often on the rack of memory to suffer any new pang.

"We had resided in the new country nearly a year. Our settlements had increased rapidly, and the comforts and delicacies of life were beginning to be felt, after the weary privations and severe trials to which we had been subjected. The red men were few, and did not molest us. The beasts of the forest and mountain were ferocious, but we suffered little from them. The only immediate danger to which we were exposed resulted from the rattlesnakes which infested our neigborhood. Three or four of the settlers were bitten by them, and died in terrible agonies. The Indians often told us frightful stories of the snake, and its powers of facination, and although they were generally believed, yet for myself, I confess, I was rather amused than convinced by their legends.

"In one of my hunting excursions abroad, on a fine morning—it was just at this time of the year—I was accompanied by my wife. 'Twas a beautiful morning.—The sunshine was warm, but the atmosphere was perfectly clear, and a fine breeze from the Northwest shook the bright green leaves which clothed to profusion the wreathing branches above us. I had left my companion for a short time in pursuit of game; and climbing a rugged ledge of rocks, interspersed with shrubs & dwarfish trees, I was startled by a quick, grating rattle. I looked forward. On the edge of a loosened rock lay a large rattlesnake, coiling himself, as if for the deadly spring. He was within a few feet of me, and I paused for an instant to survey him. I know not why, but I stood still, and looked at the deadly serpent with a strange feeling of curiosity. Suddenly he unwound his coil, as if relenting from his purpose of hostility, and raised his bright, fiery eye directly upon my own. A chilling and indescriable sensation, totally different from any thing I had ever before experienced, followed this movement of the serpent; but I stood still, and gazed steadily and earnestly, for at that moment there was a visible change in the reptile. His form seemed to grow larger, and his colors brighter. His body moved with a slow, almost imperceptible motion towards me, and a low hum of music came from him—or, at least it sounded in my ear—a strange, melody, faint as that which melts from the throat of the humming bird. Then the tints of his body deepened, and changed and glowed like the changes of a beautiful kaleidscope, green, purple, and gold, until I lost sight of the serpent entirely, and saw only wild and curiously woven circles of strange colors, quivering around me like an atmosphere of rainbows. I seemed in the centre of a great prism—a world of mysterious colors; and the tints varied and darkened, and lighted up again around me, and the low music went on without ceasing, and my brain reeled, and fear for the the first time came like a shadow over me. The new sensation gained upon me rapidly, and I could feel the cold sweat, gushing from my brow. I had no certainty of danger in my mind—no definite idea of peril—all was vague and clouded, like the unaccountable terrors of a dream; and yet my limbs shook, and I fancied I could feel the blood stiffening with cold as it passed through my veins. I would have given worlds to have been able to tear myself from the spot; I even attempted to do so, but the body obeyed not the impulse of the mind. Not a muscle stirred, and I stood still, as if my feet had grown fast to the rock, with the infernal music of the tempter in my ear, and the baleful colorings of his enchantment still before me.

"Suddenly a new sound came on my ear—it was a human voice—but it seemed strange and awful.—Again—again—but I stirred not; and then a white form plunged before me, and grasped my arm. The strange spell was a tonce broken. The strange colors passed from before my vision. The rattlesnake was coiling at my very feet, with glowing eyes and uplifted fangs, and my wife clinging with terror upon me. The next instant the serpent threw himself upon us. My wife was the victim! The fatal fangs pierced deeply into her hand, and her scream of agony, as she staggered backwards from me, told the dreadful truth.

"Then it was that a feeling of madness came upon me; and I saw the foul serpent stealing away from his work of death, reckless of danger, I sprang forward and crushed him under my feet, grinding him, in pieces upon the rugged rocks. The groans of my wife now recalled me to her side, and to the horrible reality of her situation. There was a dark livid spot on her hand, and it deepened into blackness as I led her away. We were at a considerable distance from any dwelling, and after wandering for a short time, the pain of her wound became insupportable to my wife, and she swooned away in my arms. Weak and exhaust-

ed as I was, I had yet strength enough remaining to carry her to the nearest rivulet, and bathe her brow in the cool water. She partially recovered, and sat down upon the bank, while I supported her head upon my bosom.—Hour after hour passed away, and none came near us; and there, alone in the great wilderness, I watched over her, and prayed with her, and she died!"

The old man groaned audibly, as he uttered these words; and, as he clasped his long bony hands over his eyes, I could see the tears falling thickly through his gaunt fingers. After a momentary struggle with his feelings, he lifted his head once more, and there was a fierce light in his eyes as he spoke.

"But I have had my revenge. From that fatal moment I have felt myself fitted and set apart, by the terrible ordeal of affliction, to rid the place of my abode of its foulest curse. And I have well-nigh succeeded—The facinating deamons are already few and powerless. Do not imagine," said he, earnestly regarding the somewhat equivocal expression of my countenance, "that I consider these creatures as serpents only—creeping serpents; they are the servants of the fallen angel—the immediate ministers of the infernal god!"

Years have passed since my interview with the rattlesnake hunter. The place of his abode has changed; a beautiful village rises near the spot where we had the conference, and the grass of the churchyard has grown over the old hunter; but his story is yet fixed upon my mind, and time, like enemal only burns deeper the first strong impression. It comes up before me like a remembered dream, whose features are too horrible for reality.

From the New York Mirror.

SCOTLAND.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Sporting and its equipments—Roslin Castle, and Chapel.

The nominal attraction of Scotland, particularly at this season, is shooting. Immediately on your arrival you are asked whether you prefer a flint or a percussion lock, and (supposing that you do *not* travel with a gun, which all Englishmen *do*) a double-barrelled Manton is appropriated to your use, the game-keeper fills your powder, and shot pouches, and waits with the dogs in a leash till you have done your breakfast; and the ladies leave the table, wishing you a good day's sport, as all matters of course.

I would rather have gone to the library. An aversion to walking except upon smooth flag-stones, a poetical tenderness on the subject of "putting birds out of misery," as the last office is elegantly called, and hands much more at home with a goose-quill than a gun, were some of my private objections to the "order of the day." Between persuasion and a most truant sunshine, I was overruled, however, and with a silent prayer that I might not destroy the hopes of my noble host, by shooting his only son, who was to be my companion and instructor, I shouldered the proffered Manton, and joined the gamekeeper in the park.

Lord Ramsay and his man looked at me with some astonishment as I approached, and I was equally surprised at the young nobleman's metamorphosis. From the elegant Oxonian I had seen at breakfast, he was transformed to a figure something rougher than his highland dependants, in a woollen shooting jacket, that might have been cut in Kentucky, pockets of any number and capacity, trousers of the coarsest plaid, hob-nailed shoes and leather gaiters, and a manner of handling his gun that would have been respected on the Mississippi. My own appearance in high heeled French boots and other corresponding geer for a tramp over stubble and marsh amused them equally; but my wardrobe was exclusively metropolitan, and there was no alternative.

The dogs were loosed from their leash and bounded away, and crossed the Esk under the castle walls. We found our way out of the park, and took to the open fields. A large patch of stubble was our first ground, and with a "hie away!" from the gamekeeper, the beautiful setters darted on before, their tails busy with delight and their noses to the ground, first dividing each for a wall side, and beating along till they met, and then scouring towards the centre, as regularly as if every step was guided by human reason. Suddenly they both dropped low into the stubble, and with heads eagerly bent forward and the intentest gaze upon a spot, a yard or more in advance, stood as motionless as a stone. "A covey, my lord!" said the gamekeeper, and, with our guns cocked, we advanced to the dogs, who had crouched, and lay as still, while we passed them, as if their lives depended upon our shot. Another step, and whir! whir! a dozen partriges started up from the furrow, and while Lord Ramsay cried "now!" and reserved his fire to give me the opportuniy, I stood stock still in my surprise; and the whole covey disappeared over the wall. My friend laughed, the gamekeeper smiled, and the dogs hied once more.

I mended my shooting in the course of the morning, but it was both exciting, and hard work. A heavy shower soaked us through, without extracting the slightest notice from my companion; and on we trudged through peas, beans, turnips, and corn, muddied to the knees, and smoking with moisture excessively, to the astonishment, I doubt not, of the productions of Monsieur Clerk, of the Rue Vivenne, which were reduced to the consistency of brown paper, and those of my London Tailor, which were equally entitled to some surprise at the use they were put to. It was quite beautiful, however, to see the ardour and training of the dogs;—their caution, their obedience, and their perfect understanding of every motion of their master. I found myself interested quite beyond fatigue, and it was only when we jumped the paling, and took it once more leisurely down the gravel walks, that I realised at what an expense of mud, water, and weariness, my day's sport had been purchased. *Mem.* Never to come to Scotland again without hob-nailed shoes and a shooting jacket.

Rode over to Roslin Castle. The country between Delhousie Castle, and Roslin, including the village of Lasswade, is of uncommon loveliness. Lasswade itself clings to the two sides of a small valley, with its village church, buried in trees, and the country seat of Lord Melville, looking down upon it from its green woods; and away over the shoulder of the hill, swell the forests, and rocks, which imbosom Hawthornden; (the residence of Drummond, the poet, in the days of Ben Jonson) and the Pentland Hills, with their bold outline, form a back ground, that completes the picture.

We left our horses, at the neighboring inn, and walked first to Roslin chapel. This little gem of florid architecture, is scarcely a ruin, so perfect are its arches, and pillars, its fretted cornices, and painted windows. A whimsical booby undertook the cicerone, with a long cane pole, to point out the beauties. We entered the low side door, whose stone threshold, the feet of Cromwell's church-stabled troopers, assisted to wear, and walked at once to a singular column, of twisted marble, most curiously carved, standing under the choir. Our friend with the cane pole, who had condescended to familiar Scotch, on the way, took his distance from the base, and drawing up his feet, like a soldier, on drill, assumed a most extraordinary elevation of voice, and recited its history in a declamation of which I could only comprehend the words "Awbraham and Isaac." I saw by the direction of the pole, that there was a bas-relief of the Father of the Faithful, done on the capital, but for the rest I was indebted to Lord Ramsay, who did it into English, as follows: "The master-mason, of this capital, meeting with some difficulties in the execution of his design, found it necessary to go to Rome, for information, during which time his apprentice, carried on the work, and even executed some parts concerning which his master had been most doubtful, particularly this fine fluted column, ornamented with wreaths of foliage, and flowers, twisting spirally round it. The master on his return, stung with envy at this proof of the superior abilities of his apprentice, slew him by a blow of his hammer."

The whole interior of the chapel is excessively rich. The roof, capitals, key stone, and architraves, are covered with sculpture. On the architrave joining the apprentice's pillar, to a smaller one, is engraved the sententious inscription, "*Forte vinum, est rex, fortiories sunt mulieres; suder omnia vincit veritas*" It has been built about four hundred years, and is, I am told, the most perfect thing of its kind in Scotland.

The ruins of Roslin Castle are a few minutes walk beyond. They stand on a kind of Island rock, in the midst of one of the wildest glens of Scotland, separated from the hill, nearest the base by a drawbridge, swung over a tremendous chasm. I have seen nothing so absolutely picturesque in my travels. The North Esk runs its dark course, unseen, in the ravine below; the woods, are tangled, and apparently pathless, and were it not for a most undeniable two story farm house, built directly in the court of the old castle, you might convince yourself that foot had never approached it since the days of Wallace.

The fortress was built by William St. Clair, of whom Grose writes: "He kept a great court, and was royally served at his own table, in vessels of gold, and silver; Lord Dirleton, being his master house-hold; Lord Botherwick, his cup-bearer; and

Lord Fleming, his carver; in whose absence they had deputies to attend, viz: Stewart Laird, of Drumlanrig; Tweddie Laird, of Drumerline; and Sandilands Laird, of Calder. He had his halls, and other apartments richly adorned with em broidered hangings. He flourished in the reign of James the first and second. His princess Elizabeth Douglas, was served by seventy-five gentlewomen, whereof fifty three were daughters of noblemen, all clothed in velvet, and silks, with their chains of gold, and other ornaments, and was attended by two hundred riding gentlemen, in all her journies; and, if it happened to be dark when she went to Edinburgh, where her lodgings were, at the foot of the Black Fryar's Wynd, eighty lighted torches, were carried before her."

With a scrambling walk up the Glenn, which is, as says truly Mr. Grose, "inconceivably romantic," we returned to our horses, and rode back to our dinner at Dalhouse, delighted with Rolin Castle, and uncommonly hungry.

A PHRENOLOGIST'S STUDY.

Casts, boxes, and sculls, arranged around the room.

Dr. BRAIN, MRS. ATKINS, and a child.

Dr. Brain.—Well, my good Mrs. Atkins, I see that you have brought your son, to be examined.

Mrs. Atkins.—Yes, sir, if you will have the goodness. Children are a great pleasure, but they are a great care, and a widow, especially a lone woman, cannot help feeling anxious about setting them out in life.

To be sure, I have only my twins, a girl, and this boy—but still it is a great trouble. One does not know what is fittest for them poor things!

Dr. B.—Phrenology is precisely what will ease that trouble, Mrs. Atkins. Our discoveries are particularly to that point, by observing and following the natural indications. My friend Mr. Howstown, I think, sent you to me?

Mrs. A.—Yes, sir; he told me that by looking at the boy's skull—take off your hat, William—and feeling the bumps—

Dr. B.—Organs, my good madam! Call them organs.

Mrs. A.—I beg your pardon, sir, I will. Mr. H. said, that by feeling his bump—organs, I mean—you would be able to tell me what to do with him. I should like to bring him up to the grocery line, like his father, and take him into the business at a proper time;—but the boy, it seems, has read a foolish book, called Robinson Crusoe, and is wild to go to sea. Why don't you take off your hat, William, and let the doctor, look at your bu—organs? He wont hurt you, child. For all he is so bold and full of tricks, the boy is as shamefaced before company, as his sister. Hold yourself up, William.

Dr. B.—How old is the young gentleman?

Mrs. A. Twelve, come next Michælmas. —He is but a shrimp of a thing, in spite of his great spirit—too puny by half for a boy.—Fanny, and he, are so much alike that if it were not for their clothes, we should not know them assunder. But I suppose, doctor, that's only their faces?

Dr. B.—Undoubtedly, my good Mrs. Atkins; difference of sex, is attended with difference of faculty. The perceptive organs, for instance, are usually more developed in woman; the reflective organ, in man. This is quite a boy's forehead. Come sir, let me feel? I shall do you no harm. [The doctor feels of the child's head—Mrs. Atkins, walks about the room, looking at the casts, and talking to herself.] A large *distinctiveness*—a prodigious *combativeness!—firmness* strongly developed—*adhesiveness* small. Really, Mrs. Atkins, this boy is the most striking instance of the truth of our science, that I ever met with in the thousands that I have examined. I never saw the propensities so strongly indicated. Let him go to sea, by all means—indeed, it would be of no use if you were to try to keep him at home: with such a *firmness* and *sensitiveness* he would certainly run away. Besides it would be a thousand pities. Here are all the organs that make a great warrior—a superb *distinctiveness*—a finer *combativeness* than Lord Nelson! I should like to have a cast of the boy.

Mrs. A.—Ah! well-a day!

Dr. B.—*Acquisitiveness* strong too!

Mrs. A.—Ay, ay—what's that?

Dr. B.—Why, it means a desire to possess, which, in a boy, probably shows itself in a love of marbles, and apples, without being very scrupulous as to the means by which they are acquired.

Mrs. A.—O! it's a wonderful art! See, William, how the doctor finds you out! Yes, he—I take shame to say it—stole all our apples, off our nonpareil tree, last year, and we can't keep a goosberry in the garden, for him. I can trust his sister, any where, she's such a good, quiet little thing—but William—

Dr. B.—Never fear Mrs. Atkins—it's an excellent organ under proper government, and will turn to a desire to capture Dutch spice ships, and Spanish argosies. You must send him to sea.

Mrs. A.—Ah! well a-day! But doctor how is it that you can tell all these things?

Dr. B.—Why, look here, my good madam, do you see that projection on the side of—just here, Mrs. Atkins; here my good lady. If I had another child, I could show you in a moment what I mean.

Mrs. A.—Run and fetch your sister, William.

Dr. B.—Ay, then I can explain the difference—I'll venture to say there is not such a combativeness—why don't you go for your sister, my little man, as your mama bids you?

Mrs. A.—Why do you stand there like a simpleton? Go for Fanny, this moment!

Child.—Pray, mama, don't be angry, I am Fanny.

Mrs. A.—Oh dear! dear! this is one of William's unlucky tricks! Get along you good-for-nothing hussy. What will the doctor say to be made such a fool of?

Dr. B.—Make a fool of me! Mrs. Atkins, I should like to see the person, that could do that. It is not all the tricks of men, women, and children, that can put down Phrenology. But I give you warning my good madam, that whatever trouble you may have with your son, you will have more with your daughter. I was never mistaken in my life, and there are organs in that little noddle, fit to belong to Joan of Arc. Good morning, Mrs. Atkins. She'll follow the drum, I tell you—or go to sea. Good morning, madam. Make a fool of a phrenologist, indeed!

Original.

APOSTROPHE,

At the Grave of Mrs. M. who died while on a pleasure excursion from Massachusetts, accompanied by her husband.

Rest, lov'd one, rest in this thrice hallowed spot;
Though strangers silent pass and heed thee not,
One yet there is who never can forget
Thy matchless worth, or cease thee to regret.

Yes, one there is, whose heart is twin'd with thine,
Who knew thy living virtues so divine;
Though distant far his home, yet mem'ry gives
The blissful past—thy fond remembrance lives.

And ere his heart could think the long farewell,
The purest love, which was returned so well,
Planted the rose, sweet tribute, on thy tomb,
To shed o'er sacred dust its sweet perfume.

The same kind hand placed here the violet,
Types of pure love and modest virtue met;
The weeping willow too must gently wave,
In silent beauty o'er thy peaceful grave.

But these thou heedest not—thy spirit 's fled,
And thou art numbered with the silent dead:
Ah! sad the news, and deeply must they mourn
Who anxious wait thy happy, safe return.

Thy husband dear, who shared thy bliss awhile,
Whose life was sweetened by thy happy smile,
To friends must bear the tidings of thy death;
But thou wert happy, with thy parting breath.

Alone to heal the wound, assuage the grief,
Where sacred hope can give but half relief,
Couldst thou the gift of longer life desire?—
For thou art gone to join the seraph-choir.

And those who deeply mourn a loss so great,
If just and good, the happy summons wait
To quit this sphere and wing their flight above,
To happier climes and scenes of endless love.

O! blissful thought—O! hope, that makes us blest,
That those we love, will join in heavenly rest,
Where parting sorrows find with us no place—
Where we can share a Saviour's lasting grace.

LORENZO.

Livonia, 4th June, 1835.

Mechanics' Wives.—Speaking of the middle ranks of life, a good writer observes—There we behold woman in all her glory; not a doll to carry silk and jewels, not a puppet to be dandled and flattered by fops, an idol for profane adoration; reverenced to day, discarded to-morrow; always jostled out of the place which nature and society would assign her, by sensuality or by contempt; admired, but not respected; desired, but not esteemed; ruling by passion not affection; imparting her weakness, not her constancy, to the sex which she should exalt; the source and mirror of vanity; we see her as a wife partaking the cares, and cheering the anxiety of a husband; dividing the labors of her domestic dilligence, spreading cheerfulness around her; for his sake sharing the decent refinements of the world without being vain of them; placing all her pride, all her joy, all her happiness in the merited approbation of the man she loves. As a mother, we find the affectionate, the ardent instructress of the children she has tended from their infancy; training them up to thought and virtue, to meditation and be-

nevolence; addressing them as rational beings, and preparing them to become men and women in their turn. Mechanic's daughters make the best wives in the world.

Original.

ON HAPPINESS.

The last mild voice of Summer played
Upon my listening ear;
The last sweet flowers began to fade,
That decked earth's vale so fair.

While pensive silence gather'd 'round,
And nature soothed my mind,
I ask'd, where can this gem be found,
More choice than gold refin'd?

I went to yonder mountain green,
To "view the landscape o'er"—
Resplendent beauties clothed the scene;
Methought she must be there.

But as I reach'd the flowery vale,
And plucked its vernal bloom,
The phantom spread her glittering sail,
To yonder city dome:

There a rich palace reared its head,
Amid the shady trees,
And flowerets, on a silken bed,
Perfumed the fragrant breeze.

All clothed in bright and glittering gold,
Within a softer shade,
And echoes, while sweet music told,
My fondest hopes betrayed.

But hark! amid those halcyon strains,
A sable note of woe
Affrighted her, and o'er the plains
Her form so brilliant flew.

I sought her in the mental shrine
Of love's enravished sway;
I sought a maid with me to twine
Its wreath around the spray.

Ah, surely now the form more fair,
In dazzling splendour shone,
And a soft hue had cloth'd her tear,
Which flowed so lovely down.

The silken tie was interwove,
With kind affection's chain;
Our hearts were bound with cords of love,
And pleasure cloth'd the scene.

We sought a rural shade beneath
Yon spicy grove so green,
Where milder zephyrs gently breathe,
And heard the Cuckoo's strain.

We tasted there the genial spring,
Nor cares disturb'd our mind,
As though we soar'd on some swift wing,
And left the world behind.

We rov'd with cheerful steps along;
Each opening prospect pleased—
But as I turn'd, she 's quickly gone;
Her pleasing charms have ceased.

A lonely silence clothed the scene,
And wav'd each mournful bough;
I wandered o'er the silken green,
But joy had left me now.

Each note was plaintive as it fell
Upon my languid ear—
The flowers that blossomed round my cell
Seemed withering only there.

And as I traced my lonely way,
From this eventful grove,
Thick darkness hover'd o'er the day,
And clouds hung black above.

While thus I stood with anxious gaze,
And mused upon the scene,
The lightnings burst with fiery blaze—
Loud thunders rocked the plain.

'Twas Sinai's voice, and justice 'woke
Amidst the awful roar,
Ready to give the fatal stroke,
And ope the prison door.

Undone, I said, with piteous cry,
When low! a voice behind,
Which said in musick of the sky,
The lost I came to find.

I look'd; there stood a form *divine*,
His smiles were heavenly bliss;
A glorious light around him shone—
Bright radiance clothed his face.

He kindly took me by the hand,
With voice of love he said—
Come "follow me" to that blest land,
"Where pleasure rolls her flood."

We passed along a thorny road;
But here and there a ray,
Proceeding from the throne of God,
Spread hope in all the way.

At length we came to Jordan's stream,
But nothing did I fear;
The joys of heaven began to beam
Around my spirit there.

I plunged—the wave was rolling o'er,
But his Almighty hand,
Conducted me to yon bright shore;
It was fair Canaan's land.

There the bright gem unspotted shone
O'er all the heavenly plain;
In a rich fountain from the throne
Roll'd sweet perenial streams.

It grew on trees of Paradise,
Which stood "in blooming rows"—
It murmured sweet around the place
Where life's fair river flows.

It stole from Angel's golden lyres,
With sweet immortal song:
It spread a rapture through the choirs,
From every ransomed tongue.

There's *endless*—there's *eternal* joy;
Peace spreads her balmy wings—
The heavenly dove charms the glad skies,
Where the bright armies sing.

J. P. C.

The "Life" in an Oyster.—The liquor in an oyster contains incredible multitudes of small embryos, covered with little shells, perfectly transparent, swimming nimbly about.—One hundred and twenty of these in a row would extend one inch. Besides these young oysters, the liquor contains a great variety of animaculæ, five hundered times less in size, which emit a phosphorus light. The list of inhabitants, however, does not conclude here, for besides the last mentioned, there are three distinct species of worms, called the oyster worm, found in oysters half an inch in length, which shine like a glow worm.

From the New York Transcript.

New York, June 5, 1835.

Messrs. Editors,—You will confer a favor on me, and pay a well merited tribute to an act of noble daring, by inserting the following.

In the month of August, in the year 1833, my daughter and myself engaged a passage in the brig Margaret, Capt. Hanson, bound from Port Royal to Philadephia. The cargo consisted of rum, and a considerable quantity of gunpowder. We lay opposite Fort Anderson with a large English ship on our larboard quarter, and an American schooner, at a cable's length astern. Towards evening, there was every appearance of a hurricane—and about 9 o'clock it broke on us with tremendous fury. The sea was rolling mountains high, and the atmosphere seemed tangible, so intense was the darkness. The wind blew with such force, that it was impossible for the seamen to stand on the deck. In the midst of this awful scene, we were struck with lightning; our maintopmast, was shivered to atoms, and from it the fluid descended to the hold. In another moment, we were in a sheet of flame. There was no remedy, no hope but in the boats, and they could hardly live in such a sea. The boats were got out, and soon filled with the crew. In attempting to get my daughter over the bulwarks into the boat, my foot slipped, and the vessel taking a lurch, we rolled down to the other side of the deck. On regaining my feet, I found the boats had left us to our fate! The vessels around us had cut their cables, on the first appearance of the fire, and from the combustible materials on board, the danger of remaining near our ill-fated vessel, our situation was now truly desperate. From the main-mast forward all was on fire, and the occasional bursting of the spirit casks, rendered it still more terrific, and it was no pleasing thought that the fire would soon reach the powder. In this situation, I gazed around on the fire-lit billow, and the dreadful conviction came over me that there was no hope, for who would dare to venture to our rescue with a magazine on fire beneath our feet? I was desperate, and seizing my child, I rushed to the side of the vessel, with the determination of evading a fiery death by a watery one. I paused ere I made the plunge—a faint halloo came passing on the breeze—another minute, and "stand by the starboard quarter with a line!" was heard from the bosom of the deep. I grasped a coil of rope, just as the dark object rolled under the quarter. It was a boat! but how was it manned? One man only—one noble soul—had skulled her through her dangerous path—and he was quite a stripling—not twenty years of age! I never shall forget the words that first met my ear, as I got over the side into his boat. "Stranger," said he, "if you do not make more haste it is my opinion we shall go off this vessel, faster than we boarded it." We had scarcely got a cable's length before she blew up, and strewed the fragments around us in every direction. In another hour we were on board the American schooner.

The next morning I came on deck, and on asking for my preserver, was informed that he had gone ashore—two days passed, and as he was not again heard of, we

sailed without him. The captain of the schooner, told me that he was a young man, that he had engaged as mate, at Jamaica, and that he was not aware of his intention of leaving us, till he saw him in the boat, some distance from the vessel. Months and years passed on, and I heard nothing more of the daring stranger, until, a few days back, I went over to Brooklyn, to see PRINCE's, aerial ship, and in the young aeronaut, I discovered the long sought for being, that reckless of his own life, freely risked it for another's; and if the prayers of a grateful father, and daughter, can avail aught in wafting him to the regions above, he will be triumphant.

Yours.

JAS. GARTLAND, 87 Pike st.

A thrilling incident.—The following brief narrative is taken from the Annapolis Republican. We would have abridged it somewhat, but every line adds to the interest.

A party of pleasure, including the family of Colonel Walbach, Commandant of Fort Severn, embarked on Monday last and after spending a delightful day upon the water, rambling over the beautiful green banks of the Severn, and partaking of a repast upon the shores of the Round Bay, the schooner was returning with the party in the evening, when a sudden flaw of wind struk her—the main boom jibed, and carried one of the young ladies overboard. Quick as thought, Lieut· J. J. Walbach, of the U. Staes Navy, plunged into the river to save her, the spring by which he designed to throw himself as near as possible to her, owing to a sudden careen of the vessel, was the means of plunging him to a great depth. When he rose, the object of his anxiety was no longer to be seen. Nearing the spot, however, she was discerned sinking below the waves. On being brought up, she very naturally clung to the only object within reach, for safety, but unfortunately in such a manner as to deprive him of the power of motion, necessary to keep above the water. In a short time, both sunk together. Rallying his strength, in an effort, he rose again with his fair charge; and not only sustained her long enough for her to breathe afresh, but with the utmost presence of mind, made dispositions to keep afloat; but entangled with clothes, and disabled from motion, his booyancy soon of course, became exhausted, and both again disappeared.

It occurred to Lieutenant W., as he sunk, to endeavor to reach the bottom, in order to obtain an impetuous for reascending, but the depth was found too great, there being twenty-four feet water. It was probably with the last remains of strength that another exertion enabled him once more to gain the surface, with his fair companion. But they soon sunk again. His brother, Lieutenant Augustus B. Walbach, of the United States Army, who had been at the head of the boat, when the accident occurred, on perceiving those overboard, sprang into the river, and reached the parties at this critical moment. In the act of bringing them up to the surface, the young lady insensibly placed her hand upon *his* head, so as effectually to keep him under water. In this position, however, he retained his presence of mind, and by swimming under water, with his brother's hand upon his shoulder, contrived to sustain both for a considerable time, and to them all, a most eventful space.

All three, however, became exhausted, and had sunk a full arm's length, when the captain, Charles M'Downing, of the schooner Comet, having succeeded in rounding his boat to, and launching a small crazy *punt*, from her deck, arrived just in time to reach one of the party, and bring them all up to the surface.—The first breath of returning life in the young naval officer, was to sing out a direction to the raw hands, thus left to manage the schooner, which was now at a considerable distance, to "*haul that jib, to windward, and put down the helm.*" One of the officers laying hold of the little boat, on one side, and the other on the other, they contrived to steady it, so that the captain could draw the lady on board without capsizing it; and in that posture they were paddled to the schooner and received on board.

Original.

AN ALLEGORICAL DREAM.

ONE evening while reading that beautiful extract from Bishop HEBER, "the stream of Life," I fell into a sleep, and had the following dream:

I believed the whole world was changed and a fair opportunity was now offered me to view mankind in their various modes of being; to scan the motives which they had for acting as they did, and to view what was the chief moving cause among them. But a change of scene, which is so common in dreaming, took place, and, instead of viewing the motives of men, as I expected, I was obliged to form an *opinion* from their *actions*. However, great as was my disappointment in this sudden change of affairs, still something was held out for my consideration well worth my time, and I determined to improve the opportunity.

The whole race of mankind passed before me in review. I thought they were launched in one broad stream, capacious enough to contain them all, without discommoding any. Each one was provided with a light bark capable of carrying him down the stream with ease, if the small degree of judgment was exercised, which every one was favoured with. But of this principle, which appeared to be bestowed on man particularly for his benefit, I at once saw, few were disposed to take advantage. Each boat was more or less effected, to the disadvantage of the owner, by the loading collected; for every one had it in his power to freight his vessel, and I could not help but observe the anxiety, manifested by this world of voyagers, for loading; and the pains they put themselves to for the purpose of obtaining it. From this I was led to examine of what their freight was composed, as I was enabled to determine the substance of every one's cargo.

I began this part of my examination among a group of persons, that were of rather prepossessing appearances, and all having the same freight. Before examining their possessions, I observed their actions, and found they stood erect and seemed determined to brave all opposition—to bear down every thing that opposed their course. I was particularly desirous to learn what name they bore among the rest of their fellow beings, as they seemed a class distinct by themselves, and found they were called misers. They manifested the greatest desire to complete their cargo of wealth, for of such was their loading, and many were the acts of unkindness they did their neighbors, to obtain it; and what appeared the most singular, was, they never obtained it completely to the satisfaction, of their own minds. Yet the greater the quantity of freight, the more danger they were in of sinking, although some had incredible loads. This class was always in the roughest part of the stream, and the water, in which they sailed, was the most turbid, for the stream, was variegated in its appearance.

After attentively considering the misers, I sought new objects of amusement, and was fully gratified by the great numbers before me. Turning from the misers, I had my attention taken up by a singular set of persons, whose actions, at first, I was not fully able to understand. At times they were industrious, and they were constantly *counselling* their neighbours, but I soon found that their labor was more for their appearance, than any thing else. They bedecked themselves in the most gaudy apparel, and it was curious to see, how different they were from the preceding class. Whereas the misers, carried more ballast than sail, and were put in danger on that account, these carried an astonishing quantity of sail, and not a single grain of ballast, and were, on that account, in iminent danger, in every stage of their voyage, of being upset by every breeze that swept over the water. Curious to know from whence the actions of this class had their origin, as its members were scattered through the whole company, I was happy enough at last, to detect the cause. With this class I found that vanity and pride, were predominate passions; and so I concluded they assumed their present appearances for the purpose of gratifying these two principles. They were constantly admiring their persons, and those who could assume the most gaudy appearance, were those to whom the most attention was paid.

My attention was next attracted by a class that was composed of the greater share of those before me. They were the laboring part of mankind; and their appearance was as various, as could well be imagined. They were influenced in every possible way.—Yet what seemed the most singular among them, was, few seemed to appreciate the happiness they enjoyed, and the greater part of their misery, was wholly imaginary. Some few among them were sensible of the happiness they possessed, and these few were as happy as any of the whole multitude. Too frequently they planned schemes that were highly visionary, and being constantly disappointed, they became peevish, and not only made themselves miserable, but those with whom they associated. The greater share of this class were actuated by a desire for wealth, and when they were prospered in the acquisition of it, the more eager they became for it, till at last they were admitted as members of the class of misers. Very few indeed, were wise enough to make a right use of their gains.

I now saught for wise men, and found there was a limited number before me;

and a great number of those, who would be willing to pass themselves off as wise men, though in reality they were not of this class. In considering on them, as they passed down the stream of life, I was struck with their retiredness in their movements, and saw that they never courted the attention of the world, except they had something for its benefit. Their lives were led so quietly that I am sure I never should have found out one of them, had I not first considered what their influence would be among men, and by thus observing their influence, I was enabled to discover them. Not so with the pretended wise, for they were always ready to have attention paid them, altho' no one was any the better for it. While the truly wise, were quite reserved in expressing their sentiments, these were always at hand and even boisterous in expressing their opinions. The really wise were not only able to make themselves happy, but to exert an influence over the rest of mankind, that was of the greatest benefit to them. They looked back on their past life, and their good actions afforded them consolation in the time of affliction, yet they considered their good actions, good in the lowest degree possible. Very different was it with the pretenders of wisdom. They, instead of adding to the public peace, were actually the disturbers of it, and were the most forward to make divisions, that they might become the more popular by it.——They looked back with horror on their past lives, at the close of their career, and now it was for them to lament, but not to mend it.

At the end of the stream, all of the boats sunk, and the managers of these frail vessels, went down never more to rise. And I now observed, what before had passed my notice, that the whole stream, was covered with bubbles, arising from those who had gone down with their light craft, and these *bubbles*, afforded a lesson of instruction to all of those, who felt disposed to profit by it. The whole way was strewed with dangers, that could only be avoided by giving heed to the warnings, that every where surrounded them. Reason was no poor guide down the stream, yet scarce one in a thousand, would be governed by her. Indeed, the whole mass, or nearly so, seemed more willing to be governed by Passion that was sure to end their voyage, in most cases, prematurely, than to pay the least regard to the admonitions of reason, which would conduct them safely to the end of their voyage, through all the dangers they had to pass. It was lamentable enough to see how tenaciously some would cling to present pleasure, that was sure to end in future pain.

After observing each particular class, a few only of whom I have enumerated, I took a general survey of the whole, and found that many were in danger, more or less on account of their actions. Some who wished to be independent of the laws that governed the whole multitude, paid no particular attention, to the course they pursued, but after examining them attentively, their anxiety about how they should end their voyage, appeared as great as any others. Others there were, who, being over cautious about their course, produced disasters by the very means they took to prevent them. In short, none appeared exempt from dangers, and he was most fortunate who had the tact to avoid the most.

Tracing the stream, to its source, I found the most pleasing sheet of water, that the imagination could picture. The stream was most pellucid in its appearance, and the banks, were adorned by every beautiful flower, that could please and delight the mind. The voyagers here (who were all quite young,) were of the most benevolent disposition, and shewed none of that selfishness, which would gratify our own desires, at the expense of our fellow beings, which was so manifest in those farther down the stream. The whole concourse, in the first part of their journey, lived in positive happiness. No distracting cares gave them pain, and they appeared created for the enjoyment of happiness.

If such, I exclaimed, is the beginning of human life, I will take a view of its end, and mark the contrast. Accordingly turning my steps to the end of the stream, I beheld nothing but withered trees, and herbage, that had become dry through age. The voyagers were afflicted by the accidents they had met with in passing down the stream, and they all appeared to be afflicted by some acts of their life. There were a few exceptions to this rule. But to me it appeared that those were the happiest, who were prepared, and ended their voyage the soonest. But they thought differently, and it was amusing enough to see how great was their struggles, to keep their light vessels afloat. It was the virtuous only, who seemed to meet their fate, with any thing like firmness. Such then, is the journey of life, I exclaimed, and awoke from my dream. Fial-

THE GEM AND AMULET.

This number of the Gem completes the first half of the present (7th) Vol. Thus far our patronage has fully met our expectations—and our list of subscribers is still on the increase. Those few Subscribers who have not complied with our terms, can still have the advantage of the reduction in price, if they make immediate payment. All who delay payment until the end of the vol. will be charged $1,50.

The Knickerbocker, for June.—If every article in this number is not considered equal in merit, to those of the former numbers, still this No. of the Magazine, as a whole, is a very interesting one. The Contents are—

Original Papers:

American Literature, (Number Two); Secret Love; A Night in '98, by the author of 'The Brothers, a Tale of Ireland'; The Dying Flower, by J. H. Bright, Esq.; The Smitten City; The Leisure Hunter; Jacob's Vision; Letters from Laurie Todd, (Number Four); Apostrophe to Time; Education, by the Author of 'Pulpit Eloquence'; Stanzas; Monomaniacs; The Exile; Excerpta, by Mathew Carey, Esq. (Number Eleven); Ollapodiana, (Number Three.)

Literary Notices:

The Infidel, or the Fall of Mexico; Everest's English Grammer; The Italian Sketch Book; Report of the New-York Deaf and Dumb Institution; Conquest of Florida; History of the Cotton Manufacture.

Editors' Table;

American Literature; Biography; The Fine Arts; National Academy of Design; Table Talk; The Drama;

Literary Intelligence.

Crayon Miscellany (Number Two,); American Revolution; A Mother's Hints on Education; Praise and Blame; Facts, Feelings and Fancies; New-York as it is in 1835; Life of the Earl of Durham; Harpers' Theological Library.

Contents of the Boston Pearl, No. 40.—An Article—Will you read it? Chapter II; David Williams; The two Mothers; Lines written on leaving Gardiner, 1834; Napoleon, Translated for the Pearl, No I; Men and their Actions; Letters from Europe; Manuela or the Victim of the Convent; Socrates' Address to Demonicus; Miscellany.—Business; Reply of Diogenes the Cynic; American Cookery; Editoriral.—Our Paper; American Gallery of the Fine Arts; Lines; Tremont Theatre; Italian Sketch Book; Indian Nullification; Horticultural Register, and Gardener's Magazine; Young Men's Paper; Eastern Magazine; Western Pearl; Theatrical Register; Communications.—Boston Academy of Music and the New England Spectator, &c.

Rural Repository.—The first number of the 12th Vol. of this neat and valuable paper is now before us. Very few of this class of periodicals, within our knowledge, have been kept alive, for so long a period, and like this, been *lively*, during the whole time. This circumstance alone, tells well for it—but this is not all; each number of it commends itself to the reader. It is published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, at Hudson, N. Y. by William B. Stoddard—price $1,00, in advance, per vol.—or for $5,00, free of postage, six copies may be had.

☞ Subscriptions will be received at this Office, for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, The New Yorker, and the Spirit of '76.

New Agents for the Gem.—Mr. Smith Davis, Angelica, N. Y.; Marcus Moses, Esq. Garrettsville, Portage Co. Ohio; A. M. Crane, Esq. P. M. River Road Forks, Liv. Co. N. Y.

To Correspondents.

'J. B. P.' shall appear. 'Felix,' in our next. The communications of 'A. D. L.' not correct; nor sufficiently interesting.

MARRIED,

Yesterday morning, 15th inst., in this city, at the First Presbyterian church, by Rev. Tryon Edwards, Rev. Jeremiah Porter of Chicago, Ill., to Eliza Chappel.

In Greece, on 14th inst., by Rev. Shepher T. Goetschius, Mr. Benjamin Markes to Miss Christianna Packard, all of the same place.

On the evening of the 14th inst., by Rev. Mr. Edwards, Mr. Alexander McKay to Miss Ann Popastrins.

On the evening of the 8th inst., by Rev. Mr. Edwards, Mr. Samuel Coons, to Miss Susan Morrow.

In Henrietta, on the 15th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Churchill, Mr. James Harrison to Miss Mary Carpenter, both of this city.

In this city, on the 14th inst., by A. S. Alexander, Esq., Dr. Isaac Hall, Postmaster of Parma, to Lucinda A. Gott of the same place.

In Walworth, on the 18th inst., by the Rev. T. Gould, Mr. Tunis H. Denice of that place, to Miss Nancy M. Lee, of Martinsburgh, Lewis co.

DIED,

In this city, on Saturday last, Mr. Asa Carpenter, aged 44 years. Printers in New Hampshire are requested, &c.

On the 19th inst., Charles Henry, only son of Joseph and Charlotte Edgell, aged 2 years and 10 months.

In this city, on the 17th inst., William W., youngest son of Henry Shears, aged 4 years.

In Fairport, on 8th inst., Rosamand Burr, aged 23 years, wife of Hanford Burr.

PARNASSIAN FLOWERS.

Original.

THE RETURN HOME.

BY MRS. S. E. FREEMAN.

My Mother!—How that blessed name recalls
The days of childhood! How these time-worn
Halls,
That rear their dark and ruin'd tow'rs on high,
While now I view them sad and silently,
How do they still the sad remembrance wake
Of all that mother's anguish for my sake!

These Halls are now deserted, once so fair,
And silence reigns supreme, unbroken there.
To mouldering columns now the ivy clings,
And o'er luxuriant grass the fountain springs—
Unchang'd it sparkles in the noon-day beam,
And murmurs on unnotic'd.—Do I dream?
Or is this silent, this neglected spot,
By all the gay and glittering world forgot?
Is this the spot that once with music rang?
Is this the hearth where joyous voices sang,
When I forsook the dear and lovely home,
Through distant lands and cities fair to roam?
Imagination still would paint thee fair,
As when I left thy bright and sunny air;
And when the clouds of sorrow darken'd o'er
Thy fairy visions on a foreign shore,
Still in my dreams I rov'd among thy bow'rs,
Still from thy gay parterre I pluck'd the flow'rs.

But now, alas, how chang'd. Mid silence deep
I pace the lonely chambers, and I weep
For her I fondly hoped once more to see;
For her who lov'd so fond, so tenderly.
Still in my sorrows I had hop'd to share
Her gentle converse and her tender care.
My Mother, O my Mother, thou are gone,
While here I mourn in silence and alone:
Last of my race, I sadly stand and gaze
On these dear relicks of departed days;
But as these flow'rs, that fading fast away,
Hide mid the ivy from the blaze of day,
So shall my heart, now all its hopes are fled,
Hold its best converse with the silent dead.

Buffalo, June 17, 1835.

Original.

THE YANKEE TEA PARTY.

The evening was calm and serene,
The Moon looked in loveliness down;
And brilliant indeed was the scene,
Of Boston's fair harbour and town.

Oppression's rude hand had begun
To sully this people's renown;
Yet Freedom's fair Banner would wave,
In spite of the Gems of a Crown.

Low murmurs were heard, of redress
For taxes unjustly imposed;—
What the fearful with caution repress,
The valiant full plainly disclosed.

On a sudden, appeared in the street,
An array of seventy or more,
With accoutrements martialed complete;
Clubs, hammers, and axes, they bore.

Soon was ended the high-handed scene,
The deathless but valourous deed;
The Ocean this evening was green,
With China's most odious weed.

His Majesty's ships were thus cleared,
And ready to plough the rough wave;
To show far and near to the world,
That Yankees were lib'ral as brave.

ANON.

From the Mobile Register, of May 23.

A PIRATE'S CONFESSION.—The public no doubt, remembers the story of the daughter of Aaron Burr, who was the wife of Gov. Alston, of South Carolina. On the return of her father from Europe, about the year 1812, she embarked from Charleston on a visit to him at New York, on board a privateer built vessel, and was never heard of afterward. It seems that her friends at first thought the vessel, had fallen into the hands of the pirates, and afterwards concluded that it was wrecked and lost. It appears from the statement of a respectable merchant of Mobile, that a man died in that city, recently, who confessed to his physician, on his dying bed, that he had been a pirate, and helped to destroy the vessel, and all the crew and passengers, in which Mrs. Alston, had embarked for New York. He declared, says this gentleman, that after the men were all killed, there was an unwillingness on the part of every pirate, to take the life of Mrs. Alston, who had not resisted them or fought them, and therefore they drew lots who should perform the deed, as it had to be done.—The lot fell on this pirate, who declares that he effected his object of putting the lady to death, by laying a plank along the edge of the ship, half on it and half off, or over the edge, and made Mrs. Alston, walk on that plank, till it tilted over into the water with her. The dying pirate, requested his physician, to make his story public, but his surviving family, will not permit or consent that the name of the deceased should be made known.

The above was repeated over and over by the merchant, before mentioned in the presence of a number of gentleman, whose names can be given. He said he received it from the physician himself, with no other injunction to secrecy than that he should not disclose the name of the physician, for the present. On being asked if the physician was a man, of veracity and respectability, he replied there was no one more so in Mobile. The merchant was warned that his story would get into the newspapers, to which he made no objections.

A CURIOSITY.—An Ourang Outang, reached New York a day or two since from the East Indies. We trust it is a better looking animal than Miss Jane, the frightful animal that was some time since exhibited in this country. The Star gave this description of the "last importation."

"We happened last evening to call at the museum, and saw this extraordinary fac-simile, almost of a human being, to all appearance a negro child, in a red flannel night gown, comfortably taking its night's sleep on Mr. Peale's lap.—The legs were thrown carelessly over Mr. P's. knees, and the arms clung affectionately round his neck, while the head rested on his breast, precisely like a child in its mother's arms. The whole body is covered with short hair, and the face resembles that of an old negro man, with the nose indented, the forhead wrinkled, the eyes of hazel, and teeth, lips and chin, exactly similar to what we every day see in the African race, while the hands and feet, are totally bare of hair, and have a most frightful resemblance to those of our own species, as have also the ears, which are quite large. When disturbed, it cried—"Oh! oh! oh!" in as clear and as perfect an articulation as it ever was uttered by "the human voice divine." "The sight, indeed, is humiliating to the pride of our own race."

THE ROCHESTER GEM, And Ladies' Amulet:

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

Vol. 7--With Plates.

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THE ROCHESTER GEM,
AND LADIES' AMULET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, AMUSING MISCELLANY, &c.

VOLUME 7.] ROCHESTER, JULY 25, 1835. [NUMBER 15.

From the Cincinnati Mirror.

A WEEK AMONG THE "KNOBS."

BY JAMES H. PERKINS.

"Before you leave us," said the judge, one morning, as we were waging war against the corn cakes and honey-comb, "before, you leave us," said he, "I reckon you'd like to see a specimen of the Kentuck Nabob; so, if you please, we'll step over the first fair day to Colonel Marshall's, and make a call." "How far is it?" asked I. "Thirty-five miles," said the judge. "And are you going thirty-five miles to make a call?" "Ay, my dear fellow; what's your trouble? we'll call round and spend a week—make a Kentucky call, that's the idea."

In the course of a couple of days, the wind veered westward, and the young leaves of the surrounding forests, and the herbage of the knobs and valleys, came forth greener and brighter than ever. The thousand birds, whose names I know not, sung merrily; the calves in the meadows gamboled; the young colts frolicked; and the honey bees, hummed round the open windows in momentary idleness; the very swine that rooted and grunted in the orchard seemed to be more light-hearted, and to grunt with more *gout*. But though the little run at the foot of the garden, which had foamed and sputtered so two days before, was now quiet and civil again, yet the creek, we were told by old Mr. Anderson, was still too high for a dry passage, and we determined to wait another day, and let it run down. The next morning, in due season, arrived, as bright and as merry as any young belle of the country round; and our horses being brought to the block, we mounted, and set off amid the shouts of twenty little negroes, whose hearts leapt with joy to think that "massa would be gone long while," and they escape "mazing deal o' work." The roads were somewhat deep, and our "leg'ins" became very much spattered, and my own feet soaked; but the judge, more used to Kentucky riding, managed to cross the creek dry shod; however it was warm, and my blood was running like mad, and I cared not a whit for wet feet; besides, we had a bottle of cherry bounce along, and that we reckoned was enough to thaw us out had we slept twenty years under an iceberg. As we journeyed, the judge gave me a clue to the character of the colonel. "He's a fair specimen," said he, "of the noble Kentuckian, with all his faults, and all his virtues. He was born here in a log fort: brought up with a tomahawk in one hand, and a bowl of mush and milk in the other, until he was big enough to toat a rifle, and then he took to that. He fought the Indians while there were any to fight; and when they were gone, turned to and farmed. He raised stock, and still does so, and receives ten thousand dollars cash for what he sends to market yearly. He was a colonel in our last war, and did wonders in some of the frontier skirmishes; for his courage is that of a lion, and his strength too, for that matter. In high party times when it was dangerous to go to the polls unarmed, Marshall did more than any man about to keep the rabble in order; they feared him, for if his word was not heeded, they knew his fist, foot, cudgel, dirk, pistol and rifle, were all ready to enforce obedience. He's a man of strong prejudice, and despises the Yankees, so you must mind and not let on that you're one: for myself he forgives my Yankee origin, and swears by "Old Virginny," it was a mistake. His hospitality is unbounded; cheap as living is to a planter, all his ten thousand a year go to the winds in a mighty small time. In short, he's rough as a bear, noble as a lion, kind and faithful as a mastiff, and withall full of that wisdom which comes from men, and not books, from studying character and nature, and tracing for himself effects to causes."

We spent a night at a little inn, on the road, and the next day about noon reached the place of our destination.—We entered through a very rusty and broken gate, which slammed to behind us, as if very much offended at being opened, upon a natural park; the green sward was short and velvety; the undulation of the surface, and the roundness of the declivities, almost, as it seemed, artificial, while the scattered clumps of trees, beneath which the cattle and horses stood in sleepy and solemn happiness, gave to the scene an English air, which was scarce destroyed by the worm fences, and droves of swine—both truly American accompaniments. Nearly a quarter of a mile from the road stood the mansion—half seen, half hidden by the mass of foliage, which covered the trees, and vines, around it. It was a rather old fashioned looking domicil, with large windows, having very clumsy frames, and small glasses, or lights, and with a long piazza or stoop, upon the north and east sides. The main building was flanked by two smaller ones, and surrounded by an infinity of long cabins, barns, stables, and I know not what all.

Soon after we entered the park, we started a whole covey of little woolly headed fellows, who grinned, turned up their great eyes at us, and then put out for another part of the domain, with all speed, tumbling now and then head over heels, as they rushed down the hill side. The pigs, too, half wild, would start as we came near them, look up, give a quick, sharp, angry grunt, and scamper away as their ancestors of the forests of Europe did before them.—Presently, as we came near the white garden fence, we were brought to by a voice from the right: "Halloo judge," shouted some one; "I reckon you haint your spectacles on this morning; or else your Yankee blood is getting the better of your Kentucky raising;" and as he spoke, the speaker pushed his way, his rifle in advance, through a mass of shrubbery on one side of the path. He was a small man, and stout almost to corpulency; his face was square, his mouth small, lips thin, his nose hooked, and from under his grey and knitted brows, his eyes shone with a look of suspicion and defiance; his head was grey, as I saw from the long locks, which fell upon his collar, and his breast was open. "Ah! colonel," said the judge, as the colonel wiped his brow, "so we've caught you playing Indian—lurking in the bushes?" "Playing Indian indeed!" said the other: "I reckon if I play Indian with you, most learned, judge 'twill be with Ellen's shot gun, or aunt Dinah's syringe, and not this old deer killer; but who's this you've got along, judge?" This' answered the man of law, "is a young shoot of the Buckeye bar,; he came over to see some of the wild Kentucks, and so I brought him down to spend a week with you." "He's right welcome," and the colonel strode up and shook me by the hand, "he's right welcome I say; and I reckon if he dont find us Kentucks wild as we were, he'll not, at any rate, think us too tame; so come, stranger, you go on to the house, and I'll soon join you; and mind now you need'nt knock, as I am told they do in Cincinnati; I reckon we don't do nothing inside our house we're afraid to have the world see;" and so saying, with long and rapid strides, the Kentuckian took his way for the wood.

We jogged on to the door, threw our reins to an old negro who sood ready to receive them, and who took off his remnant of a hat to the judge, with an unutterable grin, and walked into the house without knocking. My friend had told me that the colonel's wife was dead, and that he had but a single daughter, Ellen, upon

whom he had not, however, expatiated, and in whom I expected to find a very ordinary maiden. What then was my surprise, when, having thrown our saddlebags into a corner, hung up our leggins, and walked into the parlor, I saw, through a window which looked out to the west, a girl of eighteen, dancing along the grass-plat, her straw bonnet hanging upon her shoulders, her light shawl rapped round one arm, her dark hair swayed with the motion, and a face, form and complexion, which, somehow, went direct to my heart, or rather the place where my heart should have been, for it had been absent some time. She evidently did not know that any strangers had come, and singing as she ran and skipped along, was at a back door and in the room before I could say a word to my comrade. Seeing us, she stopped, blushed, and then, recognizing the judge, sprang past me, grasped his hand, welcomed him warmly, and then bless me, kissed him! I drew my breath as one does when he steps into a bath of cold water.——She turned to me —the judge introduced us, and with a mingled delicacy and freedom of bearing that might have done honor to the goddess Diana, she took my hand and bade me welcome, but there was no kiss—then; in truth, I did not expect one.

"Did you see my father?"

"Yes, he met us in the path, rifle in hand."

"Was there a young man with him?"

"No, is there one staying here?"

"There is; a young man from your own Yankee land, Mr. Clay gave him letters to father."

"A yankee! Why is he here? I should think your father would be afraid to have him in the house."

"So he is, and plagues poor Ned almost to death; he's been here for a month past —I don't know what for, I'm sure, but I reckon he wants to write a book about us, for he's always in his own room, scribbling like mad. But I must go and see to your rooms, and your dinner: and tell Job to turn your horses out. Where is your baggage, or I suppose, as a Kentucky girl, I should say plunder? In the entry?—well, good-bye till dinner time; and so Julia's married is she; how funny it seems—does she look much older?" then turning to me, with that same kind smile again, she said, pointing to a book-case, "If you should wish to read, sir, we have a few volumes, not written in the Cherokee either; I have some in my room beside, and if you are not as afraid of a lady's boudoir as Ned Vaughan is, come and I'll show you the way to my castle." And away she went as light and rapid as if innocence and health had clothed her with unseen wings. She took me to her room, a little attic, crowded with books, and pictures, and flowers, and needle-work, upon which the sun-light played fitfully, falling through a curtain of leaves, and bidding me to consider it all my property, 'except the needle-work," said she, "and the rest, when I want to be alone," away she bounded again, leaving me standing in her boudoir, in a happy maze of wonder, admiration, and—let me see, I think the proper word is—respect. I took up a book which lay open upon the table, and started to find it was an English edition of Coleridge's Friend, the margin crowded with pencil writing, and Ellen Marshall's name upon the title-page. To find a women who could *con amore* read Coleridge, in the wilds of Kentucky, took me by surprise, and I never so envied the philosopher of Highgate Hill, as at that moment. By its side was a volume containing translations of several of Schiller's plays; below this was Madame de Stael's Germany, then Spenser's Fairy Queen, and I cannot say what else, for the rush of ideas into my head made it swim.

To give the particulars of our sojourn at Echo-vale,(for so the estate was named,) would take too much time and paper; and I will merely sketch as I can the scene of the day before our intended departure. It was Ellen's birthday, and the house was thrown open to all, friends and strangers.

But first, of Edward Vaughan, the young New Englander, of whom I have as yet said nothing. The truth was, that he proved to be a highly respectable, talented, and good hearted fellow, and was as I soon discovered, dead in love with Ellen. The colonel liked him in all points only that he was a Yankee; how the lady looked upon him may be guessed from the transactions of that last fatal day.

A week of fine weather soon passed amid hunting and riding, and racing, and shooting, and fishing, and gardening, and eating, and drinking, and the other occupations of a Kentucky gentleman, not to mention the devotion of an hour or two a day to my backwood blue-stocking, whom I found as much deeper than myself in the mysteries of belle-letters as in those of wood craft, and who, as her tastes and habits were at variance with those around her, seized upon me as a fellow countryman in a foreign land, and read with me, and talked with me in a manner most dangerous and bewitching. Vaughan was afraid to trust himself alone with her, but *why* was a mystery to her; "I wont bite you," she said, as he turned off to his solitary chamber, while I bounded up to her little studio. "Look at *him*,' she continued, pointing to me, "he is not either dead or crazy, Edward, though he comes to my enchanted castle ten times a day,"—but poor Ned shook his pate, and went his way sorrowfully, for he would not do any thing to bring about what he knew would make the colonel mad and miserable, though he could not at the same time but linger round the treasure he dare not touch. "What a pity," she said to me as I threw open the little window, "what a pity he's so silent and hermitish; I really think he must be in love;" then catching my eye, she blushed, tho' why, she could not have told for her life, and taking the volume we were reading "Come, Mr. Sarcastic," said she, "read your lesson, like a good boy, and don't stand there staring at your mistress," and at the word mistress, she blushed again. In ten minutes we were deep in the lore of Jeremy Taylor, and as I gazed on her yet flushed countenance over which the sun-light gleamed, broken by the leaves of the honeysuckle which shrouded the window, and her own fair tresses, I did long to be a limner, not that she looked so very beautiful, but because she looked so good, so kind so christian. A week, I say soon passed; every day one or two persons were with us, but when Ellen's birthday drew near, they came in, not singly, but by companies of five and ten.—Every room, every outhouse was filled; the pasture teemed with horses, and saddlebags were as plenty as blackberries. Ellen was forced to give up her chamber, and sleep in the little attic, so that my visits there were at an end.

The eventful day came, clothed in beauty; nature herself seemed to consider it a kind of Sabbath, at least in our eyes it appeared so. The negroes, headed by a venerable piece of ebony from Virginia, woke us with music and dancing; and to the sound of the banjo and fiddle, sung the most uncouth songs under fair Ellen's window. The forenoon was passed by some in shooting at a mark; by others in wrestling, jumping, running, swinging or lounging, and of the last, I presume a Kentuckian can do as much in as little time as any man in the world, that is, if he has leisure.—The colonel and his daughter were busy preparing dinner. At 1 o'clock, we dined. Of the dinner I will attempt no description, for I have no time to say what we had *not*, much less, what we had. A vast deal was eaten, and no little drank. At three the feast was over, and a more uproarous set of mortals than came forth into the lawn, it would be hard to find of a summer's day.

Now it chanced that the colonel had been told by some of his guests that it was reported that Ned Vaughan was to marry Ellen; it was a new idea to the old man, and his blood was boiling in a moment at the notion of a Yankee being wedded to his daughter. His wrath against Vaughan was not diminished by the youth's abstinence from, an open disapproval of ardent spirits; and he had moreover heard something about the iniquitity of slavery fall from him. "The swindlers," said he to some one near him, "they would come here with their cold water doctrines, their fasts, their prayers, and their abolition notions, and make us the same miserable, sniveling, lizard-blooded things with themselves; fit only to dig the earth, and cheat all their honest neighbors—but I reckon they'll find it mighty hard to cheat old Kentucky after all."

In the kindly state of mind evidenced in these words, the colonel, when a ride after dinner was proposed, ordered Job to saddle Devil-dam for Mr. Edward Vaughan. "Why father!" cried Ellen, "you surely don't mean so; Edward's but a young horseman and you can scarce govern that mare yourself."—"Mr. Edward Vaughan, if you please, Miss Ellen," thundered the colonel; "as for the horse, Mr. Vaughan can have that, or stay, but I trust he's not a coward, or afraid of a mare, if he be, he's no business in Kensucky." "Father," replied Ellen, I will stay, and Mr. Vaughan can have Flora." "You shall neither stay, nor he have Flora; go and rig girl, and say no more." With tears in her eyes she did so, for she saw her father was angry, and heated with liqour, and knew remonstrances would be useless.

The truth undoubtedly was, that the man wished to make Vaughan ridiculous by putting him on a horse he could not control, for a poor horseman in Kentucky meets with but little quarter.—The horses were saddled and with many a whoop and hallo, the company mounted. I assisted Ellen to her seat, and then spoke to Vaughan who was quietly tightening his girth, and whose composure was not shaken, though he had heard all the conversation which had taken place, and knew his danger. "Never mind," said he, "faint heart never won

fair lady." I smiled and so did he, at the appropriateness of the proverb.—We mounted and were off; at first Vaughan's mare was restiff, but he soon made her almost as calm as himself, and trotted quietly on beside Flora and her mistress. The colonel, finding his plans were making things worse instead of better, determined if the mare would not go of her own accord, he'd make her, and slipping behind his guest and his daughter, he managed, unobserved, to strike the mare a smart blow; it had the desired effect; the bit was loose, and in an instant, seizing the bit in her teeth, she was off; but she was not alone in her race; Flora also was a horse of spirit, her rein was also loose, and startled by the sudden spring of her comrade, she was off like an arrow too. Away, away they went, now on the hill, now lost from sight in the valley, scattering to the right and left those of our company who were in advance, away, away, they still went, side by side, like riders on the course; presently we saw them rising the side of a hill upon a path which deviated from the main road, and which, as we all knew, terminated in an abrupt precipice, where the hill had been dug away for stone.

The colonel who had ridden on in silence and evident anxiety, when he saw the route the runaways had taken, set his horse at full speed, shouting as he did so, "Ride, for Heaven's sake, gentlemen! On, on, they will be over the bluff, they will be killed; for God's sake ride, to their rescue," and he was off too like the wind. We followed him as we could; I saw the fugitives near the top of the hill; I saw Vaughan strugling with his horse, and then he was by Ellen's side, and, as I thought catching at her bridle, and then we swept down in the hollow and lost sight of them; when we gained the next ridge there was but one horse to be seen, and but one figure, and that was not erect. On, on we spurred, and now the whole party is racing up the hill side; the horse that is in sight is Flora, the kneeling figure is Ellen—I shuddered as I thought of the fate of my late comrade. Nearer and nearer we come, and now we see that Ellen is leaning over something; it is Vaughan senseless and bathed in blood, and she is chafing his temples—her father is now at her side, and in a moment we all surround the group.

A physician chanced to be of the party, and while he took charge of the wounded man, I walked to the edge of the precipice; the mutilated but still quivering creature my friend had ridden, lay among the rocks below.

A few words from Ellen told the tale; Vaughan found they were approaching certain destruction, and nearing Ellen, he managed to grasp her rein, and throwing himself from his own horse, by his weight he succeeded in stopping Flora in time, but only by being himself trodden under foot and almost killed. The phyiscian pronounced that he was only stunned, and a few ribs broken, that was all; he was taken home on a litter made of boughs by some woodsmen, and placed in bed. Ellen and her father returned together, neither, I observed, said one word. For forty-eight hours it was doubtful whether Vaughan would live or die, but the third day he was much better. About noon of that day the colonel came in and sitting a few minutes in silence, holding the sick man's hand; "Edward," said he, "you have not only saved Ellen's life, but have saved me from being a murderer, and of my own and only child," and he laid his face upon the bed; "Colonel Marshall," said Vaughan, I know all that you have done, and forgive you. You meant me no harm, and though your conduct was rash, it was not criminal." "Do you forgive me!" and the old man raised his hand to Heaven, "then I may hope my Maker will forgive me. Edward Vaughan, I have suffered more in two days than in all past time else, for I felt myself a murderer; but you have relieved me from that load of guilt. For Ellen, I know your wishes, you've saved her, and she's yours." "I hope I may live to receive her from your hands, sir," said Vaughan, "Live! you *shall* live. Come, my dear fellow, none of that talk, you must live—you will soon be well."

We staid another week for Vaughan's sake; he recovered rapidly, and though nothing was said to Ellen by any one, yet from certain symtoms, the lotions and beverages that she made, and the way that she administered them, it was evident to me that Coleridge, poor fellow, would soon be neglected, and another friend perused and noted; and that as to Jeremy Taylor, he would not henceforth be called uopn, except, perhaps, for his sermon on the marrige ring.

From the Botson Pearl.

THE LEG.

A TRUE STORY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

In the autumn of 1782, Lewis Thevenet, a distinguished surgeon at Calais, in France, received a billet without signature, requesting him to repair to a public house, not far off, with such instruments as were necessary for an amputation.

Thevenet was somewhat surprised at the manner of the invitation, but concluding that it was the work of some wag, paid no regard to it. Three days after, he received a second invitation still more pressing, and containing the information, that the next day at nine o'clock a carriage would stop before his house, in order to convey him. Thevenet resolved to let the affair take its own course, and when, on the following day, at the striking of the clock, an elegant carriage stopped before the door, he seated himself in it, and asked the driver "to whom he was to carry him?"

The driver replied in English, 'What I do not know I cannot tell.' At length the carriage stopped before the designated public house. A handsome young man of about twenty-eight years of age received the surgeon at the door, and conducted him up stairs into a large chamber, where he held the following dialogue:—

Thevenet.—You have sent for me!

Englishman.—I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken to visit me. Here is coffee, chocolate, or wine, if you will take anything before the operation.

T.—Show me the patient, Sir; I must first ascertain whether the injury is such as to render an amputation necessary.

E.—It *is* necessary. Mr. Thevenet, seat yourself; I have perfect confidence in you—listen to me. Here is a purse of one hundred guineas; this is the pay you will receive for the operation. If done successfully, it is yours. Should you refuse to comply with my wishes, see, here is a loaded pistol. You are in my power; I will shoot you.

T.—Sir, I am not afraid of your pistols. But what is your particular desire? tell me without preamble.

E.—You must cut off my right leg.

T.—With all my heart; and, if you please, your head too. But the leg is sound. You sprang up stairs just now with the agility of a dancing-master. What ails your leg?

E.—Nothing. I only want it off.

T.—Sir, you are a fool.

E.—Why does that trouble you, Thevenet?

T.—What sin has the leg committed?

E.—None; but are you ready to take it off?

T.—Sir, I do not know. Bring me evidence that you are of a sound mind.

E.—Will you comply with my request?

T.—Yes, Sir, as soon as you give me sufficient reasons for such mutilation of yourself.

E.—I cannot tell you the truth perhaps for some years; but I will lay a wager that after a certain time you shall understand that my reasons are most noble—that my happiness, my very existence, depend upon my being freed from the leg.

T.—Sir, I lay no wagers. Tell me your name, residence, family, and occupation.

E.—You shall know all that hereafter. Do you take me for an honorable man.

T.—I cannot. A man of honor does not threaten his physician with pistols. I have duties toward you as a stranger. I will not mutilate you. If you wish to be the murderer of a guiltless father of a family then shoot.

E.—Well, Mr. Thevenet, I will not shoot you; but I will force you to take off my leg. That which you will not do for the love of money, nor the fear of a bullet, you shall do for compassion.

T.—And how so?

E.—I will break my leg by discharging my pistols, and here before your eyes.

The Englishman seated himself, and placed the mouth of the pistol close to his knee. Thevenet was on the point of springing to prevent him, but he replied,—'Stir not, or I fire.—Now,' says he, 'will you increase and lengthen out my pains for nothing?'

'You are a fool,' says Thevenet, 'but it shall be done; I will take off the unfortunate leg.' The Englishman calmly laid by his pistol, and all was made ready for the operation. As soon as the surgeon began to cut, the Englishman lighted his pipe, and swore it should not go out. He kept his word. The leg lay upon the floor, and the Englishman was still smoking. Thevenet did his work like a master; the wound, by his skill, and the patient's own good nature, was healed at a fixed time: he rewarded the surgeon, like a king, thanked him with tears of joy for the loss of his leg, and sallied over the streets with a wooden one.

About eight weeks after his departure, Thevenet received a letter from England, with the annexed contents:

'You will receive inclosed, as a proof of my most heartfelt gratitude, an order for 250 guineas, upon Mr. Panchard, in Paris. You have made me the happiest mortal on

earth in depriving me of my leg, for it was the only hindrance to my earthly felicity. Brave man, you may now know the cause of my foolish humor, as you called it. You concluded at the time, that there could be no reasonable ground for such self-mutilation. I offered to lay a wager; you did well in not accepting it.

After my second return from the East Indies, I became acquainted with Emilie Harley, the most perfect of women. I loved her passionately. Her wealth, her family connexions, influenced my friends in her favor; but I was influenced only by her beauty and her noble heart. I joined the number of her admirers. Ah! excellent Thevenet, I was so fortunate as to become the most unfortunate of rivals. She loved me above all, made no secret of it, but still she rejected me. I sought her hand in vain; in vain I implored her parents and friends to intercede for me; she was still immovable. For a long time I was unable to conjecture the cause of her rejecting me; since, as she confessed herself, she loved me almost to distraction. One of her visitors at length betrayed to to me the secret. Miss Harley was a wonder of beauty, but she had but one leg; and on account of this imperfection, she feared to become my wife, lest I should esteem her the less for it. My resolution was taken. I resolved to become like her; thanks to you I became so. I came with my wooden leg to London, and in the first place visited Miss Harley. It had been reported, and I myself had written to England, that by a fall from my horse I had broken my leg, which was consequently taken off. It was much regretted. Emilie fell into a swoon the first time she saw me. She was for a long time inconsolable, but now she is my wife. The first day after my marriage, I intrusted to her the secret of what a sacrifice I had made in consequence of my wish to obtain her hand. She loves me now the more affectionately. O, my brave Thevenet, had I ten legs to lose, I would without a single contortion of feature, part with with them all for my Emilie. So long as I ive I will be grateful to you. Come to London—visit us—become acquainted with my wife—and then say I was a *fool*.

'Charles Temple.'

Answer of Mr. Thevenet.

Sir,—I thank you for your valuable present, for so I must call it, because I cannot consider it as pay for the little trouble I was at. I congratulate you on your marriage with a woman so worthy your affections. It is true, a leg is much to lose, even for a beautiful, virtuous, and affectionate wife—but not too much. To gain possession of Eve, Adam was obliged to part with a rib; and beautiful women have cost some men their heads. But after all, permit me to adhere to my former judgment. Truly, for the moment, you were correct, but with this difference; the correctness of my judgmen was founded on long experience,—as every truth should be, which we are not disposed to acknowledge.—Sir, mind me, I lay a wager, that after two years you repent that your leg was taken off above the knee; you will find that below the knee had been enough. After three years, you will be convinced that the loss of the foot had been sufficient. After four years, you will conclude that the sacrifice of the great toe, and after five years, of the little toe, had been too much. After six years, you will agree with me that the paring of a nail had been enough. But I do not say this in prejudice of the merits of your charming wife. In my youth I devoted myself to love—but I have never parted with a leg; had I done so, I should, at this day have said—Thevenet, thou wast a fool.—I have the honor to be yours, &c.

'Lewis Thevenet.'

In 1793, eleven years after, during the horrors of the Revolution, Thevenet, whom a person that envied his reputation, caused to be suspected of aristocracy, fled to London to save himself from the guillotine. He inquired for Sir Charles Temple, and was shown his house. He made himself known, and was received. In an arm chair by the fire, surrounded by twenty newspapers, sat a corpulent man, who could hardly stand up, he was so unwieldly. 'Ah! welcome, Mr. Thevenet!' cried the corpulent man, who was no other than Sir Charles Temple, 'excuse me if I do not rise;—this cursed leg is a hindrance to me in every thing. You have come to see if your judgment was correct.' 'I come as a fugitive, and seek your protection.' 'You shall have it, with pleasure. You must live with me from this day, for truly you are a wise man. You must console me. Surely, Thevenet, probably I had been an admiral of the blue, had not my wooden leg disqualified me from the service of my country. When I read the gazettes, the brown and the blue make me angry, because I can have nothing to do with them. Come, console me.' 'Your wife can do that better than I.' 'Say nothing of her—her wooden leg prevented her dancing, so she betook herself to cards and to fashions. There is no such thing as living peaceably with her.' 'What! was my judgment correct then?' 'O welcome, beloved Thevenet;—but be silent on that point. It was a silly adventure. Had I my leg again, I would not now give the paring of a nail. Between you and me, I was a fool, but keep this to yourself.'

LOGAN, THE INDIAN CHIEF.

In an interesting work, entitled "Indian Biography, or an historical account of those Individuals who have been distinguished among the North American Natives as Orators, Warriors, or Statesmen," published in Newyork in the year 1832, we find the following notice of Logan, a personage whose history is little known in this country, though many perhaps have heard of the touching nature of his oratory.

"Few Indian names have been oftener repeated than that of Logan, and yet of scarcely any individual of his race is the history which has reached us less complete. He was a chief of the Six Nations—a Cayuga— but resided, during most of his life in a western settlement, either at Sandusky or upon a branch of the Scioto, there being at the former location, a few years before the revolution, about three hundred warriors, and about 60 at the latter.

Logan was the second son of Skilkellimus, a respectable chief of the Six Nations, who resided at Shamokin, (Pennsylvania) as an agent, to transact business between them and the government of the state. He was a shrewd and sober man, not addicted to drinking like most of his countrymen, because "he never wished to become a fool." Indeed, he built his house on pillars for security against the drunken Indians, and used to enscone himself within it on all occasions of riot and outrage. He died in 1759, attended in his last moments by a good Moravian Bishop.

Logan inherited the talents of his father, but not his prosperity. Nor was this altogether his own fault. He took no part except that of peace making in the French and English war of 1760, and was ever afterwards looked upon as emphatically the friend of the white man. But never was kindness rewarded like his.

In the spring of 1774, a robbery and murder occurred in some of the white settlements on the Ohio, which were charged to the Indians, though perhaps not justly, for it is well known that a large number of civilized adventurers were traversing the frontiers at this time, who sometimes disguised themselves as Indians, and who thought little more of killing one of that people than shooting a buffalo. A party of these men, land jobbers and others, undertook to punish the outrage in this case, according to their custom as Mr. Jefferson expressed it, in a summary way.

Col. Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on this much injured people, collected a party, and proceeded down the Kenawha in quest of vengeance. Unfortunately, a canoe of women and children, with one man only was seen coming from the opposite shore unarmed, and not at all suspecting any attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river, and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and at one fire, killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan.

It was not long after this that another massacre took place, under still more aggravated circumstances, not far from the present site of Wheeling, Virginia—a considerable party of the Indians being decoyed by the whites, and all murdered, with the exception of a little girl.—Among these too, was both a brother of Logan, and a sister, and the delicate situation of the latter increased a thousand-fold both the barbarity of the crime, and the rage of the survivors of the family.

The vengeance of the chieftain was indeed provoked beyond endurance, he accordingly distinguished himself by his daring and bloody exploits in the war which now ensued between the Virginians on the one side, and a combination mainly of Shawnees, Mingoes, and Delawares on the other. The former of these tribes were particularly exasperated by the unprovoked murder of one of their favorite chiefs, Silver-Heels, who had in the kindest manner undertaken to escort several white traders across the woods from the Ohio to Albany, a distance of nearly 2000 miles.

The civilized party prevailed, as usual. A decisive battle was fought upon the 10th of October, of the year last named, at Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Great Kenawha, in West Virginia, between the confederates, commanded by Logan, and one thousand Virginia riflemen, constituting the left wing of an army led by Governor Dunmore against the Indians of the north-west.—This engagement has by some annalists—who, however, have rarely given the particulars of it, been called the most

obstinate ever contested with the natives.

The Virginians lost in this action two of their colonels, four captains, thirty subordinate officers, & about fifty privates, killed; besides a much larger number wounded. The governor himself was not engaged in the battle, being at the head of the right wing of the same army, a force of fifteen hundred men, who were at this time on their expedition against the towns of some of the hostile tribes in the northwest.

It was at the treaty ensuing upon this battle that the following speech was delivered, sufficient to render the name of Logan famous for many a century. It came by the hand of a messenger (as Mr. Jefferson states) that the sincerity of the negociation might not be distrusted on account of the absence of so distinguished a warrior as himself.

"I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if he ever came cold and naked and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, "Logan is the friend of white men." I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children.—There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge —I sought it. I killed many; I have full glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear.—Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

Of this powerful address, Mr. Jefferson says "I may challenge the whole orations of Demosthenese and Cicero, and of any more eminent orator, if Europe has furnished more eminent, to produce a single passage superior to the speech of Logan;" and an American statesman and scholar scarcely less illustrious than the author of this noble eulogium has expressed his readiness to subscribe to it. It is of course unnecessary to enlarge upon its merits; indeed they require no exposition—they strike home to the soul.

The melancholy history of Logan must be dismissed with no relief to its gloomy colors. He was himself a victim to the same ferocious cruelty which had already rendered him a desolate man. Not long after the treaty, a party of whites murdered him as he was returing from Detroit to his own country. It grieves us to add, that towards the close of his life, misery had made him intemperate. No security and no solace to Logan was the orator's genius or the warrior's glory."

DEATH OF MRS. HEMANS.

This accomplished and gifted lady is no more! She died in Dublin, on the evening of Saturday, the 18th of May,—resigned to her fate, which she met with the calm composure of a Christian. She has gone to that blesed country—

"Where death may not enter, and sin cannot stain"—"where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

In recording the demise of this distinguished woman, we cannot but indulge in a train of sweet and solemn recollections. We cannot but remember that she has moved and swayed innumerable hearts, by the sweetnes of her pathos—by the vivid and admirable delineations of nature which shine through all her verses, and by the enobling and delicate sentiments which thrill through every poem from her pen. If there was ever a being who, while yet a mortal, became essentially disembodied and spiritual, it was Mrs. Hemans. She learned to live and move in a spirit-world. Her affections were centered on the last and the beloved; on those who had gone before her into the vale of death, and fallen asleep upon the bosom of the earth, never again to waken. Who does not call to mind a thousand solemn, yet glorious thoughts—a thousand impulses of soft and tender affections that have been aroused in the mind on perusing the chastened and delicate effusions of this daughter of glory? Who has not felt that he owed to her lays, some of his deepest and richest emotions?

But, she has gone; and we are left to remember that few, or none, will be found to fill her place. Her style was peculiarly her own:—it ws tender and touching—femine, yet lovely. All the dear charities and feelings that make the fire-side holy, and give a charm to the domestic affections —all these were hers, in rich and beautiful profusion. There was a *romance* in every thing she did; yet it was the romance of nature and the heart; it was that truth, which is "stranger than fiction." No poet, living or dead, ever possessed a more harmonious ear. Her numbers melted upon the mind, like the deep echoes of a flute at evening, or the pealing of an organ in some ancient and time worn cathedral.

But, we forbear.—We call to mind so many effusions from her pen, that have delighted us; we remember so many traits of lofty genius, and unsullied feeling, in which this lady has written, that we can scarcely conceive any eulogy which would exceed her deserts. We rejoice that she died in the assurance of that holy and religous faith, which she has done so much to uphold and illustrate, and in the firm belief that her spirit is now reposing in that glorious clime, where her aspirations have long been centered—in the mansions of rest.

"Thou art gone from us, our sister—but we have no tears to shed,
For we know that thou art numbered with the blessed, holy dead:
And in that continual city, to which sin can never come,
Has found, through grace in Christ our Lord, a welcome and a home."

Short Measure in Dry Goods.—Many frauds are committed by marking dry goods, per piece, longer than they really are. The N. Y. City Board of Trade have taken up this subject; and a committee of that board appointed to investigate and report on the means of prevention, has issued a sort of circular, requesting all dealers in town and country, who may discover frauds in the measure of goods to report them *in writing*, to one of the committee, with a particular description of the goods, the name of the manufacturer, or importer, and all such marks as may help to trace and expose the fraud. The names of the committee are Marcus Wilbur, Gabriel P. Disosway, and Silas P. Brown.

WHAT IS IT TO SEEM ALONE?

Original.

Is it dwelling alone, where the eremite dwells,
From the world's gaudy show far away,
To commune with his Maker, whose bosom oft swells
With the purest devotion each day?

Ah! no—for he seems not alone, while around
Are the trees and the fields strown with flowers,
And birds sweetly singing which charm by the sound,
And make happy the Solitare's hours.

Can the student or bookworm seem living alone,
And repine for companions most dear?
Future honours in hope, for the present atone,
And his books are companions sincere.

Does the traveller weary and faint, and astray,
Far away from his friends and his home,
As he wends o'er the desert his long lone way,
Think alone of the evils to come?

'Tis true he is lonely, and well may repine,
But the sun, moon and stars seem to smile;
He seems not alone, and his hopes ne'er decline,
But his wearisome hours they beguile.

The prisoner too, as the door harshly grates,
In his cell seems alone and forgot;
But the hope of release still his spirits elates,
And allays half the pangs of his lot.

But when we have parted from friends ever dear,
And forever have left our dear home;
Have received the last kiss, and the sigh and the tear,
And are o'er the wide world doomed to roam;

As at twilight we pass through the city's gay throng,
Where sweet pleasure seems ever to reign,
Where the charm of soft music is blended with song,
And banished seem care, grief and pain;

Where strangers surround us, whose smiles of content
Bring to mind the pure joys we have known,
Ah! how can the stranger thus fail to lament,
And most painfully seem all alone?

Though surrounded with smiles, not a smile can he share,
But must pass on unheeded, unknown;
No parent or friend to beguile him from care—
Oh! 'tis painful to be thus alone.

FLORUS.

Rochester, June, 1835.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—Habitual Absence of Mind is a real proof of folly, or, at least, of great inattention. How happens it therefore, that there are people who pride themselves upon this absence, and think to assume an air of importance and capacity. Instead of paying attention to what is said to them, they wish to appear taken up with quite another thing: this is, in truth, contemptible. The only pretence such persons can have is, that their pretended Absence prevents them from giving immediate answers to embarrassing questions; but this is at the expense of their reputation. I like those better who hearken attentively, and reply slowly.—This was the ancient method of persons who discussed important affairs; but it is now no longer in fashion.

From the Literary Gazette.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Fontenelle said, "Women have a fibre more in the heart, and a cell less in the brain than men."

As regards the first of these assertions we readily admit it, but the second is very doubtful, and will bear an examination.

By 'a cell less in the brain,' the writer would have us understand that females are not capacitated to receive such an extensive education as males. This is all moonshine —bare assertion without the least shadow of evidence. It is indeed true, however, that our sex is not so generally educated at present as the males. And why? For the very obvious reason, we have not had the same privileges of attending to the cultivaton of our minds. It was a maxim of our great grand fathers and mothers, that if girls knew how to milk, spin, and mend stockings, with a slight knowledge of reading and writing, they were amply qualified for all the duties of a married life; and this opinion—to our shame be it spoken—is more or less cherished in this era of enlightened understanding. Sweep this away. Give us the same chance with the males, and we shall soon see whether we deserve the application of Fontenelle's remarks. Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Hemans, and Mrs. Sigourney are examples, among hundreds of others, of the capability of females to attain a *fashionable* as well as a *liberal* education; *i. e. of having brains as capacious and as well filled as those of the other sex.*

ELIZA.

MODESTY.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance in the desert air.

It is so in nature. In my boyhood, I obsereved in a remote and obscure part of my father's farm, a flower which I called a lily; it was not the common meadow lily usually cultivated in gardens; it was not as tall as that; but in my estimation it was much more beautiful. When I read in the Scriptures of the roses of Sharon, and the lily of the valley, it reminded me of my favorite flower, and I was disposed to denominate it the lily of the valley. Since that time I have seen many flowers in botanic gardens, and in the houses of the rich in splendid cities, which were cultivated with great care, and were much extolled on account of their beauty and fragrance, but among all the number, I have never seen my unpretending lily of the vally. There, I suppose, if it lived at all, where my eye was first delighted with its beauty, and where the foot of the bottanist has never trodden, there it makes its annual appearance, and wastes its sweetness on the desert air. It is so in society. The bold, the officious and pretending, and even the vain, are put forward and their fame is proclaimed aloud, while the humble and the truly deserving are overlooked by the rich, and left with all their excellencies, to spend their days in obscurity, and to occupy the more lowly conditions of society. Not unfrequently is the female who posseses the best and most amiable qualities of the mind and heart, neglected, while she of mere beauty in face and form is chosen. Zantippe is united in bands of wedlock to one of the greatest philosophers and best of men; but Hannah More spends a long and useful life in single blessedness.—*The Landmark*

MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.—On the 21st day of December last, I was passing through the state of South Carolina, and in the town of——, where I had an acquaintance on whom I called, I was quickly informed that the family was invited to a wedding at a neighboring house, and on being requested, I changed my clothes, and went with them. As soon as the young couple were married, the company was seated, and the most profound silence ensued—(the man of the house being religious.) A young lawyer then rose, and addressed the company very handsomely, and finishing his discourse, begged leave to offer a new scheme of matrimony, which he believed and hoped would be beneficial. On obtaining leave, he proposed:

That one man in the company should be selected as president; that this president should be duly sworn to keep entirely secret all communications that should be forwarded to his official department that night; and each unmarried gentleman and lady, should write his or her name on a piece of paper, and under it place the person's name whom they wished to marry, then hand it to the president for inspection; and if any lady and gentleman had reciprocally chosen each other, the president was to inform each of the result; and those who had not been reciprocal in their choices, were kept entirely secret.

After the appointment of the president, the communications were accordingly handed up to the chair, and it was found that twelve young gentlemen and ladies had reciprocated choices: but whom they had chosen remained a secret to all but themselves and the president. The conversation changed, and the company retired.

Now hear the conclusion, I passed through the same place on the 14th of March following, and was informed that eight couples out of the twelve had been married, and the gentleman had declared that their diffidence was so great that they certainly should not have addressed their respective wives, if the above scheme had not been introduced.

Gentleman under twenty and ladies under fourteen were excluded as unmarriageable.—*Southern Paper.*

FOR THE GEM.

The following is a pleasing memento of the "*Times* that tried men's souls." Of the facts, with regard to its production, I know but few. It was presented to me by Col. W. as the very ingenious composition of his Grand Father, in the form of a letter to a friend of his and of the glorious cause of the Rights of Man. It will readily be perceived that there are *two modes* of reading the Epistle—but that the *spirit* it breathes depends entirely on the *manner* in which it is read. The first and common reading gives it the full aspect of a *Tory* production, which circumstance, had it been intercepted by the enemy, would have shielded the *Whig Poet* from tory *vengeance*. The piece, as the writer intended his friend should read it, is decidedly a whig production, and breathes the spirit of '76—of one who pledged "his life, his fortune, and his sacred honour," in the cause of Liberty.

ANON.

Hark! hark, the trumpets sound,
The din of War's alarms,
O'er sea and solid ground—
Doth call us all to arms.
Who for king George do stand,
Their honors soon will shine;
Their ruin is at hand—
Who with the Congress join.
The Acts of Parliament,
In them I much delight—
I hate their cursed intent—
Who for the Congress fight.
Who now resistance hold,
They have my hand & heart;
May they for slaves be sold—
Who act a whiggish part.
The Tories of the day,
They are my daily toast—
They soon shall sneak away—
Who Independence boast.
The Congress of the States,
I hate with all my heart—
Blessing on them awaits—
Who take a British part.
To General Washington,
Confusion and dishonour—
May numbers daily run—
To Brittain's royal Banner.
On Manfield, North, and Bute,
May daily blessings pour—
Confusion and dispute—
On Congress evermore.
To North that Brittish Lord,
May honours still be done—
I wish a block or cord—
To General Washington.

Original.

ECHO.

Who, among the the thousand charms
That broke his youthful sports,
Does not remember strange alarms
From Echo's mystic notes.

Well might the ancient Shepherd girls
And swains, that kept their flocks,
Think her a nymph of airy flight,
That loved the sunny rocks.

How oft, a boy in startled mood,
With fearful glancing eye,
We lisped, and started—spoke, and fled,
To hear the nymph's reply.

But courage gaining, oft return'd
To wall, or glen, or shade,
To court, in often changing sounds,
This wild romantic maid.

ANON.

Original.

THE day had been spent in rambling among the hills, and had proved one of real enjoyment. I had watched the birds whose plumage pleased me, as they hopped from twig to twig among the trees. I had plucked the delicious fruit from the overloaded bushes, and gathered flowers of every beautiful tint, & fragrant scent, that adorned my path thro' all its windings. The speckled trout had been an object of my attention, as he darted along the pebbly bottom of his own beautiful mountain rivulet.—Night came on before I was aware, and I commenced my return home completely tired of my pedestrian tramp; yet in good humour with myself, and happy from the numerous pleasing things I had met with

in the course of my wanderings. While pursuing my course homeward slowly, I fell into a train of thought that was peculiarly pleasing to myself, and became lost to my situation ; but was soon roused from this state by a heavy clap of thunder, that made me sensible, if I wished to reach home without a thorough wetting, I had no time to loose. The wind breezed up freshly and was quite reviving after a sultry day. The clouds assumed an inky blackness, which added to the glare of the lightnings, as they shot along the edge of the clouds, made it a scene of awful sublimity, and no little anxiety to me. I quickened my pace, and could not help thinking of what must be my situation should night overtake me, and I be obliged to linger it through in the woods—and such a one as there was the appearance of being. My fears added to my speed, and I saw hills rising rapidly before me, and as soon left behind. A few scattering drops were heard to patter on the dry leaves, and as it were in a moment, one of the most vivid flashes of lightning broke forth, followed by one of the most tremendous peals of thunder I ever heard. The wind, that before was a gentle breeze, seemed at once, to burst the bands that confined it, and came on with all the impetuosity of a hurricane. The trees groaned from the terrible blast they were exposed to, and the lightnings severed huge limbs from their trunks. Already had I travelled far enough to have reached my abode, yet there was no appearance of its being near. Could I be lost ? The truth flashed like lightning on my mind, and I felt my situation a horrible one. Just as I was giving myself up in despair, I suddenly emerged into a cleared field, and recognized it as being near the residence of old James Branch, a revolutionary soldier. As it appeared, I had lost my way in the early part of my return, and fear, by adding to my speed, had led me several miles distant. This worthy old man had settled in this place a long time before, although it was several miles distant from any inhabitants. Poverty had caused him to settle here, and with his aged companion and a little grand daughter, for society, he was happy. I wrapped loudly at the door, but could not hear whether any one bid me enter or not, so great was the roar of the storm. Desirous of shelter, I entered without delay. Mrs. Branch rose, and, while handing me a chair, said she "thought Providence had directed my steps there, when my company was very much needed." The old gentleman had been taken suddenly ill, and I soon perceived he had not many hours to live. 'Has Cynthia returned,' enquired the old gentleman of his wife, and was answered that she had not; but that the storm that prevented her from returning, had been the means of bringing them assistance. Cynthia, a mere youth, had, notwithstanding the threatenings of a storm, gone for assistance as soon as Mr. Branch had been taken ill. I could not help thinking of the vicissitudes through which he had passed, and the hardships he had endured in his younger days, to secure his country's independence. He shewed a restlessness and complained of the great number of objects which crowded on his sight ; this was followed by a total loss of vision. A sudden gust of wind, more terrible than any one that had preceded it, made the old building shake to its very foundation. This passed off, and soon after the clouds appeared broken, and the heavens once more were perfectly serene—a remarkable contrast to what had been a few minutes before. On returning to the bed side of the old gentleman, which I had left for a few moments, I found that in a few more minutes would be his end. His breath grew short, his pulse ceased to beat, his countenance assumed an asky paleness, and his spirit took its departure without a struggle. A placid smile rested on his countenance, and I mentally exclaimed 'blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' It needed all the powers I possessed, to console the old lady who considered the last tie broken that bound her to this world. She had grown old, and the last one of the generation with whom she had associated had passed away, and it was not to be wondered at, that she now considered her life a dreary waste. Cynthia soon returned with the assistance needed ; and as I was no longer wanted, the beauty of the evening after the storm, with a desire to reach home, tempted me to depart. So sudden was the change from a raging tempest to a clear sky, that it appeared as if it were the work of magick. Not a cloud was to be seen, and the air was so still, it seemed hardly possible that it could be agitated to a violent tornado. The rains drops glistened in the rays of the full moon, and the forest appeared as if it were bedecked with thousands of the richest gems. I returned home without accident—but long will the scenes of that evening remain in my memory.

FIAL.

"Have you been to the Lectures on Phrenology ?" asked a giddy, rattle-brained girl, of an old maid aunt.

"I !—no indeed! Do you suppose I'd go to such a place of vain amusement ?"

"Vain amusement ! Why aunt !—the lecturer says he can tell by the bumps on one's head whether one is to be married or not."

"Do tell—is that so ?—why most assuredly I shall go—who knows——yes I shall go."

THE GEM AND AMULET.

Eagle Street Theatre.—A new and splendid building, called the Eagle Street Theatre, has recently been erected and completed, in Buffalo, and was opened by the Managers, Messrs. Dean & M'Kinney, on the 20th inst. —The entertainment commenced with the recitation, by Mr. M'Kinney, of the Prize Address, written by AMOS DANN, Esq. of Avon Springs. Mr. Dann was the successful competitor for the $100 prize, and the same Committee who made choice of his, for the opening Address, also awarded another premium, of $50, to HORATIO GATES, Esq. Editor of the Daily Star, for an Address to be spoken on the second night after opening.

Prizes.—The proprietors of the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, offer $500 in Prizes, viz.—$100 for the best Essay on Newspapers, their management and usefulness, and best method of securing payment of bills, &c. $100 for the best Original Tale, American in subject and incidents. $100 for the best series of popular Medical Essays, not exceeding 13, on prevention and cure of diseases, preservation of health, and correction of the evils of quackery. $50 for the best National Song. $50 for the best satirical Review of foreign Scribblers. $50 for the best Poem. $50, the balance, to furnish the Courier free to the unsuccessful candidates. The Communications to be sent, post paid, before the 1st of January next, to Woodward & Clark, Philadelphia.

Death of Judge Marshall.—The venerable JOHN MARSHALL, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, expired at his lodgings in Philadelphia, on the 6th of July.

Philadelphia was the scene of disgraceful riots during a considerable portion of last week, caused by an attempt of a black man to murder a Mr. Stewart, with whom he lived as a hired servant. The mob broke into many of the houses occupied by coloured people, and treated the inmates, (sparing in some cases the aged) with great severity and cruelty.

To CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Brothers," original tale, by a Lady, will appear in our next number.

The lines of "Eugene," are incorrect, and besides they can't pass for poetry.

There is a chain which all desire to wear ;
A yoke there is that many choose to bear :
That fetter, to each captive one, is dear,
And HYMEN'S yoke doth seldom prove severe.

Hail blessed bondage ! render'd sweet by love;
Hymen's rites are sanction'd from above !
And *liberty*, have freedom's own descendants,
His fetters to assume, on *Independence !*

MARRIED,

In Rochester, on the *4th July*, by the Rev. Mr. Hibberd, Mr. Franklin Doolittle, to Miss Phebe Ann Miller—all of this city.

In Livonia, on the 16th inst. by Elder Hendrix, Mr. ALMON M. CHAPIN, merchant, of Lakeville, Livingston co., to Miss JANE PEASE, of the former place.

In Le Roy, on the 9th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Metcalf, Mr. John Tuttle to Miss Martha Ann, eldest daughter of James Taylor, Esqr., all of Le Roy.

In Batavia, on the 2d inst., by C. M. Russell, Esqr., Mr Chauncy Garday to Miss Dolly Simmons.

In Attica, on the 9th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Shaw, Mr. David Wilder to Miss Susan Salome Adams, both of that village.

In Palmyra, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. G. R. H. Shumway, Mr. Benjamin Rockwell, of the firm of Clark, Rockwell & Gilbert, of New York, to Miss Lavinia B. Fenton, daughter of Joseph S. Fenton, Esq., of that village.

On the same day, Mr. Elias Richards, to Miss Matilda Barnhart, both of Palmyra.

At Seneca Falls, on the 14th inst., by the Rev. George Dashiell, William M. Bayard, Esq., formerly of Palmyra, to Miss Romania Dashiell, of Louisville, Ky.

At West Avon, on the 11th inst., by the Rev. R. Kearney, Mr. Stephen Cook, of Centreville, Allegany co., formerly of Palmyra, to Miss Charlotte Hale, of Canandaigua.

DIED,

In this city, on the 17th inst., Mrs. MELINDA SHAW, wife of Alexander R. Shaw, and daughter of Shadrack Allen, formerly of Geneva.

At the house of Daniel Rudgers, in the town of Perry, on the 4th inst., a stranger by the name of Aaron Wallace, stated that he was from Ashford, Cattaraugus co., N. Y.

In Albany, on the 16th inst, Mr. Samuel Townsend, late of the firm of Townsend and Shields, tobacconists.

In New-York, suddenly, Mr. Willoughby Linde, one of the editors of the New-York Transcript, aged 27 years.

Near Boston, of apoplexy, Rev. Hosea Hildreth.

Near Cincinnati, Mrs. Harriet Beecher, wife of Rev. Dr. Beecher.

At Beverly, (Mass.) of consumption, Hon. Wm. Thorndike, late President of the Senate of Massachusetts, aged 40 years.

PARNASSIAN FLOWERS.

WOMAN.
A Fragment.

FLOWERS are wreath'd in her clustering hair,
And jewels are bright on her bosom fair,
And a slender circlet of beaten gold,
Of the plighted vows of a bridal told—
And the timid glance, 'neath the long dark lash,
That shrinks from the loved one's ardent flash.
And a mantling flush, so deep and so bright,
Dyes the soft cheek's red, and the forehead's white—
The pure, ingenuous, priceless glow,
That the virgin's cheek alone may know.

She bends o'er an infant's cradle-bed,
And a cap of Cambray's glossy thread,
Of the spotless hue of a bridal dress,
Shades her brow, her hair, save one long tress
That gracefully plays o'er the snowy neck,
Which the gold link'd gems no longer deck;
And the lips are curv'd, and the eyes are bright
With a smile of the gentlest, holiest light,
And her cheeks are ting'd with the purest rose,
As she watches her first born's soft repose.

Each silken braid of her long dark hair,
And the polish'd forehead high and fair,
Is hidden. The muslin's simple fold,
Of a widow'd wife, of sorrow, told.
And her cheeks are pale, and her eyes are dim,
With the burning tears she hath shed for him;
And her bosom heaves with the nameless woe,
That a widowed mother alone may know—
And her home is sad, and her heart is torn,
As she weeps at the smile of her latest born.

ON THE DEATH OF J. S. FOX.

Original.

Job, 14 Chap. 2 Ver.

Scarce doth the opening flower expand,
And shed its pleasing fragrance 'round,
Ere Winter, with a ruthless hand,
Its beauties streweth o'er the ground.

So liveth Man: tho' he may smile,
And for a fleeting moment bloom;
Death waiteth but a little while,
And man he calleth to the tomb.

The flower, tho' scatter'd by the blast
In fragments o'er the frozen plain,
Soon as the wintry storms are past,
May bloom, perhaps, as fair again.

And man shall live, tho' here he die;
Again shall bloom, tho' he decay:
There is beyond the starry sky,
A clime where shines eternal day.

There shall he live, nor suffer more
Earth's hostile skies and chilly air;
He on that blissful, sunny shore,
Shall bloom superlatively fair.

Then when from us our friends are torn,
And laid beneath the silent clod,
Let us remember while we mourn,
Their spirits have but flown to God.

What tho' the parents loose the son,
On whom they might in age depend?
What tho' the wife be left alone,
To mourn her nearest, dearest friend?

And sisters, too, with brothers, weep
A brother that was called away?
And e'en the child refuse to sleep,
Because his Pa so long doth stay?

Yet hopeless they should not repine,
Nor wish again his spirit here;
For he doth with the Angels shine—
With the redeem'd doth he appear.

What tho' around his lonely grave
The whisp'ring zephyr mournful sighs,
And weeds and grass entangled wave
Above him?—yet shall he arise!

BATTLE OF QUEBECK AND DEATH OF WOLF.

Original.

THE rugged steep in silence gain'd
(For they to name it toil disdained
Where duty called,) the bannered train,
Outstretched, appeared upon the plain
Of Abraham, in order, ere
The French had known or felt a fear.
Montcalm, amazed, but fearless, led
His followers forth; short pause he made:
The armies now approach; the one
By Wolf led on—a braver, none
Had ever guided heroes brave.
Young, ardent, he his fame to save,
One last, one bold attempt had made—
And fortune kindly gave her aid.
Defeat, he deemed, would bring disgrace;
Success his name would ever place
Beyond oblivion's reach. Montcalm, his foe,
Was brave, heroick, not below
His adversary in his pride—
And high his hopes—for fame *he* sighed.
The signal given, the foes engage;
On every side the battle's rage
Was heard, was seen, was felt, and death
On every side, in every breath,
Stalked thick around; the first assault
Wounded our hero slight—no halt
For this was made—a second shot
A deeper wound affixed, but not
For this he paused: he still led on
His dauntless followers anon.
But while he fearless onward press'd,
A bullet pierc'd the hero's breast;
He felt the third, his mortal wound.
While friends and foes fell thick around,
Brave Wolfe was forced to quit the field:
Montcalm that moment too must yield.
Their seconds likewise fell, but yet
The battle rag'd: the armies clos'd
In dubious strife—but soon the cry,
The shout, was heard, "they fly, they fly."
The hero rais'd his fainting head
From off a soldier's breast, its bed—
'Who fly,' then ask'd—'the French,'—'then I
'Contentedly in glory die;
'I'm happy now—my mistress fame
'Has bless'd me with a deathless name.'
Triumphantly he seemed to smile,
Nor pain nor sorrow felt the while,
But quietly his spirit gave—
And conquering, found a hero's grave.

CORNELIUS.

A Yankee who was travelling, lately, put up at a country inn, where a number of loungers were assembled telling large stories. After sitting some time and attentively listening to their folly, he suddenly turned and asked them how much they supposed he had been offered for his dog, which he had with him. They all stared and curiosity was on tiptoe to know; one guessed five dollars, another fifteen, until they had exhausted their patience, when one of them seriously asked how much he had been offered. *Not a cent*, replied he.

LIST OF AGENTS,
FOR THE GEM.

Bloomfield, Mich. Ter.—Dr. E. S. Parke.
Black Rock, N. Y.—Elam Dodge.
Cleaveland, O.—A. S. Sandford.
Cazenovia—S. C. Walker.
Detroit, M. Ter.—Ruel Ambrose.
E. Bloomfield, N. Y.—Lawrence Noble.
East Avon—E. A. Bibbens.
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Farmington—Wm. Robson.
Greece—H. N. Marsh.
Hadley Mills, Mass.—Dwight Smith.
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Nelson, U. C.—Robert Bennett.
Oswego—D. K. Neal.
Onondaga Hill—A. Shove.
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Paynsville Post Office—N. Payne, Esq.
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Parma—E. M. Conklin, Esq.
Pike—Asa Pride.
Randolph—Elmer Draper.
Seneca Falls—J. W. West.
Scottsville—George R. June.
Walworth—V. Yeomans.
West Avon—J. N. Merrill.
West-Bloomfield—Gustavus A. Griffin.
Yates—S. Tappan, Esq. P. M.
York, Pa.—Dr. A Patterson.
City of Rochester—Mr. Ezekiel Fox.

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THE GEM,

AND LADIES' AMULET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, AMUSING MISCELLANY, &c.

VOLUME 7.] ROCHESTER, AUGUST 8, 1835. [NUMBER 16.

THE BROTHERS.

Original.

By Mrs. S. E. Freeman.

It was early in the summer of '18, that business of importance requiring my presence on the other side the Channel, I left London for Calais, and after finishing my trade affair, I felt an extreme reluctance to returning for some time at least to the noise and bustle of the great city.—My French friends were indeed few, but I soon contracted an acquaintance, with a young Englishman, resident there, and whom I shall introduce to my reader under the name of Vernon.—Handsome, graceful, possessing a highly cultivated mind, and appearing alike worthy to love, and be loved; there yet hung over him a constant gloom and sadness, which to me was altogether strange and unaccountable. He interested me from our first meeting, and our acquaintance ripened suddenly into the strongest friendship. He became my constant companion in all my rambles, and often at the close of a sultry summer's day, we would wander along the beach, and seat ourselves on a fragment of rock, in some secluded spot, where we could gaze without interruption on the magnificent scene before us, on the bright and boundless sea, its ripling waves kissing the sands at our feet, and reflecting on its bosom the light and varied hues of a summer sunset, or swelling in vast magnificence beneath the threatening and coming storm: while the distant thunder and the wild and dirgelike wailing of the wind, would at intervals swell upon the ear. It was in one of these rambles that he made me acquainted with his previous history and as the story was to me an affecting one, I will give it as nearly as possible in his own words.—"You have no doubt perceived and wondered at the constant gloom and despondency that oppress me. From the story I am about to relate, you will learn the sad cause of my distress. But first I require your promise, my friend, that you will not reveal my secret, till the grave has closed over my remains." I readily gave the pledge he required and he proceeded—"I am descended from an ancient and respectable English family, who came to that country at the time of the Norman Conquest.—My parents were possessed of great riches, and I being the eldest son, had no pains nor expense spared in my education. My only brother, James, three years younger than myself, was from some fancy of my Mother, sent out to nurse in the country, while I, the favorite of the family, remained at home under the care of a tutor. James being designed for trade was placed with an eminent merchant in London, and I set out accompanied by my tutor, to make the tour of Europe. I had been absent nearly two years, when I received intelligence of my father's sudden death, and scarcely had I surmounted the shock this event gave me and began to anticipate the pleasure of meeting James on my return, as I had not seen him for several years, when I heard the strange news of his sudden disappearance. He had gone without any previous notice, and all the search we made after him was of no avail. Time passed away, we mourned for him as for the dead, but in the gaieties and pleasures of youth, I began gradually to lose the gloomy thoughts caused by this distressing event. I had long been attached to the beautiful Julia, the daughter of Admiral Knight, one of my father's intimate friends. Fate however when I least expected it, threw a formidable obstacle in my path, in the person of Capt. Rose, a young and gallant officer, who had been appointed to the command of the Ariadne—Handsome, and accomplished, he appeared to my jealous eyes, as a rival, equally to be dreaded and hated, and my hot and fiery temper soon blazed forth into open resentment. Several times had he danced with the fair Julia, several times had I watched them in their evening walks. Maddened, furious, I provoked and insulted him, till by the laws of honour he conceived himself bound to punish the affront. He sent me a challenge, I was now satisfied, yes I could now meet the destroyer of my hopes. I would take fearful vengeance.—Our place of meeting was a wild and lonely spot on the shore, where no sound could be heard, save the wild and reiterated clang of the seamen echoing from the rocks around. I cannot dwell on the particulars of this horrid scene, suffice it to say, my antagonist fell, my aim had been but too sure. As I approached they raised him up; in the action a miniature fell from his bosom, & its expression arrested my attention. I felt the blood freeze in my veins as I gazed upon it, my limbs stiffened, the fever of passion had deserted me. I looked with horror and dismay on the unfortunate youth before me—Oh my friend, judge if you can my feelings—It was my mother's picture—The bloody corpse was my long lost brother"—He paused, choked by contending emotions, and gasped for breath; at length the tears flowed freely, and he became composed. "I remember no more, when I regained recollection, I found myself in an open boat, in which my friends were conveying me from the reach of justice. James had expired instantly, without knowing his murderer, and the cause of his absence yet remains wrapped in impenetrable mystery, as to myself I have been ever since a stranger, and a wanderer—peace has forsaken my breast forever. My unhappy mother, alas! she sunk beneath the anguish of so terrible a blow, and I remain alone, alone on the dreary earth, and I look for death in vain, the dread monarch flies from my approach, guilt has made me a coward; I drag on a miserable existence, and see no prospect of release. James is buried in the village of Walden, in Kent, but I, an exile from my native land, cannot have the consolation of weeping over his lonely grave."

Two years afterwards, in passing through Kent, I stopped at Walden to view the tomb of the unfortunate James. A newly made grave was by its side, and on inquiry I found that the body of the unhappy Vernon had been conveyed from France by his express desire, to repose by the side of him who had met with so fearful a death. "Peace be with their ashes."

Buffalo, July 12th, 1835.

From the New England Magazine.

THE AMBITIOUS GUEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "GREY CHAMPION."

One September night, a family had gathered round the hearth, and piled it high with the drift-wood of mountain streams, the dry cones of the pine, and the splintered ruins of great trees, that had come crushing down the precipice. Up the chimney roared the fire, and brightened the room with its broad blaze. The faces of the father and mother had a sober gladness; the children laughed; the eldest daughter was the image of happiness at seventeen; and the aged grandmother, who sat knitting in the warmest place, was the image of happiness grown old. They had found the herb, "heart's ease," in the bleakest spot of all New England. This family were situated in the Notch of the White Hills, where the wind was sharp throughout the year, and pitilessly cold in the winter—giving their cottage all its fresh inclemency, before it descended on the valley of the Saco. They dwelt on a cold spot and a dangerous one; for a mountain towered above their heads, so steep that the stones would often rumble down its sides, and startle them at midnight.

The daughter had just uttered some simple jest, that filled them all with mirth, when the wind came through the Notch and seemed to pause before their cottage—rattling the door, with a sound of wailing and lamentation, before it had passed into the valley. For a moment, it saddened them, though there was nothing unusual in the tones. But the family were glad again, when they perceived that the latch was lifted by some traveller, whose footsteps had been unheard amid the dreary blast, which heralded his approach, and wailed as he was entering, and went moaning away from the door.

Though they dwelt in such a solitude, these people held daily converse with the world. The romantic pass of the Notch is a great artery, through which the life blood of internal commerce is continually throbbing, between Maine on the one side, and the Green Mountains and the shores of the St. Lawrence on the other.—The stage coach always drew up before the door of the cottage. The wayfarer, with no companion but his staff, paused here to exchange a word, that the sense of loneliness might not overcome him, ere he could pass through the cleft of the mountain, or reach the first house in the valley. And here the teamster, on his way to Portland market, would put up for the night—and a bachelor might sit an hour beyond the usual bed time, and steal a kiss from the mountain maid, at parting. It was one of those primitive taverns, where the traveller pays only for food and lodging, but meets with a homely kindness beyond all price. When the footsteps were heard, therefore, between the outer door and the inner one, the whole family rose up, the grandmother, children, and all, as if about to welcome some one who belonged to them, and whose fate was likened with theirs.

The door was opened by a young man. His face at first wore the melancholy expression, almost of despondency, of one who travels a wild and bleak road at night-fall and alone, but soon brightened up, when he saw the kindly warmth of his reception. He felt his heart spring forward to meet them all, from the old woman who wiped a chair with her apron, to the little child who held out its arms to him. One glance and smile placed the stranger on a footing of innocent familiarity with the eldest daughter.

"Ah, this fire is the right thing!" cried he; "especially when there is such a pleasant circle round it. I am quite benumed; for the Notch is just like a pair of bellows; it has blown a terrible blast in my face, all the way from Bartlett."

"Then you are going towards Vermont?" said the master of the house, as he helped to take a light knapsack off the young man's shoulders.

"Yes, to Burlington, and far enough beyond," replied he, "I meant to have been at Eathen Crawford's to-night; but a pedestrian lingers along such a road as this. It is no matter; for when I saw this fire, and all your cheerful faces, I felt as if you had kindled it on purpose for me, and were waiting my arrival. So I shall sit down among you and make myself at home."

The frank-hearted stranger had just drawn his chair to the fire, when something like a heavy footstep was heard without, rustling down the steep side of the mountain, as with long and rapid strides, and taking such a leap, in passing the cottage, as to strike the opposite precipice. The family held their breath because they knew the sound, and their guest held his by instinct.

"The old mountain has thrown a stone at us for fear we should forget him," said the landlord, recovering himself. "He sometimes nods his head and threatens to come down; but we are old neighbors, and agree pretty well, upon the whole. Besides, we have a sure place of refuge hard by, if he should be coming in good earnest."

Let us now suppose the stranger to have finished his supper of bear's meat; and by his natural felicity of manner, to have placed himself on a footing of kindness with the family so that they talked as freely together, as if he belonged to their mountain brood. He was of a proud yet gentle spirit—haughty and reserved among the rich and great; but ever ready to stoop his head to the lowly cottage door, and be like a brother or a son at the poor man's fireside. In the household of the Notch, he found warmth and simplicity of feeling, the pervading intelligence of New-England, and a poetry, of native growth, which they had gathered when they little thought of it from the mountain peaks and chasms, and at the very threshold of their romance and dangerous abode. He had travelled far and alone; his whole life, indeed, had been a solitary path; for with the lofty caution of his nature, he had kept himself apart from those who might otherwise have been his companions. The family, too, though so kind and hospitable, had that consciousness of unity among themselves, and separation from the world at large, which, in every domestic circle, should still keep a holy place, where no stranger may intrude. But this evening, a prophetic sympathy impelled the refined and educated youth to pour out his heart before the simple mountaineers, and constrained them to answer him with the same free confidence.—And thus it should have been. Is not the kindred of a common fate a closer tie than that of blood?

The secret of the young man's character was a high and abstract ambition. He could have borne to live an undistinguished life, but not to be forgotten in the grave.—Strong desire had been transformed to hope; and hope, long cherished, had become, like certainty, that obscurely as he journeyed now, a glory was to beam on all his pathway—though not, perhaps, while he was treading it. But, when prosperity should gaze back into the gloom of what was now the present, they would trace the brightness of his footsteps brightening as meaner glories faded, and confess that a gifted one had passed from his cradle to his tomb, with none to recognize him.

"As yet," cried the stranger—his cheek glowed and his eye flashed with enthusiasm—"as yet, I have done nothing. Were I to vanish from the earth to-morrow, none would know so much of me as you; that a nameless youth came up, at night-fall, from the valley of the Saco, and opned his heart to you in the evening, and passd through the Notch by sunrise and was seen no more. Not a soul would ask—"Who was he?—Whither did he go?" But I cannot die till I have achieved my destiny. Then, let Death come! I shall have built my monument!

There was a continual flow of natural emotion gushing forth, amid abstract reverie, which enabled the family to understand this young man's sentiments, though so foreign from their own. With quick sensibility of the ludicrous, he blushed at the ardour into which he had been betrayed.

"You laugh at me," said he, taking the eldest daughter's hand, and laughing himself. "You think my ambition as nonsensical as if I were to freeze myself to death on the top of Mount Washington, only that the people might spy at me from the country roundabout. And truly, that would be a noble pedestal for a man's statue!"

"It is better to sit here by this fire," answered the girl blushing, "and be comfortable and contented, though nobody thinks about us."

"I suppose," said her father, after a fit of musing, "there is something natural in what the young man says; and if my mind had been turned that way, I might have felt just the same. It is strange, wife, how his talk has set my head running on things, that are pretty certain never to come to pass."

"Perhaps they may," observed the wife. "Is the man thinking what he will do when he is a widower?"

"No, no!" cried he, repelling the idea with reproachful kindness. 'When I think of your death Esther, I think of mine, too. But I was wishing we had a good farm, in Bethlehem, or Littleton, or some other township round the White Mountains; but not where they could tumble on our heads. I should want to stand well with my neighbors, and be called 'squire, and sent to General Court for a term or two; for a plain, honest man may do as much good as a lawyer. And when I should be grown quite an old man, and you an old woman, so as not to be long apart, I might die happy in my bed, and leave you all crying round me. A slate grave stone would suit me as well as a marble one—with just my name and age, and a verse of a hymn and something to let people know that I lived an honest man and died a christian.'

"There now!" exclaimed the stranger, "it is our nature to desire a monument, be it slate or marble, or a pillar of granite."

"We're in a strange way, to-night," said the wife, with tears in her eyes. "They say it is a sign of something, when folks minds go wandering so. Hark, to the children!"

They listened accordingly. The younger children had been put to bed in another room, but with an open door between, so that they could be heard talking busily among themselves. One and all seemed to have caught the infection from the fireside circle, and were outvying each other in wild wishes and childish projects of what they would do when they should become to be men and women. At length, a little boy, instead of addressing his brothers and sisters, called out to his mother.

"I'll tell you what I wish, mother," cried he.—"I want you and father, and grandma'm, and all of us, and the stranger too, to start right away, and go and take a drink out of the basin of the Flume!"

Nobody could help laughing at the child's notion of leaving a warm bed, and dragging them from a cheerful fire, to visit the basin of the flume—a brook, which tumbles over the precipice, deep within the Notch. The boy had hardly spoken, when a wagon

rattled along the road, and stopped a moment before the door. It appeared to contain two or three men, who were cheering their hearts with the rough chorus of a song, which resounded in broken notes, between the cliffs, while the singers hesitated whether to continue their journey, or put up here for the night.

"Father," ssid the girl, "they are calling you by name."

But the good man doubted whether they had really called him, and was unwilling to show himself too solicitous of gain, by inviting people to patronize his house. He therefore did not hurry to the door, and the lash being soon applied, the travellers plunged into the Notch, still singing and laughing, though their music and mirth came back drearily from the heart of the mountain.

"There mother!" cried the boy again. —"They'd have given us a ride to the Flume."

Again they laughed at the child's pertinacious fancy for a night ramble. But it happened that a light cloud passed over the daughter's spirit; she looked gravely into the fire, and drew a breath that was almost a sigh. It forced its way, in spite of a little struggle to repress it. Then starting and blushing, she looked quickly round the circle as if they had caught a glimpse into her bosom. The stranger asked what she had been thinking of.

"Nothing," answered she, with a downcast smile. "Only I felt lonesome just then."

"Oh, I have always had a gift for feeling what is in other people's hearts," said he, half seriously. "Shall I tell the secrets of your's? For I know what to think, when a young girl shivers by a warm hearth, and complains of lonesomeness at her mother's side. Shall I put these feelings into words!"

"They would not be a girl's feelings any longer, if they could be put into words," replied the mountain nymph, laughing, but avoiding his eye.

All this was said apart. Perhaps a germ of love was springing up in their hearts, so pure that it might blossom in Paradise, since it could not be matured on earth; for women worship such gentle dignity as his; and the proud contemplative, yet kindly soul is oftenest captivated by simplicity like his. But, while they spoke softly, and he was watching the happy sadness, the lightsome shadows, the shy yearnings of a maiden's nature, the wind, through the Notch, took a deeper and drearier sound. It seemed, as the fanciful stranger said, like the choral strains of the spirits of the blest, who, in old Judean times, had their dwelling among the mountains, and made their heights and recesses a sacred region. —There was a wail along the road, as if a funeral were passing. To chase away the gloom, the family threw pine branches on their fire, till the dry leaves crackled and the flame arose, discovering once again a scene of peace and humble happiness. The light hovered about them fondly, and caressed them all. There were the little faces of the children, peeping from their bed apart, and here the father's frame of strength, the mother's subdued and careful mien, the high browed youth, the budding girl, and the good old grandam still knitting in the warmest place.—The aged woman looked up from her task, and with fingers ever busy, was the next to speak.

'Old folks have their notions,' said she 'as well as young ones. You have been wishing and planning, and letting your heads run on one thing and another, till you've set my mind wandering too. Now what should an old woman wish for, when she can go but a step or two before she comes to her grave? Children it will haunt me night and day, till I tell you.'

'What is it, mother? cried the husband and wife at once.

Then the old woman, with an air of mystery, which drew the circle closer round the fire, informed them that she had provided her grave-clothes some years before—a nice cotton shroud, a cap with a muslin ruff and every thing of a finer sort than she had worn since her wedding day. But this evening, an old superstition had strangely recurred to her. It used to be said, in her younger days, that if any thing were amiss with a corpse, if only the ruff were not smooth, or the cap did not sit right, the corpse in the coffin and beneath the clods, would strive to put up its cold hands and arrange it. The bare thought made her serious.

"Don't talk so, gandmother!' said the girl, shuddering.

"Now,—continued the old woman, with a singular earnestness, yet smiling strangely at her own folly,—'I want one of you my children—when your mother is drest, and in the coffin—I want one of you to hold a looking-glass over my face. Who knows but I may take a glimpse at myself, and see whether all's right!"

"Old and young, we dream of graves and monuments,' murmured the stranger-youth, 'I wonder how mariners feel, when the ship is sinking, and they, unknown and undistinguished, are to be buried together in the ocean—that wide and nameless sepulchre!'

For a moment, the old woman's ghastly conception so engrossed the minds of her hearers, that a sound, abroad in the night, rising like the roar of a blast, had grown broad, deep, and terrible, before the fated group were conscious of it. The house, and all with it, trembled; the foundations of the earth seemed to be shaken, as if this awful sound were the peal of the last thump. Young and old exchanged one wild glance, and remained an instant, pale, affrighted, without utterance, or power to move. Then the same shriek burst simultaneously from all their lips.

"The Slide! The Slide!"

The simplest words must intimate, but not portray, the unutterable horror of the catastrophe. The victims rushed from their cottage, and sought refuge in what they deemed a safer spot—where, in contemplation of such an emergency, a sort of barrier had been reared. Alas! they had quitted their security, and fled right into the pathway of destruction. Down came the whole side of the Mountain, in a cataract of ruin.—Just before it reached the house, the stream broke into two branches—shivered not a window there, but overwhelmed the whole vicinity, blockaded up the road, and annihilated every thing in its dreadful course. Long ere the thunder of that great Slide had ceased to roar among the mountains, the mortal agony had been indured, and the victims were at peace. Their bodies were never found.

The next morning, the light smoke was seen stealing from the cottage chimney, up the mountains side. Within, the fire was yet smouldering on the hearth, and the chairs in a circle round it, as if the inhabitants had but gone forth to viev the devastation of the Slide, and would shortly return, to thank Heaven for their miraculous escape. All had left separate tokens, by which those who had known the family, were made to shed a tear for each. Who has not heard their name? The story has been told far and wide, and will forever be a legend of these mountains.—Poets have sung their fate.

There were, circumstances which led some to suppose that a stranger had been received into the cottage this awful night, and had shared the catastrophe of all its inmates. Others denied that there were sufficient grounds for such a conjecture. Wo, for the high-souled youth, with his dream of immortality! His name and person utterly unknown; his history, his way of life, his plans, a mystery never to be solved; his death and his existence, equally a doubt! Whose was the agony of that death moment?

Taking a Bribe on both sides.—A debtor in Connecticut, wishing to escape from the sheriff, ran into a neighbor's house, and, almost out of breath, exclaimed, "For heaven's sake, friend, do hide me somewhere."

"*Hide* you!" said his neighbor, taking down a raw hide from a nail, "where abouts shall I lay it on?"

"For God's sake, none of your joking! The sheriff's close at my heels, and unless you conceal me somewhere, I shall have to go to jail in spite of fate."

"But consider man, I've no right to prevent the execution of the law. It goes against my conscience!

"Your conscience! Well, no matter for your conscience. I'll give you five dollars, if you'll tell me where to hide."

"Indeed! Well, that alters the case. Give me the five dollars, and I'm your man. There—that'll do. Now step into the back room, and you'll be secure as a thief in a mill."

The terrified debtor had scarcely got into the back room and shut the door, when in came the sheriff, and asked the master of the house, if he had seen Mr. Such-a-one, against whom he had an execution.

"May be yes, and may be no," said the other.

"May be yes, and may be no?" echoed the sheriff. "Surely, man, you know whether you've seen him or not."

"May be I do—but it goes against my conscience to tell."

"Your conscience! Well, to set that matter at rest, here's five dollars."

"Ah, that alters the case again. Your debtor, sir, is in the back room."

The sheriff nabbed his man, who, as he was led out, exclaimed against his neighbor, and asked what could induce him to betray him.

"Five dollars," said the traitor, with a malicious smile.

"You take bribes on both sides then you scoundrel!"

"That's just it, man. The five dollars you gave me, wounded my conscience so, that I never should have had a moment's peace, if I had'nt taken the same sum on the other side to heal it."—*N. Y. Tran.*

EUGENIA DE MIRANDE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Towards the close of last summer, a young man named Linval, walking in the Thuilleries, found, near the delightful bower where the exquisite statues of Hippomenes and Atalanta are placed, the following billet upon the ground:

An opportunity is offered to the person who shall find this billet of doing a good action. If the person is disposed to do it, he is requested to go to the Rue de Siantonge, No. 1342, and ask for Eugenia de Mirande.

P. S. Should the finder be unwilling to go to the assistance of an unfortunate mother, he is requested not to prevent another person from doing it, but to drop the billet where he found it.'

Linval is the best dancer in Paris after Trenis; he read the billet, hummed a new air, while he was reading it, and then, with a stroke of his bamboo, whisked it into the air, and hastened to the Fauxborg du Roule, to give his opinion upon a robe of exquisite taste, but which it was feared was not sufficiently striking.

The second person who picked it up was a man of middle age, simply clad and walking quick. He stopped however, to read it, but casting his eyes towards heaven, as if he meant to say, It is not to me that this letter is addressed,' he placed it respectfully in its former place.

A contractor came next, one of those men who think themselves moderate because they are content with the trifling gain of three thousand francs a day, and who are purse-proud and impudent; he first kicked the billet, then picked it up from curiosity. Scarcely had he read it when he tore it into a thousand pieces, exclaiming, 'tis a trap.'

The next day, precisely at the same place, another billet was deposited exactly similar to the former. The first person who perceived it had the delicacy to take the address, and to place the billet where he found it. A young married couple perceived it a few minutes afterwards. After having read it, madame C——, who was on the point of becoming a mother, said to her husband, 'My love, let us see the person to whom we are directed. What we have to give is but little, but a slight benefit often prevents the unfortunate from giving themselves up to despair, and inspires them with courage to wait for better days.'

The young couple proceeded to the Rue de Saintonge. But at Paris, the having the name, the street, and the number, is by no means sufficient to insure the finding of the real place. Some houses have the numbers they had before the revolution; from other houses the revolution has removed the former numbers and placed others. The sections have successively accumulated upon the walls of Paris, cyphers of all colors, and not at all regular.

After, having twice walked up and down the streets, the young couple at length found out No. 1342. They learnt that the house was occupied by an old man, formerly a physician, who had retired, who passed for a rich man, and who had an only daughter, distinguished for her wit and her talents.

The young couple were shown up a very handsome stair-case to the first floor, where they were ushered into a room furnished without gaudiness, but with perfect taste. They asked to speak to Eugenia de Mirande, and a young lady of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, graceful and elegant, rose and showed them into a small apartment, where every thing showed that the useful and agreeable were habitually cultivated; but the pamphlets, music-books, instruments, drawings, were in different parts of the room—every thing bespoke affluence of circumstances.

'I fear,' said madame C——, 'I have fallen into some mistake. We read your address, madame, upon a billet, we found in the Thuilleries; and we determined to offer some assistance to the person pointed out; but we perceive here that there are charms to delight, not sorrows to be relieved.'

Eugenia de Mirande, for it was to her they spoke, explained to them, but with some embarrassment, that she was only the organ of a lady, very much to be pitied who, from a sentiment of pride, wished to conceal herself, but who was worthy of the interest she had excited.

Is that the case,' said madame C——, 'request her to permit me to see her; I do not think that she ought to blush at the visit of one of her own sex, who is not a stranger to sorrow.'

The young lady evaded the request under a pretext that her *protegee* had a whimsical imagination which rendered it difficult to confer an obligation upon her.

'But she has children?'

'Three; and she has just lost, after a long and expensive illness, a husband, whose labor supplied them with the means of living.'

Good God! what a situation! and what age are the children?'

'They are all young; a girl of five years and a half is the eldest.

'I shall soon said madame C——, with a blush which lent a new charm to her beauty, 'be a mother myself; this is sufficient to interest me for the fate of these little innocents; yet this circumstance unfortunately prevents me from having the satisfaction of taking one of the children; my own will demand all my care; but permit me at least to send a small bundle for the eldest child; for I cannot believe that, with such a friend as you, the family can be exposed to the want of the absolute necessaries of life.'

Eugenia de Mirande thanked the lady in the name of her friend, and accepted the present, after taking down the name and address of madame C——.

Scarcely had the young couple retired, when a young man came upon the same errand.

'Your pardon, madam,' he said to Eugenia, 'it is not you I am in search of, but Eugenia de Mirande.'

A similar explanation—similar astonishment. After having heard the story of the unfortunate person, the young man appeared to be much moved.

'How happens it that a widow and three little innocents should be absolutely without succor, upon so fertile a soil as ours, and in the midst of an enlightened nation?'

'You are in the right, sir; but where is the remedy?'

'The remedy madame, would be, to give a little more provident wisdom to Frenchmen, and make them understand, that after to-morrow, there is another day to come; and that when we quit this life, we leave behind us often the dearest part of ourselves. But this is not the point to be considered now. The situation of the lady, about whom you have interested yourself, is dreadful, and whatever be the causes, let us try to soften them.'

Eugenia received the present which the young man gave.

'I am not rich madame, and that is the reason my donation is so trifling; but when we are prudent, we can always, though young, have something to give.'

'But, sir, money is not the sole benefit we can extend to the wretched; good offices and tenderness do them much more service.'

'Is your friend, madame, in want of such offices! speak the word, and there is nothing I will not do upon your recommendation.'

'Yet forgive me, sir—let my motives excuse my indiscretion—does your situation in life afford you the means of speaking to the minister?'

'No, madame, my father cultivates property in the environs of Paris; he has passed his whole life in doubling its value by constant care and good management, but never was he seen in the avenues of power; this is what I congratulate him upon more than I praise him, for we do not frequent the anti-chambers of men in place, for one's pleasure. Happily I have no more need to do so than he—I partake with five brothers and sisters, who love me, and whom I love, the patrimony he will leave us; and I hope the minister will never hear us spoken of. Yet if it be necessary to solicit him in favour of your friend, I am ready to do it. What is it she wants?'

'To establish a claim that is just—The security of one of our armies rendered it necessary to destroy an establishment which the husband of the widow founded; she asks for indemnity.'

'And must she have protection, madame, to obtain this?

'Protection is not necesary to obtain it, because it is just; but we wish for protection, in order that the business may not linger in the *bureaux*, before it is seen by the minister.

'I see, said Latrembraye, the name of the young man, 'that we must lay before the minister a concise and clear memorial, which shall make him feel the justice of the claim.'

'That is just the thing; but the memorial must be drawn.'

Both were silent.

'I scarcely dare ask you,' said Eugenia.

Why not? I should have offered to do it, if I had not been afraid of doing it ill. Besides, I am ignorant of the details of the affair.'

'I will communicate them.'

Eugenia retired a moment, and returned with her father. She requested him to ask Latremblaye to dinner, in order, that he might be furnished with the details of the business in question. The old gentleman entreated the young man to fix a day, which after mutual compliments, he did.

Latremblaye came at the appointed time; the dinner was gay, and the conversation lively; every subject was introduced, except the one which had been the occasion of the dinner. Latremblaye tho't Eugenia charming. She was well informed, and

had vivacity and wit. After dinner she introduced the affair of the unfortunate lady. Latremblaye heard her with attention, and promised to draw up the memorial in two days. He performed his promise, and succeeded perfectly well; energy, clearness, precision, nothing was wanting. Eugenia read it with marks of the warmest satisfaction.

'There is a strength, a sensibility, sir, in the style, which render it impossible for the minister not to yield to your reasoning; and were I in the minister's place, you should certainly not experience a refusal.'

Latremblaye blushed and knew not what to reply.

'Nor is this all, Sir, we must give to your memorial a new degree of eloquence; it must be presented by the person herself who is supposed to have written it. The gesture, voice, and look of the person interested, will add to the impression it ought to produce. Attempt to procure a *rendezvous*, in order that the lady may deliver it herself to the minister.'

After a week's exertions, Latremblaye came one evening to Eugenia with a triumphant air. 'I have procured an interview for to-morrow; give your friend notice, and with this paper all doors will be open to her.'

'What gratitude do not I owe you! You will have the satisfaction of having snatched this poor family from despair;—but do not abandon her till you have conducted her to the door. A women softened by grief, and timid, would appear to disadvantage unaccompanied.—Do you consent to go with her!'

This last act of complaisance cost Latremblaye much; yet the habit of yielding to the wishes of Eugenia, the desire of ensuring the success of the business, a curiosity to see the unknown, conquered his repugnance, and he promised to come the next day to Eugenia's where the mysterious lady was to be.

The next day, Eugenia, without being full dressed, was more carefully dressed than usual; her hair fell gracefully over her forehead and down her neck, her eyes sparkled and her bosom heaved as Latremblaye entered. He looked round the room, and said. 'The lady is not yet come?'

'No,' replied Eugenia, with some emotion.

'I will wait for her.

He took a seat near the tea-table at which Eugenia was sitting. A silence of some minutes ensued. Each stole looks at the other.—Latremblaye blushed, and would have been put out of countenance if Eugenia had not blushed also.

Latremblaye at length said, but with some hesitation, 'I ought, madame, to bless this circumstance (Eugenia cast her eyes upon the ground,) which has introduced me to your acquaintance.'

'Whatever satisfaction you feel, sir, you must derive from a conviction. The zeal you have shown—I assure you I have been—gratified, pleased with it.'

A second silence ensued as long as the first. Latremblaye at length took a desperate resolution.

'I know not that I am doing right; but I cannot conceal what I feel—you know it as well as I do.'

Eugenia could by a word have relieved his embarrassment; but in such circumstances the female bosom, however humane never carries its humanity so far, and when arrived at that point, women force us to tell them what they know already; so that the poor young man confessed he loved her. Eugenia had propriety enough to keep a just medium between the offended air which would only have suited a prude, and that satisfied manner which ill accords with the modesty of her sex. The conversation changed; but it became animated, lively; relieved from a burthen, it proceeded with lightness, grace, and ease. Questions were asked and answered without hesitation; each communicated their pursuits, their modes of thinking and speaking upon different subjects, with such confidence, that they did not perceive they had been waiting for the lady three quarters of an hour.

Latremblaye at length noticed the non-arrival. 'She is not come yet!'

'She will not come at all,' replied Eugenia.

Latremblaye, in utter astonishment looked at Eugenia, whose eyes answered only by an expression of langour mixed with a smile, which produced together an inexpressible grace.

'Would you,' said Eugenia, 'be very, very angry with me, if, by chance, there should be no truth in the history of my unfortunate lady?—if all this was but a proof, a means of pointing out to my heart a man whose sensibility was not the effect of sensual desires!'

Latremblaye knew not what to answer.

'You will, perhaps, believe me,' continued Eugenia, 'When I tell you that I have received the homage of several men; will you also believe me, when I add that none of those who distinguished me was precisely such a one as I wished? The death of my mother, whom I lost early, has given a considerable degree of independence to my mind. My father is my friend, I consult him always; his manner of viewing things is liberal: he permitted me to make a trial, a bold one without doubt, but which, however, could go no further than I wished.

I am not recovered from my surprise,' said Latremblaye.—'What was it but a feint? It has cost you much, I am sure, for I recollect several circumstances in which you were interdicted.'

It is true; but I was supported by the intention of confessing every thing.'

'And my memorial?'

'I will keep it,' said Eugenia, 'as a monument of the goodness of your heart, and the eloquence of your style.'

'And the author of the memorial, what will you make of him?'

'My husband,' replied Eugenia, with downcast looks, if he wishes it, and if our two families consent.'

The two families, composed of good persons, easily consented, and the young couple were united at Paris, a few weeks ago. As soon as they were united they went to pay a visit to madame C——, to relieve her from her benevolent anxiety, and to make her an elegant present for the bundle which she had sent for the unfortunate lady.

The greatest and most enviable privilege which the rich enjoy over the poor, is that which they exercise the least—the privilege of making them happy.

FAREWELL TO FRIENDS, ON LEAVING FOR ASTORIA.

Original.

BY F. J. H.

Must I bid the lov'd scenes of my childhood adieu,
And seek for pure pleasures from friendships anew?
Must I leave my dear parents in sorrow behind,
In countries far distant, a new home to find?

Must I leave the companions so long I have known,
To form new acquaintances and still seem alone?
My brothers, my sisters so dear, must I leave,
To mingle with strangers, their smiles to receive?

The dear friends of my youth, whom I ever have lov'd,
The gay circle of pleasures in which I have mov'd,
I now leave in deep sorrow, but memory shall bring
Me sweet dreams of the past, to which fondly I'll cling.

Yes, oft shall my fancy present the dear scenery,
By which you're surrounded, and friends who caressed;
The village in beauty shall oft seem before me,
With churches whose spires point to mansions of rest.

The chool house where first we our lessons attended,
The beautiful green which before it lay spread;
The grove and the streamlet enchantingly blended.
I cannot forget till I rest with the dead. [ed,

The cottage—but more should the precepts, so often
Parentally offered, be fresh to my mind;
Should adversity find me, her shafts it will soften,
So pure did they flow, and with motives so kind.

Yes, oft did the lessons of duty, of kindness,
Of virtue, of honour, of friendship combine;
And oft too with pathos the Saviour in goodness
Was shown in his attributes purely divine.

Then how can I cease to revere the dear parents,
Whose wishes were ever with happiness fraught;
When pleasures enchant in my happiest moments,
Then all shall seem present to share in each thought.

I ne'er can return, I must leave you forever.
I go to the distant Pacific's blue wave,
And there midst sweet groves of the Lime and Bedaver,*
I'll dwell, and at last fine a lone peaceful grave.

Forget me not ever—in all your enjoyments,
Remember a friend, far away and alone;
Farewell sisters, brothers,—farewell my dear Parents,
Farewell every friend whom I ever have known.

May, 1835.

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* Bedaver, commonly called Nagacesara; the beauty of its form and flowers, and the delicious odour of its leaves and blossoms are unrivaled.

PECULIARITIES OF MEN OF GENIUS.

Homer, it is said, had such an aversion to nauticial music, that he could never be prevailed on to walk along the banks of a mumuring brook, nevertheless, he sang his own ballads, though not in the character of a mendicant, as recorded by the infamous Zoilus.

Virgil, was so fond of salt, that he seldom went without a box full in his pocket, and which he made use of from time to time, as men of the present day use tobacco.

Zoroaster, it is said, though the most profound philosoper of his time, theoretically, was very easily put out of temper. He once carried his irritability so far, as to break a marble table to pieces with a hammer, because he chanced to stumble over it in the dark.

Shakspeare, though one of the most generous of men, was a great higler. He was often known to dispute with a shop keeper for half an hour on the matter of a penny. He gives Hotspur credit for a portion of his own disposition, when he makes him say, "I would cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

Peter Corneille, the greatest wit of his time, so far as concerns his works, was remarkably stupid in conversation, as was also Addison, who is acknowledged to have been one of the most elegant writers that ever lived.

Handel was such a miser, that at the same time he was in receipt of fifty pounds a knight from the Opera, he was frequently known to wear a shirt for a month, to save the expense of washing.

Burns, never remained sober so long as he could get drunk. It was in the fits occasioned by his peculiarity, that he wrote so many of those simple doggrels for servent girls, we frequently find attached to beautiful airs, under the title of poetry, such as Wandering Willie, &c.

Byron was also sadly addicted to the "malt stoup." Some of his stanzas, however were produced under the influence of the jolly god. According to his servant, Peter Conroy, lately deceased in this city, a pint of brandy was his night allowance.

Samuel Rogers is an inveterate punster, albeit from his poetry, one might suppose him to be the gravest man in Christendom. He has one peculiarity that distinguished him from all poets, past, present, and to come, i. e. *three hundred thousand pounds.*

Thos. Campbell, though an ugly man, it is said, is very vain of his personal appearance; he once discharged a servant for hinting to him the propriety of getting a wig, as his hair was turning grey.

Sir Walter Scott was said to have taken no pride in the wonderful creations of his genius, at the same time that he was extremely vain of his title of sheriff of the country.

Hogg, however, is the victim of still more unpardonable vanity. Whenever he is asked out to dinner, he invariably says. "I shall do ye the pleasure, and then ye will ha' it to say that ye had the honor to sit in company with the Ettick Shepherd, allowed on all han's to be the greatest sang writer in the warld.

From the Boston Mechanic.

MAKING HONEY.

"What is sweeter than honey?" was one of the riddles with which Samson of old undertook to puzzle his Philistine foes. The little attention paid to the makers of this article, and its consequent dearness, would seem to intimate that in this country, at least, many things are found sweeter.

Honey, used in moderate quantities, is a healthy article of food; and the wax is an article that will ever command a ready market. Such being the case, we have often wondered why bees were not almost universally kept. A poor man, who can but command money enough to purchase hives, can keep bees. They do not require of him, like the farmer's cattle and horses, to provide them with pasture; neither, like his fowls, do they require their daily food at his hands. Care they will of course require, but it is comparatively little that is necessary. The farmer, indeed, is the one who is expected to be most forward in the keeping of bees; but we sincerely recommend to our friends and patrons, the mechanics, the adoption of this piece of domestic economy; and if it needs must be so, let them set the example to the farmers. We speak of this subject, from a conviction of the utility and profitableness of the buisness as well as of the demand that exists of an increased product of the articles manufactured by the bees. We take the liberty to insert some remarks upon this subject by Dr. Smith, of this city, who has had practice in the bee-keeping, and who has written an interesting book upon the subject. He is of opinion that bees may be kept, to a considerable extent, even in the city.

'The Poorest man should keep bees.—Thousands of hives might be well supported in any part of the country, however barren it may appear, yielding a profit altogether superior to moderately cultivated lands.—Almshouses should be furnished with extensive apiaries; as the feeblest tenants of such institutions would be perfectly competent to their successful management. After the swarming have been completed, no further attentions are requisite. Even then, when the young colony makes an exit from the parental domicil, in search of a house of their own, a child might control their apparently erratic disposition, and house them at pleasure, by imitating a shower with a bucket of water thrown into the air. Tin pans, sleigh bells, and countless other equally unmusical instruments, usually brought into requisition on such occasions, are perfect useless. The bees neither hear the coarse vibrations, nor regard them if they do. To wet their wings, is a philosophical and certainly a more effectual way.'

COLONEL CROCKET'S VISIT TO THE BLIND.

There are few readers who will not enter into the feelings which the kind-hearted Colonel described in the following passages of his "tour down east."

"When I returned to my lodgings, at the Tremont House in Boston, there I met a young man stone blind. "Well" say, you, "that's no new thing." Stop, if you please, that puts me in mind of an old parson, and a scolding woman that belonged to his church. She told him in one of her tantrums, that she could preach as well as he could, and he might select the text. 'Well,' said the old man, 'I'll give you one, and you can study over it.' 'It is better to dwell on the house top than in a wide house with a brawling woman.' 'You good for nothing, impudent, old—what shall I say? do you go for to call me a brawling woman?' 'Dear Mistress,' said the good old man, 'you'll have to study a while longer; for you come to the application of the text before you discuss the doctrine.'

Now it was not that I met a blind boy in Tremont House that was any curiosity, but it was his errand. He inquired of the bar-keeper for me, as I was standing by him, and said he was sent by the teacher of the blind to invite me to visit the institution, and that he would show me the way!!

I was told by the gentleman present that he could go all over Boston. A gentleman accompanied me, and we went on till we came to a fine house, where the institution was kept. We went in, and were introduced to the teacher. He asked me if I wished to hear some of them read. I said I did; and he ordered a little girl, perhaps ten or twelve years old, to get her book, and asked her to find a certain chapter in the Old Testament, and read it. She took up the book, and felt with her fingers until she found it. He then told her to read, and she did so with a clear distinct voice. This was truly astonishing but on examining their books, I found that the letters were stamped on the under side of the paper, so as to raise them above the upper side; and such was the keenness of their touch that by passing the end of their finger over the word it served them for sight, and they pronounced the word. There was a little boy learning to cipher the same way. The teacher put several questions to him aloud, and putting his fingers together and working with them for a short time, he answered all questions correctly.

That kind of education astonished me more than any thing I ever saw. There was a great many of them. Some were learning to play on the pianno forte, and many of them were busy, in making pretty little baskets, such as are carried about by ladies. They asked me if I would like to hear them sing, and telling them it would please me very much, a number of them come up, and some had musicial instruments; one of them had a large thing which I never saw before, nor did I ask the name; one had a clarionet, and one had a flute.

They played and sung together beautifully; and, indeed, I never saw happier people in my life. I remained some time with them, going over the establishment. This is the house that I mentioned before was given by Colonel Perkins to the blind. There is not such a grand house owned by any person in Washington. What a satisfaction it must be to this old gentleman, and others who have helped these unfortunates, to see them surrounded with so many comforts.

The following dialogue took place at the Rail road depot in this town on Monday:

"Sure, an' shall I be afther riding on the Rail road this blessed day?"

"Yes if you please."

"Plase your honor an' what's the price of the tickets?"

"One Dollar."

"An' surely, how long shall we be going to Boston?"

"One hour."

Och! botheration to your sowl, if I'll be aither giving you a dollar for *one* hours' ride, when I can ride *three* hours in a stage for a dollar an' a quarther.

Lowell Courier.

YOUTH.

Original.

Youth is that season of life when the frivolities and puerile sports of childhood are forgotten, and cease to engage the attentoin; when the promising bud has become the full blown rose and gaily exhibits its petals of beauty brought forth into bloom by the sunshine of reason. At this bright period in life, the soul big with hope and anticipation views the current of life proceeding in a smooth and flowery channel, unruffled by a single breath of care, and curled not in its whole course by the rapids of disappointment. But alas! for the youth, the illusion is soon dissolved, and he sees the fallacy of his prospective vision. Ambition that inmate of his soul, bids him ascend to the temple of fame and secure the highest seat at the right hand of happiness; or heap the golden chest to ensure the pleasures of earth; but he is foiled in the pursuit. He trod an earthly path, disappointment met and saluted him mortal, and enstamped on his brow the visage of care. But his elastick spirits soon regain their wonted buoyancy, and he again pursues the imaginary road to happiness. Incited by hopes of success he pursues the path of *virtue* and *perseverence*, overcomes misfortunes, trouble and care, and arrives in manhood at preferment and honor, and sinks into age with tranquil respect. This is the case with the most virtuous and prosperous, but is far from being the common lot of man. How many young persons with fair and promising talents have ended their earthly career with being a pest to themselves and a disgrace to mankind? "Disappointment lurks in many a prize," and many a youth discouraged in the outset of life, has sunk to rise no more. The season of youth is certainly productive of the greatest effects.—When hopes and fears, joy and sorrow,—are intimately connected and blended with the strongest passions;—when all around, even the atmosphere, bears the glad tidings of gratified wishes, or the palsied sceptre of disappointment;—when doubts perplex, and cares corrode the tender sentiments of the bosom;—when hopes are high, and vice has an alluring charm, and is ready to enter the avenues of the heart to the exclusion of all the nobler qualities of the soul, many for the want of perseverence in the path of piety and virtue, and perhaps for want of friendly virtuous connexions in their youthful associations, are led to distrust the hand of an allwise Providence, and their souls have exchanged their native innocence, for the habits of vicious criminality. But this is a fatal mistake, an irretrievable error, thus to give up to temptation, and yield the prize of virtue and happiness, for the baleful cup of vice and misery. Events there are in the life of almost every individual calculated to wound the hardest heart, and shake the firmest faith. When plan after plan has been disconcerted;—when friend after friend, has gone or betrayed us;—when sickness has crossed the manly expectations of youth, and even hope is withdrawn; no one can at such a time cast a lingering look at the blighted flowers by his side, and not feel touched by the impervious gloom that seems to encircle his future prospects. And now neglecting to go to the source of bereavement as the source of consolation,—the youth falls away and cares no more for himfelf!—Temptation beckons—he follows!—he stumbles over the precipice, and is known no more. But, perhaps a cheering voice might have yielded support—the arm of true frindship might have held him fast, and guided him still in the pathway of happiness. For there is *one* path in life, which all may follow, and the end is happiness. In the pursuit, we are subject to no disappintment, since he that pursues makes every difficulty an advancement, and every contest a victory. It is the highest and noblest course in existence: it is the *main road* to happiness, and yields the pursuer the surest success. *It is the pursuit of virtue.* "Sincerly to aspire after her is to gain her, and zealously to labour for her wages, is to receive them." Virtue and piety yield us contentment here, and promised happiness hereafter. They bid us look with perfect composure on the cold, unfeeling grave, and hope for a glorious immortality when death shall loose its sting. That this is only the prelude to a deathless existence, we are certain, though fools may doubt its reality. It is the religion of nature, fresh from the hand of GOD, its benevolent author. It is written on the arch of the sky, and impressd on creation at large. It is enstamped on the hills and vallies of earth. It is inscribed on the trees of the forest, and breathed in the gentle zephyrs that wave their stately tops. It is this that sustains and uplifts the spirit within us, and buoys us above the shadows of earth, till the material chain which binds us here shall be broken asunder, when we hope to awake in a spiritual world, of love and ceasless joy. A. C. S.

WALWORTH, July, 1835.

THE GEM AND AMULET.

THE GREAT AVALANCH.—The story commencing on the first page of our paper, headed "*The Ambitious Guest,*" is not wholly one of fiction; it has reference to a calamitous event that actually took place on the 28th August, 1826, in consequence of an Avalanche, or slide of the Earth, Rocks, &c. from the White Mountains, in N. H. near the Notch, by which a whole family, consisting of nine persons, were destroyed in a moment.—This family, named Willey, occupied and kept the house there, called the "Notch House," as a tavern, and it is probable that they had retired to rest during or after a great fall of rain, but being awakened and alarmed by the crashing of rocks around them, they all rushed out of doors, and while flying for the "Camp," a place which had been prepared for refuge in time of need, they ran directly into one of the avalanches, and were swept into the flood below. The magnitude of the rocks thrown down and whirled about, and the whole desolation was beyond description, and it was considered by those who visited the spot the next day, to have been one of the most tremendous scenes that had ever occurred in this country. The house was left *uninjured*, and had the family remained in it they would have been saved from their terrible fate.

NEWS ARTICLES.

FIRE.—On Sunday morning last, a shop belonging to Mr. Lewis Selye, in the rear of his Engine and Scythe Factory, in this City, together with a coal house, were destroyed by fire. The Furnace of Messrs. Kempshall & Bush was slightly injured by the fire. Mr. Selye's loss is about $800.

A battle lately took place on a Sunday, in the African Baptist Church, Boston, between two gentlemen of colour, when one of them choaked the other until he was *black in the face.*

The Wheeling Gazette gives account of a Waggon, last week passing through that town, attended by 35 movers to the West, the upper loading of which was bedding piled to the height of 12 feet from the ground, and on the top of it were perched 26 women and children; the rest of the party followed on foot.

Trouble in Mississippi.—The people of Mississippi, having recently obtained information of a meditated insurrection of the slaves there, which had been plotting for several months past, headed by white men, immediately proceeded to apprehend and punish the criminals, without much formality, by imprisoning, hanging, and shooting them. Many have already been dealt with in this way, (how many we know not) and many more, propably, will share the same fate. It appears also that some of the inhabitants of Vicksburgh, Miss. who undertook to rid the place of a gang of blacklegs, proceeded so far as to *drown* one, and *hang* five—without the aid of judges or jurors.

Destructive Fire.—The village of Cleaveland, Ohio, was visited on the evening of the 29th ult. with a very destructive fire. It orig. inated in the kitchen of Mr. Benjamin's boarding house, and totally consumed it, together with 12 or 15 other buildings, mostly stores, and the Bank of Cleaveland. A servant girl, in Mr. Benjamin's boarding house, perished in the flames. Total loss of property estimated at about $55,000—$17,800 only insured.

MARRIED,

In St. Paul's Church, Rochester, by the Rev. Mr. Whitehouse, on the 28th July, Mr. NICHOLAS TIEMAN, of the firm of A. Tieman & Co. of New York, to Miss MARY ANN ROTHGANGAL, of Rochester.

In Auburn, on the 23d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Peck, Mr. Charles White to Miss Amelia C. Johnson, all of that place.

In Clarkson, on the 22d inst. by Rev. C. E. Furman, Mr. Truman Watrous, of Gainesville, to Miss Henrietta Martin, of the former place.

At Strykersville, Genesee co., Mr. Charles Richardson to Miss Ann Strayton.

In Onondaga Hollow, by Hiram King, Esq. Mr. Sier Patterson to Miss Precious Little, all of that town. Mr. P. has made up his mind to enjoy *precious little* during the remainder of his life.

At Lockport, on Tuesday, the 21st inst., by the Rev. S. S. Klein, Mr. Daniel W. Martz, of East Bloomfield, to Miss Matilda Comstock, of Lockport.

DIED,

At the residence of her brother in this city, on the 28th inst., Miss Suzette Gilbert, of Le Roy, aged 19 years.

In this city, on the 27th inst., Mrs. Harriet Baldwin, wife of Mr. Jeremiah Baldwin, aged 38 years.

In Carthage, on the 26th ult, LOISA, wife of Elisha H. Pomeroy, aged 24 yeas.

At Darien, Genesee co., on the 24th inst. Sally Miller, wife of Mr. William Miller, aged 58, of Strongsville, Ohio, and formerly of Lancaster, in this county. She was on a journey to Oneida county.

On Monday the 27th, at Hannibalville, Oswego co., Mrs. Lucinda Riggs, wife of Hiram Riggs, and daughter of Benjamin Phelps, Esq.

A Patriot gone!—In this city, on Sunday morning, July 26th, LYMAN MUNGER, aged 76 years—a soldier of the revolution.

PARNASSIAN FLOWERS.

THINGS I LOVE.

Original.

I love the early dawn of day,
When joyous birds are on the wing,
Or perched upon the fragrant bough,
In melody and union sing.

When flowers are blooming doubly fair,
Which sweetly scent the morning gale,
'Tis pleasant then when nature smiles,
To walk the verdant blooming vale.

I love the pensive hour of eve,
When shades of night come softly o'er ;
When breezes bland refresh the earth,
And tranquil thoughts to us restore.

I love to hear the dulcet notes
Of plaintive music on the breeze :
Our hearts are softened—feelings touch'd—
The mind from selfishness it frees.

I love the hour of solitude—
'Tis oft with happiness replete,
When thoughts of future, present, past,
With pleasure and in union meet.

I love to be by friends obliged,
And be to them as truly kind ;
It gives us present happiness,
Nor leaves regret, but joy behind.

I love to spend in social joys,
Some leisure hours : it will impart
A grace—a charm to manners mild,
While it improves the generous heart.

I love to see, and feel, and know,
Pure charity, daughter of heaven :
If errors I, unmeant, commit,
I dearly love to be forgiven.

LEANDER.

ACROSTIC.

Original.

Round the shores of Ontario, there rises not,
O'er its wide spreading waves, so noble a spot,
Compared with the towers and arches so free,
Holding lasting repose over bold Genesee.
Encompassed by fields to Eden akin,
Secured by her river and Gran'ries within ;
To complete the proud Embryo feebly defin'd,
Entwine well the wreath of learning, to bind
Round the brow of your youth, in the highway
of mind. ANON.

AN ACROSTIC.

Original.

Fair virtue, of charms far the noblest on earth,
Reared up to reward pure affection and worth ;
Intrusted by heaven this joy to impart, [heart:
Entwined a rich garland to weave round the
Near kindsman it was to the cherubs above ;
Deep ton'd, and more lasting than purest of love:
Still, to souls that can feel for a friend in distress
Her gift is imparted—'tis theirs to possess,
In times of rejoicing, and sweetly employ [joy.
Pure *garlands* of *friendship* to heighten their

Walworth, 1835. A. C. S.

ADDRESS,

To the Exhumated Bones of the Mastodon or Mammoth.

Thou mighty wreck of what once was,
But fated long since not to be—
——Convinced at last,
With wonder and with awe, I now survey,
Evidence of that which had sometimes indeed
Made a part of fancy's, not of God's
Creation. Now I know and do believe,
That once, integuments of flesh and blood,
With all their wondrous parts peculiar,
Clothed your eternal bones, I now survey,
O Mammoth! That once a heart,
Dashed forth its waves of blood,
Along thy circling veins; and lungs,
Which sure the winds of heaven could fill,
Prepared the same to nourish and support
The various parts of thy tremendous life.
They say the sentence of thy race,
Hath been Annihilation. But where,
In the mysterious records of thy fate,
Is found the cause or reason?
For whereas thou wast—now thou art not.
Was it for the Indian's prayer,
That the "Great Spirit" in compassion for
"his children"
Did thee consign, and all thy race,
To everlasting death? that the sacred Bison,
And all which the Red Man's father gave—
His dress, his ornament, his food.
From thy devouring jaws,
Should be delivered? 'Tis vain—He alone,
Who gives me now the glow of health,
And now disease—
Who earth's foundation built, and all thereon,
May tell, or may not tell, to millions yet unborn,
The reason why, thou Mammoth, wast—but
now art not. ANON.

BEAUTIFUL MACHINERY.

To those who love to contemplate the results of human ingenuity, as manifested in complicated machinery, a visit to the paper mills, of Newton, a few miles from Boston, will afford the highest degree of satisfaction. The rags, by the operation of some simple, yet well devised combination of wheels, are reduced very rapidly to a sort of paste.—This is then spread out by the movement of other machinery unassisted by hands, into a thin broad sheet, which goes onward over rollers, and down between cylinders, heated by steam, &c. till it finally makes its appearance at the extremity of a room about twenty-five feet from where it flowed out of a vat of cold water, in the form of a beautiful ribbon of white, dry, paper, fit for immediate use.—Millions of yards might easily be manufactured into one unbroken piece. For the convenience of the printers, however, the paper is cut into any required size by revolving sheers. On the whole, after having carefully examined this wonderful labor saving machinery, we have come to the conclusion that it must be regarded as one of the most extraordinary productions of the age. *Scientific Tracts.*

SPECULATION.—The Newburyport Herald, remarking on the rage of land speculation down east, relates the following tough story :—

'It is rumoured, that one evening last week, two paupers escaped from the Bangor almshouse, and though they were caught early next morning, yet in the mean time, before they were secured, they had made eighteen hundred dollars each, by speculating in timber lands.'

LIST OF AGENTS,

FOR THE GEM.

Angelica, N. Y. Smith Davis.
Bloomfield, Mich. Ter.—Dr. E. S. Parke.
black Rock, N. Y.—Elam Dodge.
Cleaveland, O.—A. S. Sandford.
Cazenovia—S. C. Walker.
Detroit, M. Ter.—Ruel Ambrose.
E. Bloomfield, N. Y.—Lawrence Noble.
East Avon—E. A. Gibbens.
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HENRY G. WOODHULL, of Wheatland, Monroe Co. N. Y. is agent for the New York American Daily, at $10; Tri-weekly, at $5; Semi-weekly; at $4; in advance. The American Rail Road Journal, weekly, at $3. The Mechanic's Magazine, 2 volumes a year, at $3. The New York Farmer and Gardener's Magazine, at $3. The Quarterly Journal of Agriculture and Mechanics, at $4, or $1,00 per No. The Family Magazine, 480 pages a year, at $1,50, in advance. The Monthly Repository and Library of Entertaining Knowledge, of 36 pages a month, at $1,00, in advance; bound vols. $1,25. The Ladies' Companion, of 54 pages a month, at $3, in advance. The Rochester Gem, and Ladies' Amulet, at $1,00 in advance.

Family Magazine, bound, $2,00; Niles' Weekly Register, $5 00; American Monthly Magazine, $5,00; Apprentices Companion, '50; The New Yorker, $2,00.

All communications addressed to him, will be promptly attended to. July, 1835.

☞Subscriptions for the above will also be received at the GEM OFFICE.

THE ROCHESTER GEM,
And Ladies' Amulet :
DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.
Vol. 7--With Plates.

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THE ROCHESTER GEM,
AND LADIES' AMULET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, AMUSING MISCELLANY, &c.

VOLUME 7.] ROCHESTER, AUGUST 15, 1835. [NUMBER 17.

HOUR OF MEDITATION.

BY E. D. KENNICOTT.

'Tis eve—the veil of night is on the world,
The Sun is lost among the tow'ring hills—
The thunder of the swift wing'd storm has ceas'd
Amid the musick of a thousand rills :
The lonely night-bird from her leafy couch,
Fixed in the rolling vapours of the sky,
Sends on the murmur of the passing breeze,
The start'ling terrors of her fitful cry.

O holy hour of meditation ! Here,
I feel thy deep and solemn grandeur, now
Stir the firm fabrick of the heart within,
While seated on this rugged mountain's brow;
And O I love thy stillness, for it leads
The soul in thoughtful foot-steps to the tomb,
And pictures mid the terrors of the grave,
A better world arrayed in sweetest bloom.

From the Cincinnati Mirror.

THE EVENING PARTY.

BY AN AWKWARD MAN.

I was never more puzzled in all my life, than on a certain occasion, when I wrapped my mind up in a brown study for the purpose of determining how it happened that men who look so much alike should act so differently. My perplexity increased in exact ratio with the intensity of my thoughts. There, for instance, thought I, is Sam Workwell, whom I so much resembled in face and person, that a lady, who was engaged to him, once perpetrated a most ludicrous mistake in my presence, thinking I was her sworn lover. Well, Sam is admitted to be about the most splendid specimen of gracefulness that the town affords. I have a couple of legs, but hang, me, if I can use them as he uses his. I have a very respectable pair of arms, but they are everlastingly doing just what they ought not to be doing. I have a tongue, but when I try to talk prettily, it is certain to get down my throat and choke me. Now, for any thing I know, I have just as much brains and am just as well put together as Sam is, but there is still this essential difference between us, that whatever he does, is sure to be applauded, and whatever I do, is sure to be laughed at.

I never was present at more than one party, and then I solemnly vowed I would never attend another ; and so long as I am blessed with my usual sanity, the vow shall remain unviolated. I was a fool for suffering myself to be coaxed into the presence of a company of ladies at that time ; but I am wiser now, and henceforth will be inaccessible to bribes or eloquence.

It has been about one year since I received an invitation to a small party, which was to assemble at Mr. Rokeby's. I was quite intimate with young Mr. Rokeby, but had never visited his father's house, notwithstanding the superlative agreeableness which reputation accorded to his sister. The fact is—since I have commenced, I may as well tell the whole truth, and acknowledge all—if there is any one thing in this earth more horrible to me than all else, it is the presence of a beautiful girl. I have often heard it said, that there is a peculiar magic about a pretty face ; and I have the very best reason in the world for believing it. A pretty face has a magical influence over me ; but the magic is very far from being angelic in its character. I am instantly seized with cramps, which might at some seasons cause me to be consigned to the gloomy apartments of a hospital.

But to the party. Bill Rokeby told me I must go, and I had no earthly excuse to offer, which would not have been laughed at. I, at length, reluctantly assured him that I would be forth coming at the proper season, and he left me. I could think of nothing but the party during the livelong day, and had many presentiments of coming evil. As I am a prudent man, I set myself about preparing some remarks whilch I meant to make. To be sure of them, I wrote them down, and committed them to memory. I prepared twelve questions, which I resolved to ask during the evening, feeling assured that if I could only once get a conversation started, my genius would be adequate to sustaining it with considerable adroitness. I was to make my entrance at eight o'clock ; and when the town clock struck seven I commenced the labors of the toilet. I put on the best that my wardrobe could afford, and with all the ingenuity and taste which has fallen to my lot. I was rigged from boot to collar in half an hour, and stood before the glass practising gestures, smiles, &c. I repeated my questions, and bowed to the beautiful reflection in the glass before me, at least fifty times. I really became quite enamored of my own gracefulness ; and in my ecstacies, jumped up, clapped my heels together, and————tore my best pantaloons, which the tailor had made too tight for the calm endurance of such capers. I forthwith put on my best pair of inexpressibles, and was soon on my way to Mr. Rokeby's, indulging in the most beatific visions about the effect which my questions and graces would produce on the sensitive heart of Miss Catharine Rokeby.

I arrived opposite the door, ascended the steps, and tried to peep in at the windows. I heard a tremendous buzzing of human voices, but could distinguish no one person. I stood on the steps for ten minutes, feeling my shirt collar, jerking up my coat, and making sundry preparations for a magnificent entrance into the scene, of which I hoped a great deal, but feared more. I had my hand on the knob, for the purpose of ringing the bell, a dozen times, and as often let it go. The night was cool, and I shivered, and at length concluded to go to a neighboring coffee-house and fortify my courage with a generous brandy sling.

Off I wheeled—drank the nerve-stiffener—and returned, feeling as brave as a lion. I was unaccustomed to such strong potations, and the steam soon put the whole machinery of my brain into rapid motion. My body reeled slightly, but my nerves were quite steady. I pulled the wire, and was soon admitted. I laid down my cloak and hat in the hall, and—entered ! The [illegible] upon my eyes, my heart was terrified, and jumped up in into my throat for safety. An electric thrill pervaded every nerve, and I scarcely knew whether my head or heels were uppermost. Before I regained my senses, Bill Rokeby had hold of my arm and wanted to lead me on. I besought him, as he loved me, to suffer me to take a little fresh air—told him I was faint, and could'nt stand it—but my prayer was unavailing, and he commenced leading me about the apartment. I was completely reft of my common senses, and have but an indistinct remembrance of what occurred. I was dizzy, and felt much as a charmed bird feels, as it flutters before the basilisk, seeing nothing but brightness and a thousand eyes.

I was soon seated in a corner of a room, and ventured in about five minutes, to glance around upon the company in which I was so hopelessly fixed. There were not more than twelve ladies present, and but four gentlemen, counting myself among them, though I felt most acutely shabby. I pulled out my handkerchief—wiped off the perspiration, which had been wrung from my forehead—cleared my throat—and, then—crossed my legs, and said nothing, simply because I could think of nothing to say. There was a lady within two feet of me ; she was very pretty, and I recognized in her the sister of Bill. I looked at her and then scratched my head, in the vain hope of scratching out some one of the twelve questions ; but, for my life, I

could not think of any. At last, a happy thought struck me ; and after sundry contortions, I fixed my eyes sternly on her feet, and said ;

" It's very cool out this evening," at the sametime brushing the big drops of sweat from my brow.

" Yes, sir," she answered, " but it's much pleasanter than those we have recently had."

As she spoke I caught her eye;—that look utterly put to flight the only idea I had marshalled. Oh ! my horror ! Miss Catharine was kind, and made some remark about the company, which I did not understand.

" Madame—or M-Mi-Miss," said I,

" Are you acquainted with Miss Tompkins, whom you see on the other side of the room, dressed in white ?" She answered,

" No."

' How long have you resided in the city, Mr. Lockridge ? I have often heard William speak of you."

" Yes—that is to say, about a year."

The lady cast a crucifying look at me, and I changed legs, crossing my right with my left. I wiped my mouth—bit my lips, and thought of a question.

" I suppose you know we are to have the Halley comet as a visiter to our solar system, before long," said I, with great gravity.

" No, sir—I know but little about any comets but those which visit our *social* system," she replied, with a peculiarity of tone I did'nt understand at that moment. I immediately began to show off my knowledge of astronomy, which is my favorite subject, notwithstanding Miss Rokeby had just informed me she knew nothing about it. I swung back in my chair, as my imagination swung through the heavens, and expatiated on comets, peribelions, and aphelions—eccentric and eliptical orbits. I became quite enthusiastic on my favorite topic. I absolutely got to making gestures. My chair was on its two hind feet, and I was reeling backwards, when I raised my arm up and swept it round my head, for the purpose of describing a curvelinear line, in illustration of a comet's track, when I lost my balance—the chair slipped—and down I went sprawling. My back was on the carpet—my arms were extended, while my feet were kicking about in the air.—Miss Rokeby, afraid of get ing kicked, jumped up and ran over to the other side of the room; and Bill came to my relief. The company was still in a moment—thanks to their politeness, they had too much of that commodity to laugh. I got up, picked up the chair, and was soon reseated. Bill sat beside me, and tried to turn my attention from the accident, but that was impossible. Presently, I heard a lady tittering near me, and I felt like annihilating her. Every face in the room looked strange, and I could perceive that it was the expression of suppressed laughter. My cheeks burned—my limbs trembled—my mouth was parched—and I told Bill that I would go home. He would not suffer me, but said it would only aggravate the effect of my misfortune, which was by no means extraordinary. I concluded to stay, and brave whatever perils my cruel fate might have in store for me ; at the same time, vowing, with all the sincerity of a saint, that if I ever regained my natural freedom, the ladies might go to the dogs, or elsewhere they chose, but they should never again have my assistance.

I gathered calmness from my despair ; and began to feel very indifferent as to what might occur. About half an hour after my misfortune, a dance was proposed. Each of the three other gentlemen had selected their partners, and Bill told me I must follow their example, as there was no getting on without eight. I solemnly protested against it, but to no purpose. He dragged me from my corner, and forced me into the middle of the room. Seeing that there was no chance of escaping the evil, I tendered my hand to Miss Rokeby, who rose and accepted it. The sounds of the piano soon broke over the apartment. There we stood, eight of us, in the middle of the floor, and I shivering like a convicted penitent from head to feet. I felt like sinking to the earth—and my feet seemed too narrow to support the wretched looking superstructure which tottered above them. I pass by many blunders which I committed in the progress of the dance, to the sad annoyance of a whiskered dandy, whose beard curled with rage as I interfered with the exhibition of some of his extra-graces. I happened to cast my eyes towards a mirror, as I was jumping about, and beheld a spectacle which shocked me. My hair was disheveled—my face was red—and I looked altogether like a candidate for the lunatic asylum. I felt as man never felt before—thought of running away, but that was impossible—and in the midst of my tortures I grew vexed and reckless, and stamped an impression of my boot-heel on Miss Tompkins's tender toes, who immediately ejaculated " Murder ! and sunk back into a chair.—That clumsy step broke up the cotillion, and we resumed our seats—my bosom glowing like the internal crater of Vesuvius.

Miss Rokeby seated herself, and I slunk into a chair beside her. I really think I was shrunk up within one half of my natural dimensions. We maintained a broken conversation for a considerable length of time ; but the thoughts of what I had already suffered, and the fear of coming evils, totally unfitted me to converse with either fluency or sense. My remarks were like my mind—wild and disordered. An inextinguishable anguish burned up from the very centre of my spirit, and my horrors were beyond all description, terrible. I strove to feel calm, but my heart leaped and battered against my ribs, and at every pulsation, sent streams of fire into the remotest parts of my system. My mouth was parched up, and as I rattled my tongue about it, it seemed like a live coal, and all efforts at sallivation were utterly fruitless. My feelings raved like wild winds in my bosom, scattering every thing like composure, and making a complete wreck of hope and happiness. Such were my sensations, while seated beside Miss Catharine, scarcely concious of the presence of any thing save my own burning tortures. I talked ; but what was said, it would be in vain in me to endeavor to recall, or beyond the powers of my imagination to conceive.

Some of the company commenced promenading, and as I thought any change would be to my advantage, I asked Miss Catharine to walk. We arose, and paced the apartment. Although a burning sensation of heat pervaded every part of my frame, yet the arm which Catherine had hold of, shook as if a young ague had taken up its residence in it. As we walked, my feelings underwent some mitigation, and I talked somewhat more connectedly than before. But I was very far from feeling comfortable. I strove hard to recollect some of the twelve questions, which I had prepared and committed to heart ; but memory and every thing else seemed to be swallowed up in the one all engrossing whirlpool of my present feelings.

Mrs. Rokeby entered the apartment, leading a little child who could just waddle. I felt very much relieved by the circumstance, as it would afford me a subject of some remarks. I tried to smile, and patted the child's cheek ; it looked in my face and clung with a frighted aspect to the dress of its mother. The only conclusion that I could arrive at, was, that Fate was resolved to revenge herself fully on me during that evening, for all the sins I had ever committed, as I had vowed that she should never have another opportunity. Every thing turned out differently from what I had anticipated—where I had hoped for alleviation there was only greater poignancy for my prevailing misery.

But I must talk, thoughi I, and nothing but the child and my torture were presented to my mind. I ventured at last to ask Miss Rokeby whether it were a sister or a brother ?

" He is my youngest brother," she answered with great *naviette.*

" How old is he ?"

" Sixteen months."

" He looks very much like you," said I.

Miss Rokeby's brow was clouded, and said she did not think the likeness very striking.

I again looked in the child's face, and discovered why Mis Catherine disclaimed any resemblance to him—for he was the ugliest urchin I ever gazed on !

We were walking during this interesting conversation, and nearly every one in the room was likewise in motion. I caught Miss Tompkins's eye frowning on me, as she limped along, which was far from being balm to my lacerated feelings. The Child, who had already been the cause of two blunders on my part, brought a rattle, and some playthings, into the room with him, and was crawling about the floor, engaged in his play, altogether unmindful of what was transpiring around. Most lucklessly, as we walked by him, and while I was jerking my shirt collar, in an agonizing effort to think of something to say, he rolled his rattle before us. At the next step, I placed my foot upon it, and as it was round and hard, it roolled beneath me. I was tripped up, and fell backwards the second time, at full length on the floor. As I fell, I flung out both arms for salvation. With my right hand, I fixed a mortal grip on Miss Catherine's white mull dress, and tore a strip, at least a foot long, from it. With my left arm, I struck the younker on the side of the head, and over he went. Never did urchin bellow so lustily before. This second appeal was too much for the politeness of the company, and a universal roar echoed over the apartment. I jumped up, and in my agony, rushed into the hall, seized my hat opened the front door, and without touching a single step, landed on the pavement. I did not dare to look behind me ; but ran with all my might, until I reached my room, and then bolted my

door, sat down, and commenced a malediction on ladies and parties, which was not ended before twelve o'clock. T. H. S.

From the August Number of the Knickerbocker Mag.

REMINISCENCES OF BALLSTON AND SARATOGA SPRINGS.

'THERE IS NOTHING CONSTANT BUT CHANGE.'

A FEW weks since, I visited the Ballston and Saratoga Springs. From my childhood, I have been familiar with these resorts,—having a firm belief in the efficacy of the waters in many complaints: and among other virtues, they possess in my view, this very important one,—they are often a specific for diseased imaginations. As I sat in the piazza of a fashionable house, enjoying the coolling breeze—after the sprightly youths had ended their dance, and the lovers of high living had retired to dream upon the prospective enjoyment of a good breakfast the next morning,—I fell into a solemn train of thought. I called up the shades of the past,—and was soon delighted, and not a little astonished, at the distinctness of the vision, and the accuracy of the scenes that arose at my bidding.

The first recollection carried me back to my very boyhood. I had been permitted to come to this watering place, not for ill health, but as a reward for having gained two prizes at school. I felt myself quite a person of consequence,—and in no subsequent visit did I ever hear, see, or enjoy so much. The topography of Ballston and Saratoga became so familiar to me, in a short time, that I acted as guide to the ladies newly arrived, and gave them the history of each place, so far as it was then known, or could be found in books. It was at the period when the United States were preparing for a war with France. The French republic had grown proud and mad,—would own no equal in the universe,—and claimed the right to model the constitutions of nations and to direct in what should consist the dignity and honor of man. To this right our nation demurred, and preferred to meet force with force. A little navy was then preparing along our sea board, which was soon to protect our commerce from pillage and piracy; and armed men were congregating to learn the art of war, that they might defend their country from insult and invasion. Officers of distinction had already been commissioned, and appeared in martial costume among the guests assembled at the waters. General Alexander Hamilton was there with his suite. He had lately accepted the commission of Major General of the American Army, under his old leader, General Washington, who had, with the spirit of a soldier and firmness of a patriot, consented to be again placed at the head of our armies, if his country should be again assailed by foreign foes. General Hamilton from his fame, office, and manners, was 'the observed of all observers.' He was known by the middle aged as the favorite soldier of Washington, who had not only his confidence, but who had distinguished himself in several battles, by his military genius and prowess. In civil and political life, he was still more known and valued. His eloquence at the bar had formed an era in the history of the jurisprudence of his country; and his sage, and wise, and energetic conduct as a statesman, had called from the grave of bankruptcy the buried credit of the nation. He was then in the zenith of his fame, only just turned of forty years of age, in the full possession of his corporeal as well as mental faculties. His personal appearance was prepossessing, but not imposing. He was not tall nor stout, but fairly proportioned,—just reaching the middle height of mankind. His movements were easy, but not light; and he never was careless of attitudes, even in the deepest abstraction; for he had been bred a soldier, whose duty it is to fall gracefully, like Cæsar, when the blow of fate is struck. The countenance of the military chieftain was open, manly, and intellectual; his forehead was expanded, and finely shaped. The painter and the sculptor encountered no difficulties in perpetuating, with more than ordinary exactness, a semblance of his noble head. In every variety which the social circle might assume, at every hour of the day, he threw light and life into them all. When the Fair gathered round the fountain at 'the early morn,' he dipped and passed the pitcher to the lovely hand that held the glass, with such grace and urbanity, that all crowded to partake from him,—while his conversation was as sparkling and pungent as the waters he poured out. He spoke to the youngest and most timid maiden of the group, with such kindness and respect, as gave her confidence in herself to make a reply, although an anxious mother and a watchful aunt were ready to assist her,—as is usual in such cases, in the intercourse of society, At the table, he conversed on matters of state, with a wisdom as deep, as his language was pure. Grown statesmen were there listening to him as to an oracle, while he expatiated upon all our nation had done for an existence, and on what she must do to support her rights and to keep her honor unsullied. He considered the crisis as a terrific one, but not overwhelming; for the spirit of the people, he trusted, would be equal to the pressure of the times. The aids of the General, were men of refinement and intelligence, and were on such familiar terms with him, as to excite them not only to respect and venerate him, but to fondly love him. He was an exception to the general maxim, that '*great men have but few personal friends*,'—for he had scarcely an acquaintance that was not warmly attached to him. The spirit of the revolution was in the hearts of the descendants of those who fought out the war of independence, and their successors had been better educated than their fathers. The war was popular, and young men of the first families in the land had taken office under such leaders.

The Adjutant General of the newly raised army was at the Springs, also. He was tall, solemn, and strictly martial. He looked and moved a representative of the Great Frederick,—just such a man as that warrior would have exhibited, as a model of what he considered the beau ideal of military aspect and bearing. He had been a fellow laborer in the field of renown with Hamilton. They knew each other well. North had been aid to Baron Steuben,—the friend of his heart, and the child of his master's glory. Steuben was short, and unlike the fancied knights of chivalry in size; and he never cast his eye on a tall grenadier, but he envied him his elevation from the ground. North's reputation for strict discipline would not allow him to appear at any time or place otherwise than a soldier, ready to mount his horse for command. Such a man is invaluable any where, but more peculiarly so to a newly recruited army. When he appeared at the head of the troops for the purpose of marking their discipline, every eye was on him, and his person and bearing filled every mind,—constituting all that had been imagined a perfect warrior should be. Those who had read romance, saw at once that he was not inferior in personal form to those yonng and immortal beings who met Saladin on the plains of Damascus, and who were often spared from the Saracen's sword, because he thought by slaying them he should wound the affections of some Christain beauty,—and because he knew, too, that they would sell their lives at an 'awful' price. The conversation of North, was military, altogether. When the muscles of his face relaxed, it would be in telling some story of the wit of Cobb, or Fairlee, in the camp of the revolutionary army: or, if he ever grew highly animated, it was only in detailing some act of prowess of his brothers in arms; and if a smile escaped him when there was an epaulette beside his own in the room, it was when he narrated instances of old Baron Steuben's wit, or play upon words. Other officers of the army were there,—unbending, and at ease in the social circle. If their young men, just harnassed for the parade, grew tired of their full dressed uniform, and appeared in *deshabille*, the disciplinarian's face wore no smile, until they were again writhing in the torments of modern lacing, and appeared dressed as the law required. The mind of the general was constantly dwelling on the martial appearance of his officers and men, and he would have died with grief to have seen a failure of proper military regulation. He knew that it was from adherence to this, that armies, in modern times were to be victorious. While others thought that bravery alone was all that was required, North knew the value of discipline. The Gauls were not inferior to the Roman legions, when Cæsar fought them, but they had not been under the Roman order, and were beaten. The Adjutant General was a brave man,—but he knew that bravery alone was not sufficient for soldiers. The French had at this time made great improvements in the art of war, and he was anxious to keep up with the march of mind in his science, although he once thought that old Frederick had nearly reached the *ne plus ultra* of military talent. Maps of the Mississippi and New-Orleans were spread upon his table, and every hour he could spare, he was poring over them,—for it was there he expected to have been called to fight. The campains of Egypt were subjects of frequent conversation among the American officers, and the characters of the generals were discussed. Buonaparte had now risen as a star of the first magnitude. His glories were in every mouth. As a blazing meteor, he was to course along the shores of our country, with dismay and conquest in his train, unless checked by a dauntless spirit, and an immense army. The youth of every town caught the feeling and Lilliputian bands were raised to emulate the real soldier. The ladies in the dance partook of this martial ardor, and the piano rang with the Mavortian tunes, when they retired to

practise. Even their dreams ran upon battles, and the consequent glory of the valiant beaux around them. The bustle, the animation, and the deep feeling of the scene, I shall never forget. This was my first campaign to the Springs.

[*Remainder in next Number.*]

PROFESSOR SILLIMAN ON GEOLOGY.

FIRST REGULAR LECTURE.

Mr. Silliman gave his first regular course at the Lyceum Hall, on Friday evening, May 1st. His subject was the *Chemical Constitution* of the earth. He defined Geology to be the natural history of the earth; and he said its more exact object was to inform us of the crust of the earth. This crust is comparatively very thin. We are acquainted with it to the depth of ten miles. There are very powerful forces in operation in the interior, though absolute certainty respecting them cannot be obtained. Knowledge of the interior to the depth of ten miles is had, by means of mines, some of which is half a mile deep—of wells, borings, canals, sides of mountains, sea coasts, and especially the inclination of the strata of rocks. These strata, where they are thrown up as inclined planes, reveal the interior to a considerable depth.

The Professor stated that Geology had to do, not with imagination, but with sober matters of fact. It ascertains facts, and then, with the aid of cool reason, applies to them scientific principles. The uses of this study, he said, were manifold. It improves the understanding—it affords the most rational kind of amusement—it is confirmatory of the Scriptural history of the earth. Chronology commences with the race of man—Geology commences with the formation of the globe. This science tends to illustrate the character of the Creator—it discovers materials for the architecture, and shows how the earth may be the most successfully cultivated. Man in mountainous countries must be hardy and industrious: in alluvial countries, he is inclined to indolence, luxury, and vice. The external appearances of the globe are owing to the internal structure. Water running through regions in which there is nothing soluble, is pure and good: when flowing through places where there is lime or other soluble matters, it is impure. Wealth depends on the physical constitution of the earth.

Geology is divided into positive and speculative. Positive Geology has to do with facts—speculative with reasonings upon those facts. The great agents that have produced such changes in and upon the earth, are still in existence. They are not dead, nor asleep, though they may appear less active at one time than at another. Some of these agents are attraction, repulsion, fire, and water, with the various mechanical and chemical forces.

In regard to the chemical constitution of the earth, Mr. Silliman said, that the whole might be considered as an equation, combustibles being on one side, and supporters of combustion on the other. This gave it he stated, an admirable simplicity. On one side of the equation are, as the supporters of the combustion, oxygen iodine, bromine, and chlorine; on the other, every thing will burn, all the metals, and a variety of other substances. All the supporters of combusion are kept in confinement by being in combination with other substances, else the globe would soon be consumed. Occasionally, however, they are unchained, and direful are the results. Combustion is continually going on. Even the lungs of man are nothing but a laboratory, where combustion is constant. The results of combustion are oxides or acids. The Professor illustrated his statements with many beautiful and splended experiments. —*Salem Landmark.*

THE WIFE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity.

Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortunes, and abiding with unshrinking firmness the most bitter blasts of adversity.

As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rived by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that women, the mere dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace, when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, they are to comfort you."

And indeed I have observed, that a married man, falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world, than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch.

Whereas, a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself alone and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

MATTHIAS AND HIS IMPOSTURES.—Harper and Brothers.—We are very much in error if this volume is not read with intense curiosity and interest by many thousands; and still more so, if they do not acknowledge that their curiosity is amply satisfied with its details.

Notwithstanding all that has been written upon the subject—notwithstanding the astounding disclosures made at the various legal trials to which the imposture of Matthias (or Matthews, for this is his real name) has given rise, his history was yet to be written; the occurrences at Sing-Sing, and in this city, in which Matthews was the master-spirit, and which have come to the knowledge of the public, constitute but a chapter in a most extraordinary history of delusion and imposture, extended through a period of nearly 14 years.

The volume commences with a brief sketch of the early life of Matthews, derived from authentic sources and varying essentially from the idle tales that have been published in several papers in this city and elsewhere; this occupies twenty pages. The next seventy pages are entirely taken up with that other and most astounding narration to which we have alluded, and in which is given the history of a fanatical sect that sprang up in this city about the year 1821, and continued to exist untill the advent of Matthews, in 1832, in various forms and under the names of the *Retrenchment Society*, and the *Holy Club*, preparing the way by a succession of extravagant notions and equally extravagant observances, for the empire subsequently acquired by that arch impostor over the minds of several of its members. And these were the late Elijah Pierson, and Mr. and Mrs. Folger.

The history of Mr. Pierson is one of most amazing and affecting character, and the interest it is calculated to inspire, is singularly heightened by a great number of extracts from his diary, constituting in themselves a full and complete narrative of his delusion—and that one of the strangest and most melancholy that ever were recorded or described. Connected with this is the story of another victim, once a prominent merchant of this city. Then follows a copious and circumstantial narrative of the entire connexion of the impostor with Mr. Pierson, and Mr. and Mrs. Folger, principally furnished by the two latter, confirmed and illustrated by further extracts from Mr. Pierson's diary, and by several narratives, facts, and anecdotes, obtained from various authentic sources.

After this, follow accounts of the death of Pierson—of the breaking up of the establishment at Sing-Sing—of the disenthralment of Mr. and Mrs. Folger—and of the subsequent proceedings of Matthews, with condensed reports of the trials here and in Winchester county. The volume concludes with a judicious summing up, a brief recapitulation of some parallel cases in former times, and a few appropriate reflections naturally suggested by the facts disclosed. The whole forms a book of about three hundred small pages, and, as we have already said, one of the most curious, affecting, and we may add instructive, that we have ever perused. It is a wonderful chapter in the history of human nature. The author, we should have sooner mentioned, is William L. Stone, Esq. of the Commercial Advertiser. He has collected a most extraordinary mass of strange and startling facts, of the very existence of which we had not even a suspicion, and arranged them with a method and clearness that leave nothing to be wished.—*N. Y. Cour.*

CONCLUSION OF A VALEDICTORY ADDRESS OF A TEACHER TO HIS PUPILS.

Original.

* * * * * * *

Thus, my young friends, have I spoken very briefly of some of those sciences, in the study of which you have been engaged, or which it may yet be your high privilege to pursue. But there is one "science," says an excellent writer, "of paramount importance—which is the science of living well"; yes, in vain, perhaps worse than in vain, are all the other sciences to you, unless you are good and virtuous.

"Knowledge is Power."—While your parents and guardians provide you with School-books,—instructors—and all these excellent means of knowledge, they know that they are putting power into your hands. What power? Power for rendering yourselves more happy, or more miserable—Power for doing great good, or much evil in the world—Power for exerting a potent influence on all around you, in favour of knowledge and virtue, or degredation and vice.

Is it strange then that we should be anxious that you possess an excellent *heart* as well as *head*; that you grow up lovers of truth, actuated by correct moral principles. Without you exhibit reverence for God, an humble desire to know your duty and perform it, an uniform hatred of vice, and love of virtue, we have no guarantee of your security. In committing you to the winds and waves of this bleak world, methinks I hear the fond parent say in anguish of heart, 'my dear unfortunate child, thou art cast on the stream of life, without a helm to guide you, without an anchor to stay your desperate course, a prey to every danger, liable to break on every rock, to be whirled into every eddy, to be dashed over every precipice!'

"But wherewith may the young cleanse their way?" The same wisdom answers, "by taking heed thereto according to thy word." Here is a chart for the mariner, light for the straying, which will guide o'er the sea, and make the haven of enduring rest.

In the same degreee in which your minds are cultivated and improved, principles of piety and virtue implanted and nourished, correct habits acquired and practiced, just in this proportion are we elevated in the scale of rational existence, and I may safely add, fitted for the true pleasures and happiness of our natures. How gross the pleasures, how limited and selfish the views of the ignorant and vicious, compared with those who are well educated, who have peace of mind and a good conscience, whose imaginations are improved: these in the beautiful language of the poet are those,

"Whom nature's works can charm,
"Who with God himself hold converse;
"Grow familiar day by day with His conceptions,
"Act upon His plans, and form to His,
"The relish of their souls."

Strive to grow wiser and better every day, and as school, in an important sense, qualifies you to instruct yourselves, endeavour to form to yourselves some plan of daily improvement in branches of useful knowledge, and thus be constantly on the march of improvement, adding to your stock of knowledge.

I know not whom to congratulate most, yourselves, your friends, or society, on the hopeful promise you exhibit of future usefulness and eminence.

How pleasing to dwell on the bright prospects before you, as youth of our beloved America: How gladly would I dwell on your rich advantages in the pursuit of science, whose magnificent temple you are entering; the benefits of affluent and influential friends, the privileges of home and social intercourse, the blessings of good government, civil institutions, and those of our Holy Religion. Would that I could guide you to the improvement and enjoyment of these blessings aright. I behold you ushered into a world of trial, where every excellence is counterfeited, every deception is practised, and iniquity strides at noonday. With you it is the season of youth, which is usually decisive of future character. In this most critical period of life, when firmness to resist temptation is most needed, when the support of established principle is most requisite, when the wisdom and experience of age is most imperiously demanded, when all these are most essential for your support and guidance, I see you least qualified from age to exercise them: no wonder, while you are assaulted by the world on every side, religion presents herself to your embrace, no wonder that virtuous age reacheth forth its hand to guide you! marvel not for the care and anxiety of parents, the secret tear that flows, the fervent prayer that's offered in your behalf.

We know what awaits you in life better than you can know yourselves; it is your interest as well as duty, to listen to the voice of age and experience, to ponder the ways of your feet, to manifest at all times a willingness to be instructed, guided, and counselled. Something is required of you now, for we know that much will be required of you hereafter, soon will you take the places we occupy, and pass existence where we are passing. I cast a glance forward and I see you imperiously called to fill the various and all important stations of enlightened and well formed society. Some to the seats of public instruction—some to the Halls of Legislation—many to the various offices of trust, for dispensing justice, punishing vice, and encouraging virtue; and all of you to the no less important, sacred, and more happy duties of domestic life.

With enlightened minds—well regulated lives—habits of industry and perseverance, we can welcome you to the active stage of life. Happy, thrice happy are we, if with such characters we can greet your accession to the places we now fill; we would that you do more than we have done, that you place the standard of excellence higher, that you learn by our experience, that you shun our errors, but eclipse our virtues by the steady lustre of your own.

Thus may you come to the possession of wealth, our homes and domestic altars—Thus we welcome you to the elevated pleasures of social intercourse of friends and friendship, we welcome you to the enjoyment of the invaluable blessings of good government, of civil and religious liberty—We welcome you to the delights of learning, the high pleasures of knowledge, the institutions and immortal hopes of christianity, the light of everlasting truth. Show yourselves worthy, be humble and be wise —Farewell.

ANON.

INDECISION, OR THE MYSTERY OF MIND.

Original.

How trivial are the circumstances which often govern the destiny of man? How much of the unhappiness or welfare of human life accompany transactions which are regarded as merely fortuitous or as matters of very little concernment. Mind, the governing principle in man, is composed of various passions; each claiming alternately the ascendency, becomes for the time being, the controlling principle of action—hence, with much propriety, man may be said to be the creature of passion—directed and impelled by it with as much certainty as machinery obeys the direction of the moving power.

Of this proposition there remains in my mind no doubt; and if you will patiently listen to the plain unvarnished tale of an Old Man, you may have the very best reasons for giving your assent to its truth. The remembrance of by gone days, as they float in dim perspective before me, of many a youthful sport, and school-boy freak—and the loved companions of my early youth, (many of whom alas! have passed to the silent shades of mortality,) as their memory recurs to my mind, fill my imagination with all the realities of life's gay morning. As I recall the memory of these loved ones of my early life, none comes back with more pleasureable reminisince to my mind, than the lovely Helen Graham.

She was—but how shall I describe her? —If I essay to impress you with an idea of her *beauty*, comparisons fail me, and her *virtues* surpassed the acme of human perfection. Then, without resorting to the usual style of romance, in presenting her as the stereotype creature of—dark flowing tresses, and bright hazel eyes; without boasting of the sweetness of her disposition, or the brilliancy of her imagination, we will merely say she was one of the few of the loved ones of earth, whose attractions excited the envy of no heartless rival, and whose purity and innocence, were sufficient safeguards to her virtue. Reader, I am now describing no ideal creature of the imagination—no false fair one—but one to whom the arts of dissimulation were unknown. Reared amid the brilliancy—not of courts and cabinets—nor amid the splendour and pomp of cities—but amid the *rural* brilliancy of Nature's fairest scenes—and her mind partook of that benevolence which the creator has so visibly spread over all his works. Such was Ellen Graham, whom I have called one of the loved companions of my youth, and so she was—and as we view the thing, became such by mere accident. Ellen was not a native of my own neighbourhood, accident as before stated, introduced me to her acquaintance, hundreds of miles to the west of my own happy New England village. Being on a business expedition into the then newly settled parts of western New York, I was compelled by a sudden and unexpected storm, to take shelter in the nearest cottage. I speedily dismounted from my horse, and

entered a handsomely constructed log edifice, whose inward and outward appearance indicated the owner to be a man of taste, even in the construction of this his humble dwelling, and told plainly that nothing but materials and means were wanting in the hands of such a man, to convert the wilderness into a rural Elysium. Mr. Graham, was a man about the middle age of life, intelligent, agreeable and sociable, one of the hardy adventurers from New England, who had resorted to this then wilderness for the improvement of his circumstances in life: and if twelve years residence could be a fair sample by which to judge, he was in a fair way to accomplish his end. Mrs. Graham, was a woman worthy such a husband, kind, affectionate, and unaffected, as three days shelter from the storm under their roof fully demonstrated.

Born and educated in New England, they retained their early habits of domestick economy, among which neatness and prudence were not the least prominent. Ellen, a child at the time of the emigration of her parents, had grown up in the new settlement, and imbibed her habits under different circumstances. Nature in her wildest state formed the first rudiments in the course of her instruction, and as the wilderness passed into the fertile field, blooming with the necessaries, elegancies, and luxuries of life—so her affections and disposition gradually assumed the hue of the surrounding scenery. I would not be understood that her education was all confined to nature's scenery, but that her habits and disposition were affected by it, in as great a degree, as scenery is calculated to convey and leave impressions on a perceptive mind. It had been the care of her parents that she should enjoy the best advantages for acquiring the rudiments of an English education, at the district school,—indifferent though it was—she so managed, more by the help of books, than teachers, to improve her advantages in such a manner, as to excite the admiration of her friends, and wonder of her school-mates; so that at the age of fourteen, she might, and fairly be said to have graduated, having learned thoroughly —perfectly learned all the sciences then taught by the most renowned pedagogues.

At the time of my first acquaintance with her, she was a maiden of seventeen, possessed of all the attractions before enumerated, and a mind well stored with reading and general information, acquired from her father's library, which though not extensive, was well selected, and to which additions from time to time were made, of late and choice works. In conversation I found her well informed in most departments of science and history, and although I could boast of being a graduate from a more renowned literary institution, yet I found in many respects an equal, and in some a superiour, in this *common school graduate*—this rose of the wilderness.

* * * * * * *

The bright appearance of the morning sun, at length indicated that the time of my departure had come, and it is needless to add, that with reluctance I prepared to obey the unwelcome but necessary mandate, and leave this amiable and truly interestinng family; and you need not be told that a youth of twenty should feel an interest—aye, an affection, for the angelick one he was about to part with, to meet—when? where? Should I ever see her again? These were the natural agitations of mind, and I secretly thought that there would, there must be another meeting—but why? I could not tell. Could I indulge the hope that she ever would be mine? Passion was affected, and it controlled my thoughts, and gave decision to my mind, and without considering why, I resolved that this should not be the end of our acquaintance. I involuntarily thought of the poet's words, and I regarded the thought as a harbinger of its accomplishment.

" Earth does not hold a lonesome glen,
" So secret, but we meet again."

I took my leave not however without promising to hold frequent epistolary correspondence with the fair one, and exacting a promise to that effect in return. I also promised at some indefinite future period, to pay them another visit; and as I took the parting hand, I almost feared that my feelings disclosed the affections of my soul; but why should I wish to conceal? or why disguise my feelings?—I could not tell. It was a mystery of mind, and I could not analyze. But with some few struggles, I broke away, and as I took my final leave, I fancied I saw in the maiden, the affection of the lover. As I proceeded on my journey, musings of a nature congenial to the scenes just passed, took possession of my mind. I had been among the fashionables of the day, had seen fair forms, and sparkling eyes, had met with the well informed and virtuous, and those who possessed all the advantages for acquiring the polish of polite society; in short I had seen female beauty and talent under almost every circumstance, and yet this fair one of the wilderness, was the first to whom I would willingly have resigned the affections of my heart, and yet I felt a strange reluctance to be honest even here—why?—the mystery was insoluble. I knew of no cause, and yet such was the fact. The machinery of mind was in motion, and appeared to be tending to one inevitable result, which it certainly must have produced, but for this incomprehensible clog of reluctance, which constantly impeded all its motions. Time passed, and I at length found myself at my native village, in the same state of mind, one principle operating against the ascendency of the other; wishing to write, but not knowing what to write; desiring to see the loved one of the west, and yet not knowing why. Months passed and I had not written, and yet I could find no excuse for my singular conduct. Time passed, and at the end of a year, I was alarmed to find that I had come no nearer to a conclusion. Amid brilliancy and fashion, almost imperceptibly had the time slid away; but the reproach of a condemning conscience, often reminded me of my half forgotten promise. Resolved, finally I seized my pen; with all the warmth of a lover's eloquence, the long smothered flame broke forth, my thoughts had already traced themselves on paper—the epistle was sealed and despatched—but hardly had its journey been commenced, ere I wished it back again, for fear—of what? that the passion would be reciprocated, and I finally caught? but I had no cause of concern; the next mail brought me a letter—she was married! She had been for years the object of another's solicitude, and expressed in glowing terms, her astonishment at my declaration of attachment, and half reproached herself, with having been the unintentional cause of my indulging hopes, which could never be realized.—'So,' said I, 'the jig is up'; she cannot be mine, Ellen Graham, is Ellen Brown, and I am left to mourn over the ruin of my brightest hopes.

Thirty years have passed, and I now live in the immediate neighbourhood of Mrs. Brown. I have witnessed her prosperity, her care, prudence, economy, affection for her family, and sweetness of disposition toward all connected with her.

Thirty years have passed, and yet the machinery of mind has ever been in motion, I have never married. I never knew but one object on whom I could bestow my affections—she is anothers—I have no right to enjoy his happiness, but yet the affection remains, although the impossibility of its gratification might well annihilate it: yet it cannot be eradicated, it will cease only with life. Young men! listen to the dictates of experience, never place your affections on an object which it is impossible to attain.

Mind! the mystery! who can fathom it!

AVIS.

PURE WATER.
A FRAGMENT.

Original.

* * * * The pure and undrugged distillation of Nature—it would not stain an angel's lips! We have always loved the pellucid element, the offspring of the towering clouds—we have always loved the beverage of olden times, the unadulterated drink of the age of happiness, ere men had learned to make "the broth of abominable things in their vessels."

Pure water! Pure spring of pleasing thought! Some of the dearest recollections of the past are associated with it—and some of the brightest anticipations of the future. In the days of our early boyhood, we delighted to stray along the banks of the rivulet, and watch the sporting gambolings of the trout, and plunge into the limpid stream, as gay and frolicksome as he. We rambled from lawn to lawn, and gathered wild flowers—we strayed thro' devious paths, and plucked the berries from their nodding boughs; we wandered over hill after hill in pursuit of game; and then fatigued and thirsty, we sought some solitary dell, where the pure water gushed from the rocks; and there we knelt and drank with a zeal bordering on transport. Again, we drooped and lay down on a bed of sickness, a burning fever preyed upon our system—and rioted in our veins, and riveted the attention of our every sense, to the one thought of withering—consuming thirst. Then a cup of pure water, from a mother's hand, and with a mother's blessing, was a *treat* beyond all price—we recked not of the choice vintage of an oriental clime—we asked from Heaven no other nectar!

So much in commemoration of the past. For the future, it is the emblem of our highest hopes, when "this mortal shall have put on immortality," and we shall lave in the pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, the streams whereof make glad the city of our GOD, the holy place of the tabernacle of the most High!" Pure water! Pure symbol of Heaven's unmingled blessedness! The pure in heart shall drink it gushing from the ETERNAL THRONE!

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Dryden, N. Y.— BLUE.

The Silk Business, we think, is destined to do much for the ultimate prosperity of Northampton.—It has been commenced here under the most flattering auspices, by intelligent, practical men. Their experience necessarily will cost them more than the subsequent knowledge of others, but some body must first test the goodness and practicability of every project. Thus far, success has come up to expectation, and as the business is new and those most extensively engaged in it merely novices, we are much gratified at such prosperity as their experiments have already exhibited.

Mr. Whitmarsh's establishment, we suspect is the largest and best organized Cocoonery in the United States. He has facilities for feeding near five million of worms, but at present, his number does not exceed eight hundred thousand. Another year and they will almost be beyond computation. He intends to reel his own silk and perhaps, ultimately, will extend his business of finishing much farther. His plantation of Morus Multicaulis adjoining the Cocoonery, is a beautiful and rich piece of ground. It overlooks a rich valley of the Connecticut and embodies some of its finest alluvial soil.

Dr. Seeger, also, has just erected a Cocoonery in his grounds in King Street. His establishment will feed over a million of worms, but as yet he has less than two hundred thousand. He prefers the common White Mulberry for food, being rather skeptical about the Chinese. The comparative results will be made known after a little more experience and the preponderance of value found out between the two. Dr Seeger has about sixteen thousand white mulberry trees, of a little more than a year's growth, enough to supply food for a million of worms. The trees which were stripped of their leaves a few weeks since, have now a fine crop ready for use of the second growth. They have had great attention bestowed upon them and we have never seen upon young trees such fine foliage. Dr. Seeger has lost many worms by spiders and the black ant. The worm is surrounded by inveterate foes, but by tarring the bottom of the posts sustaining the frames upon which they feed, he has put a stop to all these ravages.

Dr. Stebbins, the dilligent and unwearied Secretary of our Agricultural Society, has erected a small Cocoonery, and has about twenty thousand worms. We are indebted to him for the first genuine Chinese seed imported into this country, and also for much practical information on the subject of the mulberry. A number of other individuals in town are cultivating trees of both kinds, and gradually, as people see the good results of the experiments of others, they are embracing the business of raising Silk Worms.—*Northampton Courier.*

FRIENDSHIP.

Original.

In life, when tempests 'round us roll,
The voice of *friendship* calms the soul.

What blessings can be valued higher than those derived from the enjoyment of society? What could form a substitute for those kind and confidential friends, that mingle their feelings with ours;—that rejoice when we rejoice, and weep when we weep? Where could be found our solace, were we deprived of the society of those whom we esteem?—the company of our friends? In the enjoyment of their society, and from the influence of their reciprocal love, we have the choicest pleasures of life. By nature man is a social being, and was originally formed for the enjoyment of society. His heart was made for friendship. Although this is termed an unfriendly world, yet we cannot say that man is compelled to launch his frail bark upon life's boundless ocean, and steer his course through time, without a beacon to direct him through the dark night of adversity, or an anchor for his support in days of threatening storms. But things are so constituted, that we can enjoy the society of friends, from which flow the richest blessings that we enjoy in life. The dejected soul is cheered in the society of its friends. When the clouds of misfortune lower around us, and the arrows of adversity darken our atmosphere; when winds of discord blow, and waves of trouble roll high on the tempestuous sea of life; in their society we find an asylum; in their company we enjoy protection. They dispel the lowering clouds; by them the arrows of adversity are unpointed, and hushed are the discordant winds. They pour into the wounded soul the healing balm of consolation; and the broken heart is bound up by the bands of their affection.

Where, amid all the vicissitudes and varying scenes of mortal life, can we find real enjoyment, save in the society of our friends? In their presence we feel ourselves at home; to them we can unbosom the feelings of our heart—and with them there is a mutual happiness, a feast of life, which strangers cannot know. O. H. P.

THE GEM AND AMULET.

The Knickerbocker.—We have frequently noticed in our little paper this excellent Magazine, with a view of directing the attention of readers to it—but have never done it justice, and our limits will not now permit us to: but we can say to those who have not seen the last number, that it is, like each previous number, a good one. Let one read only the "Reminiscences of Ballston and Saratoga Springs," in the number for Aug., which article will be found in this and our next No. and then say if he has not feasted richly, on but a part of its contents.

Another Literary Paper at Albany.—We have received the first No. of a Literary Paper, entitled "The Zodiac," published at Albany, monthly, by Erastus Perry, at $1,00 per ann. It is neatly executed, and we judge from this specimen that it will merit a liberal patronage—but if it should be enabled to make twelve, or more, great circles from Albany, then, a new thing under the sun will have taken place.

"*The World as it is,*" published by Doct. L. Shepard, has appeared in this city. It is to be issued weekly at 50 cents per quarter.

New System of Natural Philosophy.—Mr. Thomas Jefferson Eddy, of Waterford, N. Y. proposes publishing a new work of his, entitled, "Key to the principles of Nature. Comprising the following systems as original, viz. —1. Ebb and flow of the Tides, caused by contraction and expansion, through cold and heat, from the alternate absence and presence of the Sun.—2. Gravity, by a head pressure of the electric element, acting upon all matter as electric vacuums, which he terms Presstraction.—3. Magnetism, by electricity as its legitimate cause, through electric vacuums, including the phenomena of the Compass by the same agent.—4. Motion of the Planets, by one simple original impulse, assuming a curvilinear direction round their respective centres, by local and universal repulsion, in opposition from the electric atmosphere of their centres and universal space; thus neutralizing their orbits, relative to resistance.—5. Seasons, by the alternate inclination of the poles of the earth, to and from the sun, thus vibrating by the expansion and contraction of their atmospheres.—6. Saturn's Rings, as lunar reflectors for the polar regions of that planet.—7. Climate: distance of the remotest planets from the sun, as regards climate, is equallized by the increase of surface of those planets, which retain a greater proportion of light and heat, and thus maintain the same temperature with nearer planets." To contain from 225 to 250 pages, duodecimo: price in sheep, $1,25—in calf, $1,50.

So, if the principles here laid down are tenable, the old school philosophy must be laid aside, and the name of Thomas Jefferson Eddy will rank with, if not above, those of Newton and La Place, and other eminent Philosophers.

The Spirit of Seventy Six, has again made its appearance since the fire. Probably most of the papers burnt out at the recent destructive fire in New York, will arise, phenix-like, from their ashes.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser of the 12.

DISASTROUS FIRE.

It is our painful duty to record the melancholy effects of the most destructive conflagration, regarding the immense amount of property destroyed, and the number of individuals thrown out of employment, with which our city has been visited for many years. It broke out soon after two o'clock this morning, in the lofty five story building No. 115 Fulton street, and rapidly extended thro' to Ann street, sweeping almost every house in the entire block formed by Fulton, Ann, Nassau and Dutch—thence to the north side of Ann street and through a large portion of the block formed by Ann, Nassau, William and Beekman—and destroying also several buildings on the south side of Fulton street, toward John. An immense amount of capital was invested in this portion of the city, in buildings, merchandise, and the implements of various trades and professions, and there is probably no other space of equal extent in New York, in which so great a number of artizans were daily employed.

The loss falls with peculiar severity upon editors and printers; the establishments of twelve or thirteen newspapers and periodicals are among these destroyed—upwards of twenty printing offices, including some of the most extensive in the city, and many book binderies, in which a vast amount of business was done. Among the newspaper establishments destroyed are those of the Transcript, Jeffersonian, Morning Herald, Courier des Etats Unis, Spirit of Seventy Six, Old Countryman, Christian Intelligencer, New Yorker, Catholic Diary, Protestant Vindicator, and several others.

The extensive Printing Office of George P. Scott & Company, in which the New York Mirror was printed, is also gone. In short the loss is enormous. We understand that insurance to the amount of $200.000 was effected on some of the buildings destroyed, but that amount is undoubtedly far short of the loss sustained. In one establishment alone, we are informed the stock was valued at $150,000. The great height of the buildings, most of which were of five or six stories, rendered the exertions of the firemen almost ineffectual.

But the most painful tidings are yet to be related; lives have been lost, to the number at least of six, and it is feared that others have also fallen victims. The names of the four whose fate is ascertained, are as follows:

David Carlisle, and Daniel D. Wyatt, printers, working for Mr. Turney, 115 Fulton-st. They lodged in the fifth story of the building, and were both burnt to death, [as were also Mr. Scott and Mr. C. Baldwin, both printers.]

PARNASSIAN FLOWERS.

MRS. HEMANS.

Original.

Bring me my lyre! Oh haste! Now do I feel
Like waking it again to mournful song:
A sadness stealing thro' my heaving breast,
Doth move each tender feeling of my soul.
Ah, she is dead, yet lives, whose skilful hand
The harp so oft did wake to magic strains:—
Oh! hers are songs that charm the list'ning ear
And send a thrill of rapture thro' the mind.
Oft Imitation, fired with reckles zeal,
And blind Ambition, try their utmost skill,
Like her to sing; but after all their toil,
Discourag'd, fail; because, forsooth, their harps,
Their lab'ring harps, like hers no note can swell.
She troubled not herself for fav'rite themes;
The cloud, the mountain, ocean, flower or tree,
No matter which; whate'er was worthy deem'd,
Alike did share an interest in her song.
While others range the world from state to state,
Plough the rough main, and scale the mountain's top—
Old ruins seek, and venerable piles—
Now tread Arabia's sands, and Greenland's ice,
In search of themes to rouse their sluggish harps;
She, ev'ry where, some subject meet could find.
'Tis true, she lov'd to tread on classic ground,
And gather flowers where ancient bards did cull,
To view whate'er she chose of scenes remote;
Yet not for want of themes her lyre to 'wake,
But, as it were, to shew how vain are those,
Who, leaving things behind well worth their song,
Think it their highest glory to attune
Their harps 'neath distant skies, on tow'ring mount,
By fountains known of yore, or ruin'd towers,
And sing of cities great, and rivers wide,
And things unknown, except on fabled page;
Expecting thus to gain a glorious name,
Because, perchance, some bard in ancient time,
Of such did sing, and gain'd immortal fame.
She did not sing of Heaven and things divine
In reckless mood, as if no Heaven there were—
No God, no Saviour, nothing but this life—
This wretched life of mis'ry and of toil:
Her pious soul could prompt the swelling strain,
Which guileless flow'd as angels' songs above.
The novice bard, aspiring to be great,
And dreaming fondly of his future fame,
The height of his ambition bold doth make,
To swell some strain like hers, and if perchance,
He, after toiling long, some note doth strike
That seems like hers—then throwing down the harp,
With swell important, doth himself console,
With having reach'd the zenith of his hope!
And when he, list'ning, hears no trump of praise,
He, thinks, poor soul! 'tis for the want of taste!
E'en Envy, tho't 'twere prudent to be still;
And unmolested was she left to range
Where'er her fancy led—her sacred right
None caring to dispute: sing what she would,
Of desert flower, of native cot, or vale;
Of branching palm, or nodding pine; of heaven,
Of earth; of waning moon, or burning sphere;
Things told of yore, or penn'd on sacred page;
Of each, of all, she sung with pleasing ease,
And seem'd, without a struggle, to excel.

Form'd for a higher state, she, nothing loth,
Of earth her hold did quit, and bid adieu
To what had been the subjects of her song.
Enough of sorrow she had felt to know
Earth hath no pleasure for immortal minds:
Enough had known of disappointed hope,
To loose all confidence in things below.
With soul prepared, she waited for the call,
Nor felt a terror at approaching death.
Oh! when the hour drew nigh, the fatal hour!
And Death stood ready by to seize his prey,
There might have been a clinging still to earth,
A shrinking back from the cold, dreary grave,
A dread of going into world unknown;—
And spirits might have sympathised with one
Who oft had sung of Death, heroic met,
Or met with christian joy, when her they saw
Bro't to the test, herself to try the grace
That God hath promised to the dying saint.
And as they hover'd 'round, unseen, unheard,
They might have wept, if spirits e'er can weep,
That there's no way, except thro' Death's dark vale,
By which the soul may 'scape from earth to heaven:
Nor would they yet restrain their tears to view,
The sacred twinings of the faithful heart
Round kindred hearts, broke by the stroke of death.
Oh! were it not for hope of future bliss,
Who could endure the painful tho't of death!
The breaking off from all on earth held dear—
The severing of ev'ry tender tie—
The stifled grief of friends—the sad farewell
Of those we leave behind.
She liv'd—she died!
And scarce did mortals catch her dying note,
E're angels listen'd to her songs above.
O Earth! how wretched is thy lot! thy gems,
Thy purest gems, but for a moment shine:
The mind immortal, weary of thy dross,
Discourag'd, seeketh something worth her stay,
But scarcely doth it find a pearl unsullied,
And grasp, rejoicing, for the welcome prize,
Ere it is gone! in mercy snatch'd away,
To deck the palace of the King above.

TELEMACHUS.

Aug. 7, 1835.

THE LAKE BY NIGHT.

Original.

HARK—on the rocks the waters roar,
And foam and break upon the shore;
Far, far along the pebbled ground,
The murmurs die, the waves resound:
In distant caves a hallow moan,
Is echoed by a nearer groan—
While oft approach in awful pride,
Some dark grim monster of the tide;
From distant coast or stormy bay,
Where Æolus lends his strongest sway;
It comes—high towering more and more—
To meet the high defensive shore:
They meet—but all its grandeur dies—
Deep in the waste its glory lies.
So have we seen a human mind,
Towering o'er all its fellow-kind,
Lift high its crest, and proudly soar—
To fall—to sink—to rise no more.

But now, more fearful music wakes
The raging demons of the lakes;
Fierce Boreas, from his northern caves
Breaks forth upon the mad'ning waves,
Deep clouds and storms shut out the skies,
Fierce lightnings flash:—in horrid cries
Loud thunders roll—in seeming fight
The powers of earth and hell unite.
Dark heaving waste, thy billows rol,
'Till bounded by Supreme control!—
But far below thy troubled breast,
A placid world of waters rest.

ANON.

LIST OF AGENTS,

FOR THE GEM.

Angelica, N. Y. Smith Davis.
Bloomfield, Mich. Ter.—Dr. E. S. Parke.
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And Ladies' Amulet:

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

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AND LADIES' AMULET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, AMUSING MISCELLANY, &c.

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REMINISCENCES OF BALLSTON AND SARATOGA SPRINGS.

'THERE IS NOTHING CONSTANT BUT CHANGE.'

[*From last No.—Concluded*]

AFTER an absence of five years, I again found myself at the Springs, quaffing the waters which even in taste, were always agreeable to me. How changed was the social scene! Not the slightest mark of military life was there. The sword, the plume, the war steed,—all had vanished. I remembered that when there before, I saw a lovely young girl take from her finger a diamond ring, and write poetry on a pane of glass in her chamber. I sought for it, but it was not to be found. On inquiring, I was told, by an old servant, that the glass on that side of the house had been destroyed by hail. I recollected the lines, for they pleased my youthful taste. They ran nearly as follow:

'Go, warrior go! and lead the battle on,
And let thy proud sire glory in his son;
Let love of country fire your ardent mind,
The stars fight for you, and the gods be kind;
Return with laurels on thy graceful brow,
To claim the promise and fulfill the vow:
If the stern fates demand a life so dear,
We'll fill our urns to decorate thy bier;
Wind round thy tomb the amaranthine wreath,
And o'er thy ashes sacred dirges breathe;
The world forgotten then, my wish shall be,
To sink to holy rest, and sleep with thee.
The tuneful Nine shall raise each mournful song
Which can to honor or to love belong.'

If it were not for the memory of man, how frail would be the monuments of the dead!

The daily conversation among the visiters were as varied, although of a different kind, as when war and blood were the topics. The purchase of Louisiana was the engrossing subject. Some thought that in this purchase we had lost that honor which was within our power by taking it by conquest. Mr. Jefferson had decided to negociate, and to pay, or do almost any thing, rather than to fight. The supporters of the Federal party smiled bitterly at this inglorious acquisition. The friends of Mr. Jefferson, with no small effort, attempted to prove that fifteen millions paid in purchase money was cheap for such an extent of territory, and went on to show that there were an hundred millions of dollars worth of land in the bargin, beside the value of territorial government. In support of this, they entered into the details of the possible crops of corn and cotton that might be raised on the soil. This often staggered the minds of those already bent on opposing the purchase. The debates and controversies were much sharper than they were in the previous age of war; but as men wore no swords after the army was disbanded, they did not so readily think of them. Now and then a fiery Southerner kindled up, and a firm lip'd Yankee would snub him,—but the good sense of both predominated, and all went off without bloodshed. Foreigners, at this period, as well as on the former occasion I have mentioned, sat listening to the conversation, and gravely prophesied that the dissolution of the Union was near at hand. Some argued, that our country was becoming so extensive that it would fall to pieces by its own weight, and others that it contained elemental matter that would in the end become politically volcanic and destructive. The sage looked beyond these sombre anticipations, and the pious hoped that the God who had supported the country in so many perils, would not cast us off now: and there was another class, whose maxim it was 'to enjoy the day, come what would,'—so that altogether they ate their dinners with a good appetite, and laughed an hour away, without much hesitation,—many thinking cards an innocent amusement, and backgammon a mere nothing,—while others saw no evil in billiards or dominoes. The greater part, therefore, found some sources of amusement, and the concurrence of all seemd at rest, whether they drank Maderia or Port, or played, or danced, sat up late, or arose early.

I was at this time only seventeen years of age, and was destined for the pulpit. Here I beheld no difference among the diversified believers, and thought I saw all yield to the influences of fashion. I laid these things up in my heart, but perhaps to no other purpose than to fill me with doubts of the sincerity of all,—which only showed my youthful ignorance of man and of his duties. Those military plumes, and those bright swords, could not be lost in my imagination. The fair were then gay, and seemed to relish the legends of war, more than the details of growing cotton, making bargains, digging canals, draining low grounds, or improving the breed of sheep. If a sylvan age ever delighted the nymph, it was before the farm house duties rested heavy upon her; at all events, such damsels as I then saw at the Springs cared but little about the mighty developments of the most elegant agriculturist,—which were often exceeding wonderful, if the speaker could be believed. The country was at this time prosperous, for the United States had the carrying trade of Europe, while the nations of that continent were at war. Riches poured in upon the merchant, and he could not complain. The farmer found a market for all his produce, and if prosperity was not a proof of a right form of government at such a period, few were anxious to show what was right in theory. It is true, that we often heard at table criticisms on the speeches of the great debaters in Congress, made the winter before;—but the purchase was made, and nothing further remained to be done in the business; and there was little efficacy in talking about what could not be helped. Some high spirits sighed to think that a good portion of our navy was sold off as unnecessary, and that gun-boats were to take place of ships of war. Many ridiculed the system,—some defended it,—but few with much zeal. Others were for the experiment,—and, on the whole, the great mass of the people cared but little about it, as they found sufficient employment in making money. In the minds of some, there was still danger of a French invasion. The pulpits rang with this fear. Fisher Ames, than whom no man was ever more honest and sincere, still poured his essays upon the public, warning them of the ambition of Buonaparte, and the power of the French nation. In his mind, and in those of his followers, already had the Corsican trodden our shores,—already had the licentious soldiery of France violated our virgins, slain our youths, and spurned our grey haired sires, as they begged the lifeless bodies of their beloved sons. Fortunately, it was but visionary. Our daughters had uttered no shriek,—our sons had not fallen on the ensanguined plain,—nor had blood and slaughter desolated our land. Every age has its fears, its follies, its fair and false reasonings,—but, after all, it is found that Providence directs, without reference to either.

MORE than another Olympid had passed away, before I made my next visit to the springs. The former topics of conversation were out of date, and new ones, quite as interesting, had come on to the carpet. Robert Fulton had succeeded so far in his experiments of propelling vessels by the power of steam, as to silence all cavils upon the subject. A boat had been propelled, without the aid of wind or tide, more than five miles

an hour, and the inventor pledged himself to accomplish eight miles an hour, with his boat, in the course of the season. This, however was not generally believed. His imagination was filled with the great advantage steam-boats would be, in a few years, to the rivers and lakes of our Western country. All the doubting party were obliged to hear from the believing, that Fulton's steam-boats would, in their opinion, quadruple the value of the lands on the Mississippi and the Ohio.

There were at this time many of the old fashioned people, who groaned at the rapid march of the human mind. They thought that man had already sought out too many inventions, to raise his pride and self-love,—and they feared that if the world went on in improvements, that like Nebuchadnezzar, man would ascribe all the building of Babylon to himself, and that it would require *seven times to pass over him*, to bring him to his senses again, and to make him acknowledge the true God. Such was the opposition to the use of steam-boats on the North River, that it was given out that the experiment was only making here under the eye of Mr. Fulton, in order to bring the machine to as great perfection as possible, before the boats should be sent to the great rivers of the West. The world gazed, and as the machinery was improving, the objections to steam-boats were lessening, until no passengers would take sloop navigation, if they could find a steam-boat. The public prints took sides with Fulton, and before the closing of the North River, in the Autumn of 1807, the prejudices of the people were overcome, and Fulton was hailed as the benefactor of mankind,—the owners and masters of sloops on the North River notwithstanding. The visitors at the Springs mostly returned by the way of the city of New York, to see the man who had made the steamboat walk the waters against wind and tide, and given a certainty to the progress of the traveler never known before. I saw the wonderful man, at the expense of more than two hundred miles extra travel. He was tall and powerful,—affable and eloquent. He was never weary of inquiries that were made of him in good earnest, and even met the sneers of inquisitorial impudence, as one who knew he must conquer in the end. His sharp dark eye never flashed with petty resentments, but often beamed with benignity on those whom he should have despised. He never seemed to think he was the object of observation, when every eye was turned upon him alone. He looked somewhat care-worn and older than he really was,—being then but about forty years of age. He had at that time one of the strongest evidences of future success that can be given to mortal man. The boys espoused his cause, cheered him as he passed the streets, and glorified the departure and the coming in of his boats, by making the welkin ring with their shouts. He once smilingly said to a friend: 'These are my judges: they see *effects*, and that is enough for them.'

Enjoying fine health, and plunged in business, I did not visit the Springs again for six years, and then by accident, on my return from a journey to the frontier. It was rather late for a watering season, and not a great many persons were to be found still lingering around the fountains of health. These valetudinarians were not very conversible. The country could not at that moment have been called prosperous. The last six years had been ill-favored and lean as the second herd of Pharoah's kine that came up from the waters of the Nile,—and if they had not quite consumed the good favored of former times, they had done much toward it. At the Springs at this season, it was often chilly in the morning, as the visitors assembled to drink. The woods were marked with the first symptoms of the coming on of autumn; the leaf of the maple had begun to exhibit those beautiful changes which give our forests a charm for the eye, long before the frost and the blast strip the trees for their wintry sleep. There are many melancholy feelings arising from such a view of nature, particularly in the solemn gray of the evening, 'when the hamlet is still.' One evening, returning from a lonely walk, contemplating the effects of external circumstances upon the character of man, a horseman rushed by me, as though he had fled from battle and was the only one left to tell of the disaster. He had stopped in front of my hotel,—and hearing my name mentioned, I approached him. He handed me a letter. I recognized the hand writing of a friend who had engaged to give me the first news of importance from the frontier by the mail. The packet had come express from Ballston to Saratoga, as the Postmaster was requested to send it forthwith, if I was at the latter place. I hastily tore it open, and finding it to contain good news, called all the inmates of the house around me to listen. The letter was short and pithy:

'Dear friend:

'Perry has met the enemy and taken him! The slaughter has been great. The gallant Brooks is dead. Many a poor fellow has fallen. The battle was nobly fought, and gloriously won. *Spread the news!* —— ——.'

Every heart that seemed cold as marble, and hard as the nether mill-stone, a few moments before, now grew warm and *liquid*, and every eye sparkled with delight. It was true that we conquered the enemy before, in single ships, but squadron to squadron had never yet been tried,—and that trial, come when it would, was full of doubt. The question now was at rest, and the tenth of September, 1813, was inscribed as an era in the annals of our country. Not an eye was closed that night, in the village. Huzzas, cannon, musketry, song, and glee, resounded from watch to watch, until the day dawned upon the revelry.

My mind ran back to the time when, a child, I had angled along the shores of Lake Erie, when all was still as a Sabbath morn, and naught was seen, save here and there a little skiff, rowed by a pioneer from the East, or paddled by some solitary Indian. Fifteen years only had passed away since that period, and now the pure waters of Erie, had been crimsoned by the blood of nations—shed not in a war of religious zeal, —not for territory, nor for plunder,—but just to learn each other's character. As I journeyed toward New York, all was life and rejoicing. Every one was bland and accommodating. A new impulse was given to the nation. Ten thousand speeches in Congress, could not have had the same effect. There is an eloquence in victory, that has spoken to the very soul of man, ever since 'his hands were taught to war, and his fingers to fight.'

After a long interval of eleven years, I made another visit to Saratoga, and for the first time saw the canal which had been planned and executed by De Witt Clinton, and his associates, and which was at this time in successful operation. Lasting honors belong to those benefactors of their country, for their labors in stemming strong currents of popular excitement against an undertaking too vast for the comprehension of most minds. Some raised the cry that the state would be perpetually mortaged for the payment of the immense sums the canals would cost, and the utility of them would then still be doubtful. Regardless of all the clamor and opposition, the friends of internal improvements moved onward with a steady step, to the close of their exertions, and raised to their fame a monument more lasting than the granite pile, or the sculptured marble. The visitors at the Springs were overflowing in their praises of Clinton. His talents and enterprise were universally admired. A few party men were, it is true, silent and sullen when his name was mentioned, but they did not venture to stem the popular current. Now and then one hazarded a remark upon the superiority of rail-roads, over canals, and attempted indirectly, to undervalue the benefit of the enterprise to the public,—but he seldom went farther than a passing remark.

The visit of Lafayette to this country, was another topic of conversation at the Springs. The events of his life were detailed by many who knew him, and sometimes a little romance was added to burnish up the picture,—but the sober facts in his life were sufficiently wonderful, without any extraordinary varnishing. The enthusiasm which was felt by the American people, and which carried him in triumph from one end of the country unto another, was then kindling up to an irresistable flame. New York had received him with open arms, and warm hearts,—and every city, town, and village, was ready to render him all but divine honors. The whole mass of the people seemed to remember,—as if a day only had passed,—his munificence, his sacrifices, and his consistent devotedness to liberty,—particularly the liberty of this country. The little children left their gambols, and huzza'd for Lafayette, without knowing for whom they cried. It was only in sympathy with the feelings of their parents, who were unconscious of the emotions they inspired.

In this state of excitement at the Springs, a new desire seemed to be awakened to see the neighboring battle-grounds,—not that Lafayette had any share in the battles near Stillwater,—but his name was identified with the history of the revolution, and that was enough for us. The guide showed us with a sort of dogged technicality, all that was to be seen, and pointed out the places where any thing remarkable had occurred. The events of the battle of the nineteenth of September, and the battle of the seventh of October, are often confused in the minds of those who cursoly examine the subject. The latter was decisive and bloody. In this fight, General Frazer, was mortally wounded, Colonel Breyman killed, and many prisoners were taken, with but a

small loss on the part of the Americans. This contest virtually decided the whole business of the great struggle. Burgoyne was taken, and the term 'rebels' was no longer publicly applied to our men in arms. Those captured afterwards were prisoners of war, and regular exchanges were made.

There were but few traces of the battle to be seen, and it required no small degree of acuteness to find the places of particular events. The battles of the revolution were in general wretchedly described. Those who fought, were not always fine writers, and did not convey their ideas with accuracy, and those who took up these accounts to spread them upon the pages of history, had no military knowledge, and of course most of our battles have as yet been tamely or erroneously given by our own writers. The house in which Frazer died, and the Baroness of Reidesel sought protection with her children, was shown us,—and there can be no doubt of its being the same, from position, and from internal and external evidence. We were shown a skull of some poor fellow, which had lately been dug up, who fell in the great victory.' Our 'Peterkins,' and 'little Wilhelmines' were as anxious to know something about the whole matter, as old Kaspar's grand children of the battle of Blenheim: but fortuntely, we could give a reason for their killing each other, which old Kasper could not make out.

After a long '*hiatus valde deflendus*,' I found myself once more at Saratoga. The village had wonderfully improved, and evinced that in the analysis of the waters, there were golden sands, and silver ones, notwithstanding the chemist who examined them forgot to mention the fact. Trees and shrubbery, of great beauty, covered what was once a barren and sandy soil, reflecting the rays of the sun so intensely as to keep visitors within doors during most of the mid-day hours. A new set of topics were now discussed. First, rail-roads and locomotive engines: next, the astonishing rise of real estate in every part of the country, from Machias to Florida: and then, the French indemnity bill, which we once thought quite settled, but which had come up again with a burst of infernal smoke. This was all natural,—for they were the subjects most rife in the community,—and, of course, would readily find their way to a place of amusement. In this country, pleasure and business are cousins german to each other. It requires no ordinary talents, and much of strict discipline, to lead a life of pleasure without suffering a great deal of pain. The business man must often return to his profession for something to occupy his mind,—being unable to live without that sustaining staff, —ordinary occupation. I noticed one change in this visit which pleased me more than any thing else I had witnessed, and that was, in the books brought here for amusement and instruction. On my first acquaintance with these waters, the books to be found on the tables, and in the hands of the visitors, male and female, were all foreign compositions,—some of a high order of mind. It was here I first read that eloquent and powerful tale, 'St. Leon,' from the pen of Godwin, founded on the historical fact of the voyage of Juan Leon de Ponce, in search of the fountain of immortality in the Floridas,—and which, strange as it may seem to the lovers of romance he did not find. This work is written with great energy and beauty. Its English is copious and pure, and its sentiments in general lofty and ennobling. It was here, also, that I became acquainted with 'the mighty magician of Udolpho.' Her works were then in the hands of all male and female readers. The 'Sicilian Romance,' 'The Romance of the Forest,' 'The Mysteries of Udolpho,' and 'The Italian,' made no small portion of fashionable reading. Anne Radcliffe was then the enchantress, by the divine right of genius, over all who spoke the English language. She threw a spell over every mind, and melted all hearts at her will. In the morning, at the springs, you could easily tell by their sickly looks, who had been worshiping at the shrine of the sybil, in the dark cavern of horrors. A clergyman, who had taken his sensitive daughter to the Springs, at this time, finding that she was bordering on madness, traced the cause to these magic pages,—and after exacting from his child a solemn promise that she would not again open the books, he sat down with a kiln-dried fancy,—armed with a full fed stomach, and sincere in his belief that no witchcraft could reach him,—to scan the pages of Anne Radcliffe, and after ten hours absence, he was discovered impassioned, and almost frantic from the inspirations he had drawn from such a fountain. And while his friends stood astonished at his gesticulations, he raised aloft his hand, grasping the volume, and exclaimed: 'Could we write as she does, all the embattlements of Satan's strong holds would be demolished in a week!'

Other novels were found here, also: but at this time there were no 'Guides for a Northern Tour;' no pocket maps, to instruct and amuse the visitors; and probably if a large map had been spread before them, there was not more than one in ten could point out the region they were inhabiting. Now, a child of eight or ten years of age, on the same journey, is in the habit of noticing every thing remarkable,—refering to his book and maps, not trusting to the general remarks of his seniors, for knowledge of topography. Now, the romances of other days had gone: the wand of the enchantress was broken, and ladies' eyes were not turned with scorn from the works of American writers. I saw here,—and probably they were not a tithe of the collection,—'Outre Mer,' the 'Crayon Sketches,' 'Horse Shoe Robinson,' etc., making a long list. These contained no Cataline's blood-stained dagger, nor Rosamonda's bowl,—but all were filled with interesting scenes, sweetly described, and marked with gently thrilling incidents,—congenial with medicinal waters, and balmy air, in the restoration and preservation of health. The sons and daughters of our own country are no longer strangers to our history, nor aliens to our welfare.

These scenes had passed in my recollection and thick coming fancies were gathering and darkening around me. The shades of departed years, mingled with glorious anticipations of the future, were struggling and crowding with each other in my imagination, when a friend whispered in my ear: 'The whole mass of boarders are asleep: why linger *you* here? Are such things beneficial to health?' I arose and retired, but not to sleep. My reverie had been too long for instant repose, and I seized my pencil, and faintly traced my reminiscences, believing that by catching the *genius loci* as we pass along the country, that the spirit of history is to be kindled up, —her noble temple in the course of years to be built,—and the great benefactors of mankind placed in their proper niches. K.

From the Baltimore Young Men's Paper.

AN UNWRITTEN DRAMA OF LORD BYRON.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The reading world has, I apprehend, by this time become possessed of every scrap of poetry and romance ever written by Lord Byron. It may be pleased, however, to know something of a dramatic poem which he did not write, but which he projected,—and this is the story:

The hero whom we will call Alfonso, is a Spanish nobleman, just entering upon the career of life. His passions from early and unrestrained indulgence, have become impetuous and ungovernable, and he follows their impulse with a wild and heedless regard of consequences.

Soon after his entrance into the world, he finds himself followed, occasionally, in public places by a person masked and muffled up so as to conceal both countenance and figure. He at first pays but little attention to the circumstances, considering the stranger some idle or impertinent lounger about society. By degrees, however, the frequent intrusion of this silent and observant follower becomes extremely irksome. The mystery, too, which envelops him, heightens the annoyance. Alfonso is unable to identify him with any of his acquaintance; his name, his country, his place of abode, all are unknown,—and it is impossible even to conjecture his motives for this singular espionage. It is carried, by degrees, to such lengths, that he becomes as it were, Alphonso's shadow,—his second self. Not only the most private actions of the latter, pass under the scrutiny of this officious monitor, but his most secret thoughts seem known to him. Speak of him, he stands by his side; think of him, he feels his presence, though invisible, oppress and weigh upon his spirits, like a troubled atmosphere. Waking or sleeping Alfonso has him in thought or in view. He crosses his path at every turn; like the demon in Faust, he intrudes in his solitude. He follows him in the crowded street, or the brilliant saloon; thwarting his schemes, and marring all his intrigues of love or of ambition. In the giddy mazes of the dance, in which Alfonso is addresing his partner with the honied words of seduction, he sees the stranger pass like a shadow before him; a voice, like the voice of his own soul, whisper in his ear; the words of seduction die from his lips; he no longer hears the music of the dance.

The hero of the drama becomes abstracted and gloomy. Youth, health, wealth, power—all that promised to give a zest to life, have lost their charms. The sweetest cup of pleasure becomes poison to him. Existence is a burthen. To add to his despair, he doubts the fidelity of the fair but frail object of his affection; and suspects the unknown to have supplanted him in her thoughts.

Alfonso now thirsts only for vengeance, but the mysterious stranger eludes his pursuit, and his emisaries in vain endeavor to discover his retreat. At length he succeeds in tracing him to the house of his mistress, and attacks him with the fury of frantic jealousy, taxes him with his wrongs, and demands *satisfaction*. They fight, his rival scarcely defends himself; at the first thrust he receives the sword of Alfonso in his bosom; and in falling exclaims, 'Are you satisfied!'

The mask and mantle of the unknown drop off, and Alfonso discovers his own image,—the spectre of himself: he dies with horror!

The spectre is an allegorical being, the personification of conscience, or of the passions.

Such was the general plan of a poem which Lord Byron had in mind, several years since; and which he communicated in conversation, to Captain Medwin, from whom I received it nearly in the foregoing words. The idea was taken from a Spanish play, called the *Embozado* or the *Encapotado*,* and was furnised to Byron by Shelly, as his Lordship did not understand Spanish. The foregoing plan is somewhat vague and immature, and would doubtless have undergone many modifications in the progress of being brought out. Lord Byron intended to treat it in the genuine spirit of Goethe, as displayed in his wild and extraordinary drama of Faust, and expected to make it very effective. It certainly afforded ample scope for the mystic, the misanthrope, the metaphysical, and the romantic, in which he so much delighted; and would have given him an opportunity of interweaving much of his own peculiar feelings and experience.

How far the plan he had in view agreed with the Spanish original, I have not been able to ascertain.—The latter was said to be by Calderon; but it is not to be found in any edition of his works that I have seen. My curiosity being awakened on the subject, I made diligent inquiry, while in Spain, for the play in question, but it was not to be met with in any of the public libraries or private collections; nor could the book-sellers give me any information about it. Some of the most learned and indefatigable collectors of Spanish literature informed me that a play of the kind, called the *Embozado of Cardova*, was some where in existence, but they had never seen it. The foregoing sketch of the plot may hereafter serve as a rich theme to a poet or dramatist of the Byron school.

*A person muffled and disguised.

From the Saturday Courier.

THE LADIES.

It is really amusing to notice the laboured attempts of the Boston, New York, and Baltimore editors, to out rival one another in their praise of the fair of their respective cities. The N. York Spirit of the Times, and the Baltimore Visiter, have been at it for a couple of months past; one thinks the ladies of New York are so lovely that those of Baltimore are thrown entirely in the shade, while he of the monumental city, would not exchange the fairy form, diamond eyes, rosy cheeks, cherry lips, and all "that sort of thing," in the neighborhood of his office, for any piece of nature's handy work that ever graced Broadway, or waddled (*defin.* "waddle, to shake in walking from side to side;"—Johnson) upon the Battery. We have smiled to see with how much caution the parties avoid any allusion to the mid-way scene, where beauty has her acknowledged abode, and the perfection of female loveliness is so universally admitted to exist. Our fair city occupies an enviable position, equi distant between the two, it beats the Knickerbocker "all hollow" and o'ertopping the proud monument, bears off the palm from all upon the right hand and on the left;—for the supremacy of the fair daughters of Penn, in all that is virtuous and lovely, is indeed proverbial throughout the land. And it is no wonder that our neighbors have respectfully forebone from any comparisons, in which their admired must have suffered so mortifying an eclipse. We have, however, no disposition to speak disparingly of our neighbors, but must do the ladies of those cities the justice to admit that their charms are indeed of a superior order, and we honestly believe second only to those whom nature, not art, has rendered the theme of admiration to our own city. Our Boston friends, however are less cautious: one judiciously observes—

I have been standing for half an hour to day, at the corner of Court street and Washington street, to look at the ladies. The cheeks which I see are *rather* redder than those which are changeable in Chesnut street; but I should say generally, that the Boston Ladies are not so handsome as those of Philadelphia.

Of course not. But hear another critic, a most capital judge, who writes like a man of sense and sentiment. It is a correspondent of the New Haven Herald, who, in writing from Saratoga, and making a muster roll of beaux and beauties at that congress of fashion, furnishes the following very just, though poetical, notice of the Philadelphia belle:—

But see that face, neither Roman, nor Grecian, which has just passed by us. It is peculiarly an American face. The waters of her own fair Schulkill, are not more beautifully blue or transparent than are those laughing eyes. The delicate tint of the lily can scarce vie with the bloom of those cheeks.—The ocean's bosom contains not pearls more precious than those teeth—and then that foot!—

> "E'n the slight hare bell raised its head,
> Elastic from her hairy tread.
>
> Her lips—oh! her lips
> "Are like roses, but fresher I ween—
> Like a dish of nice strawberries all smothered in cream."

That is Miss M——, of Philadelphia, and a more lovely being

> "Ne'er from the heath flower dashed the dew."

This praise is judicious, and the sensation created may be pronounced creditable to the tastes of the visitors of the Springs, but here an exhibition of the kind is entirely too much an every day occurrence—too much a matter of course to excite extraordinary emotion. We must confess ourselves however, notwithstanding the "blaze of beauty" by which we are surrounded, quite sensible of that other degree of beauty, which puts in extacy our less fortunate neighbors.

ANECDOTES OF THE BLIND.

The following interesting account of the manner in which blind persons are enabled to decide on matters, which ordinarily require the use of sight, we extract from a pamphlet which has been published in Boston, under the title of "Anecdotes of the Blind." It is the production of A. V. Courtney, who is well known in Boston, and is himself totally blind. He sells it in the streets of that city for a livelihood. It appears that he was not born blind, but that at five years of age, he lost the sight of one of his eyes, by inflamation resulting from a violent cold, and that he lost the sight of the other, elven years after by a chip which flew into it while he was splitting wood. After relating the various circumstances connected with his life, he says.—

"I can tell a dog from a cat, and form a pretty good guess at his weight, by the clatter of his claws on the side walk, I can distinguish most animals by similar tests. I can tell metals and minerals, by three, at least of the senses. I can tell a man's size, weight, make, temper, age, whether his neck is long or short, by his voice and tread, and this I do by his tone, and the manner of his speech. If a man holds his head down in speaking, his neck is long—if the contrary, the reverse. I feel his voice strike me upward, if short—downward, if tall. I can distinguish most woods by their different degrees of weight and hardness, I can say whether land, wood, or water is before me, by smell and sound. I know an African from a white, by his voice. I can pronounce what dishes are on the table, what flowers and fruits are in a garden, by the smell, and can judge of meat in the market, by the feeling. I can usually say how many persons are in a room, and what their sex may be; and how many horses are in a vehicle. I can pronounce whether a room is empty or furnished, or how full a cask or a large box is. I can feel any obstacle in my way before I touch it. Whether a hill or level ground is before me, I can judge, only by groping. I can distinguish different kinds of cloths and their quality, as well by touch as others by sight.

"I cannot read now, though I was in Dr. Howe's excellent institution for sightless persons, nine months and had an opportunity to have learned, which I regret that I did not improve. The fact is, that there are so few books and maps printed in the raised characters, that it is scarcely an object for a man who already has the rudiments of education, to study them. Nevertheless it would have been an amusement; and I am confident I could have learned. Dr. Howe found no difficulty in teaching me the map in Boston; and so perfectly do I know it, that I have frequently acted as a guide to seeing men. The celebrated David Crocket was not a little astonished at being led by me from the Tremont house to the blind school.

"I find my way with perfect ease and safety, by feeling for holes with my cane, by following the edges of the side walks, and observing the general direction of the streets. The gas light posts are my chief annoyances. I wait for horses and carriges to pass, and judge of their distance by the ear. I can foretell the weather by the feeling of the atmosphere. I can think of no other particulars likely to gratify the curiosity of the public.

"To conclude, whoever buys this little book, perhaps will find it an equivalent for his money, and if not, he will at least have the satisfaction of having aided one upon whom the divine hand has been laid heavily."

EXTRACT

FROM THE PHILOSOPHY OF ANALOGY.

BY F. WAYLAND, D. D.

TASTE is the sensibility of our nature to the various forms of beauty which the Creator hath spread with such profusion around us. He who made the mind for beauty, also made beauty for the mind. He hath pencilled it upon the spangled meadow and on the burnished cloud. He hath chiseled it in the gigantic majesty of the ceder of Lebanon and in the trembling loveliness of the tendril that twines around its branches. In obedience to its laws, He hath taught the linnet to flutter in the grove, and the planets to revolve in their pathway through the heavens. We hear it in the purling brook, and in the thundering cataract, and we perceive it yet more legibly inscribed on all those social and moral qualities in the exercise of which our Maker hath intended that we should be for ever approaching nearer and nearer to the exhaustless Source of uncreated excellence. These are the models which nature presents for the contemplation of the artist; and just in proportion to his power of detecting among her complicated forms, the simple elements of loveliness, and of combining them according to the examples which she herself has set before him, will he fill the vacant canvass with images of beauty, and animate the dull, cold marble with breathing intelligence. It is this communion with Nature, which endows the artist with what Lord Cathham has so well denominated the prophetic eye of taste, and which has left the Belvidere Apollo, and the Medicean Venus, the temple on the Ilyssus and the temple of Minerva, to illustrate to all coming generations what genius can accomplish. We see thus in Taste, as in all the original operations of the mind, it is the sublimest attribute of intelligence to see things as they are.

AN EXTRACT, FROM AN ADDRESS ON TEMPERANCE.

Original.

Yes,—There are real mourners!
WORDSWORTH.

"——— If there is any part of Society, who, more than others, have reason to rejoice in what has been already done in the promotion of temperance, it is the mothers and daughters of our community. As their station, in well formed society, is secluded from the multitude—so are their sufferings, in like manner, secluded. As their peculiar and sacred scene of action, the theatre of domestic life, is within doors—so is this withering pestilence of want, cruelty, and death, made to fall on them in seclusion.—The invaded fireside alone knows their agony; the worse than widowed, deserted pillow, alone knows their tears of heart-rending sorrow and despair.

Who, on taking a view of the cruel, widespread murderous devastation, which the demon of intemperance has carried into the bosom of domestic life, but is ready to implore *her* forgiveness in behalf of that slumbering, unhumane community, which so long were spectators of suffering innocence—abused love, and despairing grief. Who can even fancy the amount of wretchedness and cruelty the innocent and too tender breast of woman has been made to experience by the accursed practice of drinking! Can we imagine a more bitter cup of lingering human woe, than that tender mother and faithful wife is compelled to drink, whose husband is a drunkard; whose lover is a murderer. Gracious GOD! Is this the recompense of woman's love? When thus the fountains of her pure affection are broken up, and her lovely form wrecked by the storms and lashing waves of intemperance, well may she lift her broken heart to heaven, and in the language of one cry

"O to the shining realms above,
I lift my hands and glance my eyes,
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies.
There from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul."

We have seen one in all the loveliness of youth, her form the perfection of beauty, walking in the conscious rectitude of her heart—a countenance, the index of her mind, where that true modesty, flowing from purity of life, and conscious innocence, held its benign and all powerful empire—as a sister how faithful and kind—as a daughter how dutiful, how amiable—as a friend, how instructive, how lovely, how true. She mixed in all the walks of life, the pride of her companions, the comfort of declining age, the hope and joy of maternal fondness. In an hour of fortune she is sought, and won, we saw her led to the hymenial altar; there was the vow performed, there hand in hand, was consumated that blissful union of God's own appointment.—Fortune favored this happy pair; she strewed their way with flowers. Love was crowned with its fruit, and more than earthly bliss hallowed their united and happy existence.

Time rolled on, and through the vista of a few years, we looked again and beheld that once angel form bowed in all the agony of silent grief; the bitter tear of despair corrodes that once soul enlivening eye. In all the depths of wretchedness, and blasting poverty, denied even the consoling fellowship of grief, we heard the angel of death, calmly invoked.—We searched the cause, and O! must we say, the *Lover*, the *Husband*, the *Father*, is a *Drunkard*."

ANON.

"DEATH IS AN ETERNAL SLEEP."

Original.

AND has the research of six thousands years into the future destinies of man resulted only in this one dark sentence—"Death is an eternal sleep"? Has Philosophy, well nigh deified truth, prostrated herself a lowly suppliant, and, with the ancient seer, prayed—'I beseech thee, shew me thy glory'—finally entered into the arcana of the temple of TRUTH, and gleaned thence only this one sad oracle—"Death is an eternal sleep"? Has Science conned over the whole routine of human knowledge—beheld the all-wise mechanism of vegetable and animal organization,—anatomised man, fearfully and wonderfully made as he is—marked his astonishing powers of mind and its vast capacities—investigated the laws of matter—pried into the mysteries of moral and physical nature,—careered through ocean, earth and sky—ranged the starry heavens—visited infinite worlds and systems of worlds—held converse with the whole Universe, and gained no where intelligence of an Eternal Being, who has allotted us a future existence; and brought back this only message of despair—"Death is an eternal sleep"? Alas, alas! is knowledge then the bane of our proudest hopes? Is Truth, our ever boasted trust, the most conducive to our misery? Is this the zenith-height of Wisdom? Let her shine on then; but who will bless her light? She has ignis fatuus-like lured us into the dreary wastes of desolation; she beams now on the cimmerian darkness of the tomb only to tell of worms, and corruption, and annihilation. She shows a Universe clad in the pall of utter hopelessness, and proclaims ceaselessly to the shuddering soul—"Death is an eternal sleep"! Such is the vaunted discovery of the *soi disant* "Age of Reason." Man is the mere ephemera of a moment—a bubble on the ocean of eternity! He rises by chance—expands—shines—bursts, and exists again no more forever! Human life is a mere puff of accident———

"a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
And signifying nothing"!

'Tis evanescent as the "fire fly's lamp." Man wakes amid the bounties of creation—casts a pleasurable look on this Paradise of ours, stands erect like a god, and feels a consciousness of immortality; gazes into the skies—claims affinity with the pure and spiritual inhabitants of a holier existence—then fades in the very morning of his glory, and the subtile elemental flame of his being is extinguished forever! The King of Terrors plants his foot on the neck of his victim—rears over the grave the sable trophies of victory, and waves over a world of intelligent beings that were, the awful inscription—"Death is an eternal sleep"!

And can I endure the thought? No—no; out upon it! It cannot be! Let me be a Pagan—let me believe in the dark superstitions of Heathenism—let me credit all the absurd notions of Idolatry—only let me have *some* religion; let me have *some* God; let me have *some* kind of a hope of living forever; *I cannot—I cannot* lie down in utter nothingness!

It cannot be—I cannot suffer actual annihilation. I am

———"in part divine,
A troubled stream from a pure source."

The gross composition of my body shall indeed return to its original elements—yet it shall still exist. But my soul, my immaterial, my essential, my etherial and uncompounded part, can never be dissolved! Death is *not* an actual sleep! True Science never taught it—Philosophy never learned it—Wisdom never believed it—Truth never asserted it. I must continue to have entity, feeling, consciousness, memory, and a capacity for enjoyment, to all eternity!

How consoling the reflection in the hour of bereavement,—"Death is NOT an eternal sleep"! I stood for the last time by the coffin's side, and gazed on the inanimate form of her I loved as my own soul—the only one for whom I had given, or wished to give, my holiest affections. I felt, ——— but words cannot express it—the keen agony

of a bleeding heart! I asked of Philosophy one balmy consolation. She had none. Her opiates cannot heal the wounded heart. But the man of God whispered in my ears, "*Eliza shall rise again*"! It was my life! The intolerable anguish had passed away. My tears had been choaked; but now they flowed freely. Yes, I dried them up, and bowed to the bereavement in submission. "Eliza shall rise again," said I. "Let her be buried then, for I shall see her again in the resurrection, at the last day."

Aye, I cannot be a sad doubter of futurity! Skepticism is an unhappy infirmity—a malconformation of the sentient powers. It opposes the best evidence of my feelings.

"I feel my immortality o'ersweep
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears; a peal,
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,
Into my ears this truth—"*thou livest forever*"!

BLUE.

Dryden, N. Y.

DEATH

Original

THE decease of the old shows us that all must die, while that of the young admonishes us to be ready at all times to meet the grim monster. Death, the king of terrors, may really be so, or it may not. Ask the christian in his dying hour if he fears the last enemy, and a beam of joy on his countinance will shew you that he does not; but propose the same to the libertine at the winding up of his mortal career; and the keenness of despair, pictured with all its horrors on his countenance, will show to you at once that death *is* the king of terrors. I know of no situation more sorrowful than that, when we are by the beadside of a dying mortal, who leaves no assurance that he has gone to the land where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. But if there is a situation where joy is mixed with grief, it is that where we loose a friend who leaves the assurance of becoming an inhabitant of that better land, where unalloyed happiness is the portion of every one that enters. Of joy, because we believe they are to be freed from the sorrows of this world; of grief, because we have enjoyed happiness in their society, and now feel that we have one the less source of enjoyment. But the thoughts of death may teach every one a lesson that may not be learned any where else. It teaches the wealthy that riches cannot preserve them from his iron grasp, any more than the begger, who supplicates his hospitality. There are none to whom the thoughts of death are more humbling, than vain, self admirers. Their persons, which they think superior to others, must see corruption, yea more, must become food for the knawing worm. How withering to the king, who sits upon a throne, to know that his situation after death is no better than the poor suppliant whom he spurns from his feet. How blasting to the miser to know that of all his heaps of hoarded wealth, he can carry none of it with him. How withering to the purse proud aristocrat, to know that it is but for a little time that he will be permitted to exercise his sway over his dependants,—That soon his name will be forgotten by those very persons over whom he tyranizes. If we do not wish to sink into utter oblivion, at our end, let us gain a reputation and preserve it; let the world be some better for our having been in it. Thus we shall live after death, and not pass wholly from the memory of those with whom we have associated. If we are not able to perform some splendid action, to keep our memories alive, what is better, we can live a virtuous life, which will cause those who know us while living, to remember us with a sigh, after we are dead.

The thoughts arising, while accompaning a corpse, to its narrow house, may be good, or bad—good if we are disposed to profit by the lesson of instruction before us; but bad if we saunter along as a mere spectator; as one not born to pass through the valley of the shadow of death. My time while accompanying old James Branch, to the silent tomb, I hope, was not ill spent. The whole course of his virtuous life, I had to run over in my mind, and I could think of him as none other than one who was gathering to his fathers and had gone to reap his reward.

The procession arrived at the side of the grave; the bier was rested on the ground; the coffin was opened, to view, for the last time the remains of him we had so long venerated, and then to be consigned to his mother earth, and then to rest till the last trump of GOD, shall sound to awake the sleepers. I marked the appearance of many as they took a last view of the corpse, and saw but few turned away without shedding a tear for the departed. How is it, thought I, that the deceased who had passed so many years of his life in obscurity, should at his death, cause so much regret. Like the gurgling brook, which pursues its meandering course through a rich meadow, its worth is not fully appreciated till it ceases to run. In the piety, of the departed there was no deception. He had endeared himself to all of his acquaintances. While the mere acqaintance shed a tear of regret over the departed, there was one who needed pitying, for her sorrow. The coffin was lowered into the grave—the attendants soon covered it from sight, and those who were led there out of mere curiosity, were departing to their homes to forget that such a person ever had a being, whose interment, they had just witnessed. Others had been led there from very different motives, and seemed to wish themselves the last to leave the grave-yard. But one was there, who felt, that the earth had hid from her sight the chief comfort of her old age. I knew that to quit the spot would cost her an effort, and I, with some others, remained to proffer the consolation of mortals, should it be needed.

The lips of the old lady were seen to move, and I soon saw she was repeating some favorite passage of scripture, full of consolation to the afflicted. She took one more longing look to the grave that contained her companion, of three score winters, and anguish in its most vivid lines were marked on her countenance. A tear or two found its way down her cheek, from a hitherto dried up fountain. I saw the struggle to overcome her feelings, and unable longer to witness it, I turned away with such a compound of feelings, that it would be hard describing them. I felt sorrow for the afflictions, to which the human family are subject. Joy for the thought that another of the sons of men had been gathered to his fathers, to suffer affliction no more; yet I could not help pitying her, who was so deeply afflicted. Leaving the cemetry, to the old lady, seemed like tearing ones self from the only friend we possessed, never to meet them again. This was a sight too much for me longer to bear, and I pursued my way homeward, thinking of the scene I had just left. A few more weeks had passed away, when a friend informed me of the death of Mrs. B. and I felt that it was one of heaven's kindest favors to release her from her sorrows.

FIAL.

MY MUSE.

Original.

WHY sinks my sick'ning heart to see
And feel the world's mock Charity?
Why scalds my cheek the bitter tear,
That man is not to man more dear?
When all are strange, and none are kind,
My Muse can cheer my lonely mind.

Tho' forced to drudge for the dregs of earth,
And keenly feel of mortal birth
The thousand ills—the special throes—
Alas, my own, my self-bought woes;
Then come my Muse, and calm the mind,
This troubled ocean's stormy wind.

Thy sweet, thy measured influence shed,
To calm the soul and aching head;
The want of kind and faithful friends,
In glowing numbers make amends.
When all are strange and none are kind,
My Muse shall cheer my lonely mind.

My fingers move to touch the lyre,
And fill my heart with chasten'd fire,
To feel and sing in raptures new,
Of Heaven's own friendship—*firm* and *true*.
When all are strange and none are kind,
My Muse shall cheer my lonely mind.

ANON.

Human Life.

LIFE is a wild and stormy tide,
Where winds and waves prevail,
And they who trust the waters wide,
Must feel the shivering gale.

Life is a bright and sunny shore,
Where fruits and roses grow;
Where pleasure builds her shady bower,
And silver streamlets flow.

'Tis thus that wanderers of the earth,
In joy or sorrow deem;
To these, it seems a day of mirth;
To those, a fearful dream.

Unhappy that the one should be
Deceived by pleasure's wiles!
And that the other ne'er should see
The light of fortune s smiles.

But much I fear that all must taste
The bitter cup of woe;
For life has many a lonely waste,
Where sickening currents flow.

Yet it is not a loathsome scene,
So painful though it be,
For mercy's hand is plac'd between
Full many a flow'ry lea.

And hope has built a rosy bower,
Beyond the azure sky,
To which she flies in evil hour,
Till tempests have gone by.

Mr. Everett's Address at Lexington.

We are glad (says the Boston Daily Advertiser) to set before our readers a portion of this Address, in which the circumstances of the Battle of Lexington are related. The discourse itself yields to none of the former efforts of its author, in eloquence, fulness of research, or adaptation to the occasion.

On Saturday the 15th of April, the provincial Congress, then in session at Concord, adjourned to meet again on the 10th of May. It is probable that the intelligence of this event had not reached Gen. Gage in Boston, when, on the same day, he commenced his arrangements for the projected expedition. The grenadier and light infantry were relieved from their several stations in Boston, and concentrated on the common, under pretence of learning a new military exercise. At mid-night following, the boats of the transport ships, which had been previously repaired, were launched and moored under the sterns of the men-of-war in the harbor. Dr. Warren on his way home from the Congress on Saturday, had expressed to the family of Mr. Clark, his firm pursuasion, that the moment was at hand when blood would flow. He justly regarded the military movements of the following night, as a confirmation of his opinion, and despatched Col. Paul Revere the next day, to bring the intelligence to Messrs. Hancock and Adams. They naturally inferred from the magnitude of the preparations, that their own seizure could be the sole object, and advised the committee of safety, then siting at West Cambridge, to order the distribution into the neighboring towns of their stores collected at Concord. Colonel Paul Revere, on his return to town on Sunday, concerted with his friends in Charlestown that two lights should be shown from the steeple of the North Church, if the British troops should cross in boats to Cambridge, and one, if they should march out over Boston neck.

Wednesday the 19th was fixed upon as the eventful day. Ten or twelve British officers were sent out the day before on horseback, who dined at Cambridge and at night-fall scattered themselves on roads to Concord to prevent communication of intelligence from the town. Early communication of this fact was brought to this place by Solomon Brown* of Lexington, who returned late from Boston market on the afternoon of the 18th, and passed them, and were passed by them several times as they sometimes rode forward or fell back on the road. A dispatch of the same effect was also sent by Mr. Gerry of the committee of safety, at West Cambridge to Mr. Hancock, whose answers, still preserved, evinced the calmness and self-possession, which he maintained at the approaching crisis. In consequence of this information, a guard of eight men, under the late Colonel Monroe, then a sergeant in the Lexington company, was marched in the course of the evening to Mr. Clark's house, for the protection of Messrs. Adams and Hancock. At the same time, Messrs. Sanderson † Loring† and Brown were sent up towards Concord, to watch the movements of the the officers. They came upon them unawares in Lincoln, and fell into their hands. About mid-night Colonel Paul Revere, who had left Boston by direction of Dr. Warren, as soon as the movements of the troops was discovered, and had passed by the way of Charlestown where he narrowly escaped two British officers, through Medford and West Cambridge, giving the alarm at every house, on the way—arrived at Mr. Clark's with despatches from Dr. Warren to Hancock and Adams. Passing on towards Concord, Revere also fell into the hands of the British officers in Lincoln, but not till he had an opportunity of communicating his errand to young Dr. Prescott, of Concord, whom he overtook on the road. At the moment Revere was arrested by the officers, Prescott succeeded in forcing his way through them, and thus carried the alarm to Concord. The intelligence sent by Dr. Warren to Messrs. Hancock and Adams, purported that a large body of the King's troops (supposed to be a brigade of 1200 or 1500 men,) had embarked in boats from Boston.

After the detention of an hour or two in Lincoln, the British officers were informed by Col. Revere, of all the measures he had taken to alarm the country; and deemed it expedient for their own safety to hasten back towards Boston. On their way towards Lexington, they put many questions to their prisoners as to the place where Messrs. Hancock and Adams were residing. As they approached Lexington the alarm bell was ringing, and a volley was fired by some of the militia, then assembled on the green. Upon this they hastened their flight, and just as they entered the village their prisoners escaped from them. Col. Revere repaired to the house of Mr. Clark, and the general apprehensions relative to his distinguished guests, having been confirmed by the interogatories of the British officers, Messrs. Hancock and Adams were persuaded with great difficulty to withdraw from the immediate vicinity of the road. On the return of Col. Revere to the centre of the village, he met Capt. Thaddeus Bowman, coming up the road in full gallop, with the news that the British troops were at hand.

It was at this time, between four and five o'clock in the morning. Three messengers had been sent down the road, to ascertain the approach of the British army. The two first brought no tidings, nor Bowman, till the troops were far advanced into the town. They had been put in motion about seven hours before on Boston Common. They crossed in boats, near the spot where the Court House now stands in East Cambridge; and there took up their march, from eight hundred to one thousand strong, light infantry, and marines. They crossed the marshes, inclining to their right and came to Charlestown and West Cambridge road, near the foot of Prospest hill. It was a fine moonlight chilly night. No hostile movement was made by them, till they reached East Cambridge. The committee of safety had been in session in that place at Weatherbee's tavern, and three of its distinguished members, Vice President Gerry, Col. Lee, and Col. Orne, had taken up their lodgings for the night, at the same house. The village having been alarmed by Colonel Revere, was on the alert at the approach of the army; and Messrs. Gerry, Lee and Orne, had risen from their beds and gone to their windows, to contemplate the strange spectacle. As the troops came up on a line with the house, a sergeant's guard was detached to search it; and the members of the committee had but a moment to escape by flight into the adjacent fields.

It was now perceived by Col. Smith, who commanded the British detatchment, that the country, on all sides, was in a state of alarm. The news had spread in every direction, both by the way of Charletown and Roxbury. The light in the North Church steeple had given the signal, before the troops had fairly embarked. It was propagated by the alarm bell, from village to village; vollies from the minute-men were heard in every direction; and as fast as light, and sound could travel, the news ran through Massachusetts, I might say through New-England; every man as he heard it sprang to his arms. As a measure of precaution, under these circumstances, Col. Smith detatched 6 companies of light infantry and marines, to move forward under Major Pitcairne and take possession of the bridges at Concord, in order to cut off the communication with the interior of the country. At the same time also, he sent back to Gen. Gage and asked a reinforcement, a piece of forethought which saved all that was saved of the fortunes of that day. Before the detatched companies could reach Lexington, the officers already mentioned were hastening down the road; and falling in with Major Pitcairne, informed him, that five hundred men had assembled on Lexington green to resist the troops. In consequence of this exaggerated account, the advance party was halted to give time for the grenadiers to come up.

And thus, fellow citizens, having glanced at all the other movements of this memorable night, we are prepared to contemplate that, which gives interest to them all. The company assembled on this spot, and which had been swelled by the British officers to five hundred, consisted in reality of sixty or seventy of the militia of Lexington. On the receipt of the information of the officers and the movements of the troops, a guard had been set, as we have seen, at the house of Mr. Clark, the evening before. After the receipt of the intelligence brought by Revere, the alarm bell was rung; and a summons sent round to the militia of the place, to assemble on the green. This was done by the direction of the commander of the company, Captain John Parker,—an officer of approved firmness and courage. He had probably served in the French war, and gave many proofs, on this trying occasion of a most intripid spirit. About 2 o'clock in the morning the drums beat to arms, the roll was called, and about one hundred and thirty answered to their names; some of them alas—whose ashes are gathered in that depository, invoke the mournful honors of this day,—for the last time on earth. Messengers were sent down the road to bring intelligence of the troops; and the men were ordered to load with powder and ball. One of the messengers soon returned with the report, that there were no troops to be seen. In consequence of this information, as the night was chilly, in order to spare the men already harrassed by the repeated alarms which had been given, and to relieve the anxiety of their families. the militia were dismissed; but ordered to await the return of the other express sent down to gain a knowledge of the movements of the enemy, and directed to be in readiness at the beat of the drum. About half of the men sought refuge from the chill of the night in the public house still standing on the edge of the green; the residue returned to their homes in the neighborhood. One of the messengers was made prisoner by the British, who took effectual caution to arrest every person on the road. Benj. Wellington hastening to the centre of the village, was intercepted by their advanced party, and was the first person seized by the enemy in arms, in the revolutionary war. In consequence of these precautions, the troops remained undiscovered till within a mile and a half of this place, and when there was scarce time for the last messenger, Capt. Thaddeus Bowman, to return with the tidings of their certain approach.

Anew, the last alarm is now given; the bell rings,—guns are fired in haste on the green,—the drums beat to arms. The militia, within reach of the sound, hasten to obey the call, sixty or seventy in number, and are drawn up in order, a very short distance in the rear of the spot on which we stand. The British troops, hearing the American drum, regard it as a challenge, and are halted at the distance of one hundred and sixty rods to load their guns. At the sight of this preparation, a few of the militia on the two extremities of the line, naturally feeling the madness of resisting a force outnumbering their own ten to one, and supposed to be near twice as large as it was, showed a disposition to retreat. Capt. Parker ordered them to stand their ground, threatening death to any man who should fly—but directed them not to fire unless fired upon. The commanders of the British forces advanced some rods in front of their troops. With mingled threats and oaths, they bid the Americans lay down their arms and disperse, and called to their own troops, now rushing furiously on—the light infantry on the right of the church, in which we are now assembled, and the grenadiers on the left,—to fire. The order not being followed with instant obedience, is renewed with oaths and imprecations—the officers discharge their pistols—and the foremost platoon fires over the heads of the Americans. Not one falls, and John Monroe standing next to a kinsman of the same family name, calmly observed, that they were firing nothing but powder. Another general volley, aimed with fatal precision, succeeds. Ebenezer Monroe replied to the remark just made, that something more than powder was then fired, as he was shot himself in the arm. At the same moment, several dropped around them, killed and wounded. Capt. Parker now felt the necessity of directing his men to disperse, but it was not until several of them had returned the British fire, and some of them more than once, that this handful of brave men were driven from the field.

Of this gallant little company, seven were killed and ten wounded, a quarter part at least of the number drawn up, and a most signal proof of the firmness with which they stood the British fire. Willingly would I do justice to the separate merit of each individual of this heroic band; but tradition has not furnished us the means.

* Mr. Brown is still living, but from the distance of his place of residence, was not able to attend, with the other survivors of Capt. Parker's company (ten in number,) at the celebration of the anniversary.

† Mr. Loring was present on the Stage, at the delivery of this Address

THE GEM AND AMULET.

☞The last number of this paper should have been dated 22d August, instead of 15th.

☞ Distant Subscribers who have not complied with our terms for this Vol. are requested to do it immediately. Those who do not pay until during the last quarter will be charged $1,50 for the volume.

☞ A number of subscribers, (we don't like to name them) are yet owing us for the 5th and 6th Vols. of the GEM: of such we should be extremely glad to receive the pay.

☞ On hand, a few sets only of the 5th and 6th Vols. bound, for sale. Subscribers can be supplied with Nos. from the commencement of vol. 7th.

PARNASSIAN FLOWERS.

From the Boston Pearl.

A FAIRY SONG.

BY THOMAS GREGG.

The stars shine bright
And clear to night,
And fire-fly lamps are gleaming—
The wood-fire spark
Illumines the dark,
And meteors high are streaming.

Upon the hill
Each leaf is still,
And silent is the bower—
Then weave the song
And dance along,
Until the morning hour.

Within the ring
We'll dance and sing
'Till glows the rosy morning—
Far o'er the sky,
And mountain high,
His beams all earth adorning.

Then join the ring
And joyous sing,
While fire-fly lamps are gleaming—
We'll sing our song
To-night, as long
As heavenly lights are streaming.

ANECDOTE OF JARVIS THE PAINTER.

Harrington, a very respectable merchant tailor in Frontstreet, did some service to Jarvis the painter, a man of great eccentricity, wit and drollery. "What return shall I make?" said Jarvis. "Any thing you please," said Harrington. "I'll paint something for you," said Jarvis. "Very well," said Harrington Jarvis went away, and Harrington heard nothing further till about six weeks after. "Be this the store of Mr. Harrington, in his own door!" Yes my little fellow, it is, what have you got there? "I have got a painting, what Mr. Jarvis told me to take to you." "Ah, ha," said Harrington, "that's very well." He took the painting and uncovered it—and found it to be a fine large plump cabbage painted on a piece of canvass. Harrington laughed heartily at the joke of Jarvis painting a cabbage and sending it to him as a present, being a tailor, therefore a dealer in that article. He placed it in his window that very day. Soon after Jarvis and Harrington met in Broadway. "I say, Harrington," said Jarvis, "did you get the painting I sent you?" "Yes I did, but I have a bill of damages to make against you." "Damages, my dear fellow, what do you mean?" "Why I put your painting in my window—a hungry cow came along—she looked up—saw the cabbage—shook the tip of her tail, and put her head through the window to get a bite of it. I suppose $2 wont pay the damages."—Jarvis pulled out his purse, paid the money, and asked, "where can I get this sensible cow? I must preserve the breed—such an animal has more taste in painting than two thirds of the cognoscenti in Broadway."

EDITORS.

An editor is like a goose in some particulars—he generally writes standing on one leg, flourishes his quill without observing how he may scatter his ink, and would be willing to save Rome at any time, if he could by mere gabbling. Talk of grammer to an editor, for sooth! Does not Mr. Hypercritic know that the "more copy devil" sometimes runs away with the nominative case before the editor gets to the verb, and that, unless he goes out collecting, he never knows the possessive from the objective case, and often, when he calls on his patrons, is under mistake in relation to these, and finds, when he looks for the possessive, he gets nothing but the objective. How often too, when he feels a little in the indictative, does the editor sit down at his table with his legs in the subjunctive, feeling the imperative spirit of genius, and looking mightly potential, to find, after all, upon laboring his brain, that his ideas are in the infinitive. We editors write COPY—we don't write GRAMMER. Some body said, a long time ago, that, "any thing was good English that a man could understand," and this, though 'won't at all times hexcuse wulgarity," is a convenient rule for an editor. He must if possible make himself understood, and this we know he often succeeds in doing, even where he don't understand himself."

The Exeter News Letter, in reference to the horrid scenes at the West, makes the following strong, but just remark:—

"Some of the worst scenes of the French Revolution have thus been introduced on the American stage; and it is for the American people to say how far anarchy and mobocracy, misrule and murder, shall carry their desolations. They should speak soon, and decidedly and effectually; for if they yield to the spirit that is manifesting itself, it will gather a strength and a fury that nothing can withstand or resist; and, careering over the fair face of our country, will sweep away all our civil institutions and all our chartered rights, and subvert not only the principles of our free government, but the government itself."

At the late commencement of Geneva College, the degree of A. B. was conferred on F. S. Lovell, Isaac Swart, and Anthony Schuyler, graduates.

The degree of A. M., on John Barker, Philemon Fowler, C. M. Critenden, and C. M. Brooks, alumni, and the honorary degree of A. M. upon the Hon. Charles Humphrey, of Tompkins county.

In the Medical Department, the degree of M. D. was conferred on Philo Clark, Lucius Clark, Horace Green, Addison Niles, Joshua Tucker, and Experience Johnson, graduates of the Medical College. And the honorary degree of M. D., on Dr. John Mc-Call, and Dr. Onesimus Mead.

At the same session, Doctors John Staats, of Geneva; Daniel D. Hoyt, of Palmyra; Onesimus Mead, of Madison county, and ————Moore, of Oswego, were duly elected Curators of the Medical department.

ANECDOTE.—During the very cold weather, one of the gentlemen of Boston, who was engaged in visiting the poor, and supplying their wants, entered one of the cellars in Broad street. In one corner of the room there was an old straw bed, in which was a little boy, whom the mother was covering with some rags, on the top of which she placed an old door. "Mother," said the boy, "how do poor folks make out this cold weather, who have no doors to lay on their bed?"

ELECTION NOTICE.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Monroe Co., }
Rochester, August 12, 1835. }

A GENERAL ELECTION is to be held in the county of Monroe on the second, third, and fourth days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed. ELIAS POND, Sheriff.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
Secretary's Office. } Albany, August 1, 1835.

Sir—I hereby give you notice, that the next general election in this state, to be held on the 2nd, 3d, and 4th days of November next, a Senator is to be chosen in the eighth senate district, in the place of Chauncery J Fox, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

Notice is also given, that at the said election, the following proposed amendment to the constitution of this state will be submitted to the people, viz.:

For restoring the duties on goods sold at auction, and the duties on salt to the general fund.

JOHN A. DIX, Secretary of State.

To the Sheriff of the county of Monroe.

N. B. The Inspectors of Election in the several towns in your county will give notice of the election of Members of Assembly, and for filling any vacancies in county offices which may exist.

LIST OF AGENTS,

FOR THE GEM.

Angelica, N. Y. Smith Davis.
Bloomfield, Mich. Ter.—Dr. E. S. Parke.
Black Rock, N. Y.—Elam Dodge.
Cleaveland, O.—A. S. Sandford.
Cazenovia—S. C. Walker.
Detroit, M. Ter.—Ruel Ambrose.
E. Bloomfield, N. Y.—Lawrence Noble.
East Avon—E. A. Bibbens.
Fairport—H. Burr, Esq.
Farmington—Wm. Robson.
Greece—H. N. Marsh.
Garrettsville, PortageCo. Ohio, Marcus Mosee.
Hadley Mills, Mass.—Dwight Smith.
Jamesville—Charles G. Worden.
Lyons, N Y.—N. Talmadge.
Lakeville—A. M. Chapin, Merchant.
Medina—Uri D. Moore.
Middlebury—A. Wright, Esq. P. M.
Michigan City, Indiana—J. N Bemis.
Middle Granville, N. Y.—Edward M. Crosby.
Nunda Valley—Wm. D. Hammond.
Nelson, U. C.—Robert Bennett.
Oswego—D. K. Neal.
Onondaga Hill—A. Shove.
Orangeburgh, Post Master.
Ovid—C. A. Gibbs.
Paynsville Post Office—N. Payne, Esq.
Portageville—Alanson Elmer.
Perrysburgh, Ohio—P. B. Brown.
Parma—E. M. Conklin, Esq.
Pike—Asa Pride.
River Road Forks, Liv. Co. N.Y. A. M. Grane.
Randolph—Elmer Draper.
Seneca Falls—J. W. West.
Scottsville—George R. June.
Walworth—V. Yeomans.
West Avon—J. N. Merrill.
West-Bloomfield—Gustavus A. Griffin.
Yates—S. Tappan, Esq. P. M.
York, Pa.—Dr. A Patterson.
City of Rochester—Mr. Ezekiel Fox.

THE ROCHESTER GEM, And Ladies' Amulet:

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

Vol. 7—With Plates.

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ROCHESTER

THE GEM,

AND LADIES' AMULET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, AMUSING MISCELLANY, &c.

VOLUME 7.] ROCHESTER, SEPT. 19, 1835. [NUMBER 19.

From the Saturday Evening Visiter.

THE VISION OF THE FOUNTAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE GRAY CHAMPION.'

Dear ladies, could I but look into your eyes, like a star-gazer, I might read secret intelligences. Will you read what I have written? You love music and the dance, and are passionate for flowers; you sometimes cherish singing-birds, and sometimes young kittens. You sigh by moonlight. Once or twice you have wept over a love-story in the annuals. Sleep falls upon you, like a lace veil, rich with gold-embroidered dreams, and is withdrawn as lightly, that you may see brighter dreams than them. Maiden pursuits, and gentle meditations, the sunshine of maiden glee, and the summer cloud of maiden sadness—these make the tale of your happy years. You are in your spring, fair reader are you not? I am scarce in my summer time. Yet, I have wandered through the world, till its weary dust has settled on me, and when I meet a bright, young girl, of sixteen, with her untouched heart, so sweetly proud, so softly glorious, so fresh among faded things, I fancy that the gate of Paradise has been left ajar, and she has stolen out. Then I give a sigh to the memory of Rachel.

Oh, Rachel! How pleasant is the sound to me! thy sweet, old scriptural name. As I respect it, thoughts and feelings grow vivid again which I deemed long ago forgotten. There they are, yet in my heart, like the initals and devices engraved by virgin fingers in the wood of a young tree, remaining deep and permanent, though concealed by the furrowed bark of after years. The boy of fifteen was handsome; though you would shake your heads, could you glance at the altered features of the man. And the boy had lofty, sweet, and tender thoughts, and dim but glorious visions; he was a child of poetry.

Well, at fifteen, I became a resident in a country village, more than a hundred miles from my home. The morning after my arival—a September morning, but warm and bright as any in July—I rambled into a wood of oaks; with a few walnut trees intermixed, forming the closest shade above our heads. The ground was rocky, uneven, overgrown with bushes and clumps of young saplings, and traversed only by cattle-paths.—The track, which I chanced to follow, led me to a crystal spring, with a border of grass, as freshly green as on May morning, and overshadowed by the limb of a great oak. One solitary sunbeam found its way down, and played like a gold fish in the water.

From my childhood, I have loved to gaze into a spring. The water filled circular basin, small but deep, and set round with stones, some of which were covered with slimy moss, the others naked, and of variegated hue, reddish, white and brown. The bottom was covered with coarse sand, which sparkled in the lovely sunbeam, and seemed to illuminate the spring with an unborrowed light. In one spot, the gush of the water violently agitated the sand, but without obscuring the fountain, or breaking the glassiness of its surface. It appeared as if some living creature were about to emmerge, the Naiad of the spring, perhaps, in the shape of a beautiful young woman, with a gown of filmy water-moss, a belt of rain bow drops, and a cold pure, passionless countenance. How would the beholder shiver pleasantly, yet fearfully, to see her sitting on one of the stones, paddling her white feet in the ripples, and throwing up water, to sparkle in the sun!—Wherever she laid her hands on grass and flowers, they would immediately be moist, as with morning dew. Then would she set about her labors, like a careful housewife, to clear the fountain of withered leaves, and bits of slimy wood, and old acorns from the oaks above, and grains of corn left by cattle in drinking, till the bright sand, in the bright water, were like a treasury of diamonds. And, should the intruder approach too near, he would find only the drops of a summer shower, glistening about the spot where he had seen her.

Reclining on the border of grass, where the dewy goddess should have been, I bent forward, and a pair of eyes met mine within the watery mirror. They were the reflection of my own.—I looked again, and lo! another face, deeper in the fountain than my own image, more distinct in all the features, yet faint as thought. The vision had the aspect of a fair young girl, with looks of paly gold. A mirthful expression laughed in the eyes and dimpled over the whole shadowy countenance, till it seemed just what a fountain would be, if, while dancing merely into the sunshine, it should assume the shape of woman.—Through the dim rosiness of the cheeks, I could see the brown leaves, the slimy twigs, the acorns, and the sparkling sand. The solitary sunbeam was diffused among the golden hair, which melted into its faint brightness, and became a glory round that head so beautiful!

My description can give no idea how suddenly the fountain was thus tenanted, and how soon it was left desolate. I breathed; and there was the face! I held my breath; and it was gone! Had it passed away, or faded into nothing? I doubted whether it had ever been.

My sweet reader what a dreamy and delicious hour did I spend, where that vision found and left me! For a long time, I sat perfectly still, waiting till it should re-appear, and fearful that the slightest emotion, or even the flutter of my breath, might frighten it away. Thus have I often started from a pleasant dream, and then kept quiet, in hopes to wile it back. Deep were my musings, as to the race and attributes of that etherial being. Had I created her? Was she the daughter of my fancy, akin to those strange shapes which peep under the lids of children's eyes? And did her beauty gladden me, for that one moment, and then die? Or was she a water-nymph ~~within the~~ fountain, or a fairy, or woodland goddess peeping over my shoulder, or the ghost of some forsaken maid who had drowned herself for love!—Or, in good truth, had a lovely girl, with a warm heart, and lips that would bear pressure, stolen softly behind me, and thrown her image into the spring?

I watched and waited but but no vision came again. I departed, but with a spell upon me, which drew me back, that same afternoon to the haunted spring. There was the water gushing, the sand sparkling, and the sunbeam glimmering. There the vision was not, but only a great frog, the hermit of that solitude, who immediately withdrew his speckled snout and made himself invisible, all except a pair of long legs, beneath a stone.—Methought he had a devilish look! I could have slain him as an enchanter, who kept mysterious beauty imprisoned in the fountain.

Sad and heavy, I was returning to the village. Between me and the church-spire, rose a little hill, and on its summit a group of trees, insulated from all the rest of the wood, with their own share of radiance hovering on them from the west, and their own solitary shadow falling to the east. The afternoon being far declined, the sunshine was almost pensive, and the shade almost cheerful; glory and gloom were mingled in the placid light; as if the spirits of the day and evening had met in friendship under those trees, and found themselves akin. I was admiring the picture when the shape of a young girl emerged

from behind the clump of oaks. My heart knew her; it was the Vision; but, so distant and etherial did she seem, so unmixed with earth, so imbued with the pensive glory of the spot where she was standing, that my spirit sank within me, sadder than before. How could I ever reach her!

While I gazed, a sudden shower came pattering down upon the leaves. In a moment the air was full of brightness, each rain-drop catching a portion of sunlight as it fell, and the whole gentle shower appearing like a mist just substantial enough to bear the burthen of radiance. A rain bow, vivid as Niagara's, was painted in the air. Its southern limb came down before the group of trees, and enveloped the fair Vision, as if the hues of Heaven were the only garment for her beauty. When the rainbow vanised, she, who had seemed a part of it, was no longer there. Was her existence absorbed in nature's loveliest phenomenon, and did her pure frame dissolve away in the varied light? Yet, I would not despair of her return; for, robed in the rainbow, she was the emblem of Hope.

Thus did the Vision leave me; and many a doleful day succeeded to the parting moment. By the spring, and in the wood, and on the hill, and through the village; at dewy sunrise, burning noon, and at that magic hour of sunset, when she had vanished from my sight, I sought her, but in vain. Weeks came and went, months rolled away, and she appeared not in them. I imparted my mystery to none, but wandered to-an-fro, or sat in solitude, like one that had caught a glimpse of Heaven. and could take no more joy on earth. I withdrew into an inner world, where my thoughts lived and breathed, and the Vision in the midst of them. Without intending it, I became at once the author and hero of a romance, conjuring up rivals, imagining events, the actions of others and my own, and experiencing every change of passion, till jealousy and despair had their end in bliss. Oh, had I the burning fancy of my early youth, with manhood's colder gift, the power of expression, your hearts, sweet ladies, should flutter at my tale.

In the middle of January, I was summoned home. The day before my departure, visiting the spots which had been hallowed by the vision, I found that the spring had a frozen bosom, and nothing but the snow, and a glare of winter sun-shine on the hill of the rainbow. "Let me hope thought I, "or my heart will be as icy as the fountain, and the whole world as desolate as this snow hill." Most of the day was spent in preparing for the journey, which was to commence at 4 o'clock the next morning. About an hour after supper, when all was in readiness, I descended from my chamber to the sitting room, to take leave of the old clergyman and his family, with whom I had been an inmate. A gust of wind blue out my lamp as I passed through the entry.

According to their invariable custom, so pleasant a one when the fire blazes cheerfully, the family were sitting in the parlor, with no other light than what came from the hearth. As the good clergyman's stipend compelled him to use all sorts of economy, the foundation of his fire was a large heap of tan, or ground bark, which would smoulder away, from morning till night, with a dull warmth and no flame. This evening, the heap of tan was newly put on, and surmounted with three sticks of red oak, full of moisture, and a few pieces of dry pine, that had not yet kindled. There was no light, except the little that came sullenlenly from two half-burnt brands, without even glimmering on the andirons. But I knew the position of the old minister's arm chair, and also where his wife sat, with her knitting-work, and how to avoid his two daughters, one a stout country lass, and the other a consumptive girl. Gropping through the gloom, I found my own place next to that of the son, a learned collegian, who had come home to keep school in the village, during the winter vacation. I noticed that there was less room than usual, to-night, between the collegian's chair and mine.

As people are always taciturn in the dark, not a word was said for some time after my entrance. Nothing broke the stillness but the regular click of the matron's knitting-kneedles. At times, the fire threw out a brief and dusk gleam which twinkled on the old man's glasses, and hovered doubtfully round our circle, but was far too faint to portray the individuals who composed it. Were we not like ghosts? Dreamy as the scene was, might it not be a type of the mode in which departed people, who had known and loved each other here, would hold communion in eternity? We were aware of each other's presence, not by sight, nor sound, nor touch, but by an inward consciousness. Would it not be so among the dead?

The silence was interrupted by the consumptive daughter, addressing a remark to some one in the circle, whom she called Rachel. Her tremulous and decayed accents were answered by a single word, but in a voice that made me start, and bend towards the spot whence it had proceeded. Had I ever heard that sweet, low tone? If not, why did it rouse up so many old recollections, or mockeries of such, the shadows of things familiar, yet unknown, and fill my mind with confused images, of her features who had spoken, though buried in the gloom of the parlor? Whom had my heart recognized, that it throbbed so? I listened, to catch her gentle breathing, and strove, by the intensity of my gaze, to picture forth a shape where none was visible.

Suddenly, the dry pine caught; the fire blazed up with a ruddy glow; and where the darkness had been, there was she—the Vision of the Fountain! A spirit of radiance only, she had vanished with the rainbow, and appeared again in the fire light, perhaps to flicker with the blaze, and be gone. Yet, her cheek was rosy and life-like, and her features, in the bright warmth of the room, were even sweeter, and tenderer than my recollection of them. She knew me! The mirthful expression, that had laughed in her eyes and dimpled over her countenance, when I behold her faint beauty in the fountain, was laughing and dimpling there now. One moment, our glance mingled—the next, down rolled the heap of tan upon the kindled wood—and darkness snatched away that daughter of the light, and gave her back to me no more!

That is all, fair ladies. There is nothing more to tell. For, why must the simple mystery be revealed, that Rachel was the daughter of the village 'Squire, and had left home for a boarding-school, the morning after I arrived, and returned the day before my departure? If I transformed her to an angel, it is what every youthful lover does for his mistress. Therein consists the essence of my story. But, slight the change, sweet maids, to make angels of yourselves!

From the Boston Pearl.

PARTIALITY OF FORTUNE.

My Mentor led me through the city in order to see the different classes of society at their ordinary occupations. We first entered the shop of a blacksmith. The sinewy arm of the workman, his muscular neck, & broad shoulders seemed in consonance with his profession.—'You are well suited with your business, sir, I should judge.' 'Not I,' replied he; 'it is a business which wears the life out of a man. I would be any thing but a blacksmith, if I had my life to live over again.' 'That man's destiny is hard,' said I to my Mentor, as we left the shop. My Mentor answered not, but led me immediately into the shantee of a shoemaker. He was a small man, just large enough to draw the thread, and hammer leather, and by the samples of his work which I saw, I had no doubt that he was a skillful artisan. 'You, at least, said I, 'are well calculated for the profession you have chosen?' 'Chosen!' grumbled he, 'I was apprenticed to this business before I was old enough to know what it was. I would sooner be a dog than a shoemaker. If I were not too old, I would learn another trade, even now!' 'Unfortunate man!' cried I, 'how cruelly has Fate appointed his destiny.' My Mentor then led me to a printing office. 'Fine business!' said I to a compositor—'always under cover—shaded from the sun in summer, and protected from the cold in winter.' 'Fine indeed!' cried he; 'I would rather be a tin-pedlar than a printer.' It hurts the eyes—it is too confining. I wish I had learned any other trade in the world!' We next stepped into a dry goods' store. 'Yours is an easy, and I should judge very agreeable employment,' said I to the youth, behind the counter. 'Oh no,!' said he, rubbing his eyes and yawning. 'It is so dull and tiresome. I intend going off to sea soon. I want an opportunity to stir my limbs.'

In the evening I went to a party. I saw a blooming lass, whose smiles were courted by all, and who seemed perfectly happy. 'You, at least,' said I, 'have nothing to complain of. Your days and evenings are nothing but one round of pleasure and divertisement. You have no cares, no anxieties. You are satisfied with your condition, without doubt?' 'Not I!' oried she, 'I am only waiting for a good offer, when I shall get married as soon as possible!'

From the Aug. number of the Knickerbocker Mag.

MAURICE ELLISON.

AN 'OWER TRUE TALE.'

THE heart is like the sky, a part of heaven,
But changes night and day, too like the sky;
Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be driven,
And darkness and destruction, as on high;
But when it hath been scorch'd, and pierc'd and riven,
Its storm expire in water-drops; the eye
Pours forth at last the heart's blood turned to tears. BYRON.

ON a rich morning in June, there stood in the door of one of the numerous offices attached to the far famed Statehouse of Philadelphia, a youth of nineteen. The winds of the hour were wafting his dark hair around his forhead, and he seemed to rejoice in the beauty of the day. The air was full of the delicious fragrance from the flowering trees which lined the side walks on every hand. The young man was evidently pleased with himself and all around him. He seemed strolling in the shade, gliding to and fro, on errands of sight-seeing and pleasure.

At last, there passed a young girl of sixteen, at whom he gazed with such fixed attention, as to raise a blush upon her cheek. She was a lovely being, with liquid blue eyes, and hair that floated above them, like 'pure floss sunshine, twisted into whirls.' Her movements were graceful as a fawn. The light of youth was about her, like an atmosphere:

'She drank the spirit of the golden day,
And triumphed in existence.'

The young man followed her with his eye, until she had nearly vanished among the various persons promenading the long avenue, when he stepped within for a moment, and re-appeared with evident signs of having made preparations for a morning's walk. He moved briskly along the pave.

Marion Harold was the only daughter of a widow. She was a scholar, and daily passed the Independence Square, on her way to school. By degrees an acquaintance, without introduction, was formed between herself and the youth whom I have described. The simple act of accepting a proffered umbrella during a sudden shower, was the origin of their knowledge of each other. It soon ripened into intimacy.

Maurice Ellison, was a child of passion. From his boyhood, he had been wild and fitful in his temperament,—indignant at reproof,—strong in those bitter feelings against foes, which are supposed by the world to be sometimes a test of faithfulness to friends,—and open to every impulse which the prevailments of ardent blood, coursing through the veins of youth, could engender. He had good qualities, and engaging ones,—for 'none are all evil,'—but they were choked by the suggestions of passions, by an overbearing spirit, and by the thousand inducements to iniquity with which cities abound.

Marion Harold had been richly endowed by nature, and early education, with accomplishments far beyond her years. She too, was ardent and susceptible. Maurice was enthusiastic and devoted,—and they *loved*, or seemed to love. With her, it was a pure and affectionate attachment: with him, it was one of pride and impulse. He was not so desirous of possessing her heart, as of *subduing* it. She had been affluent, and was then cast down. The death of her father had diminished the income of her remaining parent, and left all her monetary affairs in confusion. When these were adjusted, a very insufficient annuity only remained. By elegant needle work for rich families, by whom she was much employed, she continued to support herself and daughter not merely with respectability, but with a show of luxury not unlike the external signs of better days.

Ellison was proud to win the heart of Marion Harold,—but too wicked to repay it with his own. He soon found that in him her whole affections were centered; and the knowledge seemed to add to his overbearing nature. He boasted to others of his conquest, while to her he was, seemingly, all that a lover should be.

It were a weary and a bitter task to tell how he led her on from step to step, until he had completed her ruin. It is sufficient to observe, that before a year had passed, the young girl fled from her widowed mother, with her unmarried destroyer. They lived together in the supurbs of the town, in a retired lane, where few who knew them could ever be seen. Passion had done its worst; the tender heart had been swayed to evil, and the unsuspecting confidence that relied on the lying promises breathed to the ear of Hope, abused and broken.

What was to be done? By degrees Marion Harold awoke from her awful delusion. She looked around upon the dark abyss into which she had been drawn by her betrayer,—she sought for reparation,—she demanded the fulfilment of his marriage vow, with tears and entreaties—but in vain. The lover had changed to the tyrant. He walked the streets with an undaunted front, as if the air he breathed was too tasteless for his nostrils. He said nothing to friends of the being he had so foully wronged; her mother knew not whither she had gone,—her departure was veiled in obscurity.

Let the man tremble, who breaks down the barriers that protect the bosom of Virtue! There is in every heart a power to revenge and a power to rise. If, insted of bursting the shackles of one error, only to cling to another, the soul that has once been led to evil would return, not all the stigmatizing taunts on earth could awe that self-sustained and lofty spirit. But alas! when innocence has been corrupted, it usually sinks deeper, and deeper, or else waits, with cloaked revenge, for a time, to wreak itself upon the one who had done the wrong.

Such was the determination of Marion Harold. She saw she was undone; she pictured to her excited mind the dark disgrace which would gloom around her name, unless she lost it in another's. This refuge was denied her. Her unfeeling betrayer appeared in his true colors,—refusing her all reparation, and laughing at the wreck which he had made.

There is that in woman, which, when she is but partially abandoned, will raise in her bosom the daring and tempestous feelings of a heroine. Show one ray of hope, to point a way in which, to the world's eye at least, her good name may be regained, and you open to her spirit a light as if from heaven. It may point to crime,—it may add to her guilt,—but it will conceal the same. She grasps the hope, and begins the enterprise.

One strong resolve now reigned paramount in the heart of Marion Harold. She had been wronged,—deceived; she knew she was beautiful; and so overwhelming had been her disappointment at the degradation and coldness which she had received from Ellison, that her love was quenched, and its charm was gone. She looked back upon the purity of heart from which she had been divorced, and she mused deeply on the atrosity of the arts whereby she had been beguiled, and by which, if discovered, she would soon be despoiled of her good name,—become a sacrifice to scorn and infamy, and a mark for the altered eye of unkindnes, or the rebuking finger of suspicion. The thought stung her almost to madness. Live abandoned, she would not. She dressed with all her former neatness, and on every Sabbath attended a church in the country, not far from town. Here she attracted the attention of a youth, who loved and addressed her. He was a handsome, honest person and his attachment was sincere. His open bearing, and excellent disposition, contrasting so closely as they did with the acts of Ellison, won her esteem, and finally her firm and sober affection. She resolved to be his own,—but to be utterly unknown to him, as the victim of another. Almost frenzied with the desire to be his, she met him cautiously, but often,—walked with him and held sweet counsel on the subject of their approaching nuptials. The susceptible youth knew not her home, nor her name—save that he called her Mary. He deemed her a highly accomplished and respectable lady, who, obeying the impulses of her feelings, was about to marry the being she loved, at the expense of losing her station in society. This rendered her doubly dear to him. He was possessed of a sufficient competence, being an industrious, thriving young agriculturalist; and all her wants he rejoiced to believe, even to luxurious comforts, he had it in his power to supply. He acceded to her request, and refrained from all inquiries respecting her condition or name. She knew he was deluded,—but the delusion was fixed, and the object at which she aimed was too dear to her heart to be lost sight of by any indiscretion. She had resolved to retrace her steps into that path of rectitude from which she had been cruelly beguilded.

How sweet are the gleams of returning virtue! They add new lustre to the eye that has wept the tears of remorse and regret,—they dawn upon the spirit with a holy lustre. Some such an inffluence moved Marion Harold. She was young,—and she hoped to atone, during a life of devotion to her husband, and in secret penitence and tears, for the evil she had committed.

She was doomed to disappointment. It was left to her betrayer to break off every anticipation, and plunge her into irretrievable misery. He knew not the value of her affection, until he saw he was beginning to loose it. His selfish spirit then deemed it invaluble. He had recourse again to the

spurious tenderness by which his first triumph over her innocence was accomplished. In vain. She did not conceal that her feelings had changed. His pride was wounded, and he strove by presents to win her back to cordiality. She resolved to *appear* won, but her heart was turned, and it was but a slight repayment of the deception by which she had been undone. Her design was laudable; she desired to be an honest wife and sin no more. Faithful to this end, she hoarded the stinted monies that he gave her, for her future husband.

The sudden return of her kindness, and the seeming excess to which she carried it, awakened the jealousy of her betrayer. He resolved to devote a day to the inspection of her movements. He did so. Secreting himself in a clump of dwarf willows near where they lived, he saw her walk into the fields, and direct her steps toward the distant dwelling of the agriculturalist. He followed stealthy, in the shadow of the hedges,—saw them meet,—observed her to give money into his hands, and him to kiss her own! Maddened at the sight, he returned homeward, and awaited her arrival with a moody and bitter heart.

It was just after sun-set, when Marion returned. The great luminary of day had left a sanguinary gush of radiance upon a pile of western clouds, as the despondent girl took her seat by the casement, and looked out upon the landscape, seemingly lost in thought.

'Come, my dear,' said Maurice, with a malignant, smile, and a trembling tone,—'play us an air on your guitar. Come,—*come!*'

She took up her instrument, and with a sweet voice, 'discoursed excellent music.' She repeated some airs that had been favorites of Ellison's in the commencement of their acquaintance.

'Not those—not *those*,' muttered Maurice,—'they are too *soft*. Give me something stern and solemn. Play that old ballad,

'Farewell, ye green fields, ye fresh waters adieu:'

That's what I wish to hear.'

She sang it with touching pathos and simplicity. As she concluded the last stanza, she turned her eye upon Maurice. He was looking steadfastly in her face, with an expression of concentrated malignity which made her recoil. It seemed as if all mortal expression had vanished from those restless eyes, and left instead the glance of a demon.

'Play *no more!*' he uttered, with firm-set teeth,—'you play *no more*. That will do, my dear. I have heard enough

Twilight was now drawing in. The hum of the city was dying away—the landscape was fading into indistinctness, and 'a browner horror' seemed descending on the distant woods. A feeling of melancholy languor stole over the fair musician, as she laid aside her instrument, and asked Maurice if he was prepared for supper.

'No—I wish none,' he replied sternly.

'Are you unwell?" she inquired.

'Yes, I am. Marion, go light a candle.'

She retired to do his bidding. When she returned, he was seated by the window, where she had been playing. A huge Spanish knife lay on the casement, which he snatched up as she entered, and concealed in his bosom.

'Maurice!' she said, with a foreboding look, what is that you are hiding in your breast?'

'What have *you* hid in *yours*? you sunken being,' he replied—'what have you been concealing in *your own*? I *tell* you what,' he added, drawing nigh to his trembling victim: 'you have hidden there your dislike of me—your love to another. Yes, poor wretch, you have hidden there the moneys I have given you, to give to *him*, as you have done to day. You have concealed there the memory of wrongs that you fancied I had done you in my moments of passion. Take one more guest into that faithless mansion—the feeling that your hour is come, and your doom sealed. Prepare!'

'Mercy!—mercy!' faltered the trembling girl, as she sunk on her knees before him.

You talk to a rock, Marion,' was the deep-toned reply. 'You talk to ice. We shall soon be no more. We're at the threshold of eternity. Mine be the hand that shall draw aside the awful curtain which conceals its wonders. I wish not to live a murderer—so you must die, and I shall be your companion, even in the grave. Come, no struggling, wretch—our hour is come!'

He brandished aloft his horrid weapon—he caught the shuddering Marion by the arm, and crushing her to the floor, sank upon one knee, and bending back the graceful head and neck of his beautiful victim, placed the knife across her throat. Her rich golden hair had fallen loose in her struggle, and, as it lay upon her neck, prevented the intended wound. He deliberately dropped his knife, and while his left hand was pressed against her forehead, removed with his right the obstructing tresses: then grasped his deadly blade, and with one wide gash, severed the veins of life. The heart's blood of the damsel bubbled and streamed upward into his face and bosom; while her pallid lips seemed pleading in voiceless movements for the boon of being.

'It springs up to meet me, this fountain of blood,' said the maddened Maurice; it would mingle with mine, and I bow to its will. In an instant, he had severed the arteries of his own neck, and the blood of the murderer and his victim was flowing together! It was a sight of horror!

THE next morning looked upon a melancholy scene. The dead forms were lying together, weltering in gore. The blood had flowed over the threshold, and stood in clotted pools among the paving stones.———A coroner's inquest was convened, and an attempt to obtain a verdict made. A paper was found in the pocket of Maurice, disclosing the name of his victim, alluding to the estrangement of her affections—a boon he had won without merit, and kept without reward—and declaring that jealousy, remose, and weariness of life, had driven him to the deed.

Thus fell the Betrayer of Innocence—thus fell the Betrayed. I saw the widowed mother bend in helpless agony over the dead body of her child—I saw her withered lips pressed wildly and fondly upon those pallid features, lovely in dissolution, and lovelier in that repose which knows no waking. I saw the age-dimmed eyes filling with tears; I heard the moans and sighs of her who never could know comfort more. When the priest would have offered her consolation, she turned upon him with a look of despair, and besought him to be still. 'Alas!' she groaned aloud, 'alas! she died in sin—she went down to death with the leprosy on her soul'

The lover too, was there. Overcome by his feelings, he had sunk into a swoon. It was a scene of sorrow and tears.

Oh! thou who languishest in passion, and wouldst destroy the lovely,—beware what thou doest! *Thou destroyest a soul!*—thou repayest a fond love with a fiend-like ingratitude; thou kindlest a fire in thy bosom, which years cannot quench, nor remorse remove. Who would rend the flower from its spray, and spread desolation where the blooms of peace once brightened around? It is a sin of a dye so deep, that Mercy herself pauses from its forgiveness. The warm heart is broken; the fond eye is dim; the brow is changed from the open and beaming index of happy thoughts, to a brazen record of evil and shame. Wo to the cruel mind, that can thus play the gamester with virtue, and traffic with its riches! When the evening of age is at hand—when the passions are benumbed, and their impulses decline—then shall the Betrayer feel the worm that cannot die, and the fire of its sting. Then shall he turn in vain for comfort on every hand—then sall he long, yet dread to die. Wo to the wretch! W.

CHARITY AND FORGIVENESS.

Original.

Say not, gentle reader, that my subjects are trite and thread bare worn, for how can subjects so lovely, and of such incomparable importance be too frequently discussed, or too thoroughly understood. Though I come not to you with the pathos and high wrought enthusiasm of the orator, from whose pen flow melting strains as if dipped in the ink of a *Geni*, and guided by the God-less of knowledge—by wisdom's genius inspired. Still I have the consciousness of knowing that they flow from the heart of a philanthropist, and are not the scintillations of a studied theorist, in which the feelings are not concerned. Though my unpracticed pen be not so guided that its diction escape the cynical criticism of those who read, but to disprove or censure, yet the honest and well meaning may find the sentiments in accordance with the principles of justice and mercy. How ennobling the virtue which teaches us to receive the foibles and imperfections of others, not as proofs of their unworthiness, nor as springing from a corrupt heart, but instructs us to consider all as innocent at least of bad designs, until we have incontestible proof to the contrary. It was a law among the ancient Romans that no person should be condomned for any offence, however strong the proof, without being heard in his own defence, and wisely do they act who are unwilling to censure without evidence that it is deserved, and not then, if the offender repent and refrain.

He whose wisdom was infinite, when asked how many times we should forgive an enemy, did not say once or twice, but until seventy times seven, and surely the voice of charity should be—never draw conclusions without knowing the motive, and never refuse to forget and forgive what may seem wrong in a friend, so long as we

have faults of our own—or do, however unintentionally, what we wish should be viewed with the eye of charity and forgiving kindness. But says one, who can refrain from expressing an opinion upon all occasions, and upon all subjects, touching the reputations of others, lest perchance the accused may be innocent? Let such an objector for a moment suppose himself innocently accused of meanness or guilt, and then act as he would wish others to act by him. This is not to deprive ourselves of the privilege of acting free—it is to act on the most ennobling of virtues, and while it increases our enjoyments in the social friendship of others, it relieves us from a thousand dark suspicions to the prejudice of others, and makes us doubly deserving of the friendly communion of the virtuous and meritorious. While the uncharitable are ever finding fault with the actions of others, and by the dark cast of their own feelings attribute every failing to the worst of motives, how much more enjoyment does he find, who acting upon the principles of philanthropy, finds in all something to be admired, and judges no more hastily of others than he wishes them to judge of him. This is but to increase our own happiness by laudable means, while at the same time we add the enjoyment of others.

Charity, however ennobling and praiseworthy in itself, must be united to the pleasing and salutary virtue of forgiveness to form that inestimable and perfect character, which even the misanthropist cannot fail to venerate and admire.

Not only is forgiveness an imperious duty, which should be by all cherished and practiced, but it is itself a source of pure pleasure to those who practice it, which the generous mind would not exchange for all the fancied gratifications resulting from the *Lextalionis* so often practiced by the many.

Say not, that forgiving is yielding to the injurer—it is rising above him, while to return meditated revenge for what may be but a supposed offence, is but condescending to a meanness which our own conscience and the discerning and discret cannot fail to disapprobate.

It has been said, that "revenge is a mean pleasure," but can it give one pleasurable emotion to the heart, warmed by the spirit of charity, generosity, and benevolence! I know there are some who are insensible to kindness, but we ought to forgive them, if from no higher motive, merely for the gratification of our own feelings, by which we shall be sufficiently rewarded, if we cultivate the feelings which we ought to possess.

Reader, say not that I recommend what I would not be willing to follow; it is best pursuing the course which promises us peace and happiness in this world, ensures us the approbation of a good conscience, the smiles of virtuous friends, prepares us for the enjoyment of that bliss which is promised those who follow the precepts of Him, in whose lips was no guile: when he was reviled, he reviled not again.

How little soever enjoyment some may find in the exercise of charity and forgiveness, the conscious heart of charity finds a joy which would not be bartered for all the fancied pleasures of revenge, for it is truly said "the sweetest revenge is to forgive our enemies," and those who would fain injure us without a cause.

Reader, I have done; if you know not by experience what it is to enjoy the pleasure of forgiveness, begin, amend your life, and if you do not find more pleasure in forgiving than revenging say the writer knows but his own feelings, and not those of others.

V.

THE BASENESS OF SPORTING WITH FEMALE AFFECTIONS.

Original.

Honor and integrity, ought to be the leading principles of every action in life. These are virtues higly requisite, notwithstanding they are too frequently disregarded. Whatever objects individuals are in quest of sincerity, in profession, steadfastness in pursuit, and punctuality in discharging engagements, are indispensably incumbent. A man of honor, integrity, and uprightness in his dealings with his fellow creatures, is sure to gain the confidence and applause of all good men. Whilst he who acts from dishonest and designing principles, obtains deserved contempt. No one ought to make efforts or pretentions to a lady before he is in a great measure certain that her person, her temper, and her qualifications suit his circumstances, and agree perfectly with his own temper, and way of thinking. For a similarity of mind and manners is very necessary, to render the bonds of love permanent, and those of marriage happy.

"Marriage, the happiest state of life would be,
If hands were only joined where hearts agree."

The man of uprightness and integrity of heart, will not only observe the beauties of the mind, the goodness of the heart, the dignity of sentiment, and the delicacy of wit. But will endeavor to fix his affections on such permanent endowments before he pledges his faith to any lady. He looks upon marriage as a business of the greatest importance in life, and a change of condition that cannot be undertaken with too much deliberation. Therefore he will not undertake at random—lest he should precipitately involve himself in the greatest difficulties. He wishes to act a conscientious part, and consequently cannot think (*notwithstanding it is too much countenanced by custom*) of sporting with the affections of the fair sex, nor even of paying his addresses to any until he is perfectly convinced his own are fixed on just principles. All imaginary caution is certainly necessary before hand—but after a man's professions of regard, his kind services and solicitations have made an impression on a female heart, it is no longer a matter of indifference whether he perseveres in, or breaks off his engagement; when the subject is brought to such a crisis, there is no retracting without disturbing her quiet and tranquil mind, nor can any thing but her loss of virtue justify his desertion—whether marriage has been expressly promised or not. For if he has solicited and obtained her affections on supposing that he intended to marry her, the contract is in the sight of heaven sufficiently binding. In short, the man who basely imposes on the heart of an unsuspecting girl, and after winning her affections by the prevailing rhetorick of courtship, and ungenerously leaves her to bitter *sorrow*—acts a very dishonorable part, and is to be more detested than a common robber, for his words and pretentions to friendship are applied as is the vile worm that is used as a bait to catch the most valuable fish, and these ought to be looked upon and eyed as with the eye of suspicion, for private treachery is far more heinous than open force, and money cannot, nay, should not, be put in competition with happiness.

M. ——

Garrettsville, Ohio, August 1835.

I'M ALTOGETHER INDEPENDENT.

Original

Mr. Editor—I am not an aged man, neither am I what the world denominates a youth; but one in the middle age of life. I am not famous for any public act, in which I have performed a conspicuous part; consequently I stand as a mere man and a private citizen. Neither would I have you to suppose that I have tasted the felicity of Hymenial blessings—I have remained until the present time, a devotee to celibacy. This, as might be expected, has presented me with a better opportunity of observing the actions of men. Though a bachelor, yet I have ever moved in the gayer circles, and in the midst of the convivial assemblies of the young. This, too, has presented many favourable opportunities for studying the foibles of man. Nor is this all—some portion of my life I have spent as an itinerent. I have left friends and home—I have wandered among strangers in a distant land, where no friendly hand was extended, and no friendly visage appeared to pour balm into the disconsolate heart. Again, I have returned, and some embraced me with great joy, while others, who but "a little while ago" feigned unceasing friendship, have met me with a frown. These are scenes through which I have already passed—what is yet to come, the most penetrating eye would fail to fathom. I am at present a man in easy circumstances, caring little for the concerns of life that not unfrequently perplex the many. My leisure is mostly spent in reading. I do not claim to be enrolled among your numerous correspondents, but permit me, through the medium of your Gem, to return my sincere thanks to your valuable correspondent Felix. In my opinion, he need not be so desirous to preserve his incognito, as his productions will most assuredly recommend their author, as well as themselves, to the public, in a favourable light. In his "They say so," many (all who are addicted to the base habit of back-biting, and many are) can read a lesson worthy of observation, and from which much practical benefit may be derived. His next, or "I don't care," seems to contain not only a lesson applicable to a particular class, but one that must needs be shared by community at large. But, sir, is there not a class yet unnoticed, that is no more deserving of pardon, or even of lenity, than the "*They say so*," or "*I don't care*"! It seems to me there is.—I mean those who feel they are "altogether Independent," under whatever circumstances in life they are placed. From my own experience, I have observed this feeling to be most prevalent among the social concerns of the young. Passing wholly over the many calamities that have befallen

so many in business affairs, resulting from the feeling of "*I'm altogether Independent*," let us notice that part of community among which it most prevails, and the results of it are the most fatal. Says Mr. Harley, "am I obliged to associate with Mr. Duncan, that home-spun, awkward, ill-mannerly, and uncouth character? No sir, *I'm altogether Independent!* Let it not be said that John Harley hath been caught in the society of such a character as Peter Duncan." "Sir," says a third person, "what can you allege against the daily walk, the moral character and conduct of Mr. Duncan?" "Oh, the fellow is good enough in his place, but he's unaccustomed to polished society, and as for associating with him, I won't—*I'm altogether Independent.*" Again, there is the Fop, the Dandy, and the purse-proud man, and some others just entering upon the theatre of life, who are "*altogether Independent.*" Now just let these "*They say so,*" "*I don't care,*" and "*altogether Independent,*" people stop a moment, and—look at ———themselves. JOSEPH.

EXCURSION TO WHEATLAND.

Original.

THE tall spires had just begun to glitter in the beams of the rising sun, when I mounted my horse and started for the country. The sultry weather and close attention to business, had very much impaired my health: and I hoped, by visiting the country, to regain it, together with my usual good spirits. Pursuing my way leisurely along, I was on all sides cheered with the songs of the birds: The twittering swallow flew in giddy circles around my head; the red breast chirp'd from tree to tree; the black bird caroled from his lofty perch; while the less sportive dove sat cooing by the way side; all seemed ambitious of greeting the king of day with their sweetest songs. The road, being on the bank of the river, seemed, that morning, the most pleasant one I had ever travelled: the mild sun-beams, ever and anon bursting through the thick overhanging foliage, would dance upon the playful ripples in seeming delight. There is a pleasure in viewing a noble river winding its way peacefully along, of which I am never weary.

The Genessee, though not large, appears to be extensively known; it is spoken of by the emigrant, as he commences his pilgrimage from "down east;" it is held in pleasing remembrance by many who have taken up their abodes in the "far west;" and some who gazed upon its waters, and rambled on its banks in early life, and have since wandered to distant lands, will not forget, while they stroll by rivers of poetic fame, and gaze on amazonian tides, the less celebrated windings of the Genessee. True, it does not bear upon its bosom the venitian gondola,—nor the Roman galley; nor yet the proud navies that ride upon the Thames; and yet it is continually enlivened by boats passing up and down; and of late the active steamer has added new interests to its scenery. It is not overlooked by cloud capped mountains; nor shaded by cypress and myrtle; but its lofty forests at intervals, and pleasant farm houses, on either side, are not altogether without their beauties. Nor does it, Niagara-like, drain the vast reservoirs of the western world; and hurling down their collected floods from dizzy heights, shake the neighboring hills with its thunders; and yet its mighty leaps from ledge to ledge, as if humbling itself with great Ontario, are not untold in history's page, nor unsung in poetic strains.

Passing still along, extensive fields of golden wheat, ripe for the sickle, presented themselves on either side, and stretching out in almost "boundless contiguity," over hill and plain, seemed to belong to climes remote from the ungenial atmosphere and pent up streets of the city.

There is a pleasure in viewing scenes like these, such as cannot be derived from those less beneficial to men. We may admire the cloud capped mountain—may wonder at the mighty cataract, or hanging cliff—may be entertained with a view of the gigantic pyramid, or lofty tower. But can these awaken reflections so pleasing, as scenes just described? Happiness from external objects can be derived only so far as their influence extends, in exciting ideas of felicity. The mountain may stand for ages, and we be none the happier.—The cataract or cliff may continue to excite our wonder, without increasing our joys. And can the mysterious pyramid, or the most stupendous effort of man's elaborate skill, cause a thrill of pleasure to spring up in the soul, as doth a view of the golden harvest, when the cheerful labourer goeth forth to his toil singing the song of plenty? The road, after keeping company with the river for several miles, diverges from it; or, rather, the river leaves the road, by making a bend to the east, and can be seen only at intervals, on account of it being all along bordered with trees. The land soon looses its undulating appearance near the river, and the broad Genesee Flats are discerned with sensations of delight. They spread out on both sides of the river, particularly on the west, and do indeed make a beautiful appearance. The greater part seem to be meadow; and occasional fields of corn, and wheat, and curtains of trees, give them a pleasing variety. After ascending a moderately high hill, the village of Scottsville is seen to pretty good advantage; the eye first rests upon its two churches, standing contiguous to each other; one, a white, wood building, of recent erection, surmounted with a graceful spire, belonging to the Presbyterians; the other, built of brick, furnished with a conspicious belfrey, belonging to the Methodists. The bell of the latter church was ringing as I rode down the hill into the village; and cheerful groups of children, were with "the school ma'am," hastening to school.

There are in the place, two publick Inns, six or seven stores, as many Mechanic's shops, a woollen Factory, two Turning Mills; the two Churches before mentioned, and some very handsome dwellings.

It seems to be a place of considerable business; and is increasing both in size and beauty. It now contains, probably, about seven hundred inhabitants. It is situated on the north side of Allen's Green, about one mile west of the river. On the south side, and directly below the village, the creek is bordered on both sides by flats, which are sometimes overflown in consequence of the river rising higher than the Green and forcing the water back. This is supposed to be the Green on which Mrs. Jemison, or the "white woman" once lived; if so, these flats have been the battle ground of contending savage tribes; and the white man now treads the soil that was once watered with the red man's blood. He mows and ploughs where the deer and buffalo were pursued; and dwells securely where erst the bloody tomahawk gleamed, and the terrific warhoop echoed from hill to hill.

These parts bare evident marks of having been inhabited, and in some places cultivated, long before the white man became an intruder upon the Indians' rights: about a quarter of a mile north of this creek, and as far from the river, a small gravelly hill rises like an island from the flats, and appears to have been the red mans' sepulchre; it being covered over, with small sunken places, looks like an old burying ground. And I am told that parts of human skeletons, and fragments of earthen ware, arrows, pipes, and other implements, have been found there. A few miles up the river, near what is called the Big Eddy, is a place known by the name of "Bony Hill"—so called from the great quantity of human bones found there. Some excavations have been made by money diggers, (yankees no doubt,) among the spreading roots of the oak and walnut, in search of the "root of all evil." But whether their pains have been rewarded or not, I am not prepared to say; it is not likely, however, that the unambitious aborigines troubled themselves much about the "shiny stuff;" and Captain Kidd, I suppose, found places enough to hide his *bars of Gold* nearer the coast.

It is, perhaps, impossible to account for the bones being here, though many speculations are abroad respecting them, and I am told, that a great while ago, some white man heard another white man say, that an Indian told him, that another Indian heard his father say that a great battle was fought here between two warlike nations, in which a great many were killed and thrown together into a pit. As I have entered so deeply into the subject of antiquities, it may not be amiss to speak of an old Fort in Chili, about three miles from Scottsville. The boundaries of this Fort cannot now be so readily traced, as they could a few years ago, before the land was ploughed; but now, I believe, the remains of a gate, and well, are seen, and several small pits, which are evidently artificial, and were probably, at first, five or six feet deep, though they are now nearly filled up. This must have been but a temporary defence; for the walls were nothing more than the dirt excavated from the ditch, which appears to have surrounded it. I do not think that these remains, nor those before mentioned, are so ancient as they are generally supposed to be: allowing that large trees are now standing in the trenches, is no evidence that they have grown there since the trenches were made; but rather, (and it is the more likely, because the Fort was at first in the woods,) that the dirt was dug away from those trees that stood in the line of the trench, and could not be easily avoided, thereby causing them, by this time to appear to have grown up since the trenches were made. Just so with those trees on the mounds; the earth was probably thrown up around those which stood in the way, which in turn, would contribute materi-

ally to the strength & durability of the wall; and at this day, when the mounds are about leveled to their former state, appear to have grown upon them.—I have seen a cannon ball that was found several feet below the surface, in Scottsville, by a man while digging a well. These antiquities are perhaps all of about the same age. But whether they had their origin before the Flood, or were caused during our revolutionary war, is of no consequence; the independent farmer drives his merciless plough share, heedlessly over these hallowed places, where once, perhaps, the steed of war trampled in human gore; and the din of battle hurried the affrighted buffalo from the echoing valley, where now the timid sheep and heifer quietly graze. The thought is full of interest; who knows but here, heroes, like Achilles and Hector, bled? Who dare say that there never was a disconsolated *Telemachus*, wandering over these plains in search after an illustrious Ulysses? And who knows but that these old *Forts* ——— were made by the Indians, to *fat Buffaloes in!*

But to return; after passing through Scottsville, I ascended the hill at the west end of the place; and there had a better view of the village, than I had before enjoyed. I must needs, of course get over into the Burying Grounds, (did you ever know a poet that was not a frequenter of such places?) and there I employed myself more than a hour, walking about and reading inscriptions. I did not discern any thing peculiarly interesting, although I noticed, on the stone that marks the grave of the man that gave name to the village, the following inscription, which I copied verbatim:

"Retire my friend, dry up your tears;
Here I must lye till christ appears."

I could readily forgive the, as I think, bad sense of the inscription, were it not for the word "lie" being spelt *lye*; and the name of Christ being with a *small* letter, instead of a *capital*.

Filled with melancholy reflections, I sat down; and while nothing, save the breezes sighing among the tombs, disturbed the silence of the place, I called to mind the days of my childhood. I had been walking over the dust of some, who, when I last beheld them, were actively engaged in the business of life. Some who once bloomed in health and beauty, whom I had seen, and some of whom I had heard, were sleeping, unconscious of each other's, or my presence, side by side. The mother that I had seen weeping over the grave of her first born child, was slumbering by its side.

My feelings do always get the better of me when I walk among the tombs; my mind looks forward to the day of Resurrection, when those that slumber in the grave, shall awake to immortal life; and Oh! how have I at times indulged in the pleasing hope of meeting in a better world, some with whom I have taken sweet council on earth; and of ranging forever the fields of eternal felicity at God's right hand.

How have I, before now, pictured to myself the awful sublimity of that day, and fairly started at the vivid imagination of my own mind, to think how the graves would burst, the rocks rend, and the heaving billows cast up their dead; and the nations, all that have ever lived, and all that shall hereafter live, shall be gathered, to meet the LORD! My heart teemed with meditations peculiar to the place, and, in the enthusiasm of the moment, I seized my pencil and wrote "Reflections in a Grave-Yard."

But I will trouble you no farther with the particulars of my short excursion. I have returned, and in better health and spirits than when I left, and find my self seated by my old table, scribling with the worn-out stub of an old pen. The oil is all consumed in my lamp; the watchman has just sung out "One o'clock, and all's well;" my eyes grow heavy; my fingers ache; and I am just at this moment writing—*Good Night.*

YOURS V. C. TELEMACHUS.

From the Auburn Miscellany.

NEWS IN A NUT-SHELL.

A lady in Cooperstown a few days since vomited up a living Frog off her stomach, about 5 inches in length. His frogship had been there some time; but how he got in is not stated.——A fire took place on board a vessel last week in Boston,—there being powder in her, she blew up, when a piece of plank passed so near a gentleman in the street as to cut off the skirts of his coat. A close shave that——A man 'down east,' by the name of Matthews, one week advertised his wife, and in the next paper *un*-advertises her as follows:—"Whereas my wife Irena, like Noah's dove, has returned to my bed, and behaves as a pleasant wife, this is, therefore, to revoke my former advertisement".——The Methuen Gazette, in speaking of a cowardly puppy 23 years of age, who has been imprisoned for beating an old soldier of the revolution, says, he should be cut up into pills to kill rats.——Two brother editors in Maine have had a fight.—Some one says, editors should never fight—they may do the quarrelling, but let others do the fighting,—we don't believe in their doing either.——The value of the products of the United States, is said to be of the enormous amount of $15,000,000. A pretty big calculation.——A young lady in Quebec recently fell from a carriage, and the steel of her corset was accidentally forced into her stomach by the fall, and killed her.——A few days since a barrel was picked up in East River, opposite New-York, containing the body of a dead negro. ——The mob in Baltimore destroyed $100,000 worth of property, and the city is now taxed to pay. Citizens, taxed for such *improvements*, we should think would look out sharp for the future.

Carrying a joke too far.—In a neighboring village a few days since, a fellow was tried for stealing a wood-saw. The culprit said he *only took it in joke*. The justice asked how far he carried it; and was answered *about two miles*. That is carrying the joke too far, said the magistrate, and committed the prisoner.—*Auburn Miscellany.*

Joy flutters past like a gay and harmless butterfly, but unfortunately, often lays eggs which engender devouring catterpillars.

Important News from France.—By late advices from France, by the packet ship Poland, it appears that an attempt upon the life of Louis Phillip, King of France, was made during the celebration of the anniversary of "the Three Days," on the 28th July, by means of what the French term "an Infernal Machine," which it seems consisted of 25 gun barrels fastened firmly together, in a small upper room of a house in the Boulevard du Temple, from which, at the moment the King and the cortege surrounding him were passing, poured forth a shower of balls—and it is stated that Marshall Mortier, Duke de Trevise, fell and expired without uttering a word. Several other officers and some of the National Guards were also killed, and a considerable number wounded. During this scene, the King, whose arm had been grazed by a bullet, and whose horse had received a wound in the neck, maintained the calmness by which he is distinguished, and displayed remarkable courage by riding up in the direction of the house from which the explosion came. After the first emotion had passed, the cortege continued its route amidst shouts of joy for the preservation of the King's life, and threats of vengeance against the assassins.

The principal assassin, a mechanic, named Girard, was immediately taken into custody, and probably will soon suffer death—by being either shot or guillotined.

THE GEM AND AMULET.

☞ Those persons who wish to send us a $1 bill for the GEM, are requested to do so, soon: we can dispose of as many as we can get, without injuring any one.

PLATES.—A short time since, we engaged in the City of New York, several Plates for the GEM, and expected to have had one of them for this number—but have just been informed that they were all destroyed in the recent great fire in that city. We hope, however, yet to be able to fulfill our engagement as to Plates.

THE MOON.—Notwithstanding the late "great Astronomical discoveries made by Sir John Herschel, L. L. D., F. R. S. at the Cape of Good Hope," it still remains for Astronomers to prove that "the Moon" is *not* "made of green Cheese,"—and this they cannot easily do. Most likely the good old doctrine is the *true* one. The animals which Sir John saw through his mighty magnifying Telescope, and called deer, sheep, and winged men, are probably of the same nature of those *animulas* which are often seen with the naked eye by dairy-women, only they were, at the time he discovered them, in the most *lively* and active state of existence—skipping about in great glee.

Maurice Ellison.—The Tale from the Knickbocker in this No. of our paper, named as above, it is said, has its principal foundation in real events, and those of recent occurrence. The catastrophe is historical.

MARRIED,

In Sardinia, on the 11th instant, by Rev. D. Stephens, of Arcade, Mr. George J. Simonds, Tanner, of this place, to Miss Octave Hopkins, of the same place.

DIED.—In Albany, on the 4th instant, after one day's sickness, Mr. GUY ARMS, aged 47, brother to the publisher of this paper.

In York, Pa Aug. 25, Harriet, wife of Dr. F. Baird, aged 22 years, and daughter of Mr. J. F. Hutchinson, of this city.

PARNASSIAN FLOWERS.

Original.

ACROSTIC,

FOR MISS L. A. FOX, ON THE DEATH OF TWO OF HER BROTHERS.

Miss F. what is the note that strikes my ear ?
Is it a tale, that gives the friendly cheer ?
Still, I hear the *dirge* which mortals ever sing;
Sorrow's my lot—my hopes but sorrow bring!

Lucretia, dry those tears, tho' friends are gone,
Untold may be your griefs, you're not alone ;
Christ is a *Brother*—He your sorrow knows,
Rest on *his* arms—in *his* embrace repose.
Endeared friends He may from you remove,
To drink with Him from streams of endless love,
It's better far; they're free from care and pain.
A sister 's left—but then a Heaven is gain'd !

Ah, sister, soon you'll meet those brothers dear,
No more with friends to shed the parting tear :
No care or pain, shall then thy pleasures steal,
For Christ his perfect joy will there reveal.
On Zion's mount you'll stand, and sorrow then shall be
'Xchanged for Peace and Immortality !

W. G. D.

Original.

ACROSTIC,

FOR MISS V. H. OF UTICA.

Viewless, deep in the orphan's breast,
Are woes that cannot be exprest ;
Sighs too which swell to streaming tears—
Halcyon thoughts of earlier years.
Then for thee, in melting prayer,
A Father knelt with restless care.

Healthless and lone on the cheerless wild,
Affection found thee—a hapless child :
Mov'd by her soft, pathetic strain,
Blameless and pure, Oh rise again.
'Luring smiles shall light thy way—
Immortal bliss each ill repay ;
Nature's God, thy Father, lives—and lives
FOR THEE.

Angelette L. Fox.

Rochester, Sept 1.

THE FATHER'S PRAYER,
On the Death of an Only and Beloved Child.

O softer blow the gentle breeze,
And lighter be the step ;
There lies beneath that humble sod,
My all—my Harriet !

Let sacred flowers be seen,
So lovely and so mild ;
Let beauties' tears bedew the ground,
For my angelic child.

Holy Angels watch her rest,
As when her Saviour slept :—
O then—dear Lord, into thy breast,
Receive my Harriet. ANON.

MAXIMS.

The memory of the ancients is hardly in any thing more to be celebrated, than in their strict and useful institutions for youth. By labor they prevented luxury in their young people, till wisdom and philosophy taught them to resist and despise it.—*Pen.*

A wise man hath no more anger than is necessary to shew that he can apprehend the first wrong, nor any more revenge than justly to prevent a second.

What men want of reason for their opinions, they usually supply and make up in rage.

The greatest wisdom of speech, is to know when, what, and where to speak: the time, matter, and manner. The next to it is silence.

A concluding face, put upon an unconcluding argument, is the most contemptible sort of folly.

Men must have public minds as well as salaries, or they will serve private ends at the public cost. It was Roman virtue that raised the Roman glory.

Some so effect to be singular, and to be known by their vices, that they seek out novelty in wickedness, and glory in a bad reputation ; or, as Tacitus observes, find an exquisite pleasure even in the grandeur of infamy.

The consideration of the dignity and excellence of our nature, plainly informs us, how mean and unworthy it is to dissolve in luxury, softness and effeminacy ; and how becoming it is, on the other hand, to lead a life of frugality, temperance, and sobriety.—*Cicero.*

It is a standing rule in philosophy, never to make the opinion of others the measure of our behaviour.

SELECTIONS FROM JEAN PAUL.

Men's feelings are always purest and most glowing in the hour of meeting and farewell ; like the glaciers, which are transparent and rosy-hued only at sunrise and sunset, but through the day gray and cold.

Every heavy burden of sorrow seems like a stone hung round our neck, yet are they often only like the stones used by pearl-divers, which enable them to reach their prize and to rise enriched.

The sorrows of a noble mind are spring frosts, which precede the summer ; those of a corrupted and contracted one are autumn frosts, which are only followed by winter.

A small sorrow distracts—a great one makes us collected ; as a bell loses its clear tone when slightly cracked, and recovers it if the fissure is enlarged.

Sorrows gather round great souls as storms do around mountains; but, like them, they break the storm and purify the air of the plain beneath them.

COMETS AND WOMEN.—Comets, doubtless, answer some wise and good purpose in the creation ; so do women. Comets are incomprehensible, beautiful and eccentric ; so are women. Comets confound the most learned when they attempt to ascertain their nature ; so do women. Comets equally excite the admiration of the philosopher and of the clown of the valley ; so do women. Comets and women, therefore, are closely analogous ; but the nature of each being inscrutable, all that remains for us to do is, to view with admiration the one, and almost to adoration, love the other.

ELECTION NOTICE.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Monroe Co., }
Rochester, August 12, 1835. }

A GENERAL ELECTION is to be held in the county of Monroe on the second, third, and fourth days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed. ELIAS POND, Sheriff.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
Secretary's Office. } Albany, August 1, 1835

Sir—I hereby give you notice, that the next general election in this state, to be held on the 2nd, 3d, and 4th days of November next, a Senator is to be chosen in the eighth senate district, in the place of Chauncey J. Fox, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

Notice is also given, that at the said election, the following proposed amendment to the constitution of this state will be submitted to the people, viz. :

For restoring the duties on goods sold at auction, and the duties on salt to the general fund.

JOHN A. DIX, Secretary of State.

To the Sheriff of the county of Monroe.

N. B. The Inspectors of Election in the several towns in your county will give notice of the election of Members of Assembly, and for filling any vacancies in county offices which may exist.

LIST OF AGENTS,

FOR THE GEM.

Angelica, N. Y. Smith Davis.
Bloomfield, Mich. Ter.—Dr. E. S. Parke.
Black Rock, N. Y.—Elam Dodge.
Cleaveland, O.—A. S. Sandford.
Cazenovia—S. C. Walker.
Detroit, M. Ter.—Ruel Ambrose.
E. Bloomfield, N. Y.—Lawrence Noble.
East Avon—E. A. Bibbens.
Fairport—H. Burr, Esq.
Farmington—Wm. Robson.
Greece—H. N. Marsh.
Garrettsville, PortageCo. Ohio, Marcus Mosee.
Hadley Mills, Mass.—Dwight Smith.
Jamesville—Charles G. Worden.
Lyons, N Y.—N. Talmadge.
Lakeville—A. M. Chapin, Merchant.
Medina—Uri D. Moore.
Middlebury—A. Wright, Esq. P. M.
Michigan City, Indiana—J. N. Bemis.
Middle Granville, N. Y.—Edward M. Crosby.
Nunda Valley—Wm. D. Hammond.
Nelson, U. C.—Robert Bennett.
Oswego—D. K. Neal.
Onondaga Hill—A. Shove.
Orangeburgh, Post Master.
Ovid—C. A. Gibbs.
Paynsville Post Office—N. Payne, Esq.
Portageville—Alanson Elmer.
Perrysburgh, Ohio—P. B. Brown.
Parma—E. M. Conklin, Esq.
Pike—Asa Pride.
River Road Forks, Liv. Co. N.Y. A. M. Grane.
Randolph—Elmer Draper.
Seneca Falls—J. W. West.
Scottsville—George R. June.
Walworth—V. Yeomans.
West Avon—J. N. Merrill.
West-Bloomfield—Gustavus A. Griffin.
Yates—S. Tappan, Esq. P. M.
York, Pa.—Dr. A Patterson.
City of Rochester—Mr. Ezekiel Fox.

THE ROCHESTER GEM, And Ladies' Amulet :

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

Vol. 7--With Plates.

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ROCHESTER

THE GEM,

AND LADIES' AMULET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, AMUSING MISCELLANY, &c.

VOLUME 7.] ROCHESTER, OCT. 3, 1835. [NUMBER 20.

THE ALPINE BRIDE.

Original.

It was a sunny day when I entered the beautiful valley which skirts the northern shores of Lake Geneva. A light breeze curled the smooth surface of the Lake, and our little galley skimmed over the waves with the swiftness of the swan. The town now lay before us, and at the distance of a mile presented a picturesque appearance. The buildings were mostly white, and surrounded with gardens in which the rose, the myrtle, and the lilack, contended for the prize of beauty. A tall Church, with its glittering steeple, overlooked the whole villa, and seemed to awaken in the mind of the coming traveler, the feelings of piety and devotion. When our boat landed, I noticed that the town was crowded with splendid carriages, and vehicles of every description. The side walks were filled with fashionable gentlemen and ladies, all merry with the bright scenes and gaiety surrounding them. I enquired the cause of this unusual bustle, and was told the young Count R——, was to be married, that evening, to Miss ——, the youngest daughter of a German nobleman. * * * * *

It was evening, and the moon threw her silvery light over the dimpled water, and each drop, like the diamond of Peru, or the pearl of India, reflected back its own purity and brightness. I stood upon a high rock overhanging the banks of Geneva, and dwelt with raptures on the lovely scene before me. It carried me back to my own native shores of New-England, even to the very hills on whose sunny sides I passed my childhood—and to the pond on whose brink I had launched my little shallop, in the sweet days of boyhood. At this moment, the sound of the Church bell fell upon my ears, and knowing it to be for the approaching nuptials, I determined to attend. I hastened to the place and found the house already filled. On either side, the long aisles, and galleries were lighted with the bright lamps which overhung them. Being a stranger, I sought an obscure part of the house and anxiously waited for the entrance of the couple, who were soon to take the vows of eternal fidelity and love. I had sat but a moment, when the attention of all was turned to the door. I looked and saw the bride-groom and bride already advancing to the altar. The first was a tall and well formed gentleman, and seemed just verging upon the days of manhood. His gait was noble and majestic, and generosity and frankness marked every feature of his countenance. His high forehead, partly concealed by the black locks of hair which hung in raven curls about it, denoted a mind of superior talents. His black eyes bent upon the ground, and his lips curled with a smile, and in addition to this, the grace and dignity of his form, made him appear a handsome and accomplished youth. But she, whose hand he held, and on whom he often glanced the sincere look of affection, was a perfect model of elegance and grace. As yet I had not seen her face, but now she raised her eyes, and cast a melancholy but hasty glance over the crowded assembly. A tear stood in her deep blue eye, and the modest blush of youth and innocence crimsoned her pale cheek. Her figure was tall and her step light; her black hair fell in ringlets upon her neck, whose whiteness could only vie with the chrystal snows which cover the lofty peaks of the Alps.—I said a tear glistened in her eye; yes, but it was not the tear of grief—it came not at the call of sorrow, nor by the soft complaints of pity. It was affection's tear:—and there was a sigh too—but it was not the sigh of mourning, nor of lamentation. No—it came from a heart that knew no sorrow—that knew no regrets: it was the tender sigh of sympathy. There was a short pause——and then the Priest, rising, his long black robe extending to the floor, and his arms folded upon his breast, invoked a blessing to rest upon those who now knelt before the altar, and were soon to give, and return, those mutual pledges of friendship, and kindness, which are only approved by Him, who is perfection and love himself. His voice was clear and audible, and the words sunk deep into the breasts of every one present. After this he performed the rites of marriage, so peculiar to the inhabitants of Switzerland. Then soft musick arose from the Choir that was concealed from our view, so sweet, and yet so mournful, that it awakened feelings of the deepest tenderness. All again knelt for a moment, and then arose. But the music was now changed to quicker tones, and twelve beautiful maidens dressed in white, with a chaplet of flowers upon their heads, and a reath of roses in their hands, advanced hastily and began the dance. They looked like so many sylvan goddesses emerging from the shady groves, or Nereides rising from the limpid streams, and dancing upon the chrystal waves. After this was through, they advanced, and one by one, kissing the bride, they strewed roses at her feet, and wreathed her head with flowers. And when several ceremonies of this kind had taken place, in which the bridegroom, as well as the bride, participated, the former took the fair one, whom he had selected as a partner for life, by the hand, and again kneeling before the same altar, received the last benediction from the Priest. I involuntarily joined in the amen, and secretly wished them all the happiness which frail mortality can inherit. * * * * * * * * *

The moon-beams grew paler, and the twinkling stars had began to disappear, one by one; yet still at this late hour I kept my station at the bow of the boat, watching the ever varying scenery of the mountains and valleys that skirt the eastern shores, as we rapidly passed by. To the west nothing was to be seen except the sky and water, both of which appeared to meet in the distance and mingle with each other. Yet, in spite of these changing prospects, and the lively expectations of seeing them shortly by day-light from the height of the Alps, my thoughts wandered back to the events of the first part of the night, at the village, where I had stopped to witness the ceremonies of marriage. I thought of the domestic happiness these people enjoyed, surrounded with peace and plenty, and every thing that the prodigal heart of man can desire. With a country so beautifully diversified into hill, dale and valley—so romantick with its groves, lakes and streams, —with a government so well adapted to the generous, patriotick, and devoted heart of the inhabitant, that dissension, the blight and mildew of national prosperity, never arises—surely, thought I, they cannot but be content. The Alphine horn awakes the shepherd of the mountain;—the wooing Nightingale lulls him to repose.———But now the walls and steeples of Geneva, the city of our destination, appear at a distance. We approach nearer and nearer—our sails filled with a light breeze:——the harbor is now in view——the sailors strike the canvass, and prepare the anchor——and now we are there.

RUPERT.

Rochester, Sept. 15th. 1835.

FOR THE GEM.

The organ of sight, commonly called the eye, upon a philosophical examination, presents to the observer one of the most interesting phenomena, connected with the human system. Notwithstanding the great variety of parts into which it is divided, how admirably is the fitness of adaptation ex-

hibited in their use. The most delicate parts are carefully preserved from injury, by the sclerotica and choroid, while the pupil, which is capable of admitting so many rays of light as to injure the optic nerve, is made to expand and contract, according to the circumstances in which it may be placed. We find in every part of Creation, the Omnipotent wisdom of its author amply manifested; but no where is it more *fully* displayed, than in the mechanism of the eye. There is no part of the countenance in which the passions of the soul are so fully developed, as in the eye. It is there our attention is envariably directed, to ascertain the expression of joy or grief, pleasure or anger, affection or hatred, kindness or malice, together with all the good and evil qualities, which are capable of being portrayed in the countenance; and many think, they can ascertain the exact disposition of a person, simply by the expression of the eye. We know that by the admirers of beauty, this organ is considered a very essential part, in constituting its perfection. But the tastes of different persons are as various in reference to its beauty, as there are different colors. Some admire the keen piercing glance of the black eye, others the bewitching, though less penetrating expression, of the hazel, while others admire the languishing but expressive dark blue—but still more generally is admired "an eye, as when the blue sky trembles 'neath a cloud of purest white." However, I think the *color* of the eye can be of but *little* importance, without the peculiar charm of expression. This constitutes beauty in the gray eye equal to the blue or black. But all these circumstances are of trifling importance, when compared with its great service to mankind. Deprived of the use of this organ, the beautiful landscape of creation becomes a shapeless mass, a mere *blank*, in the universe. In vain the stars bespangle the firmament, and glitter like diamons in the concave sky. In vain the morning dawns, and bright Phœbus lifts his red glories from the easter horrizon, illuminating all nature with his beams:—he advances, until the zenith is attained, and there pours forth his tide of splendour, but still without producing any effects upon him who has lost the sense of seeing. The earth may be clad in the snowy vestiments of winter, divested of all its verdure and beauty, or, adorned with the resplendent robe of spring yielding in rich profusion the *choicest* fruits and flowers; "the air, the earth, and the water, may them with delighted existence, but alas! what source of enjoyment can these afford, for one who can never witness these scenes. But last and most important of all, how could we obtain a knowledge of the sciences? To have the rich and exaustless treasures of knowlege, which we derive from observation, and close study, forever hid from our view, would be a loss *truly* deplorable. Let us then from this, learn to sympathise with many of our unfortunate fellow creatures, who if they are not placed in exactly such circumstances, are in very similar ones to those here described—and it should be a source of unbounded gratitude to our Creator, that He has not only given us such faculties, but preserves them in perfection for our use. ANONYMOUS.

The plainer the dress, with greater lustre does beauty appear. Virtue is the greatest ornament, and good sense the best equipage.

CURIOSITY.

Original.

CURIOSITY when *fully* considered, possesses a more extensive signification, than we are aware of without reflection. We find upon examination, that it is connected with every thing which pertains to an ardent desire for knowledge, either good or evil. When the great Newton was recreating himself, beneath the overspreading branches of an apple tree, and saw an apple fall to the ground, what was it that led him to investigate the cause of this natural, yet unexplained phenomena? I think the ruling motive must have been the gratification of his curiosity. Prompted by this, the young man seeking after glory and renown, explores the most distant countries, examines all their stores of knowledge, becomes familiar with every interesting particular relative to them, plunges into the most frightful caverns, roams along the craggy mountain, ascends the clifted precipices overhanging the most fearful gulphs, leaping from crag to crag with the fleetness of a Chamois, and all this for the sake of gratifying curiosity, and acquiring renown.

Stimulated by a *vain* curiosity, the votaries of fashion and dissipation, are induced to frequent the Theatre, until they become so completely infatuated with its bewitching influence, that time, wealth, and not unfrequently a good character, are sacrificed to the gratification of curiosity. The same spirit influenced Columbus, when he formed the bold and unheard of plan of crossing the vast expanse of waters, to find and explore the new world. Curiosity often tends to good results, and it was so in this instance. Who can but admire the heroism, fortitude, and perseverance, with which Columbus pursued and accomplished his whole project. After spending the best part of his life in fruitless applications to kings and princes, for aid, he at last obtained what he sought, and set sail under the most unfavorable circumstances, for the supposed visionary world, but which when found in reality, surpassed his most sanguine expectation, and filled his opposers with chagrin and disappointment. With what delight did he behold the day dawn upon the beautiful island of Guanahani. The gentle Zephyrs of the Torrid zone, fanning the fragrant odors exhaled from a thousand delicious plants, seemed to waft their course towards the vessel, to invite him to partake of their luxuriance, and seek repose from his long and perilous voyage. And here we might suppose that he would gladly relinquish his toils, at least for a season, but no! the unbounded curiosity of Columbus could not be satiated, in exploring this island alone, but he continued to traverse the unknown seas of the Atlantic, until the vast continent of America was disclosed to his view, and then like the sun setting in the full effulgence of his glory, he returned to his native country, and expired, leaving the benefits to be derived from this mighty enterprize, for the good of those who survived him.

Curiosity was probably the ruling motive which induced the great Tempter of mankind, to leave the abodes of impenetrable night, and roam through trackless wilds of ether, in search of the new created world, born from chaos and darkness, and which burst upon his view in all its pristine loveliness. As he surveyed this vast globe, filled with admiring wonder, he unluckily espied the garden of Eden, and beheld from an eminence its innocent inhabitants, walking hand in hand, clothed in the resplendent robe of holiness, ornamented with the rich gems of truth and virtue, revelling in pure intellectual pleasures, pleasures worthy the enjoyment of angels. He saw, with malicious envy, that their very senses were but avenues of holiness and happiness, poured in without measure from the fountain source. Yes, they were holy and happy, but he was unholy, consequently unhappy, and therefore determined to make them so, by inducing them to partake of his nature—and this we know he artfully accomplished, by his cunning wiles, with effects no less pernicious than those ascribed to the fatal box of Pandora, from which issued such a countless multitude of evils, that we their descendants, are comparatively their antipodes, unholy and unhappy.

ANONYMOUS.

Original.

"My thoughts are in my native land,
My heart is in my native place."

THE ties most dear to youth, are those connected with the home of their childhood, the scenes of early connexions. No place on earth can so attract, can so divert the youthful mind, as entirely to avert it from the home of early days, and impressions connected with it.

The happy remembrances of "childhood's festive hours," are cherished, and remain retented in the mind as though imprinted there with an uneffaceable signet.

Though the roving spirit of boyhood, as it verges into manhood, may in its naturally restive inclination, pant for a sight of other places, of other countries than his own;—though in his wanderings forth into the inviting changes of distant prospects and places, towards which his aspiring thoughts have long been directed, he may experience a delight, a present happiness, a buoyancy of spirits, concordant with his youthful ardor, yet when the first effects of these have ceased, this ever restant character of our nature—this "thought bound voyager for home," absorbs all other considerations and desires, and sacrifices all his fancied prospects on its altar. We know with what delight most youth leave the home of their fathers, and go abroad into the world, and take an active part in its scenes, and see and act for themselves; and yet how soon do many become discontented, and despondingly wish for the attractions of former days, and the recurrence of past and unreclaimed happiness.

The busy world may for a time present attractions irresistable to the young, and excite the vivid imaginations of the inexperienced and froward, but it can never entirely fill up that void of contentment which will often remain in their minds. Some, as they leave the parental fire side, may at first feel a sorrowful weight on their minds, but it is soon dispersed by the happy anticipations and pleasing prospects of the future; and these too, are sooner or later dispelled by unexpected reality, and the unexperienced contrast so different from what they have heretofore realized.

But the delight of the traveler, who has

long sojourned in other countries, and among other people than his own, when returning to the home of his childbood, is exquisite and thrilling. He has long been "a stranger in a strange land;" the voices of friends have for a time been unheard, and unknown to him. The rough hand of time, perhaps, has plainly chafed his brow, affected by the sun of other climes; and as he enters his native village unknown, where he has spent his happiest and blithest days, all the tender sensibilities of his nature are touched—an exciting and thrilling gust of tenderness and happiness possess his whole soul: all his faculties seem absorbed in *memory*, and his "spirit pours itself out like water." He sees every where around him, mementos of past and pleasant times, when he enjoyed "life unalloyed"—when he glided smoothly and peacefully down life's stream, in the gilded current of boyhood, which awaken sad and mournful, yet pleasing and noble feelings. This is the time when the proudest and most stubborn spirit is tenderly subdued—when a tide of emotions sets in, that overwhelms and bows down the whole soul; and the *man*, when he is influenced by these noble and elevated feelings, at such times, but proves himself a *man*. MEMO.

CONVERSATION.

Original.

CONVERSATION is a subject which demands the attention of every one who mingles in Society. Its importance increases with every remove that man makes, from the insulated condition of the recluse up through the various grades of enlightened community.

There is one item under this head I would particularly notice. To the enjoyment of the true pleasures of Conversation, familiarity and a good degree of pleasantry, are requisite, and further—the safe and happy existence of this essential and due degree of familiarity, requires that fidelity and reciprocal confidence exist.

There is a restraint, a tensity of rein over our tongues required in our general intercourse with men, that is wholly incompatible with the enjoyment of the legitimate pleasures of social intercourse with those whom we esteem as our friends and companions.

In the next place, the existence of this essential ingredient in social intercourse, involves in no case the violation of truth; her sacred obligations remain inviolate.

That person, who by severity of manners, or abuse of criticism, shall expose one of a company to remark or ridicule, by means of what was uttered in the happy progress of familiar and unrestrained conversation, proves himself totally unworthy of that mutual confidence which is, emphatically, the soul of Conversation, and which gives it all its delights and animation. ANON.

In the voyage of life, men profess to be in search of heaven, but take care not to venture so far in their approximations to it, as entirely to lose sight of the earth; and should their frail vessel be in danger of shipwreck, they will gladly throw their darling vices overboard, as other mariners their treasures, only to fish them up again, when the storm is over.

FEMALE HEROISM EXEMPLIFIED.

THE female character, when life passes smooth and tranquil appears to be wholly made up of tenderness and dependance. It shrinks from the gaze of the rude, and recoils from the slightest touch of the impudent. But however it may appear in these circumstances, certain it is that when dangers impend, traits of heroism and intrepidity dart out amid this tenderness and dependance, like lightning from the soft fleecy clouds of a summer's evening. So when we stand by the ocean's side and view its smooth and tranquil bosom, we little suspect the terrible energy of its wave, when lashed into fury by the winds! The following fact confirms these remarks.

In the year 1750, Henry and Emily—a new married pair, and children of wealthy parents in Boston, left their paternal abode, determined to effect a permanent settlement at a place called D———, (Mass.) Emily had been brought up in the midst of affluence and was acquainted with distress and poverty only in the abstract.—Though her character was made up of all these qualities which we most admire in her sex, yet no one would have suspected the presence of those which her subsequent life so abundantly evinced.

After a lapse of five years, their house and farm presented the appearance of neatness and comfort; and except being sometimes startled from the slumbers of midnight by the yell of the savage, or the howl of the wolf, they had themselves suffered no molestation. The prospect from the house was bounded on all sides by the forest except in one direction, where there was a deep valley from which the wood had been cleared to open a communication with the adjoining town. The rays of the setting sun, shooting almost horrizontally into the valley, enabled the eye to reach to a great distance, and formed a great contrast to the deep gloom that bounded on both sides of the way. It was through this opening that Henry might be frequently seen at the close of the day returning from labor in a distant field. It was here too that the eye of affection and hope first caught a view of a beloved object.

One evening about the end of June, Henry was seen about half way up the valley on his return home. At this instant a tall stout Indian leaped from an adjoining wood and seized upon the unprotected and unsuspicious Henry, and appeared to be in the act of taking his scalp. The forest around rang with savage yells; and four Indians, were seen bounding over the fields towards the house. In an instant the tender and depending Emily was transformed into the bold, the intrepid heroine. She deliberately fastened the doors—removed her two sleeping children into the cellar—and with her husband's rifle, stationed herself before the window facing the Indians. The foremost Indian had just disappeared behind a small hillock; but as he arose to view, he fell in the grasp of death. She hastily reloaded and anxiously waited the approach of the three remaining Indians, who appeared to be exhausted by running. Two of the three met with a fate similar to that of their companion; but the third succeeded in reaching the door, and commenced cutting it down with his hatchet. Our heroine with admirable presence of mind, recollecting that she had a kettle of boiling water above stairs, took it, poured it down on this son of the forest, who that instant looking up, received the whole contents, hot as they were, into his face and eyes. Blinded, scalded by the water, and rendered desperate by being thus out witted by a woman (which of all things the savage abhors) he ran furiously around the corner of the house and stumbled into a deep well.

Freed from the immediate personal danger she became deeply anxious to know the fate of her husband. On looking towards the spot where he had been seized upon by the Indian, she beheld him not only alive, but struggling with fearful odds against his foe, both covered with blood. She immediately hastened to his relief; and unperceived, deliberately despatched a ball through the head of his adversary. On the discharge of the gun, both fell; the one in the convulsions of death; the other by exhaustion. The one restored to his mother earth; the other to the arms of an affectionate and truly heroic wife.

RESPECTABLE.—There are few words in our language more misused than this. Wealth is so often tho't to be the main constituent of respectability, that when an exception is designed to be understood, it must be distinctly expressed. The universal newspaper phrase, in such a case is, 'poor *but* respectable,' as if the fact of poverty were *prima facie* evidence against respectability. No one who knows the poor intimately, can for a moment assent to such heresy. There is no class of society in our country, where all the virtues which confer a just claim to respect more generally abound, than among the poor. While the idleness, or vice, which produce far the larger proportion of squallid misery which exists, should receive no tolerance, all honor should be paid to the virtue which shines amidst the pressure and temptations of poverty.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

PRETENBED VENERATION FOR OLD AUTHORS.—How many are there who willingly join in expressing veneration for works, which they would think it a heavy burthen to read from beginning to end! Indeed, this very circumstance, when the fame of an author has been well establised, rather adds to his reputation than diminishes it; because the langour of a work, of course, cannot be felt by those who never take the trouble of perusing it, and its imperfections are not criticised, as they otherwise would be, because they must be remarked before they can be pointed out, while the more striking beauties, which have become traditionary, in quotation, are continually presented to the mind. There is much truth, therefore, in the principle, whatever injustice there may be in the application, of the sarcasm of Voltaire on the Italian poet Dante, that "his reputation will now continually be growing greater and greater, because there is nobody now who reads him."—*Dr. Thomas Brown's Lectures.*

He that follows his recreation instead of his business, shall in a little time, have no business to follow.

ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON.

We translate the two following anecdotes from a French paper:

Napoleon, when at the height of his power, happened to be at Amiens, and as he was crossing the public square to leave the city, amidst the acclamations of all the inhabitants who had run in crowds and almost blocked up his passage, he cast his eyes over the immense multitude, and discovered in one corner of the square, a stone cutter, whose atttention had not been one moment drawn from his labor, by all the splendor of the spectacle. The singular indifference of this man excited the curiosity of the Emperor; he desired to know something of him, and spurred his horse onward, and stopped directly in front of the man.

"What are are you doing there?" asked the Emperor, with the pleasant tones which distinguished him on such occasions.

The workman raised his eyes, and recognised the Emperor.

"Sire," answered he, "I am hewing this stone, as you see."

"You have been in the army, have you not?" said the Emperor who recognised in him an old soldier.

"Formerly I was, Sire."

"You made the campaign of Egypt—were you not an under officer?"

"It was even so, Sire."

"And why did you leave the service?"

"Because I had served out my time, and obtained my discharge."

"I am sorry for it—you are a fine fellow—I am desirous of doing something for you—Speak, what do you wish?"

"Only that your majesty would allow me to hew this stone. My labor procures me all I want—I have no need of any thing."

This well authenticated anecdote strongly reminds us of an interview between Diogenes and Alexander.

At one of the Emperor's public audiences at Scœnbrunn, a woman, respectable by her age and her manners, presented herself. She paused directly in front of the Emperor, and waited sometime in silence.

Napoelon seeing that the lady said nothing to him, asked her why she came there?

"Sire," said she, "I dare not confess the object of my visit."

"Explain yourself fearlessly, madam, I will hear you."

"Sire, I came to demand neither gold or honors; I came only to ask permission to kiss your majesty before I die."

The Emperor was quite surprised, and made haste to grant, with the best grace in the world, a request so little burdensome to the treasury, and casting a last look upon the withered, but yet regular and majestic features of the old woman, he could not forbear saying in a half whisper to Prince Berthier, who happened to be near him, "If she had taken this idea *forty* years ago—"

"Sire," said the old lady, in a low voice, "twenty years ago this idea haunted me worse than at the present time, but then it would have been too dangerous for me."

Napoleon smiled, and extended a hand to the old lady, upon which she pressed her lips more respectfully, perhaps than she had on the imperial cheek.

THE WIFE.

"Feel'st thou no joy, no quiet happiness,
No soothing sense of satisfaction, in
Loving, and being loved? Is there no weight
Removed from the heart, in knowing there is one
To share all, bear all with thee? To soothe grief,
Yea, to so soften away its human pain
By a superior love, the cup to temper
With words of consolation and sweet hope,
That even its very bitterness shall seem sweet,
Forgotten in the love that offers it!—

E. L. READE.

Woman's love, like the rose blossoming in the arid desert, spreads its rays over the barren plain of the human heart, and while all around it is blank and desolate, it rises more strengthened from the absence of every other charm. In no situation does the love of woman appear more beautiful, than in that of *wife*; parents, brethren and friends, have claims upon the affections; but the love of a wife is of a distinct and different nature. A daughter may yield her life to the preservation of a parent, a sister may devote herself to a suffering brother, but the feelings which induce her to this conduct are not such as those which lead a *wife* to follow the husband of her choice through every pain and peril that can befall him, to watch over him in danger, to cheer him in adversity and even remain unalterable at his side in the depths of ignominy and shame. It is an heroic devotion which a woman displays in her adherence to the fortunes of a hapless husband; when we behold in her domestic scenes, a mere passive creature of enjoyment, and intellectual toy, brightening the family circle with her endearments, and prized for the extreme joy which that presence and those endearments are calculated to impart, we can scarcely credit that the fragile being, who seems to hold existence by a thread, is capable of supporting the extreme of human suffering; nay, when the heart of man sinks beneath the weight of agony, that *she* should maintain her pristine powers of delight, and by her words of comfort and of patience, lead the distracted murmurer to peace and resignation.

Man profits by connection with the world; but woman never; their constituents of mind are different,—the principles of thought and action are moulded variously, and where the character of man is dignified and ennobled, that of woman becomes reduced and degraded. The one is raised and exalted by mingled associations, the purity of the other is maintained in silence and seclusion. Woman was created by the great giver of all good, as the helpmate of man; formed in a superior, though more fragile and delicate mould—endowed with purer and better feelings,—stronger and more exalted affections to play a distinct character in the great drama of the created world—in fact, to reward the toil and labours of man. God made her not *man's slave*, neither to buffet the billows of the troubled sea of life, the jarring elements of public duties; but to share his pleasures,—to console his troubled thoughts,—to joy with him in his joy and exalt him in his happiness by her participation, and to ameliorate his griefs by kindness and endearments. Connection with the world destroys those finer traits of feeling. She beholds man in all his aspects stalking abroad,—the creature of evil—the slave of debased thoughts,—the destroyer of innocence, the despoiler of all that is bright and beautiful,—and the scenes of guile, of fraud and villainy that meet the eyes, glances at every turn, gradually stifle the kindly feelings of woman, and at length destroy that unsophisticated purity of soul, or if you will, those feelings of romance, which, all, are best, and the most productive of happiness in the sex, which

"Heaven made to *temper man.*"

From the Boston Pearl.

THE WHITE HORSEMAN.

BY A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION.

"The cry is still 'They come!'"—*Shakspeare.*

The heavy tramp of the regulars, as their solid columns moved amid the darkness towards Concord, was heard with indignation by the waking inhabitants of the country. The hardy yeoman, as he leaped from his pallet and glared through the window at the passing show, was first at a loss to conjecture on what errand these well trained warriors had been sent; but instantly recollecting that there was a depository of arms and provisions at Concord, which the Americans had, at much trouble, collected together, he made no doubt that this strong detachment of the British army had been commissioned to take possession of them. There was something provokingly cruel, in the eyes of the Americans, in thus depriving them of the very humble means of defence which they had been able to procure; and, although they did not immediately form the resolution of drawing the blood of these incendiaries, yet the murmur of disapprobation ran from house to house, until the whole of the surrounding country had been aroused from their pillows, and anxiously awaited the result of their movements. It was in a large building, a few miles below Lexington, that a family, who had been early made acquainted with the approach of the British hirelings, resided. They were up and doing long before the arrival of the troops. The girls assisted their brothers in putting on their equipments, and the old man saddled the horses for his sons. As these lads were about starting for the purpose of watching the career of the regulars when they should arrive at Concord, a young man drove swiftly up to the door, and bade the volunteers good morning. "Capt. Roe!" burst from the lips of all present, save one young and blooming lass, who hung her head and sighed deeply. This young man was, apparently, under 30 years of age—of middling stature, and dark eyes, which now gleamed with fire. He spoke a few hasty words, in an under tone, to the armed peasant boys, to which they replied by grasping their firelocks and hastily mounting their steeds. "Not one word has he spoken to me," sighed the pensive girl. Quick as thought the young captain sprang to the ground, and giving her a hearty embrace, promised to be with her in a few hours.—No answer was returned by the desponding fair one, but she clenched her hands and raised her pallid face to heaven, as if engaged in inward prayer. There she stood, in statue like silence, until the sounds had died away: then turning to her mother, who had remained at her side, she softly said, "I shall never see him more!"

"Foolish girl," answered the old lady, in

a tone that troubled while it chid, "do you suppose that Captain Roe intends to attack the British army with a handful of ploughboys? There will be no fighting, depend upon it."

But the sound of approaching horsemen, driving swiftly along the by paths and the main road, convinced the trembling girl that the number was not small who were already up in arms for the defence of their rights, their hearth stones, and their liberties. The two females shrank into the house, oppressed by feelings strange and new.

The young men, with Capt. Roe at their head, drove off towards Lexington, and halted at a barn on the road side, at the distance of two miles from that village.—Here were already assembled about forty youths, whose lack of equipments and unmilitary bearing were compensated by sturdy limbs, hard, embrowned visages, and sinewy arms.

"Now, my dear fellows," said Roe, in a hasty but not an agitated tone, "we are strong enough to march. We shall be joined by others. The Cambridge boys are wide awake, and have gone to Concord already; and I have seen some old men galloping out to enjoy the morning air.—The country is rising all around us."

The rude volunteers gave three loud cheers, and at once formed in marching order. The little band struck out in the high road, but before they had reached Lexington were obliged to turn into a by way, as the rapid advance of the British endangered their safety. Having arrived at Lexington, Capt. Roe called his men to a halt, and besought them sooner to sell their lives than be driven from the position they had taken. This charge appeared to be needless, as they had no intention of firing upon the enemy, and it was not to be expected that the regular troops would assault unoffending men. While this little company was resting behind the village church, many squads of Americans dashed by them, on their way to Concord; but Capt. Roe maintained his position, with the view of harrassing the enemy if they should attempt any violence to the village. Just as the morning dawned, the hasty tramp of men was heard by the little band, and in a moment afterwards the British commander wheeled his steed upon the plain where they stood, and, waving his sword, commanded them to throw down their arms and disperse. The Americans were not fast in acknowledging the authority of the epauletted caitiff, and in an instant a shower of British balls cut down nearly half of the little company, and put the rest to flight. Capt. Roe was among the slain. The women and children of Lexington fled from their houses over the hills, filling the air with their screams. There was one old man, by the name of Hezekiah Wyman, the window of whose house overlooked the ground where these murders were committed; and no sooner did he see his brave countrymen fall, than he inwardly devoted himself to revenge the unhallowed slaughter.

"Wife," said he, "is there not an old gun barrel somewhere in the garret?"

"I believe there was," said she; "but pray what do you want with it?"

"I should like to see if it is fit for service," replied he; "if I am not mistaken, it is good enough to drill a hole through a rig'lar."

"Mercy on me, husband! are you going mad? An old man like you—sixty last November—to talk of going to war! I should think you had seen enough of fighting the British already. There lies poor Captain Roe and his men bleeding on the grass before your eyes. What could you do with a gun?"

The old man made no reply, but ascended the stairs, and soon returned with a rusty gun barrel in his hands. In spite of his wife's incessant din, he went to the shop, made a stock for it, and put it in complete order for use. He then saddled a strong white horse, and mounted him. He gave the steed the reign, and directed his course towards Concord. He met the British troops returning, and was not long in perceiving that there was a wasp's nest about their ears. He dashed so closely upon the flank of the enemy that his horse's neck was drenched with the spouting blood of the wounded soldiers. Then reining back his snorting steed to reload, he dealt a second death upon the ranks with his never-failing bullet. The tall, guant form of the assailant, his grey locks floating on the breeze, and the color of his steed, soon distinguished him from the rest of the Americans, and the regulars gave him the name of "Death on the Pale Horse." A dozen bullets whizzed by his head when he made the first assault, but, undismayed, the old patriot continued to prance his gay steed over the heads of the foot soldiers—to do his own business faithfully—in the belief that, because others did wrong by firing at him, it would be no excuse for him to do wrong by sparing the hireling bullies of a tyrannical government. At length a vigorous charge of the bayonet drove the old man, and the party with which he was acting, far from the main body of the British. Hezekiah was also out of ammunition, and was compelled to pick up some on the road before he could return to the charge. He then came on again, and picked off an officer, by sending a slug through his loyal brains, before he was again driven off. But ever and anon, through the smoke that curled about the flanks of the detachment, could be seen the white horse of the veteran for a moment, the report of his piece was heard, and the sacred person of one of his majesty's faithful subjects was sure to measure his length on rebel ground. Thus did Hezekiah and his neighbors continue to harass the retreating foe, until the Earl Percy appeared with a thousand fresh troops from Boston. The two detachments of the British were now two thousand strong, and they kept off the Americans with their artillery while they took a hasty meal. No sooner had they again commenced their march, than the powerful white horse was seen careering at full speed over the hills, with the dauntless old Yankee on his back.

"Ha!" cried the soldiers, "there comes that old fellow again on the white horse! Look out for yourselves, for one of us has got to die, in spite of fate!" And one of them did die, for Hezekiah's aim was true, and his principles of economy did not admit of his wasting powder or ball. Throughout the whole of that bloody road between Lexington and Cambridge, the fatal approaches of the white horseman were dreaded by the trained troops of Britain, and every wound inflicted by Hezekiah needed no repeating. But on reaching Cambridge the regulars, greatly to their comfort, missed the old man and his horse. They comforted themselves by the conjecture that he had, at length, paid the forfeit of his temerity, and that his steed had gone home with a bloody bridle and an empty saddle. Not so: Hezekiah had only lingered for a moment, to aid in a plot which had been laid by Amni Cutter, for taking the baggage wagons and their guards. Amni had planted about fifteen old rusty muskets under a stone wall, with their muzzles directed towards the road. As the wagons arrived opposite this battery the muskets were discharged, and eight horses, together with some soldiers, were sent out of existence. The party of soldiers who had the baggage in charge ran to a pond, and plunging their muskets into the water, surrendered themselves to an old woman, called Mother Barberick, who was at that time digging roots in an adjacent field. A party of Americans recaptured the gallant Englishmen from Mother Barberick, and placed them in safe keeping. The captives were exceedingly astonished at the suddenness of the attack, and declared that the Yankees would rise up like mosquetos out of a marsh and kill them. This *chef d'œuvre* having been concluded, the harrassed soldiers were again amazed by the appearance of Hezekiah, whose white horse was conspicuous among the now countless assailants that sprang from every hill and ringing dell, copse and wood, through which the bleeding regiments, like a wounded snake, held their toilsome way. His fatal aim was taken, and a soldier fell at every report of his piece. Even after the worried troops had entered Charlestown, there was no escape for them from the deadly bullets of the restless veteran. The appalling white horse would suddenly and unexpectedly dash out from a brake, or from behind a rock, and the whizzing of his bullet was the precurser of death. He followed the enemy to their very boats, and then turning his horse's head, returned unharm ed to his household.

"Where have you been, husband?"

"Picking cherries," replied Hezekiah; but he forgot to say that he had first made cherries of the red-coats, by putting the *pits* into them.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

The following sound and forcible remarks were made by A. Stewart, Esq. of Utica, N. Y. in the course of an address delivered before the Convention recently held at Oswego, for the purpose of furthering the great undertaking of the rail road from the Hudson to Lake Erie.

What has been done on the subject of rail roads and canals in New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, in the last seventeen years, will exceed all that has been done by Europe from the morning of time—The sister states will be laid under lasting obligation to New York, for her great example in the work of internal improvements, which has given new impulse to the affairs of mankind.

What better could New York do with the vastness of her resources, than judiciously expend 100 millions of dollars in rail roads and canals? Every dollar would be quadrupled in private and public benefit.

The world has been exhausted by all

her resources, hitherto, in *War* and *Architecture*. The war wasted resources of the world would have made every inch of land a garden, from the regions of eternal ice, to the burning line.

Our late patriotic war, cost us 130 millions of money, which would have made us ten thousand miles of rail road and canal. Had this 130 millions been so appropriated, it would have left my country ahead of the world.

Look at the waste of public money and human labor, in the useless architecture of the pyramids, those "piles of wonder" and "sleeping places of death," mere pride and ostentation! The proud monarchs by whom built, their names have perished from the records of human remembrance; the same labor and money would have united the Nile and Red Sea, the Persian Gulf; and saved the long and dangerous navigation around the Cape of Good Hope.

Look at the Languedoc Canal—the only monument likely to rescue the memory of Louis 14th from oblivion; but what was this expenditure compared with the waste of money on building the palaces, and making the wild hills of rocks and fictitious lake at Verseilles?—amounting to the enormous sum of 400 millions of dollars—a sum sufficient to have brought a rail road and canal to the gate of every city and village in France, and left a direct communication between such city and village, and the Mediteranean and Atlantic.—These same palaces at Versailles are now a frightful solitude; nothing is seen but an old decayed officer, dobbling over the piles of sculpture and through empty palaces, to show the stranger and travelers those vacant abodes of the departed enemies of man.

The energies of the Grecian and Roman nations were squandered upon those expensive erections of marble which inflamed pride and ambition without benefiting the commerce of those nations. What would have made ten miles of canal, was expended on the *polish* of the columns of a heathen temple.

Look at modern Europe, covered with abbeys, castles, and the nonsense of kings, by which the power of the nation has been wasted in the pride of architecture.

The money spent on any one of the 1000 wars of Europe would have connected the Indian ocean with the Mediterranean, and the Pacific with the Atlantic by the Isthmus of Darien; and the too often disastrous navigation around Cape Horn and that of Good Hope might have been avoided, and the navigation of the globe shortened one half.

But the modern *cry* which has been heard against improvements of this lovely land, is the senseless cry of Monopoly!—Monopoly! Monopoly! A rail road is a wonderful monopoly,—in which the rich man's money is expended in making the poor man's road. Take, for example, the contemplated rail road from Utica to Schenectady, 80 miles: it is found that 200,000 poor persons pass over this road now, in a year; the stage fare is $3—time in bad going 34 hours, in good 12. Contemplated price for a poor man on the rail road, $1—to go through in four hours saves $2 in money—but he saves his own capital—*time*. The Rich built the last described road, and distribute of positive benefits among the Poor (supposing 200,000 to travel over it)--no less than $2 each, or $400,000 among 200,000 persons. Which will divide the greatest profit, the Rich men who own the stock, or the Poor men who travel the road?

But this is not all; the rich men think it hard to spend any more than their income, and encroach upon their principal. But the poor man, when he spends a day or an hour of time in traveling, is spending, so far as time is concerned, his very capital—for his only capital is time. A rail road is an annihilator of distance, and a time saver, and the poor man's friend—and when he uses it, it takes less of his capital than any other mode. Rich men ought to be compelled to make rail roads through the great thoroughfares of the land, at a just toll; as by this means the money of the rich benefits the poor man, stranger, and traveler, as much as it does the rich. The poor man gets a benefit from this monopoly every time he uses the road; the stockholded gets his dividend again in six months on the road; but the poor man gets his dividend as often as he finds it necessary to use the road. But forbid the rich to invest their money in these rail roads, and they will purchase out the farmers. The 60, 75, 100, and 150 acre farmer, without any outlet for his produce, sells one after another to the rich man, who buys out 100,000 acres, and leaves no freeholder, until his plantation reaches another rich man's. Who have these rich men under them? Not the sturdy owner of the soil—but the groveling tenant, the cattle tender, the shepherd and his minions. Then, for want of the monopolies or rail roads, benefiting the whole land through which they pass, making each little freeholder's farm a garden, lovely and desirable—our farmers, without roads, sell to the rich, and hie away to the rolling prairies of the far west.

THE KING SNAKE.

There is a large species of speckled snake called by common usage in the southern states, the King Snake, perhaps because he is the most formidable enemy of the fatal Rattle Snake. It seems to be the chief object of his existence, to seek, to pursue and to destroy the latter whose retreats and presence are discoverable by the emission of a peculiar smell resembling that of the cucumber vine. The King Snake, to almost all other animals, is the most gentle and harmless of creatures; you may strike him, he shows no resentment, he hisses not, he turns not, nor does he exhibits any terror or sluggishness.—Drawn by the smell of the cucumber, he frequently enters gardens, but his appearance excites no alarm in any being, that knows he is the King Snake; on the contrary, women and children will approach him, turn him about with a stick, and playfully annoy him, with perfect impunity: he is only the relentless enemy of the Rattle Snake, whose strength and venom avail nothing against the activity and mode of attack of the King Snake, who is always victor in every combat.

Yet the Rattle Snake is a terrible reptile. There is a peculiarity truly appaling in the sound of his rattles, being unlike the noise of any other creature, and when you hear it, even the first time, the true instinct of nature impresses on your quailing heart that danger and death are near. Never shall I forget one horrid event of my life!—I was fishing in a southern lake one summer day when an unusual disposition of sleep affected me. I stuck the end of my fishing rod in the bank of the lake, and sought a beautiful place of shade to enjoy repose. I laid myself on the grass between two trees scarcely six feet apart from each other, my head resting against one, and my feet against the other. I slept. When I awoke, I turned on one side and perceived at some distance from me, two briliant humid orbs, and instantly a tremulous, mingled sensation of an indefineable nature came upon my faculties. Something of an instinctive dictate, or impulse, counselled me to avert my looks, but then there was such an absorbing, wishful delight in gazing into eyes, that intently and meltingly gazed into mine, that even the tremulous pulsations of fear fixed my gaze, relaxed my frame, and I remained so fascinated that I could see nothing but the most beautiful colors.—In short I was so totally lost, so completely bewildered with comingled emotions, that I was absolutely powerless, and I could not withdraw my gaze, nor even move.—Suddenly, the melting eyeballs glared with sparks of fire—there was a movement—I started from a dreamy state—I saw a huge Rattle Snake—its gaze was disturbed, and when I heard the hateful rattle sound, the full danger of my situation aroused me, and through all my frame, I felt the extremity of terror; and just as I was on the point of obeying a phrenzied impulse to rise and fly, God of heaven! I felt the deadly reptile, as I tho't, coiling around my neck; I saw a part of his body—I felt the shiny skin upon my neck, and the shiver of horror went thro' every joint and member of my frame.—Such a feeling of agony! my eyeballs filled with scorching fire—first red—next yellowish green. Oh there are moments of existence which involve the sensations of years, and when the details of a thousand feelings scarcely occupy the brief space of a leisure thought. Nature could endure no more and I lost all sense.

At length I had the painful tingling sensation of returning life through my veins, and when in full consciousness I arose from the earth, I saw near me tranquilly and quietly a living KingSnake, and the lifeless length of a tremendious Rattle Snake. I sat upon a log and reflected, and I am now satisfied that the King Snake had crept over my neck to my rescue, there being a large log one side, and the lake on the other, so that his nearest route to his enemy was over my body. But although my life was providentially preserved, yet the effects of that scene are the exhaustion of a great portion of my excitability, and the introduction of grey heirs and premature debility, in all my powers of mind and body.—*Anecdotes of the South.*

REFLECTIONS ON MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. BONHOTE.

Did young people seriously consider the important change which marriage must necessarily produce in their situation, how much more cautious would it make them in their choice of a companion for life! Alas! what avail the graces of the finest figure, the most captivating address, or the assemblage of all that is ensnaring, if the heart is depraved, or the conduct im-

prudent! The gayest associate of the convival hour may be the dullest, the most unfit companion for the domestic circle; and he who is never satisfied but in a crowd, or when engaged in a continual round of pleasure, is very unlikely to make a tender and prudent husband. Should sickness or distress draw near, depend upon it he would fly from their approach. If beauty alone excited his passion, it would cease to exist when you are deprived of those attractions on which it was founded. If fortune was his inducement, that will likewise soon lose its value in his sordid mind; and the very person who brought him the wealth for which he sighed, will be considered as the grand obstacle to its enjoyment. Too often is this unpleasant picture to be seen in many discontented families, which a little serious reflection might have prevented being so unfortunately realized. Never be prevailed upon to yield your hearts to any one, however he may shine in the gay circles of the world, if you are convinced that he has no relish for the enjoyments of retired life.—The man who likes every house better than his own, will scarcely take the trouble of making home agreeable to others, while it is disgustiug to himself. It will be the only place in which he will give way to his discontent and ill humor. Such people are forever strangers to the dear delights of the social state, and all the real comforts of a well regulated family. He that is indiscriminately at home is never at home, and he feels himself a stranger or a visitor amid his closest connexions.

[FOR THE GEM.]

STANZAS.

What is there in the joys of earth,
To chain the spirit here below?
What in the giddy smile of mirth,
But prelude to approaching wo?
Bliss is a flower that cannot bear
The frosts of this ungenial clime;
We see it ne'er expanding fair
Its petals in the fields of time.

No! though we sometimes see it start,
Fostered by Friendship's joyous ray;
Or where Affection doth impart,
Its hallowed influence o'er our way;
Yet Friends will sometimes cease to smile,
Soon as we feel misfortune's storm,
And Love may turn to hate, e'en while
Its kiss upon our cheek is warm.

O! say then, skeptic, if there's nought,
Beyond this scene of care and gloom—
No home with fadeless blessings fraught,
Where sorrows never more can come;
Who would not curse the *fate* that fixed
His more than worthless portion here?
Or long would leave the cup unmixed,
Which would conclude his dark career?

It cannot be; would HE who made
Our wondrous powers and who *can* keep,
Have thus His mighty power displayed,
Then doom His work to endless sleep?
Did Newton, whose gigantic soul,
Had just commenced the heavens to thread,
Soon as we heard his requiem toll,
Forever cease the stars to tread?

Ah, no! there is a sunnier clime,
Where those who have in meekness borne
The sorrows and the cares of time,
"Eternally shall cease to mourn."
There, when this pilgrimage shall close
And lowly in the grave we rest,
The sainted spirit shall repose,
Upon a smiling Saviour's breast.

H.

Parma, September, 1835.

It is as great point of wisdom to hide ignorance, as to discover knowledge.

VERSES TO AUTUMN.

All bounteous Autumn! muse of humankind!
Will thou no longer then thy garland wear?
Will thou the full laid wreath, indeed, unbind,
To deck with withering leaves thy floring hair?
Fostered so long by thee, Oh who can bear
Sharp Winter's searching cold?—Already low'r
The skies; each beauty of the genial year
Fades fast away; e'en now the evening hour
Brings the low muttering storm, and frequent chilling shower.

Yet shall sweet sympathy my bosom keep,
From selfish grief; though every comfort flies
With thee, and hastens down the southern steep,
Where wanton Summer spreads her glowing skies
Where other harvests yet for thee arise;
Where other nations now impatient stand
To hail thy coming with enraptured eyes,
Eager to catch the bounties of thy hand,
And bless thee "scattering plenty on a smiling land."

At length farewell! I feel the icy breath
And numbing influence of stern Winter's reign;
Around how widely spreads the realm of death,
Usurping frolic Pleasure's gay domain!
Alas! soft Summer's children all are slain;
They languish low, and hang the drooping head,
Or wildly tossing flutter o'er the plain,
Mix'd with the foliage that the grove has shed,
Shelt'ring no more the warblers that thy bounty fed.

O'er Eastern hills now slowly climbs the Sun,
While hoary fogs close up the dusky vale,
Now faintly shine his slanting beams at noon,
And only half enlighten'd is the dale;
Slow moving clouds 'long the horizon sail,
And darken all the solemn prospect round;
The forest murmurs in the sullen gale,
And for the reaper's song or sickle's sound;
The howling tempest sweeps along the naked ground.

Whither, ah! whither shall I turn my view?
Still Desolation's blasting form is seen
Deepening the shades, embrowning every hue
Of livelier tint, and sick'ning all the scene.
But Spring again shall in her mantle green,
With all the Loves and Graces in her train,
O'er these sad regions bound with sportive mien,
Restore each blushing child of Summer's reign,
The music to the grove, the verdure to the plain.

Then *Mortal*, hear! Tho' all thy joys decay;
Tho' rosy health thy cheek forsake! thine eye,
Sinking, no longer own its cheerful ray;
Tho' friendship, with thy fickle fortune fly,
And Age, and Want, and DEATH, approach thee nigh,
Yet, yet endure, and lift aloft thy head;
For shouting Nature's thousand voices cry,
The silent grave is but thy resting bed,
Soon shall awake to life and joy the sleeping dead.

Rochester, Sept. 1835. J. C.

THE GEM AND AMULET

To the Friends, Correspondents, and Patrons of the Rochester GEM.

IN the Spring of 1833, with much diffidence, I assumed the task of editing, printing, and publishing this Paper; since which time to the present, I have been "instant in season," and in no one instance, a day, or even an hour "out of season," in its publication—and can claim some merit for my punctuality, if for nothing else, in the managing of it. During the whole of this period, I have been often helped and cheered on my way by your kindness and liberality, while at the same time I have had much to depress the mind, and to struggle with, from ill health and adverse circumstances.

I feel sincere gratitude to friends, and numerous valuable correspondents, and that portion of the Subscribers who, by punctual payments, have afforded the principal means of sustaining the paper. Of another portion, whose names only we had, especially to the 5th and 6th vols. I deem it but just to state, that they have done us great injustice, in withholding from us our dues to an amount sufficient to prevent our receiving any profit by the business.

The GEM is now in abler hands. I have relinquished my connexion with it, and transferred all my right and interest in the Subscription list to Messrs. SHEPARD & STRONG, of this City, who are fully authorised to collect and receive all sums now remaining due on the 5th, 6th and 7th vols. This arrangement makes it necessary that all who are indebted should make immediate payment, as above.

And now I am compelled to bid you all, respectfully—FAREWELL. J. DENIO.

The patrons of the GEM will see by the above that it has passed into the hands of those whose names now appear as publishers. In assuming its publication, it becomes them to say that no pains shall be spared to make it in all respects worthy the liberal patronage it is receiving, and the still more liberal support which it is intended it shall merit. The publishers have engaged able literary writers as regular contributors to its columns, by whose aid, and that of its present correspondents, they hope to give it the elevated character suited to the highly enlightened region in which it is published, and the readers among whom it circulates.

The GEM is the only periodical of the kind in a large, enlightened and rapidly advancing section of the country. The importance of sustaining it is, therefore, the more apparent.

The present volume will be carried out with as much uniformity of appearance as practicable. New materials will be procured for the next vol. and no pains spared with its typographical execution.

The bills of City Subcribers, for what is due for the present and back vols. will soon be made out and presented.

ERRATA.—Some egregious errors, made by the Printer's boy, escaped our notice, until too late to correct them, in the original article, headed "Excursion to Wheatland," in our last No. 15th line from bottom of 2d column, for two Turning Mills, *read* two Flouring Mills. In 8th line from bottom, same column, for Allen's Green, *read* Allen's Creek. At the close, *read* Yours, &c. TELEMACHUS.

MARRIED,

In Pittsford, on the 13th inst. by E. Goss, Esq. Mr. Nelson S. Emmons to Miss Matilda, youngest daughter of Dr. R. Lemon, both of Pennfield.

At Hartland, on Monday, the 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Halsey, Mr Timothy Wright, third son of Mr. Timothy Wright of Parma, Monroe county, to Miss Mary Ann Almond, eldest daughter of William Almond of Hartland.

In West Bloomfield on the 20th inst. Mr. Stephen Hendee, merchant, to Miss Lydia Herrick, both of that place.

On the 19th inst by F. Smith, Esq. Mr. Joseph Vanduzer, to Mrs. Sarah M'Mellen.

In Rochester, on Sunday last, Mr. Burdette Cruthers, of Branford, U. C formerly of Palmyra, to Miss Irena Springer, of Marion.

In Geneseo, on the 17th inst, by Rev. Mr. Goodrich, Mr. George Ellicot of Mount Morris, to Miss Sarah Hall, of that place.

In West Richmond, Ontario Co. by the Rev. Mr. Huff, of Livonia, Mr. A. C. Dodge, of Le Roy, to Miss P. Bothel, of the former place.

DIED,

Yesterday morning, Sept. 24, Milton Johnson, son of Henry Kennedy, aged 13 months and 6 days.

At the residence of Mr. Wm. Woodbridge near Detroit, on the morning of the 4th instant, Mrs. Sarah Trumbull, aged 78, consort of the late Judge Trumbull, formerly of Hartford, Conn.

In Baltimore, on the 14th inst., Rev. Dr. NEVINS, pastor of the first Presbyterian Church in that city, in the 38th year of his age.

PARNASSIAN FLOWERS.

Written for the Gem.

I REMEMBER.

I remember when a little boy,
I stood between his knees;
And was my teacher's little Joy,
And said my A, B, C's.

I remember well the little tree,
Where first I found a nest;
And counted over one! two! three!
Then ran and left the rest.

I remember how I ran away,
As fast as I could go;
Because that every thing I'd say,
Found out a wild echo.

I remember when I left my home,
And all I loved so well;
In strange and distant land to roam,
And there a stranger dwell.

I remember with what ecstacy,
I first trod classic ground;
And fancied what I *was to be*,
And thought my heaven was found.

* * * *

Oh memory how faithfully,
You call the past to view;
But truly all is vanity,
And only "Heaven is true."

ANON.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS IN THE Life of Kosciusko.

Upon his return to Poland, Kosciusko entered the army, and, as a proof of the King's approbation of his abilities and application, almost immediately obtained a company. But this, the natural career of a poor nobleman possessing military talents, was speedily interrupted, at least in his native land, by the influence of that most universal of passions, against the arbitrary power of which not even the wisest can shield themselves. Kosciusko fell in love with a maiden, raised by birth and fortune, far above his pretensions, inasmuch as she was the daughter of one of the grand dignitaries of the kingdom, Joseph Sosnowski, marshal of Lithuania, and vice-general of the crown. Towards the end of the year 1777, circumstances, which he then esteemed most fortunate, quartered Kosciusko's regiment in Lithuania, and the enamoured officer himself in the marshal's estate. He made good use of the opportunities thus offered him to gain he affection of the lady Louisa Sosnowski. But once secure of her heart, Kosciusko adopted a frank and honoable course.

"The young lady first confided her attachment to her mother; and then Kosciusko, with tears, and kneeling at her fathers feet, confessed his pure but unconquerable passion. The parents, blinded by hereditary pride of ancestry, and exasperated at the idea that the splendour of their ancient house should be dimmed by their daughter's marriage with an officer of rank so inferior, prohibited all intercourse between the impasioned lovers—and to ensure the observance of their prohibition, placed spies upon all their steps. But, love fonnd means to deceive the Argus eyes placed over them, and knit two yonng hearts closer and closer to each other.

"Kosciusko, now driven to despair, proposes an elopement. The lady agrees; all is arranged, and the happiest result promises to crown their hopes. Under the shade of a dark night they effect their escape from the castle—attain, seemingly unpursued, to some distance—and a warm embrace speaks their mutual congratulations, and the bright hopes of union that are dawning upon their hearts. But a sudden noise startles the lovers from their dream of bliss; the marshal's people surround and attempt to seize them. Kosciusko draws his sword and desperately strives to defend his beloved. A sanguinary conflict ensues, but the issue could not be doubtful. Kosciusko wounded, exhausted, senseless, fell to the ground, and the lady Louisa was dragged back to her paternal home.

"When after a three hour's swoon Kosciusko regained his conciousness, he crawled, feebly and dispairingly to the nearest village, where one of his friends was quartered, carrying with him no relic of his vision of happiness but its recollection and a white handkerchief which his idol had dropped in her agony. This treasure never afterwards quitted his bosom, not even in the hottest battle, and death only could part him from it.

"Kosciusko formed no second attachment; and although, in after years, several advantagous matches were proposed to him, both in Poland and in France, he never could be prevailed upon to marry.—Even to an advanced age, he remained faithful to the love of his youth, and spoke of the object of his early passion with all the fire of early life."

The friend with whom the broken hearted and wounded lover sought refuge, Julian Ursyn Niemcewicz, the most celebrated of Poland's living authors—we might perhaps say, of her authors, dead or living, and one of her most ardent and constant patriots.

And that this man should be Kosciusko's most intimate friend, is a remarkable point in both their lives. Niemcewicz carefully concealed his unhappy comrade from any search that might be made for him, whilst Kosciusko, with an impetuosity of feeling which we confess appears to us more consonant with the age of two and twenty than of two and thirty, immediately wrote to the king, requesting his royal leave to resign his commision.—The king granted his request, and the detected lover repaired with all possible despatch to America, where, as we scarcely need remind our readers, the revolutionary war was then raging, Kosciusko reached the New World utterly unprovided with letters of reccommendation or introduction, and nearly pennyless: he however asked an audience of Washington to whom he boldly presented himself.

"What do you seek here?" inquired the General, with his accustomed brevity. "I come to fight as a volunteer for American independence," was the equally brief aad fearless reply. 'What can you do?' was Washington's next question; to which Kosciusko with his characteristic simplcity, only rejoined, 'Try me.'—This was done; occasions soon offered, in which his talents, science and valor were evinced, and above all, his great character was duly appreciated. He was speedily made an officer and further distinguished himself.

"He had not been long in America, when he had occasion to display his undaunted courage as the captain of a company of volunteers. Generals, Wayne and Lafayette, notwithstanding the heat of the battle in which they themselves were fully engaged, observed with satisfaction the exertions of that company, which advanced beyond all the rest, and made its attacks in the best order.

"'Who led the first company?' asked Lafayette of his comrads, on the evening of that memorable day, (the 30th of September.)

"The answer, "it is a young Pole, of noble birth, but very poor; his name if I am not mistaken, is Kosciuszko.' The sound of this unusual name, which he could hardly pronounce, filled the French hero with so eager a desire for the brave stranger's acquaintance, that he ordered his horse to be immediatcly saddled, and rode to the village about a couple of miles off, where the volunteers were quartered for the night.

"Who shall describe the pleasure of one, or the surprise of the other, when the General, entering the tent, (would it not rather be a room or a hut?) in a village, saw the captain, still covered from head to foot with blood, dust, and sweat, seated at a table, his head resting upon his hand, a map of the country spread out before him, and a pen and ink by his side. A cordial grasp of the hand imparted to the modest hero his commander's satisfaction, and the object of a visit paid at so unusual an hour."

The friendship thus and then begun, continued through life.

Wise men mingle innocent mirth with their cares, in order either to forget or overcome them. But to be intemperate for the ease of one's mind, is to cure melancholy with madness.

ELECTION NOTICE.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Monroe Co.,
Rochester, August 12, 1835.

A GENERAL ELECTION is to be held in the county of Monroe on the second, third, and fourth days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is exanned.

ELIAS POND, Sheriff.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
Secretary's Office. } Albany, August 1, 1835

Sir—I hereby give you notice, that the next general election in this state, to be held on the 2nd, 3d, and 4th days of November next, a Senator is to be chosen in the eighth senate district, in the place of Chauncey J. Fox, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

Notice is also given, that at the said election, the following proposed amendment to the constitution of this state will be submitted to the people, viz.:

For restoring the duties on goods sold at auction, and the duties on salt to the general fund.

JOHN A. DIX, Secretary of State.

To the Sheriff of the county of Monroe.

N. B. The Inspectors of Election in the several towns in your county will give notice of the election of Members of Assembly, and for filling any vacancies in county offices which may exist.

THE ROCHESTER GEM, And Ladies' Amulet:

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

Vol. 7--With Plates.

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ROCHESTER

THE GEM,

AND LADIES' AMUSER.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, AMUSING MISCELLANY, &c.

VOLUME 7.] ROCHESTER, OCT. 17, 1835. [NUMBER 21.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE PIRATE OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

By the author of 'The Mutiny,' 'My First and Last Flogging,' etc.

One warm afternoon in July, 18—, I lay caulking away on the stowed fore-top-mast-staysail of the sloop of war F——, then lying at anchor in the port of Valparaiso.—The said stowed-staysail is a glorious place to 'soger' at any time, for the netting keeps one from rolling overboard, and number-three canvass is as soft as (some kinds of) down; and it is well out of the way, and free from those bothersome interruptions, so common on the decks of men of war. I cannot, it is true, recommend staysail as a caulking place at sea, for while a fellow is dreaming away about 'sweet hearts and wives,' the officer of the deck may rub his eyes suddenly, and the following dialogue ensue.

Lieut.—'Forecastle there!'

Master's Mate.—'Sir!'

Lieut.—'Man the fo'-top staysail halyards.'

Master's Mate.—'All manned for'ard, Sir.'

Lieut.—'Hoist away the staysail!' and then up goes our downy couch, and overboard goes the dreamer; and a cold bath is not always pleasant, even in warm climates, especially when so applied.

These are pull-backs at sea,—but in port, there is nothing of the kind to fear; so I, Jack Garnet, snored away in most magnificent style.

Alas! however, no man can safely count upon any thing in a man-of-war save a flogging, which he is pretty sure to get, from one cause or another. While dreaming about 'Mary & Co.' as above, my slumbers were dispelled by a *kick* from a *good-natured* foretopman, who rode down the stay to inform me that the first cutter was called away; and turning out, I heard the boat swain's mate 'making my number,' that is, roaring out 'Jack Garnet!' 'Here you are,' said I to the boat swain's mate, as I jumped from the fore castle into the waist.

'Get into the boat, you Sir,' said the lieutenant of the watch, who was standing at the gangway, 'and look out for half-a-dozen when you return.'

'Ay, ay, Sir,' I promptly replied. I took my oar—we shoved off, let fall and gave way.

We had no officer on board save a midshipman, and I was at first at loss to know where we could be going; but after pulling half an hour, we boarded a merchantman which lay at anchor, far out in the harbor, beyond Little Cape Horn, and nearer Point Angles than Valparaiso. She was in some trouble, having suddenly and by accident come to anchor, while sailing out of the harbor,—the cat and fish of the starboard bower having parted,—and there she lay with seventy fathom of cable out ahead, and her sails whipping the masts in fine style, every thing having been let go by the run.

'You Garnet,' said the mid, as he went up the ship's side, 'stay in the boat, and have your nap out, for you remember Mr. Harrison promised you half-a-dozen: so get ready for it.'

'Ay, ay, Sir,' I replied, and sitting down in the stern-sheets, the painter being made fast on board the ship, I proceeded to obey orders, while the rest of the boat's crew began to heave up our friend's anchor, and so forth.

It is one of my rules never to borrow trouble, so I napped away my dream beginning where it had left off, on board the sloop-of-war; and I enjoyed myself and the rest of them in true man-of-war-style.

How long my slumbers may have lasted, I know not—but I was at length awakened by the rolling and pitching of the boat, she having shipped a heavy sea, which thoroughly ducked Jack Garnet, any how. I bolted up, and found myself in a peck of troubles.

Some one in the hurry of duty on board the merchantman had accidently cast off the painter of my boat, and the south wind having suddenly freshened into a snorter, I had quietly drifted out to sea, and now found myself outside of Point Angles, in a stiff breeze, rolling about on the mountain surges of the Pacific Ocean. The thing was done so quietly, that no one on board had observed it, (the aforesaid squall having taken them unawares,) and they did not perceive my departure, until after I made that discovery. Here then I was, far enough from any possible aid, captain, cook, and all hands, of the first cutter of the F—— sloop-of-war,—all alone by myself, and nobody with me,—*outward bound.*

Taking the tiller, I endeavored to keep her head to the wind, to diminish her way out to sea; but finding that she broached to, rather too often, I took an oar and pulled her round stern to the wind. I then resumed the tiller and began to make a straight wake before the wind to Coquimbo, Callao, or Davy Jones'. I now made fine headway, so fine indeed, that I soon had the satisfaction to see that all the shipping in Valparaiso were out of sight, and, Point Angles was drifting rapidly astern. To add to the uncomfortable romance of my situation, the sun was now setting, and never to my view did he sink so hurriedly to repose; and the Andes, which were wont to glitter in his effulgence long after he disappears from our firmament, were suddenly shrouded in gloom. With a long look at the dim outlines of those majestic watch-towers of creation, which seemed in darkness to mourn over my forlorn condition, and with a brief listening to the whistling of the wind and the voice of many waters, as they broke in thunder on the distant shore, I bade farewell to life, and in silent despair laid me down in the boat, forgetting that though the waves of the sea are mighty, and rage terrible, He who sitteth in heaven is mightier.

My boat luckily needed not my guidance, for the swell was long and regular, and the wind blew steadily from the south, and she kept straight upon her course, mounting the waves gallantly, as if sensible that her voyages were not yet ended, and that she should again float under the stars and and stripes of the Land of the Free.

The sun next day was high in heaven, when my slumbers were dispelled by the report of a musket and a voice hailed:

'Boat 'hoy!'

I rose and looked wildly around. I was in the open sea, now smooth and tranquil—no land in sight—while off a hundred yards, a large brig was lying to. The hail was repeated:

'Boat 'hoy!'

'Fleet!' I replied, mechanically, for the captain of the F—— was the senior officer on the station, and I had not yet forgotten the usages of the first cutter.

'Ha! ha!' roared the spokesman, 'Fleet, indeed! Where are you bound Mr. Commodore?'

By this time, I had collected my scattered wits, and perceiving that they were lowering a boat, I made no reply.

I was speedily picked up, and taken on board the brig, and a glass of half-and-half being given me, I found both eyes and tongue, and while telling my story, I saw that the brig was large and heavy, mounting ten guns over her bulwarks, having no ports, and full of men. These were rather suspicious particulars, and I was glad to find that the person commanding was in the best of humor, being greatly amused by my narration.

'Well, well!' said he, after a long fit of

laughter, 'since you are commodore of the American fleet, I must treet you civilly : for'ard there, cook, give this man some breakfast.

While discussing said breakfast, and racking my brains to think whereaway I was, the truth suddenly flashed into my mind that I had heard something said in Valparaiso about a piratical vessel which had been seen off the coast of Peru. The story was, that many merchantmen had been plundered by her, but that no violence was ever offered to either officers or crew, by the pirate's crew, unless they resisted, nor even then, any thing more than was necessary to subdue them.—Cargo never was touched ; all they wanted was gold and silver, and that being surrendered, they always went off peaceably. They were spoken of as a horrid looking set of fellows, commanded by a remarkable handsome young man ; all speaking a strange language, and unable to understand English, Spanish or French. It was also said that they were usually seen near evening, and that at night, though frequently in plain sight, they would always suddenly disappear ; and though frequently seen and chased by men-of-war, they always disappeared entirely at night ; while in the day they sailed like the wind, laughing at pursuit. My informant also said, that the piratical vessel was a brig, with painted ports, carrying ten guns, and a long 24 pounder on a pivot. All this was true of the brig I was now on board of. She was heavily sparred, her canvass white, and her sharp bows, beautiful shear, and clean run, at once convinced me, though manned by imps and commanded by Satan, she was as sweet a craft as ever ploughed the sea.

When I had finished my breakfast, and related my yarn to the hands forward, who, though hideous looking rascals, spoke English as well as I, I was ordered again aft to meet the scrutiny of the captain, whom I had not yet seen. He was a small man, below the middle size, slender form, delicate limbs, and a face so smooth and round that he did not seem to be over eighteen, while his voice was melody itself, being low and exquisitely modulated.

Having heard my story, and assured me of kind treatment, he demanded to know of me what ships were in Valparaiso Bay, inward or outward bound, and what men of war were there—the state of things ashore, what vessels were expected and where from, and lastly, whether I had heard any thing said about a pirate off the coast of Peru. I answered these manifold questions as fully as possible, and in reply to the latter, said what I had heard ; adding truly, that the English sloop of war F——was despatched a week before to protect the merchant service from him.

This last item offered him much amusement.

'Well my lad,' he said, 'it will be a long time before they catch us ; for we are, as you see, that same pirate—friends to the sea, and enemies to all who sail upon it. We are short of wood and water, and must go into Valparaiso to fill up ; not however, until your sloop of war comes out ; but since you say she is about to remain there, I will entice her out. You can now take care of yourself. I shall not ask of you any duty, and as soon as I can, will set you ashore.'

It was now about noon, and the brig, (which had been lying to since I was picked up) filled her main-top-sail, made all sail, and boarding her starboard tacks, was off with the speed of light, south by east, to make Point Angles, leaving my boat adrift. The Andes were yet in sight, and Valparaiso not far distant, so that in an hour Point Angles was in plain view, and at 4 P. M. we entered the bay, steering straight for the F.

All hands were now upon deck, and to do them justice the brig was worked admirably. The long 24 was hauled aft and pointed over the taffrail, while the rest of the guns were cleared away and double-shotted. All this preparation for action rather puzzled me, for I could not think that the pirate captain intended to fight the F——, in as much as her battery of 24 pounders would have blown us out of water in five minutes. However, I took my stand on the forecastle, determined to see the fun, whatever it might be.

When we were within about a mile of the F——, I began to perceive some motion on board of her, and the boat of the captain of the port, which chanced to be along side of her, suddenly cast off and made sail towards us.

'What is the battery of the F—?' coolly inquired the captain, who was standing near me at this moment.

'Medium twenty fours, sir,' said I.

'Very good,' he replied, calmly, and then sung out, as he walked aft, 'Man the starboard battery ! stand by ! Hands by the weather braces ! Slack the lee ones ! Hard up the helm !'

We were now not more than half a mile from the F——, (which as yet lay quiet, with her sails loose to dry) and wearing round, each gun, of the starboard battery, (long twelves) was fired at her, as it came to bear, until we were round on the larboard tack, when giving her the long twenty four, we were off, two points free, standing out to sea. Our first shot, which struck the hull of the F——, was followed, quick as thought, by the notes of her drum beating to quarters, while her jib run up as if by magic ; and her cables slipped, topsails were hoisted and sheeted home. She fell off directly before the wind, and hauled up on the larboard tack—her larboard battery speaking in thunder as it came to bear ; then crowding every thing, she gave chase.

Here, however, she was at disadvantage —for we had the start of a mile, and moreover, were under fine headway. Her true game was to keep away a little, and if possible carry away some of our spars with round shot : but that part she determined to put off until it could be given with effect, nothing doubting that she should speedily overtake us.

But in this the commodore reckoned without his host, for we rapidly slipped away from him, working to windward of him in spite of his teeth. He carried on, however, with undaunted zeal, though we gradually increased our distance from one mile to six or seven, and darkness found him still driving ahead, with every rag of canvass spread to the breeze which was now a ten-knotter from west-north-west.

When daylight was fairly gone, our captain had ordered signal lanterns to the main sky-sail mast head, and at each yard arm, in order to challenge the F—— to continue her chase, and now (eleven o'clock,) the F——, being at least ten miles astern, he ordered mast and yard ropes rove, and all hands to "stand by to rig ship."

This order brought me up all standing, for I could not imagine what was to follow; but his crew understood the thing perfectly. Some large spars were brought aft, double purchase tackles were rigged on the main-mast, and on the taffrail, hatches were opened, and whips and top buttons rigged on the stays.—Some hogsheads containing fireworks were tossed overboard, but kept in tow, and numberless other preparations made in less time than I can write them.

'All ready !' hailed the captain.

'All ready, sir,' was the answer from all parts of the vessel.

'Then fire !' he continued.

Every gun was discharged at once, and at the instant, the hogsheads astern blew up with a tremendous report, and the ocean and the firmament were illuminated with a ghastly blue glare, and all the lights aloft were extinguished, so that the next instant we were in darkness. The main and fore royal and sky-sail masts and yards were sent down—the mizzen mast stepped—a topmast and top-gallant mast rigged, and yards crossed, while the guns were all lowered into the hold. Davits were then made fast at the sides, and whale boats run up at them, while others were placed keel up on the booms, and in fifteen minutes we tacked and stood towards the F——, as complete a whaling ship as ever doubled the Horn. The tackles, ect., were then unrove—all hands but sixteen sent below—the hatches put on, and away we bowled for the F——. The captain then left the deck, the first mate taking command ; but shortly after returned from below, dressed as a woman, and directed our motions, though all orders were given by the mate.

In half an hour we were near the F——, on her weather-bow, standing as if to cross her wake—when within three hundred yards, she sent a light up in her mizzen rigging, and fired a gun, which in nautical parlance means 'heave-to, I speak you.'

We hove-to, accordingly, in true merchantman style, while the F—— backed her main-topsail, as became a crack sloop of war.

'What ship is that ?' hailed the first lieutenant, in the short, preremptory manner proper for a man of his dignity.

'The Three Sisters, of New Bedford,' replied our first mate, taking the Yankee twang in a most admirable manner.

'Where are you from—and where bound —and what's your master's name,' continued the first luff.

'I expect we'm from a cruise,' drawled the mate again, 'bound to Valparaiso for wood and water, and our old man's name is Andrew Maxwell, at your sarvice.'

'Have you seen a strange sail hereway?' interrupted the commodore.

'Guess I see a clipper of a brig pretend to blow up, 'bout half an hour ago, but she only made b'lieve, for I seed her ag'in cuttin' away to the Nor'ord and East'ard, pretty considerable fast, I expect,' drawled the mate ; 'howsomever, that was in the old man's watch, and he's turned in, snorin' like a lobster, and I'll be darn'd if I want to call him, for he's cross as the divil if you break him of his sleep,—and his wife would'nt like it neither, I guess ; so I'd a

leetle ruther not, if it's all the same to you.'

'Clap a stopper over all, you infernal Yankee,' hailed our first luff; and she braced up again, and was off like a shot in chase of said brig, while we up-stick and bore away for Valparaiso. Here, then, was the secret of the pirate's constant escape from all pursuers—this change of form, and of course, he would deceive any one—e. g. the Yankee commander of the F——.

The next day, with only thirty hands to be seen, and with our whaling appearance, we entered the port of Valparaiso—not a brig, nor commanded by a handsome young man; as our acting captain had a face like a dead eye, and our real commander played wife to him, for the time being, as young and handsome as ever. Some waggish persons, indeed, little thinking how truly they spoke, insisted that the said wife was to all intents and purposes, commander of the ship—since the captain had a way of saying, "*I'll ask my wife*," on all important occasions.

At the end of four days, the said waler, having wooded and watered, etc. I was brought upon deck, (for I had been kept under hatches, too, since our arrival, that I need not be seen by any lofers) and having sworn to secrecy, (which said Oath, N. B., I kept,) I was set ashore, and then the Three Sisters weighed anchor, and, under a cloud of canvass, stood out to sea, to recommence her fair-trading operations.

What became of her thereafter, is none of my business, though I am told that her tricks were at last found out; and a bright-sided brig, which she industriously chased for a whole day, and finally overtook, proved to be the F—— sloop-of-war; her commander thus paying the devil in his own coin; and in the interchange of warm expressions, which followed, the F—— sent her so effectually to the bottom, that it was generally supposed she would stay there a time, unless Jimmy Flatfoot actually took her under his wing. However, friend Greenhorn, all this is none of our business. JACK GARNET.

EVACUATION OF NEW YORK.

The evacuation of this city by the British, on the 25th November, 1783, and the immediate entrance of General Washington, and his little army, form the principal themes of the last chapter of Mrs. Sedgwick's novel—"The Linwoods." It is ever interesting to peruse the writings of that talented Lady, and we presume our readers will be pleased with her vivid picture of this scene.

THE last foreign regiment were passing from Broadway to the Battery, in the admirable order and condition of British troops; their arms glittering, the uniform of the soldiers fresh and unsullied; and that of the officers, who had seen little service to deface and disarrange it, in a state of preservation rather indicating a drawing room than a battle field. Mr. Linwood gazed after them, and said sorrowfully, 'We ne'er shall look upon their like again.'

"I hope not," muttered Rose to herself, in the back-ground; "this a'n't to be the land for them that strut in scarlet broadcloth and gold epaulets, and live upon the sweat of working people's brows. No, thank God—and General Washington."

"Ah," said Mrs. Archer, "there is good old General Knyphausen turning the key of his door for the last time. Heaven's blessing will go with him, for he never turned it upon a creature that needed his kindness." The good old German crossed the street, grasped Mr. Linwood's hand, kissed the hands of the ladies, and without speaking rejoined his suit and passed on.

'Who are those young gallant's Isabella,' asked Mr. Linwood, "that seem riveted to the pavement at Mrs. ———'s door?"

Isabella mentioned their names and added "Miss ——— is there, a magnet to the last moment—a hard parting that must be.'

No wonder it was deemed a "hard parting," if half that is told by her cotemporaries of Miss ———'s beauty and auxiliary charms be true; a marvellous tale, but not incredible to those who see her as she now is, after a passage of more than fifteen years, vivacious, courteous, and bright eyed.

While Lady Anne was deepening the color on Isabella's cheek by whispering, "better a coming, than a parting lover!" our old friend Jupiter, arm in arm with his boon companion "the gen'ral," was passing.

"Where are you going in such haste, Jupe?" asked his ex-master, in reply to Jupiter's respectful salutation.

"I am 'gaged to 'black Sam,' to dine with General Washington, sir."

Mr. Linwood had been told that a *fete* was in preparation at 'black Sam's,' the great restaurateur of his day, for General Washington and his friends. He was ready to believe almost any extravagance of the levelling Americans; but the agrarianism that made Jupiter a party at the festive board with the commander in chief rather astounded him. "By the Lord!" he whispered to Isabella, "Herbert shall come home to eat his dinner."

"You mean, Jupe," said Miss Linwood, without directly replying to her father, "that you are engaged to wait on General Washington, at black Sam's?"

"Sartin, Miss Isabella; did not I 'spress myself so?"

"Not precisely, Jupe; but I understood you so."

Jupiter drew near to Miss Linwood, whom he, in common with others, looked on as the presiding genius of the family, to unfold a wish that lay very near his heart. But Jupe was a dipomatist, and was careful not to commit himself in the terms of a treaty. "Miss Belle," he said, "I hear Mrs. Herbert Linwood has goot a nice char'ot sent over from England, and if she wants a coachman, I don't know but I might like to come back to the old place."

"Very well, Jupe, I will speak to my sister, and we will consider of it."

"Do, Miss Belle, and I'll '*sider* of it too. I have not '*finitly* made up my mind to stay in New York. They say there's to be such a bustle and racket there, building ships and stores, and all this space," pointing to the still vacant space between Broadway and the river, "all this space to be covered with housen bigger than them burnt down.—I'm afraid there'll be too much work and 'fusion for me; 'tant genteel, you you know, Miss Belle, and I think of 'tiring to the manor."

"That will be wisest, Jupe; New York will no longer be a place for idlers of any degree."

Jupiter, all complacency in a classification which sorted him with those whom he styled the genteel, bowed and passed on.

Music was now heard from the extremity of the Battery. All had embarked save the *band*. The band that hand been the pride and delight of the inhabitants, through winter and summer, now struck up for the last time, "God save the King!" Every sound was hushed, and white handkerchiefs were waved from balconies, windows, and doors. Mr. Linwood uncovered his head, and the tears trickled down his cheeks. As the music ceased, Edward Archer, who stood with his arm over his sister's shoulder, said "Oh, Lizzy, how we shall miss the band!"

'Miss them! No, Ned, not when we get back to dear breezy Beech Hill, and hear the birds, and smell the flowers, and have none to hurt us nor make us afraid.'

The last boat put off from the wharf, and at the next instant the "star-spangled banner" was unfurled from the flag-staff, and every bell in the city poured forth its peal of welcome to the deliverer of his country, who was seen at the head of a detachment of his army, approaching the city through *the Fields*, then the general designation of all that portion of New York beyond the British palisades which traversed Broadway at Chambers street.

Those who are familiar with the location of this our noble street of Broadway, the pride of the metropolis, can imagine the thrilling effect of the moment on the spectators. They saw the flag of an independent empire waving on the Battery; beyond, the bay, glittering in the meridian sun; and floating on the bay, the ships that were to convey their late masters forever from the land that had rejected them. At the upper extremity of the street appeared General Washington, the spotless patriot, the faultless millitary chieftain, the father of his country; "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen:" he on whom every epithet of praise has been exhausted, and whose virtues praise never yet reached. With him were his companions in arms and glory, and following him his soldiers, their garments worn and soiled, and their arms broken and defaced. It mattered not. The period of toils and hardships, of hope and fear, of seed-time, was past—the harvest was to come, the abundant harvest to them, their children's children, and the *stranger within their gates*.

The procession drew near to Wall-street, where it was to turn; a few paces lower down was the locust-tree where our friends were grouped. As the cavalcade approached, Mr. Linwood began to show signs of fidgeting. Isabella's arm was in his:—"Let us go in, sir" she said.

"Presently, my dear, presently; I'll have one look at Washington. By George of Oxford! a noble figure of a man! Ah, but for him, the rebels would never have carried the day."

"For him, and the lord on their side!" involuntarily added Rose, who had advanced to give her little charge a chance at his father.

"The lord on the side of such a ragged regiment of ragamuffins? High sons of liberty, for sooth!" replied Mr. Linwood, chuckling at the wretched appearance of the American soldiers.

"They are extremely ragged," said Mrs. Linwood; "such a contrast to our army."

"They are, God bless them!" said Isabella, "and sacred, in my eyes, as the garments of the saints, are these outward signs of their brave toils."

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Herbert Linwood, "I see my husband!—and there, Belle, is Colonel Lee, on the very horse General Putnam gave him. I wish his poor man Kisel, of whom I have so often heard him speak, had lived to amble after him this day.—'Poor fool!' Elliot will always have 'one part in his heart that's sorry yet for thee."

Isabella's eye had followed the direction of her sister's; her cheek became suddenly pale, and she reiterated her wish to her father to return into the house.

"In a minute, my dear child, in a minute; let's first see them wheel into Wall-street. Who is that Colonel Lee you spoke of Anne?"

"Elliot Lee, sir. Did not Belle tell you how he was sent with a detachment from the northern army to the south, and how he behaved with such gallantry at the taking of Cornwallis, that he received a colonelcy immediate after from Congress—did you not tell, Belle?" she added, archly smiling at her sister.

The turn into Wall-street was now to be made, and the officers riding ahead came nearly parallel to our friends. General Washington seeing, and instantly recognising Isabella Linwood and her sister, saluted them. Mr. Linwood instinctively doffed his hat, and bowed low to the commander of the rebel army. Elliot Lee's eye met Isabella's, and returned its brightest beam to the welcome that flashed from hers. Herbert kissed his hand to his friends, and stretched his arms to his boy. Rose lifted the little fellow high in the air; he was inspired with the animation of the scene, and the word that was then shouted from a thousand tongues, the first he ever uttered, burst from his lips—"*Huzza!*"

From the Journal of Commerce.

THE MOUNTAIN COTTAGE.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

I never so fully realized the beauty of these lines, as during the events which I now record. The circumstances by which I was surrounded, brought vividly to my mind the fact that persons born far from the theatre of active life, live, die, and are forgotton, like the flowers which perfume the air they breathe. As the river flows unruffled in its course through the wilderness to the ocean, so there are many who pass quietly down the tide of existence, until lost in the ocean of eternity.

All day I had wandered among the wild scenery of the Green Mountains, without (for nearly all that time) seeing a human habitation, until, at the close of the day, I came in view of a small cottage, the sight of which was indeed welcome. Fatigue and hunger naturally directed my steps to the cottage, which I found was formed by fastening the ends of logs together at right angels, thus making a hollow square, about ten feet high, surmounted with a high roof of rough boards. As I entered the rude enclosure, I turned to survey the surrounding scenery. The cottage was situate in the bosom of a deep valley, at the base of two gigantic mountains whose summits were lost among the clouds, and the sides of which were covered with unbroken green, save here and there an oak or pine lifted its withered limbs, like Patriarchs who had withstood the storms of many winters.

In front of the cottage was a stream of the purest water, leaping over its rocky bed, sparkling as it pursued its fast descending course.

As I made signal of my approach, I was bid welcome by a lady less than middle aged, and of an unusually interesting appearance. Her mild, intelligent, and I may add beautiful expression of countenance, her neat and appropriate dress, her simple and unostentatious manners, and the order of the houshold arrrangements, at once interested and surprised me. In her lap lay an infant, and clinging to her chair was her little daughter, I could judge six or eight years old, the image of her mother.

From the preparations making, I judged that their evening repast was approaching, to join which I soon received a cordial invitation. Although I had some miles to ride to my lodgings, yet I could not resist the temptation to accept the invitation so cordially extended. The food was placed upon the table in a few plain dishes, yet they contained the choicest delicacies which the Green Mountains afforded; such as strawberries, fresh cream, new white bread, and most delicious butter. Very soon we were joined by her husband,—a plain, though I doubt not an honest and industrious man, yet I could not help thinking him decidedly inferior to his wife.

As we surrounded the table, the good man with great simplicity and devotion, invoked the blessing of God, which soon informed me that they were religious people; and as we continued to converse, I learned that they were Methodists. Although not often permitted to enjoy the public ordinances of religion, yet they were simple hearted and pious.

In their conversation upon many subjects they betrayed an ignorance sometimes quite amusing; but of the sublime truths of Revelation, their knowledge and intimacy were truly astonishing. The subject was the beginning and end of their contemplations; its greatness had absorbed them, its purity had elevated them, its benignity had softened their hearts, its fulness had satisfied their souls. On this theme they delighted to converse. It spread itself over their thoughts, it was manifested in their actions.

"Compared with this, how poor religious pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace except the heart.
The Power incensed the pageant will desert,
The pompous train, the sacerdotal stole,—
But haply in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
And in His book of life the inmates poor enrol."

While conversing with the good woman, a thought occurred to me, which I ventured to express to her, that so far removed from the advantages of education, they must necessarily experience the want of them for their children. To which she replied, "It has ever been my endeavor to learn my children as much as possible. And little Jane who now lies buried under those trees,"—pointing to a mound under the shade of a deep grove, where I looked and saw the spot which parental fondness had delighted to adorn, and placed upon it the rose, and decorate it with many a wild flower of the woods. When I again looked upon the mother, a tear was starting from her eye, and she proceeded. "As I was saying, my dear little Jane before she died and was laid under those trees, would read as well as any one could wish. Oh yes! and many times, seated in her little chair there in the corner, she has read chapter after chapter, from the Bible during the long winter evenings, and since she has been dead, we have let that little chair remain just where it was before she died; and although I have seen the flowers blossom these three summers upon her grave, yet even now I sometimes look up, fondly expecting that I shall see her in her seat. But no, no. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord. Some time before she died, it did seem as if He was preparing her for himself, she loved to read the Bible so; and I believe that the Shepherd of Israel, who of old said suffer little children to come unto me, took also this lamb in his arms and folded it in his bosom. 'Twas in the winter she began to decline. The cold winds swept arouud our dwelling, yet little Jane was so meek, she did not even lisp a complaint. It seemed as if the long and tedious winter would never be gone; for we thought if the spring would only come and cover the mountain with green, and deck the valley with flowers, she would with them be renewed and well. The spring did come, the mountains were covered with green, the vallies with flowers, and the air was filled with fragrance and the songs of birds. Every thing looked fresh and beautiful except my poor Jane. Her looks grew pale, and her voice grew faint. Often I would take her slender form in my arms and bear her to yonder grove,—and earnestly, oh how earnestly! did I pray that the lilly so drooping, might be revived. One day while there holding her in my arms, she seemed unusually devout and tender, and looking earnestly in my face she said, Mother, although I feel some stronger today, yet I am sure I shall soon go up to that bright place among the stars where you say God lives. And mother, the way does not look dark. If you will only lay me here under these trees and among the flowers, I am sure my Shepherd whom you have taught me to trust and love, will guide me to heaven, where we will meet at last, as you have so often told me; then we shall never part again. After a short but fervent prayer that this might be our happy lot, somewhat exhausted she fell asleep; a sweet smile lingered upon her face, and as she slept she looked so beautiful I leaned over to kiss her brow, but it was cold; her spirit had already ascended to heaven."

In this artless story there was a natural pathos which was quite irresistable. The sternness of the father was unbent, his little daughter dissolved in tears, the narrator's feelings frequently interrupted her narrative, and even the sympathies of a stranger's heart were deeply excited.

Heavy as this stroke of Divine Providence had been, and deeply as they had felt it, yet religion pure and undefiled, shed over their humble path its hallowed influence, assuaging the griefs of this life, and pointing them to a full fruition above.

With increasing interest I continued to converse with these simple hearted people, and lingered until the deepening twilight reminded me that I must depart. So after receiving their cordial invitations to visit them again, I mounted my horse and pursued my way, not without regret at taking leave of the Mountain Cottage.

EMIGRATION.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

I know of nothing in the world so distressing as the last sight of a fine, industrious, independent peasantry, taking the last look of their native country, never to behold it more. I have witnessed several of these scenes now, and I wish I may never witness another; for each of them has made tears burst every now and then into my eyes for days and nights, and all the while in that mood of mind that I could think of nothing else. I saw the children, all in high spirits, playing together, and amusing themselves with trifles, and I wondered if those dear innocents, in after life, would remember any thing at all of the land of their nativity. They felt no regret, for they knew they had no home but where their parents were —no staff or stay but on them. They were beside them, and attended to all their little wants, and they were happy.— How different the looks of their parents!— They looked backward towards their native mountains and glades with the most rueful expression of countenance. These looks can never be cancelled from my heart; and I noticed always, that the older the men were, their looks were the more regretful and desolate. They thought, without doubt, of the tombs of their parents and friends, whose heads they had laid in an honored grave; and that, after a few years of the toil and weariness collateral with old age, they were going to lay their bones in a new world, a far, distant clime, never to mix their ashes with those that were dearest to them. Alas, the days are gone that I have seen! It is long since emigration from the Highlands commenced; for when clanship was abolished, as far as government edicts could abolish it, the poor Highlanders were obliged to emigrate. But never, till now, did the brave and intelligent borderers rush from their native country all with symptoms of reckless despair. It is most deplorable. The whole of our most valuable peasantry and operative manufacturers are leaving us. All who have made a lilttle money, to freight them over the Atlantic, and procure them a settlement in America, Van Deman's Land, or New South Wales, are hurrying from us as from a place infected with a plague. Every day the desire to emigrate increases both in amount and intensity; in some parts of the country, the movement is taking place to an immense extent. In the industrious village of Gallashields, fifty-two are already booked for transportation. In the town of Hawick, and its subordinate villages, are donble that number. My own brothers, sisters, nephews, and neices, are all going away; and if I were not the very individual, I should be the first to depart. But my name is now so much identified with Scotland, and Ettrick Forest, that, though I must die as I lived, I cannot leave them.

But the little affecting story I set out with the purpose of telling, is not begun yet. I went the other year to see some particular friends on board the gallant ship Helen Douglas, for the British settlements of America. Among the rest, was Adam Holiday, a small farmer, who had lost his farm, and whom I had known intimately in my young days. He had a wife, and I think, nine sons and daughters; but his funds being short, he was obliged to leave his two oldest sons behind, until they themselves could procure the means of following him. An old pedlar, whom I think they named Simon Ainslie, was there, distributing little religious tracts among the emigrants gratis, and perhaps, trying to sell some of his cheap wares. The captain, and he, and Mr. Nichelson, the owner of the vessel, myself, and some others were standing around the father and sons when the following interesting dialogue took place:

"Now Aidee, my man, ye're to behave yourself, and not be like a woman, and greet. I canna bide to see the tears comin' papplin' owre thae manly young checks; for though you and Jamie wad hae been my riches, my strength, an' shield in America, in helpin' me to clear my farm, it is out o'my power to take ye wi' me just now. Therefore be good lads, an' mind the thing that's good. Read your Bibles, tell aye the truth, an' be obedient to your masters; an' the next year, or the next again, you will be able to join your mother, an' the bairns, an' me, an' we'll a' work thegither to ane anither's hands."

"I dinna want to gang, father," said Adam, "until I can bring somethin' wi' me to help you. I ken weel how you are circumstanced, an' how ye have been screwed at hame. But if there's siller to be made in Scotland in an honest way, Jamie an' me will join you in a year or twa, wi' something that will do ye good."

By this time poor little James' heart was like to burst with crying. He was a fine boy, about fifteen. His father went to comfort him, but he made matters only the worse. "Hout, Jamie, dinna greet that gate, man, for a thing that canna be helpit," aaid he. "Ye ken how weel I wad hae lickit to hae had ye wi' me, for the leavin' ye is takin' the pith out o' my arm. But its out o' my power to take you just now; for, as it is, afore I win to the settlement, I'll no hae a siller sixpence. But ye're young, an' healthy, an' stout, an' gin ye be able to join your auld father an' mother, an' help them."

"But since friends are partit, an' the half o' the globe atween them, there's but a small chance that they ever meet again," said poor James. with the most disconsolate look. "I wad hae lickit to hae gaen wi' ye, an' helpit ye, an' wrought wi' ye, an' leev'd an' deed wi' ye. I'ts an awfu' thing to be left in a country where ane has nae hame to gang to, whatever bafu' him."

The old man burst into tears. He saw the prospect of helpless desolation that preyed on his boy's heart, in the event of his being laid on a bed of sickness, but he had no resource. The boat came to the quay, in which they were about to step— but word came with her that the vessel could not sail before high tide to-morrow, so the family got one other night to spend together, at which they seemed excessively happy, though lodged in a hay-loft.

Having resolved to sail with the Helen Douglas as far as the point of Cumberland, I attended the next day on the quay, where a great number of persons were assembled to take a farewell of their friends. There were four boats laying ready to take the emigrants on board. The two brothers embraced their parents and sisters, and were just parting rather decently, when the captain, stepping out of a handsome boat, said to Haliday—"Sir, your two sons are entered as passengers with me, so you need not be in such a hurry in taking farewell of them."

"Entered as passengers!" said Haliday; "why the poor fellows hae nae left themselves a boddle in helpin' to fit out their mother an' me. How can they enter themselves as passengers!"

"They are entered, however," said the captain, "and both their fare and board paid for to Montreal, from which place you can easily reach your destination. But if any more is required, I am authorized to advance that likewise."

"And wha is the generous friend that has done this?" cried Holiday, in raptures, the tears streaming from his eyes. "He has strengthened my arms, and encouraged my heart, and rendered me an independent man. At once tell me wha is the kind good man—was it Mr. Hogg?"

The captain shook his head. "I am debarred from telling you, Mr. Haliday," said he: "let it suffice, that the young men are franked to Montreal. Here are both their tickets, and there are their names registered as paid."

"I wanna set my foot off the coast o' Scotland, sir," said Haliday, "until I ken wha has done this generous deed. If he should never be paid mair, he can he nae the waur o' an old man's prayers night and morning. No—I winna set a foot into the boat—I winna leave the shores o' auld Scotland, till I ken wha my benefactor is. Can I gang awa' without kenning wha the friend is, that has rendered me the greatest service ever conferred on me sin' I was born? Na, na! I canna, captain, sae ye may just as weel tell me at ainee."

"Then since I must tell you, I must," said the captain. "It was no other than that old packman, with the ragged coat."

"God bless him! God bless him!" fell I think from every tongue that was present. The mother of the young men was first at the old pedlar, and clasping her hands about his neck, she kissed him again and again, even maugre some resistance. Old Haliday ran and took the pedlar by both hands, and in an ecstacy, mixed with tears and convulsive, said' "New, honest man, tell me your direction; for the first money that I can either win, or beg, or borrow, shall be sent to reimburse you for this.— There never was sic a benefit conferred on a poor father an' mother sin' the world stood up." "An' ye shall hae your money. good auld Christian—ye shall hae your siller," exclaimed both the young lads.

"Na, na, Aidee Haliday, say nae mair about the payment just now," said the pedlar. "D'y ken, I had sundry verra strong motives for this? In the first place, I saw you *could not* do without the lads. An' mair than that, I am coming up among my countrymen about New Dumfries an' Loce Enry, to vend my wares for a year or twa; an' I wantit to hae a house at ony rate where I wad be sure o' a night's quarters. I'll ca' for my siller, Aidee, an' I'm sure to get it or value for't; and if I dinna

ca' for't, be sure never to bend it. It wad be lost by the way, for there's never ony siller reaches this frae America."

I never envied any man's feelings more than I did the old pedlar's that day, when all the grateful family were hanging around him, and every eye turned on him with admiration.

For the Gem.

To a Wild Flower.

Favorite Rose, sweetest belle of the wild—
Often and much have I loved thee, a child;
Yet now, mid the conflicts of life's busy stage,
The pride of my youth is the darling of age.

Loved Gem of the Forest, thou beautiful thing,
I read in thy face the herald of Spring;
And when all thy glory lies hueless and dry,
I feel that the fairest and brightest must die.

In every stage of thy beauteous life,
Thy leaflets are new and with lessons are rife;
And when to the breeze they so silently nod,
I learn from my Flower submission to God.

For the Gem.

Mr. Editor—The following, written by a young girl some years since, have been so developed by Time, that their publication is requested.

Yours, A.

A Wish.

Retired from the bustle of life,
In a neat little cot of my own:
A stranger to trouble and strife,
With a *friend* all my wishes to crown;
How calm and contented I'd live,
Ah! sweetly my moments would flow,
The best of my stores would I give
To relieve the poor sufferer's wo.

Round my cottage sweet flowrets should twine,
And rivulets gurgle along,
The choristers warble divine
And cheer the rich groves with their song—
No care should my bosom invade,
Nor murmur disturb my repose,
In pure robes of *virtue* array'd
Undaunted my life I could close. M.

For the Gem.

"How sweet to this heart are the scenes of my childhood."

This far western clime I often forsake,
And wander and linger with Fancy awake,
To the scenes of my childhood (alas! must I stay
From those scenes of the heart forever away?)
To the dear lovely bowers, that used to hide
The wandering brook that ran by their side—
To the shallows and windings in which I espied
The trout fish and hooked them with infinite pride—
To the old sturdy oak tree that yields pleasure still,
That ancient old oak tree that stood on the hill:
Its branches so shady did often vouchsafe
To this languid frame a pleasing relief—
Oh! the lovely old oak tree that shaded the rill,
That ancient old oak tree that stood on the hill,
Shall I ne'er again lave in that murmuring rill,
And enjoy the old oak tree that stood on the hill?

Anon.

Isle of Beauty, Fare Thee Well.

BY THOMAR H. BAILY, ESQ.

Shade of evening, close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely barque a while.
Morn alas! will not restore us
Yonder dim and distant isle:
Still my fancy can discover
Sunny spots where lands may dwell,
Darker spots around us hover,
Isle of beauty, fare thee well.

'Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the tapers' light;
Who will fill our vacant places;
Who will sing our songs to-night;
Thro' the mist that floats above us,
Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing fondly 'Fare thee well.'

When the waves are round me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon:
What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell
Absence makes the heart grow fonder
Isle of beauty, fare thee well.

THE BLACK HAWK.

AN ALLEGORY.

Original.

The groves of R. had long been tenanted by a variety of Birds of various plumage, who had formed themselves into a kind of Republic, for the purposes of government, having a few general and wholesome laws. There was a great contrariety in their habits naturally, but, for the well-being of the whole, they lived in peace and harmony; protecting each other and being protected in turn. One day a strange bird appeared and was anxious for admission among them, to enjoy the benefit of their protection and privileges. He was a non-descript sort of animal, apparently of the hawk species; was of a dull black color, and of very awkward appearance. He walked erect with effort, and with a sideling motion. His wings were all awry, his bill was withered and scaly, and his claws were invisible by reason of the profusion of feathers on his legs. His eyes were small, insignificent, and deeply sunk in his head, and his gaze unsteady and shrinking. He gave no satisfactory account of himself, but repeated a very lame and disjointed tale, which was believed by no bird in the whole grove. They were obliged to admit the stranger, according to a law among them, though it was done with evident reluctance. He gave his name as 'Black-Hawk,' and it was duly entered. The Raven turned away with a glance of the most supreme contempt; the Crow flew off with looks of strong disgust; and the Turkey Buzzard walked away muttering—'better call him Black-Leg.' The birds of his own color forsook him at once, and but few shewed him the least countenance at all; these few did it out of mere compassion for his situation as a stranger. It was found that he was unable to fly, and his excuse was, his having fought with a larger bird of prey and been disabled in the wings. Appearances were in favor of this story, though many doubted its truth. He soon became obnoxious to the society by his many meannesses, his treachery and quarrelsome disposition. He generally spent his time in chewing filthy and exhilirating weeds, and inhaling their smoke when exposed to fire—a very suspicious and unnatural employment for one of the feathered race. He also went about striving to create dissention in the Republic, and was particularly busy among the young and unsuspecting part of the community. The general harmony of the government was disturbed by him, and he was finally shunned by all. If a merry-making was to be, and he was unmvited, a communication was straightway sent to the managers of it, full of threats, which they all well knew he could not execute, and which were treated with the contempt they deserved. If a bird was chosen to an office in the government, the actors in the matter were served with messages, showing how his *wrath burnt* at the supposed slight of his qualifications. At last, a private meeting was held for the purpose of considering on the best mode of ridding themselves of this disturber of the public peace. His death was resolved on; the whole Republic was assembled, and the culprit summoned before them. He came trembling and anticipating his doom. His treacheries and crimes were repeated, and his final fate pronounced. He shook with terror, and many of his feathers fell to the ground. At a given signal, a chosen few fell upon him with the utmost fury, when lo! the feathers flew in all directions, the skin of the culprit appeared to fall off in large scales, and 'Black Hawk,' crawled before them in his true form—a long, lean, *Lizard*—spotted, slimy and spiteful! During the consternation at the discovery, the reptile slunk away to his native element—a dark and stagnant pool. He had once received his deserts from his own species, in the shape of a snug suit of tar and feathers. Thinking to profit by his punishment, he had made additions to his dress, and joined the inhabitants of the groves of R. where his hypocrisy was unveiled in the foregoing summary manner.

MORAL.

Let the honest man beware of the Hypocrite, 'ere the seeds of discord are sown among his friends, or the Impostor's treacherous designs have taken effect. And let the Hypocrite himself *take heed to his ways while he is yet safe.*

E. S. O. V.

Original.

Mr. Editor,

Listening last Sabbath to a discourse on the doctrine of "a particular Providence," I was reminded of an incident which I have heard mentioned as connected with the Revolutionary war, and which if true might almost form a counterpart to the miraculous interposition of the cloud and pillar of fire between the Israelites and the Egyptians. The incident was this:—To effect a withdrawment of the American troops from Long Island, before the superior forces of the British, flushed as they were with vistory, the most profound secrecy was essential. The boats from Brooklyn to New York were passing and repassing, through the night; but notwithstand the utmost diligence, morning dawned before the entire evacution had been effected. It seemed as if a discovery of the movements of the American Army was now inevitable. But a dense fog is said to have arisen, and spread between them and the British camp, so that the movements of the Americans could not be seen. The drums beat to call the British to the attack of Brooklyn, and they were all in high spirits, when suddenly the fog rolled away, and discovered to Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander, the last boats of the Americans, crossing the East River, beyond his reach. What adds to the interest of this incident is the fact, as asserted, that a similar fog has never been witnessed there since that morning of glorious deliverance.

This is but one of many incidents and events in the war of the revolution which seem difficult to explain, except on the theory of a special Providence. Why does not some one collect and treasture up as memorials of the divine goodness towards our country, in her struggle for Independence?—memorials that will be forgotten and lost, unless committed to some record more permanent than mere tradition.

N. S.

It is difficult for a man to have sense, and be a knave. A true and solid genius conducts to order, truth, and virtue.

DOMESTIC DUTIES.

The following are the introductory remarks to a work recently published, entitled, "*Domestic Duties, or Instructions to Young Married Ladies.*" by Mrs. Parkes. They are well worthy of perusal.

"How great is the change which is instantly effected in the situation of a woman by a few solemn words pronounced at the altar. She, who the moment before was without authority or responsibility, a happy, perhaps a careless member of one family, finds herself as if by magic, at the head of another, and involved in duties of the highest importance. If she possess good sense, her earnest wish will be to act properly in her new sphere. Many, no doubt, by previous judicious instruction, assisted by their own observations, are well prepared to sustain their part with judgment and temper: but some there are whose situations, or whose dispositions, have led them into other pursuits; and who consequently, find themselves as soon as they are married, without that information and those principles of action, by which their future conduct ought to be governed. For the guidance of these the following pages are intended.

"The married and single state equally demand the exercise and improvement of the best qualities of the heart and mind. Sincerity, discretion, a well governed temper, forgetfulness of self, charitable allowance for the frailty of human nature, are all requisite in both conditions. But the single woman being, in general, responsible for her own conduct solely, is chiefly required to cultivate passive qualities. To fall easily into the domestic current of regulations and habits; to assist rather than to take the lead,in all family arrangements, are among her duties; while the married woman, in whose hands are the happiness and welfare of others, is called upon to lead, to regulate, and to command. She has to examine every point in the new situation into which she is transplanted; to cultivate in herself, and to encourage in her husband, rational and domestic tastes which may prove sources of amusement in every stage of their lives, and particularly in the latter period, when other resources shall have lost their power to charm. She has to proportion, not as in the single state, her own personal expenses merely, but the whole expenditures of her household, to the income which she is now to command; and in this part of her duty there is often exercise for self denial as well as for judgment. The condition of her husband may require her to abandon not only habits of expense, but even those of generosity. It may demand from her a rigid adherance to economy, neither easy nor pleasant, when contrary habits and tastes have, under more liberal circumstances, been fixed and cultivated. Such alterations in habit may at first be regarded as sacrifices, but, in the end, they will meet their compensation which always results from the consciousness of acting with propriety and consistency. Sometimes, however, the means of indulging liberal and generous propensities are extended by marriage. Where this is the case, that extreme attention to economy which circumscribes the expenditure very much within the boundaries of the income, would betray a narrow and mean spirit, and would have the effect to abridge the blessings which by affluence, may be dispensed around.

"No woman should place herself at the head of a family without feeling the importance of the character which she has to sustain. Her example alone may afford better instruction than either precepts or admonitions, both to her children and servants. By a 'daily beauty' in her life she may present a model by which all around her will insensibly mould themselves. 'Knowledge is power' only when it fits us for the station in which we find ourselves placed—then it gives decision to character; and every varying circumstance of life is met with calmness—for the principle to act upon is at hand; then we are prepared either to add our share to the amusements and interests of general society, or to lend our strength, on the demand of our nearest ties, to support, comfort or instruct. Duty will not be an appalling word to those whose minds are properly framed. Indeed they who have made it the rule of their lives, have found it also the source of their happiness; while in others the consciousness of having neglected its precepts has corroded every power of enjoyment."

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

USEFUL DISCOVERY.—Dr. J. Locke, professor of chemistry, in the medical college of Ohio, has discovered with his very sensible galvanometer, invented by him, and described in Silliman's Journal, vol. XVI., that galvanic electricity is developed in watches by the action of the escapement. Although oil is, in general, thought to be a non-conductor and unfit to excite galvanic action, yet when the film is very thin it acts like water and aqueous solutions. In jewelled watches, especially, when the jewel is small and the oil is applied so as to extend over it to the metal, the electric action takes place to such a degree as to blacken and thicken the oil in so short a time as materially to impair the motion of the time piece. It was the occasional occurrence of this difficulty which has led one of our best watch-makers, Mr. Conway, to apply to Dr. L. for a solution of the phenomenon. Dr. L. proposes, as a remedy, that the oil be applied in so small a quantity as not to extend beyond the jewel, to form a communication between the point of the tooth and the metal of the pallet or verge.

NATURAL CURIOSITY.—A letter from the editor of the Zion's Herald, who has lately been on an excursion to the Granite State, thus notices a remarkable natural curiosity in Fransonia, in New-Hampshire.

"I have to-day had a splendid view of the celebrated "Old Man of the Mountain." This as you well know, is a remarkable correct profile of the human face, executed by dame nature in one of her freaks. It is about forty feet from the top of the forehead to the chin. Many who have never seen it suppose that it was the rude work of some Indian tribes who used to roam the fastnesses of these splendid mountains. But it is only necessary to see it in order to be undeceived.

Yesterday, for the first time probably, the veteran had his lonely musings violated. Three gentlemen, after immense labor, succeeded in standing upon his bald weather-worn head, and there eating a lunch and drinking their wine. As an evidence of their success I saw a small flag waving over his cranium. The old gentleman silently refused to touch a morsel of their good cheer, particularly the stimulus. He is truly and exclusively a cold water man."

THE GEM AND AMULET.

THE SEASON.—The fall bids fair to keep terms with the spring. Our teeth have scarcely done chattering with the raw damps and icle winds which ushered in and for a time held divided sway with the summer, when like the doomed grinders of the hapless *Harry Gill*, "they chatter, chatter still," with the premature cold of Autumn. The season has been throughout perfectly in keeping with *itself*—and "none but itself can be its paralled."

THE ROCHESTER MUSEUM.—We are not given to much puffing, but will nevertheless call the attention of the admirers of nature and art to the superb collections from the realms of both, at the Rochester Museum. A leisure hour, or even a half dozen hours, can be spent most pleasantly and profitably in ranging through the rooms. Not only the three kingdoms of nature have been laid under contributions to supply the cabinets, but the four quarters of the world, and liberally have they paid their assessments.

We regret to perceive that our talented young friend and correspondent, GUY H. SALISBURY, has been compelled by ill health to leave the editorial chair of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser. We hope a little relaxation from the incessant toils of a daily paper, will enable him to continue his very acceptable contributions for the press, and that in them we may come in for a liberal share.

HALLEY'S COMET.—Our star gazing readers have no doubt ere this turned their eyes northward, and had a view of this stranger, whose appearance at this time was predicted some eighty years ago. The following notice of it is from the last Canandaigua Repository.

THE COMET.

The first evening on which the clouds permitted a view of the starry heavens, last week, was Friday evening, and then the comet showed itself as soon as the daylight was faded enough to reveal the stars. A scientific friend has favored us with the following memorandum:

The Comet has been observed, for several evenings past, traversing the well-known constellation Ursa Major, and it is now approaching the *Crown*. It was nearest the earth on Monday and Tuesday, being about 22 million miles distant, and changing places among the stars, at a very rapid rate. On Friday evening, it appeared like a star of the 2d magnitude, about 10 degrees east of the star *a* in *Ursa Major*, surrounded with a pale nebulosity, which much impared its splendor. On Saturday evening, it was brighter and larger, and was observed in a line nearly north of the above star, 2 1-2 degrees distant. On Sunday evening, it formed nearly an equilateral triangle, with the two last stars in the tail of the Great Bear.

Its path through the above constellation is *more than three degrees north* of that traced by the calculation of M. Pontecoulant; and it will arrive at its perihelion, or point nearest the sun, on the 17th of Nov. near *three days later* than by the last predictions of the same able mathematician, and *ten days later* than the calculations in the Nautical and American Almanacs.

PARNASSIAN FLOWERS.

STANZAS,

Written in a copy of the Bible presented to my Daughter.

By Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson.

When in future distant years
Thou shalt look upon this page,
Through the crystal vale of tears
That dim our eyes in after age;
Think it was a mother's hand,
Though her smile no more thou'lt see,
Pointing towards that "better land,"
Gave this sacred gift to thee!

Lightly thou esteem'st it now,
For thy heart is young and wild;
And upon thy girlhood's brow,
Nought but sunny Hope hath smiled;
But when disappointments come,
And the world begins to steal
All thy spirit's early bloom,
Then its value thou wilt feel!
To thy chamber, still and lone,
Fly,—and search this sacred page,
When earth's blandishments are gone,
Every grief it will assuage!
Close the door against the din
Of worldly folly—worldly fear—
Only let the radiance in
Of each heavenly promise here!
When thy bruised spirit bends
'Neath the weight of sorrow's chain,
When of all life's summer friends,
Not one flatterer shall remain;
Lay this unction to the wound
Of thy smitten, bleeding breast—
Here the *only* balm is found
That can yield the weary rest!

Nor alone in the hours of woe
"Search the Scriptures," but while joy
Doth life's blissful cup o'erflow,
Be it oft thy sweet employ:
So, remembering in thy *youth*
Him whose spirit lights each page,
Thou shalt have abundant proof
He will not forget thine *age!*

LITTLE STORY ABOUT LITTLE THINGS.

There is a certain prettiness in the *jes Des mots* in this little song, about little things, which is amusing.

"There was a little maid, and she wore a little bonnet,
And she had a little finger, with a little ring upon it,
And what's a little odd, her little heart was then
In love but not a little, with the best of little men.

For the little youth had exercised his little flatt'ring tongue,
And down before her little feet his little knees had flung;
He pressed her little hand, and in her little face he gazed,
And looked as though his little head, had been a little crazed.

Alas! her little lover did with little warning leave her,
And she found him little better than a little gay deceiver:
Then in a little moment, stifling all her little wishes,
She took a little jump all above the little fishes.

Now all you little maidens whose little loves grow fonder,
Upon the little moral of this little song may ponder;
Beware of little trinkets, little men, and little sighs;
For you little know what great things from little things may rise."

Advice to young Parents.—Do not decorate your children with expensive finery.—This is the grand foible into which most young parents fall; and hence the adage that "where you behold a father, a mother, and one child, you generally discover three fools in the house." It is a satire upon human nature to reflect, that the cradle and the coffin, our entrance and our exit, *should* be scenes of fantastic foppery of which neither subject can be conscious. The seeds of vanity are sometimes sown in the cradle by parents, who afterwards complain how difficult it is to weed them out.

A Fact.—In a village, not a hundred miles from Oswego, a certain mistress of a family, who lived near neighbor to the family of a groceryman, was in the habit of borrowing tea, and when she replaced it, the quality and quantity was generally somewhat inferior to that borrowed. The groceryman complaining to his wife of the tea, was informed by her of the cause.—He weighed out a pound of such tea as the mistress usually paid in, and gave it to his wife for the express purpose of loaning to her customer. The mistress borrowed a few times, and always getting the same inferior quality, rather complained to the wife that she did not keep so good a kind of tea as formerly, but still continued to borrow until the lack of weight in the tea returned, the pound was all gone! The groceryman happening to be present the next time she called, after the pound was exhausted, informed the mistress of the circumstances, yet told her if she would call at his store he would give her another pound; but she was so greatly displeased that she would do no such thing, she could get her own tea, without any of his gifts, *she would let him know.* And so she did, for his wife was troubled no more with her; a good riddance. It is not every family that can rid themselves of troublesome neighbors so easily.—*Observer.*

Ancestry.—The Levis, a rich family of the last century, piqued themselves on their Jewish name, and called themselves cousins to the Virgin Mary. There was an absurd picture of them at their houses, in which Noah was presented going into the Ark, carrying under his arm a small trunk, on which was written, "*Papers of the House of Levi.*"

Superior Composition for Trees.—The following has been recommended as a "Superior composition for trees," in a letter from Hon. J. H. Guormey to W. Prince and Sons. It was first published in the *New York Farmer.*

One part, say one quart common tar. Two parts, say two quarts chalk finely pulverised and sifted. Put the tar into an iron kettle, heat it, and while hot throw in the chalk.—Care should be taken not to boil it too much, either when first made or when using it, as that will make it too hard and brittle.—Should it by accident become so, add tar till sufficiently soft. When to be used, heat it over, either in an earthen or portable furnace, or fire made on the ground on or near the place where wanted, so as to boil or become soft, which a little experience will show, and apply it with a small iron or wooden spatula, covering the wood entirely with a thin coat, and leaving no place for the water to get under the composition. It will remain on for years, but may be taken off whenever the bark shall have grown over the wood. It will be found on examination that there is no dead wood under it. Any one who delights in seeing fine healthy trees, after having once tried the experiment, will never abandon its use. It is particularly valuable for covering the stumps, when old trees are headed down. This composition was invented, and an account of it published, by some gentleman either in England or Scotland, Arthur St Clair, soon after Forsyth first published the account of his composition for healing wounds in fruit trees, which is very troublesome to make and still more to use.—It is probably known to many horticulturists, but ought to be known to all who cultivate fruit trees; and if you think the publication of these remarks will be useful, they are at your service.

A good retort.—"I was charmed," said Lord Oxford, "with the answer of a poor man in Bedlam, who was insulted by a boy because he would not tell him why he was confined. The unhappy man at last said: "Because God Almighty has deprived me of that which you never had."

ELECTION NOTICE.

Sheriff's Office, Monroe Co., }
Rochester, August 12, 1835. }

A GENERAL ELECTION is to be held in the county of Monroe on the second, third, and fourth days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is exann ed.

ELIAS POND, Sheriff.

State of New York, }
Secretary's Office. } Albany, August 1, 1835

Sir—I hereby give you notice, that the next general election in this state, to be held on the 2nd, 3d, and 4th days of November next, a Senator is to be chosen in the eighth senate district, in the place of Chauncey J. Fox, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

Notice is also given, that at the said election, the following proposed amendment to the constitution of this state will be submitted to the people, viz.:

For restoring the duties on goods sold at auction, and the duties on salt to the general fund.

JOHN A. DIX, Secretary of State.

To the Sheriff of the county of Monroe.

N. B. The Inspectors of Election in the several towns in your county will give notice of the election of Members of Assembly, and for filling any vacancies in county offices which may exist.

REDEMPTION OF LANDS SOLD FOR TAXES.

State of New-York, }
Comptroller's Office. }

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to Section 76, Tit. 3, of Chap. 13, of the 1st Part of Revised Statutes, that unless the lands sold for taxes at the general tax sale held at the Capitol, in the city of Albany, in the months of March and April, 1834, shall be redeemed by the payment into the Treasury of the State, on or before the 21st April next, after the date hereof, of the amount for which each parcel of the said lands was sold, and the interest thereon, at the rate of ten per centum per annum, from the date of the sale to the date of the payment. The land so sold, and remaining unredeemed will be conveyed to the purchasers thereof. Dated, October 2d, 1835.

dclaw6w A. C. FLAGG, Comptroller.

THE ROCHESTER GEM,
And Ladies' Amulet:
DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.
Vol. 7--With Plates.

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ROCHESTER

THE GEM,

AND LADIES' AMULET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, AMUSING MISCELLANY, &c.

VOLUME 7.] ROCHESTER, OCT. 31, 1835. [NUMBER 22.

From the American Monthly Magizine.

THE FORTUNES OF THE MAID OF ARC.

THE ASSAULT.

"There the breach lies for passage, the ladder to scale,
And your hands on your sabres, and how should ye fail?
He who first downs with the red cross, may crave
His heart's dearest wish; let him ask it and have!'
Thus uttered Coumourgi the dauntless vizier;
The reply was the brandish of sabre and spear.
And the shout of fierce thousands in joyous ire—
Silence—hark to the signal—fire.

SIEGE OF CORINTH.

The din of battle ended suddenly as it had commenced; the weary and discomfited forces of the islanders were now concealed behind their palisades, save here and there a solitary warrior, peering [illegible] on the low bastions; his steel, cap and spear point flashing back the rays of the noontide sun. The long array of France, which had fallen orderly and slowly back without the flight of arrow or the range of ordnance, might be seen midway between the town and the works of the besiegers. Horses were picqueted and outposts stationed along their front; while, their weapons stacked, their helmets unlaced, and their bodies cast leisurely on the ground, the troops enjoyed to the utmost their brief interval of truce.—Camp fires had been lighted, and their smoke curled peacefully in fifty places towards the bright sky above them; suttlers had come out from the town, beeves had been slaughtered, wine casks broached and without a sign of revelry or wild debauch the army feasted after their noon-day strife.

At a short distance in advance of the line occupied by the main body of the forces, there stood a magnificent elm tree, the only one in sight, which had risen to a height sufficient to protect those beneath its shadow from the glare of a meridian sun. Immediately from under its roots, a pure cold spring swelled forth into a basin of stone, artificially though roughly hewn to receive its waters; and trickling thence in a small but rapid streamlet wound its way toward the distant river. Beneath this tree, and around the basin of the spring, a group of warriors were collected, whom the slightest glance might have discovered to be of no ordinary rank; their splendid arms, their gallant steeds, led forth and backward by squires of gentle birth and gay attire, and their emblazoned banners pitched into the ground beside their place of rest, designated at once the leaders of the host.

A wide sheet of damask had been spread out upon the turf: *bolliaus* of leather or flasks of metal were plunged into the vivid waters to cool their rich contents; goblets of gold, and dishes already ransacked, were mingled in strange confusion with sculptured hemlets, jewelled poniards, and the hilts of many a two-handed blade cast on the sod in readiness to the grasp of its bold owner.

The visage of the king was flushed and his eyes sparkled with the intoxication, nor of the grape, but of his recent victory; not did the brow of Dunois wear its wonted gravity; gay words and boasts, rendered less offensive by their prowess of the morning, passed among the younger knights, but on the lips of Joan there was no smile, and in her eye no flash, steadfastly gazing on the heavens, she sate with a deep shade of melancholy on her chisseled lineaments, resembling rather some sad captive waiting the hour of her doom, than a prophetess whose words had been accomplished—a warrior whose first field had been a triumph.

"Why lies so deep a shadow on the brow of our fair champion?" cried the youthful monarch; "in such an hour as this, sadness is ominious, and open melancholy treason! Cheer thee, bright being—the king drinks to his preserver!" and suiting the action to the word, he filled a goblet with the mantling wine of Auvergnaut, and tendered it to the silent maiden; "One more carouse," he said, "and then to horse, to horse, and we will win the trenches of those dog Islanders ere the sun sinks to the lea!"

"And you are then determined," she replied in tones of sorrowful, not angry, import; "and you are then determined to risk all—honor, life, victory, your country's hope, your people's happiness, by this mad haste, this rash and obstinate impiety! I tell you now, as heretofore I told you, be patient and victorious—be rash, and infamy shall fall on you; the infamy of flight, and terror, and defeat!"

"I am determined!" was the cool and somewhat haughty answer; "I am determined to force those ramparts ere I sleep this night; or under them to sleep that sleep which knows no earthly waking!"

"And thou shalt force those ramparts—wilt thou but tarry. Tarry till the shadows of this elm tree fall far eastward; till the sun hath stooped within a hand's breadth of the horizon; tarry till then, and thou shalt conquer—advance now, and, 'tis I that say it, I Joan of Orleans—advance now, and thou shalt rue the hour!"

"Nay, maiden," replied Dunois, who hitherto had set a silent though not uninterested listener—"for once I must oppose thee—to tarry would be but to give space to the troops of Bedford to shake off their superstitious terror—to ours to lose their confidence of glory. To tarry is defeat, to advance, victory!—victory as surely as steel blade and silver hilt may hold together!"

"I say to thee Dunois," she answered, "the ways of the Most High are not the ways of man! He who hath raised a peasant girl to be a royal leader, can turn defeat to victory, and triumph to most foul disaster.—Neither, if ye advance, as well I know ye will, shall the steel blade and silver hilt hold [illegible] Seeing, thou shalt believe, and suffering, tremble!"

"Enough!" shouted the impatient king; "enough of this—sound trumpets, and advance!"

No further words were uttered, nor had one spoken could the import of his speech have been discovered, among the clanging of the trumpets, the wild shouts of the troopers hurrying to their ranks, the tramp of the cavalry, and the breathless din of the advance.

The maiden turned her dark eyes plaintively upward; she stretched her arms slowly apart, and with a gaze of mute appeal prayed silently! Her brief orisons at an end, she too buckled her weapon to her side, laced her plumed helmet, and haughtily rejecting the proffered aid of Charles, vaulted, without the use of rein or stirrup, into her steel bound demipique.

The host was already in motion, marching in four solid columns against the besiegers' lines; the knights and men at arms dismounted from their destriers, crowding the front, on foot, with mace and battle-axe, and espaldron, instead of lance and pennon: their hoods of mail drawn closely over their crested helmets, their small triangular bucklers flung aside, and each protected from the missiles of the British by his huge *pavesse* of polished steel without device or bearings, six feet in height, and three in breadth, borne by his squire before him. Behind this powerful mass came on the pioneers with axe and mattock, faggots and piles to undermine the walls, ladders to scale their summits, and mantelets of

plank covered with newly severed hides, huge machines, beneath the protection of which to labor at the walls in safety. In the rear the light armed followed, archers, and cross-bowmen, and javelineers, and slingers. It was, indeed, a host to strike dismay into the hearts of the defenders, as it advanced steadily and silently, with the deep silence of resolve right onward to the bastion.

At the head of the right hand column rode the monarch, that to his left commanded by Dunois—Gaucourt, and De la Hire, leading the others; and the maiden, who had refused to serve save as a private lance, riding in sullen apathy beside the bridle hand of the bold bastard. At a short mile's distance the columns halted, while Dunois and the leaders galloped forward, confident in their coats of plate, to reconnoitre the position of the heavy ordnance, the effects which they had too terribly experienced to endure without an effort at avoiding a second discharge, which to troops in solid column must have carried certain destruction. Boldly they performed their duty, dashing up to within twenty paces of the outworks, under a storm of bolts and shafts, that rattled against their armour as closely but as harmlessly, as hail stones on a castle wall. Two batteries were at once discovered, and as the rude artillery of that day, placed, when about to be discharged, on motionless beds of timber, and dragged, when on the march, by teams of oxen, and could not be made to traverse or command any other points than those on which it had been previously laid, there was little fear of so arranging the advance as to avoid their fatal fire. Still as he returned the last from his reconnoissance, Dunois was ill at ease. "There should be another" he muttered, "and to encounter it were certain ruin. A murrain on that wily Regent; now hath he masked it cunningly!"

But there was no space for further parley; with the bray of the trumpets, and the deep clang of the kettle drum, the signal for the charge was given; the soldiery of France deployed from column into line, and with a quickened step and levelled weapons rushed forward to the assault.—At the distance of some fifty paces from the works of the besiegers the ground was rugged and broken, the channel of a dry rivulet running the whole length of their front, its banks scattered with blocks of stone, and thickly planted with thorny shrubs. The troops, which had been formed obliquely to avoid the fire of the artillery, had advanced into this difficult pass before they were well aware of its existence, and before meeting with any opposition from the enemy. The most broken ground had been selected by Dunois as the point of attack, hoping by that means to escape the range not only of the two batteries, which, having been discovered, he had already guarded against, but that of a third had been so cunningly masked as to defy the closest observation. Well, however, as this had been devised, it so fell out that the column of the king, which, partly through the obstinacy of the royal chief, and partly from the ill advice of the leaders jealous of the gallant bastard, had failed to deploy with, the remainder of the host, advanced blindly in its crowded ranks upon the very muzzles of the concealed ordnance. Hitherto not a symptom of resistance had appeared; not a man had been seen on the English ramparts; not a banner was displayed, nor a trumpet blown. But at this instant—when the line had been compelled to halt, within half bow shot of the bastions, where the pioneers with axe and mattock were clearing the ground in their front—at this instant the wailing note of a single bugle rang from within the works—Ere the signal had well reached the assailants, the rampart was thronged from end to end with thousands of the green frocked archery of England; again the bugle was winded, and at that brief distance the cloth yard shafts fell in one continuous volley, darkening the air with the numbers and almost drowning the shouts of the battle with their incessant whizzing. Close, however, as they fell and boldly, each arrow there was aimed at its peculiar mark; and each, with few exceptions, was buried feather deep in the breast of a French skirmisher. It was in vain that they replied to that blighting volley with cross bow bolt and javelin; no missiles could compete with that unrivalled archery; the advance was strewn upon the ground in heaps of slaughtered carcases, the host wavered and was about to fly—but then arose the trumpet-like shout of Dunois.

"On! on! Orleans—Orleans to the rescue!—close up—close up even to the palisades, it is but at a distance that their shot is deadly."

And, seconding his words by deeds, the powerful knight rushed forth, bearing his pavesse high on his left arm, and his massive axe sweeping in circles round his head—a dozen arrows stuck him on the crest and corslet and glanced off harmlessly as the rushes, though every step was planted on a writhing corpse, and none came to second him—he reached the base of the rampart, his axe smote on the timbers of the palisade, and down came stones and beams, and shaft and javelin, ringing and rattling upon his heavy shield and panoply of proof, yet he heeded them no more than the oak heeds the thistle down that floats upon the summer wind. Valour, like terror, is contagious—with a mighty effort, a dozen knights broke through the throng of their own disordered soldiery, and forced their way to the side of the bold bastard—but not like him, unharmed—an arrow skilfully directed against the vision of young Delaserre shot through the narrow apperture and clove his brain; a ponderous axe, hurled from the hand of Salisbury crashed through the cerveilliere of Montmorency, as though it were a bowl of crystal; yet still undauntedly they hurried on—and now they joined their leader.—The dust already eddying upward, the heavy masses of wood and timber, that rolled down beneath his ponderous blows, shewed that his attack was prosperous as it was gallant. The din of blows given and taken, hand to hand, between or above the broken palisades, was mingled with the hurtling of the arrows, the shouts or cries of the fierce combattants.

"On! on!" the voice of Dunois rose again above the confusion—"on! on! the breach is opened!—Orleans and victory!" but as he spoke a stone heavier than any yet hurled against him, fell from a huge machine full on his lifted pavasse; his arm fell powerless by his side, and the tall warrior reelod backward from the breach, dizzy and helpless as a child—but yet more evil was the fate of his companions; one dropped, crushed out of the very form of humanity, by the same stone; and then a flood of boiling oil was showered upon the heads of the weak and wearied remnant.

"St. George for merry England—forward brave hearts, and drive them from our palisades!" and with the word Bedford and Huntingdon leaped down with axe and espaldron, while many a youthful aspirant rushed after them in desperate emulation. The gallant Dunois roused like a wearied war horse to the fray, fought fearlessly and well; yet his blows fell no longer, as was their wont, like hammers on the anvil—his breath came thick, the sweat rolled in black drops through the bars of his vizor; he staggered beneath the blade of Bedford. At this perilous moment a roar, louder than the ocean in its fury, louder than the Aloine avalanche, burst on their senses. "God and the king," cried Dunois, even in this extremity, careless of his own peril; "it is the British ordnance."

The smoke rolled like a funeral pile over the fray, that still raged beneath it; and a mingled clamour, as of thousands in agony and despair, smote on the ears and appalled the hearts of the half conquered Frenchmen. The column of the king had advanced upon the very muzzles of the ordnance, after with heavy loss from the archery they too had passed the channel of the stream, but had narrowly escaped annihilation. A mounted messenger came dashing through the strife, "Draw off your men, Dunois," he shouted from a distance: "draw off: no victory to-day!"

But he shouted to no purpose, for the bold ear he addressed was for a space sealed in oblivion deep as the grave; his well tried sword has shivered in his grasp; stunned by the sweeping strokes of Bedford, he had fallen, and must there have perished, had not the young knight in azure panoply bestridden him, and battled it right gallantly above his senseless form.

It was the maiden! Fresh and unwealed she sprang to the strife from which she had refrained before, and he, her terrible antagonist the unvanquished Bedford, reeled before her blows.

Gathering himself to his full height as he retreated from the sway of her two handed blade, he struck a full blow with his axe upon her crest, and again the treacherous helm gave way; her dark hair streamed on the wind, and her eagle eye met his, with an unblenching gaze: at the same point of time an arrow grazed her neck, and quivered in the joint of her gorget.

"Fly! fly!" shouted the crowd behind her, who had again rallied during her combat with the regent; "fly, fly! the Maid is slain!"

"Fly not—vile cravens—fly not;" she cried in tones clearer than human, as she pressed bare headed after the retreating Bedford; "Fly not—the time hath come, and victory is ours!—Joan! Joan to the rescue—Victory; God sends; God sends us victory! The sun is in the west, our toils are ended!"

At her high voice, many an eye was turned toward the western horizon, and

her well rembered prophecy cheered their faint hearts and nerved their faltering courage. The day had been spent, had been forgotten in the fearful strife, and the sun was hanging like a shield of gold a hand's breadth high in the horizon. Like wild fire in the stubble field the clamor spread; "Heaven fights for France; Victory! God sends us victory!" and still, at the cry, they pressed onward with renewed vigor to the breach. It was in vain that Salisbury and Talbot strove—that Bedford plied his axe, taking a mortal life at every blow; for a panic, a fatal superstitious panic, had seized on their victorious countrymen. At every charge of the encouraged Frenchmen; at every repetition of the cry "Heaven fights for France," they shrunk back timid and abashed: and it was of necessity, though with evident reluctance, that the leaders of the English war gave orders to withdraw the men from the sally, and trust only to the defence of their entrenchments.

There was a brief pause; a silence like that which precedes the burst of the thunder cloud, as Joan arrayed her followers, "Forward" she cried, "and conquer; Heaven has given us the strength; the valor, and the victory! Forward and conquer!" and with the word, the living torrent was let loose against the breach. It was but a girl; a weak bare headed girl; that led them, mingling in deadly strife with the best champions of the day; yet superstition and success were stronger than the shield or crested casque. Her cry struck terror to the hearts of the defenders; her sword was scarcely parried in its sweeping blows; her foot was planted on the summit of the breach; her sacred banner floated above her head. From point to point her prophecy had been accomplished; the sun had sunk in the west, and his last rays had shone upon the triumph of the French; upon the rout, the carnage, and the desolation of the island foemen.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

THE LOST ONE.

A beautiful little girl, whose body was recently found floating upon the waters of the Ohio.

O not for thee—the lovely and the young—
Not for the beautiful a watery grave!
Let her be lightly laid the flowers among,
High o'er the wave.

Gently, ah! gently the dear form divest
Of its dank clothes, and dry her sunny hair;
And in the robes of innocence invest
The infant fair.

No mother's eye—no mother's streaming eye
Must witness the sad rites—or, bending o'er
Her treasure lost, with many a heart-bleath'd sigh,
The lov'd deplore.

On this side Heaven, alas! they may not meet—
Ah! dreams the fond one that upon this brow
Death's hand is laid? and that her blossom sweet
Is withered now?

Hope, wont so oft to cheat the trusting breast,
May, haply, mitigate a while the smart:
But the stern truth must come—a fearful guest—
And crush her heart.

O innocent! at once, and of few days,
How art thou wrapp'd in one long night of gloom!
Where now thy smiles? ah! where thy winning ways,
And cheek of bloom?

Cast like a worthless reed upon the stream,
Sweet Pity snatch'd thee as thou floatedst there,
And, weeping, gave thee—in that hour extreme—
Gave to our care.

And lo! a tendril sever'd from its vine,
We lay thee here—and, each sad office done,
To Earth, the mighty mother, now resign—
Rest, gentle one!

P.

THERE'S MUSIC IN A MOTHER'S VOICE.

There's music in a mother's voice,
More sweet than breezes sighing;
There's kindness in a mother's glance,
Too pure for ever dying.

There's love within a mother's breast,
So deep 'tis o'erflowing,
And care for those she calls her own,
That's ever, ever growing.

There's anguish in a mother's tear,
When farewell fondly taking,
That so the heart of pity moves,
It scarcely keeps from breaking.

And when a mother kneels to Heaven,
And for her child is praying,
O, who shall half the fervor tell,
That burns in all she's saying!

O mother! how her tender arts
Can soothe the breast of sadness,
And through the gloom of life once more
Bid shine the sun of gladness.

A mother! when like evening's star
Her course hath ceased before us,
From brighter worlds regards us still,
And watches fondly o'er us.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.—We hear a great deal of the philosophy of life—the poetry of life is equally real, and far more generally diffused. It is that spirit which mingles itself with all our hopes, affections, sorrows, and even death, and beautifies them all.—It mingles itself with the ambition of aspirants in every honorable track—with the emotion of the lover, with the ardor of the hero, till it covers the battle field pit from his eyes, and shows him only the halo of glory—with the patriotism of the righteous statesman—with all our social attachments and intercourse, and spreads the roses of heaven on the beaten path of human life.—No human speculation; no human pursuit, no human feeling, which is not utterly selfish and base, but draws fire and force from this spirit—and is borne by its elating influence towards its legitimate end. It is impossible to point out any nation that has become great, or even successful for a time, without it. Of the ancient nations we need not speak—in all, of whom we know anything but the barest facts, poetry, and the intense desire of glory, which cannot exist totally distinct from poetical feeling, were found. From some of them what have we not received. The very Saracens, when under Mahomet, they suddenly overflowed Asia, Africa, and part of Europe, were set on fire by the poetic charms of his new paradise:—the Teutons, that extinguished the last sparks of the Roman empire, and laid the foundations of the present European kingdoms, were not led hither merely for food—it was Valhalla, and the poetic legions of their Scalds, that armed and animated them. We cannot take away poetry from life without reducing it to the level of animal stupidity. In our days, stupendous events have passed on the face of the civilized world, and equally extraordinary has been the developement of poetic power.—A host of great names will be left to posterity, and with them a host of new impulses that will fill futurity with increase of light and happiness: and as christianity becomes better understood, as our natures become better understood, as the spirit of love begins to predominate over the spirit of selfishness, and the true poetry of life, and its power, shall be more and more acknowledged, men will feel that in aspiring after true honor—is desiring to become benefactors of men—to spread knowledge and intellectual beauty, they are but giving exercise to the divine spirit of poetry which is sent down from heaven to warm and embellish every human heart, though often unseen and unacknowledged; and they will work in the spirit of love and in its enjoyment.—*A Day Dream at Tintagel, by W. Howitt.*

[*From Poulson's Philadelphia Advertiser.*]

A BEAUTIFUL LETTER.

The following charming letter was written by a young lady pining with consumption, to a young gentleman to whom she was engaged in marriage. She lived in New York, and was spending a winter in New Orleans, hopeful that a milder climate would restore her health. But she gradually sunk under the dreadful disease, and died ere she returned home. It breathes the spirit of impassioned *devotion*, and its perusal will awaken the liveliest and best sensibilities of the heart. The sweet, hollowed sentiments which pervade it—the spirit of unchanging attachment—which distance cannot weaken, nor the prospect of *death* extinguish, is unearthly, and comes over the soul, like she mellow and subduing influence of the sitting sun.

"Men's vows are brittle things,"

but the ardor of an intelligent, virtuous, high-souled woman, is unquenchable—sooner than she will prove forgetful of her plighted promise—

The flowers shall cease to feel the fost'ring breeze,
And nature change her laws—

The unpractised heart of such a being, is more to be valued than the brightest pearls of India, or the richest gems of Golconda.

New Orleans, January 26, 1835.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—

I have broken my promise, but your too kind disposition will forgive me, even without a cause. It was as I know you fear, my poor health that prevented my writing. Alas! I had no hope that a change of air would restore my health, or freshen my withered cheeks. But my dear friends thought so, and for their sake I am here.—Oh, I wish for your sake, I could say that southern airs were strengthening my constitution and my feeble body. My morning rides bring me momentary freshness and ease, and the fragrance of the orange trees is very grateful; the deep green groves look lovely, but I only view their beauty in contrast with my own feeble perishing health. The airs are too damp and heavy. Perpetual fogs frown upon us here morning and evening. Mid-day is warm and pleasant and brings us refreshing breezes. Oh, do not think I write thus to give a fresh wound to your too generous and bleeding sympathies. But you know me too well and too true to think thus. And why should I tell you of hopes that have long since fled from my almost pulseless heart? Why should I deceive by flattering words, he that is, next to my blessed mother, dearest to me on earth? No, though a kind Providence will soon separate us here, yet he will permit us to meet again in a brighter and better home. Oh, William, do not *hope*. Each setting sun sinks paler upon my vision, and warns me that I shall see but few more fade behind the blue west. But a prospect more bright and beautiful strews flowers in my pathway to the grave. I am full of joy and

christian cheer. Your Harvey's Meditations is a sweet comforter—my pillow companion. Your letter I have read again and again. It strengthens me more than all the kind offices of my good friends. Dont part with that friend you have taken to your bosom. He is worth the world and more. I would not part with JESUS to find my cheeks flushed with rosy health, and my feeble body bounding in strength. Oh, how I wish you was here that we might once more speak together: but my sunken cheeks would so distress you, that I should be ten times more miserable. We talk of returning next month. But I fear I shall never return. Come down when you receive this, and bring little Jane with your Kiss dear little Mary and John for their sister, and give my warmest love to all the family and my kind friends. I find my strength is weakening, and I must again bid you a fond and affectionate farewell.

CATHARINE.

AUTUMN.

"————Summer is gone."

It requires not the language of poetry to remind us of the coming of autumn.—"The last rose of summer" may linger a little while and the sun may shine warmly, but the lonely condition of the one, and the pale rays of the other, tell to the practiced eye that summer is gone.

There is a kind of pleasing melancholy that comes over the mind in its contemplation of autumn, which may be likened to the feelings of the faithful christian when about to enter upon the dark valley of the shadow of death. He has passed the seedtime and summer of life, and is standing amidst the shadows and gloom of that *last* autumn which brings the harvest of all his toils, and the reward of all his labors.

The killing frosts of autumn fall not alone upon the green and beautiful vegetation of the earth. "Man too has *his* autumn.—When he arrives at the evening of his existence, those beauties which adorned the spring of his youth and the summer of his manhood, begin to discover the autumnal tint—here and there a leaf has forsaken its parent branch; his joys and delights have all emigrated to another country—winged their way over the sea of time, and taken possession of a more benignant region."—And as the only time to prepare for the future is the present, it may be well to remember that man has also his *winter*. in which the cold wind will whistle about his frail tenement. There is little chance of any valued preparation for the future in that gloomy and forlorn season of life, when the stream of vitality is congealed with the ice of chilling old age. *To-day* a man is like the stately poplar rising majestically to the heavens. *To-morrow*, fallen on the ground, and shorn of all its beauty.

The youthful prospect is bedecked with the ever-green verdure of spring, and the scenery of the matured mind often displays the beautiful placidity of summer. But the advanced in years can discover the brown tints of autumn, proclaiming themselves the harbingers of winter. The wintry sky at length is discovered, and man mingles with the clods of the valley.

Liquid style.—A paper speaking of a temperance address, says it abounded with *oceans* of sentiment, *rivers* of love, *torrents* of feeling, and a perfect *deluge* of sense!

THE GRAVE OF ETHAN ALLEN.

Original.

Tread lightly, for 'tis holy ground.

Oftentimes in the recess of my study, when my mind was tired of thought and wanted change and variety of scene to bring it back to its wonted channel, I have wandered to the lonely repose of the dead, and sat upon the tomb stone of General Ethan Allen. Oh, it is a lovely spot around—well meet for the slumbers of the Hero and the Patriot. It is situated upon an elevated spot of ground on the east shore of Lake Champlain, about a mile north of the village of Burlington. A crumbling slab of marble, placed horizontally over what was once intended for a tomb, with his name once inscribed thereon, with a few of the principal events of his life, but now scarcely intelligible from the devastating hand of time, is all that tells the enquiring traveller where sleep the ashes of the mighty dead.

It was in the death of spring when I last visited the spot—the tall grass grew rank about the grave, but above this at the head bloomed a rose bush, planted by some gentle hand, and watered by the dew of Heaven. It was in full bloom, and as it rested upon the pillar for support, and gently inclined to the ground, it seemed to form a wreath for the warrior's brow, though long since mouldered into its native dust. But the scenery around is beautifully romantic—to the west the Lake, outspread like a smooth mirror, extends itself along from north to south, spotted with the white canvass of numerous sails meeting and passing each other rapidly by; and still farther west are seen the blue hills of New-York, extending along parallel with the shore. To the east the Green Mountains range in the same direction, and parallel with the same shore at the distance of only a few miles, now towering high in the clouds, and now sloping as low as the [illegible] again rising in majestic grandeur. They appear beautifully green at so short a distance, even to their tops, from the vegetation upon their sides. But to the north and south, as far as the eye can see, the mountains on either side of the Lake, appear, at last, to close in with the water and form one complete circle.

And here in the middle of this valley as it seems to be, under the shadow of his own native hills, and in front of the water, that had borne the enemy of his country, in the deadly struggle that separated us from Great Britain, it was his wish to be interred. Such a legacy as this could not be denied to the dead, having been promised when living, and accordingly he was buried at the place I have described.

I have often thought and reflected too with candid inquiry why man should care after death what become of the loathsome mass his soul had once animated and inspired. In life it is his pride to decorate and adorn the body with the gaudy trappings of fancy, but when the soul has fled, and the blood stagnates, and the heart ceases to beat, why should he think of the cold inanimate clod he leaves behind?—But in all ages of the world this idea has been prevalent, and especially among the heroes of ancient Greece and Rome.—The former had the opinion that unless the body was buried, its spirits would wander round in search of rest, mingling sometimes with the shades of the damned and again returning to the earth, always seeking and never finding repose. But that of the Persian conqueror, the great Darius was nearly opposite. Let my body, said he, after the soul has taken its flight, be exposed to the storms and winds, and putrify, so that it may again re-dissolve and mix with its native elements. After Edward the Third had entered Scotland, three times, with an army that would almost extend from the Thames to the Tweed, and as many times been defeated by the Clan Chieftains of the north, when dying he made his officers promise, that when the scattered remnants of his defeated troops were collected, his bones should be carried on a litter in front, vainly imagining that such a sight would strike terror to the Scottish legion. But the answer of Fergus Mc Ivor, one of the highland chiefs, when about to be executed by the blood-thirsty enemy of his Clan and country, was both patriotick and affecting.—The axe, still warm with the blood of many a brave follower, was lifted for the fatal blow, when they asked, if he had any request to leave. I have nothing, said he, to ask but one poor boon—that my face may be turned towards the east, so that even in death I may look upon the blue hills I love so dearly. Similar was the request of Allen—that he might repose when dead in this still quiet valley, even upon the self same spot I have mentioned above. A lovelier place was I never in—even nature seems to have designed it for the warrior's tomb. The first rays of the morning light meet it; and the last beams of the setting sun die upon its summit. The earliest flowers of spring bloom around it—and the latest of autumn smile there in verdant beauty, when all others are sear and dead. Did I say that no marble or brazen monument lifted its proud form above his lowly pillow to commemorate his worthy deeds? Oh, he has left memorials more durable than either of these. The tablets of his memory are written upon the People's hearts; and long, long will they remain. Sleep warrior, and peace to thy soul.

RUPERT.

Rochester, October 21, 1835.

AMBITION.

Original.

AMBITION is a noble characteristic in man. It is one of those passions which holds unlimited sway over his actions—guides and controuls all his movements. It pervades all classes of community. None are so high and powerful, or so low and abject as to be free from its influence—as not to bow down in adoration to this god of the world, and suffer themselves to be led by its potent charms. By it man is impelled to deeds of honor and glory—of infamy and disgrace; to transmit his name in undying characters to posterity, as worthy of eternal remembrance, for the illustrious actions of love, patriotism and mercy, or for disgrace and crime he has committed. It urges him to enroll his name high on the rolls of fame—to put forth every noble purpose of his nature, for the benefit of present and future generations, his country and the whole human race. When actuated by the principles of virtuous ambition, he dares to risk

property and life, face the cannon's mouth, and tread the gory field of battle, to preserve untarnished the inestimable rights of liberty and self preservation. But vicious ambition has inspired some with a love of immortal fame, to gain which they have stooped to every crime and vice—been guilty of the foulest barbarities. Rather than go down to their graves unsung, they have chosen to perpetuate their names by the darkest stains. There are many of this character, some of whom stand high on the records of fame, not for any virtuous qualities, but because they were great warriors and heroes, and caused the death of many valuable men. Ambition, therefore, is to be considered in two points of view—laudable, and despicable. Laudable when it actuates the possessor to do all in his power for the alleviation of human misery and sorrow, builds up the waste places of the moral desert, and spreads abroad every peaceful quality inherent in the human breast. Despicable when it actuates the possessor to build his fame on the ruins of others, and spreads a withering mildew over the peaceful portions of community, and blasts the rising hopes and fair prospects of immortal beings. It will be the object of the present essay to point out the difference between the two kinds of ambition mentioned—to show the benefit of the one, and injury of the other,—the influence which each has on the welfare and prosperity of society. Examples of the power of ambition, when exerted for benevolent, or for dishonorable purposes, by various individuals, who have stood high in the estimation of mankind, will be adduced to prove that it is both honorable and detestable, as it depends upon the manner in which the person under its influence suffers himself to be guided.

But few names and deeds of the heroes and philanthropists of Greece and Rome, have come safe down to us on the historic page, and are held up for our admiration and profit, or contempt and abhorrence. Alexander the conqueror of the world first demands our attention. We see him and his small band of intrepid heroes contending with the effeminate legions of Persia, strewing the earth with thousands slain, spreading devastation over his enemies' fertile country. And when we enquire what motives urged him to suffer hardships of the severest kind—to exert every power to gain his purpose, the answer is ready—it was ambition. But was it ambition of a noble or ignoble kind? Was it in the defence of his country that he took up arms? Was he desirous of spreading the arts and sciences abroad?—of extending the blessings of virtue and civilization throughout the earth? No. These were not his motives. It was earthly fame, merely to live in "story and in song"—to transmit his name to posterity as the conqueror of the world, the subjugator and destroyer of millions of his race, which led him on in his career. For if not so, why, when he had conquered the whole world, did he weep because there were no more for him to enslave. His was truly an ambition of an unholy nature. Earthly honor and renown were the desires of his soul. As long as the warrior is remembered, he will be.

We now come to the contemplation of a different character. 'Tis that of Socrates, dispensing his doctrines—teaching his countrymen that there is something beyond the grave worthy of their attention—that the soul is destined to live forever in a state of bliss or misery. His time was employed for the benefit of mankind. His doctrines were of a peaceful and holy nature, too mild and gentle for the hardy spirit of the age in which he lived, hence they met with but poor success. They eventually worked his ruin. Oh! it is melancholy, that he who taught the purer principles of our holy nature should suffer an ignominious death, while the destroyer of man is held in so great esteem. Witness the calmness and serenity of his last moments. These convince us that the doctrines he promulgated were more than human—their principles divine. Ambition also actuated him, but it was an ambition of an honorable nature, which urged him to do all he could for the welfare of man. The names of both are enrolled high in fame's proud temple, but far different are our emotions while contemplating them. The former we view only as a warrior and destroyer of the fair hopes and prospects of immortal beings; the other as one who desired to see virtue and morality flourish in the place of crime and misery. The memories of both have survived the devastation of time. The one will be a pattern for the blood stained hero to copy; the other the humble philanthropist, intent on doing good to those around him.

But Greece! we love thee, with all thy crimes and virtues. For crimes thou hast, and virtues too.

> "Earth shuddered at thy deeds, and sighed for rest,
> From thy abominations, after times,
> That yet shall read thy tale, will tremble at thy crimes."

Thou hast thy redeeming qualities! A light has come from thy benighted shores which tells of brighter days, and manlier virtues.

> "The whirlwind of thy passions was thine own;
> And the pure ray, that from thy bosom came,
> Far over many a land and age has shone,
> And mingles with the light that beams from God's own throne."

Rome! we pass by thy sages and philosophers, heroes and philanthropists, in silence, and come down to our own times, and select one example more to illustrate our subject.

We will take Napoleon, the hero of an hundred battles, and destroyer of thousands of men. 'Twas ambition which urged him to lead on his millions to slaughter and conquest—to tread the fields of blood and carnage. It said to him, press forward and be forever immortalized—live in the annals of history for thy bloody deeds. He followed her dictates and lives. His name is immortalized—not for his virtues, but for his crimes. Europe trembled at his word, and did him survile homage, but rejoiced when he died. No ensigns of mourning were seen. No funeral dirges were sung; but rather peans of praise reverberated from land to land. He died in exile. No tears were shed. All rejoiced that his career of crime and bloodshed was ended. His name, however, cannot die. It is engraven too deeply on the bloody page of history to be obliterated. Future generations will read and pass judgment on his actions, give him what of honor is his due, and also censure. We leave him and turn to one of a far different character. It is Howard, the noble philanthropist. In him we find an individual, who disregarded wealth, honor, and the pleasures of refined society, to alleviate the wants of the suffering. He mourned over the miseries of his fellow-men, and nobly strove to relieve them. He was the prisoner's friend and kind benefactor. No abodes of human misery detered him from entering them, and bringing to light the wretchedness there existing. On his errands of love, he visited almost every portion of Europe, and exerted his influence for the relief of those whose crimes deprived them from enjoying the society of the virtuous. While engaged on his missions, disease marked him for its victim. He fell a prey to his philanthropic deeds, inhaled from the sick the disease which bore him to the grave. But no regrets escaped his lips. He desired to live only that he might be the means of accomplishing more good. With the consciousness of having spent his time for the benefit of immortal beings, and not to increase their misery, he died in peace. No friends were present, to console him in his dying hours, and soothe his passage to the grave. Philanthropists of all climes mourned his departure from the theatre of action. His love of man, will be admired as long as there are any who desire to see the nobler qualities of our natures flourish in preference to our viler ones. His name will grow brighter and brighter as it passes on the wave of time, until the arrival of that blissful period, when war, crime, and bloodshed will be known no more—but peace and harmony in all their beauty and loveliness shall reign in the whole earth, encircling in the arms of love and kindness every human being on its capacious bosom.

A. J. M.

FOR THE GEM.

Mr. Editor,—A writer in the 19th number of the Gem, in his excursion to Wheatland gives us his views concerning the mounds and ancient fortifications found in many parts of the country. He holds forth the sentiment, that they are not in *fact* so very ancient as is generally supposed. And in order to remove some formidable objections against this position, he endeavours to account for the growth of standing forest trees, both of those in the entrenchments and those spread over the interior of the ground of the fortifications, and on the summits and round upon the sides of the mounds.

He supposes the works all to have been erected in the standing forests; and, that those trees, which we find standing in and about them, occupied the same places previously to, and at the time of their erection, as now: that those immediately in the entrenchments, were closed about with the earth thrown up to its height, so as to form a part of the entrenchment itself, which has, by the ravages of time become demolished to its present state, having left no visible traces of having been conjoined with the trunks of those trees from which it has at length totally declined. The mounds he supposes were also thrown up around the trees in the same way, and, have likewise, in the same manner, been reduced to their present situation; leaving as little ground to judge of their *original* structure as there is to judge of that of the entrenchments of the forts.

But as this hypothesis appears to me not only extremely preposterous, but wholly destitute of foundation, I beg leave to offer a few *facts*, mostly the result of *my own observation*, which will, in my humble view, illustrate the true character of those mysterious works more rationally than is done by the above theory. Directly under the stumps, (when torn up) of Oak and Pine Trees of three and four feet diameter, in and about one of those old fortifications, I have found old coarse earthern ware, old pipes, of a rude construction, and in some cases burnt corn reduced perfectly to a coal, but the kernel retaining its perfect shape. And I have been *informed*, by a credible person, that he had found under a large stump in the same fort, the entire skeleton of a human body, which apparently had never been moved since the flesh had decayed. These relics were so situated, perfectly beneath the roots of those trees, as to render it quite impossible for them to have been put there since their growth. The same articles were also found in various other places thoughout the same fort, both above and below the surface of the ground, which fact shows both those found under the trees and those in other places scattered throughout the ground to be coeval. And as some of those trees have stood for centuries, according to the nicest estimations, and as the relics overgrown by them must, according to the course of things, have lain some time anterior to the first rooting of the trees, the works must wear an aspect bordering somewhat farther upon antiquity than is represented by our excursive friend, "Telemachus."

PEDAGOGUE.

DEATH

Original.

Mr. Editor,—In perusing the GEM of Sept. 5th, I noticed two articles headed Death, which had a tendency to arouse some reflections which have probably occupied my mind. For years I have observed, with no inconsiderable share of astonishment, the incongruity prevailing between precept and profession, when contrasted with practice and example, upon the more immediate and all important subject of the final dissolution of the material system. Melancholy indeed must be that conclusion which pronounces man, "being the image of his Maker," a selfish, avaricious, and opinionated mortal; rarely too good to apportion to his own individual use, the greater share of those worldly goods, which a Divine Original, in the plenitude of his mercy, has entrusted to his care, for the apparent purpose of rearing the drooping head, healing the broken heart, and dispelling those clouds of sorrow, and anguish which hover around the cell of suffering humanity. Melancholy as it is, yet it is nevertheless true. We view him laying plans for his own personal aggrandizement, and should these peradventure be based upon the ruins of his friend, it is a subject of pleasure springing from envy, rather than sympathetic commiseration; and can he only heap within his baneful coffers, that transient treasure "which moth and rust doth corrupt," the end not unfrequently sanctifies the means. In searching for truth, upon some subjects, he confines his spirit of inquiry to certain effects, and passes judgment upon the same, as they may flash across his perverted imagination, unmindful of the causes from which they have emanated. On others, of more or less consequence, we find him logically engaged in tracing out the cause from the known effect, or the effect from the existing cause, and deducing therefrom a theory, which may carry with it the initials of truth, not easily refuted, and may ripen into belief, and "by believing firmly, he may make belief true." These being the principles upon which men act, we readily perceive one fruitful source of contention and diversity of opinion, upon many of the scenes attendant upon human life; and consequently few are the points of animadversion around which the views of mankind will gather and harmonize. Probably not one can be cited from the lengthy catalogue, which so universally receives the assent of the multitude, as that death is the inevitable lot of man, from which there is no reprieve nor escape. This point conceded, then there is not a subject which can be gleaned from the history of created intelligences, and arrayed before the mind of mortal man, that is better calculated to excite, at some period or other, sooner or later, the unvarnished sentiments of the creature, than the following:—Is death the opening door to annihilation, or does man exist beyond the ravages of the tomb?

"To be, or not to be, that's the question?"

On the darkbrow of some, we find traced in legible characters, this inscription—"Death is an eternal sleep!" But the christian responds in the following language: The immortal mind of man knows no decay, but is progressing through time and the ceaseless ages of eternity. This faith teaches him, that when (be it sooner or later) he shall be called to put aside this earthly tabernacle, joys which are past the powers of mind to conceive, or tongue to utter, await that immortal portion which death and the grave cannot controul. Experience teaches him that this probationary state can furnish naught but trouble, pain, anxiety, and disappointment; and it teaches him, that the most cherished anticipations of the heart, are cruelly blasted in the bud by the icy touch of unexpected evil; and it also teaches him, that all the contemplated joys of earth, are like the bubble upon the surface of the water, formed indeed by the rain-drop, and quickly destroyed by its successor: and finally, it teaches him, the sad but instructive lesson, that "man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward,"—and that his life has been aptly represented by the baseless and inconstant wanderings of a vision, and may still be compared to "the shadow of a shade," thrown upon our astonished minds, "to commemorate the imbecility and short lived brilliance of precarious greatness." Of these truths, every consistent christian is fully convinced. Why then do we find him standing aghast at the approach of death? Does the idea of physical suffering for a short period of time, overbalance the removal of all physical evil, and the introduction to anticipated happiness? If not, why wish to arrest the progress of that friend, whose mission is to burst the earthly shackels which have bound him, and usher him into those celestial courts where he may bask in undiminished splendour through the revolving ages of eternity. Grief, and that happiness which has ever been subject to alloy since the apostacy of man, shall then only exist in the past legends of story. Immateriality shall then bid defiance to all the assailing powers of death and the grave. Destruction shall have been consigned to eternal silence, and bound down by cords which the ceaseless rounds of eternity cannot sever. Whatever survives this earthy structure, is onward in its course, and can never be subjected to diminution.

When those permanent joys, which the christian recognizes, are contrasted with the allurements of this transitory state, can the mind remain even for a moment in suspense relative to a decision upon this subject? Most certainly not, we should think, would be the candid reply of every reflecting person. A STRANGER.

Rochester, Sept. 1835.

Gambling, or Rain and Sunshine.

"Why do you keep me for so long a time at the door?" said Edward F. passionately to his wife. The night had passed; but its cold wind entered the house as Mrs. F. with a sorrowful heart, undid the lock.

"It is late, Edward; and I could not keep from slumbering."

He said nothing in return to this; but flung himself in a chair and gazed intently on the fire. His son climbed upon his knee, and putting his arms around his father's neck, whispered, "papa, what has mama been crying for?' Mr. F. started—shook off his boy, and said with violence, "get to bed, sir; what business has your mother to let you be up at this late hour?" The poor child's lower lip pouted; but he was at the time too much frightened to cry. His sister silently took him up; and when he reached his cot, his warm heart discharged itself of its noisy grief. The mother heard his crying and went to him, but soon returned to the parlor. She leant upon her husband and thus addressed him:—"Edward, I will not upbraid you on account of your harshness to me—but I implore you not to act in this manner before our children.—You are not Edward as you used to be!—Those heavy eyes tell of wretchedness, as well as of bad hours. You wrong me—you wrong yourself, thus to let my hand show I am your wife—but at the same time let your heart know singleness in matters of moment. I am aware of the kind of society in which you have lately indulged. Tell me, Edward, for heaven's sake, tell me!—we are poor! we are reduced! we are ruined!—is it not so?"

Edward had not a word to say for his wife: but a man's tears are more awful than his words.

"Well, be it so, Edward! Our children may suffer from our fall; but it will redouble my exertions for them. And as for myself, you do not know me, if you think that circumstances can lessen my feelings for you. A woman's love is like the plant which shows its strength the more it is trodden on. Arouse yourself, my husband—it is true your father has cast you off, and you are indebted to him in a serious sum—but he is not *all the world*;—only consider your wife in that light———."

"A slight tap was now heard at the door, and Mrs. F. went to ascertain the cause:—she returned to her husband: "Mary is at the door, she says you always kissed her before she went to bed?"

"My child—my child," said the father: God bless you; I am not well, Mary, nay

do not speak to me to night; Go to rest now—give me one of your pretty smiles in the morning, and your father will be happy again."

Mr. F. was persuaded by his affectionate partner to retire: but sleep and rest were not for him—his wife and children had once given him happy dreams—but now, the ruin he had brought upon them was an awakening reality.

When the light of the morning faintly appeared above the line of the opposite houses, Mr. F. arose.

"Where are you going, Edward?" said his watchful wife. "I have been considering," he replied calmly; "and I am determined to try my father. He loved me when I was a boy—was proud of me. It is true I have acted dishonorable by him; and should, no doubt have ruined him. Yesterday I spoke harshly of him; but I did not then know myself. Your deep affection, my wife, has completely altered me. I can never forget my ill temper towards you—but I will make up for it—I will—indeed I will—Nay do not, do not grieve in this way—this is worse to me than all; I will be back soon."

The children appeared at the breakfast room. Mary was ready with her smile, and the boy was anxious for the notice of his father. In a short time Mr. F. returned.

'Why so pale, my husband! will your parent not assist you!"

We must sink, my love! He will not assist me. He upbraided me: I did not, could not answer him a word. He spoke kindly of you and your little ones; but he cast me off forever."

The distressed man had scarcely said this when a person rudely came in. The purport of his visit was soon perceived. In the name of F.'s father he took possession of the property—and had a right to make F. a prisoner.

'You shall not take papa away,' said the little son, at the same time kicking at the officer.

'Mama,' whispered Mary, 'must my father go to prison—won't they let us go too?'

'Here comes my authority,' said the deputy sheriff.

The elder Mr. F. doggedly placed himself in a chair.

'You shall not take my papa away, cried out the boy to his grandfather.

"Whatever may have been my conduct, sir," said the miserable Edward, "this is unkind of you. I have not a single feeling for myself, but my wife—my children—you have no right to harrass them with your presence.

"Nay, husband," responded Mrs. F. "think not of me. Your father cannot distress *me*. I have not known you from your childhood as he has done: but he shall see how I can cling to you—can be proud of you in your poverty. He has forgotten your youthful days---he has lost sight of his own thoughtless years."

The old gentleman directed his law agent to leave the room. He then slowly, yet nervously answered thus:—

"Madam—I have not forgotten my own thoughtless days. I have not forgotten that I once had a wife as amiable and noble minded as yourself---and I have not forgotten that your husband was her favorite child. An old man hides his sorrows; but let not the world, therefore think him unfeeling---especially as that world taught him to do so. The distress I have this moment caused was premeditated on my part. It has had its full effect. A mortal gets a vice by single steps; and many think the victim must return by degrees: I know Edward's disposition; and that a single leap is sufficient. That leap he has taken. He is again in my memory as the favorite of his poor mother—the laughing eyed young poet of a—pshaw—of a—an old fool; for why am I crying?'

Little Mary had insensibly drawn herself towards the old philosopher, and, without uttering a word, pressed his hand, and put her handkerchief to his eyes. The boy also now left his parent, walked up to his grandfather, and leaning his elbow on the old man's knees, and turning up his round cheek, said, "then you wont take papa away?"

"No! you little impudent rascal—but I'll take you away; and when your mother comes for you, I'll treat her so well, that I will make your father follow after."

Thus came happiness at the heel of ruin. If husbands oftener appreciated the exquisite and heaven like affection of their wives, many happier firesides would be seen. *One in love, and one in mind*, ought to be the motto of every married pair. And fathers would manytimes check improvidence if they were to make use of reflection and kindness, rather than predjudice and strictness.

A NEWSPAPER.

A friend recently stated to us, that in a conversation once with the late Dr. Benjamin Rush, he had asked him if he was in the practice of reading newspapers? The doctor replied, that he did not read the political essays, but that he regularly read their general contents as displaying God's Providence to man in a great variety of ways.

The justness of this remark must be manifest to any one who will cast his eye over a newspaper. Custom in this country has not authorized, as in England, the annunciation of births, but marriages & deaths always constitute a part of its contents. The good and bad actions of individuals and their rewards and punishment, are detailed. Visitations in the form of fires, storms, earthquakes, diseases and famines, and a variety of other calamities, which human foresight or prudence cannot avert, with blessings in the shape of plentiful crops, national prosperity, health and peace, are depicted.—Accidents (so called) and the every day occurrences of life down to the most trivial matter that can interest a reader even of the most humble class, are recorded.—The ship news carries the mind all over the world, and gives us to know the perils of the great deep, whilst the advertising columns inform the people of a thousand matters, in some of which at least every body is interested.

LOVE POWDER.—A man by the name of William Mott, of Akron, Ohio, advertises the elopement of his wife, gun, three hundred and forty dollers in cash, together with other articles not reccollected. He says she went away with a man by the name of Thomas Daniels, and adds "it is my firm belief that the villain employed some secret charm, philtre, or love powder, to procure the accomplishment of his infernal schemes.' We have hitherto been rather faithless in the existence of love powder; but if it has actually been discovered growing spontaneously in Ohio, we entreat the good people of that region not to suffer any of the seed of it to come east, as it will be more troublesome here than the Canada thistle.

EPITAPH.—The following Epitaph was placed on a tomb-stone, under which was deposited the remains of *six* persons, who were legitimately connected as below,—How were they related to each other?

HERE LIES
Two maidens with their two mothers,
Two mothers with their two sons,
Two husbands with their two wives,
Two fathers with their two daughters,
Two sons with their two mothers,
Two grand-mothers with their two grand-daughters,
Two step fathers with their two step sons.

THE GEM AND AMULET.

THE GREAT FRESHET—DARING AND SUCCESSFUL ADVENTURE.—Since our last number, the rains have been almost incessant for several days, and the western part of the state literally inundated.—The Genesee River has been higher than ever before known. Immense damage has been done to bridges, dams, houses, crops, cattle, &c. from one end of it to the other. The Falls in this city during the high water, presented (in the language of one of the daily papers,) "a most magnificent spectacle. The immense volume of dark turbid water, partially broken into foam in its descent into the terrible chasm, filled the mind with emotions of indescribable sublimity. Imagination might resemble it to a dark, descending thunder cloud, interwoven and fringed with snow wreaths."

An incident connected with this flood and the Falls, is worthy of being noted: a flock of geese were on the island just above the cataract, and as the water continued to rise around them, they huddled nearer and nearer together, until only a few feet of terra firma was left uncovered. Notwithstanding they were evidently on short allowance and far from being satisfied with appearances for the future, no resolute effort was made by them to brave the impetuous current which ran between them and the nearest shore, until two or three days of peril had elapsed, when, after pluming their wings and making every preparation in their power for the fearful experiment, some half a dozen plunged into the stream. Their death-like struggles hardly forced them into the current, when they seemed to give up all for lost, & turning their faces up stream resigned themselves apparently to their fate. It was an exciting moment to the spectators, as the eye followed them to the perpendicular descent of a hundred feet, and glanced with them down, as they seemed to cling in the same position to the surface of the foaming sheet of water, until the spray and boiling deep concealed them from view.

It was the identical spot where six years ago the ill-fated "Sam Patch" made his "last leap;" and while thinking whether his fate would be theirs, one of the venturesome bipeds was seen to shoot out upon the surface of the smooth water below, and then another and another, until all who left the island were united in safety and made the welkin ring with their discordant notes of exultation.

A tea party was given a few nights ago by Judge Wilkinson, of Buffalo, to those who resided at Buffalo previous to its destruction by fire by the British and Indians, in 1813.

"A STRANGER," will perceive that we have omitted some parts of his communication, which we could not admit into our columns without deviating from our prescribed rules.

PARNASSIAN FLOWERS.

Original.

A DIRGE.

Spirit! whither dost thou wander?
Thou and earth are strangers now;
Thou but yesterday wast with us,—
Wilt thou dwell no more below?

Art thou gone—hast left forever
All this great world doth inherit?
Have the scenes that once delighted
Now no beauties for thee, spirit?

Late the walks by hill and river,
Flowers and sunshine—thou didst love them;
The valleys filled with happy creatures,
And the blue skies stretch'd out above them.

And those beings fair and lovely,
Who cling and weep around thy pall—
Thou once didst love them—wherefore spirit,
Hast thou flown and left them all?

Hath a dearer joy enticed thee?
Hast thou seen a lovelier sight?
To some brighter, holier country
Hast thou winged thy chainless flight?

Aye, thou 'rt gone where all must journey,
Hast passed the bourne of space and time;
The boundless universe thy dwelling,
Eternity is now thy clime.

Now is thy bright and buoyant pinion
Freed from defilement and from clay,
And pours upon thy raptured vision
The glory of unfading day.

Angels now are thy companions,
And tune for thee their harps of gold;
All things are new, and O, how glorious!
God Himself thine eyes behold!

Knowledge now shall pour upon thee:—
Creation's wondrous history,
Delighted thou shalt scan forever
And ravel all its mystery.

Wilt thou forget that for a season
Thou didst sojourn here on earth?
One gloomy hour of grief and suff'ring
Passed between thy death and birth.

Perchance thou wilt, for nothing earthly
Can now be worth thy lightest thought;
Perchance thy being's earthly childhood
May pass away and be forgot.

Thine is now th' ecstatic vision
None may ever see and live!
Things shining pure white vestures
God's own hand alone can give.

Spirit, we have much to ask thee;
Thou canst solve our problems deep,
Canst show the springs of good and evil,
And point where Nature's causes sleep.

Tell us, is our much prized science
A glimmering of youth's pure ray?
Or do our boasted light and knowledge
But lead us darkling more astray?

Thou dost not hear—or wilt not answer;
'Tis well;—thou'rt gone beyond our ken;
Loftier objects now engross thee;
Thou hast nought to do with men.

Lo! the link that bound thee to us
Lies in fragments at our feet;
Fare thee well, enfranchised spirit!
We on earth no more may meet.

Q.

Original.

'TIS SWEET.

'Tis sweet when life's oppressing cares
Weigh down our troubled souls,
When disappointment draws our tears
And all the world is cold,

To think of childhood's sunny hours,
When naught but joy appeared,
And pleasure strewed our path with flowers
In virtue's garden reared.

'Tis sweet when in some foreign land,
Far from our friends and home,
Where none extend the friendly hand
Nor bid the weary come,

To think how soon we shall enjoy
The circle round our hearth,
Where nought that pleasure can alloy,
Shall damp our social mirth.

'Tis sweet beneath age's with'ring power
And sickness' scourge oppressed,
To look with pleasure on the hour
When we shall be at rest.

But oh! 'tis good when death draws nigh,
And earthly ties are riven,
To look to our bright home on high,
And rest our hope in HEAVEN.

J. B. C.

Original.

THE GENESEE,

(*In its present swollen state.*)

How swift rolls the river!
How loud is its roar!
How dash its fierce waters
In rage on the shore!

Sometimes smoothly flowing,
Its wide waters stray;
Then heaving and foaming,
It dashes the spray.

Now shakes the tall walnut
That stands by its course,
And trembles the breaker
That baffles its force.

It comes from the mountain,
With terrific speed:
Now threading the forest,
Now sweeping the mead.

It bears on its bosom,
Its lawful won *spoil*,
The deep-rooted maple
Torn up from the soil.

How terrible thou!
When nearing the edge,
The wild rolling waters
Rush over the ledge!*

I gaze on in wonder,
Beholding their roll;
I list to their thunder
That speaks to the soul.

Hold, hold! angry river,
Thy rage is in vain;
Soon wilt thou for ever
Be lost in the main.

And there shall thy surges,
Thou swift, swollen stream,
"A drop in the bucket"
But nothingness seem.

Then where thy proud billow,
With snowy white crest—
The whirpool—the ripple—
That played on thy breast?

And when o'er the ocean,
The chainless winds sweep,
And frantic commotion
Upheaves the great deep:

When rises the billow,
And breaks on the shore,
Resounding thro' caverns
With terrific roar;

Then where the soft murmur
Thou mad'st when a rill,
When kiss'd by the willow
That bent from the hill?

Where, where is the echo
That came from the wall?
Or where the loud thunder
Thou mad'st at the fall?

O cease, angry river,
Thy rage is in vain:
Soon wilt thou for ever
Be lost in the main.

TELEMACHUS.

Genesee Falls, at Rochester.

A pig outwitted.—Matthews, in one of his entertainments, raises a hearty laugh, by telling the following story of an Irishman driving a pig. Animals of this species are well known for their obstinacy, and for their perseverance in endeavoring to go any way but that which you wish them to take. Matthews asked the Irishman bog-trotter, where he was taking the pig, and the following colloquy ensues. "Spake lower your honor; pray spake lower." I only asked you whither you are driving the pig? "Spake lower." What reason can you have for not answering so trifling a question? 'Why sure, I would answer your swate honor any thing, but I am afraid he'll hare me." What then? "Then he'll not go; for I'm taking him to Cork, but making him believe he's going to Fermoy!"

Whoever is open and generous and true; whoever is of humane and affable demeanor; whoever is honorable in himself, and candid in his judgment of others, and requires no law but his word to make and fulfil an engagement; such a man is a gentleman, and such a man may be found among the tillers of the earth.

ELECTION NOTICE.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Monroe Co., }
Rochester, August 12, 1835. }

A GENERAL ELECTION is to be held in the county of Monroe on the second, third, and fourth days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is exann ed.

ELIAS POND, Sheriff.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
Secretary's Office. } Albany, August 1, 1835

Sir—I hereby give you notice, that the next general election in this state, to be held on the 2nd, 3d, and 4th days of November next, a Senator is to be chosen in the eighth senate district, in the place of Chauncey J. Fox, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

Notice is also given, that at the said election, the following proposed amendment to the constitution of this state will be submitted to the people, viz.:

For restoring the duties on goods sold at auction, and the duties on salt to the general fund.

JOHN A. DIX, Secretary of State.

To the Sheriff of the county of Monroe.

N. B. The Inspectors of Election in the several towns in your county will give notice of the election of Members of Assembly, and for filling any vacancies in county offices which may exist

NOTICE.

REDEMPTION OF LAND SOLD FOR TAXES.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
Comptroller's Office. }

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to Section 76, Tit. 3, of Chap. 13, of the 1st Part of Revised Satutes, that unless the lands sold for taxes at the general tax sale held at the Capitol, in the city of Albany, in the months of March and April, 1834, shall be redeemed by the payment into the Treasury of the State, on or before the 21st April next, after the date hereof, of the amount for which each parcel of the said lands was sold, and the interest thereon, at the rate of ten per centum per annum, from the date of the sale to the date of the payment, The land so sold, and remaining unredeemed will be conveyed to the purchasers thereof.—Dated October 2d. 1835.

A. C. FLAGG, Comptroller.

☞ The printer of the Level will thankfully receive any favors in the line of Book, Pamphlet, Card, Hand-Bill, or other printing.

THE ROCHESTER GEM,
And Ladies' Amulet:
DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.
Vol. 7--With Plates.

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No subscription taken for a less term than a year. Moneys can be safely sent by mail.—All Letters must be *post-paid*, and addressed to SHEPARD & STRONG, proprietors.

ROCHESTER

THE GEM,

AND LADIES' AMULET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, AMUSING MISCELLANY, &c.

VOLUME 7.] ROCHESTER, NOV. 14, 1835. [NUMBER 23.

THE RUINED ONE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

In the course of an excursion through one of the remote counties of England, I had struck into one of those cross roads that lead through the more secluded parts of the country, and stopped one afternoon at a village, the situation of which was beautifully rural and retired. There was an air of primitive simplicity about its inhabitants, not to be found in the villages which lie on the great coach roads. I determined to pass the night there, and having taken an early dinner, strolled out to enjoy the neighboring scenery.

My ramble, as is usually the case with travellers, soon led me to the church, which stood at a little distance from the village. Indeed, it was an object of some curiosity, its tower being completely overrun with ivy, so that only here and there a jutting buttress, an angle of gray wall, or a fantastically carved ornament, peered through the verdant covering. It was a lovely evening. The early part of the day had been dark and showery, but in the afternoon it had cleared up; and though sullen clouds still hung over head, yet there was a broad tract of golden sky in the west, from which the setting sun gleamed through the dripping leaves, and lit up all nature in a melancholy smile.—It seemed like the parting hour of a good Christian, smiling on the sins and sorrows of the world, and giving, in the serenity of his decline, an assurance that he will rise again in glory.

I had seated myself on a half sunken tomb-stone, and was musing, as one is apt to do at this sober-thoughted hour, on past things and early friends—on those who were distant and those who were dead—and indulging in that melancholy fancying, which has in it something sweeter even than pleasure. Every now and then the stroke of a bell from the neighboring tower fell on my ear; its tones were in unison with the scene, and instead of jarring, chimed in with my feelings; and it was some time before I recollected, that it must be tolling the knell of some new tenant of the tomb.

Presently I saw a funeral train moving across the village green; it wound slowly along a lane; was lost and re-appeared through the breaks of the hedges, until it passed the place where I was sitting. The pall was supported by young girls, dressed in white; and another, about the age of seventeen, walked before, bearing a chaplet of white flowers; a token that the deceased was a young and unmarried female. The corpse was followed by the parents. They were a venerable couple of the better order of peasantry. The father seemed to repress his feelings; but his fixed eye, contracted brow, and deeply furrowed face, showed the struggle that was passing within. His wife hung on his arm, and wept aloud with the convulsive burst of a mother's sorrow.

I followed the funeral into the church.—The bier was placed in the centre aisle, and the chaplet of white flowers, with a pair of white gloves, were hung over the seat which the deceased had occupied.

Every one knows the soul-subduing pathos of funeral service; for who is so fortunate as never to have followed some one he has loved to the tomb? but when performed over the remains of innocence and beauty, thus laid low in the bloom of existence—what can be more affecting? At that simple, but most solemn consignment of the—"Earth to earth—ashes to ashes—dust to dust!"—the tears of the youthful companions of the deceased flowed unrestrained. The father still seemed to struggle with his feelings, and to comfort himself with the assurance, that the dead are blessed which die in the Lord; but the mother only thought of her child as a flower of the field cut down and withered in the midst of its sweetness: she was like Rachel, "mourning over her children, and would not be comforted."

On returning to the inn, I learnt the whole story of the deceased. It was a simple one, and such as has often been told. She had been the beauty and pride of the village. Her father had once been an opulent farmer, but was reduced in circumstances. This was an only child, and brought up entirely at home, in the simplicity of rural life. She had been the pupil of the village pastor, the favorite of his little flock. The good man watched over her education with paternal care; it was limited, and suitable to the sphere in which she was to move; for he only sought to make her an ornament to her station in life, not to raise her above it. The tenderness and indulgence of her parents, and the exemption from all ordinary occupations, had fostered a natural grace and delicacy of character, that accorded with the fragile loveliness of her form. She appeared like some tender plant of the garden, blooming acidentally amid the hardier natives of the fields.

The superiority of her charms was felt and acknowledged by her companions, but without envy; for it was surpassed by the unassuming gentleness and winning kindness of her manners. It might be truly said of her;

"This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward; nothing she does or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place."

The village was one of those sequestered spots, which still retain some vestiges of old English customs. It had its rural festivals and holy-day past times, and still kept up some faint observances of the once popular rites of May. These, indeed, had been promoted by its present pastor, who was a lover of old customs, and one of those simple Christians that think their mission fulfilled by promoting joy on earth and good will among mankind. Under his auspices, the may pole stood from year to year in the centre of the village green; on May day it was decorated with garlands and streamers; and a queen or lady of the May was appointed, as in former times, to preside at the sports, and distribute the prizes and rewards. The picturesque situation of the village, and fancifulness of its rustic fetes, would often attract the notice of casual visiters. Among these, one May day was a young officer, whose regiment had been recently quartered in the neighborhood. He was charmed with the native taste that pervaded this village pageant; but, above all, with the dawning loveliness of the queen of May. It was the village favorite, who was crowned with flowers, and blushing and smiling in all the beautiful confusion of girlish diffidence and delight. The artlessness of rural habits enabled him readily to make her acquaintance; he gradually won his way into her intimacy, and paid his court to her in that unthinking way in which young officers are too apt to trifle with rustic simplicity.

There was nothing in his advances to startle or alarm. He never talked of love; but there are modes of making it more eloquent than language, which convey it subtilely and irresistably into the heart, The beam of the eye, the tone of the voice, the thousand tendernesses which emanate from every word, and look, and action—these form the true eloquence of love, and can almost be felt and understood, but never described. Can we wonder that they should readily win a heart young, guileless and susceptible? As to her, she loved al-

most unconsciously ; she scarcely inquired what was the growing passion that was absorbing every thought and feeling, or what were to be its consequences. She, indeed, looked not to the future. When present, his looks and words occupied her whole attention ; when absent, she thought but of what had passed at their recent interview. She would wander with him through the green lanes and rural scenes of the vicinity. He taught her to see new beauties in nature ; he talked in the language of polite and culivated life, and breathed into her ear the witcheries of romance and poetry.

Perhaps there could not have been a passion, between the sexes, more pure than this innocent girl's. The gallant figure of her youthful admired, and the splendor of his military attire, might at first have charmed her eye ; but it was not these that had captivated her heart. Her attachment had something in it of idolatry. She looked up to him as a being of a superior order. She felt in his society the enthusiasm of a mind naturally delicate and poetical, and now first awakened to the grand and beautiful. Of the sordid distinctions of rank and fortune she thought nothing ; it was the difference of intellect, of demeanor, of manners, from those of the rude rustic society to which she had been accustomed, that elevated him in her opinion. She would listen to him with charmed ear and downcast look or mute delight, and her cheek would mantle with enthusiasm ; or if ever she ventured a sly glance of admiration, it was as quickly withdrawn, and she would sigh and blush at her comparative unworthiness.

Her lover was equally impassioned ; but his passion was mingled with feelings of a coarser nature. He had begun the connexion in levity ; for he had often heard his brother officers boast of their village conquests, and thought some triumph of the kind necessary to his reputation as a man of spirit. But he was too full of youthful fervor. His heart had not yet been rendered sufficiently cold and selfish by a wandering and a dissipated life ; it caught fire from the very flame it sought to kindle, and before he was aware of the nature of his situation he became really in love.

What was he to do ? There were the old obstacles which so incessantly occur in these heedless attachments. His rank in life—the prejudices of titled connexions —his dependance upon a proud and unyielding father—all forbade him to think of matrimony ;—but when he looked down upon this innocent being, so tender and confiding, there was a purity in her manners, a blamelessness in her life, and a beseeching modesty in her looks, that awed down every licentious feeling. In vain did he try to fortify himself by a thousand heartless examples of men of fashion, and to chill the glow of generous sentiment, with the cold derisive levity with which he had heard them talk of female virtue ;—whenever he came into her presence, she was still surrounded by that mysterious, but impressive charm of virgin beauty, in whose hallowed sphere no guilty thought can live.

The sudden arrival of orders from the regiment to repair to the continent, completed the confusion of his mind. He remained for a short time in a state of the most painful irresolution ; he hesitated to communicate the tidings until the day of marching was at hand ; when he gave her the intelligence in the course of an evening ramble.

The idea of parting had never before occurred to her. It broke at once upon her dream of happiness : she looked upon it as a sudden and insurmountable evil, and wept with the guiltless simplicity of a child. He drew her to his bosom, and kissed the tears from her soft cheek ; nor did he meet with a repulse ; for there are moments of mingled sorrow and tenderness which hallow the caresses of affection. He was naturally impetuous ; and the sight of beauty, apparently yielding in his arms ; the confidence of his power over her ; and the dread of losing her forever ; all conspired to overwhelm his better feelings—he ventured to propose that she should leave her home and be the companion of his fortune.

He was quite a novice in seduction, and blushed and faultered at his own baseness ; but so innocent of mind was his intended victim, that she was at a loss to comprehend his meaning ; and why she should leave her native village and the humble roof of her parents ? When at last, the nature of his proposal flashed upon her pure mind, the effect was withering. She did not weep ; she did not break forth in reproach —she said not a word—but she shrunk back aghast, as from a viper ; gave him a look of anguish that pierced to his very soul ; and clasping her hands in agony, fled as if for refuge, to her father's cottage.

The officer retired, confounded, humiliated, and repentant. It is uncertain what might have been the result of the conflict of his feelings, had not his thoughts been diverted by the bustle of departure. New scenes, new pleasures, and new companions, soon dissipated his self reproach, and stifled his tenderness ; yet amidst the stir of camps, the revelries of garrisons, the array of armies, and even the din of battles, his thoughts would sometimes steal back to the scene of rural quiet and village simplicity—the white cottage—the footpath along the silver brook and up the hawthorn hedge, and the little village maid loitering along it, leaning on his arm, and listening to him with eyes beaming with unconscious affection.

The shock which the poor girl had received, in the destruction of all her ideal world, had indeed been cruel. Faintings and hysterics, had at first shaken her tender frame, and were succeeded by a settled and pining melancholy. She had beheld from her window the march of departing troops. She had seen her faithless lover borne off, as if in triumph ; amidst the sound of drum and trumpet, and the pomp of arms. She strained a last aching gaze after him, as the morning sun glittered about his figure, and his plume waved in the breeze ; he passed away like a bright vision from her sight and left her in darkness.

It would be trite to dwell on the particulars of her after story. It was like other tales of love, and melancholy. She avoided society, and wandered out alone in the walks she had most frequented with her lover. She sought, like the stricken deer, to weep in silence and loneliness, and brood over the barbed sorrow that rankled in her soul. Sometimes she would be seen late of an evening sitting in the porch of the village church, and the milk maids, returning from the fields, would now and then overhear her, singing some plaintive ditty in the hathhorn walk. She became fervent in her devotions at church ; and as the old people saw her approach, so wasted away, yet with a hectic glow, and that hallowed air which melancholy diffuses round the form, they would make way for her, as for a thing spiritual, and, looking after her would shake their heads in gloomy foreboding.

She felt a conviction that she was hastening to the tomb, but looked forward to it as a place of rest. The silver cord that had bound her to existence was loosed, and there seemed to be no more pleasure under the sun. If ever her gentle bosom had entertained resentment against her lover it was extinguished. She was incapable of angry passions ; and in a moment of saddened tenderness, she penned him a farewell letter. It was couched in the simplest language, but touching from its very simplicity. She told him that she was dying, and did not conceal from him that his conduct was the cause. She even depicted the sufferings which she had experienced ; but concluded with saying, that she could not die in peace, until she had sent him her forgiveness and her blessing.

By degrees her strength so declined, that she could no longer leave the cottage.—She could only totter to the window, where, propped up in her chair, it was her enjoyment to sit all day and look out upon the landscape. Still she uttered no complaint, nor imparted to any one the malady that was preying upon her heart. She never even mentioned her lover's name; but would lay her head on her mother's bosom and weep in silence. Her poor parents hung in mute anxiety, over this fading blossom of their hopes, still flattering themselves that it might again revive to freshness, and that the bright unearthly bloom which sometimes flushed her cheek might be the promise of returning health.

In this way she was seated between them one Sunday afternoon, her hands were clasped in theirs, the lattice was thrown open, and the soft air that stole in brought with it the fragrance of the clustering honeysuckle which her own hands had trained round the window.

Her father had just been reading a chapter in the Bible ; it spoke of the vanity of worldly things, and of the joys of heaven ; it seemed to have diffused comfort and serenity through her bosom. Her eye was fixed on the distant village church ; the bell had tolled for the evening service ; the last villager was lagging into the porch, and every thing had sunk into that hallowed stillness peculiar to the day of rest.—Her parents were gazing on her with yearning hearts. Sickness and sorrow, which pass so roughly over some faces, had given her's the expression of a seraphs. A tear trembled in her soft blue eye. Was she thinking of her faithless lover ?—or were her thoughts wandering to that distant church yard, into whose bosom she might soon be gathered ?

Suddenly the clang of hoofs was heard —a horseman galloped to the cottage—he dismounted before the window—the poor

girl gave a faint exclamation, and sunk back into her chair; it was her repentant lover! He pushed into the house, and flew to clasp her to his bosom; but her wasted form—her death-like countenance—so wan, yet so lovely in its desolation—smote him to the soul, and he threw himself in an agony at her feet. She was too faint to rise—she attempted to extend her trembling hand—her lips moved as if she spoke, but no word was articulated—she looked down on him with a look of unutterable tenderness—and closed her eyes forever!

Such are the particulars which I gathered of this village story. They are but scanty, and I am conscious have little novelty to recommend them. In the present rage for strange incident and high-seasoned narrative they may appear trite and insignificant, but they interested me strongly at the time; and, taken in connection with the effecting ceremony which I had just witnessed, left a deeper impression on my mind than many circumstances of a more striking nature. I have passed through the place since, and visited the church again, from a better motive than mere curiosity. It was a wintery evening; the trees were stripped of their foliage; the church yard looked naked and mournful, and the wind rustled coldly through the dry grass. Evergreens, however had been planted about the grave of the village favorite, and osiers were bent over it to keep the turf uninjured.

The church door was open, and I stepped in. There hung the chaplet of flowers and the gloves as on the day of the funeral; the flowers were withered, it is true, but care seemed to have been taken that no dust should soil their whiteness.—I have seen many monuments, where art has exhausted its powers to awaken the sympathy of the spectator; but I have met with none that spake more touchingly to my heart, than this simple, but delicate memento of departed innocence.

THE DEATH OF SOTO.

By the author of "The Brothers."

But wind me in a banner bright—
A banner of Castile—
And let the war drums round me roll,
And the trumpets o'er me peal,
And bury me at noon of night,
When gone is the sultry gleam—
At noon of night, by torches' light,
In the Mississippi stream.

It was in the evening of a sultry day; sultry almost beyond endurance, although the season had not advanced beyond the early spring time—the sun though shrouded from human eye by a dense veil of clammy vapor, was pouring down a flood of intolerable heat upon the pathless canebreaks, the deep baycus—haunts of the voracious and unseemly alligator—and the forests steaming with excess of vegetation, through which the endless river rolled its dark current. On a steep bluff, projecting into the bosom of the waters, at the confluence of some nameless tributary and the vast Mississippi, stood the dwelling of the first white man that ever trod those boundless solitudes. It was a rude and shapeless edifice of logs, hewn from the cypresses and cedars of the swamp, which lay outstretched for a thousand miles around, by 'hands unused to aught of base and mental labor;' yet were there certain marks of comfort, and even of luxury, to be traced in the decorations and appliances of that log cabin; a veil of sea-green silk was drawn across the aperture which perforated the massy timbers of the wall; a heavy drapery of crimson velvet, decked with a fringe and embroidery of gold, was looped up to the two lintals, as if to admit whatever breath of air might sweep along the channel of the river. Nor were these all:—a lofty staff was pitched before the door, from which dropped, in gorgeous folds, the yellow banner, rich with the castled blazonry of Spain; and beside it a tall warrior-sheathed from head to heel in burnished armour, with gilded spur, and belted brand—stalked to and fro, as though he were on duty upon some tented plain, in his own land of chivalry and song. At a short distance in the rear might be observed a camp, if by that name might be designated a huge assemblage of huts, suited for the accommodation of five hundred men; horses were picqueted around; spears decked with pennon and pennoned, and all the bravery of knightly warfare, were planted before the dwellings of their owners; sentinels in gleaming mail, paced their accustomed round. But in that strange encampment, there was no mirth, no bustle—not even the hum of converse, or the note of preparation. The solders glided to and fro, with humbled gait and sad demeanor; the busy chargers drooped their proud heads to the ground and appeared to lack sufficient animation to dash aside the swarms of venomous flies, that fattened as it seemed upon their very life blood;—the huge blood-hounds, those dread auxiliaries of Spanish warfare, of which a score or two were visible among the cabins, lay slumbering in listless indolence, or dragged themselves along, after the heels of their masters, with slouching crests, and in attitudes widely different from the fierce activity of their usual motions. Pestilence and famine was around them, on the thick and breezeless air—in the dark waters, in the deep morass, and in the vaults of the pine forest, the seeds of death were floating—avengers of the luckless tribes, already scattered or enslaved by the iron arm of European war. Oh—how did they pine for the clear streams of Gaudalquiver, or the viney banks of Xeres, for the breezy slopes of the Apuxarras, or the snow clad summits of their native Sierras—those faded followers of the demon Gold. How did their recollections doat upon the waving palms, the orange groves, the huertas and meads of fair Grenada! In vain, in vain!—Of all those gallant hundreds, who had leaped in confidence and hope from their proud brigantines, upon the glowing shores of Florida, glittering in polished steel, and "very gallant, with silk upon silk," who had traversed the wild country of the Appalachines, who had seen the gleam of Spanish arms, reflected from the black stream of Alabama, who had made the boundless prairies of Missouri ring with the unechoed notes of the Castillian trumpet, who had spread the terrors of the Spanish name, with all its barbarous accomplishments of havoc and slaughter, through wilds untrod before, by feet of civilized man—Of all those gallant hundreds, but a weak and wasted moiety was destined to reach the shores of their far father-land, and that—not as they had fondly deemed, in the pride, the exultation, the health of conquest, but in want, and heaviness and wo.

The arrows of the savage, and the yet fiercer arrows of the plague, dearly repaid the injuries that they had wreaked on the wretched natives; dearly repaid, too, as it were, by anticipation, the wrongs that their children, and their children's children, should wreak, in long perspective on the forest-dwellers of the west.

There, in the lonely hut, there lay the proudest spirit, the bravest heart, the mightiest intellect, the favorite comrade of Pizarro—the joint conqueror of Peru!—There lay Hernando de Soto; his fiery energies, even more than the hot fever, wearing away his mortal frame; his massive brow clogged with the black sweat of death; his eye that had flashed the more brilliantly, the deadlier was the peril—dim and filmy; his high heart sick—sick and fearful, not for himself, but for his followers; his hopes of conquest, fame, dominion, gone, like the leaves of autumn! There he lay, miserably perishing by inches, the discoverer of a world—a world never destined to bless him or his posterity with its redundant riches.

Beside his pallet-bed was assembled a group of men, the least renowned of whom might well have led a royal army to the battle for a crown. But their frames were gaunt and emaciated, their cheeks furrowed with the lines of care and agony, both of the mind and body; their eyes wet with the scenes of bitterness. The dark cowled priests had administered the last rites of religion to the dying warrior, and now watched in breathless silence, the parting of his spirit. An Indian maiden, of rare symmetry, and loveliness that would have been deemed exquisite in the brightest halls of old Castile, leaned over his pillow, wiping the cold dew from the conqueror's brow, with her long jetty locks, and fanning off the myriads of voracious insects, that thronged the tainted air! There was not a sound in the crowded chamber, save the heavy sob-like breathings of the dying man, and the occasional whining of a tall hound, the noblest of his race, which sat erect, gazing with almost human intelligence upon the pallid features of his lord.

Suddenly a light draught of air was perceptible, the silken veil fluttered inwards, and a heavy rustling sound was audible from without. As the huge folds of the banner swayed in the rising breeze, a sensible coolness pervaded the heated chamber, and reached the languid brow of De Soto, who had lain for the last half hour in seeming lethargy. Heavily and with a painful expression, he raised himself upon his elbow.

"Moscoso," he said, "Moscoso, art thou near me?- my eyes wax dim and will soon be over. Art thou, for I would speak with thee?

"Noble De Soto, I am beside thee," he replied. "Say on: I hear and mark thee!"

"Give me thy hand!" Then, as he received it, he raised it slowly on high, and continued in clear and unfaltering tones, though evidently with an effort—"True, friend and follower, by this right hand, that has so often fought beside my own; by this right hand, I do adjure thee, to observe and to obey these my last mandates."

"Shall I swear it?" cried the stern warrior, whom he addressed in a tone and

voice rendered thick and husky by the violence of his excitement—"Shall I swear it?"

"Swear not, Moscoso!—leave oaths to paltry burghers, and to cringing vassals—but pledge me the unblemished honor of a Castillian noble—so shall I die in peace!"

"By the unblemished honor of a Castillian noble—as I am born hidalgo, and a belted knight, I promise thee in spirit and in truth, in deed, and word, and thought, to do thy bidding!"

"Then by this token," and he drew a massive ring from his own wasted hand, and placed it on the finger of Moscoso, "then by this token, do I name thee my successor—thee, the leader of the host, and Captain General of Spain! Sound trumpets—heralds make proclamation!" A moment or two elapsed and the wild flourish of the trumpets were heard without, and the sonorous voice of the heralds making proclamation; they ceased; but there was no shout of triumph or applause.

"Ha, by St. Jago!" cried the dying chief,—"Ha, by St. Jago, but this must not be; 'tis ominous and evil! Go forth, then, Jasco, and bid them sound again, and let my people shout for this, their royal leader."

It was done, and a gleam of triumphant satisfaction shot across his hollow features. He spoke again, but it was a feeble voice.

"I am going," he said, "I am going, whence there is no return! Now mark me, by your plighted word, I do command you; battle no farther—strive with the fates no farther—for the fates are adverse? Conquer not thou this region—for I have conquered it, and it is mine! mine, mine, though dying." Mine it shall be though dead! March to the coast as best ye may, build you such vessels as may bear you from the main, and save this remnant of my people! Wilt thou do this, as thou hast pledged thyself to do it, noble Moscoso?"

"By all my hopes, I will!"

"Me, then, me shall ye bury thus! Not with lamentations, not with womanish fears, not with vile sorrow, but with the rejoicing anthem, with the blare of the trumpet, and the strong music of the drum! Ye shall sheath me in my mail, with my helmet on my head, and my spur on my heel! With my sword in my hand, shall ye bury me—and with a banner of Castile for my shroud! In the depths of the river—of my river—shall ye bury me! with lighted torch and volleyed musketry, at the mid hour of night! For am I not a conquerer; a conquerer of a world; a conquerer with none to brave my arm, or to gainsay my bidding? Where, where is the man, savage or civilized—Christian or Heathen—Indian or Spaniard, who hath defied Herman de Soto, and not perished from the earth? Death is upon me; death from the Lord of earth & heaven! To him I do submit me; but to mortal never!"

Even as he spoke, a warder entered the low door way, and whispered a brief message to Moscoso. Slight as was the sound, and dim as hanged the senses of De Soto, he marked the entrance of the soldier, and eagerly inquired the purport of the news!

"A messenger," was the reply, "an Indian runner, from the Natchez."

"Admit him; he bears submission; admit him, so shall I die with triumph in my heart."

The Indian entered; a man of stern features, and of well-nigh giant stature. His head, shaven to the chivalrous scalp-lock, was decked with the plumes of the war eagle, mingled with the feather of a gayer hue, his throat was circled by a necklace, strung from the claws of the grizzly bear and cougar, fearfully mixed with tufts of human hair; his lineaments were covered with the black war-paint; in one hand he bore the crimson war-pipe, and in the other the well-known emblem of Indian hostility, a bundle of shafts bound in the skin of the rattlesnake. With a noiseless step, he crossed the chamber, he flung the deadly gift upon the death-bed of De Soto; he raised the red pipe to his lips; he puffed the smoke; and then, in the wild accents of his native tongue, bore to the Spaniards the defiance of his tribe, concluding his speech with the oft heard and unforgotten cadences of the war-hoop!

As the dying leader caught the raised tone of the Indian's words, his eyes had lightened, and his brow contracted in a writhing form! He knew the import of his speech, by the modulations of his voice; his lips quivered; his chest heaved; his hands clutched the thin coverlid, as though they were grappling to the lance or rapier. The wild notes of the war-hoop rang thro' his ears; and in death, in death itself, the ruling passion was prevalent; manifestly, terribly prevalent!

He sprung to his feet; his form dilating, and his features flushing with all the energy of life. "St. Jago," he shouted, "for Spain! for Spain!—Soto and victory," and with an impotent effort to strike, he fell flat upon his face, at the feet of the Indian who had provoked his dying indignation!

They raised him; but a flood of gore had gushed from his eyes, mouth, ears; he had burst some one of the larger vessels—and was already lifeless ere he struck the ground!

The sun had even now sunk below the horizon, and ere the preparations for his funeral had been completed, it was already midnight. Five hundred torches of the resinous pine tree flashed with their crimson reflections on the turbid water, as the barks glided over its surface, bearing the warrior to his last home.

A train of cowled priests, with pix, and crucifix, and teaming censer; floated in the van, making the vaulted woods to echo the high notes of the Te Deum, chanted in lieu of the mournful Miserere over the mortal part of that ill-fated warrior.

But as the canoe came onward in which the corpse was placed; seated erect, as he had ordered it, with the good sword in the dead hand, the polished helmet glancing above the sunken features, and the gay banner of Castile floating like a mantle from the shoulders; the pealing notes of the trumpet, and the roll of the battle drum, and the Spanish war-cry; "St Jago for De Soto and for Spain;" and the crash of the volleying aquebuses, might be heard startling the wild beasts, and the wilder Indians, of the forest, for leagues around.

There was a deep pause; a deep, deep pause—a sullen splash---and every torch was extinguished. "The discoverer of the Mississippi slept beneath the waters. He had crossed a large part of the continent in search of gold, and found nothing so remarkable as his burial place."

FOR THE GEM.

ANSWER TO PEDAGOGUE.

MR. EDITOR—When I first read the article in your last No. signed Pedagogue, I thought I would reply to it in form; but on further consideration, I concluded that I would not—fearing, if I did, that it would elicit a reply from him, and thus lead me into an unnecessary controversary. However, I felt myself obliged to notice his objections, for fear he might think that I supposed them unanswerable, and take to himself the credit of overthrowing my (as he calls it) preposterous hypothesis.

I beg leave to assure Pedagogue, that I did not advance my sentiments on this abstruse subject, without much reflection; and, not being satisfied with my own ideas, I conversed with others in relation to those things, and found that the most intelligent held sentiments similar to my own. I think if Pedagogue knew some of the persons with whom I consulted, he would not have supposed my hypothesis to be so extremely preposterous.

But let us for a moment consider the point of difference between us. I said, "I do not think these remains (those in Chili) nor those before mentioned, (the graves on the Flat, and the bones on Bony Hill) to be so ancient as they are generally supposed to be."

I have heard some say, that they supposed these things owe their origin to a race of people that existed before the flood. Others, again, have avered that it was their opinion, that after the dispersion of the Jews, before the coming of Christ, a portion of them found their way into this country from the western part of Asia, across Bherring's Straits, and that these Fortifications were constructed by them for reasons best known to themselves. If Pedagogue is of either of these classes, I must still persist in my opposition to his views. But let it be remembered, that, while I speak of particular Antiquities, I do not say that Pedagogue, in his observations of matters and things, has not found Adam's Pick-axe, or Cain's Rifle; nor do I even insinuate that he has never discovered, "under some oak of giant size," a portion of Ruth's parched Corn; or, when uprooting some venerable relic of antedeluvian vegetation, that he has not hit upon Mother Eve's identical Tea-pot. The reason why I do not consider these facts, about which he makes so much ado, as material objections to my theory, is, because I think they may not possibly belong to the class of antiquities about which we are at issue. The old white Woman, or Tom Infant, an Indian whom I have seen, could have told us something about Bony Hill, and the Plumb Orchard thereabout; or the Graves and Apple Orchard on other parts of the Flat; and I am inclined to believe that General Sullivan, in his expedition against the Indians of the Genesee Country, knew something about Entrenchments and Forts in the woods.

By the way, I wish Pedagogue had quoted my own words, in his relation of what I said respecting the trees on the mounds, then I think the readers of his article would have better understood what were my views respecting them.

I do not imagine that it was impossible for men to dig between, or even directly

under, the roots of large trees, and there bury whatever they wished to conceal; stranger facts than this have been accounted for; and this seems to be the only objection he urges against my "preposterous hypothesis."

But I must close: I did not think of writing a defence of my theory when I began, for it was not original with me; and, although his facts to some may appear to bear hard against it, I have no fears of its being overthrown. I do not wish to be considered incorrigible, and yet I must aver that my views remain unchanged.

Would it not be well for abler pens than ours, if possible to throw some light on this interesting subject? for I do not, after all I have said, pretend to know precisely when or why these fortifications were constructed: I have only thrown out a few hints; and conclude as I said at first, that "I do not think these things are so ancient as they are generally supposed to be." This, Mr. Editor, is the doctrine I have advanced, and this is what I have endeavored feebly to defend.

Yours respectfully,
TELEMACHUS.

Nov. 4. 1835.

PERSEVERANCE.

Original.

PERSEVERANCE may be said to be the grand foundation of human greatness. No one ever become distinguished in any profession, or eminent in any science, or famed for possessing great and brilliant powers of mind, without being, at the same time, distinguished for this peculiar and important trait of character.

Biographical history abundantly proves this. We have only to examine the memoirs of those men, who have shone as stars of the first magnitude in the intellectual system, whose splendid acquirements have registered their names conspicuous among the wonders of the earth, to be convinced, that without unyielding perseverance, it is impossible to compass high and noble ends.

It is essential to success—its worth is incalculable. In taking a retrospect of past ages, we are presented with some striking pictures, that display, admirably, the efficacy of rigid application, and unvarying perseverance. We see one contending, as it were, with nature herself—firmly resolving to surmount every obstacle—retiring from the society of men—rejecting the fascinating charms of social life—intent only upon the accomplishment of the grand object of his ambition; we behold him climbing the rugged mountain's side, or standing amid the waves, and hear his voice mingled with the winds as he addresses the tumbling ocean. We see another emerging from obscurity, and by his own perseverance, rising, phœnix like, till the powers of earth seem to tremble before the awful majesty of his voice.

Whence these acquirements? Whence the thunderings of a Demosthenes, whose *peals* could arouse and electrify a nation? and the giant strength of a Bonaparte, whose name was but another name for power?—From the early formed habit of *perseverance*. Whence those extensive scientific and philosophic attainments of some men?—men whom the world delights to honor. Are they beings of superior natures? Shall we accuse Providence of having bestowed upon them talents beyond the reach of others? or shall we read their closet history, and measure their midnight oil consumed, before we come to the conclusion?

We are too apt to forget, while viewing their transcendant greatness, that they obtained the amount of their information by a slow and persevering gradation—obtained it, perhaps, while others were idling away their leisure moments, or slumbering upon their pillows. While others were following vain and foolish pursuits, or wasting their time in listlessness and inactivity, "perseverance and study will ensure success," was their motto.

Hence it was, that Franklin attained the brightest honors of philosophic renown, and was enabled to stand before, and have audience with nobles and kings—to instruct by his wisdom, and sway by his counsel, the proud and lordly monarchs of Europe; and what is yet more glorious, he lives, lives in the affections of his countrymen; and will continue, till time's last twilight, to be remembered, proudly remembered, by an enlighted and liberated people.

Hence Girard, the benefactor and friend of man, became the richest citizen of America: his wealth was not obtained in a day, nor was it the result of a few faint resolutions, but that of unceasing effort—the result of perseverance.

We might here notice the names of many, who, by their untiring perseverance, have won laurels that will survive the wreck of empires and ages—fame that reaches to the skies; but their names and deeds are now written on the pages of history—inscribed in characters more durable than brass.—The records of their greatness are now before us, and we have but to look and admire.

Perseverance has accomplished wonders. It has ransacked earth and sea: it has measured the Comet in its flight, and numbered the stars of heaven. It is the only key which unlocks the door that leads into the fair mansion of science, or has power to open to the understanding the rich treasures contained in the ample store-house of knowledge:—A key that has led man on from conquering to conquest, and enabled him to scan the wonders of creation: a key that will, if it be rightly applied, ultimately crown with success every reasonable undertaking in which he may engage.

We believe the saying is a good one, that "whatever man has done, man may do"; that the same cause, will produce the same effect; and that *science* is the effect of *perseverance*. Science is that which elevates man in the scale of intellectual existence; it is that which raises his soul from grovelling things, and writes his name high on the "Temple of Fame."

Hence, in vain, may that individual dream of greatness, or wish to be wise, without perseverance; *omnium rerum ignoratio* will pervade his mind; illusory will be his dreams—his ideal strength will never be realized. Whether wealth or fame be the grand object of pursuit, on this depends our success.

It is the design of providence, that man should be active, that he should be persevering; that he *should*, if he would enjoy riches, either intellectual or temporal, be vigilent, and steady in purpose.

In youth, then, the *habit* of *perseverance* ought to be cultivated, or the mind will ever remain in the vale of poverty;—it will be an "empty void"; that wealth which is of more value than the finest gold, will never be possessed.

Do we not see men, to obtain a few particles of the "glittering dust," which is liable to be blown away by every breeze, encounter dangers, and hardships, and even hazard their lives in trying to grasp the precarious "stuff"? How much more then ought those who are engaged in the laudable pursuit of science and knowledge—young men who must soon act a part in the great drama of human events, to cherish this priceless habit. Should they, in view of the *ample reward*, shrink from the few obstacles that may present themselves, or shun the path even if some places appear rugged? Can they, favored as many are at this day, enjoying in our country the delightful sunshine of liberty, and surrounded by the choicest gifts of bounteous Heaven, be unmindful of its great importance, or misimprove their golden opportunities, or give back without securing to themselves those riches which are as durable as time; yea, treasures that will continue to augment throughout the never ending ages of eternity.

O. H. P.

Oct. 31. 1835.

NIGHT.

Original.

"I love thee, mournful, sober, suited night,
When the faintest Moon, yet lingering in her wane,
And veil'd in clouds, with fair uncertain light,
Hangs o'er the waters of the restless main."

THE labors of the day have ceased, and man is enjoying sweet repose from his wearisome toils. Naught is heard, save the lone winds whistling by, to interrupt the universal tranquility of the scene.

Night is a fit season for reflection and contemplation. It reminds us of the approach of the night of death, when all earthly toils will be ended. At night, when all is still and quiet, we can better meditate upon the beauties and splendors of the universe—search the records of the past and learn what then transpired: by means of history, travel back to the remotest period of antiquity, and hold communion with the great and noble spirits who then lived; learn to imitate the virtues of the illustrious sons of earth—to avoid the errors of the vicious and degenerate, and to pursue the course which will lead to prosperity and happiness here, and immortal glory hereafter.

Man, free from the cares and perplexities of the day, can now contemplate the wonderful works of creation—the works of that kind and protecting power that never "sleeps nor slumbers," but is constantly over him for protection and preservation; can elevate his aspirations from the creature to the Creator, and adore the wisdom and goodness of God.

While surrounded by the gloom and darkness of the night, we can better ad-

mire the goodness of Deity who protects us from dangers, and from injury, during our most defenceless moments. Reflect then, oh man, at this still hour; be weaned from the vain pleasures of the world; and place thy hopes on the source of true perfection, that joy and peace may be thy portion here —and unchanging bliss in the life to come.

A. J. M.

Original.

SCENE ON THE NIAGARA.

BY J. B. C.

It was on one of those beautiful mornings of the second week in October of the present year, that we left Buffalo on a trip down the Niagara. The morning was indeed one of surpassing magnificence and loveliness; and cold and callous must be the heart which would not have owned the magic power of the scene which all the elements, earth, air and water conspired to array in nature's most glorious drapery. To us the view was one of entrancing interest, and as our vessel droped down the descending stream, we stood upon the deck and held mental revelry amid the luxuriance of the scenery. Behind, the blue waters of Erie were receding in the distance, sleeping like a boundless and beautiful mirror in the mellow sun-light. Before us, the mighty Niagara was rolling away with the collected waters of half a continent toward the tremedous cataract whose thunders have sounded its name through the earth—like a strong man rejoicing in his strength and borne on the tide of pleasure to his doom, all unconscious of the wild catastrophe to which it was hastening; while on either side the hills were swelling away into the dominions of two mighty empires sprung from one common origin, and whose common language, if there be aught of significancy in present indications, will one day preside over the literature and propound the laws of the nations of the earth.

Over all, the receding lake, the rolling river and the swelling hills, the yellow autumnal sun-light like a broad golden mantle, was spread in magnificence. The magical hues with which as with the hues of a thousand rainbows, Nature in her lavish partiality to the American continent, touches alone our autumnal foliage, glowed on all the surrounding forests.—The air was soft as an Italian sun-set, and the very waters on which we moved, seemed etherial. It was in short, one of Nature's gala days, and she had come forth in her robes of state to greet her worshippers with the most gracious of her queenly smiles.

Nor had art neglected to contribute her efforts to adorn the scene. Cultivated fields bearing the bounties of the "latter harvest," the humble log cabin, the white-washed farm house and the prouder mansion were interspersed with the dense, primeval forests along the river's banks. With scenery of another character, such to select an example in itself beyond all example, as bursts upon the overwhelmed sense, a few miles further down the same stream, these additions would indeed have been felt to be inappropriate and unwelcome. As it was, the occasional indications of the presence of man and the arts of civilization, formed a grateful diversity, and contributed to the interest and effect of the natural features with which, in truth, they were more in keeping than in contrast. Such natural scenery exerts a softening, an almost religious influence upon the mind. It appeals to the social virtues. It disposes man to fellowship with his kind. With such a heaven warmly glowing overhead, and such a landscape basking in the beauty of its smile around, it is grateful to reflect that our brother of earth is near to participate in the guiltless enjoyment which we experience.

It was surely not consonant with such a state of feeling to be reminded of the deeds of carnage, conflagration and death once witnessed by the scenery now reposing in such beauty and quietness. But the power of association arrayed the images to the mind and they became a part of the picture; and though incongruous at first with its sweeter images and softer coloring, the patriotic emotions which they were calculated to inspire, soon overcame the revulsion of feeling which the incongruity had caused, and they became in their turn, the objects of chief interest in the contemplation. Yonder is the lake whose 'waves incarnadine' bore witness to the fierce conflict of the contending navies of our country and her enemy; where first for many years in a conflict of squadrons, 'the meteor flag of England' was struck in defeat, and the charm of her naval invincibility broken forever! Beneath that blue tide, now placid and untremulous as tho' not the fall of a pebble had ever disturbed its quietness, the victims of the fight were plunged as they fell, victors and vanquished together, and there they now sleep, and there they will sleep until time shall be no more, unconscious and uncaring whether the waters that enshrine them, shall still repose as calmly and silently as their own dreamless and eternal sleep, or swell and surge under the angry lash of the tempest, and go sounding on their way and pealing amid nature's awful solitude, the fitting requiem of the seaman who perished upon the wave and is long forgotten upon the shore!

There upon that green promontory overlooking the lake and the river, upon the British shore, are the remains of the fort* twice taken by our countrymen, May 27th, 1813 and July 3, 1814, and over whose walls the "star spangled banner" floated in proud defiance of all the power which the veterans of Wellington could array against it. From those walls the sulphurous war-cloud has rolled out in its dark convolutions, the sheeted blaze has burst, and

"the cannon's breath
"Winged the far hissing globe of death;—

and around and within and upon them on every side, the iron storm of battle has poured, the bursting bomb shell described its fearful arch, the rattling volley pealed, the vengeful clash of steel resounded, blood flowed like water, and the groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying mingled in the "horrible discord."

There on that open space around the ruins, when the little band of our countrymen who still held the fort and scorned to talk of terms, were hemmed in by the collected columns of the enemy, was the heroic sortie of September 17th 1814, before which the thick ranks of the beleaguering foe, threefolded in numbers, recoiled as from an avalanche of fire! The Spartan enterprise was gloriously successful; and in its bold conception, daring execution and brilliant result the Sortie of Fort Erie occupies no second place on the records of American prowes.

Yonder on the opposite shore, where the now rising city sends out its ceaseless hum, where the banner of our brave was drooping in temporary defeat, the little peaceful village was inveated by the foe and given to the devouring element, an offering of a vandal horde to the insatiate demon of war!

"The blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood" was the barbarian decree, and the storm of fire swept over it. And yonder in that sand bank were hastily buried a part of the brave men who fell on that day.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest.
When spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hollowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod."

Not so with "the brave who sunk to rest" in the battle of Buffalo, December 30, 1813. The times allowed but a hurried sepulture. The *living* more than the dead, demanded protection. The fallen were thron into shallow graves in that sand mound whose loose volume shifts with each gust of wind from the adjacent lake, leaving their crushed and disjointed skeletons naked upon the surface! So at least they were in May last. And when Spring shall again return and shall pause there to do her beautiful office work, she will find the "mould she came to deck" uncovered to the winds and storms of heaven; and where she would dress the soldier's burial sod in her living green, drifting sands and desolate sterility!

Yonder still are the plains of Chippewa where on the fifth of July, 1814, the insolent foe was compelled in greatly superior numbers, to quail before American valor, on his own territory, and retire beaten and broken from the field. While further down near where the mighty cataract rolls its thunders and heaves its ledgy battlements as with the throes of an earthquake, and sends up its columns of monumental spray and plays with its drapery of clouds and rainbows, is another field where on the memorable twentyfifth of July 1814, from afternoon until midnight, martial science brought to the work of death the utmost of its skill, and bravery did its best. The scene was terribly sublime, when the darkness of that night was frightfully illuminated by the flashing of artillery and fire arms and the mighty roar of the adjacent cataract replied to and at times overpowered by the more terrible roar of the midnight battle! Niagara was the fitting place for such a conflict.

But now how changed! The arm of ruthless desolation and gory carnage was at length arrested, the halcyon reign of peace returned, elastic enterprise rose with stronger energy from the brief depression and now the arts of peace were asserting their benignant supremacy where late the Molock of war had reigned and revelled. The booming broadside is no longer heard from the lakes; the stain of blood has long faded from its waters and commerce spreads her white sail over all its surface. As the fabled bird that springs new plumed from its ashes, yonder town which the foe had given to the conflagration, had risen in splendor from its ruins; it had now become a metropolis and where

"The starless night of dessolation reigned"

the voices of busy multitudes are heard, and the turrets and spires of the Phœnix city are glittering in the morning sun. Yonder fortress walls that so often braved the battle storm, are now dilapidated and grass-grown, and the turf is green and unbroken on the field of the brave and bloody sortie. The boatman is winding his jocund hour along by the mound where the dead soldier is left neglected and forgotten; the plain of Chippewa is no longer trampled by the frantic war horse nor tourn by the plunging cannon shot; and the wild cry of the midnight battle is hushed, and "the voice of many waters" alone is heard at the cataract.

* Fort Erie:

EXTRACT.—I am acquainted with a great many very good wives, who are so economical and so managing, that they make a man every thing but *happy*,—and I know a great many others who sing, and play, and paint, and cut paper, and are so *accomplished* that they have neither time to be *agreeable*, nor time to be *useful*.—Pictures, and fiddles, and every thing but agreeableness and goodness can be had for money: but, as there is no market where pleasant manners, and engaging conversation, and Christian virtues are to be bought, methinks it is a pity the ladies do not oftener try to provide them at home.—*Hannah Moore.*

The population of Austria, divided into religious sects, is as follows:—500 Mahomedans. 13,000 Armenians, 50,000 Unitarians, 480,000 Jews, 1,190,000 Lutherans, 1,160,000 members of other reformed churches, 3,040,000 members of the Greek church, and 26,990,000 Catholics.

UNFURLING THE FLAG.—The following stanzas were written by a lady and published in the National Gazette, on viewing the historical picture of the Unfurling the American Flag, now exhibiting at the corner of Cedar-street and Broadway. It is descriptive and animating :—*N. Y. Star.*

It is a scene of strife and blood,
Sad *Mexico*, the kindled flood,
Flows from thy children's veins,
And numbers crowd a stranger's dome,*
For safety, now denied by home,
Where gloomy horror reigns.

Ting'd by the artist's finest skill,
The mellow skies look milder still,
In contrast with the scene;
While all the pencil's pow'r is thrown,
Where the fierce groups are rushing on
To burst the portals in.

But there's a pause, why shrink the crowd?
What stills the onset dread and loud
Which death and ruin hurl'd?
That sheltering roof threaten'd before
Is safe,—for lo! above its door,
A starry flag's unfurl'd!

High o'er the scene of bloody strife,
It waves to claim the meed of life,
For all beneath its field;
Facing the crowd with warning hand,
Poinsett and *Mason* firmly stand,
Beside its silken shield.

Flag of my happy country, hail?
No dangers make thy stars turn pale,
But safety dwells with thee;
Honor'd as now in foreign lands,
Untouch'd, unstain'd by stranger's hands,
Proud banner of the free!

And glorious States, our Union band,
Still, like your starry emblem stand,
Beacons of chivalry;
And as its stripes rang'd side by side,
In weal or woe, through time abide,
The firm, united, free!

How startling to the astonish'd night,
Should *Orion's* belt of starry light
Break 'mid the arch of heaven;
Thus would the nations gaze on ye,
Light of the world! hope of the free!
Should your bright band be riven.

July 13, 1835. M. A. F.

*The residence of the American Minister.

THE GEM AND AMULET.

IMPRESSIONS.—We all remember WILLIS' "first impressions" on visiting Europe, as published in the New York Mirror, but it seems he has found other "impressions," to him probably equally thrilling and more profitable—may they never prove more *striking*. What we would be at is, to tell the readers of the Gem (if they have not before heard it) that this American tourist, to whose pen they are so much indebted for many a sparkling pearl which has graced our pages, has—married: married an English lady—said to be an heiress, and we hope she is—for however rich in mental endowments or personal charms, a good purse we opine never will come amiss to a poet.

MR. FAY, one of the traveling editors of the Mirror, has returned from Europe, leaving his copartner Willis and his bride enjoying the honey moon on a visit to Paris.

"THE ZODIAC" for October (published once a month by E. Perry, of Albany, at $1 a year) is worthy of its three predecessors. We are glad to learn that its subscription is rapidly increasing, as it indicates an increasing taste for sound reading as well as a disposition in the public to encourage valuable literary and scientific publications.

SECOND GROWTH.—A gentleman living on the east side of the river handed us a full blown pink on the 10th inst., and says they are no scarcity in his neighborhood.

IMPROVEMENTS.—They say next season will be one of great improvement in Rochester. We hope so, and that the work will extend to the *literature* of some of our *sign boards*. For instance, on each end of Court street Bridge, we are met with a timely caution, in this style—

"$2 FINE FOR ANY PERSON
to drive Faster than A walk
ON THIS BRIDGE."

And on the side of a house near the canal, on Sophia street, the old sign of MILK has lately had a shingle tacked on below it, so as to make it read

MILK
HOGS *for Sale.*

The following notice of a new publication is from a Vermont paper. We appropriate it to our own use, after making such alterations of names and places as seemed necessary for our purpose :

THE LINWOODS. *By the author of the 'Clarence.'*

I say, Dr. Bird, Mr. Symmes, and you Mr. author of the '*Monikins*,' be on the look out! for our fair country dames are stealing our hearts at a frightful rate! The fact that this novel is from the pen of Mrs. Sedgwick, is sufficient to ensure for it a general reading. With less plot than in Clarence, there is no less interest. It is purely, in taste, feeling and style, American; the scene is laid in New York during the time of the Revolution, and much of it in the camp of the Commander-in-chief. But, Mrs. Sedgwick, one word in your ear —What in the name of all that's English, is the use of sticking over every other chapter a snatch of French? Pry'thee hast thou not read thy mother tongue enough to select from it a fitting tassel for thy chapters? Albeit we are well aware that French is reckoned among the many nonsensical things that make up what is called a polite education, nevertheless there may be some to whom these frivolities are an abomination. We always expect some coxcomb or other will be pushing his "*mon chers*" and "*parley vous*" into our face, and he must be content to have our cane pushed into his in return. But you, pshaw! we don't care a fig how much French you know, but, my dear madam, for your own sake, and for our dear sake, give us good powerful, inimitible war-horse English, and hand over to simpering Misses and mestacho'd fops this lack-a-daisical milk and water French! and moreover, leave out in your next such latin phrases as "*ra-ra avis*"—they are a blot on the face of any good English novel,—and then how happens it that your eleven year old boys know as much of Bill Shakspeare as Edmund Kean ever did.

We dislike picking flaws, and have done with it then! The *Linwoods* is a fine book and our lassies of Rochester need not blush to be caught reading it once, twice, and three times even. In short Miss—and you Miss—if you wish to pass off one of these gloomy Autumn days with pleasure and profit, immediately order a copy of William Alling & Co. G.

HAMILTON COLLEGE.—The Rev. Dr. Penny, of Northampton, and formerly of this city, it is said, has been appointed President of Hamilton College, Clinton N. Y. in place of S. E. Dwight, resigned.

"If this be true," says the Albany Journal, "We shall look forward with confidence to the period when HAMILTON COLLEGE shall have regained the elevation she enjoyed under the auspices of President BACKUS. DR. PENNY is a ripe scholar, whose habits and temper qualify him, in an eminent degree, for great usefulness at the head of a Literary Institution. During the whole of his ministry, the subject of Education has received a large share of his time and attention. The city of Rochester, where he was settled for many years, is greatly indebted to his enlightened efforts to advance the cause of Education, Science, and the Mechanic Arts."

The Governor of this state, has recommended Thursday, the 10th of Dec. as a day of public Thanksgiving.

To Correspondents.—The communication of 'O,' is disposed of as he requested. We imagine the writer must have been in a fog, as well as "in his teens," for after pouring over it a long time, we scarcely knew what he would be at. We would advise him to turn his attention to orthography as well as rhetoric, before he again attempts to furnish matter for the press.

MARRIED,

At Strykersville, Genesee co. on the 3d inst. by Rev. A. Blanchard, Mr. EBENEZER WALKER, of the firm of Olmstead & Walker, of Geneseo, to Miss FRANCES D. BLANCHARD.

In Castile, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. H. Fuller, Mr. DANIEL M. TALMAN, to Miss HANNAH WILLIS, all of Castile.

PARNASSIAN FLOWERS.

Transcribed for the Gem.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Think not that in life no sorrow shall come,
Though hope now enlightens the road to the tomb;
Think not that cold care and trouble will flee,
Or yield their dominion to please such as thee:
Oh no! but as the blaze that beamed so bright,
As the flower that bloomed and sweetened the air,
Once had their May day, and then sunk into night:
So amid all thy joys shall sorrow lurk there.

And yet there's a hope, a hope that will last,
And survive the destruction of time's keenest blast;
Though winter's dark cloud o'er it hovers a time,
Yet away,—far away,—in a heavenly clime,
When the ransomed of God chant his praises ever more,
And all shall be lovely as a clear summer day,
As its longings go forth for what is before,
'Twill burn bright and yet brighter as years roll away.

Then grasp at this hope, embrace it with zeal,
A balsam 'twill be every sorrow to heal;
It ne'er can decay—its foundation is sure,
And must, with God's throne, for ever endure;
For then, though on earth misfortune shall frown.
And anguish and wo o'er them roll their tide,
The streamlet of life you will smoothly glide down,
With Chirst for your vessel, and captain and guide.

The following touching song may have been often before our readers, but in this season of "hymenial blessedness" many will read it with an interest they never felt before.—*Ed. Dem.*

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

By Miss M. L. Beever.

Farewell, Mother! tears are streaming,
Down thy pale and tender cheek;
I in gems and roses gleaming,
Scarce a sad Farewell may speak:
Farewell, Mother! now I leave thee,
(Hopes and fear my bosom swell)
One to trust who may deceive me,
Farewell, Mother! Fare thee well.

Farewell, Father! thou art smiling—
Yet there's sadness on thy brow,
Winning me from that beguiling
Tenderness to which I go:—
Farewell, Father! thou didst bless me,
Ere my lips thy name could tell,
He may wound! who can caress me—
Father! Guardian! Fare thee well!

Farewell, Sister! thou art twining
Round me in affection deep;
Wishing joy but ne'er divining
Why "a blessed bride" should weep;
Farewell, brave and gentle Brother!
Thou more dear than words can tell;
Father! Mother! Sister! Brother!
All beloved ones, Fare ye well!

SONG.

BY THOMAS H. BAILY.

She never blamed him, never!
But received him when he came,
With a welcome kind as ever,
And she tried to look the same,
But vainly she dissembled.
For whenever she tried to smile,
A tear unbidden trembled
In her blue eye all the while.

She knew that she was dying,
And she dreaded not her doom—
She never thought of sighing
O'er her beauty's blighted bloom.
She knew her cheek was altered,
And she knew her eye was dim,
But her sweet voice only faltered
When she spoke of losing him.

'Tis true he had lured her
From the Isle where she was born—
'Tis true he had inured her
To the cold world's cruel scorn.
But yet she never blamed him
For the anguish she had know,
And though she seldom named him,
She thought of him alone.

She sighed when he carressed her,
For she knew that they must part—
She spoke not when he pressed her
To his young and panting heart.
The banners waved around her,
(And she heard the bugles sound—)
They passed—and strangers found her
Cold and lifeless on the ground.

THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S, LIMERICK.

"Those evening bells—those evening bells."
Moore's Melodies.

Hark! one sound alone reaches us here; and how grand, and solemn, and harmonious in its monotony! These are the great bells of St. Mary's. Their deep-toned vibrations undulate so as to produce a sensible effect on the air around us. The peculiar fineness of the sound has been often remarked; but there is an old story connected with their history which, whenever I hear them ring out over the silent city, gives a something more than harmony to the peal. I shall merely say, that what I am about to relate is told as a real occurrence; and I consider it so touchingly poetical in itself, that I shall not dare to supply a fictitious name, and fictitious circumstances, where I have been unable to procure the actual ones.

They were originally brought from Italy—they had been manufactured by a young native (whose name the tradition has not preserved,) and finished after the toil of many years; and he prided himself upon his work. They were consequently purchased by the prior of a neighbouring convent; and, with the profits of this sale, the young Italian procured a little villa, where he had the pleasure of hearing the tolling of his bells from the convent cliff, and of growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness.

This, however, was not to continue. In some of those broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the undying worm in the peace of a fallen land, the good Italian was a sufferer amongst many. He lost his all; and after the passing storm, found himself preserved alone amid the wreck of fortune, friends, family, and home. The convent, in which the bells, the maste-pieces of his skill, were hung, was razed to the earth, and these last carried away unto another land.

The unfortunate owner, haunted by his memories, and deserted by his hopes, became a wanderer over Europe. His hair grew gray, and his heart withered, before he again found a home or a friend. In this desolation of spirit, he formed a resolution of seeking the place, to which those treasures of his memory had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland; proceeded up the Shannon; the vessel anchored in the Pool, near Limerick, and he hired a small boat for the purpose of landing.

The city was now before him; and he beheld St. Mary's steeple, lifting its turreted head above the smoke and mist of the Old Town. He sat in the stern, and looked fondly toward it. It was at evening, so calm and beautiful, as to remind him of his own native haven in the sweetest time of the year. The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it with almost a noiseless expedition.

On a sudden, amid the general stillness, the bells tolled from the cathedral; the rowers rested on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impulse it had received. The old Italian looked towards the city, crossed his arms on his breast, and lay back in his seat. Home, happiness, early recollections, friends, family—all were in the sound, and went with it to his heart. When the rowers looked round, they beheld him with his face still turned towards the cathedral; but his eyes were closed, and, when they landed, they found him cold!

Such are the associations, which the ringing of St. Mary's bells brings to my recollection. I do not know how I can better conclude this tale than with the little melody, from which I have taken the line above. It is a good specimen of the peculiar tingling melody of the author's poetry—a quality in which he never has been equalled in his own language, nor exceeded in any other:—Why! you can almost fancy you hear them ringing!—

"Those evening bells—those evening bells—
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and native clime,
When I last heard their soothing chime.

"Those pleasant hours have passed away,
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

"And so 'twill be when I am gone!
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
When other bards shall walk those dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!"

CHARADE.

My first if you do, you won't hit it;
My next if you do, you won't leave it;
And my whole if you do, you won't guess it;
[MISS-TAKE.]

ROCHESTER

THE GEM,

AND LADIES' AMULET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, AMUSING MISCELLANY, &c.

VOLUME 7.] ROCHESTER, NOV. 28, 1835. [NUMBER 24.

[*From the New-York Mirror.*]

MY FIRST PARTY

"I was not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking glass."

There is no period in a person's life, more awkward or embarrassing than the time when he divests himself of the trammels and confinement of a schoolboy's life, and takes his station in the world—his own lord and master. My adventures in the fashionable world, though occurring many years ago, are so vividly impressed on my memory, that the time of their occurrence appears as of yesterday. My education, habits and taste unfitted me for a life ycleped, in common parlance, *a fashionable one.*

I ask a patient hearing, while I relate the history of my adventures.

I have said that neither my education, habits nor taste, fitted me for fashionable life. Nature had done still less for me: for, while at school, I enjoyed the reputation of being called the *ugliest looking boy* in the village. My mother has often told me, that when a babe, I was frightful to look upon, but she then comforted herself with the old adage, that 'an ugly child changed to a handsome man:' still, as I grew in years, the contracted features of my ugliness expanded even to hideousness so that when I left my paternal roof, I was considered the eighth wonder of the world. I was good natured, when I had nothing to trouble me—accommodating when I had my own way; and generous when I was in the humor, My education, too, was very respectable. I wrote a bold, round hand rather irregular, but still legible—was well versed in arithmetic, as far as the rule of three. I had also attended a dancing school for one quarter; and though the master could not change Dame Nature, who had formed my body to designate a *curved line*, still I was an adept in the performance of the 'pigeon wing' and 'double shuffle.'

It will be admitted, that, with all these accomplishments, I have arrived at a proper period to cast myself upon the troubled water of active life, and to enter the mercantile arena, for which I was destined. My mother furnished my wardrobe with parental care and frugality, my father gave me a sufficient sum of money for my immediate wants, and receiving from both their parting blessing, I took stage for the great city of B——.

A short time after my arrival in town, I obtained a situation in a *retail dry goods store*, and with a light heart and willing hands I engaged with much assiduity in my new avocation. I had been in B—— about a month, when one night, as I came to my boarding house, a note was handed me by the servant. The pink paper, the green sealing wax, and the general appearance of the note, quite startled me, and it was several minutes ere I was sufficiently composed to open it—however, I regained my self possession, broke the seal, and read—

'Mrs. Williams requests the pleasure of Mr. Michael Simpson's company on Wednesday evening the twentieth instant.'

The William's family was one of the most fashionable in the city. My father became acquainted with Mr. W. the winter he was sent a representative to the general court, and is said to have assisted him very materially in passing a favorite measure through the house.

This will account for my invitation.

I read the note over several times, then retired to my chamber to reflect what course to pursue, but at last came to the conclusion to await the judgement of my fellow clerks.

The next morning I held a consultation with my friends, as to the propriety of accepting or refusing the invitation. I gave the note to the oldest clerk, and requested his advice. He read the billet very carefully, then measuring me with his eyes from head to foot, he burst into an intolerable fit of laughter.

'How like the deuce you will look in a party, Simpson; why, you will frighten every lady out of the room. However, go, by all means; you will make an assortment; but take care of yourself, and I will give you a few lessons before your *debut.*'

Such was the kind advice of my friend, I was soon persuaded to accept the invitation, and retired to the desk to write an answer. But here was trouble. I had never written a note in my life; for in our village when a party was to be given, one of the persons in the house walked round and gave a verbal invitation to the guests, and made them say whether they would come or not; as mother said she wanted to know how much cake to make, and how many walnuts to crack. However, an answer must be written. In the first place, I took a sheet of foolscap paper, and with my penknife cut an exact pattern of the note I had received; then I ruled four lines with my thumb nail, requested one of the clerks to mend a pen for me, and went to work.

I will not describe the agony I suffered during one weary hour, in attempting to reply to this note. A dozen sheets of paper I defaced, ere I was able to write a decent answer. I begun too near the top of the paper—or left out a word: or in referring to the dictionary, I found I had misspelled: in fine, I had nearly exhausted all my patience, when a version struck me which I thought proper.

I begun again, and wrote the following:

'Dear Madam—I got your note last evening, asking me to your house next Wednesday, and as father told me to get into good company if I could, I guess I'll come. Your friend,

Michael Simpson.

I saw no impropriety in this diction; so I folded the note, sealed it with a wafer, and having no one to obey any commands, I was obliged to leave it myself, on my way home at night.

Being informed by one of the clerks that it was necessary to have my hair curled before I went, I repaired, as soon as the duties of the store were over, to the nearest barber, and requested him to perform the office.

The barber started at the bushy appearance of my head, and seemed loth to attempt the job. However, after I had consented to be shorn of a portion of my locks, he pinned a towel under my chin, and commenced shearing.

Lock after lock fell upon my shoulders, and I could hear the barber heave many a sigh, ere the operation was completed.—

This being done the curling tongs were heated and applied. The hitherto obstinate straightness of my hair, under this operation was transformed into an incongruous mass of curls and snarls. The office I knew was a difficult one; for the fellow twisted my hair around his tongs with such strength and power, that several times I was near being raised from my seat, Yet I bore it all with heroic fortitude not a word escaped my lips—no, not even when I heard my hair singe under the influence of the heated iron—no, nor when the tongs came in contact with my ear and exposed part of my head.

This important affair being accomplished, I returned to my boarding house to make my toilet for the evening. This was

no easy task. To be sure, I had what would be called in the country a handsome suit of clothes, but it was very different from the fashion in the city. Our *snip* of the village possessed a remarkable faculty of making a coat from a less quantity of cloth than any tailor ever heard of; as he considered that coat the best fit which set the tightest to the person, and into which the wearer had the greatest difficulty to crowd himself.

After taking a strong cup of tea, as a stimulant, I retired to arrange my dress for the evening.

My agitation was excessive; my knees commenced sparring, my hand trembling, my whole body suffering under such excitement, that one would have supposed that I was under the operation of a galvanic battery. In the act of shaving I lacerated my face in several places; in brushing my teeth, I used the shaving brush instead of the proper implement. I washed my hands with the tooth powder; brushed my hair with the shoe brush; in fine my wits were so disordered, that I was unconscious of the office I was performing.

After various reverses I suceeded in arranging my dress to my satisfaction; and as I viewed myself in the glass, I became composed—feeling convinced I never before appeared to so much advantage. My coat was blue broadcloth, ornamented with brass buttons of enormous circumference. The waist of the coat evinced a strong inclination to take its seat between my shoulders, while the top of the collar formed nearly a *dead level* with the crown of my head. The sleeves fitted tight to the arm, but whether from mistake or fashion, they barely concealed the wrist, and left the whole hand exposed. My vest was of woollen; dark ground, but stripes of red and yellow relieved its otherwise dull appearance. My trousers was of a red mixed color, cut after a Turkish fashion; a nice pair of woolen stockings covered the immense length of my feet, made still longer by the prevailing fashion of having the pump an inch longer than the foot; so my body appeared as though set upon runners. A snow white cravat surrounded my neck, while the stiff starched shirt collar stood firmly up under my ears, as though my head depended upon that alone for support.

Thus equipped, I paced the chamber till 6 o'clock; and supposing this the proper hour of making my obeisance to Mrs. Williams, I started for the house. The night was rainy and boisterous in the extreme, and not wishing to incur the expense of coach hire, I pulled a pair of wollen stockings over my pumps, took an umbrella and commenced my walk. The barber had dressed my hair so much to my mind, that fearing to disarrange it, I carried my hat in my hand, and made the umbrella perform a double office. During my walk I meditated on the proper form of address on being presented to the lady of the house, and after various trials, I hit upon one I thought appropriate. 'I have the honor of wishing Mrs. Williams good evening.' This will do thought I; so I continued repeating it until I arrived at the door of the house.

Have you ever called on a dentist to have your teeth extracted? If so, did your heart beat and flutter almost to bursting, as you touched the fatal bell that announced your coming? But you know not half the agony I suffered, as I gave a half smothered knock at the door of the house where I was to pass the evening. But knock I did. The door flew open as by magic; I was within the house; my fate was sealed. But all was confused; my fortitude forsook me, and I stood in the vestibule a statue.

'Walk into the kitchen,' said the servant.

This aroused me. 'The kitchen, sir! I was invited to come and see Mrs. Williams; is not this her house?'

'Oh, yes, sir; I beg your pardon, sir; I really mistook. Please walk into this room, sir,' showing me into a basement parlor.

'No,' I replied, 'I want to take my stockings off before I see the ladies.'

'Oh, this is only the dressing room; please walk in sir.'

In I walked, freed myself from the covering of my feet, and prepared to ascend into the parlor. But this required some resolution, and was not to be taken in a minute; so I sat down and reflected what course I should pursue.

'Pretty fellow, that servant, to ask me into the kitchen! I wish I could catch him in our town, I would teach him who was the servant.' 'How still the folks are up stairs! I don't hear a word spoken; but I suppose all parties are stiff at first; however, it must be near the time for going in.'

These were my reflections; and after repeating the form of my address several times, I left the dressing room. There was no retreat. I arrived at the top of the stairs, opened the door and walked—"I have the honor of wishing'—*not a being was in the room!* Had I mistaken the house? had the servant tricked me? was I too early? each thought flashed through my mind, when a female made her appearance from a closet. 'I have the honor of wishing Mrs. Williams good evening,' I said, stalking up to her with prodigious strides.

'La! sir, I am not Mrs. Williams—I am her servant; but what do you want of her, and how dare you come up into the parlor?'

'Ma'am, I was invited here: is not Mrs. Williams going to give a party this evening?

'Oh, then you are *invited*; but, sir, the company will not be here these two hours. But sit down and I will speak to my lady.'

'Oh, no—I thank you; I will call again; dont allow me to disturb Mrs. Williams.' If I ever get out of this scrape, thought I, I never will be caught again.

At this moment a lady, most splendidly dressed, entered the room. She looked very enquiringly at me, when I informed her, that 'I was Michael Simpson, but that I was very sorry I had come so early, and would call again.'

'Oh, by no means,' said Mrs. Williams. 'Sit down Mr. Simpson, I want to talk with you.'

I took a seat. The perspiration rolled down my face, as though I was under the operation of a vapor bath.

'Well Mr. Simpson, what is the news in Pelham? When did you hear from your parents?

'O, there is nothing new, ma'am; I had a letter from father a few days since; he says that Deacon Cooke's barn is burnt, with three yoke of cattle in it; and that the widow Beals is dead.'

'Indeed!' said Mrs. Williams.

But I will not mention the variety of the subjects touched upon by Mrs. Williams, in order to amuse me, but I will pass to the time when the visitors began to assemble.

I took my stand behind the sofa in the corner of the room, and with eager eyes I watched the entrance of each individual. First came three or four old ladies, with their ribboned caps, black silk gowns—gold chains and watches. Bowing to the lady of the house they took their seats on the sofa, and after eyeing me very closely, they commenced talking about their ailings, their purchases and their relatives' misfortunes. Then entered some dozen young ladies, giving a final brush with their immense sleeves and, as they made their courtesies, I nearly jumped from the floor, thinking that they had lost their equilibrium; they rose in the same mechanical manner in which they humbled themselves.

Ladies after ladies continued to flock in until the rooms were nearly full; but with the exception of some elderly gentlemen, there was not a beau in the drawing rooms. Presently I observed several young gentlemen standing by the door, and after running their fingers through their hair, and adjusting their cravats, and screwing their faces into a 'good evening' sort of a look, they entered, bowed to the lady, then distributed among the company.

All was now noise and confusion, and feeling a little confidant, I ventured to ask young Williams to introduce me to some of the ladies. Williams was evidently startled at my request, but was too much of a gentleman to refuse. Whether he intended to quiz me or not, I cannot say; but he said he would introduce me to Miss Rivers, directing my eye to the lady in question.

'Will you introduce me to her!' I cried—'why she is the handsomest lady in the room.'

'Certainly she is,' replied Williams, 'and you must be very polite to her.'

'Oh, let me alone for that,' I answered.

I took his arm and we made our way through the crowd; but, most unfortunately, one of my huge bottons came in contact with the lace cape worn by one of the elderly ladies, and from some cause we were bound together. I endeavored to pass on and the lady attempted to free herself from such an unpleasant union, but in vain. I saw the difficulty, and being wholly engrossed by the thought of my introduction to Miss Rivers, I had recourse to my penknife, and the affair was soon settled.—The lady screamed, called me an impudent fellow, but I heard nothing till I found myself before Miss Rivers.

'Miss Rivers, permit me to introduce you to Mr. Simpson, one of my country friends.'

Three times did I incline my body to the ground, and three times did I attempt to speak, but my tongue calve to the

roof of my mouth and refused utterance. I changed my position from the front of my lady to her side, and leaned my head against the wall. The lady during this movement, retained the same composure and expression of countenance as when I first bowed. 'Must I speak first,' thought I; I made a desperate push, and taking hold of her sleeve very carefully, I asked, what she gave for that calico she had on?

Miss Rivers started. 'La! sir, I dont know; you must ask ma.'

'I hope you won't think me impudent, ma'am,' I replied.

'Oh, by no means; but pray, Mr. Simpson, how long have you been in town,' said Miss Rivers, thinking she could quiz me a little.

'I have only been in town about a month, ma'am, so I am not quite so genteel and polite as some of the chaps here.'

'Ah, you want me to flatter you,' answered the lady; 'but I wont; tell me have you seen Rob Roy?' referring to Scott's last novel.

'No, ma'am, is he here?'

'Oh, I dont mean the person himself, but you know the work has just come to town.'

'Yes, ma'am, I recollect now, we had a case come from New-York. Capital article for cloaks. We sell them at two dollars a yard, perhaps you would like a pattern?

'You dont understand me,' said Miss Rivers, endeavoring to command her risibles; 'I had reference to the last novel of Scott.'

'A novel! oh, I never read such things, for they tell me there is not a word of truth in them, and I do not want to read a pack of lies.'

Our edifying conversation was interrupted by the arrival of some refreshments, which the servant proffered to Miss Rivers. Here was a chance for my gallantry. The waiter was covered with ice creams, Roman punch, blanc-mange, etc; articles never before seen by me; however I stepped forward, and asked the lady what I should have the pleasure of giving her.

'I will thank you for a little Roman punch, Mr. Simpson.'

Roman punch at this time was held in high estimation in ———. It was sometimes of frozen Champaigne—sometimes of water spiced and frozen—but of this I was ignorant.

'Punch!' thought I, 'rather queer for a lady to drink punch!' endeavoring at the same time to find the article on the waiter. I looked in vain; nothing resembling what I called punch, was visible; so I whispered in the servant's ear—'bring me a glass of punch, waiter; quick!' then turning to Miss Rivers, 'will you not have some of this white stuff first?' referring to some delicate blanc-magne.

'As you please Mr. Simpson,' said the lady, smilling.

I covered the plate with this delicious morceau; asked the waiter if he had got a knife and fork; he said a spoon was generally used, as I handed it to the lady, and returned to my place by her side. Presently I saw the servant approaching bearing on the waiter a glass of punch. 'Now,' I thought, 'Miss Rivers shall have a drink.'

Taking the glass from the waiter, I handed it to the lady, informing her that it looked as though it might be good.

'But what is this, Mr. Simpson?' asked Miss Rivers.

'Why ma'am, this is the punch you ordered—pray take it; no one shall see you drink it, for I will stand before you.'

Miss Rivers seemed somewhat embarrassed, but seeing my honest and grave face, she burst into an intolerable fit of laughter, and begged me to drink it for her. Now, I had never drank a glass of punch in my life; but fearing the lady would laugh at me, without hesitation I swollowed the contents of the glass.

Shortly after this, I observed an unusual degree of commotion throughout the drawing rooms; music struck up, and a dance was called. I thought of my proficiency in the 'pigeon wing' and 'double shuffle,' and was anxious for an opportunity of displaying my agility—but resolved to await the second dance.

'Why, they are playing psalm tunes,' thought I, observing none move faster than a slow walk. 'I should think they were all frightened to death; but I will show them how it is done.'

I watched every movement, and when the dance was completed, I requested the honor of dancing with Miss Rivers, she being the only lady with whom I was acquainted.

The lady very politely consented. I led her into the centre of the room, made two slides and bows, placed myself in the third position, and awaited the call of the musician.

I began now to feel the effects of the punch, and it was with difficulty that I was able to remain in my awkward latitude. 'But the dance will make all right,' I thought, when the music calls out, 'right and left.' I started at once, eager for the dance, but was detained by my partner, who informed me that my turn had not yet come.

At the call of 'side couples right and left,' I jumped three feet into the air, strained every nerve, and went to work, and much to my satisfaction found myself in my place again. Elated with my success, and excited by the punch, I turned to Miss Rivers, and asked if their was not 'any down in the middle' to this dance.

'No,' she replied.

'Oh! I am great at that, I wish you could see me.'

'How well you dance, Mr. Simpson.'

'Do you think so? You shall see me cut a 'pigeon wing' presently, I replied.

'Forward and back, and cross over,' called out the musician.

Away I started, and as I got opposite my partner— now is the time,' thought I, 'to take the pigeon wing.' Springing from the floor with all my strength, I made a flourish with my feet as I came down, but the carpet proved a slippery foundation—my heels flew up—I lost my equilibrium, and fell prostrate on the floor. My feet came in contact with those of a servant's who was handing about ice creams; the force of my fall was so powerful, that I upset the servant, and the contents of the waiter came tumbling into my face and eyes. Mistaking the frigidity of the ice creams for boiling water, I bellowed most lustily that I was scalded; but recovering my feet, observed the whole assembly laughing at my misfortune, I made a desperate push for the door.

Rushing down stairs, I met another servant, coming up with wine and lemonade; I served him as I served his fellow; and amid the crashing of glasses, and the screams and shouts of the company, I rush into the street, and paused not until I had arrived in my chamber, where, overcome with grief and shame, I threw myself upon my bed, was soon asleep, and awoke the next morning, firmly resolved never to enter a fashionable party again. H.

THE HUNTER'S PERILS.

FROM THE "LEGENDS OF A LOG CABIN."

On the fourth day, about noon, being then about forty miles direct distance from H———, we came upon the trial of a large body of Indians, who had passed there the day before, and were going up the river. It was not a war party, as the tracks of women and children were mingled with those of grown men. We followed four or five miles, when, at a soft piece of ground, I caught sight of a footmark I knew right well. 'Twas the broad flat foot of the Indian, whom we called Broadfoot. I showed it to Johnson, who agreed that there could be no doubts as to whom it belonged. We traced it along till at the top of a ridge the party separated, Broadfoot and four others taking a course directly out from the river; and the others, principally old men, women and children, still following up the stream. Here Johnson and I called a halt, and consulted whether we should follow Broadfoot and his gang, or the larger party. Johnson was for the latter plan, saying, that where there were so maey women and children, they must needs move slowly, and we should easily overtake them, and like enough take a scalp or two. I wanted to track Broadfoot still, both because I longed to take the scoundrel's scalp, and because I could not but think we stood the best chance of finding the boy, by keeping on the trail of the enemy of whom we were in search. Finally, Johnson gave in, and we followed the smaller, or war party.

Poor Jim grumbled a good deal at what he called my wrong-headedness. "There were twenty or thirty tracks," he said; they were going slow, and by night we could have overtaken them, and taken a scalp or two at least. Even a squaw's scalp would have been some satisfaction; nay, a child's would have been better than nothing.

"What on earth do you want with a squaw's scalp, much more with a poor popoose's, Jim Johnson?" said I.

"Why, Balt, I don't want a squaw's scalp, nor a popoose's if I can get a warrior's; but surely half a loaf is better than no bread. Here we have been on a range four days, and I have not had a shot at a red skin, man, woman or child, though we all know the woods are full of them. It is too bad; I vow it is a disgrace to the settlement, there has not a single scamp been brought into Harmer in a month." Johnson went on grumbling and complaining,

but I did not mind him, but kept a sharp eye on the trial. We followed it steadily and pretty rapidly, till night-fall; we then camped, lighted our fire, cooked a bit of bear stake, and went quietly to sleep.—Next morning we were early on the trail, and followed it steadily till near noon; then a new footmark joined it; I gave but one glance; 'twas Ham Cass. The sight of the footmarks warmed my heart; I gave a glad shout, and followed the trail with renewed energy. I did not lose the chance of bragging over Jim. "See, Jim, wasn't I right after all? I knew the boy was true breed, the genuine old hunter blood is in him, and for all his book learning, it will show itself. You see he is on the right scent now, and, my word for it, he will tree the game." Just as Johnson began some light and joking reply, I heard the sharp crack, crack, crack—three rifles. Johnson, who was a step or two in front of me, gave one bound right up into the air, and fell dead at my feet. At the same time I felt a numbness in my right leg; I, too, was hit. I looked up the hill side, five Indians were bounding down at a great rate. There was no time to lose, I ran for life. Luckily the ball had not touched the bone. In a moment they were all after me at full speed. I gave but one glance over my shoulder, to see how they were coming; only one was very near me, and if I could but escape him, I had no fears for the rest; for on level ground even with my hurt leg, I could leave any Indian far behind on a short race. In a minute more I heard another rifle; I glanced behind. The Indian who was nearest me—and he was fearfully near—stood still, groping in the air with his hands for a moment, then fell. One of his companions had hit the wrong mark.

The Indians saw the fatal error, and filled the air with their yells. I ran on, making for a creek we had passed in the early part of the day. I soon found that no one was after me, but there was little safety in that; the savages could not look at my trail without finding that I was wounded, and this would encourage them to hunt me down. My wound, too, began to be very painful, and I felt that it would be impossible for me to reach the creek without a rest; yet I scarce dared stop, till at last I came to a sycamore tree, which was hollowed out by rot. Here I determined to make my resting place. In the upper part of this hollow I could probably remain concealed, or, if discovered, sell my life dearly. The only opening to the tree was about four feet from the ground, scarce large enough to permit a man to crawl in; once in, the space would easily permit a dozen men to stand at ease. I crept in, and began to take a regular survey of my little fortress. I found there were several small holes, the size of a dollar and one, near twenty feet from the ground, where a limb had broken off, which was larger than that at which I had entered. Here I rested for some time, and having plucked some leaves as I went through the woods, I now chewed and applied them to my wound with great relief. You may well suppose I kept a good look out all the while, lest the savages should come on me unawares. I had watched there for more than an hour, when I caught sight of them following my trail. The first was a chief, a large, tall, powerful fellow, with a feather in his high tuft of hair, medals on his breast, and wampum beads hanging in strings from his dress. At his belt hung a fresh scalp, which I knew could only be poor Johnson's. He was followed, in Indian file, by six others. Slowly and cautiously they advanced on the trail, till they came within fifty feet of the tree. Here they halted, and I could have picked off one very easily, but I thought I would wait and see what plan they would adopt. After some whispering and gesticulating, two of the Indians were detached, and made a circuit round the tree, apparently to discover whether the trail led beyond it.

When they had completed their round and joined their companions, they had another long talk: finally, three raised their rifles and fired at the hole in the tree. One of the balls only entered the hole, but as I took care to be out of range, it did no harm. Again they held a talk; they seemed irresolute what to do, and I began to think they would leave me, but such was no part of their intention. I saw them again raising their rifles for a shot, when a plan entered my head by which I hoped to get two lives at least; so when they fired I gave a furious scream, as though wounded, and then began to groan; at first very loud, and finally slowly and softly as tho' just dead. The stratagem had its effect.—At the first scream the Indians gave a shout of triumph, and then, as they heard the groans, they advanced towards the tree.—Still their natural craft did not entirely desert them, for they crept on very slowly, stopping every now and then, and listening with eager attention. Finally, the head man stood beside the opening, he poked in his rifle moving it about; then he thrust in his head; and just as he was fairly in, I fired, and blew the top of his head all off. He fell forward, his body blocking up the hole. In an instant I sprang on him, wrested the rifle from his dying grasp, pointed it from one of the small loop holes, fired, and another Indian was dead beside his Chief; the others gave one yell of despair and took to trees. There was now, for a while, a cession of our warfare. The Indians, each hid behind a neighboring tree were concealed from me, and did not seem very much inclined to leave their covert.—In the mean time I was busy rifling the dead Chief. The gun I had taken, and which had already done me much good service, I found, on looking at it, was Johnson's; the savage had a well filled bullet pouch and a horn of powder; the ammunition was of immense importance to me, as I had not above a dozen charges left, and there was no telling how long this fight might last. I also got a large bag of parched corn, and a small (pity it was so small) flask of whiskey. Having secured the valuable spoils; I resumed my quiet watch of the savages.

The sun was near setting when I saw them, at a signal fly each from his tree, and take refuge behind a small rise in the ground, about twenty or thirty yards from my tree. Here they were out of my sight, and what was worse, they could creep round, and approach on either side without my knowing where to look for them.—"This," thought I, "will never do; I'll see if I can't break up the council they are holding, or at least get an idea of what they are about." I began to climb the sides of the tree. As the rot had eaten it irregularly, it left a good many knots and knobs; so that, notwithstanding my lame leg, I made out finally to reach the upper hole. Cautiously I poked my head out, and was rejoiced to find that I could command a full view of my enemies. There lay the whole five, their heads together, talking and pointing, evidently hatching some plan for my destruction. Having satisfied myself that from the top of my fort I could hit one of the savages, I descended again, and fastening one end of my belt to my side, and tying the two rifles, ready loaded, to the other, I ascended again. Just as I caught sight of the savages, two of them made off, rolling and creeping along until they were out of range of my rifle; they then took to the woods and I saw no more of them. Here was another hint for me to be in haste, as the varmin were sending for reinforcements.—Slowly and carefully I pushed out my rifles and resting one in the crotch of the tree, I took deliberate aim at the nearest Indian. He lay flat on the ground, and my ball hit the very centre of his head. His companions sprang on their feet, gazing all around evidently at a loss to tell whence the blow came. As they stood I could take perfect aim, and in a moment another fell, with a ball through his body. The second shot roused the remaining Indian to the necessity of putting shelter between him and me. He sprang behind a tree. Here he remained along time, till finding he was not likely to move, and knowing that their reinforcement could not be far distant, I determined to be off. I went to work with my tomahawk, cutting a hole in the tree opposite to where he lay, and in half an hour's time I could creep out.

I then hid Johnson's rifle, took my own in hand, and crept softly out. Taking advantage of the ground, I was soon out of sight of the Indians; then I sprang to my feet, and made towards the creek with my best speed. I walked more than an hour undisturbed, and began to indulge the hope of reaching the creek without further danger. I had gained the top of the last hill, and the creek lay in the valley below; I paused for a moment, and looking back, I saw four stout Indians on the opposite hill, not more than a mile behind me.—They must have seen me at the same moment, for their loud war-whoop rang thro' the woods. I did not wait for another look at them, but made for the creek. I gained the bank, plunged into the stream. Oh! how pleasant was that cool water to my parched skin and burning wound. I swam with the current, which was pretty rapid, till at a turn in the stream I saw a large raft of drift wood. I struggled towards it, and diving, came up between two of the largest logs. They lay so close together, that I could barely get my eyes, nose, and chin, out of the water; and as the logs touched a few inches above my face, I was nearly in total darkness. Here I lay, half dead with fatigue and pain, waiting the coming of the savages. I soon heard by their shouts that they were near—were descending the stream. One of them came on the raft; stood for a moment on the log that concealed me, his weight pressing my head under water—had he remained many minutes I must have perished. He moved onward, however, and then, like an old otter, I poked my nose out of the water to blow. For near an hour I heard their

shouts near the raft: and they began to grow more and more faint, and finally died away. I waited some time, lest some straggler might have remained behind. At last, hearing nothing of them, and being nearly exhausted, I left my hiding place, and swam into the open stream. It was quite dark; I was wet, hungry and lame; still I dared not rest, there was no hope of safety but in instant flight. By hard tugging I detached a log from the raft, and drew it into the middle of the stream; then laying myself at full length upon it, I began to float down the stream.

From the New-York Transcript.

LEAP YEAR AND LADIES' PRIVILEGE.

The coming year, 1836, will be leap year, as any person may see by consulting any almanac. It will be an important year to the interests of unmarried ladies, and no less to the unmarried gentlemen—for what interests the one, is also fated to interest the other. The ladies next year will have the sole privilege of making love, which the gentlemen may not refuse under severe penalties. To prove this to be the case, and that it is no new thing, nor owes its rise to any of the extravagant notions of modern times, we will give an extract from an old volume, printed in the year of Grace, 1606, and entitled 'Courtship, Love, and Matrimonie.'

"Albeit, it is now become a parte of the Commun Lawe, in regard to the social relations of life, that as often as every bissextile year doth return, the ladyes have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they may do either, by wordes or lookes, as unto them it seemeth proper; and moreover no man shall be entitled to the benefit of Clergy who dothe refuse to accept the offers of a ladye, or who dothe in any wise treat her proposal with slight or contumely."

So long ago as the above was printed, it will be seen to have been a parte of the Commun Law,' that the ladies should have the privilege—of making love every fourth year; and what was then binding as common law, is equally binding now, since it has never been superseded by any statute.

We thought it incumbent upon us as editors, who have the welfare and happiness of our readers at heart, to give this early information on a most important subject.—It is now (November 10) but little more than six weeks to the commencement of Leap Year.

'And Time will soon that distance leap.'

The love-making privilege of the 'lords of creation' will then be suspended, and so continue for one long year of 365 days. They cannot make love all that tedious interval, nor can they refuse a lady who makes love to them.

This, to gentlemen who have a taste for gallantry, and are particularly tenacious of what is usually considered the female privilege, will be an unpleasant reverse of the order of things; while to your very diffident or indolent gentlemen, who want resolution or activity for the arduous duties of courtship it will be a change no less pleasant than interesting.

To the latter I need say nothing but that they have before them a year of hope, wherein they may cast off their single blessedness, provided that they can nerve themselves to the acceptance of such ladies as Heaven or their own inclinations may send to solicit their hands. To the former we would say: "Gentlemen, if you would not be wooed, you have now six weeks before you wherein you may go a wooing; after which, if you let this time slip, you must make up your mind to take such dear creatures as come a wooing to you—or—sad alternative!—die without "benefit of Clergy." This is all we need say to the gentlemen, who being thus forewarned, if they do not make the best use of time and circumstances, will have no cause to lay the blame upon us.

To the ladies we beg leave to say, the next year is yours; and if you have never made love, it will be your privilege to do so, for the whole of the year. You need have no scruple as to the certainty of your rights. They rest upon the 'Commun Lawe,' which have been in great power ever since the days of Queen Elizabeth, and we know not how much longer. Those rights are very ample—they not only allow you to make love, but they always make it obligatory on the 'lords of creation" to accept of your offers.

How far you shall insist upon the exercise of your privilege, depends on yourselves. Your power, for one whole year, will be absolute; and if you choose, you may revenge yourselves, by making love to such gentlemen as ought long since to have made love to you. This you will be perfectly justified in doing; and the lordly delinquent cannot, as they ought not, to say nay.

But, insomuch as your power is absolute, it becomes you to exercise it gently. Hear what Portia says of the quality of mercy:

"It is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven,
Upon the plain beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

With these brief remarks, we commend you to the year 1836: which we hope you will "so use as not abusing it, remembering that the fashion thereof passeth away;" and that, if this important year be misspent, you will have to wait until the year 1840 for the recurrence of your quadrennial privilege.

THE SCRIBLER.

NO. I.

Original.

Scribam plane, quod sentio.

Reader! if you are a perspicacious individual you will doubtless have learned from the caption of this article that I intend occasionally to appear, in this manner, before yourself and the honorable the publick.—I will not conceal that my main purpose in writing is, to make myself famous. I cannot, like most authors of the present day, plead the "importunity of friends" in mitigation of the offence of abtruding my lucubrations upon the notice of that grave and dignified body, the publick: for to be very candid, I must say that my friends one and all, earnestly dissuaded me from any attempt of the kind.

I am free to confess that I esteem it a great *desideratum* to get my thoughts into print. What the publick think of my productions, I little care; the voice of criticism passes me as the idle wind. My fears for the fate of my writings arise from a very different quarter. Should the printer's devil, in the plenitude of his wisdom, think proper to throw my manuscript under the table, such a deplorable catastrophe, it is evident, would nip the blossom of my fame in the bud. From this single consideration it is plain that the favor of that formidable personage is of more consequence to incipient authors like myself, than that of all the rest of mankind; in as much as it is for him to say whether or no a writer shall ever appear in the dignity which types confer; a prerogative by no means appertaining to the rest of the human family.

My reader must be very unseasonable, if, at this stage of my labors, he requires any definite account of the course I intend to pursue. I really do not know myself. I have launched on the ocean of my mind this little bark, which has just anchored, as I would fain hope, in the sunshine of the reader's favor, and it is utterly impossible for me to predict in what direction the waves and currents of that ocean may hereafter bear it. The reader may at one time espy it pleasantly sailing among fertile and happy islands; anon he may see it drifting upon a barren and rocky shore. He may to-day see it in sunshine, and to-morrow in tempest; one hour riding on the deep safe waters of good sense, and the next foundering in the shoals of vanity and extravagance.

I may, perhaps treat of a great number of subjects, moral, political, philosophical, and literary; sometimes indulging in the humourous and sarcastick, and sometimes attempting the lofty and sublime. It is barely possible that I may occasionally leave the every day walks of prose for the flowery fields of poetry; for *entre nous* my dear reader—I tell thee this as a great secret—I am slightly addicted to the worship of the Muses. But that I may not fall into disfavor with the sedate and the serious on account of my *penchant* for verse making. I do solemnly pledge my honor, that my calls on the ladies of Parnassus shall be in one respect at least, like angel visits—few and far between.

I may sometimes feel called upon to lash the vices and follies of this degenerate age; in doing which the excellence of my principles, to say nothing of my fine feelings, will lead me scrupulously to eschew all manner of personality and abuse.

My private correspondence is very extensive and interesting; and I may be induced to call from the letters of my friends such extracts as may seem likely to be generally acceptable. I number among my correspondents persons in every station of life, publick and private, high and low, married and single; the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned; and I cannot doubt that my readers will be much gratified by the effusions of their epistolary pens.

Shall I say a few words concerning myself personally? I will reveal for the information of my readers that I am a sedate thoughtful sort of a person, who are little given to talking, and much to scribbling.

I mingle continually in the great Babel of society, and listen to its din and confusion, without making any effort to increase them. Whatever I hear or see worth recollecting, I enter in a great black book which

always lies on the table of my closet,—the contents of which become materials for continual philosophising and reflection.

Whether I am married or single, I shall keep a profound secret. My reasons for this course are "plenty as blackberries," but on due consideration I think it best to keep them to myself. I must beg my readers to dispense with any description of my personal appearance; for I protest I cannot, even to gratify the curiosity of the ladies, detail the phenomena of my "outward man." If any are curious touching this matter, I advise them when they meet an individual on the sidewalk possessing a countenance of singular length and gravity, and bearing a quill behind his ear, to mark him attentively; and such scrutiny will be worth a volume of auto-description from my pen.

And now gentle reader, having fairly gone through the formalities of a self-introduction I will take my leave of thee for the present, in the hope that when we again meet our contact may be more pleasant and profitable to us both.

The following are the two articles alluded to under our editorial head. We present them in connexion, as twin gems of sentimental pathos and poetry, which reflect and heighten each other's beauties and brilliancy:

THE FORSAKEN GIRL.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

"They parted—as all lovers part—
She with her wronged and broken heart;
But he, rejoicing he is free,
Bounds like the captive from his chain;
And wilfully believing she
Hath found her liberty again."

If there is any act which deserves deeper and bitter condemnation, it is that of trifling with the inestimable value of woman's affection. The female heart may be compared to a delicate harp—over which the breathings of early affection wander, until each tender chord is awakened to tones of ineffable sweetness. It is the music of the soul which is thus called forth—a music sweeter than the fall of fountain, or the song of Houri in the Moslem's paradise. But wo for the delicate fashioning of that harp if a change pass over the love which first called forth its hidden harmonies. Let neglect and cold unkindness, sweep over its delicate strings, and they will break, one after another—slowly perhaps but surely. Unvisited, and unrequitted by the light of love, the soul like melody will be hushed in the stricken bosom—like the Egyptian statue before the coming of sunrise.

I have been wandering among the graves—the lonely and solemn graves. I love at times to do so. I feel a melancholy not unallied to pleasure, in communing with the resting place of those who had gone before me; to go forth alone among the thronged tombstones, rising from every grassy modulation like ghostly sentinels of the departed. And when I kneel above the narrow mansions of one whom I have known and loved in life, I feel a strange assurance that the spirit of the sleeper is near; a viewless and ministering angel. It is a beautiful philosophy which has found its way unsought for and mysteriously into the silence of my heart—and if it be only a dream, the unreal imagery of my fancy—I pray God that I may never awaken from the beautiful delusion.

I have been this evening by the grave of Emily. It has a plain white tombstone, half hidden by flowers, and you may read its mournful epitaph in the clear moonlight which falls upon it like the smile of an angel through an opening in the drooping branches. Emily was a beautiful girl—the fairest of our village maidens. I think I see her now, as she looked when the loved one—the idol of her affections, was near her, with his smile of conscious triumph and exulting love. She had then seen but eighteen summers, and her whole being seemed woven of the dream of her first passion. The object of her love was a proud and wayward being—whose haughty spirit never relaxed from its habitual sternness, save when he found himself in the presence of a young and beautiful creature who had trusted her all on the "venture of her vow," and who had loved him with the confiding earnestness of a pure and devoted heart.—Nature had deprived him of the advantages of outward grace and beauty; and it was the abiding conciousness of this, which gave to his intercourse with society a character of pride and sternness. He felt himself in some degree removed from his fellow-men by the partial fashioning of nature; and he scorned to seek a nearer affinity. His mind was of an exalted bearing, and prodigal of beauty. The flowers of poetry were in his imagination, a perpetual blossoming; it was to his intellectual beauty that Emily knelt down; bearing to the altar of her idol the fair flowers of her affection—even as the dark eyed daughters of the ancient Gheber spread out their offerings from the gardens of the east, upon the altar of the sun.

There is a surpassing strength in a love like that of Emily's—it has nothing gross or low, nor earthly in its yearnings—it has its source in the deeper fountains of the human heart—and is such as the redeemed and sanctified from earth might feel for one another in the fair land of spirits. Alas! that such love should be unrequited, or turned back in coolness upon the crushed heart of its giver.

They parted—Emily and her lover—but not before they had vowed eternal constancy to each other. The one retired to the quiet of her home---to dream over again the scenes of her early passion---to count with untiring eagerness the hours of separation; and to weep over the long interval of "hope deferred." The other went out with a strong heart to mingle with the world, girded with pride and impelled forward with ambition. He found the world cool, callous, and selfish; and his own spirit insensibly took the hue of those around him. He shut his eyes upon the past---it was too pure and mildly beautiful for the sterner gaze of his manhood. He forgot the passion of his boyhood---all beautiful and holy as it was---he turned not back to the young and lovely devoted girl, who had poured out to him in the confiding earnestness of woman's confidence, the wealth of her affection. He came not back to fulfil the vow which he had plighted.

Slowly and painfully the knowledge of her lover's infidelity came over the sensitive heart of Emily. She sought for a time to shut out the horrible suspicion from her mind; she half doubted the evidences; she could not believe that he was a traitor, for her own memory had treasured every token of his affection, every impassioned word and every endearing smile of his tenderness. But the truth came at last—the doubtful spectre which had long haunted, and from which she turned away, as if it were sin to look upon it, now stood before her—a dreadful and unescapable vision of reality. There was one burst of passionate tears, the overflow of that fountain of affliction which quenches the last ray of hope in the desolate bosom—and she was calm—for the struggle was over, and she gazed steadily, and with awful confidence of one whose hopes are not on earth, upon the dark valley of death whose shadow was already around her.

It was a beautiful evening in summer, that I saw her for the last time. The sun was just setting behind a long line of blue and undulating hills, touching their tall summits with a radiance like the halo that encircles the dazling brow of an angel—and all nature had put on the rich garniture of greenness and blossom. As I approached the quiet and secluded dwelling of the once happy Emily, I found the door of the little parlor thrown open; and a female voice, of a sweetness which could hardly be said to belong to earth, stole out upon the soft summer air. It was like the breathing of an Æolean lute to the gentlest visitation of zephyr. Involuntarily I paused to listen, and these words, I never shall forget them, came upon my ears like the low and melancholy music which we sometimes hear in dreams:—

Oh—no—I do not fear to die,
For hope and faith are bold;
And life is but a weariness—
And Earth is strangely cold—
In view of Death's pale solitude
My spirit hath not mourned—
'Tis kinder than forgotten love,
Or friendship unreturned.

And I could pass the shadowed land
In rapture all the while—
If one who now is far away
Were near me with his smile.
It seems a dreary thing to die
Forgotten and alone—
Unheeded by our dearest love—
The smiles and tears of one!

Oh! plant my grave with pleasant flowers
The fairest of the fair—
The very flowers he loved to twine
At twilight in my hair—
Perchance he yet may visit them,
And shed above my beir
The holiest dew of funeral flowers
"Affection's kindly tear!"

You Remember the Maid.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

You remember the maid with her dark brown hair,
And her brow, where the finger of beauty
Had written her name, and had stamped it there,
Till it made adoration a duty! [light
And you have not forgot how we watched with de-
Each charm, as a new one was given,
Till she grew in our eyes like a vision of light,
And we thought her a spirit from Heaven!

And your heart can recall—and mine often goes back,
With a sigh and tear, to the hours [track
When we gazed on her form as she followed the
Of the butterfly's wing through the flowers;—
When in her young joy she would smile with delight
On its plumage of mingling dyes,
Till she let it go free,—and looked after its flight,
To see if it entered the skies.

But she wandered away from the home of her youth,
One spring, ere the roses were blown!
For she fancied the world was a temple of truth,
And she measured all hearts by her own!
She fed on a vision, and lived on a dream,
And she followed it over the wave;
And she sought—where the moon has a milder gleam,
For a home—and they gave her a grave!

There was one whom, she loved, though she breathed it to none
For love of her soul was a part!

And he said he loved her, but he left her alone,
With the worm of despair in her heart!
And oh! with what anguish we counted each day,
The roses that died on her cheek,—
And hung o'er her form as it faded away,
And wept for the beautiful wreck!

Yet her eye was as mild and as blue to the last
Though shadows stole over its beam, [past
And her smiles are remembered long since they are
Like the smiles we have seen in a dream.
And—it may be that fancy had woven a spell,
But—I think, though her tones were as clear,
They were somewhat more soft, and their murmurings fell
Like a dirge on the listening ear.

And while sorrow threw round her a holier grace,
—Though she always was gentle and kind—
Yet I thought that the softness which stole o'er her face
Had a softening power on her mind! [dear,
But it might be her looks and her tones were more
And we valued them more in decay,
As we treasure the last fading flower of the year,
—For we felt she was passing away!

She never complained,—but she loved to the last!
And the tear in her beautiful eye [past,
Often told that her thoughts had gone back to the
And the youth who had left her to die!
—But Mercy came down, and the maid is at rest,
Where the palm trees sigh o'er her at even;
And the dew-drop that weeps o'er the turf on her
Is the tear of a far-foreign heaven! [breast

VICISITUDES OF FORTUNE.—We noticed under the obituary head, the other day, the death of "the Hon. Samuel Wright, formerly a member of the Legislature of this state." The ups and downs of this world have seldom been more strikingly exemplified, than in the chequered life of Samuel Wright. Thirty years ago, he was an opulent merchant, and an influential politician in the county of Herkimer. He was a member of the Legislature, at the time of the incorporation of the Merchants' Bank of this city. There was some noise in regard to the manner in which that charter was obtained, and Mr. Wright's name was involved. About the year 1810, Mr. W. became entangled in his extensive pecuniary affairs, and failed in business. For a few years afterward, he kept a public house in the village of Herkimer, from which he removed to the neighborhood of Albany, where again he kept a public house.—Leaving that establishment we lost sight of him for a good while, until some five or six years since, we recognized him among the sellers of vegetables in the Washington market. In this humble situation he continued until his recent decease. He was, we believe, an honest man. Certainly he was a man of strong intellect, and of more than a common share of information. We never knew or supposed him to be guilty of bad habits in any respect; and yet when Fortune turned against him, he was doomed to struggle on, and struggle on, without a single turn of the wheel in his favor.

CONTRAST.—Observe the difference between a religion which God makes for man, and a religion which man makes for God. Man in the vanity of his notions and the emptiness of his pride would think the practical precepts of the Gospel as below the dignity of religion. He would think a smoking altar, a gorgeous temple, a sounding song of hallelujahs, pealing from ten thousand voices, far more sublime than a deed of gentle generosity quietly done to a poor afflicted, humble creature, sinking down into the dust of oblivion and wretchedness. *What* a deal of smoke and noise there is about the religion men make for God!--- generous, gentle, and blessed is the religion which God makes for man.—*Lon. New Monthly Magazine.*

THE GEM AND AMULET.

Love's Victims.

OF all the sketches which we have ever seen of the ruin wrought by that "disappointment" which, "like a worm in the bud, preys on the damask cheek" of beauty, and eats away the silver chord of existence in the female heart, the "*Forsaken Girl*," in prose, by Whittier, and "*You remember the Maid*," in poetry, by Hervey, both sometime since published, and which we present to our readers on another page, are in our opinion unsurpassed by any productions of a similar character in any human language.

On contemplating such pictures of the purity and holy devotion of the female heart, and the bitterness of death with which, though but in imagination, the sanctified offerings are requited, as are presented in these little sketches, who but must feel the rougher asperities of nature broken down, and the whole soul pervaded and subdued by the holiest of human emotions! We might particularize passages which have struck us as eminently beautiful—what language, as an example, can be more beautifully descriptive of the unreserving devotion of female love, than the sentence. "*Her whole being seemed woven of the dream of her first passion!*" or what more beautifully emblematical of the unstudied simplicity of maiden childhood than the image in the second stanza of the poem, where on liberating the captive butterfly, the artless girl

"looked after its flight,
"*To see if it entered the skies.*"

But why particularize where all is so beautiful?

EARLY WINTER.—When this paper went to press we had enjoyed three days tolerable sleighing—poh! talk of an editor's enjoying a sleigh ride! We don't mean so, exactly—we mean that the ground had been covered with a four inch snow, the merry bells had been jingling past our windows, and we had felt the luxury of knowing that others were breathing the fresh air and participating in the health-stirring gratifications of a pleasant ride.

We learn that at Albany the snow fell all Monday night, and was falling Tuesday when the mail left. It was then six inches deep.

The Canal is yet open and boats running as usual.

THE KNICKERBOCKER for November has made its appearance; and embraces its usual variety of racy reading. The leading article on the Education of Young Ladies," by the author of Allen Prescott, contains some judicious hints on this important subject. Miss Sedgwick, of "Redwood" and "Hope Leslie" memory, has contributed a grave-yard sketch entitled "Our Burial Place." It is, we believe, her first appearance in the Knickerbocker. Captain Marryatt, the inimitable biographer of "Peter Simple," and "Jacob Faithful," comes in with a lively and amusing tale under the cognomen of "Moonshine." It is much in the same graphic vein of "Faithful." The admirers of that Apostle of Liberty, Jefferson, will be pleased to notice in the present number the announcement of a comprehensive though limited series of original writings from the departed patriot's pen. Some of the poetry is beautiful, and most of it respectable. Altogether, we think the present number surpasses its predecessors.

The addition of Capt. Marryatt and Miss Sedgwick to the long list of contributors is quite a feather in the cap of the gifted editor of this popular periodical. Thus says Stevenson, the able editor of a Troy paper.

"The American Journal of Scientific and Useful Knowledge," is the title of a large imperial 8 vo. monthly periodical, each number to contain from 48 to 60 pages, and between twenty and thirty engravings, edited by Thomas McKee, Jun, and elegantly printed on the steam press of Packard & Van Benthuysen, Albany, (stereotyped) price $2 a year or 18¾ per number.

This work is not of the light and trifling kind.—The editor's object seems to be to present *useful* knowledge in an *attractive* form, and if the first number is a fair specimen, there will be no lack of variety. It embraces Biographical Sketches of eminent men, Historical Tales, Discoveries, Inventions, Natural History, Chemistry, Shrewd Observations &c. The type is large and easy to read, the paper clear and strong, and the cuts and engravings of the best kind.

The enterprising publishers have an artist in their employ, who is visiting different parts of the country, taking views and sketches of the most interesting objects, which will be engraved and appear in the work.

With ample means for carrying such a plan into execution, there can be no doubt that the American Journal will become a popular work.

☞ We shall give the lines of "B." though they are imperfect. He might easily write better, by using care and attending a little more to poetical criticisms. The same remarks are applicable to "Halley." Both show that good thinkers are not always good poets.

"Docillis" was received too late for this No.

CHEAP MISCELLANEOUS PERIODICAL.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME OF
THE ROCHESTER GEM
AND LADIES' AMULET:

Devoted to the dissemination of Useful Knowledge, Historical, Biographical and Fictitious Writings, to Essays, Moral Readings, Sentiment, Wit, and Poetry.

WITH PLATES.

Eight quarto pages, semi-monthly, at $1 IN ADVANCE.

The present Proprietors of the *Gem* and *Ladies' Amulet* have procured new type, and design to make the eighth volume still more worthy the patronage of those who have so long sustained it. Without making any very high pretensions, we shall endeavor to offer sufficient inducements to literary men in this region of country, to make our columns, in part at least, the medium of their communications to the public, at the same time that a fostering care will be extended to youthful and native genius. If no more successful than our predecessors, we shall be able, as they have been, to occupy a reasonable proportion of each number with original matter.

In making selections, we shall aim at culling the choicest perpassian flowers from modern writers and standard works, as well as pieces in prose of a useful and entertaining character. One point we wish to have distinctly understood: Nothing of a sectarian or controversial kind will find admittance, so far as ordinary care can guard against it. Each number shall contain at least one story or tale, and in this department we shall generally have regard to a good practical moral, as well as exciting incidents.

As to the permanency of the work we have no fears. There are *paying* subscribers enough to support it, and we have had too much experience in such matters to drain off our *life-blood* by sending long to those who *never* pay. The terms will be the same as for the last volume—One dollar to mail subscribers, One dollar fifty cents to those in the city who have it left at their doors—in advance.

Any person who may obtain five subscribers, and remit five dollars, in advance, free of postage, shall receive six copies.

Any person who shall remit us ten dollars, in advance, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies and one bound volume at the end of the year.

No subscriptions received for less than one year.

The volume will commence with the second Saturday in January, 1836, and contain 26 numbers, 8 pages each, including title page and index.

☞ Editors who copy this prospectus, will be entitled to a similar favor from us.

SHEPARD & STRONG.

PARNASSIAN FLOWERS.

Original.

ELEGIAC:

To the memory of Mr. George Hickox, who died at Rochester, October 10th, 1835.

Ah! why should man rejoice;
Why glory in his power;
Why bless the shunshine of his day,
Or dread the darksome hour?
For life itself is but a dream,
Though like reality it seem.

And he who smiles on us
So full of life to-day,
The morrow stretches at our feet,
A senseless form of clay!
Why should we weep? ourselves shall be
As senseless soon, and cold as he.

The countless tribes of men
Since nature's birth, do sleep
Unconscious, in the grave repose,
Calm, passionless, and deep;
All, save the lingering few who wait,
And momently expect their fate.

My friend! could ought that love
Clings fondly round below
Avert thine early hour of doom,
I had not wept thee now:
I had not proved the gloomy thought,
That I on earth shall see thee not.

Ah! what avails it now,
Thine eagle eye did gaze,
On Fame's bright glorious sun,
Undazzled by the blaze,
What boots it now that genius shed
Its richest influence on thy head!

There's wormwood in the thought
Of thy high promise fled,
And buried hopes in ghastly forms
Flit round sick memory's head:
Ah! could I dream this wreck to see
Of genius, virtue, youth in thee!

Yes, thou art gone, and we
Shall follow in our turn;
Not often shall it be our lot
For one like thee to mourn.
Insatiate death! thy ruthless dart
Hath never pierced a nobler heart!

AMICUS.

MY ABSENT FRIEND.

Original.

When toss'd by fortune's varying strife,
In distant lands I roam,
'Mong every changing scene in life,
I can't forget my home.
My thoughts, at times, with all my powers,
To melancholy tend;
They bring to mind, in those sad hours,
A dear, and absent friend.

When Sol, with his bright opening ray,
First gilds the eastern skies;
Then, night and darkness flee away,
As his bright beams arise;
Then, light and life, o'er night's dread waste,
Their genial influence lend,
They bring to mind bright hours I've passed
With a dear, absent friend.

When night, with her soft moist'ning dews,
Spreads o'er her wide domain,
And darkness, with her sable hues,
Brings forth her starry train,
I, in those fading lights, can find
An emblem of my end;
And as I gaze, I bring to mind,
A dear, and absent friend.

When sleep, with her soft, soothing powers,
Would all my senses bind,
Then dreams of former, happy hours
Are present to my mind.
Then flitting forms of former days,
Their happy colors blend;
I, in imagination, gaze
On a dear, ABSENT FRIEND. MORDEN.

Moscow, Nov. 1835.

A YOUNG GIRL TO HER LOVER.

"I am most wretched dear to see you merry;
Smiling, and raising smiles on others cheeks;
Whilst with a sad face in my heart I bury
A passionate love for thee, which almost breaks
My spirit with its great power; to hear you laugh
And jest amidst the free and empty-hearted,
And gather seeming pleasure from all eyes,
When from within me hath all sense departed
Of joy, save that in which your fondness lies,
And bliss from thine eyes only can I quaff.
My heart is eaten by its inward sighs,
For all thy gentle vows seem mockeries;
But even then thine eyes to mine will turn
With a soft lighted love that cannot falsely burn!"

LINES,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES,"

Written after seeing the Plates of Audubon's Birds of America.

"Painting is silent music," so said one
Whose prose is sweetest painting*. Audubon!
Thou Raphael of great Nature's wood and seas,
Thy living forms and hues, thy plants, thy trees,
Bring deathless music from the houseless waste,
The immortality of truth and taste;
Thou giv'st bright accents to the voiceless sod,
And all thy pictures are mute hymns to God.
Why hast thou power to bear the untravell'd soul
Through farthest wilds, o'er ocean's stormy roll,
And to the prisoner of disease bring home
The homeless bird of ocean's roaring foam;
But that thy skill might bid the desert sing
The sun-bright plumage of the Almighty's wing!
With his own hues thy splendid lyre is strung,
For genius speaks the universal tongue.
"Come," cries the bigot, black with pride and wine,
"Come and hear me! the word of God is *mine*."
"But I," saith He who paves with suns his car,
Or makes those suns his coursers from afar,
And, with a glance of his all-dazzling eye,
Smites into crashing flame the boundless sky—
"I speak in this swift sea-bird's speaking eyes,
These passion shiver'd plumes, these lucid dyes;
This beauty is *my* language; in this breeze
I whisper love to the forests and the seas;
I speak in this lone flower, this dew-drop cold,
That hornet's sting, yon serpent's neck of gold—
These are my accents: Hear them! and behold
How well my prophet-spoken truth agrees
With the dread truth and mystery of these
Sad, beauteous, grand, love-warbled minstrelsies!"
Yes, Audubon! and men shall read in thee
His language, written for eternity;
And if, immortal in its thoughts, the soul,
Shall live in Heaven, and spurn the tomb's control,
Angels shall re-transcribe, with pens of fire,
Thy forms of Nature's terror, love, and ire,
Thy copied words of God—when death-struck suns expire.

*Rousseau.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MRS. MOORE,

OF ST. JOHN'S OF NEWFOUNDLAND,

On the death of her only son, Master William Moore, a youth of seventeen years of age, who perished on board his Majesty's brig Drake, lost at St. Shott's, on the Southern coast of Newfoundland, Sept. 1821, or 1822.

Oh! weep not, Lady, for the dead!
His riquem was the roaring billow,
The green wave floating o'er his head,
The rock of ocean is his pillow.
Yet, weep not, Lady, thy loved child
More soundly, sweetly, far doth rest,
Than when in infant beauty smiled,
He slept upon his mother's breast.

But if the dead a thought can give
To one he once so loved below,
Think how it must his spirit grieve
To see thy undissembled wo!
The new-made angel, on his throne,
Sorrows thy frantic grief to see;
And when he hears a parent groan,
Suspends his song of ecstacy.

IDLENESS.—"Idleness is the badge of gentry, the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the step-mother of discipline, and the chief author of all mischief—one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and the great cause not only of melancholy, but of many other diseases; for the mind is naturally active, and if it be not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into mischief, or sinks into melancholy."—*Burton.*

SUBSTANTIAL REASONS FOR TRUSTING NOBODY. A lady went to a circulating library in this city to borrow books, but objected to leaving the pledge required for their safe return. "Do you always take a pledge?" said she. "Invariably;" said the librarian. "What, of acquaintance as well as strangers?" Equally the same, madam." "Seems to me that's very odd. "It may be very odd, ma'am but it's very safe."--- "Oh, how illiberal!" "I'm sorry you think so; but the truth is, we don't trust strangers, because we don't know them, and"---"Because you *don't know them?* Very good; and what's the reason you don't trust your acquaintance?" "Because we *do.*"

HINTS TO MECHANICS.—When you are obliged to obtain credit for your stock be very careful to whom you apply, as a creditor who is himself "in the screws" may ruin you. Never get credit for small sums—nor for any sums in different places;—better owe what you are obliged to at one place, and to one man. Every man to whom you owe five dollars, will trouble you as much, if not more, than he to whom an hundred is due; it is easier to satisfy one man than twenty. Give your best customers only short credits; and when it has expired, collect promptly.—Be diligent in your business—faithful to your word—moderate in your expenditures—temperate in your habits---just in your dealings—moral in your principles—get married to a good girl—and you may defy lawyers, sheriffs, duns, prisons, and the blue devils.—*Bangor Mechanic and Farmer.*

NOTICE.

REDEMPTION OF LAND SOLD FOR TAXES.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
Comptroller's Office.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to Section 76, Tit. 3, of Chap. 13, of the 1st Part of Revised Satutes, that unless the lands sold for taxes at the general tax sale held at the Capitol, in the city of Albany, in the months of March and April, 1834, shall be redeemed by the payment into the Treasury of the State, on or before the 21st April next, after the date hereof, of the amount for which each parcel of the said lands was sold, and the interest thereon, at the rate of ten per centum per annum, from the date of the sale to the date of the payment. The land so sold, and remaining unredeemed will be conveyed to the purchasers thereof.—Dated October 2d. 1835.

A. C. FLAGG, Comptroller.

THE ROCHESTER GEM, And Ladies' Amulet:

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

Vol. 7--With Plates.

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THE ROCHESTER GEM,
AND LADIES' AMULET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, AMUSING MISCELLANY, &c.

VOLUME 7.] ROCHESTER, DEC. 12, 1835. [NUMBER 25.

[*From the Token and Atlantic Souvenir of* 1836.]

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

"I wish I could find a solution for one mystery," said Mary Moore, to her mother as during the last hour of the last night of 1834 they sat together, not over the inspiring embers of a nutwood fire, as in good old times, but within the circumambient atmosphere of a grate glowing with Schuylkill coals.

"Is there but one mystery in life, that puzzles you, Mary?" asked her mother.

"One more than all others, and that is, why Lizzy Percival is so tormented!"

"Lizzy tormented? She seems to me to be the happiest girl of all our acquaintance."

"Mother! did not she begin with the greatest of all earthly plagues,—a step-mother."

"A step mother, my dear child, is not of course a plague."

"But Lizzy's was, you know, mother!"

"A plague to herself, undoubtedly, but the greatest of all blessings to Lizzy."

"A blessing to Lizzy! what do you mean, mother?"

"I mean that the trials of Lizzy's childhood and youth, developed and strengthened her virtues. Lizzy's matchless sweetness of temper, was acquired or at least perfected, by the continual discipline which it required to endure patiently the exactions and indolence of her step-mother. In short, Mary, Lizzy has been made far better by her relation with her step-mother. She has overcome evil and not been overpowered by it. I wish, my dear Mary, that you could realize that it is not the circumstances in which we are placed, but the temper in which we meet them; the fruit we reap from them, that makes them either fortunate or unfortunate for us."

"Well, mother, I suppose if I was as old, and as wise, and above all as good as you are I should think as you do, but in the mean time, I must account such a step-mother as Lizzy Percival's the first and chiefest of all miseries. And then, when it pleased kind heaven to reward Lizzy's virtues by the removal of this gracious lady, you know, she left behind her half a dozen little pledges, to whom poor Lizzy has been obliged to devote and sacrifice herself."

"And this devotion and self-sacrifice has made her the exemplary and lovely creature she is. Her youth, instead of being wasted in frivolity has been most profitably employed. Duty is now happiness to her, and she is rewarded a thousand fold for all her exertions, by the improvement of her character and the devoted love of her little brothers and sisters.

"Well, mother, you are very ingenious, but I think it will puzzle you to prove, that there is more profit than loss to Lizzy in being thwarted in her affections. Never were there a truer, a deeper, or better merited love than Lizzy's for Harry Stuart; never any thing more unreasonable, nor more obstinate than Mr. Percival's opposition to their engagement, and if I were Lizzy"—she hesitated, and her mother finished the sentence.

"You would take the matter into your own hand!"

"I do not say that; but I would not submit implicitly, as she does, toiling on and on for that regiment of children, and trying while she is sacrificing her happiness to appear perfectly cheerful, and what provokes me more than all, being so, the greater part of the time in spite of every thing!"

"Ah, Mary, a kind disposition, a gentle temper, and approving conscience, an occupation for every moment of a most useful life, must make Lizzy happy even though the current of true love does not run smooth."

"But Lizzy does flag, sometimes; I have seen her very sad."

"For any length of time?"

"Oh no! because she has always something or other to do."

"True, Mary, 'tis your idlers that make the most of misery, and create it when it is not ready made for their hands. Lizzy will finally have the reward of her virtue; her father will relent."

"Never—never, mother. You hope against hope. Mr. Percival is as proud and obstinate as all the Montagues and Capelets together. He is one of the infallibles. He prides himself on never changing a resolve, nor even an opinion; on never unsaying what he has once said, and you know he not only said, but swore, and that in Lizzy's presence too, that she should never marry a son of Gilbert Stuart."

"Yes, I know. But continual dropping wears the rock, and the sun if it were to shine long enough, would melt polar ice. Mr. Percival's heart may be hardened by self will, but he cannot forever resist the continual unintermitting influence of such goodness as Lizzy's. He is not naturally hard hearted. His head is soft enough, if you can penetrate the crust of pride that overlays it."

"Oh mother, you mistake, it is all crust."

"No, Mary, the human heart is mingled of many elements, and, not, as young people think, formed of a single one, good or evil."

The scene changes to Mr. Percival's house. The clock is on the stroke of 12. A lovely creature, not looking the victim of sentiment, but, with a clear, serene brow, her eye, not blue and sunken,' but full, bright and hazel, and lips and cheeks glowing like Hebe's, is busied with a single handmaid preparing New-Year's Gifts for a bevy of children. Lizzy Percival's maid Madeline, a German girl, had persuaded her young mistress to arrange the gifts after the fashion of her father land, and accordingly a fine tree of respectable growth had been purchased in market, and though when it entered the house it looked much like the theatrical presentation of "Birman woods coming to Dunsinane," the mistress and maid had contrived, with infinite ingenuity, to elude the eyes of the young Arguses, and to plant it in the library, which adjoined the Drawing Room, without its being seen by one of them.

Never did Christmas tree bear more multifarious fruit: For St. Nicholas, that most benign of all the saints of the calendar, had through the hands of many a ministering priest and priestess, showered his gifts. The sturdiest branch drooped with its burden of books, chess men, puzzles, ect. for Julius, a strippling of 13. Dolls, birds, beasts, and boxes were hung on the lesser limbs. A regiment of soldiers had alighted on one bough, and Noah's ark was anchored to another, and to all the slender branches were attached cherries, plumbs, strawberries and fine peaches, as tempting and at least as sweet as the fruits of paradise.

Nothing remained to be done, but to label each bough. Miss Percival was writing the names, and Madeline walking round and round the tree, her mind, as the smile on her lip and the tear in her eye indicated, divided between the present pleasure and the recollection of by-gone festivals in the land of her home, when both were startled by the ringing of the bell.

"It is very late," said Miss Percival, with a look at Madeline which expressed, it is very odd that any one should ring at that hour. "Close the blinds, Madeline," she added, for the first time observing that they were open. The ring was repeated, and as at first very gently.

"Whoever it is, is afraid of being heard," said Madeline, "but bristling up with a coward show of courage, "there is

nothing to fear, Miss Lizzy," she added, 'and if you'll just come with me into the 'entry, I'll find out before I open the door who it is."

"You hold the lamp, Madeline, and I will open the door," replied Lizzy, who had a good deal more courage than her domestic.

"Oh no, that would shame me too much, dear Miss Lizzy."

"But I am not afraid Madeline;" so giving Madeline the lamp she sprung forward, and with her hand on the bolt, asked in a tone that might have converted an enemy into a friend, "who is there?" A voice low, anxious and thrilling, answered, "Lizzy."

Now indeed her cheek paled and her hand trembled, and Madeline, naturally inferring that these signals betokened fear, said, "shall I scream for your father!"

"O, no, no, not for the world; stand back, wait one moment," and while she hesitated whether she might turn the bolt, an earnest irresistable entreaty from without prevailed. "For Heaven's sake open the door, Lizzy, I will not enter, I will not even speak to you." The bolt was turned, and Lizzy said, with the frankness that characterized her, if I might ask you in, you know I would Harry; Stuart seized her hand, and slipped into it a note, and impressed with his lips the thanks that, true to the letter of his promise, he dared not speak, and then hastily retreated, and the door was immediately re-closed.

"It was Mr. Stuart, Madeline."

"Yes Miss Lizzy, I saw it was, but I promise you I shall not tell—"

"No, do not, Madeline, for I shall tell papa, who is the only person who has any right to know."

"You are quite different from other young ladies," said Madeline, with an expression of honest wonder. But entirely different was Lizzy, for she forgot to finish the little that remained undone, and hastily dismissing Madeline, she hurried to her apartment, and opened the twisted note Stuart had given her. It enveloped a ring, and contained the following in pencil:—"Dear Lizzy, I have been walking before your window for the last hour, watching your kind preparations for those who are every day blest with the brightest and softest of all lights—the light of your countenance. Your very happy face has made me sad; for my selfish thoughts tell me this happines is quite independent of me.—Shame, shame to me! There is my Lizzy, I have said, giving gifts and receiving them, making others happy, and made happy herself, and bestowing no thoughts on me! I have wrapped up this little ring, on which is enamelled a forget me not, and bade it speak to your heart the cravings of mine.

FORGET ME NOT, dear Lizzy. The ring is indeed too true an emblem of the endless circle of my sorrows. No beam of light is there in the parting,—none in the dawning year for me!"

Lizzy read and re-read the note—very like all lover's notes—but as she thought, peculiar, and most peculiarly heart breaking. The ring she put on her finger, and went to bed holding it in the palm of her other hand, and before morning she had dreamed out a very pretty romance with a right pleasant and fitting conclusion. The morning came, New-Year's morning with its early greetings, its pleasant bustle, its noisy joys, and to Lizzy its cares: for there is no play day in the calender of an American mistress of a family, be she old or young. Lizzy, "the genius loci," was the dispenser general of the bounties of the season. The children waked her at dawn with their kisses and cries of Happy New Year, sister; the servants besieged the door with their earnest taps, and their heart-felt good wishes, and each received a gift and a kind word to grace it.

After breakfast the library door was opened, and the promise revealed to the little expectants. Then what exclamations of surprise! What bursts of joy, and what a rush as each sprang forward to pluck his own fruit from the laden tree! Each, we said, but little Ella, the youngling of the flock, clung to Lizzy, and leading her to the extremity of the room, uncovered a basket, containing various souvenirs, saying, "papa said we might all *div* something to the one we loved best, and so we *diveed* this to you sister."

And now in the happy group around the tree was apparent the blossoming of that fruit which the sister had planted and matured in their hearts. "Thank you sister," said Julius, taking from his branch a nice book, filled with copies for him to draw after; "how much pains you must have taken to do this for me! how much time and trouble you have spent upon it; I hope I shall never feel tired of doing any thing for you."

"O, sister Lizzy," exclaimed little Sue, "I did not know when I spilt all your beads that you was knitting this bag for me; but you was so good natured that I was sorry as ever I could be."

"Sister, sister, did you paint these soldiers?" cried Hal; "kiss me, you are the best sister that ever lived!"

"O, Anne, your doll is dressed just like mine; sister has even worked their pocket handkerchiefs. But you have a paint box I am glad of that!"

"And you have an embroidered apron and I am glad of that; oh papa, does not sister do every thing for us?"

"She does," my dear children, "said Mr. Percival," who though not of the melting order, was affected into tears by this little house scene. "Come here to me Lizzy," he said, drawing her aside and putting his arm around her, "tell me my dear good girl, what shall I give you?"

Lizzy held her blushing face for a moment on the father's bosom, and then courageously drawing back her head and raising her hand and pointing to the ring, she replied, "Give me leave sir, to wear this gift from Harry Stuart?"

Mr. Percival's brow clouded," "how is this Lizzy? did I not command you long ago to dismiss him from your thoughts."

"Yes papa, but I *could not* obey you."

"Nonsense, nonsense, Lizzy."

"I tried sir, indeed I did, but the more I tried the more I could not."

"And so by the way of aiding your efforts you wish to keep this gewgaw with a *forget me not* engraven on it?"

"With your leave sir, I would wear it. It will make no difference, papa. Harry has engraven the forget me not on my heart. There it is cut in, as the engravers say."

Lizzy's frankness and perseverance astonished her father. There was something kindred to his own spirit in it. He felt it to be so, and this it was, perhaps, that mitigated his displeasure as he paced the room, his hands behind him, as was his wont when perplexed. "I must not be fooled out of my resolution," he thought, "it was very presuming of Harry Stuart to give this ring to Lizzy when he knows my determination is invincible." He turned to claim the ring, when Madeline, who had a few minutes before entered with a little packet directed to him, caught his eye.—He opened it, and found contained a pair of slippers, Lizzy's new years gifts to him, beautifully wrought by her own hands.—This was not all, there were several pairs of fine woollen hose she had knit for him, in her intervals of leisure. They were just such as he liked, just such as he could not buy, just such as no one but Lizzy could knit, at least so he thought, and thanking and kissing her, he said, "Well, Lizzy, wear the ring to-day, and after that"—

"I may still were it, papa?"

"I'll consider of it my child."

"C'est le premier pas qui coute!" thought Lizzy, and with a light heart and joyous face she bounded away to perform her next duty. Lizzy's duties were so blended with pleasure, that she no more separated them, than the naked eye separates the twisted rays of light.

"Come with me, Madeline," she said. Madeline followed, marvelling at the young lady; who, even in her love passages, dared to walk in light. "These humble persons are prompt to discern truth and rectitude, and to imbibe its influence from their superior's in station."

In a few minutes Lizzy and her maiden were on their way to the Sixth Avenue, where lived a certain widow Cary, who, with her four children, had long been blessed with Lizzy's friendship. This young lady, not content with seting down her father's name as a subscriber to the widows's society, literally and most religiously obeyed the command which recognises the first duty of the rich to the poor, and visited the widow and the orphan, and not only lightened their burdens, but partook of their happiness. The poor feel a sympathy in their joys, more than the relief that is vouchsafed to their miseries, for that always reminds them of the superior condition of the bestower. Madeline carried on her arm a basket containing substantial gifts to the Careys, prepared by her own hands, an abundance of toys for the children, contributed by the little Percivals from their last year's store.

The young Careys were all at the window, one head over another's shoulder, when Miss Percival appeared, and answered with smiles and nods to their out-breaks of clamorous joy and shouts of "I knew you would come Miss Lizzy! I told mother you would come!"

"And did I say she would not?" said the mother, while her tears and smiles seemed contending which should most effectually express her gratitude.

Lizzy had no time to loose, and she hastily dispensed her gifts; one little urchin was taught to guide, by most mysterious magnetic attraction, a stately goose through

such a pond as might be contained within the bounds of a wash-basin. His brother was shown how to set up a little village, a pretty mimicry of the building of Chicago, or any other of our wilderness towns that grow up like Jonah's gourd, and the two little girls, miniature women, were seated at a stand to arrange their tea set and gossip with their pretty new dressed dolls.

Lizzy as she paused for a moment to look at them, was the fit personation of the Saint of a child's festival; she was not herself too far beyond the precincts of childhood to feel the glow of its pleasures, and they were now reflected in her sparkling eyes and dimpled cheek. She looked to the good mother for her sympathies, but her back was turned, and she seemed in earnest conversation with Madeline, whose eyes as she listened, were filled with tears. "Why, what is the matter Mrs. Cary?" asked Lizzy, advancing and laying her hand on Mrs. Cary's shoulder.

"Ah, Miss Lizzy, it's being thankless to a gracious Providence to speak of trouble just now, and to you. The flannel petticoats and frocks," she took up the bundle Madeline had just put down, "will carry my children warm and decent through the winter. God bless you, Miss Lizzy."

"But what is it troubles you, Mrs. Carey?"

"There's is no use in clouding your sunshine, Miss Lizzy, this day above all others."

"But perhaps I can drive away the clouds, so tell me all, and quickly, because you know I must be at home and dressed before twelve o'clock."

Mrs. Cary did not require urging, her heart was full, and there was a power in Lizzy's touch that swelled the waters to overflowing.

The story was a very short one. When the collector had come for her rent the preceeding evening, he had told her that she must give up the room that she occupied, at the end of the week, unless she could pay double the rent she now paid, as that had been offered by one of her neighbors. Mrs. Carey thought this a very hard case, as she had herself increased the value of the property, by keeping thread, needles, and similar accommodations to supply the neighbors, and gracing her windows with candles that attracted customers from a school in the vicinity.—She could afford, she said, to pay an advance, but to double the rent, she could not, and where she should go, and how she should get bread for her children, she knew not, and now she cried so bitterly, that the little objects of her motherly fears forsook their toys and gathered around her. Lizzy's smiles, too, were changed to tears, but she soon cleared them away, for she was not a person to rest satisfied with pouring out a little bootless salt water.

"Who is your landlord Mrs. Carey," she asked.

Mrs. Carey did not know his name, she knew only that he lived at a certain number, which she mentioned, in Leonard-street.

"I will stop there as I go down," said Lizzy, "let Johnny put on his coat and hat and go with me, and if your landlord is not cross and crusty, and hard and cold as marble, I will send you back good news by Johnny."

"Hard and cold as marble, his heart must be, Miss Lizzy if you cannot soften it."

Lizzy, after dismissing Madeline with domestic orders, rung at the door in Leonard-street, and no informing door plate telling the proprietor's name, she inquired for the master of the house, and was ushered into the drawing room and received by an elderly gentleman, who laid aside the newspaper he was reading, and gave her a chair so courteously that she was emboldened to proceed at once to business. She told the name of the tenant in whose behalf she was speaking, and her distress at the communication she had received from his agent the preceeding evening.

The gentleman said he knew nothing of the matter, that he confined the management of his rents to a trust-worthy person, who took good care of his concerns and never abused his tenants. Lizzy, then, with a clearness and judiciousness that astonished her auditor, stated Mrs. Cary's circumstances, and the seeming hardships of virtually ejecting her from a tenement of which she had enhanced the value by certain moral influences, for she was sure that it was Mrs. Cary's good humor, kind tempered voice, and zeal in the service of her customers that had attracted custom to her little shop, and made it observed and coveted by her neighbors. Having laid a firm foundation in season, (the best mode of addressing a *sensible* man,) she proceeded to her superstructure. She described Mrs. Cary, she spoke with a tremulous voice of her past trials, and of her persevering, and as yet successful exertions to keep her little family independent of the public charities; she described the children, dwelt on the industry of these busy little bees, and the hopes of the mother, till the auditor felt much like one who from the shore, sees a little boat's company forcing their way against the current, and longs to put in his oar to help them.

"She shan't budge a foot, my dear," said he, "not one foot,"—he rung the bell, wiped his eyes, cleared his voice, and ordered the servent who opened the door, to bring in his writing desk. The writing desk was brought, and he wrote, signed and sealed his promise to the widow Carey, to retain her as a tenant on the terms to which she had hitherto rented his apartment, so long as she regularly paid her rent.

"And now," said he, explaining the document, and giving it into Lizzy's hands, "tell me my dear young lady, who you are, that come forth on New Year's morning, on such an errand, when all the girls in the city are frizzing and rigging to receive their beaux. Will you not tell me your name, my dear?"

"Elizabeth Percival, sir."

"Percival!—William Percival's daughter, William Percival, who lives at the corner of Broadway and———street?"

"Yes sir," she replied, smiling at the stranger's earnestness.

"Extraordinary! most extraordinary!" he exclaimed, and added as thinking aloud. "I can understand, now—he should——

"Good morning, sir," said Lizzy, "I wish you as happy a new year as your kindness has made for others," as she was turning away with the suspicion that her host was under the influence of a sudden hallucination, when he seized her hand. "Stop my dear child," he said "one moment, never mind, you may go now.—I think—don't promise—but I think I shall see you again to-day. It is good—did not you say so?—to make people happy on the new year. Good bye, my dear child, God bless you."

Lizzy gave the precious paper into Jonny's hands, and carefully noting the number of the house, she hurried homeward, resolved, at the first convenient opportunity to ascertain the name of its singular and interesting proprietor. There was something in his countenance that together with his prompt and most kind answer to her petition, made a deep impression on her heart.

But she had no time now to speculate on her new acquaintance, it was not far from twelve o'clock, and that, as we all know, is the hour when the general rush of visitors begin on new years day.

Lizzy's toilet was soon despatced. We wish all young ladies, would, like her, take advantage of the period of freshness, bloom, roundness and cheerfulness, and not waste time and art in vieing with (and only obscuring) the inimitable adornments of nature. Sure we are, that in the visiting sounds of this great city, no lovelier group was seen, than that in Mr. Percival's drawing room, our friend Lizzy, the *mother, sister*, presiding over it.

From all that appeared, to offer the customary salutations of the season, Lizzy's thoughts often turned to him who did not come, who could not, must not, but she indulged a hope natural to the young and good (and *therefore* happy) that all would yet be well, and she met the greetings of the day with a face lighted with smiles, and a spirit of cheerfulness befitting them. Mr. Percival's family being one of the oldest in the city, one of the most extended in its connexions, and one of the few that have been resident for several generations, their visitors were innumerable, and a continued stream poured in and poured out, emitting in its passage the stereotyped sayings of the season, such as,

"Percival—may you live a thousand years and as much longer as you desire!"

"A fine old custom this, Miss Percival, transmitted by our Dutch ancestor."

This staple remark was made and often reiterated by some profane interlopers, who had not a drop of the good old Dutch blood running in their veins, alas, for the fallen dynasty!

"A custom peculiar to New York and Albany; they have tried to introduce it into other cities, but it is impossible to transplant old usages, and make them thrive in a new soil."

"Charming custom," exclaims an elderly friend, kissing Lizzy's offered cheek, and heartily smacking the children all around, "it gives us old fellow's privileges."

Uncommonly fine day, Miss Percival, much pleasanter than last new year's day, but not quite so pleasant as the year before."

"What a happy anniversary for the children! a lovely group here, Miss Percival, and the prettiest table, (looking at that on which the toys were spread) I have yet seen."

"I guess why," replied little Sue, casting a sidelong glance at the speaker through

her dark eye lashes, "no body but us, has a sister Lizzy."

"Do you keep a list of your visitors, Miss Elizabeth."

"In my memory, sir."

"Ah, you should not trust to that, you should have the documents to show. Miss M. last year had two hundred on her list, and Mrs. H. one hundred and eighty, exclusive of married men."

Lizzy was quite too young to make any sage reflections on the proteous shapes of vanity.—She laughed and she cared only for the names she could remember.

"What a splendid set out has Mr. T." exclaimed an enthusiastic lover of fine arts, that minister to eating and drinking "oysters and sandwitchs, chocolate, coffee, wines, and whiskey punch."

"Whiskey punch! I thought"—Lizzy ventured modestly to say, "was banished from all refined society."

"Shockingly vulgar, to be sure—mais, chacum a son gout."

"Mrs. L. has a most refined entertainment, champagne and cakes, upon my word, nothing but champagne and cakes."

"Ah but you should have seen the refreshments at the Mrs. C's, quite foreign and elegant, (this opinion judiciously delivered by a youth who had been once over the ocean, on a six week's agency to Birmingham, (soup pates defoi gras, mareschino, etc. etc."

"Is my cousin well to day? asked Lizzy, "I hear she does not receive her friends."

"Tie up the knocker, John, she said,
Say to my friends I'm sick, I'm dead."

But between ourselves, my dear Lizzy, the draperies to the drawing room curtains are not completed, that is all."

While some practised and ultra fashionable visitors were merely bowing in and bowing out, some other young gentlemen, more ambitious, or more at leisure than the rest, made flights into the region of original remark. One admired Miss Percival's boquet, commented on the triumphs of man's (especially that rare individual florist Thorburn's) art over the elements, and noted some pretty analogies between the flowers and the children. Another lauded the weather, and said that nature had, last of all the publishers, come out with her annual, and the gentlemen had found 'a Book of Beauty.'

The morning wore on. Mr. Percival returned to his house, having made a few visits to old friends, and claiming as to the rest his age's right to exemption. He sat down and pleased himself with observing his daughter's graceful reception of her guests. Her cordiality to humble friends, her modest and quiet demeanor to the class technically yclept beaux, and her respectful, and even reverential manner, (a grace we are sorry to say, not universal among our young ladies,) to her elders. In proportion as Mr. Percival's heart overflowed with approbation and love for his daughter, he was relentless and dejected. The ring had revealed her unchanged affection for Henry Stuart, and he began to perceive that there was a moral impossibility in her withdrawing that affection in compliance with his will. He felt too, that his absolute will was no reason why she should: Harry Stuart deserved her, and he was obliged in his heart to acknowledge himself the only obstacle to their happiness—happiness so rational, so well merited!

They were most uncomfortable reflections to a father, essentially good hearted, though sometimes the slave (and victim as well as slave) of a violent temper. It was no wonder that he exclaimed, in reply to a passing remark, "that this was a charming anniversary, so many new friendships begun, so many old ones revived.

"Pshaw, sir, that is mere talk, you may as well attempt to mend broken glass with patent cement, as broken friendships with a New Year's visit!"

"O, Percival, my friend," interposed a contemporary, "you are wrong. I have known at least a half a dozen terrible breaches healed on New Year's day. Depend on't these eminences from which we can look forward and backward—these milestones in life which mark our progress, are of essential service in our moral training. One does not like, when he surveys his journey *to its end*, to bear on with him the burden of an old enmity."

"It *is* a heavy burden," murmured Mr. Percival, in under tone. Lizzy caught the words, and sighed as she made their just application.

"Mr. Percival," said a servant, "there's a gentleman wishes to speak to you in the library."

"Show him into the drawing room."

"He says his business is private, sir."

'This is no day for business of any sort," grumbled Mr. Percival as he left the room, in no very auspicious humor for his visitor.

The morning verged to the dinner hour. Miss Percival's last lagging visitor had come and gone, but not among them had appeared, as she had hoped from his intimation, the kind landlord who had so graciously granted her the boon she asked, and whose manner had excited her curiosity. "There was something in his face," she thought, "that impressed me like a familiar friend, and yet I am sure I never saw him before—heigho! this new yearning after all is tedious when we see every body but the one we wish most to see—I wonder if papa will let me continue to wear this ring—if he should"—the meditation like many a one, more or less interesting, was broken off by the ringing of the dinner bell. Her father did not answer to its call. —The children forsook their toys and became clamorous. The bell was re-rung. Still they came not. Lizzy sent a servant to enquire how much longer the dinner must wait. The servant returned with a face smiling all over and full of meaning, but what it meant Lizzy could not divine, and before he could deliver his answer, the library door was thrown open, and within, standing beside her father, she saw the landlord, her morning friend, and behind them stood Harry Stuart. All their eyes were directed towards her, and never did eyes old or young, look more kindly.

Come here my dear child," said her father. Lizzy obeyed—"keep your ring Lizzy, and give Henry Stuart your hand; as far as my leave goes, it is his for life."

"What can this mean," thought Lizzy, confounded and not restored to her senses, by her lover seizing her hand and pressing it to his lips in the presence of a stranger. Her father interfered and replied to the embarrassment and amazement expressed in her countenance.

"This gentleman is Harry Stuart's father, Lizzy! we were once friends, and are again, thank God. I have been a fool and he has been—foolish. Now look up boldly, my girl, and give him a kiss, and I will explain the whys and the wherefores afterwards.

The story afterwards most frankly told was very like the stories of most quarrels among honest men. It had originated in mutual mistakes, and been aggravated and protracted by suspicion and pride, till the morning of the New Year, when conscience was awakened by the thrilling voice of that anniversary, and all the good feelings stirred by the charities of the season, and when Lizzy, like a dove of peace, was guided by Providence to the presence of Harry Stuart's father and fairly made a perch upon his heart. After a little reflection, he obeyed the impulse, the sight of her sweet face, and the revelation of her character had given him, and availing himself of the privileges of the day, sought an interview with Mr. Percival. Mutual explanations and mutual concessions followed, and when nothing more remained to be explained or forgiven, Harry Stuart was sent for, and Lizzy admitted to the library, and the day ended with a general acknowledgment that this was to those reconciled friends, and united lovers, the happiest of all happy New Years.

A FUNERAL AT SEA.

The following touching description of a funeral at sea, is an extract from a volume recently published in New-York, entitled "Ship and Shore; or Leaves from the Journal of a cruise to the Levant, by an officer of the United States Navy:"

DEATH is a fearful thing, come in what form it may; fearful when the vital cords are so gradually relaxed, that life passes away softly as music from the slumbering harp string—fearful when in his own quiet chamber, the departing one is surrounded by those who sweetly follow him with their prayers, when the assiduities of friendship and affection can go no further, and who discourses of heaven and future blessedness, till the closing ear can no longer catch the tones of the long familliar voice, and who, lingering near, still feel for the hushed pulse, and the trace in the placid slumber, which pervades each feature, a quiet emblem, of the spirit's serene repose. What then must this dread event be to one, who meets it comparatively alone, far away from the hearth of his home, upon a troubled sea, between the narrow decks of a restless ship, and at that dread hour of night when even the sympathies of the world seem suspended. Such has been the end of many who traverse the ocean, and such was the hurried end of him whose remains we have just consigned to a watery grave.

He was a sailor, but beneath his rude exterior he carried a heart touched with refinement, pride and greatness. There was something about him, which spoke of better days and a higher destiny; by what errors or misfortunes he was reduced to his humble condition, was a secret which he would reveal to none. Silent, reserved, and thoughtful, he stood a stranger among his free companions, and never was his voice heard in laughter or the jest. He has undoubtedly left behind many who will long look for his return, and bitterly weep when they are told they shall see his face no more.

As the remains of poor Prether were brought upon deck, wound in that ham-

mock, which through many a stormy night had swung to the wind, one could not but observe the big tear that stole unconsciously down the rough cheek of his hardy companions. When the funeral service was read to that most affecting passage—'we commit this body to the deep,'—and the plank was heaved, which precipitated to the momentary eddy of the wave the quickly disappearing form, a heavy sigh from those around told that the strong heart of the sailor can be touched with grief, and a truly unaffected sorrow may accompany virtue, in its most unpretending form, to the extinguishing night of the grave. Yet how soon is such a scene forgotten!

'As from the wing, the sky no star retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts, the thought of death.'

There is something peculiary melancholy and impressive in a burial at sea; there is here no coffin or hearse—procession or tolling bell—nothing that gradually prepares us for the final separation. The body is wound up in the drapery of its couch, much as if the deceased were only in a quiet and temporary sleep. In these habiliments of seeming slumber, it is dropped into the wave, the waters close over it, the vessel passes quickly on, and not a solitary trace is left to tell where sunk from light & life one that loved to look at the sky and breathe this vital air. There is nothing that for one moment can point to the deep, unvisited resting place of the departed—it is a grave in the midst of the ocean—in the midst of a vast untrodden solitude; affection cannot approach it with its tears, the dews of heaven cannot reach it, and there is around it no violet, or shrub, or murmuring stream.

It may be superstition, but no advantages of wealth, or honor, or power, through life, would reconcile me at its close to such a burial. I would rather share the coarse and scanty provisions of the simplest cabin, and drop away unknown and unhonored by the world, so that my final resting place be beneath some green tree, by the side of some living stream, or in some familiar spot where the few that loved me in life might visit me in death.

From the Religious Souvenir.

THE RESCUE.

It was one of the brightest mornings in June, when myself and a company of fellow travellers were seated upon the small deck of one of the boats which are continually plying back and forth upon the Erie Canal. The air was soft and fragrant, the forests vocal with the song of early birds, and the earth was arrayed in a vesture of such cheerfulness and beauty, that but for the dark and saddened visages of some around us, we might have deemed she had never fallen from her primeval innocence, but was in every respect good, as when she came from the hands of her Creator.

My eye rested upon one of the group around, with more than ordinary interest. It was a fair-haired, blue-eyed female, apparently about twenty years of age. There was an expression of anxiety, and I fancied, almost of impatience in her looks, as she turned them, from time to time, towards the slow monotonous course of the boat, and the listless indifference of the whisling urchin, who was guiding the foremost horse. Upon her lap sat an infant whose sportive and happy aspect was in singular contrast with her own:—the one, full of innocence, security and ease—unconscious of the mortal scene upon which he had so lately entered: the other, showing that she had come in contact with the earth, and it had left its blighting influence upon her early years. A tear might now and then be detected mingling with her caresses of the lovely child. Perhaps it was an orphan, but the lady wore not the weeds of widowhood. Perhaps it was the child of crime; I shrunk from such a conclusion, for, though pale and dispirited, the dark lines of sin were not traced upon her young and interesting features.

I drew near and sought to attract her attention by noticeing her infant.

There is nothing on earth so susceptable as a mother's heart. If you would win your way to it, let your theme be the little helpless being who looks on her for protection and support.

The right chord was touched, and it responded to my efforts. I spoke of the wise arrangement of Providence for the disposition and the care of children:—that in no way can their preservation from a thousand accidents be accounted for, but by the supposition that they are under the guardianship of angels; and were we gifted with greater powers of vision, we should be enabled, doubtless, to distinguish myriads of ministering spirits, hovering around those little beings, to protect them in their harmlessness and innocency. The emphatic love which Jesus manifested for them, while on earth, was adverted to, and I saw that her face brightened, and her eye beamed with confidence and love, as she repeated, "of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

I gathered from her conversation that her husband had gone in pursuit of a home, holding out fairer encouragement, to a young and professional man, than that presented in the crowded cities and villages on the Atlantic border; that while prosecuting his inquiries, he was taken suddenly and desperately ill. Her tender heart could not endure the load of suspence and anxiety, and she had braved the loneliness and danger of the journey, burdened with a helpless infant, that she might be in season to receive the dying blessing of the husband of her youth; or, haply, administer to his wants amid the trembling joys of convalescence. But, altho' sad, she was not in dispair; although solitary, she was not forsaken. Her confidenee was in the protection of Him who careth for the stranger; she felt that he watched over her, almighty, though invisible.

A man of venerable aspect approached as she talked; and having lured her little one from her embrace, was now amusing him by walking back and forth upon the upper deck, and endeavoring to direct his attention to the falling water, as it went poering through a lock, striving to attain its proper level. The boat gradually sunk, and the high stone walls of the lock rose darkly above us. At this moment, in descending the stairs from the upper deck, the fastening which secured them gave way, and the old man and child were precipitated into the water. Every one sprang to their feet with a feeling of dismay and horror, for each felt that certain and almost instant death must be the consequence, and busy imagination pictured the mangled remains of the aged veteran and cherished little one, and the unutterable desolation of the bereaved and heart-stricken mother. I flew to the side of the boat, and could scarcely credit the spectacle which my eyes presented; the noble old man stood erect in the water, holding at arm's length the animated form of the infant, who, full of sportive smiles, unconscious of its danger, and reckless of the consternation which was filling every heart around, looked like a cherub about to take flight to its bright and native heaven: he stood in a narrow passage between life and death, momently expecting that the next dash of the ponderous frame-work of the boat against the frowning wall of the lock, would crush him in the contact.—But he quailed not as the thought passed over him. Wo to the young child, should a single muscle relax, or a single nerve tremble. But the muscle did not relax, the nerve did not falter. He stood in his majesty, as if strong in the confidence of God, so long as he upheld this beautiful emblem of innocence and purity. The mother gazed in agony, until pulsation was stopped, and her eyeballs refused their office.

When she awoke to consciousness, her darling boy was clinging round her neck, now for the first time alarmed, because he met no fond caress, and no maternal pressure. The angels who watch over infancy, were vigilantly watching it. The boat, which was wont to be restless, had been held motionless by invisible might; and the child, poised in the air, and apparently dependant upon the strength of mortal arm, was upborne upon their wings, until human agency could perfect the rescue.

From the New England Magazine.

ROCHESTER.

The gray, but transparent evening, rather shaded than obscured the scene—leaving its stronger features visible, and even improved, by the medium through which I beheld them. The volume of water is not very great, nor the roar deep enough to be termed grand, though such praise might have been appropriate before the good people of Rochester had abstracted a part of the unprofitable sublimity of the cascade. The Genesee has contributed so bountifully to their canals and mill-dams, that it approaches the precipice with diminished pomp, and rushes over it in foamy streams of various width, leaving a broad face of the rock insulated and unwashed, between the two main branches of the falling river. Still it was an impressive sight, to one who had not seen Niagara. I confess, however, that my chief interest arose from a legend, connected with these falls, which will become poetical in the lapse of years, and was already so to me, as I pictured the catastrophe out of dusk and solitude. It was from a platform, raised over the naked island of the cliff, in the middle of the cataract, that Sam Patch took his last leap, and alighted in the other world.—Strange as it may appear—that any uncertainty should rest upon his fate, which was consummated in the sight of thousands—many will tell you that the illustrious Patch concealed himself in a cave under the falls, and has continued to enjoy posthumous renown, without foregoing the comforts of this present life. But the poor

fellow prized the shout of the multitude too much not to have claimed it at the instant, had he survived. He will not be seen again, unless his ghost, in such a twilight as when I was there, should emerge from the foam, and vanish among the shadows that fall from cliff to cliff.—How stern a moral may be drawn from the story of poor Sam Patch! Why do we call him a madman or a fool, when he has left his memory around the falls of the Genesee, more permanently than if the letters of his name had been hewn into the forehead of the precipice? Was the leaper of cataracts more mad or foolish than other men who throw away life, or misspend it in pursuit of empty fame, and seldom so triumphantly as he? That which he won is as invaluable as any, except the unsought glory, spreading, like the rich perfume of richer fruit, from virtuous and useful deeds.

Thus musing, wise in theory, but practically as great a fool as Sam, I lifted my eyes and beheld the spires, warehouses, and dwellings of Rochester, half a mile distant on both sides of the river, indistinctly cheerful, with the twinkling of many lights amid the fall of evening.

* * * * *

The town had sprung up like a mushroon, but no presage of decay could be drawn from its hasty growth. Its edifices are of dusky brick, and of stone that will not be grayer in a hundred years than now; its churches are Gothic; it is impossible to look at its worn pavements, and conceive how lately the forest leaves have been swept away. The most ancient town in Massachusetts appears quite like an affair of yesterday, compared with Rochester. Its attributes of youth are the activity and eager life with which it is redundant. The whole streets, sidewalks and centre, was crowded with pedestrians, horsemen, stage-coaches, gigs, light wagons, and heavy ox-teams, all hurrying, trotting, rattling, and rumbling, in a throng that passed continually, but never passed away.—Here, a country wife was selecting a churn, from several gaily-painted ones on the sunny sidewalk; there, a farmer was bartering his produce; and, in two or three places, a crowd of people were showering bids on a vociferous auctioneer. I saw a great wagon and an ox-chain knocked off to a very pretty woman. Numerous were the lottery offices—those true temples of Mammon—where red and yellow bills offered splendid fortunes to the world at large, and banners of painted cloth gave notice that the "lottery draws next Wednesday." At the ringing of the bell, judges, jurymen, lawyers and clients, elbowed each other to the court house, to busy themselves in cases that would doubtless illustrate the state of society, had I the means of reporting them. The number of public houses benefitted the flow of temporary population; some were farmers' taverns—cheap, homely, and comfortable; others were magnificent hotels, with negro waiters, gentlemanly landlords in black broadcloth, and fopish bar-keepers in Broadway coats, with chased gold watches in their waistcoat pockets. I caught one of these fellows quizzing me through an eye-glass. The porters were lumbering up the steps with baggage from the packet-boats, while waiters applied the brush on dusty travelers, who, meanwhile, glanced over the innumerable advertisements.

In short, every body seemed to be there, and all had something to do, and were doing it with all their might, except a party of drunken recruits for the western military posts, principally Irish and Scotch, tho' they wore uncle Sam's gray jacket and trowsers. I noticed one other idle man. He carried a rifle on his shoulder and a powderhorn across his breast, and appeared to stare about him with confused wonder, as if, while he was listening to the wind among the forest boughs, the hum and bustle of an instantaneous city had astounded him. * * *

COMPOSITION.

As writing is a useful exercise, and many who engage in it have numerous difficulties to encounter, perhaps a few remarks may direct attention to the subject. Some attempt to write for publication without duly considering the nature of the undertaking, otherwise they would be more diffident about protruding their productions upon the public. The faculty of wielding the pen is surely a very improvable one and particular attention should be given thereto by every one who wishes to do good in this way. It is we suppose in this as in most other things, that practice makes perfect; but it must be the right kind of practice. Skill in the use of the pen is not acquired by writing much, but writing with care. Some ideas on this subject follow.

1. He who would be a good writer, must obtain a good stock of general knowledge. No man's actual experience can be very extensive, and however great may be his native powers of mind, he must acquaint himself with the views and feelings of others, to be a useful and interesting writer.

2. His mind must be well disciplined.—He who would write well must think well. Some men read much and with care; they possess extensive information; but they cannot use their knowledge to advantage—it exists in a confused state, and they are unable to avail themselves of it when necessary. The reason is, *they do not think enough*. They should by persevering and patient labor, attain such a state of mental discipline that their thoughts will flow in order on any proper subject to which they give attention. By this habit of close thinking they will make the knowledge derived from books, in a certain sense, to become their own, and will be able, at pleasure, to draw on their store-house of ideas.

3. Familiar subjects should be selected. Some young writers are as injudicious in choosing subjects for composition as some young preachers are in selecting a text.—They take one concerning which they know very little, and do not succeed. After making choice of a suitable subject, it should be rendered still more familiar by reflection. An entire arrangement of the thoughts as respects the heads of the subjects at least, should be made before the pen is taken. The thoughts may then be committed to paper.

4. The article should then be laid aside for a few days, and then taken up and corrected and transcribed. Many errors will be detected on a careful examination which escaped notice at the first writing; and perhaps new thoughts suggested. In this interval the writer will loose his partiality for the particular forms of expression used, and will be better able to view the whole with "a critic's eye." Such a course of writing cannot long be pursued without decided improvement, both in the mind of the writer, and in the character of his writings.—*Dover Morning Star.*

GEN. WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS.—Delivered before the Battle of L. Island, in 1776.

The time is now near at hand, which will probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves; whether they are to have any property that they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness, from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance or the most abject submission. We have therefore to resolve to conquer or to die.

Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. Let us then rely on the goodness of our cause and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hand victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions.—The eyes of our countrymen are now upon us, and we shall have their blessing and praises, if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them. Let us therefore animate and encourage each other, and show the world, that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground, is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

Liberty, property, life and honor, are all at stake; upon your courage and conduct, rests the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country; our wives, children and parents expect safety from us only; and they have every reason to believe, that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause.

The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by show and appearance; but remember, they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad—their men are conscious of it; and, if opposed with firmness and coolness on the first onset, with our advantage of works and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive—wait for orders—and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution."

The following beautiful passage, as true as it is beautiful, is from Mr. JAMES's last novel, "*The Gipsy:*"—

"Round the idea of one's mother, the mind of a man clings with a fond affection. It is the first deep thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft, and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings of the world are more or less light in comparison. I do not know that even in our old age we do not look back to that feeling as the sweetest through life. Our passions and our wilfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we learn even to pain her heart, to oppose her wishes, to violate her commands; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her counsels or opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm me-

mory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a past storm, raises up her head, and smiles amongst her tears. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our dead parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not that she possessed."

THE SILENT ACADEMY,
OR THE EMBLEMS.

There was at Amandan, a celebrated academy, the first statute of which was contained in these terms. "The Academicians think much, write little, and speak but as little as possible." They were called "The Silent Academy," and there was not a man of learning in all Persia but was ambitions of being of their number. Doctor Zeb, author of an excellent little work entitled "The Gag," understood in this distant province that there was a vacant place in the Silent Academy. He set out immediately, arrived at Amandan, and presenting himself at the door of the Hall, where the members were assembled, he desired the door-keeper to deliver to the President a billet to this import, "*Doctor Zeb humbly asks the vacant place.*" The door-keeper immediately acquitted himself of his commission, but alas! the doctor and his billet were too late, the place had been already filled.

The whole academy were affected at this *contretems;* they had received a little before a court wit, whose eloquence light and lively, was the admiration of the populace, and saw themselves obliged to refuse Doctor Zeb, who was the very scourge of chatterers, and with a head so well formed and furnished.

The President whose place it was to announce to the Doctor the disagreeable news, knew not what to resolve on. After having thought a little he filled a large cup with water, and so very full that one drop more would have made it spill over.—He made the sign that they might introduce the candidate. He appeared with that modest and simple air which always accompany true merit. The president rose, and without saying a word pointed out to him with an afflicted air the emblamatic cup, the cup so exactly full. The doctor apprehended the meaning that there was no room for him in the Academy; but taking courage he thought to make them understand that an academician supernumary would derange nothing. Therefore seeing at his feet a rose leaf, he picked it up and laid it delicately on the surface of the water, and that so delicately that not a single drop escaped.

At this ingenious answer they were full of admiration, and in spite of rules, Doctor Zeb was admitted with acclamation.

They directly presented to him the register of the academy in which they inscribed their names on their admission, and the Doctor having done so, nothing more remained than to thank them in a few words according to custom. But Doctor Zeb, as a truly academician, thanked them without saying a word. He wrote on the margin the number 100, which was the number of his new brethren, and then placing a cypher before the figure (0100) he wrote beneath, "*Their worth is neither less nor more.*" The President answered the modest doctor with as much politeness as presence of mind: he put the figure 1 before the number 1000 and wrote (1100) "*They are ten times what they were before.*"

O'Connell's Wife.—With all that is alleged against the agitator, it seems that he professes in an eminent degree the finer feelings of the heart. On his wife being toasted at a dinner given to him at Newcastle, he made the following feeling response:

"There are some topics of so sacred and sweet a nature, that they may be comprehended by those who are happy but cannot possibly be described by any human being. All that I shall do is to thank you in the name of her who was the disinterested choice of my early youth; who was the ever cheerful companion of my manly years; and who is the sweetest solace of that 'sear and yellow leaf' age at which I have arrived. In her name I thank you, and this you may readily believe; for experience I think, will show to us all that no man can battle and struggle with the malignant enemies of his country, unless his nest at home is warm and comfortable—unless the honey of human life is commanded by a hand that he loves."

Errors of the Press.—And you can't think what havoc these demons sometimes choose to make of one's sense, and what's worse, of one's rhymes. But a week or two since, in my ode upon spring, which I meant to have made a most beautiful thing, where I talked of dew drops from freshly blown roses! the nasty things made it, "from freshly blown noses!"—And once, when to please my cross aunt, I had tried to commemorate some saint of her clique, who'd just died, having said he "had taken up in heaven his position," they made it, he'd "taken up to heaven his physician!"—*The Fudges in England*

A Kerry School Master's Address.—"Here, byes, (boys) shake down the straw along the wall for the little girls to sit on; throw your turfs in the corner, and bring over my stool here close by the fire. I thought I told you before, Felix, to bring a sod of turf every mornin'. Sit down, sit down, I say, on the floor wid the rest, and get your lesson, and don't let me see you near the fire all this blessed day. Now, byes, what are you afther? Silence; a-b, ab; b-a-g, bag. Silence! Jem Doherty, whip the door off the hinges and clap it on this row of sods; there now, borrow a bit of chalk from Kernaham, till I write a large hand copy. Tony Flanahan, come over here, arrah, why don't you come, sir, when I bid you? See, here, spell me this word—Con-stan-ti-no-ple. Byes, that's the name of the grand Turk! See what it is to know navigation; I don't suppose there's a man in the barony, barring myself and the priest, can tell who Constantinople is!—*Croker's Legends.*

Pretty Women.—Of all other views a man may in time grow tired; but in the countenance of woman there is a variety which sets weariness at defiance. The divine right of beauty, says Junius, is the only divine right a man can acknowledge, and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not authorized to resist.

THE GEM AND AMULET.

Rochester.—A better description of the characteristics of our city and its citizens, could not be given, than is contained in an extract from the New England Magazine, in another page. It was given by a traveler under the head of "Sketches from Memory," and written before "Lottery Offices" were repudiated by wholesome laws, and of course when we were strangers to at least one half the hum & bustle which now enlivens our streets. And even then he said—"Every body seems to be there, and all had something to do, and were doing it with all their might."

The Boston Pearl, one of the neatest and best conducted literary papers we get, is mostly filled with original matter.

The Baltimore Athenæum and Young Men's Paper has worked its way into notice during one year's existence, and now assumes an improved size and appearance,—a favorable indication of long life and a useful career.

No!—A short chapter on this short word, though not new to most of our readers, may be to some; and it is so important that *all* should know how and when to use it, that we venture to put it again into circulation:

THE WORD NO.

There are but few words in the English language of more importance than the word *No!* and altho' it is very short, it is to some people exceedingly hard to learn. Many a man has been ruined by not knowing how to use this word.

Charles Easy was a good natured young fellow, and was left two or three thousand dollars, with which he went into business. He had many customers, for every body loved him; but unluckily, his customers had forgotten to bring their money with them—they all, however, promised payment; some in ninety days, some in sixty, and some in thirty, and some the next morning. Charles doubted and hesitated; but not knowing how to say *No!* he credited them all. Thus his goods were scattered over the country, and while he obtained one half of the debts at more expense and trouble than his profits upon the whole of them were worth, he lost the other half. In the midst of these embarrassments, a worthless fellow, in company with whom Charles had once drank a bottle of wine, had the assurance, on the strength of his acquaintance, to ask him to be bail for him to a large amount.—Charles started at this request, and the word *No* was seemingly bolting out; but it stuck in his throat; he yielded, and in a few days was a ruined man.

Thomas Smoothly was social, polite and engaging; he loved neither the bottle nor the cards; he hated late hours, which always give him the headache the next day; but notwithstanding this, he gambled, drank freely, and kept late hours, because his companions importuned him, and he knew not how to say *No.* At length a set of sharpers took Thomas's weak side, and marked him for their prey. They enticed him into a deep play, and never left him till they had his last shilling. Alas, poor Thomas! he might have been an ornament to society, and an honor to his relatives, had he only learned to say *No.*

Let youth learn the proper use of this important monosylable. If advised and persuaded against your interest, say *No.* If tempted to bring a blot upon your character or stain upon your conscience, say, with energy and emphasis, *No.* But to the prayer of want and to the call of real honor and virtue, never say *No.*

Composition.—"Skill in the use of the pen," says an article in another column, "is not acquired by writing much, but writing with care." Other remarks in the same piece, equally pertinent, commend themselves to the careful attention of our young correspondents.

PARNASSIAN FLOWERS.

Original.

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO THE COMET.

Hail! glaring meteor, in the spangled sky,
Celestial guest of this our lower earth;
Majestic soars thy glorious form on high,
Proclaiming praise to Him that gave thee birth—
Blest be the time that shows thy form to me,
Which many have but vainly longed to see.

What themes for thought thou bring'st to the mind,
As, years long absent, now thou art returned!
Where hast thou been with thy long train behind
Since last in sight of man thy substance burned?
With glory robed, with gorgeous splendor crown'd,
Thou hast traversed the universe around.

And O, what mighty changes have been wrought
In this our world, since thou wert here before,
What nations vanquished, and what armies fought,
What arts perfected from invention's store!
Knowledge and wisdom have their temples rear'd,
And freedom's sons have proud oppression dared.

But, what will be when thou return'st again,
And hast once more thy lurid journey run?
Freedom's proud banner shall then wave and reign,
O'er the wide world, and tell her trophies won—
Steam may usurp the place of reasoning man,
And he have traveled up, the moon to scan!

But, few of all mankind which treadeth now
Among life's scenes, shall draw their fleeting breath;
Their present greatness long before shall bow
To the stern mandate of victorious Death.
And I shall in the cold damp grave be lain!
Farewell, grand Comet I'll not gaze again.

Rochester, Oct. 1835. HALLEY.

THE LAST RED MAN.

Original.

He stood on the banks of Niagara's flood—
Though the last of his tribe,
A Chieftain's blood
Through his wasted veins did flow—
The fire of his youth was gone,
And the tomahawk buried low.
The lodge of his fathers was once where he gazed
There the hoary mountains their high heads raised;
The wigwams of his sires for ages had stood
By the angry foam of the mountain's flood:
There was the forest the deer had oft ranged;
There the council fires burned!—But ah! how [changed!
The last of his race, he stood alone
Where, in days that are gone, he loved to roam.
But alas! his fathers had gone to their rest,
With their feet to the east, their souls with the blest,
No more through the forest with them could he roam.
For the mighty Great Spirit had called them home.
He took the last look of his dear native hills;
Of the streamlets flow with its crippled rills,
Where the Cataract rolled with seeming pride
As the wild flowret blossomed and waved by its [side:
* * * * * * *
Years passed—and the red man's spirit had fled
To the great One who gave it—his bones with the [stood
dead!
Then the much dreaded white man in triumph
On the grave of the red man, by the foaming flood:
For the red men are gone, far, far to the west,
Where the Mississippi flows with its silvery crest.

Penn Yan, Nov. 21. B.

From the Zodiac.

THE MOON WAS A-WANING.

'The moon was a-waning,
The tempest was over;
Fair was the maiden,
And proud was the lover;
But the snow was so deep
That his heart it grew weary,
And he sunk down to sleep
In the moorland so dreary.

Soft was the bed
She had made for her lover,
White was the sheets,
And embroider'd the cover;
But his sheets are more white,
And his canopy grander,
And sounder he sleeps
Where the hill foxes wander.

Alas, pretty maiden,
What sorrows attend you—
I see you sit shivering,
With a light at your window;
But long may you wait,
Ere your arms shall enclose him,
For still, still, he lies,
With a wreath on his bosom!

How painful the task,
The sad tidings to tell you!
An orphan you were,
Ere this misery befell you;
And far in your wild,
Where the dead rapers hover
So cold, cold and wan
Lies the corpes of your lover.

HOGG.

The Louisiana Advertiser accompanies the annexed unpublished poem by MOORE, with the following remarks: "In an adjoining column will be found a poem of TOM. MOORE'S, never before published, for which we are indebted to a gentleman of this city. It was presented to him by the late celebrated Mrs. Siddons, the aunt of Mrs. Arkwright, who is only daughter of Stephen Kemble, and cousin to the present Mrs. Fanny Butler. The Irish bard, in alluding to this poem, observes: 'In these stanzas, I have done little more than relate a fact in verse; and the lady whose singing gave rise to this curious instance of the power of memory in sleep, is Mrs. Robert Arkwright.'"

The Day Dream.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, BY THOMAS MOORE.

They both were hush'd—the voice—the chords—
I heard but once the witching lay;
And few the tones, and few the words,
My spell-bound memory brought away.

Traces remembered here and there,
Like echoes of some broken strain;
Links of a sweetness lost in air,
That nothing now could join again.

E'en these, too, ere the morning fled;
And though the charm still linger'd on,
That o'er each sense her song had shed,
The song itself was faded—gone!

Gone, like the thoughts that once were ours,
On summer days, ere youth hath set,
Thoughts bright, we know, as summer flowers:
But *what* they were, we now forget!

In vain with hints from other strains
I wooed this truant air to come,—
As birds are taught on eastern plains,
To love their wild and kindred home.

In vain—the song that Sappho gave,
In dying, to the mournful sea,
Not muter slept beneath the wave,
Than this within my memory.

At length, one morning, as I lay
In that half-waking mood, when dreams,
Unwillingly at last give way
To the full truth of daylight's beams—

A face—the very face, methought,
From which had breathed, as from a shrine
Of song and soul, the notes I sought,—
Came with its music close to mine,

And sung the long lost measure o'er,
Each note and word, with every tone
And look, that lent it life before,—
All perfect—all again my own!

Like parted souls, when, mid the blest,
They meet again, each widow'd sound,
Through memory's realm had wing'd in quest
Of its sweet mate, till all were found.

Nor e'en in waking did the clue,
Thus strangely caught, escape again;
For never lark its matins knew
So well, as now I knew this strain.

And oft, when memory's wondrous spell
Is talk'd of in our tranquil bower,
I sing this lady's song, and tell
The vision of that morning hour.

From the Albany Daily Advertiser.

THE FROZEN TEAR.

On beds of snow the moon-beam slept,
And chilling was the midnight's gloom,
When by the damp grave Ellen wept;
Sweet maid! it was her lover's tomb.

A warm tear gushed—the wintry air
Congealed it as it flowed away:
All night it lay an ice-drop there—
At morn it glittered in the ray.

An angel, wandering from his sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-eyed Pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem.

All goverments ought to aspire to produce the highest happiness by the least objectionable means. To produce good without some admixture of ill, is the prerogative of the Deity alone. In a state of nature, each individual would strive to preserve the whole of his liberty, but then he would also be liable to the encroachments of others, who feel equally determined to preserve the whole of theirs. In a state of civilization each individual voluntarily sacrifices a part of his liberty, to increrse the general stock.

REDEMPTION OF LAND SOLD FOR TAXES.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
Comptroller's Office. }

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to Section 76, Tit. 3, of Chap. 13, of the 1st Part of Revised Satutes, that unless the lands sold for taxes at the general tax sale held at the Capitol, in the city of Albany, in the months of March and April, 1834, shall be redeemed by the payment into the Treasury of the State, on or before the 21st April next, after the date hereof, of the amount for which each parcel of the said lands was sold, and the interest thereon, at the rate of ten per centum per annum, from the date of the sale to the date of the payment. The land so sold, and remaining unredeemed will be conveyed to the purchasers thereof.—Dated October 2d. 1835.

A. C. FLAGG, Comptroller

ROCHESTER

THE GEM,

AND LADIES' AMULET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, AMUSING MISCELLANY, &c.

VOLUME 7.] ROCHESTER, DEC. 26, 1835. [NUMBER 26.

TALES FROM THE FRENCH.

THE ORATORY.

About six months prior to her death the Comtesse de Merset, having been seriously indisposed, occupied a separate suit of apartments from those of the comte, La Grand Bretche. Her sleeping room looked upon the river, and had sash windows opening upon the lawn, which sloped pleasantly towards its banks. Within this apartment was a glass door which served as an oratory; it was about four feet square, and constructed with the thickness of the wall. On the night in question, by one of those strange fatalities for which there is no explanation, the comte returned two hours later than usual from the club where he usually spent his evening in reading the papers or discussing politics. The invasion of France had formed the leading topic of conversation, and the subject of a long and animated discussion, after which, being already excited by arguments, the comte, had lost a considerable sum at billiards.—On returning home, he had usually satisfied himself, for sometime past, by asking the comtesse's attendant, Rosalie, if her lady were retired to rest, ere he proceeded to his own apartment, but on this night it occurred to him he would visit her himself, that he might recount his ill luck. Accordingly, instead of summoning Rosalie, he proceeded directly to the chamber of the comtesse. His well known step resounded along the corridor, and at the instant he turned the handle of the door he fancied he heard that of the oratory within close suddenly; but when he entered the apartment he saw Madame de Merset standing before the hearth, on which smouldered the embers of a half extinguished fire. It immediately occurred to him that it must have been Rosalie who went into the oratory, from which however, there was no egress but through the comtesse's apartment. Yet a suspicion of a darker nature, nevertheless crossed his imagination, like a sudden flash of dazzling light, which could not be extinguished. He looked fixedly at his wife, and there seemed a troubled expression in her eye as she avoided his searching glance.

'You are late to night,' she said, and there was a slight tremor in her voice, usually so clear and musical.

The comte did not reply, for at that instant, as if to strengthen the horrid thought which possessed his secret soul, Rosalie entered the room. Turning abruptly from her, he folded his arms moodily across his breast, and impetuously but mechanically paced the apartment.

You are ill, my lord, I fear—or bring you evil tidings? gently inquired the comtesse, as Rosalie proceeded to undress her. But he still continued silent. 'You may retire,' added Madam Memerset to her attendant, for she foresaw that something more than usual was gathering on the disturbed brow of her lord, and she wished to meet it alone.

As soon as Rosalie was gone, or supposed to be so, M. de Merset approached his lady, and said coldly, with an attempt at certainty, though his lips trembled and his whole frame was pale with emotion, 'Some one is concealed within that oratory.'

The comtesse looked calmly and somewhat proudly at her husband, and simply answered 'No, my lord.' That no smote like a knife across his heart, for he dared not believe her, and yet never had she seemed more pure to him than at that moment. He was advancing a step towards the door of the oratory, as if to convince himself, when the comtesse, placing her hand upon his arm, arrested him, and looking at him for a moment, with an expression of deep melancholy, said, in a voice which trembled with emotion, 'Should you find no one there, remember all must be at an end between us forever!'

And there was an ineffable dignity in her look and manner, which awed the comte's suspicion, and made him pause in his purpose. 'No, Josephine,' he exclaimed, 'I open not that door, as guilty or innocent, we must then part. But listen—I know all thy purity of heart, and thy sanctity of the life thou leadest: thou wouldst not commit a mortal sin at the expense of thy soul! She looked at him wildly. Here is the crucifix. Take it—swear to me before that image there is no one there, and I will never seek to enter.'

The comtesse took the crucifix, and murmured I swear!'

'Louder,' said her husband, and repeat,' 'I swear before the Virgin, there is no one concealed in that oratory.'—And she repeated the words of the oath without any visible emotion.

''Tis well,' M. de Merset coldly said; then added, after a moment's silence, his eye resting upon the crucifix, he had just laid down, which was of ebony and silver and of exquisite workmanship—'You have something there which I never saw before, or knew that you possessed.'

'I met with it accidentally at Duviers who bought it of one of the Spanish prisoners of war, when they passed through Vendome on their way to the frontier.'

Ah!' said the comte, replacing the crucifix on its gilt nail over the chimney piece, in doing which, at the same moment he rung the bell. Rosalie came immediately. M. de Merset advanced to meet her and leading her into the embrasure of the window, which opened upon the lawn, abruptly, and in an under tone said, 'I understood that poverty alone prevents your union with Philippe, and that you have declared your intention not to become hiswife until he shall have found the means of establishing himself in his business as a master mason. Now, mark me—go and seek him—bring him hither with his tools. Set him to do what I desire, his fortune shall surpass your utmost wishes. But take special care to wake no one besides himself in the house—above all, let not a word escape your lips. A whisper and—his brow darkened as he looked menacingly upon her. She was about to leave the room to obey his orders, when he added 'Hold, take my *passe partout*.' He then called in a voice of thunder along the corridor. Louis, his confidential servant appeared at the hasty summons of his master who added in a tone of authority Get you all to bed.' Then making a sign for him to approach nearer, and lowering his voice, When they shall be all asleep—asleep mind—you come and inform me.'

During none of these extraordinary arrangements had the comte once lost sight of his lady, and when he had finished giving his orders, he returned to where she was seated by the fireside.

When Rosalie re-entered the room, she found the comte and comtesse conversing together to all appearance mechanically.

'Philippe is here monsieur,' said Rosalie.

''Tis well,' answered her master, bid him enter.'

Philippe,' said the comte, 'you will find materials in the court yard for walling up the door of yonder cabinet.' And drawing Rosalie and her lover aside—'Listen Philippe,' he continued you remain here to night, but to morrow you will receive from me a passport, which will enable you to leave this place for some distant town in a foreign land which I will indicate. I give you the sum of six thousand francs for your journey; and you will remain ten years either in the town to which I shall direct you, or in any other you may yourself select, provided you continue in the country in which it is situated. But you will first proceed to Paris, and there await my arrival,' then I will ensure you the possession of another six thousand francs, to

be paid you on your return from your expatriation, provided you have strictly complied with my conditions. At this price, understand, whatever you may be called upon to do this night must forever remain a secret. For you Rosalie,' he continued, turning toward her as he spoke, I will settle the sum of ten thousand francs on you on the day of your marriage with Philippe, but mark me, this promise is made on the sole condition of your marrying him.'

At this moment the comtesse's voice was heard calling to Rosalie, and the comte, turning away, proceeded quietly to pace the apartment, watching the movements of his wife, Rosalie, and the mason, but without allowing any indications of suspicion to be discernable. Philippe, in the mean while, in pursuance of the task imposed upon him, made a considerable degree of noise, and seizing this chance of her voice not reaching the comte, who had just attained the other end of the chamber, the comtesse hurridly addressed Rosalie, in a tone that was scarcely above a whisper —'a hundred crowns yearly for life are thine,' she said, 'if thou canst obtain only one crevice there,' pointing to the door of the oratory, which Phillippe had commenced building up with brick and plaster.—Then in a louder voice, and with a fearful calmness as her husband approached, she added 'Go Rosalie to the assistance of Phillippe.'

The husband and wife, as by a sort of tacit agreement, remained mutually silent during the time employed in filling up the door way. This silence might perhaps have been assumed on the part of the comte, to prevent the comtesse from having it in her power to convey any double meaning to her words; while, on the other side, it might have been pride, or prudence, perhaps, which prevented her breaking it. By the time the wall was about half way completed, the artful mason seizing his opportunity when the comte's back was turned towards the scene of his operations, struck a blow on the door of the cabinet which shattered one of the panes of glass. The action gave Madame de Merset to understand the success of the intelligence which subsisted between Rosalie and her lover, and casting a glance of intense anxiety towards the now darkened aperture, the mason as well as herself beheld within it the dark and handsome countenance of a man whose intrepid look of courage and devotion fell upon her pale and guilty countenance. Ere her husband turned again in his walk she made a hasty sign to the stranger, which seemed to say 'there is yet hope.'

It was near daybreak—that is to say about four o'clock, in the month of May, ere the construction was completed; and the mason having been delivered to the care of Louis, the comte and comtesse retired to rest. The next morning on rising, the comte seized his hat, and making a step towards the door said, with the utmost appearance of indifference, he must go to the mayoralty for a passport. Then suddenly turning back, as his eye chanced to rest upon the crucifix, he took it from the chimney piece, and as he did so a thrill of satisfaction passed through the bosom of the comtesse. 'He is going to Duviers,' she thought, 'and will be the longer absent.'

Scarcely had he left the apartment when she rang the bell violently to summon Rosalie, and in a voice that was rendered fearful, by excess of agitation, cried, 'to work! to work!'—Then frantiely seizing an iron bar which Rosalie by her direction brought for the purpose, commenced demolishing the yet undried work of Phillippe. Desperate were her efforts, in the hopes of being able to repair the destruction of the walled up doorway, before the dreadful return of the comte. Despair lent her enegy, and a voice within, which penetrated to her sharpened and nervous ear, alone encouraged her to proceed. Already a part of the brickwork had yielded, and she was in the act of applying a yet more vigorous blow for the removal of the remaining impediments, when the comte pale and menacing stood before her. She shrieked not, spoke not, but fell insensible on the floor.

'Place your lady on the bed,' M. de Merset coldly said. The truth was, he had foreseen the result of his abscene, and had accordingly laid a snare into which his wretched wife had too surely fallen. He had written to the mayor, and sent to Duviers, who had arrived just as the comtesse's apartment was again restored to order, and herself recovered from the swoon.

Duviers,' said the comte, addressing the unconscious jeweller, 'did you receive this crucifix from any of the Spanish officers who passed through this town as prisoners of war, on their way to the frontier, a short time since?'

'I did not, monsieur, nor have I ever seen it before,' was the reply.

'Enough, I thank you,' rejoined the comte, calmly restoring the relic to its former place; then, as the jeweller left the room, he desired Louis to see that his repasts were served regularly in the apartment of the comtesse, 'who is too ill,' continued he, 'for me to think of leaving her until her health is in some degree reestablished.'

And for fifteen days the comte de Merset continued to watch over her. During the first six, a noise from time to time was heard in that closed up cabinet, which struck terror to the soul of the guilty woman, and horror and despair crept through her veins: but when she would have thrown herself at his feet, to implore for mercy on herself and the stranger that was dying there, without allowing her to give utterance to the agonized prayer which rose to her parched lips, with a fierce and cruel emphasis, he checked her, saying,

You have sworn, on THAT crucifix, there is NO ONE there!'

CONFUCIUS.

Original.

EVERY age and nation has been distinguished for eminent men. Some few choice and noble spirits, who burst assunder the cords of error and superstition, which enveloped the minds of their countrymen in darkness, rose superior to every sordid allurement of earth, and pressed forward unceasingly, for the attainment of glorious purposes. Their names are recorded in glittering characters on the historian's page, and held up for our admiration and respect. China, although far behind the spirit of the age in improvement, is not without her illustrious names. The iron hand of despotism has crushed the rising genius of her sons—the superstitious regard to ancient usages and customs, has retarded the march of intellectual improvement; hence it is, that her millions have remained so long in the lowest depths of mental degradation—that her science and religion are buried in mystery and gloom—that they have but little idea of the future existence of man, and by their actions seem to believe that he lives not beyond the grave. Nor is it strange that they have imbibed this erroneous idea, since only one of their numerous books, the Shooking of Confucius, teaches the existence of a Supreme Being; and the great object of this work was to inculcate moral lessons. Heaven with them was synonymous with God. It is not, therefore, surprising that they have so long groped their way in heathenish darkness, and are so averse to all changes from their ancient customs.

CONFUCIUS, the prince of Chinese philosophers, was born 552 years before the coming of Christ. He was descended from an illustrious family. His father held high offices of state. Serious and diligent when a boy, he spent not his time, like too many others, in idleness, but applied himself successfully to the study of ancient records. The science of good government was his principal object. His great fame soon drew around him about 3000 disciples, ten only of whom he honored with his intimacy; to them he taught the art of becoming virtuous, and the principles of good government. But all his virtues could not shield him from the attacks of the vicious, who feared the pure and holy doctrines he promulgated. They sought to take his life, but through the interposition of Providence he escaped. His principal work, the Shooking, may be considered as the foundation of all Chinese learning. "The institutions of the country, rudiments of the sciences, moral philosophy, wisdom, prudence, political economy, astronomy, find their place here." His labors, however, were not confined to the improvement of science. He introduced the religion of pantheism, which has done great injury to his country. Outward decorum, he considered the true excellency of heart; thus, like the ancient pharisees, placed his hope of future happiness on the external appearances of man, and rejecting, as useless, the operations of the spirit. He strongly insisted upon the duties due parents, and the respect which subjects owe their prince; but "substituted mere ceremony for simplicity and true politeness." His sayings and hints to his followers, are highly valuable for the instruction they contain and moral principles they inculcate. But like other men, with his virtues, he had his faults, and a prominent one was ambition. He desired to rule over his country, that he might make his subjects happy and virtuous. His ambition was of a different nature from that described by the poet, when he says,

"What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat!
Angels of light walk not so dazzlingly
The saphire walls of heaven. The unsearched mine
Hath not such gems." *Willis.*

In his outward decorum, he is represented as being very circumspect. He exalted filial piety to the rank of celestial nature,

which influences heaven and earth; constitutes it the basis of good government, the life giving spring of every virtue,—the fountain of all happiness in life and beyond the grave. But of the duties towards a Supreme being, he says nothing, and considers that they are bound to worship the national Gods whatever they are.

In his doctrines there are some things to reprobate, especially his "treatment of women, and the duties of husbands towards their wives." In refusing to give them a proper rank in society, he has mared the pleasures of social life, and put a stop to improvement; and this is a great cause why the millions of China are at this day buried in ignorance and misery. It has been said that the prosperity and welfare of a nation depends in a great measure on the estimation in which the female character is held. For proof of this we have only to refer to the barbarous nations of past and present times. His precepts of good government, are, "First rule yourself, then your family, then a country." His ideas of reform were the same. "First reform yourself, then your family, then your government, then all between the four seas." His knowledge of human nature was limited. He considers man as naturally virtuous. "To make a whole nation virtuous is as easy as to turn the finger in the palm of the hand; you have only to show a good example and the whole world will follow." The test of his system is, in having kept so many millions together so long; this no other human institution ever did, or find so many followers. Its effect upon the Chinese nation was powerful. But the march of improvement has ceased; they have become slaves to antiquated customs, and stand nearly in the same rank of knowledge they did years ago.

The piety and practical tendency of his doctrines, generally, had a favorable effect in reforming the irregularities and vices of the age, and have excited a salutary influence to the present time. In his character we find much to admire. He thirsted for honor and emolument, but all with the single eye of doing good to his country. Great was the obstacles that opposed his progress.—The ignorance of the age, and difficulties in acquiring information;—yet by perseverance, he triumphed over all, and holds a conspicuous place among ancient philosophers.

His last days were marked with calmness and serenity. He died in peace; was unwilling that any one should pray for him because he had prayed; deeply deplored the wretchedness of his country, regretted that his counsels had been rejected, and exclaimed—"I am no longer useful on earth, it is necessary I should leave it." Thus he died in the 73d year of his age. China mourned his departure from the fair shores of time, and paid willing homage to his memory. The pen of calumny ceased, and turned to ulogize him.—Hjs works are the standard literature of the nation; the first books put into the hands of children, which they are required to study, and imbibe their precepts. No Chinese ever held so great an influence over the nation; and none will ever be remembered with such grateful feelings of respect. The names of their Kings,—the self styled sons of Heaven, may sink into forgetfulness—oblivion cover their memories, but his will live while time speeds its accustomed rounds. After ages will peruse with pleasure his works. Although his theory is, in some respects, false compared with those of the present, yet it inculcates many of the purest virtues of our nation.—His course was new, and subject to great opposition, from those who were entirely ignorant of his views,—but it triumphed over all opposition, and while his opposers are forgotton, he is remembered by the millions of the "Celestial empire."

We trust the day is not far distant when the superstitions of this ancient people will be removed,—when they will renounce their false theory of the creation of the world, embrace the belief of an all creating power, who brought into being the universe at a word, and every existing thing there on,—when the absurd theory that "Reason produced one, one produced two, two produced three, three produced all things," (which is the way in which they account for the creation of the world,) will be exploded, and the true cause be unfolded to their view. A. J. M.

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

Original.

(St. Luke, xiii. 34 & 35.)

The time had now fully come when the illfated city, was to meet her fearful doom. The calamities which had been the theme of most of her prophets, and of which mention was made by our Saviour himself, were fast coming upon her. The fearful prediction uttered by him, as he wept over her, while surveying her grandeur from the mountain's side, was now being fulfilled. Already had wars and rumors of wars distracted the land. False Prophets and false Christs were rising up on every side, leading many astray, and saying unto them, peace, peace, when the Lord had declared evil against them.

The unfortunate Jews had been discomfitted in many a sore conflict: they went forth to war, glorying in their might, chanting the song of defiance; they returned shorn of their strength, bitterly lamenting their unhappy fate. They beheld their cities razed to the ground; their vineyards and their pleasant places laid waste; their women and their children carried into captivity; the bones of slaughtered brethren whitening upon the hills. And again collecting their scattered forces, and nerving themselves for the conflict, they sallied forth to meet the foe. Filled with mortification, revenge, and despair, they fought until the valleys were filled with their dead, and their life's blood crimsoned the waters of the passing stream; and then, as if stricken from above, they fled from the field. Driven from place to place, they retreated to the holy city; and, shutting the gate in the face of their pursuers, they bewailed their wretched condition. The fire of Heaven was dying away upon their altars, and the smoke of their offerings was no longer seen. The voice of the elder was disregarded, the spotless habiliments of the priest were defiled; the brother betrayed his brother to death; the voice of mirth was drowned by cries of deep distress; the evening song of the maiden was heard no longer by the way side. And, to add to their terror and grief, fearful sights were seen in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath: Chariots, and armies of men were seen contending in the clouds: Vivid supernatural lights shone round about the altar; the heavy eastern gate, composed of solid brass, and fastened with strong bolts and bars, was seen of itself to open at the sixth hour of the night. And at night, as the priests were going into the inner temple, they were alarmed, first by a motion and noise, and then by a voice, as of a great multitude, saying with terrific solemnity, Let us depart hence!

Forsaken of God, surrounded with enemies, divided within themselves, how could they hope to endure a siege? Did they look to their lofty battlements! Bank upon bank, towering as it were to the clouds, overlooked their highest walls; and the missiles of death were hurled into their very midst. Did they repair to their strong towers—the mighty engines of war were fast tumbling them to the ground. Did they retreat to their strong holds—the exasperated Romans, like fierce tigers, routed them even from their mountain dens. Did they flee to the temple, within whose hallowed courts they supposed God would suffer not the uncircumsised to tread—they beheld the abomination that maketh desolate even within the holy place.

In vain did they call on Israel's God, in language of deep distress, to save his own temple from the devouring flame: its rage was not to be stayed; cloister after cloister fell a prey to its ravages; towerer after tower became its victim—and the Holy of Holies itself was doomed to share its fate in the general ruin.

In vain did they trust for protection in their still surviving warrior: Contention, famine, pestilence, within their gates, proved fatal as the storms of war without.

In vain did they think of flight—the wall of circumvallation was hedging them in on every side. The cries of the wounded were heard on either hand, while all along were seen the bodies of those who had been slain, with their disfiguered faces turned towards the smoking ruins of the temple, as if their last expiring strength had been exhausted in fixing their gaze upon it.

The emaciated soldier died contending for the morsel between his teeth; while the despairing mother, frantic with grief and hunger, butchered and devoured her own infant child! The blessed Saviour had well said, There shall be great distress in the land, and wrath upon this people; and they shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led away captive into all nations; and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles. It was even now fulfilled: there were slain of them, by Florus, 3,600; by the inhabitants of Cesarea, 20,000; at Scythapolis, 13,000; at Ascalon, 2,500; at Ptolemais, 2,000; at Alexandria, 50,000; at Joppa, by Cestius Gallus, 8,400; on the mountain of Asamon, 2,000; at Damascus, 10,000; at Ascalon, by the Romans, 10,000; in an ambuscade near the same place, 8,000; at Japha, 15,000; on Mount Gerizim, 11,600; at Jotapha, 40,000; at Joppa, by Vespassian, 4,200; at Tarichea, 6,500; and after that city was taken, 1,200 more; at Gamala, 4000; besides 5000 who killed themselves by leaping from a precipice, rather than be taken alive. Of the followers of John of Gischala, 6000; of the Gadarenes, 15,000, besides a vast multitude that threw themselves into the sea and

were drowned. In the village of Idumea, 10,000; at Garasa, 1000; at Macherus, 1,700; in the wood of Jardes, 3,000; in the Castle of Marsada, 960; by Castulus, 3,000. But, beside all these, there were slain of old men, women and children, multitudes, whose numbers like their names can never be known.

But happy were they whose miseries were ended by the deep cut of the conqueror's sword. Happy they who fell upon their own spears and died; happy in comparison with those who were spared only to drag out a miserable existence, galled by ignoble and slavish chains, or smarting under the oppressor's rod.

At Japha, 2000 were taken captive; at Jotapha, 1,200; at Larichea, 6000 chosen young men who were sent to Nero, besides 30,400 more who were sold as slaves and given away. Of the Gadarenes, 2,200 were made captives; in Idumea, 1000; 11,000 in one place were stoned to death; at Cesarea, 2,500 were butchered by Titus, in honor of his brother's birth day; and 3,000 more in honor of his father's. Some were forced to fall upon and kill each other; some were taken to the theatre and thrown to wild beasts for the amusement of the spectators; others were bound together and burnt alive.

Still, to swell the already astonishing number of the slain and captive, one million and one hundred thousand perished during the siege of this ill-fated city!—Our Saviour had truly said, There shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world.

Is it asked why the Lord did suffer the people he had chosen to become a reproach —a by-word unto all nations? the answer is at hand: "They knew their duty, but did it not." They had disobeyed his holy commandments, and would not be reproved. They had made a mock of his solemn worship, and would not repent. He had sent unto them prophets and teachers; these they persecuted and killed. He sent unto them his beloved Son, their own long expected Messiah; him they rejected, and slew upon the cross. Did not their Cup of wickedness overflow? Did not their transgressions, as a thick cloud, rise up unto Heaven?

Is it asked why, to this day Jerusalem remains in her fallen state? Why the temple is not restored to its former glory? Why the children of Israel continue to be a despised and oppressed race, scattered abroad throughout every nation under Heaven? The answer is at hand:—

When, according to prophecy, the Sceptre had departed from Judah, and the lawgiver from between his feet, and SHILOH stood before them, at Pilate's bar, condemned by the people he came to save; when Pilate was desiring to save him from their unreasonable wrath, they cried with united voices, His blood be upon us.—— Oh! had they paused here, Jerusalem might even now be the queen of cities; the Temple, the wonder and glory of the world; the descendants of Jacob the happy subjects of the living God. But, as if urged on by demons from the lowest hell, they must needs bring upon their own posterity a deadly curse; and cried out in the madness of their rage, His blood be upon us, *and upon our children.*

TELEMACHUS.

EFFECTS OF IGNORANCE.

Liberty can only be duly appreciated when seen in contrast with despotism. While looking at the following picture, let us hug our free institutions to our bosoms, and remember that they can never long exist except in a community which is virtuous and intelligent:

Labouring Classes in Europe.—In Norway farms are cultivated by a class of laborers called housemen, who receive from the landlord a house and a quantity of land, and in return work for him at a low fixed price, whenever he demands it:—Bread and gruel are the ordinary food;—both made from oatmeal, with the occasional addition of a little salt fish. Meat they rarely have.

In Sweden the peasantry are educated to some extent, so that most of them are able to read and write. Their dress is pointed out by law. Their food consists of hard bread, dried fish and gruel:—no meat. In general their dwellings are like the rude huts reared by the settlers of our western forests.

In Denmark the peasantry are held in bondage—bought and sold with the land on which they work. Their food and dwellings are like those just mentioned.

In Russia, the bondage of the peasantry is still more complete than Denmark. There are but two native classes—the noble and the serf. Those who transact the commercial business of the cities are principally foreigners not residing permanently in the country. The land is owned by the noblemen; and whenever any of it is sold the peasantry are transferred with it. These have about half their time at their own disposal; but are always liable to be called upon to work for their masters. The better classes of the peasants live in cottages, with stables or barns attached to them. Few, if any have beds, but sleep upon bare boards or upon parts of the immense stoves by which the houses are warmed. Their food consists of black bread, cabbage and other vegetables, without any animal food or butter. During some seasons of the year, the women are employed in the fields, as they are in other parts of Europe.

In Poland, the serfs are, if possible, still more degraded than in Russia. The nobles are the proprietors of the land, and the peasants are slaves. If a plebian strike a noble his punishment is death. A recent traveller says, "I have traveled in every direction, and never saw a wheaten loaf of bread to the eastward of the Rhine, in any part of northern Germany, Poland, or Denmark." Another writer remarks of Poland, "the peasants live in wooden huts, covered with thatch or shingles, consisting of one room with a stove, around which the inhabitants and their cattle crowd together, and where the most disgusting kinds of filthiness are to be seen. Their common food is cabbage, potatoes, sometimes but not generally, peas, black bread and soup, or rather gruel, without the addition of butter or meat, and the chief drink is water or the cheap whiskey of the country. They are the only class engaged in honest industry or toil. They cannot rise from their degradation, for the long established customs and the harsh and oppressive laws forbid it.

Germany comprises a number of separate states, in which the condition of the laboring classes varies according to the nature of their respective laws. In some parts they are comparatively free and well educated, in others the feudal burdens are still resting upon the cultivators of the soil. In general the people of the protestant states of Germany are more free and better educated than they are where the Catholic religion is the established one.—In Austria, the most powerful of the states the nobles are the proprietors of the land, and the peasants are compelled to work every other day except Sundays. The cultivators of the soil are in a state of bondage. In Hungary their condition is still worse—there being no intermediate link between the noble and the slave. The owners of the soil perform no labor—pay no taxes. The labouring classes are required to repair highways and bridges, are liable to have soldiers quartered upon them, and are compelled to pay one tenth of the produce of their toil to the church, and one ninth to the lord whose land they occupy.

The following anecdote, which is related by a recent traveller, (Russell,) will illustrate the condition of the labouring classes of Europe.

He spent a few weeks at the residence of one of the most respectable Hungarian noblemen. Taking a walk one afternoon with the count over part of the grounds, they came upon some peasants who were enjoying their own rustic amusements. The count imagined that one of them did not notice him, as he passed, with sufficient humility. He immediately sent to his house for some servants, and ordered them to seize, bind, and lash the poor man. The visitor entreated the count to put an end to such a trivial offence, if it were one at all. The answer was, "What! do you intercede for such a brute? He is no nobleman. That these people may not think any body cares for them, give him twenty lashes more." And they were accordingly administered.

In many of the German states, the means of education are extremely limited. In Austria the press is under a severe censorship, and nothing finds its way to the public eye, excepting what the cabinet choose to publish. The reply of the emperor during the session of congress at Laybach, to the teacher of a public seminary, has often been quoted. I want no learned men, I need no learned men, I want men who will do as I bid them."—It is said that in Hungary, of whole villages, not an individual can read or write; and that, of the inhabitants of Hungary, Transylvania and Croatia, all of which are within the Austrian dominions, 12 millions are entirely ignorant and uninstructed.

It would be little better than mere repetition, to enlarge upon the state of the idle nobles and beggars of Italy, the priest ridden people of Spain, or the unemployed and impoverished tradesmen and artizans of Holland or Belgium.

MAXIMS.

Those who suffer themselves to be raised and sustained by their money, instead of their worth, are in great danger of falling, though not much liable to be injured by it, for they cannot descend far.

He who makes an idol of his interest, makes a martyr of his integrity.

THE PICTURE.

How deep and yet how delusive, are first impressions. We gaze upon a beautiful face—we listen to an ingenious tale—we are enraptured by the harmony of a melodious voice: the one flits away, the others die upon the ear, and become a dream, a vision of the past—but the effects on our hearts is produced, and shape and direction is given to our thoughts and feelings and opinions. Prejudice—how often is it the result of misrepresentation, uncontradicted and unexplained, until, after cankering for years, it has sunk so deep that the removal of the cause does not even modify, much less remove, the effect.—Friendship—how often does it lean on the first suggestions of the heart, and find its prop "a broken reed" at best. And love—sweet, innocent, and delightful love—how often have the rainbow colorings of its early sky been dimmed and blighted, and all its fond hopes been sepulchred in a desolate and broken heart, because it built upon first impressions. But what has all this to do with the Picture? I will tell you.

I had a friend. He lived—but no matter where: I should have to describe a beautiful summer cottage, and groves, and streams, and "a most living landscape," were I to follow the fashion of the times, and mince out a story by descriptions.—Well, my friend Henry Allston was busily employed, one soft summer morning, at his parlor window, in counting the bubbles that danced down the little brook before him, and tracing their fortunes as they sailed along, now sparkling in the sunshine, now wrapped in a shade, and bursting like the fiery castles of young hope, and disappearing. An old uncle, and a rich old uncle is a good thing, especially if he has the gout, and you read the newspapers for him, pour out his wine, light his pipe, and adjust the pillow under his nursling toe. A rich old uncle had recently left a fortune, too, so situated, that it left him no earthly trouble, except that of spending an ample income. He therefore got along with his mornings as he could, until the post boy announced the arrival of his daily budget of etceteras from the city.

It come this morning, as usual, and among papers and pamphlets, magazines and reviews, exhibiting all the spice of life that variety affords, his eye fell upon a roll, carefully enveloped in yellow paper, and sealed at both ends. He opened it. It was a Picture—a girl, with a rose in her clustering hair, a rich full lip, an eye of a delicate blue, that looked out sweetly at him.

He could not mistake it, though it came without note or comment. "Julia Carrol, as I live," well it is kind in her; "well, it is kind in her—she remembered her promise, even after I had forgotten it—she shall have the warm sunny side of my parlor, over there among my flowers." And there she is, smiling from her elegant lithograph, circled by a rich frame in the full glory of every thing but—life.

Julia was a young acquaintance, the daughter of a valued friend, whom he had visited a year before. He thought her an interesting girl then, but in the whirl of fashion through which he had since passed, he had forgotten his transient flirtation, and the promised lithograph; and it came now like the visit of a friend to the retreats of solitude. What a quiet domestic companion that picture was! When he had nothing else to do, and wearied of the hour, he looked on it instead of counting the bubbles in the brook, therefore, he would sit and count the tresses that shaded her brow. "She is really a pleasent looking girl, he would say to himself; "how she does improve!"

His dog and his gun amused him; but when he came home tired, and often out of humor with his luck; yet as he opened the door and threw himself upon the ottoman, his eyes would turn to the picture, and gaze on that elegant forehead, those laughing eyes, that neck of perfect symmetry, that hidden bosom of unimagined beauty, until in spite of his confirmed anachronism, his heart would breathe out, "Well, she is beautiful."

Time winged his silent way, and four years actually passed, during which, with the exception of an occasional ride to the city, his cottage home, his rustic neighbors, his dog and gun, and last, though not least, the Picture, were the companions of Henry Allston. He was, as he called it, when he went into the country, "getting out of the world," when one morning, his footman was surprised, upon looking in at the parlor door, to see his master booted and spurred at six o'clock, for a journey. He walked from the window to the ottoman, he turned his eye to the Picture—approached and took it from its quiet book on the wall—kissed it and gazed, and kissed it again—"Beautiful girl, I will see her." The bell rang. "John!" "Here sir." "John, I want my horse. Take care of matters and things here. I shall be at home in about a fortnight." "Yes sir," was the simple answer; for lord of his little world, Henry had none there to question him.

A pretty cream colored pony stood at Mr. Carroll's door as Henry approached. The old gentleman stroked his mane, patted him on the back, and took the bridle from the servant. "Henry Allston, as I live," he exclaimed, as he seized the hand of his young friend; "why, what lucky wind has blown you this way? I thought that you were buried long ago." "Not quite, my old friend; like the mole, I now and then come out of my hiding place, to see if the sun is still above the horizon.—He meant the *daughter*. In another moment she came tripping down the steps in a riding habit, A kindly greeting passed, and Henry waited upon her in her evening ride.

"Well," said he to himself, when he had retired for the night, "it is Julia Carroll, but she is not as pretty as she has been." The flame that had been preying upon his heart, kindled by the picture, was well nigh quenched by the original. All his predeterminations against matrimony returned, and at the breakfast table next morning he bid the family adieu, and was prancing down the lane on his fine steed, to return, as he supposed it probable, no more, when the discharge of a gun frighted his horse. He was thrown, and in fifteen minutes brought back to Mr. Carroll's with a broken arm, and otherwise seriously injured. A dangerous fever succeeded, and, for many weeks, the original of the beautiful picture, which had lured him from his home, became his nurse, his ministering spirit in affliction.

How little do the mere worshippers of beauty know of woman's nature! how little of her value! was the language of his heart, when pressing her hand to his lips, he imprinted upon it the tribute of affection. He was twice conquered. The triumph of simple beauty held only a transient dominion; but the triumph of woman's worth over the loftier passions, is as enduring as truth itself. And often, after, when with fair Julia by his side, he occupied his favorite ottoman, and gazed with her on that seducing picture, though beautiful, still he wondered that he had never seen behind its look of gentleness and purity, the rich treasures of affection, and tenderness, and truth, and virtue, which form the native bower of "Heaven's best gift to man."

[*From the London Court Journal.*]

THE WIFE'S FIRST LOVE.

"I pray you play on *this pipe*."—HAMLET.

Adelheid hearing her husband's approaching footsteps, hastened to extinguish the little taper that was burning on the table, and adjusting her colarette and coiffure before the mirror, unlocked the door of the boudoir, and went forth to meet him with an unembarrassed air. "Comment! ma belle Hermite, tonjours an baudoir! I was looking for you at the Tuilleries this very day. Truly, my incomparable, I shall begin to grow jealous of that crimson *fauteuil*, whose arms encircle you so often." As De Morier playfully spoke thus, he drew his Adelheid affectionately towards him, but she complained of a slight indisposition, averted her face, and, withdrawing herself from his clasp, pointed his attention to some passing object in the street, and began to talk of their projected tour to Fountain bleau.

Adelheid Eichrodt was a young and lovely Berlinese, who at the age of seventeen, had been introduced to the Count de Morier, a Frenchman of family and distinction.—He became deeply enamoured of her beauty and simplicity. The offer of his hand was graciously accepted, and he brought her in triumph to his hotel in the Faubourg St. German, where, notwithstanding the little dissensions that a difference of national tastes and prejudices is apt to occasion, they lived in the very plentitude and perfection of congugal concord.

They had been married about a year and a half when De Morier fancied he saw an alteration in his wife's habits and manners. It appeared to him that his adored Adelheid was becoming less frank and confiding towards him; she was reserved, distant; there was a mistery in her proceedings. In fact, it was evident that she had some secret with which she was seduously desirous he should remain unacquainted. He was constantly in the habit of finding scraps of paper scattered about the floor, for the appearance of which she accounted for in various unsatisfactory ways. He more than once surprised her in whispered conference with old Karl, a German domestic, who, having lived in her father's service since the period of Adelheid's infancy, had on the event of her marriage requested to be allowed to accompany his young mistress to Paris. On his approach, they would suddenly separate, and, as it seemed to him, in something of confusion. He had also on one occasion been exceedingly perplexed and mortified, by over-hear

ing two ladies in society, after extolling the undeniable beauty, and grace, and affability of Madam de Morier, make an exception to her prejudice, (the particulars did not reach his ear) which was immediately followed by an exclamation of "Mon Dieu! ce ne pas possible—une bete, un monstre affreuse degoutant." He was not quite sure that the epithets were applied to his wife, but he more than suspected they were. It was not long after, that, on entering her apartment unexpectedly, he saw her rush towards the open window, and dash something to the ground. "Bah, bah! Adelheid, why surely I have entered Houbijant's fabric, in mistake for my own hotel! Essence de Millefleurs! Attar du Rose! What are all these scents you are scattering about the room? You will suffocate me with your many sweets. I have often told you of my aversion to strong perfumes."

The suspicious husband having observed Madame, in one of her mystic meetings with the old Steward, confide a large purse of gold to his possession, hastily quitted the room full of vague apprehensions and surmises, and fully resolved to take an early opportunity of satisfying himself in what manner his wife was in the habit of employing the intervals of his absence from home, which, owing to a pending law suit, had become of late very frequent and protracted. Yet he loved and respected her too much, to distress her with open and direct enquiries on the subject of her visible confusion. Accordingly, on the day following this little *bursquerie*, he took occasion, during breakfast, to signify that he was engaged out on business for the whole of the day, and should probably be detained until the evening of the morrow. Not long, however, after the usual hour of dinner, he made his appearance; the old Steward opened the door.

"What, Karl! as I left you in the morning I find you in the evening—*tojours la pipe!* Always smoking! Is Madme at home? "Non, monsieur, non." "No! I think you are mistaken Karl; I am nearly positive that I saw her close the jalousie of her boudoir this moment in a white-dressing gown. Is she alone?" "Yes, sir—alone sir! to be sure she's alone—at least, that is—I will tell her you are come, and ——" "I thank you, I can inform her myself." "Why, no; that is—just if you please, sir, to allow me—may be she might be engaged, or——"—"Engaged! how, what, with whom?"—"Oh, with nobody, sir." "Let me pass, old man; what does this mean." "Nothing, sir, but if you would only now—do, sir, only just wait a moment, that I may tell my lady, sir; she will be so frightened—yon will be so angry." "Angry, yes at your unaccountable detention of me. In truth I do begin to have some evil surmises and suspicions. Hear me, Karl—tell me all you know about your lady—why does she speak to you in whispers—give you gold?"

The old steward trembled. "Oh, pray don't ask me, sir; I can't tell you. My lady is a sweet and beautiful angel; but it is certainly lamentable that she should be so fond of that great long ——"

The Count trembled in turn. "What! who? what is my wife fond of——"

"Only a little, sir; sometimes by way of recreation; she does not often, and they do say people's inclinations are not in their power."

The Count's brain instantly took fire.—Imagination mastered reason; yet he adopted a reasonable course, in resolutely shaking the old man from his hold, and striding swiftly and silently along the range of rooms that led to his Adelheid's apartment. In a state of considerable excitement, he pushed open the boudoir door with vehemence, but stood transfixed on the threshold at the spectacle that presented itself to his view.

His young and lovely wife was reclining listlessly in the large arm chair, her foot reposing on a low footstool, her elbow resting on a small table at her side, while her delicate hand sustained an enormous *chibohque*, from which she was puffing clouds of fragrant incense.

His astonishment soon relaxed into immoderate laughter. "So, so, my fair Mussulman, I've caught you at last—now the secret's out, and the mystery, like most other mysteries, ends in smoke. That Jesuitical old Karl, too, to conspire against me. Truth, Adeldheid, I don't know that I ever saw you look more graceful, charming—more femininely lovely. Nay, don't pout and blush and cry, and throw down that most magnificent *chibohque* so disdainfully; I'll buy it of you, mignon; will you sell it to me, eh?" and throwing his arms around her, he hid her tears of mortification in his bosom. "And now, my sweet wife," resumed De Morier, as Adelheid released herself from his lengthened embrace; "we will put away this pretty toy, if you please, until we go back to Berlin. Custom here is every thing. Now, the Parisian ladies are not yet accustomed—that is, it is not yet the fashion here, in short, my love, the Parisian ladies *Don't smoke!*

FOR THE LADIES.—A letter from a young American at present in the Pacific, published in the Cincinnati Gazette, says:

"I like the people of Chili much better than the Peruvians. They are more pleasing in their manners, more intelligent and hospitable.

As a place of residence, it is generally preferred to any other on the coast. There are a few American and English families near Valparaiso and their hospitality is unbounded to their countrymen who are strangers. It is now the residence of Mrs. S., formerly Miss S———, who you must recollect if you have ever read the letters of B———, written during his residence on this coast. She was the Goddess of his Idolatry while on the Pacific. In fact, she turned the hearts of half the men between this and Canton; but her history is that of many of your sex. Having had repeatedly very advantagepus offers she married a poor man at last, has children, and all that!

The gentlemen here complain sadly of the scarcity of single ladies. 'There is not a marriageable single American or English lady, this side of Cape Horn.'

I have some thought of taking ont a lot on my return home, but the duce of it is, they must be young, handsome, intelligent &c., and such always find a ready market at home. I could load all the *ships of America with old Maids*, out of New England alone; but bad luck to them, they would remain on my hands, unlike OLD WINE, they would not improve by the keeping, so that I shall have to give up the adventure on account of my friends, and see what I can do for myself.

For the Gem.

THE EXILE'S ADIEU.

'Twas night! and the smiles of the pale moon beams,
Were melting away in tearless streams,
While thoughts of the morrow all plaintively drew,
The scenes that would follow the exile's adieu.

Still fearfully, pale and pensive they gazed
On the home of their youth, and loved early days,
'Till each dear illusion, swell'd with delight,
And cheer'd for a moment the bleakness of night.

That moment was over! No longer the smile,
Or scenes of affection arose to beguile;
Deserted and lone, mid strangers they roam,
In search of that solace denied them at home.

Nor ask they of friendship, what kindred deny;
A shelter from rudeness, or one soothing sigh;
With wrongs unredress'd, and wants ill supplied,
O'er life's foaming billows their fragile barks glide.

No vale of their childhood, can greet them again,
Or glen of the wildwood hear them complain;
The home of the stranger, may welcome them there,
While the heart of the exile's unburthen'd in prayer.

ANGELLETTE.

THE WIFE'S PRAYER.

A woman's hand traced the following lines, which only woman's true and fond heart could have inspired.—*New York American.*

Thy young wife kneeling to her God,
Seems brighter far in this lone scene
Than when our halls of mirth she trod,
'Mid Fashion's throng, a worshiped queen!

Gaze on—the love that fills her heart
New charms hath lent to cheek and brow—
Gaze on—but hush! the pure lips part,
Perchance for *thee* she's pleading now:

"Hear me, thou who mark'st each feeling,
Thou who know'st each passion's sway;
At thy sacred altar kneeling
For a being loved, I pray!

He is dearer than the mother
Who hath been my life's fond guide—
He is nearer than a brother,
Though a brother's still my pride.

Oft ere summer's bloom had perish'd
For the *lover's* weal I plead——
Father! oh the *husband* cherish'd
Now thy choicest blessings shed!

In all "peril and temptation"
Guard him with thy holy might;
'Mid the charms of power and station,
Keep a noble spirit bright.

Bless him, Father! he is starting
Proudly for the goal of fame—
Oh! may every year departing
Add fresh laurels to his name!

Grant him genius' inspiration—
Wisdom's eloquence divine—
He is pledg'd unto a nation;
Let him in her councils shine.

Be his guide—and for earth's sorrow,
For the blight, the cloud, the thorn.
So prepare him, that each morrow
On a fearless heart may dawn.

Father! if the love I bear him
Lends his path a brighter ray;
If that love one pang can spare him,
Aid me still to cheer his way.

Should his manhood's prime be shaded,
Let him on this heart repose—
It will prove when joys are faded,
Desert spring, and forest rose.

Strengthen, guard and guide him ever!
May he glory in love's chain,
'Till its links thy angel sever,
Ne'er on earth to clasp again.

WEDDING CAKE AND EDITORS.—The editor of Norwalk (Ct.) Gazette is one of the jocosest fellows of the fraternity. He has all the dry humor of his countrymen, and withal an exceedingly fluent and sprightly pen. He had from a new married acquaintance, lately, a nuptial present of a long necked bottle (we hope it was not claret) and a frosted cake; but the unfortunate recipiant was in bed at the time, a martyr to the toothach. By his lively

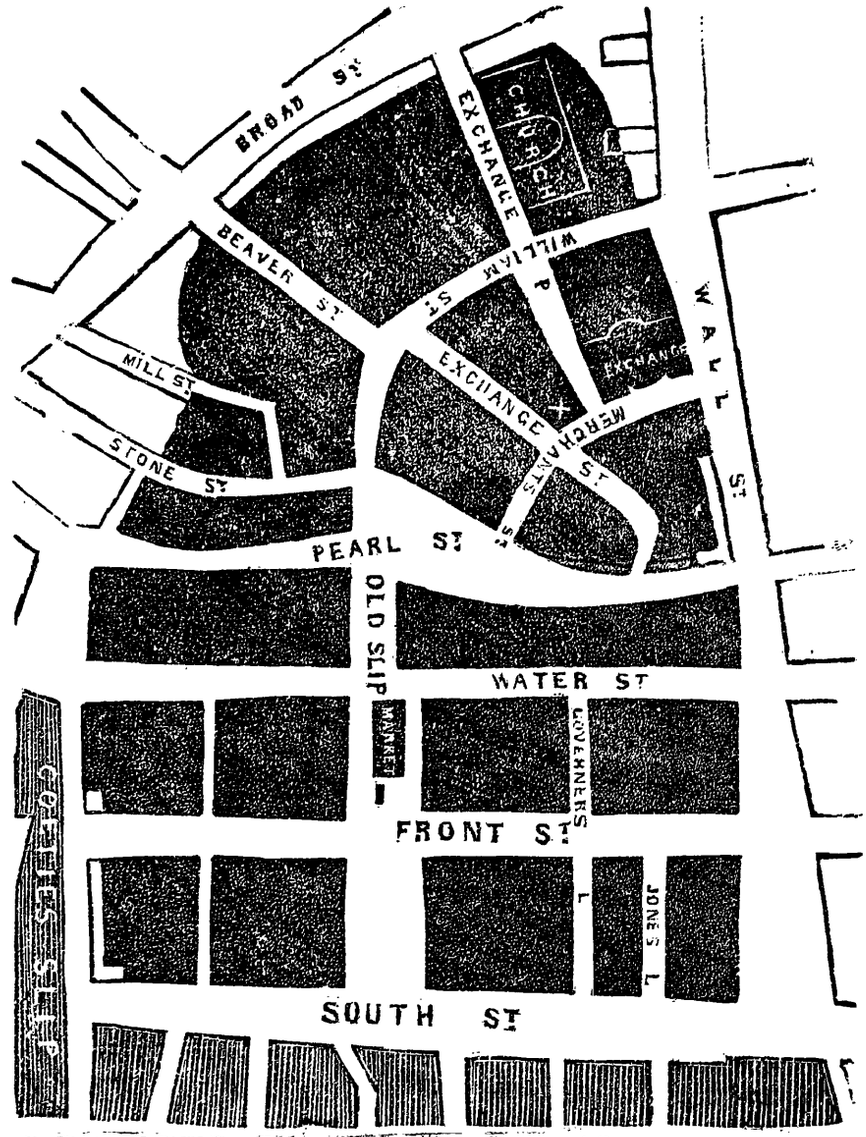
description, we think the pair must have sharpened his wit. Thus gorgeously does he paint the rainbow heaven of matrimony: "None but the married man has a home in his old age; none has friends then but he; none but he knows and feels the solace of the domestic hearth; none but he lives and freshens in his green old age, amid the affections of his children. There is no tear shed for the bachelor, there is no ready hand and kind heart to cheer him in his loneliness and bereavement; there is none in whose eyes he can see himself reflected, and from whose lips he can receive the unfailing assurance of care and love. No; the bachelor may be courted for his money; he may eat, and drink, and revel, as such things do; and he may sicken and die in a hotel or a garret with a plenty of attendants about him, like so many cormorants waiting for their prey; but he will never know what is to be loved, and to die among a loved circle! He can never know the comforts of the domestic fireside. As for our friend Stevens, we always knew he was a marrying man; and we are glad that we can now quote Benedict in the play for him, who, on being accused of breaking his bachelor's vow, replied, When I said I woul die a bachelor, I thought I should never live to be a married man.'"

A SISTER'S LOVE.

There is no purer feeling kindled upon the altar of human affections, than a sister's pure, uncontaminated love for her brother. It is unlike all other affections; so disconnected with selfish sensuality; so feminine in its developments; so dignified, and yet, withal, so fond, so devoted.—Nothing can alter it, nothing can suppress it. The world may revolve, and its revolutions effect changes in the fortunes, in the character, and in the disposition of her brother; yet if he wants, whose hands will so readily stretch out as that of his sister; and if his character is maligned, whose voice will so readily swell in his advocacy. Next to a mother's unquenchable love, a sister's is pre-eminent. It rests so exclusively on the tie of consanguinity for its sustenance; it is so wholly divested of passion, and springs from such a deep recess in the human bosom, that when a sister once fondly and deeply regards her brother, that affection is blended with her existence, and the lamp that nourishes it expires only with her existence.

To Form a Vigorous Mind.—Let every youth early settle it in his mind, that if he would ever be any thing, he has got to make himself; or in other words, to raise by personal application. Let him always try his own strength, and try it effectually, before he is allowed to call upon Hercules. Put him first upon his own invention; send him back again and again to the resources of his own mind, and make him feel that there is nothing too hard for industry and perseverance to accomplish. In his early and timid flights, let him know that stronger pinions are near and ready to sustain him, but only in case of absolute necessity. When in the paths of science and difficulties which he cannot surmount, impede his progress, let him be helped over them; but never let him think of being led when he has the power to walk without help; nor of carrying his ore to another's furnace, when he can melt it down in his own.

DIAGRAM OF THE GREAT FIRE IN NEW YORK.



Explanation of Diagram.—X denotes the place where the fire originated—the open spaces on the margin of some of the blocks, buildings left standing. Beaver and Exchange-sts. run nearly east and west.

THE GEM AND AMULET.

This number completes the SEVENTH VOLUME of the Gem. The present publishers have carried out the volume since it came into their hands with as much uniformity as practicable, and have endeavored to meet the expectations of their patrons by procuring another PLATE, for the close of the year but failed, owing probably to the sudden close of navigation. As the best that can be done under the circumstances, they have procured a diagram of the great fire in the city of New York, which now agitates the public mind almost to the exclusion of every other topic.

The prospectus of the EIGHTH VOLUME is before the public. It is hoped the friends of the work will continue to sustain it, not only by their own subscriptions, but by introducing it among their friends with such commendations as they may think it will bear. The price is so VERY LOW, that its publishers cannot afford to bestow upon it the labor and expense needed to sustain and elevate its character, unless a large edition is called for by prompt-paying subscribers—a safe contingency, it is believed, in this community.

The first number of the eighth volume will be printed the second week in January, and sent to all the subscribers of this volume who have not signified their wish to discontinue; and such as may not wish to subscribe can write their name and residence on the margin, and return it, while those who continue, can make their remittances in advance as early as possible, that it may be known how large an edition of the subsequent numbers will be wanted.

☞ A subscriber living so far "down east" that his letter cost eighteen cents, subjects us to that expense merely to say that he had paid for the seventh volume, a few of the last numbers of which he had not yet received. It is a good sign to see subscribers anxious to get their papers, but no printer could live long and be often subjected to such a tax. The failure in the receipt of papers was not our fault, as they had been regularly mailed; and the postage robs us of all the profits on that paper for the year, and more too. We say this much as a caution to our friend and others; and in the hope that he will look around in his neighborhood and send us a few names for the Gem, with an enclosure of the *needful*. A large package is not so apt to get lost in the mail as a small one.

Effects of Perseverance.—All the performance of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. If a man were to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pickaxe, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties; and mountains are levelled and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings.

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