THE

ROCHESTER GEM

AND

LADIES' AMULET,

DEVOTED TO

POLITE LITERATIRE, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY. ESSAYS, SCIENCE, MUSIC, POETRY, MORALITY, SENTIMENT. WIT. &C. &C.

VOLUME TENTH.

'We'll grasp the works of Nature and of Art-To raise the Genius and to mend the Heart.'

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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PROSE.

POETRY.

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EMBELLISHMENTS.

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THE BUFFALO POST OFFICE.

BUFFALO POST OFFICE.

We are indebted to the politeness of a friend for a Cut, representing this splendid and convenient Edifice, engraved by J. W. ORR.

The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser a few weeks since, gave the following account of the building and the business transacted therein :

"The building, corner of Washington and Seneca streets, formerly occupied by the Baptist Society, was sold by them a few months since to Col. O. H. DIBBLE, Post Master, and by him expressly fitted up for the purposes for which it is now used. The Post Office occupies the entire lower story, or the first above the basement. The entrance is by a flight of steps, to a large and commodious vestibule from which is a hall running directly back from the front of the building 36 feet. On one side of this hall are situated the boxes for the convenience of business men—numbering 1572, over 1000 of which are now occupied. On the right hand of the hall is a spacious reading room for the use and accommodation of the public. On the left, and in rear of the boxes, is a large room, where the mails are opened and assorted in view of the public, or those who may be waiting for their letters and papers. In rear of this, is a raised floor, 3½ feet high, where all letters are mailed. In rear of this, and on the same raised floor, are two counting rooms, one for common use—the other for private room, adding, &c., and sleeping rooms for the Clerks. The Office employs now eight clerks, besides the Post-Master.

"The basement below the Post Office is fitted up for stores, of which there are four.

"The story above the office is divided into six rooms for offices for Attorneys, Physicians, &c.

"The following, showing the business done, is copied from the City Directory :

"'*Post Office.*—O. H. Dibble, P. M.; H. Case, Ass't P. M. There are 66 mails per week received at, made up, and dispatched from the Post Office in this city.

"'The first mail received here, was in March 1803, on horseback. It was conveyed from the east once in two weeks in this manner, until 1805. A weekly route was then established, and continued until 1809. In 1810, the mode of conveyance was changed, and a stage wagon was used. As the country advanced in improvements, the route was changed to twice and three times a week, and subsequently to a daily route, in post coaches.

"'The amount of postages on letters received for distribution at this office, is at this time, $49,000 per quarter. The amount of letters received for this city, and delivered here, is $5,900 ; which, together with the amount charged on letters mailed here by our own merchants and other business men, &c. makes the amount of business annually, over *two hundred and nineteen thousand and one hundred dollars.*'"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CAROLINE.

Oh, w[redacted]t were the dreams, as they sunk to rest,
Of that devoted band,
Who lay, as a babe on its mother's breast,
On the shores of their native land ?
Breath'd they of fire, or of streaming blood,
Or the thundering Cataract's whelming flood ?

Strong manhood's God-like form was there,
With his bold and open brow,
And age with his wearied look of care,
And his floating locks of snow ;
And the agile form of the stripling boy,
With his throbbing pulse of hope and joy.

They dream'd of the happy hours of HOME—
Of a blessed mother's prayer—
Of the cherish'd wife in that sacred dome—
Of the lisping pratlers there ;
And the stripling dream'd of his young love's smile,
When he left her, bound for the "fatal Isle."

Oh, what was that dim, ominous sound,
That struck on the sleeper's ear,
Yet roused him not from his rest profound,
'Till the unsheathed blade was near—
And it seem'd as the air and rocks were riv'n
By the slogan of death and the wild shriek given.

Ah ! vain was the strife of the struggling few
With a well arm'd murderous band ;
For the gallant bark, with her blood drench'd crew,
Is floating from the strand,
And the young boy's *quarter-cry* it bore
To the purple wave, with his own heart's gore.

On—wildly onward—sped the craft,
As she swiftly neared the verge,
And the demon guards of the black gulf laugh'd
And chanted their hellish dirge ;
And the booming waters roar'd anew,
A wail for the dead and dying crew.

As over the shelving rocks she broke,
And plunged in her turbulent grave,
The slumbering Genius of Freedom woke,
Baptized in Niagara's wave,
And sounded her warning tocsin far,
From Atlantic's shore to the polar star.

January, 1838.

LINES

ON LEARNING THAT MISS ——— WAS "ENGAGED."

"*Girl after girl is gone,*
I've lost another girl !"—Anonymous.

If matches really are made
In heaven, as some believe, then
I am, with reason, much afraid
I have no friends at all in heaven ;
For I have ever meant to wed,
And wed each pretty belle that was ;
But while I've had her in my *head*,
Some fellow had her in his *paws*.

I never loved a pretty lass,
But she was first to marry straight ;
I never could propose, alas !
But that I found myself too late.
I sat to Ann, last week ;
No chap had ever brighter hopes, I vow ;
To-day, I caught her in Joe's lap !—
* * * * * *
I guess I've cut my eye-tooth now !

I will not go to Texas—no !
I seek not Davy Crocket's fate ;
I will live on and brave my wo,
And love, love, love, (I cannot hate
The pretty creatures,) love them all ;
Yes, "e'en despair can prompt no more;"
I will live on, and fall
Love's martyr—an old Bachelor !

U. S. A.

SELECT TALE.

THE TWO LIGHT HOUSES.

A TALE OF THE OCEAN.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

It is now some five-and-twenty years ago that I sported my naval uniform on board that pretty little brig of his majesty's, which was built by the shipwright's apprentices of Debtford dock-yard, as a surveying vessel. She had a handsome bust of the great circumnavigator, Capt. Cook, for a figure-head; and her stern was tastefully decorated with divers and sundry ornamental carved work, characteristic of the service on which she was to be engaged. There was only one fault in her construction,—she was too narrow for her length. The surveyor was a master in the navy, who had undergone many vicissitudes in life, and his memoirs might rival those celebrated details of Robinson Crusoe, which every school-boy loves to peruse.

Our first survey was between Lowestoft and Harwich; but as it would be tedious to mention many little curious circumstances that occurred during our operations, I shall confine myself to one, the narration of which interested me very much at the time, and I trust will not be wholly unwelcome to the reader.

Upon a projecting point of flat shingle on the coast of suffolk running far into the ocean, and forming the extreme point of the northern boundary of the estuary into which the river Thames emptios its polluted waters, stand two light-houses, nearly a mile apart from each other, for the double purpose of warning the mariner of his "whereabouts," and acting as correct guide to keep his vessel clear of shoals in this difficult and dangerous navigation. The one on the ever sea-boat point is termed the Low Light, and its overlooker more inland, is called the High Light. The former waa an ancient erection with a small out-building attached; a few cart loads of mould had been carried thither, and attempts made to rear something like vegetation; but it was a fruitless effort, and except a cabbage or two which was at all times ready pickled by the spray of the sea, nothing would grow. All around, for a long distance, was loose shingle that yielded to the tread, and where the sea-fowl mingled their eggs with the pebbly stones, that formed a barrier against the inroads of the ocean, and protected the creek-like river which ran inside to a haven for small craft. Not a tree or a shrub of any kind appeared upon that stony bed, and the noise of the waves either whispering in calm, or raging in storm, was never, never ceasing. It was a wild, dreary spot on which the Low Light stood; and not unfrequently the tempestuous winds would raise the white frothy comb of the breakers, and scatter it hearly to the very summit of the building; then the saline particles, incrusting together, glisten brightly in the sun, and the old woman, who moved about on the beach regardless of wind or sea, obtaining a due portion for her share, might have well been compared to Lot's wife, for externally she exhibited a mass of salt.

The Upper Light was of more modern construction (the old one having been pulled down to give place for it,) and it held its aspiring head above its humble neighbor, displaying its gorgeous illumination with a sort of patronage towards the venerable pile that bore the brunt of the storm; but like the grades in society, one was useless without the other. During our operation in taking angles, we had to measure a base-line between the two light-houses, and this led to an intimacy with their inhabitants, who perfectly corresponded in appearance and manners with the buildings they tenanted.

The Low Light had its bold, hardy keeper, part fisherman, part pilot, part wrecker, and, (the truth must out,) a dabbler in contraband; his wife in an old blue pea-jacket, and a mob-cap, rendered ample assistance to her husband in each and all of his professions and callings; besides which, she was taster to the spirit trade, and could, in an instant, tell the degree of proof so as to be enabled to increase the quantity by a reduction of its strength.

The High Light man was a small farmer, a little bit of a sailor, dressed like a gentleman on Sundays, and, with his *lady* and daughters, sat in a good seat at the church to show their finery. The girls were pretty, and, as a matter of course, I did a bit of amiable towards the best looking; but one evening I detected her arm-in-arm with a rough smuggler-looking sort of a genius, in a frieze jacket; they parted hastily, and as the man passed me, I saw the countenance and large whiskers of the young Earl of ——, and from that time they had one *gull* less in the nest than usual, and betook myself for my accustomed walk to the light-house at the point.

"You have a strange amphibious sort of a life of it here Martin," said I, addressing the old man. "You are like the petrel, always in the storm. [redacted] you not afraid that some night the light-[redacted]ill get under way and carry you out to [redacted]

"No, master," replied he, "I've pretty good houlding ground, and though the ould building does sometimes shake in the could wind, yet it has weathered out many a gale—and I dare say will weather many more. Howsomever, it has made the fortune of some folks, though one of the former keepers were tried for murder."

"Indeed!" said I, ever hankering after the romantic; "how was that? Come, Martin, let me have the particulars, I see you know them; and I deeply love a good yarn."

"Well, well, sir, answered he, "I don't mind if I do overhaul the consarn to you, seeing as I've got this net to piece, and hands and tongue can go at the same time. Sit down, sir; and dame bring us out a drop of the right sort, full proof—there's a darling ould soul! Why, you must see, sir—but it's many year's ago—the two light-houses were inhabited by two brothers. David Bligh had this here, and Jonas Bligh had the t'other; it's pulled down now and a new one built."

But I shall take the liberty of departing from the idiom of the old man, and give the tale in language of my own.

The two Blighs were daring, intrepid men, wholly regardless of danger, and utterly fearless in emergency; both were married, and had families, but it was with difficulty that the parents could procure even a scanty subsistence for them. David was of a homely disposition, loved his wife and children, and though the manner in which he added to the miserable pittance allowed him as keeper of the light, was not of the most rsputable nature, yet he avoided evil company, and was never intoxicated, and endeavored, to the best of his ability, to provide comforts for his home. Jonas, on the contrary, was the hardened villain, ill-using his wife, neglecting his offspring, drunken in his habits, and connected with a gang of smugglers, who as often perpetrated outrage and depredation as they carried on the contraband, till, at length, he was engaged in a desperate affray, which was very nearly proving of a murderous character, and, after hiding in various places, from time to time, he suddenly disappeared altogether, and no one knew what had become of him,—The wife, or as it was more generally supposed, the widow of Jonas, was permitted to remain in the light-house, and [redacted] the assistance of David, and the help of her oldest boy Richard, performed the necessary duties. David, however, had become a stricken man; first his wife, and then, one by one, his children died from him, till he had only a single child left, and she, a poor delicate creature, seemed totally unfit to encounter, much more endure the hardships of life: nevertheless, she did so, and grew up to be the fountain of comfort to her declining father, weaning him from the illegal traffic in which he had been so many years engaged, und drawing his attention to the Christian's best hope, both in time and eternity. Still there was ever a gloomy weight of oppression on the old man's mind—a groaning of the inward spirit, as if some deed of former iniquity preyed upon his conscience; but as the music of his great namesake dispelled the evil visions of Saul, so did the smile or the song of Annie disperse the dark clouds which shaded her parent's countenance. The girl was not beautiful, but there was something in her look and manner that was engaging, and there was a mildness in her expression that interested the heart's best and dearest affections.

Years passed away, and Annie was beloved by rival suitors; the one, the eldest son of the widow of Jonas, the other, a handsome young seaman, belonging to a seventy-four that frequently anchored in the bay with the North Sea squadron, snd, as he was one of the crew of the captain's gig, he had occasional opportunities of visiting the light-house. Of excellent character, and possessed of a better education than usually falls to the lot of the foremast man, Bill Brailwell was respected and valued by both officers and men. He it was that had encouraged a desire for information in young Annie's breast, and his scanty pay had supplied the means of instruction. Annie had been taught to read by her father; she tried to write—practised it at every leisure moment, and the first epistle she ever penned was addressed to William, containing assurances of unalterable affection for the young seaman. Richard Bligh was kind and attentive to the object of his regard; he would have undergone any and every danger or privation to prove his attachement for her, but there was no corresponding feeling on her part. Annie knew that too many of the bad qualities of his father lurked within his breast; his passions were violent whenever his wishes were opposed, and he was bitter in his revenge when he imagined himself injured.—That he ardently loved the girl there could not be a doubt; but there was a degree of ferocious selfishness in his love which would have prompted him to any desperate deed that promised a hope of calling her his own.

William's ship was paid off, and he was drafted into a dashing frigate destined for the Mediterranean; he apprised Annie of the change, implored her to be firm and faithful to him, and declared that neither distance nor time should effect the smallest diminution in his honest affection. They might be separated for some time, but there were many chances of making prize-money, and he spoke of the bright prospects of future happiness. Accompanying this was a letter to old David, with a [redacted] der for five pounds, and an exhortation for the father "to watch with tenderness over the treasure of his heart." Richard had seen these letters at the village post-office; the sight of them had mingled gall and wormwood in his mind, and he tried to get them into his possession, but his scheme failed, and they were forwarded to their proper destination. Poor Annie's heart sunk at the view of a long separation from William, and for a time she refused to be comforted. Richard ascertained the cause and his mad chagrin was converted into a delirium of joy when he found the object of his hatred would be so far removed, and the being whom he loved in a great measure within his power. The secretly cherished hope that time and absence would operate with Annie, elevated his spirits, and he renewed his suit with redoubled ardor; but both father and daughter mildly, yet firmly, discouraged his addresses, and, in the madness of disappointment, he swore to be revenged.

One evening, inflamed with liquor, Richard took advantage of old David's casual absence, and visited the Lower Light. Annie was alone; there was no creature within hearing; the gulls were screaming their farewell to the sun as they wheeled their flight round the venerable pile; the winds were hushed, the waves scarce chattered on the beach—all nature was tranquil. But unhallowed passion, heightened by intoxication, revelled, unrestrained, in the young man's breast. Annie saw the lawless flashing of his eye, and trembled; she would have shut herself in, but he came upon her before she could reach the building, and throwing his arms around her, he caught her to his bosom. Annie shrieked; but she was only answered by the wild noise of the sea-birds. She prayed, and her prayer ascended to the footstool of Omnipotence, for unusual strength was given her to escape, and, rushing into the light-house, she ascended to the lantern gallery; thither, too, she was followed by her relentless persecutor, but the desperate girl mounting the railings, declared she would precipitate herself to the bottom if he offered to approach her. Richard shuddered when he saw the danger she was in: it almost sobered him; the railing was shattered and frail, as she stood it seemed as if the breath of an infant would destroy the balance, and hurl her to destruction. He implored her, he entreated her to come down, but she expressed herself more deermined than ever to prefer a sudden death to a life of shame. He prayed her to forgive his base rashness, but the only answer he received was a peremptory order for him to quit the place. At this moment the voice of old David was heard, chiding the dilatoriness of his child for not hastening to meet him. A laugh of excited delight run upon the twilight sky, for Annie had caught the sound; her head grew dizzy; she balanced on her position for a moment, then preponderating out-

wards, she would havebeen dashed to pieces by the fall, but Richard darted forward with a sudden spring, caught her by her clothes, and she hung suspended in his grasp. Still he could not trust to the shattered barrier on which she stood; he felt it giving way, and both would there have probably perished together, but for the timely aid of a stranger, who, hearing the cry for help, had ascended to their assistance, and they were rescued. Richard immediately took his departure, for he would not meet the reproaches of the father, nor the anger of the child; he hurried from the scene, and with him went the stranger who had been instrumental in saving their lives. Annie was much bruised, and on the following day could scarcely move about: but her father did not leave the place, and with his presence she felt herself secure.

Evening returned again—a beauteous summer's evening—the sun was setting in gorgeous splendor, tinging every thing in nature with its golden hue. David sat at the door of the light-house mending his net, and revolving in his mind the circumstances which had so recently taken place; he mourned the depravity of the young man, and shrunk with sickly dread from contemplating the peril in which this child was placed. He wondered who and what the stranger could be who had so mysteriously appeared at such an eventful crisis, and then disappeared as suddenly. Something darkened the old man's vision, and, raising his head, the object of his thoughts stood before him: his arms were folded on his breast, his look was bent downward, and as his face was in the shade, his features could not be distinctly seen. A violent and unaccountable tremor shook old David's frame; he arose from his seat, and was about to speak, but the stranger stepped on one side, and turned quickly round to face the west. The last red streaks of departing day glared upon his sallow countenance—they gazed long and earnestly at each other, till sympathetic emotions arising from consanguinity prevailed, and "David!"—Jonas!" was simultaneously uttered by the long separated brothers.

"Art from the dead!" exclaimed David, shuddering as he recollected he had worn a sable habit in remembrance of his decease.

"No, brother, I am yet amongst the living," replied Jonas, with solemnity; "and though long estranged from my family, I am now determined to do them justice; it is not necessary for me to detail the causes of my absence, nor the manner of my return; I come to demand the hand of Annie for my son."

There was something commanding and superior in the mode of this short address that staggered David; but he mildly replied—"It may not be, brother, except with her own consent! Oh, Jonas, Jonas! is your re-appearnce here to be the signal for renewed contention and persecution?"

"It is for you to determine that," rejoined the imperious brother; "Richard must have the girl, and that, too, without the loss of time. I have most powerful reasons for this union, and, if thwarted, can move the springs of vengeance to my purpose."

"That I am somewhat in your power, Jonas, I am well aware," returned the placid David, "but surely you must be fully sensible that the blow which prostrates me must also strike you down. Have you no feelings, Jonas—no lingering kindness of brotherhood?"

"Think you, replied Jonas, with a lowering look of contempt, "that long lingering years of captivity and sorrow have not wrung the blood of affection from my heart, and dried up all those sources of sweet fellowship that soften existence. Chains and the brand, dungeons and stripes are but the stimulants to fond remembrance. Brother, they steel the breast—they destroy bonds of relationship—they madden the intellect;" and he glared wildly like a maniac, "they turn a heart of flesh into a heart of stone!"

"That you may have suffered wrong, Jonas, I can believe," argued David; "but that is no reason for your turning persecutor to your name and kindred. I have not brought injury or hurt upon you, but would rather relieve than do aught to distress you; why then should you seek the downfall of me and mine?

"I do not seek your downfall, David," answered the determined brother; "I know that what I am about will prove a benefit to all. Richard must have the girl!"

"Then, Jonas, I defy you!" vociferated the old man clenching his fist, and holding it erect: "though all the horrors which you may have suffered become my portion; though an ignominious end should seal my doom, I will not sacrifice the happiness of my child to purchase safety."

"Your child—ha, ha, ha!" and Jonas' laugh rung wildly in the void, "your child, indeed: now this is rank mockery. You know the girl is no more your's than she is mine, though you can best tell in what part of these shingles is the unhallowed grave that contains one who was, probably, her father."

A faint shriek was heard within the light-house—it was from Annie, who had been an involuntary listener to their conversation, and the last words had forced from her an exclamation of horror. David entered the building, and the poor girl fell at his knees; her pale face turned upwards to the old man, and her glaring eyes looking intently into his.

"Is it true?" exclaimed she, imploringly.—"Say, am I not your your child? tell me what fearful tale is this?"

"Annie—my own Annie!" returned the old man, his voice tremulous with anguish, and the hot tears falling upon her placid cheeks, "Annie, my own Annie, hear me. I am a woe-stricken, beart-broken, and guilty man. There is my accuser—you are not——"

"Peace, fool!" roared Jonas, standing at the door; "would you destroy your only hope of safety? the time is not yet come. Leave her for the present; I have yet much to say to you;" and he walked away.

Old David moved to follow his mysterious relative, but Annie clung to him yet tighter. "Nay, father—dearest father, for the love of those that are gone, if not for mine, do not go with that dark, bad man: indeed you must not quit me. Say that *I am* your child—no, no, your hand would never deprive a fellow-creature of existence."

Another wild laugh from Jonas was succeeded by heavy groans from the tortured breast of his brother. "Oh God!" said he, "depart not from thy servant in this hour of bitter trial." He paused a moment; and covering his face with his hands, seemed to pray inwardly; then looking at the prostrate girl, he exclaimed,—"Rest quiet, my love, I shall not leave you; I will just go out and speak to this cruel wretch—but I will soon, very soon return."

He left the building, and the brothers, walking to a spot on the point, out of hearing, (which Jonas seemed to have purposely selected) they held a secret communing together. Annie was too deeply interested in what had thus so strangely come to her knowledge not to watch their proceedings. She saw the man called Jonas vehemently urging some strong inducement on his aged relative: he pointed broad away upon the sea, and then at the upper light—he stamped his foot upon the springy shore; he took up some of the stones as if carefully to examine them, and then dashed them into water. He paced to and fro, using gesticulations that betokened energy of manner, and though Annie could not catch one word that was uttered, she frequently heard his sonorous voice, and wild, unnatural laugh broke the solemn stillness of approaching night. Old David's actions were those of remonstrance and entreaty; but, at times, there was a determined firmness in his manner that betokened a resolute resistance; and thus Annie watched till their figures became gigantic in the gloom.

Darkness had overspread both land and ocean when the brothers re-entered the light-house. "Annie, my love," said David, "this is the father of the young man, Richard, and he earnestly solicits your acceptance of his son;" and the old man stopped.

"And what does my father say?" inquired Annie, approaching David, and taking both his hands within her own.

"You have been a dutiful and a good girl, Annie," replied the venerable man, "the solace of my old age, and now——" he stopped again.

"What, father, what?" uttered she, looking in his face imploringly; "only say that I am your child, and Annie will do any thing to purchase a parent's peace and safety."

"I told you so," said Jonas; "the girl is reasonable, and would not let her father perish, when a small sacrifice might rescue him!"

"May I not know what cause there is to fear?" inquired the shrinking girl; "tell me the danger that I may judge for myself of the necessity of that which I would do,"

"Your father's life is in jeopardy—one word from me and an ignominious end upon the gallows would be his fate. Take Richard for your husband, and all will be well," replied Jonas.

"It is false!" exclaimed the excited maiden. "I will not believe it. Father, why do you not deny it? and if it is true, even the sacrifice you call upon me to make, would not protect us from a wretch who has no feelings of compassion."

"Your taunt is just, young woman," returned Jonas, harshly. "It is not alone the happiness of my son that I seek. I have deeper, stronger motives."

"They cannot be just or holy," pleaded the afflicted maiden, "or they would not urge me to break my pledge of fidelity to another."

"Whatever they are, they must, for the present, rest with myself," rejoined he, haughtily. "Your father's existence will become forfeited to the laws of your country, and you—what will become of you when cast upon the world?"

"Oh! would that William were here to counsel me in this grievous strait," uttered Annie, mournfully; but suddenly her eye lighted up; she gave the brother of her father a fierce look of contempt. "Oh, had he—had William been here you would not thus have dared to pollute even this humble dwelling with your presence."

"You do well to brave it thus;" replied the obdurate Jonas, and taking her arm, he led her to the door, and pointed to the stars. "Look," said he, "see those bright, sparkling orbs that gem the Almighty's throne. By them I swear—that if, by to-morrow's dawn, my requests are not complied with, you shall find my threats are not mere idle breath. I go now; think well of the prospect before you." He turned to depart.

"Stay, stay," said she, detaining him, and drawing him within the entrance, so as to front the grey-headed David. "Father you heard him," uttered she, calmly, but with firmness, "you heard him, and will you let him depart unanswered?" The old man shuddered. "What! not one word of denial? Father, dear father, it is Annie asks you what is this fearful thing which he threatens to reveal?"

Jonas had looked on with a smile of demoniac pleasure, and when he heard the poor girl's appeal, he slowly uttered, "Mur——" but he was not allowed to finish the word, for the strong grip of his brother was on his throat, as he vociferated, "Now, Jonas, thou liest."

But Annie neither saw nor heard what followed—vivid imagination had completed what Jonas had begun, and she sunk senseless upon the floor. Then was there the unnatural spectacle of kindred struggling with kindred—a deadly vengeance burning at either heart; but David's physical strength was not equal to that of Jonas, with the former, the feelings of revenge passed quickly away. When he saw his prostrate child, his hold relaxed—he was dashed violently on the ground, and his persecutor stood erect.

"We part in bitter enmity, then," said the latter in a hissing voice, between his grinding teeth.

"No, no, not so," returned the fallen man; "even now," and he looked at Annie by his side, "aye, even now I can forgive you," but Jonas heard him not; he had hurried from the place.

David arose and lifted up his unhappy child. "Are we alone, father?" said Annie, recovering; "has it been some horrible dream that tortured me? Marry Richard and forsake William to save my father from a fearful end? I have been sleeping—it is—"

"Partly true, my Annie," continued her father, pressing his lips upon her fair forehead; "but calm yourself, my child—he shall not have you, Annie—not even death shall wring compliance from me."

"Oh, my father," exclaimed she, "tell me what was the import of those strange words; he said I was *not* your child, and you seemed to acquiesce; oh, relieve the agonized suspense of my wretched mind!"

"I cannot at this moment, Annie," answered he; "I am not yet myself; passion has gained the mastery; but you shall soon know all. Have I not ever been an indulgent parent to you? and will you doubt me now?"

"Oh, no, no," replied she, "I will not doubt—you have watched over my feeble infancy—you have——"

"Enough, enough, Annie, interrupted the old man, as he approached the staircase door; I will ascend and kindle the lights, which have been too long neglected; place my chair, girl, as you have been want to do, and reach down your Bible that I may hear you read those psalms of David in which he implores the mercy of the LORD."

Annie complied, and when her father descended, she read to him the 31st and other psalms till his mind grew apparently tranquil. Then he related to the poor girl many of the incidents of her early life, promising to reveal the whole on the morrow, and she sought her humble chamber; but she heard the door of the light-house open, and from her little casement she saw her father go forth, and as he walked too and fro upon the beach, raising his hands imploringly to heaven, she became sensible that he was pouring forth the agony of his heart in fervent prayer. Annie knelt by her lowly pallet, and in earnest whisperings she offered up her fervent petitions to the throne of Grace.

Morning dawned—a bright and glorious morning, and the sun rose red and beautiful, as if it had ascended from the coral caverns of the deep. And Annie looked out toward the ruins of the ancient castle in the village, and midway she saw the relentless Jonas approaching, accompanied by two men.

"Father!" called she to her aged parent, as he stood in the gallery extinguishing the lights, "father, they are coming—they are coming—hasten to escape, or tell me what I can do to save you."

"No, my child," returned the grey-headed sire, as he met the fair girl in the lower apartment, "I will not shrink from the path of duty. A mightier hand than mine hath ordered this, and to its dispensations will I bend. Come hither, Annie, and take an old man's blessing ere we part."

"Oh, say not so, my father," replied the weeping girl." wherever they may take you I will follow and share your lot." She knelt at the old man's feet; he placed his hands upon her head, his lips moved noiselessly, for the voice was in the heart.

The inexorable Jonas entered alone. "What is your decision?" inquired he, with well assumed calmness.

"Will nothing but the destruction of one or both content you?" said David, as he raised Annie from her humble posture.

"I offer you safety not destruction", returned the other; "if you reject the former the latter is of your own seeking. You know the conditions."

"I do Jonas, I do, and spurn them," answered David, firmly. "This old body must soon be laid in the grave, but she has many years to live, and do you think that it would be worth the few days that may be yet spared to me—days of sorrow at the best—do you think they would be worth purchasing by the irretrievable misery, in which she must be plunged through falsifying her vow, and marrying one whom she could never love?"

"This is second childhood," returned Jonas: "You are getting in your dotage to talk of romantic love. But let me hear *you*, young woman," turning to Annie, "what have you determined on?"

"To follow the counsel of my father," replied she, boldly. "I put my trust in God; he will deliver us from this evil."

"Fools! rash, headstrong fools!" vociferated Jonas, as he ground his feet upon the floor, while every limb shook with convulsive energy; "you force me to the deed; the officers of justice are waiting a short distance off, and only need my beck to lead one away a prisoner, and make a wretched outcast of the other; they will not tarry long even for me. Speak then, speak quickly," and his earnestness arose to agony—"save yourself, old man—Annie!" His voice became tremulous with emotion; "Annie, will you suffer those grey hairs to be exposed upon a scaffold to the gaze of thousands? Will you madly place a rope upon the neck round which your arms have so fondly clung?" He paused but both, though dreadfully agitated, continued silent. "Fools! mad fools!—know you not that the charge is murder?"

"Ay, is it indeed so?" exclaimed one of the officers, entering, and producing a horse pistol, "I suspected there was something more than a matter of smuggling or poaching, though, in his lordship's estimation, I arn't quite sure but poaching is worse than murder; howsomever, I was right in my suspicion—and Ned," he added addressing his comrade, "you see I've listened to some purpose; come, where's the darbies?"

"Great God, this is too horrible!" exclaimed Jonas, covering his eyes with his hand, and speaking audibly to himself, "I did not mean it to go thus far—intimidation was all that I intended; and now——"

"You're caught in your own trap, my man," added the officer, finishing the sentence as he locked the handcuffs upon the wrists of the unresisting David, "Ned, hand over t'other pair," the assistant gave him the securities; "and now Mr. Jonas, you see we happens to know you for all your disguise—just hold out your mawleys, for I must put the bracelets upon you both."

"Upon me, fellow!" returned Jonas, haughtily, and prepairing for resistance, "dare to lay a finger upon me, and I'll prosecute you with the utmost rigour of the law."

"Whew!" whistled the man, with the utmost unconcern, "here's pretty waste of a tragedy speech. But come, sir, take it quietly; and don't put me the unpleaaant necessity of being uncivil; you may go to law afterwards, but, take my word for it, I shall secure you now, either dead or alive. You are, perhaps, an *accomplish* in the murder. You know what I mean—so I shall kill two birds with one stone."

Jonas saw, in an instant, the awkward position in which his reckless impatience had placed him, and making a determined spring for the door, he knocked down the officer, but was himself instantly prostrated by a blow from the staff of his assistant, Ned; the handcuffs were clapped upon him, and he was a prisoner.—They quitted the light-house, and Annie locking the door, hastened to support the steps of her wretched father. The brothers were kept during their walk to the magistrate's, where they underwent a private examination; the result was, the committal of David on a charge of murder, and the detention of Jonas for want of securities to give evidence.

It happened to be within only two days of the assizes for the country, and on the third day from the period of his arrest, David was placed at the bar, to be tried for his life. Jonas had been promised indemnity for himself if he would reveal the truth, and the narrow-minded villian, regardless of consequences to his unhappy relative, saw only the prospect of Annie being thrown into his power, and compelled to a union which she hated. The circumstance of one brother appearing against another for a crime involved in considerable mystery, drew together a crowded court: and when the venerable man held up his horny hand, above a head whitened by the snows of age, a strong feeling of commisseration pervaded every breast, which was not lessened by the deep tone of his voice, as he solemnly pleaded "Not guilty, my lord;" and many a fevent prayer was breathed to heaven that his asseveration might be true.

A death-like stillness prevailed when the counsel for the crown opened the charge; breathless attention sat on every countenance as he proceeded, and when he closed his address to the jury, a look of sickley apprehension was manifest among the crowd, and every eye seemed as if trying to catch a neighbor's thoughts.

From this speech, which it is necessary to repeat, the court became aware that "the prisoner was indicted for having, on a certain day, about eighteen years previous, murdered an unfortunate stranger who had been cast ashore from a wreck at the same time with an infant child—that he had possessed himself of valuable property belonging by right of law to the lord of the manor; and that the girl named Anne Bligh was the child then saved."

The first witness called was Jonas Bligh, who gave the following evidence:

On the night in question he was engaged with a gang of smugglers running a cargo across the beach into the haven, and went to the lower light-house to obtain his brother's assistance.—There had been a heavy gale of wind, and it still blew fresh from the eastward, with a full sea running into the bay. He had found David on the point, dragging ashore large pieces of wreck that almost mastered him, but with help of witness, they succeeded in getting it up; it seemed to be part of a vessel's bows, with the forecastle still remaining, and, lashed to the timbers, was the body of a man, a small chest, and other luggage, and, loose upon the shattered piece of deck, a noble Newfoundland dog. They attempted to remove the articles, but he would not allow them to be touched; they laid the body on the beach, and life was not extinct; the heart beat, for he held his hand upon it, and there was pulsation at the wrist. As the tide was flowing it was necessary to keep hauling the wreck in shore to prevent its being carried away; but their united strength was not sufficient to effect this, and Jonas quitted his brother to procure the aid of one of the gang. But Jonas had been drinking, and the liquor had overpowered him; so that some time elapsed before his return, and then he found the wreck had drifted away. David was in the light-house, and his wife chafing the limbs of an infant, apparently about nine months old. He stated, that finding he could not hold on, at the risk of his life he had cut the chest adrift, and got in ashore. Without waiting for any one to arrive, he had, in the presence of his wife, broke open the lid, and found the infant then under process of resuscitation. Astonished at the occurrence, he remained a short time, and then hurried to where he left the body, but wreck and dog, and man were gone! "This," continued the witness, "was all that I could get out of him; he swore that he had obtained no plunder: but from that time his condition was bettered, and he became an altered man."

"What further testimony can you give?" inquired the counsel; "remember the solemn obligation of your oath, and conceal nothing.—Where did you first go to when you returned with your companion?"

"To the spot upon the point, where I had left the prisoner," replied the witness.

"And did you perceive nothing extraordinary?" asked the counsel.

"I was groping about the shingle where the body had lain and fell," returned the witness, "that is, slipped down."

"Well, and what then?" continued the counsel, evidently aiming at some particular point.

"On getting up I observed a dark patch upon my frock," reluctantly replied Jonas, "and it was wet."

"Was the night light or gloomy?" interrupted the judge.

"Dark, very dark, my lord," replied the man under examination, "there was not a star to be seen."

"And do you pretend that you could distinguish a stain, for that is, I suppose what is meant? do you pretend to tell the jury that, on so dark a night, and yourself not sober, you could see a mark on your frock?" interrupted the judge, with some asperity.

A murmur of approbation was for an instant buzzed among the crowd—hearts beat quicker, and more joyous—hope, for a moment, irradiated many a face, but all was heavily crushed when the witness answered, "The light-house, my lord; we were full in its brightest glare."

The judge was silenced, and the counsel proceeded.

"Now tell his lordship and the jury what were those marks that appeared upon your frock?"

The answer was anticipated by the court—judge, jury, and spectators knew there could be no other; "Blood," a thrill of horror went through every soul, and all eyes were bent upon the hoary-headed prisoner.

"That is all I have to ask him for the present, my lord," said the counsel for the prosecution, addressing the bench.

"Is the prisoner defended?" inquired the judge; and the simple but important monosyllable "No!" was returned.

"Then, prisoner, it is my duty to ask you whether you have any question to put to the witness?"

Deep attention was drawn to the aged man, and expectation was alive that something would be elicited in cross-examination, but this was changed to grevious disappointment when David calmly replied, "None, my lord, he has spoken the truth."

The next witness was called—the smuggler who had accompained Jonas to the point. He deposed to that fact, and corroborated the evidence of his predecessor relative to the marks of blood, as in raising up his comrade, a portion of the stains had been imparted to himself; moreover, he had found a large clasp knife; (a thrilling shudder went through the crowd) "and it lay right in a pool of blood."

"What became of that knife?" inquired the prosecuting connsel.

"I buried it," returned the man, "but may I proceed in my own way—there is something to be told before I come to that."

"Proceed," said the judge, "but do not wander from the point—tell us where you buried the knife."

"I will, my lord," answered the witness, and then continued, "I left Jonas Bligh at the light-house, and returned to the gang, and when we had worked the crop——"

What do you mean by working the crop!"

inquired the judge, "speak plainly, man."

"My lord," said the counsel, modestly, "I presume he means that they had carried off and secured their illicit cargo—is it not so, witness?"

"Yes, sir," replied the smuggler, "and when he had worked the crop, I returned to the Low Light determined to watch what David would do. Jonas was gone, and in about an hour, I saw the prisoner come stealthily out, and he went some distance above high-water mark, and raised the dead body on his shoulder." A half suppressed groan was uttered by the audience, and every look was bent upon the old man to see what effect this testimony would produce. To the surprise of all, there was a smile upon his features, but it vanished in a moment, and calmness, as before, overspread his countenance.

The witness continued: "I should have told you that when he first came out, he went to the palings of the garden, and took something over which he carried in his hand. I could not then tell what it was, but I followed him, about midway to the upper light, where he threw the body down, and by his digging I knew it was a spade. Then my lord, amid the howling of the gale, he formed a grave for the murdered man, and when he had finished, I heard the body fall heavily into it; he then filled it up and went away."

"This place has been examined, brother C—, I suppose," said the judge. "and we shall have full evidence of the fact?"

"No, my lord," returned the counsel," evidently surprised, "this is the first I ever heard of the matter;" he turned and whispered to some one immediately behind him.."even the attorney for the prosecution, my lord, was totally unprepared for this—it is all new and unexpected."

"But it is most important to the cause of justice," added his lordship. "Attend, witness, have you ever visited that spot since?"

"No, my lord," replied the man, "but I went to it when David was gone, and took my bearings, so that I might find it again."

"You do not know, then, whether it ever has been disturbed since?" inquired the judge.

"It has never been touched by me or any one from that hour to this," observed the prisoner, in a quiet, subdued tone.

"You had better remain silent, prisoner," said the judge.; "your words are tantamount to a confession, and yet you have pleaded not guilty."

David bowed, and the judge, turning to the witness, asked, "Do yon think you could point but the place if you were there?"

"I could readily, my lord," asserted the witness, "and moreover, it was there I buried the knife."

"This is, really, a matter of much moment," said the judge, and turning to an official personage by his side, he continued, "Mr. High Sheriff, let some responsible person accompany the witness as soon as his examination is over, and have the place properly searched. Proceed Mr. C——."

The counsel bowed and inquired, "was there any blood near the grave?"

"There was," returned the man, "for I carried some of the shingle away with me, and looking at it the next morning, I found that many of the stones were stained."

"What sort of a knife was it?" asked the counsel, "describe it to his lordship and the jury to the best of your recollection."

"It was a large clasp knife," answered the witness, such as is generally used by seamen." One was handed to him for inspection, which caught the eye of the prisoner, who looked eagerly at it, and finding that the witness did not immediately answer, exclaimed—

"My lord, it was the very fellow knife to that, but rather broader at the end, and it had a lainard."

"You make strange admissions, prisoner," remonstrated his lordship; you had better take my advice and remain silent." David bowed again. "Pray," inquired he of the witness, "did the knife you mention have what the prisoner calls a lainard to it?"

"It had, my lord," answered the man, "and I cut off part of it, which I put in clear water, which it tinged deeply with the color of blood."

"Pray how is it that you never went to the place since, or gave any information?" inquired the judge.

"I sailed across the water the next day, my lord, to Flushing," returned the witness, "and was away two or three years."

"But when you returned," continued his lordship, "did not the voice of a brother's blood cry aloud for vengeance—where was your conscience?"

"I did not remain in England long, my lord," answered he, "circumstances obliged me to quit it for a time."

"That is," said the prisoner, quietly, "you were apprehended a few hours after you landed; were tried and sentenced to fourteen years transportation, for a burglary."

The excitement produced by this charge was very great; a buz went through the audience and it was not till the crier of the court had repeatedly called silence that order was perfectly restored. From some cause or other the judge did not check it, but as soon as quiet resumed its reign, he turned to the witness, "How, sir? is it as the prisoner has stated?"

"It is my lord," replied the witness "I committed the crime, and I suffered the punishment."

"Would your lordship be pleased to ask him where he came from now?" asked David, addressing the judge.

"Certainly, prisoner," replied his lordship, "I suppose you mean the place he has come from to give evidence?" David bent his head in token of acquiescence. "You have heard the question, witness," said the judge, "now answer it."

"I came from the jail, my lord," replied the man, aud another sensation excited the spectators.

"My lord," said the counsel, rising, "I will readily admit that the witness is not untainted—he is now in custody on a charge of felony; the last witness and the prisoner were in the same jail with him; a recognition took place, and as in murder cases, we are glad of any testimony to bring the perpetrator to justice, we availed ourselves of his evidence. I have no more to ask the witness."

Strongly escorted, and accompanied by the under-sheriff, the witness was despatched, in a chaise-and-four, to point out the grave of the murdered victim, and the remainder of the trial was postponed till their return. Another case was called on, and the excitement of the audience soon ran into a different channel.

On the following morning, David was again placed at the bar, but affairs were changed with him since the previous day. An eminent counsel was engaged in his behalf, and Annie was permitted to sit in the court where she could see the aged prisoner, who had been so long to her as a father. On one side of her was a young naval officer, in the uniform of master's mate, who was accompanied by a seaman, in the usual dress; and on the other side of her sat an elderly gentleman, who, by his manners and appearance, was considered to be a foreigner. David smiled upon the fair girl—for she was the only soul he knew, in that vast assembly—and she returned his smile with one of placid sweetness, that beamed with delight upon the old man's heart.

At length the witnesses were called, and the under-sheriff ascended the box, who, as soon as he was sworn, gave the following evidence:

"Upon arriving at the ness, it was still daylight, and the man vainly endeavored to find the spot, but as soon as darkness had closed in, and the lights were lit, he, without hesitation, placed himself upon it. At day light that morning, they commenced their search, and after digging about two feet down, a knife was thrown up," he drew it from his pocket, and held it up to the horrified view of the court, and then passed it to the jury; "part of the laniard was cut off, and it seemed to be crusted with blood. About six feet below the surface we came to the body—" a convulsive hissing, and quick respiration in the court followed the announcement of the discovery of the victim, and the witness passed.

"Go on, sir," said the judge, his feelings unusually excited.

The witness was still silent, whilst he was endeavoring to untie the knot of a silk handkerchief, apparently containing something of importance to the testimony he was about to give. "We found the body," reiterated he, and again stopped.

"Why dont you tell his lordship," said the prisoner, in a tone of restless disquietude, "you found the body of a DEAD DOG!"

The sudden change from the horrible to something like the ridiculous, produced a burst of hysterical laughter from the females, which was instantly checked by the judge, who, addressing the witness said, "Proceed sir—was it nothing more than a dog that you found?"

"No, my lord," returned the under-sheriff, "it was the dead body of a monstrous dog, and this my lord," taking a large collar from the handkerchief, "was on its neck. We searched in every direction but could find nothing more."

"This affair seems to be involved in much mystery," said his lordship, "and at present I see nothing to go to the jury—however, proceed."

"My case is closed, my lord," said the counsel for the prosecution, rising up, and facing the bench.

"Well, brother C——, and what is there to go to the jury?" asked his lordship, "a body is seen, and it disappears: there is no evidence to say in what manner—true, there is blood, the blood of some one, but no person saw the deed perpetrated; nor, is it indeed, absolutely essential to conviction that there should be where the corpse of the m... d is discovered—but here there is no proof w ever that life has been taken, for the victim was never seen afterwards."

"I am certain your lordship does not mean to say that under all cases of trial for murder the body must previously be found to insure conviction," argued the learned counsel, "for supposing, my lord, two men at sea, and the one in malice prepense, strikes the other overboard, so that he is drowned, and the body sinks to rise no more—"

"In such a case, brother, the very act is sufficient"—"if a third party is witness to the blow," interrupted the judge.

"My lord," said the counsel for the prisoner, "I have hitherto remained silent, as I would not obtrude myself impertinently; but I assure you, my lord, I have an undeniable answer to the case. I will with ease refute the charge, as soon as my aged client has closed his defence—a charge, my lord, based on villany and fraud. I should feel grateful to your lordship to let the trial proceed, that the old man's grey hairs may not go down dishonored to the grave."

"It shall be so," said the judge; "Prisoner, the time has now arrived for you to make your defence."

Old David bowed to his lordship, and the jury, smoothed down the silvery locks on his forehead, then laying his hands on the front of the dock, he gave a look of mingled emotion at Annie, and began:

"My lord, said he, "I am not going to plead the frailty of human nature in extenuation of crime, though 'I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me;' yet, my lord, when a man is steeped in poverty, and sees his offspring—his own flesh and blood, crying for the food which he has not to give, sore is the temptation if the red gold comes within his grasp, and avarice tells him there is no eye abroad to witness the transaction. My unhappy brother has truly stated that he assisted me to haul the piece of wreck on shore. It was a dark and fearful night, my lord, and whilst he was away to collect more strength, I cut adrift some of the luggage, and my hand grasped a canvass bag which spoke in a language all can understand; there was the clattering and ringing of money, and cold, hungry, and wretched as I was, I thought of my famishing children, and my very heart laughed with joy. I placed it in my breast—ay, next, my skin—for I feared to part with it again—and it seemed to throw me into fever, it schorched up my feelings of humanity, and when I approached the man who yet lived, my knife was in my hand—he might recover and claim the gold, and my boys and girls——O God! the desperate maddened agony of that moment!" The old man bowed his head, and groaned heavily, and every eye in the crowded court showed symptoms of the most intense commisseration. "I've said, my lord," continued he, as soon as he had gained more composure, "my knife was in my hand, for I had been cutting away the lashings of the small chests, and other things—and I grasped the man—but the dog, who had stood unmoved till then, suddenly flew upon me, and seized me by the arm; at first he merely made me feel that he *had* teeth, but when he found that I persisted, he bit deeply, and would not quit his hold. I rose up, but he still held me fast till I drew my knife across his throat—it was sharp, my lord—desperation had made me powerful, and the faithful animal lay dead at my feet. I feared to let the tide carry him away, as that

might lead to detection, and I equally feared for Jonas to see him, lest he might suspect the cause; so I dragged the carcase to some distance round the point above high water mark, and left it. On my return to the wreck I found it had drifted higher up the bay; I followed, and secured the small chest which, with some light articles, I carried to my dwelling. Humanity began to resume its dominion over me; and I thought of the man upon the beach, and took the old woman with me to aid in bringing him to the light house; but on reaching the surf, I found the tide had partly flowed over the spot, and the body was gone. We searched along the beach, but could no where find it, and we hastened back to the light-house to examine the booty we had secured. The chest, though small, was very stout, and covered in every part with tarpaulin; yet a blow from my axe split the lid, which we removed, and there wrapped up in linen, but with the face and hands exposed, lay what we then thought, was a dead infant. There was, however, blood on one of the arms, from a cut caused by the axe—she has the scar now. Annie, my love," said the aged prisoner, addressing the weeping maiden, "Annie, show it to his lordship."

In an instant all eyes were directed to the spot where the humble girl was seated. but she instantly arose, bared her arm, and the place was visible to both judge and jury.

"Well, my lord, seeing the blood, my dame chafed the child's limbs, and it revived just as Jonas came back. He taxed me with defrauding him of his share, and swore that I had murdered the man. He had stained himself with blood—the blood of the slaughtered dog, my lord, which I had buried as has been described. I kept the money to myself, but from that hour the hand of the Almighty was heavy upon me, and my moisture was turned into the drought of summer—my wife and children were called away till I had none but the stranger left in my house. Years of bitter repentance have rolled over my head since then: my life was spent in grief, and my days in sighing; my strength failed me because of mine iniquity. I was haunted by the thoughts of that shipwreeked man who came alive to shore—to British land—and yet was cruelly suffered to perish."

"Avast! avast, heave and hawl there!" shouted the seaman who sat near Annie, "he didn't perish not by no manner o'means, for here I am d'ye mind, all alive and kicking, my hearty."

This sudden exclamation, vociferated with all the honest warmth of a tar, produced the most heart-stirring commotion, and from a stillness that was almost startling, there was utter confusion in the court which was greatly increased by the bawling of the officials, commanding "silence." At length order was restored, David's defence was closed without any mention of the motives that stimulated Jonas to vengeance, and the counsel for the prisoner called Jack Binnacle into the box.

Jack deposed that he had been a seaman in a Dutch Guineaman that had broke from her moorings in the Downs, and, during the gale, had struck the long sand, but was knocked over it with the loss of her masts and rudder. She then drifted into deep water till she tailed upon the Galloper, where she stuck fast and went to pieces; every soul except himself and the child—who belonged to a lady passenger perished. He it was who secured the chest and the valuables, and when they floated away on the piece of the wreck, he had kept perfectly sensible till a short time before reaching shore, when benumbed by the cold, he sunk into helpless weakness, but his senses did not altogether forsake him; he was in some measure aware of what was going on, and during the absence of David, he so far recovered as to raise himself and crawl away over the bank. To this he was prompted by a double motive; he was apprehensive that he should share the fate of the dog, and he was likewise anxious to make off with a good cargo of doubloons which he had stowed about his person, and which he might probably be called on to account for, if the fact should become known. At all events, he got clear off, spent his ill-gotten wealth, and was pressed into his majesty's service—had been watchmate with Brailwell in the frigate up the Mediterranean, and one first watch, during conversation, the subject of the wreck was broached; it led to further explanations, and the anxious lover had no doubt that the father of Annie was the person implicated. For a gallant action in cutting out a felucca, and general good conduct, William had been promoted to the quarter deck, and Mr. Brailwell, the young officer by Annie's side, was master's mate of his majesty's ship ———. On their return to England both obtained leave of absence, (William becoming responsible for his shipmate's re-appearance,) and hastened to the ness, where, learning what had taken place, they immediateiy set out again, and had only arrived the previous evening.

"The hand of Providence does indeed seem to have been wonderfully displayed here," said the judge, with pleased solemnity,

"But your lordship is not yet aware of the full extent," uttered the counsel for the prisoner, "nor should I introduce the subject here, but that villany may meet its due. I will not take up much of your lordship's time. Have I your lordship's permission to proceed.?"

Curiosity will, at times, overcome every child of Adam—even the grave judges of the land are subject to it. His lordship assented if it would not occupy much of the public's time.

"My lord," said the counsel, "the brother of the prisoner—the first witness in the case—was driven from the country for his rogueries, and after tossing about in various parts of the world, he was at last located at one of the Dutch settlements on the coast of Africa, in the service of a wealthy merchant, whose wife and children perished at sea, or, in other words, the only intelligence heard of the ship was her driving from the downs during a heavy gale of wind without a pilot, and parts of her frame came ashore in Hosley Bay, and cases, trunks, even one of the boats were picked up near Landguard Fort, at the entrance to Harwich. The date corresponded exactly with that on which the event occurred that brought yon old man to the bar, and revolving every circumstance in his mind, the outcast felt convinced that Annie was the daughter of his wealthy master. They landed in this country about ten days ago, and Jonas Bligh persuaded his employer to let him take a journey to the ness in order to make inquiry—having communicated only just so much as was calculated to stimulate the father's mind. For a day or two he remained in secret, prosecuting his research till he became satisfied of the accuracy of his anticipations, and then making himself known to the prisoner, he demanded the girl for his son in marriage; but finding the suit was refused, he resorted to intimidation; this also failed, and then revenge prompted him to become the double-dipped villain that he is. You, my lord, must see his motive for this marriage, and I shall say no more about it. He was taken into custody and detained, and his master hearing nothing from him, arrived last evening in his progress to the ness, and put up at the same inn with our gallant young friend here. The trial was the all engrossing topic. By those accidents which frequently happen in public rooms, the parties fell into acquaintance; explanations ensued—and need I tell the rest my lord? This good girl," and he took Annie's hand, "found her real father, who is now sitting beside her; and if any doubt had remained it was removed this morning by the production of the dog's collar, having on it the name of the gentleman himself."

A thundering, irrepressible burst of applause—the unrestrained voice of nature itself—shook the very building; the judge arose and waved his hand to command silence, but fell back overpowered in his seat. David, who before knew nothing of all this, uttered a deep groan, and sank within the dock, and several minutes elapsed before tranquility was restored. The judge directed the acquittal of the prisoner, who was discharged from custody and received in the arms of his friends.

"And now," added old Martin, "what do you think of my tale of The Two Light Houses?"

"Excellent, my friend, most excellent, answered I. "But what became of the parties afterwards?"

He threw down his net, and rose up as he replied—"Annie and Brailwell were married, and he lived to be a post captain. David left the light-house to reside with Annie's father. Richard went to sea, and was never heard of again. Jack Binnacle died in Greenwich Hospital——"

"And Jonas?" inquired I, impatiently interrupting him. "What became of the scoundrel Jonas?"

The veteran looked hard in my face as he answered—"Jonas: why sir, Jonas was buried in a four-cross-road."

THE LEFT EYE.

A CALMUC TALE, TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN.

A rich old man, who resided at the extremity of the camp, quite apart from the rest, had three daughters the youngest of whom, Kookju, was as much distinguished for her beauty as for her extraordinary wisdom.

One morning as he was about driving his cattle for sale to the Chan's market place, he begged his daughters to tell him what presents they wished him to bring them on his return. The two eldest asked for trinkets; but the handsome and wise Kookju said that she wanted no present, that she had a request to make which it would be difficult and even dangerous for him to execute. Upon which the father who loved her more than the others, swore that he would do her wish, though it were at the price of his life. "If it be so," replied Kookju, "I beg you do as follows: sell all your cattle except the short tailed ox, and ask no other price for it except the *Chan's left eye.*" The old man was startled; however, remembering his oath, and confiding in his daughter's wisdom, he resolved to do as she bade him.

After having sold all his cattle, and being asked for the price of the short tailed ox, he said he would sell it nothing less than the Chan's left eye. The report of this singular and daring request soon reached the ears of the Chan's courtiers. At first they admonished him not to use such offensive speech against the sovereign; but when they found he persevered in his strange demand, they bound him and carried him as a mad man before the Chan. The old man threw himself at the Prince's feet and confessed that his demand had been made at the request of his daughter, of whose motives he was perfectly ignorant; and the Chan, suspecting that some secret must be hidden under this most extraordinary request, dismissed the old man, under the condition that he would bring him that daughter who had made it.

Kookju appeared, and the Chan asked:

"Why didst thou instruct thy father to demand my left eye?"

"And wherefore dost thou desire to see me?"

"I wish to tell thee a truth important to thyself and the people."

"Name it!"

"Prince," replied Kookju, "when two persons appear before thee in a cause, the wealthy and noble generally stand on thy right hand, whilst the poor and humble stand on thy left.—I have heard in my solitude that thou most frequently favorest the noble and rich. This is the reason why I persuaded my father to ask for thy *Left Eye;* it being of no use to thee, since thou never seest the poor and unprotected."

The Chan, incensed and surprised at the daring of this maiden, commanded his court to try her. The court was opened, and the president, who was the eldest Lama, proposed that they should try whether her strange proceeding was the effects of *malice* or of *wisdom.*

Their first step was to send to Kookju a log of wood, cut even on all sides, ordering her to find out which was the root and which the top?—Kookju threw it into the water, and soon knew the answer, on seeing the root sinking, whilst the top rose to the surface.

After this they sent her two snakes, in order to determine which was a male and which was a female. The wise maiden laid them on cotton, and on seeing that one coiled herself up in a ring, whilst the other crept away, she judged that the latter was a male and the former a female.

From these trials the court was convinced that Kookju had not offended the Chan from motives of malice, but the inspiration of wisdom granted her from above. But not so the Chan; his vanity was hurt; he resolved to puzzle her with questions, in order to prove that she was not wise. He therefore ordered her before him and asked:—

"On sending a number of maidens into the wood to gather apples, which of them will bring home the most?"

"She," replied Kookju, "who instead of climbing up the trees, remain below and picks up those which have fallen off from maturity or the shaking of the branches."

The Chan then led her to a fen, and asked her which would be the readiest way to get over it; and Kookju said, "to cross it would be the farthest, going round the nearest."

The Chan felt vexed at the readiness and propriety of her replies, and after having reflected for some time he again enquired:

"Which is the safest means of becoming known to many?"

"By assisting many that are unknown?"

"Which is the surest means of always leading a virtuous life?"

"To begin every morning with prayer, and conclude every evening with a good action."

"Who is truly wise?"

"He who does not believe himself so."

"Which are the requisites of a good wife?"

"She should be beautiful as a pea-hen, gentle as a lamb, prudent as a mouse, just as a faithful mirror, pure as the scale of a fish; she must mourn for her deceased husband like a she camel, and live in her widowhood like a bird which has lost its wings."

The Chan was astonished at the wisdom of the fair Kookju; yet enraged at her having reproached him with injustice, he still wished to destroy her.

After a few days he thought he had found the means of attaining his object. He sent for her and asked her to determine the true worth of all his treasures; after which he promised to absolve her from malice in questioning his justice, and to admit that she intended as a wise woman merely to warn him.

The maiden consented, yet under the condition that the Chan would promise her implicit obedience for the space of four days. She requested that he would eat no food during that time. On the last day she placed a dish of meat before him, and said, "confess, O Chan, that all thy treasures are not worth as much as this joint of meat!" The Chan was so struck with the truth of her remarks, that he confessed the truth of it, acknowledged her as wise, married her to his son, and permitted her constantly to remind him to use his LEFT EYE.

LOVE-LETTERS

BETWEEN THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS AND HIS WIFE, ABOUT THE YEAR 1628.

'MY MOST SWEET HUSBAND—How dearly welcome thy kind letter was to me, I am not able to express. The sweetness of it did much refresh me. What can be more pleasing to a wife, than to hear of the welfare of her best beloved, and how he is pleased with her poor endeavors! I blush to hear myself commended, knowing my own wants. But it is your love that conceives the best, and makes all things seem better than they are. I wish that I may always please thee, and that those pleasures which we have in each other may be daily increased, as far as they may be pleasing to God. I will use that speech to thee, that Abigail did to David; 'I will be a servant to wash the feet of my lord.' I will do any service wherein I may please my good husband. I confess I cannot do enough for thee; but thou art pleased to accept the will for the deed, and rest contented.

'I have many reasons to make me love thee, whereof I will name two: first, because thou lovest God; and secondly because thou lovest me. If these two were wanting, all the rest would be eclipsed. But I must leave this discourse, and go about my household affairs. I am a bad wife to be so long from them; but I must needs borrow a little time to talk with thee, my sweet heart. I hope thy business draws to an end. It will be but two or three weeks before I see thee, though they may be long ones. God bring us together in his good time; for which I shall pray.

'Farewell, my good husband; the lord keep thee.

'Your obedient wife,
'MARGARET WINTHROP.'

'MY GOOD WIFE—Although I wrote to to thee last week, yet, having so fit opportunity, I must write to thee again; for I do esteem one little sweet, short letter of thine, (such as the last was) to be worthy of two or three from me.

'I began this letter yesterday at two o'clock, thinking to have been at large, but was so taken up by company and business, as I could get but hither by this morning. It grieves me that I have not liberty to make better expression of my love to thee, thou art more dear to me than all earthly things; but I will endeavor that my prayers may supply the defect of my pen, which will be of use to us both, inasmuch as the favor and blessing of God is better than all things besides.

'I know thou lookest for troubles here, and when one affliction is over, to meet with another; but remember our Saviour tells us, 'Be of good comfort; I have overcome the world.'—Therefore, my sweet wife, raise up thy heart, and be not dismayed at the crosses thou meetest with in thy family affairs or otherwise; but still fly to him who will take up thy burden for thee. Go on thou cheerfully, in obedience to his holy will, in the course he hath set thee. Peace shall come. I commend thee and all thine to the gracious protection and blessing of the Lord.

Farewell, my good wife. I kiss and love thee with the kindest affection, and rest

'Thy faithful husband,
'JOHN WINTHROP.'

'MOST LOVING AND GOOD HUSBAND—I have received your letters. The true tokens of your love and care of my good, now in your absence make me think that saying false, 'Out of sight, out of mind.' I am sure my heart and thoughts are always near you, to 'do you good and not evil, all the days of my life.' I rejoice in the expectation of our happy meeting; for thy absence has been very long in my conceit, and thy presence much desired. Thy welcome is always ready; make haste to entertain it.

'And so I bid my good husband farewell and commit him to the Lord.

'Your loving and obedient wife,
'MARGARET WINTHROP.'

From the London Court Journal.

LADIES' FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Promenade Dress.—Robe of ecru watered silk; the skirt is trimmed with a deep flounce, concealing the edge of the dress; a second flounce, much narrower, is placed a little above it; each headed by a rouleau. Shawl of velvet trimmed with sable fur; and small embroidered collar, with frill. Bonnet of green velvet, with bird of Paradise.

Carriage Dress.—Robe of satin, trimmed with swansdown; and mantelet of pure velvet, with a collar a reverse, trimmed with swansdown.—Bonnet of blue pluche, ornamented with an esprit.

Evening Dress.—Robe of gray satin armure; the corsage a point, with en cœur; and shirt sleeves composed of biasis, with long sleeve of tulle; deep flounce of dentelle de soie. Dress bonnet of crape, with very long ostrich feathers, and ornamented with blonde lace.

Bonnets.—The most elegant bonnets have the fronts wide and low at the top; under this front is a trimming of lace, of the Mary Stuart style, the lappels of which tie under the chin. Our Parisian neighbors have invented a bonnet which they dignify by the name of Victoria bonnet. It is a capote of satin, with full crown, without foundation; the front is quite straight and descends low; it has openings at different parts, through which the bride of satin ribbon passes, and ties under the chin.

FOR THE GEM.

A NOBLE DEED NOBLY DONE.

A poor man, laboring by the month for wages, drove the carriage for one of our ladies, not long since, to the Orphan Asylum. It being a cold day he was invited into the house to warm himself, and was also taken into the school room and nursery to see the children. The sight of so many little friendless infants, deprived of, or abandoned, by their own parents, touched his sympathies, when he immediately desired to become a subscriber for five dollars, and promised to pay as much every year as long as he remained in Rochester. This donation is the more precious, being unexpected, unsolicited, and the spontaneous offering of a gushing tenderness of heart. There is no doubt that the giver is already more than compensated; for the gratifications of generous and benevolent feelings, is a happiness that no money alone can procure. Might not some more of our worthy and benevolent citizens very much add to their own happiness, as well as that of the poor orphan, by going and doing likewise. Q.

MARRIED.

At Spring Mills, N. Y. on Wednesday, January 3d, by Elder Chase, Mr. *Victor Case*, merchant of Knoxville, Pa. to Miss *Rhoda C. Horton*, of the former place.

January 1, by the Rev. E. Smith, Mr. *Lewis S. Thomas*, of Adams, to Miss *Abby Searles*, of Salisbury, sister of William T. Searles, Esq. all of Jefferson County.

In Lima, Liv. Co. N. Y., on the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Barnard, Mr. Alvin Chamberlin, to Miss Charlotte, daughter of David Thompson, Esqr. all of the former place.

In this city on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Mack. Mr. T. S. RIPLEY, to Miss JANE N. RICHMOND.

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, JANUARY 20, 1838.

☞ The great length of the Select [illegible] in this number, excludes our usual variety; [illegible] it is too good to be divided.

☞ We have received a respectful letter, informing us that the marriage of Miss PORTIA PALMER, to Mr. WM. WHACKER, of Walworth, Wayne county, as lately published by us, is "an outright, disgraceful falsehood." This is all we know of the circumstances; but we heartily concur in opinion with the writer, that whoever would resort to such means to injure "an innocent, noble hearted female, must be a demon in human shape."

The Mechanics' Association.—No Literary Association has ever been established in our city, which has been so generally successful, and of so much real utility, as this. It has been instrumental in producing a spirit of literary emulation among the Mechanics of the city, and its beneficial effects are strikingly illustrated by the intellectual research displayed by its members in their weekly debates. It would be difficult to find an association embracing more intellectual zeal, or capable of effecting greater good.

On Wednesday evening last, the Association celebrated, at their new room on Front street, the Birth Day of Franklin; and all present were gratified with the manner in which the proceedings were conducted. The Address, by Mr. STILLSON, was clear, well-written and instructive; and the pieces of music performed by the Choir (which is connected with the Association) were appropriate, and well sung.—The whole proceedings afforded a pleasing evidence of what may be accomplished by persevering application; and while the same laudable spirit is evinced by its members, the society must flourish.

"*The Ladies Companion.*"—This periodical, under the direction of Mrs. ANN S. STEVENS, has become a deserved favorite with the Ladies.—Mrs. S. is an exceedingly agreeable writer, and gives a beautiful poetic life to every subject she touches. The steel engravings with which each number is accompanied, are always rich and attractive—the one accompanying the number before us, is peculiarly so. The beautiful expression which the artist has given to the countenance of the "little [illegible]nt, sitting there upon the grass, with thy [illegible]untied—that round white shoulder bared to the summer breeze, and those little, naked feet lying out upon the sward with such careless grace," is very striking.

The contributors to this work are of the first order of talent; and the price—$3—is so moderate, that we are not surprised at the extensive circulation which it has acquired.

"*The Monthly Genesee Farmer.*"—This is the very best Agricultural publication in the land. It is printed by LUTHER TUCKER upon beautiful type, and contains sixteen large pages, with appropriate illustrative engravings, for the small sum of 50 cents per annum, always in advance. If any of our agricultural friends have neglected to become patrons of this invaluable work, let them forthwith be wise and forward their names.

A New Song.—Capt. Marryat has written a new and descriptive poem or song for Mr. [illegible] sell, called "*Cloud that rests on the Mount[illegible]*" which he is about to set to music. The words are said to be highly poetical and descriptive.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FLOWERS.

Flowers! ye bloom in the lonely glen,
From the busy haunts of men,
Where the woodman's axe makes music rude,
Disturbing the silent solitude,
And the wild bee's hum, and the gay bird's flight,
So merrily hail the dawning light,
Where the fairy brooks soft murmuring glide,
By the copse where perfum'd violet's hide;
Aye, there ye blossom, and there ye fade,
In the untrod depths of the woodland shade.

Flowers! ye bloom in the halls of pride,
Where mirthful songs are echoing wide,
And ye flaunt in the glare of the torches bright,
That mingle their beams with the moon's cold light,
Where the bride's light footstep softly falls,
On the marble floor of her ancient halls,
But your tints are fading, your perfume gone,
As the revellers gaze your leaves upon,
And ye sigh for the drops of the midnight dew,
Your failing sweetness again to renew.

Flowers! the stars of the earth are ye,
Springing around us so cheerfully,
Like the flashing dream of a youthful hour,
Is your fleeting life in the summer bow'r,
And ye court the gaze of the beaming sun,
As fond hearts greet the beloved one.
Ye whisper of hope, and ye tell us of death
As your bright leaves fall with the zephyr's breath,
Like the orbs that gleam in the trackless space,
Awhile ye may fade from our fond embrace,
But ye will return with the spring's gay call,
From your wint'ry sleep and your snowy pall.

S. E. J.

ENIGMA.

Ye sages, all vers'd in enigma's dark lore,
My name, birth and nature assist to explore.
Four brethren I have, but myself am the eldest,
And as oft are we seen with the poor as the well-dress'd.
But enough of my kindred—myself am the theme;
'Tis on me you must ponder, of me must you dream.
In Paradise with the first pair was I seen,
And with ev'ry Patriarch of old have I been;
I'm always in night's blackest shades to be found,
And in mid-day am notic'd when Sol shine around:—
No church do I enter, but keep at a distance,
Though none ever pray'd without my kind assistance;
To honor unknown, though always in fear,
From the contest quite absent, or else in the rear.
My abode would you know, 'tis with beauty and wealth,
And, far better than either, I'm always in health.
'Twould volumes require to relate half my worth,
I'm in water, in air, in heaven, and in earth.
In array so important, with me when not blest,
E'en Majesty's self's little more than a jest.
My shape would you ask, such a nonsuch I am,
That by some I'm compar'd to a quarter of lamb.
But this strain might proceed to the end of the chapter;—
Once find out my name, and you'll put me in *rapture*.

Rochester, Jan. 17th, 18[illegible] G. M. S.

[COLLECTED.]

From Friendship's Offering for 1838.

THE WIDOW'S SONG.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

Oh this world is a wide one—for sorrow or joy—
And where in this world is my own sailor boy,
With his loud-ringing laugh and his long sunny hair?
Do they swell on the breeze yet, and float thro' the air?
Is there any bright land, 'mid the lands of the earth,
That holds the lost child of my heart and my hearth?

I have set by the fire when the old men have said
There be eyes of the living that look on the dead!
Oh, tell me ye seers, in your search of the tomb,
Do ye find my fair son in its valleys of gloom?
Is there any pale boy, with a look of the sea,
'Mid that people of shades who is watching for me?

Oh, that morn when he left us!—mine eyes are grown dim,
And see little that's bright since they looked upon him;
And my heart, dulness, hath learned to forget,
But the light of that morning shines clear to it yet;
No record is lost of the fair sunny day
When passed my fair boy like a spirit away.

We waited—how long—but we waited in vain,
And we looked over land, and we looked over main,
[illegible] ships—oh, how many!—came home from the sea,
Bringing comfort to others, but sorrow to me;
In all those gay ships, oh! there answer was none
To the mother who asks if she yet have a son.

And we fed upon hope—until hope was denied—
Till our health of the spirit it sickened and died;
And his father sat down in his old broken chair,
And I watched the white sorrow steal over his hair,
And I saw his clear eye waxing feeble and wild,
And the frame of the childless grew weak as a child.

And the Angel of Grief, that o'ershadowed his brain,
Now wrote on his forehead, in letters of pain;
But I read the hand writing, and knew that the breast
Of the weary with waiting was going to rest;
So he left a fond word for the lost one—and I,
I linger behind him to tell it my boy.

Shall he come to his home—perhaps sickly and poor—
And meet with no smile at his own cottage door;
Shall he seek his fair land, from the ends of the earth,
And find the fire quenched on his once happy hearth?
None to love him in sorrow, who loved him in joy?—
Oh, I cannot depart till I speak with my boy.

I have promised to wait—I have promised to say
What grief was his father's at going away.
Will he come?—will he come? Oh, my heart is grown cold,
And the blood in my veins it runs languid and cold,
And my spirit is faint, and my vision is dim,
But there's that in mine eye will be light yet for him!

They tell me of countries beyond the broad sea,
Where stars look on others that look not on me,
Where the flowers are more sweet and the wates more bright,
And they hint he may dwell in those valleys of light;
That he rests in some home with a far foreign bride—
Oh, this world is a wide one!—why is it so wide?—

But they surely forget—which my sailor does not—
That I'm sitting whole years in my lone little cot;
He knows—oh, he knows If I may, I shall wait,
Till I hear his clear shout at the low garden gate;
He is sure his sad mother will strive not to die,
Till the latch has been raised by her lost sailor boy.

I believe that he lives!—were he laid in the mould,
There's a pulse in my heart would be silent and cold,
That awoke at his birth, and thro' good and thro' ill,
Has played in its depths, and is playing there still;
When its star shall have set, then that tide shall be dry,
And the widow be sure where to look for her boy.

Oh, will he come never?—Lost son of the sea!
I hear a low voice that is calling for me;
It comes from that spot, the dark yew trees among,
Where the grave of thy sire hath been lonely too long;
A voice of low chiding!—I come—oh, I come!
Hath he met my lost boy in the land of the tomb?

I shall know!—But if not—if he comes to the door,
When the voice of his mother can bless him no more,
Some finger shall point to the pathway of tombs,
Where our boy may come up to our mansion of glooms;
And I think I shall hear his light tread o'er the stones,
As the trump shall be heard in the valley of bones.

From the New York Evangelist.

Mr. Editor—The enclosed lines the writer took some months since from the "New-Yorker," in which paper alone, he believes them ever to have been published.—They most beautifully (to his mind) describe a *mother's* deep devoted affection for her *first born*; and with a tenderness and pathos the most affecting and sublime, portray that *grief*, *mother* a alone is capable of feeling to its utmost extent. The writer hopes you may think they merit a place in your paper; and can but believe the perusal of them would gratify many of your readers, to whom the author is not unknown, and is much endeared. S. W. G.

New-York, Dec. 20th, 1837.

WRITTEN ON THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF AN INFANT'S DEATH.

Five years! Ah, they have changed my darling one—
Dust has returned to dust, long, long ago;
But the immortal spirit is with God
Who gave it!
Day for retrospection meet!
Meet that a mother's hand should trace with tears
The picture of thy little life—its lights
And shades—its rainbow hues, that charm'd to fade,
And leave the cloud arrayed in [illegible]e robe—

Fit mourning for the early setting sun!
I may not turn aside, as wont, dear babe!
And pour the offering of a mother's tears
Upon thy narrow grave—'tis far away,
And moistened only by the dews of heaven;
Yet is thine image, both in life and death,
As vividly before my vision now
As when I wept upon that grassy mound.
Ere yet the wild flower grew and blossom'd there.
I would that tears might wash from off my heart
All save the impress of thy cherub smile—
Thy soft blue eyes, with their long silken fringe,
Opening from sleep to pour a stream of love
Into the fountains of a mother's heart,
And mingle with the ceaseless current there!
But, ah! I see thee as a blighted rose,
Whose fragile leaves drop one by one and fade,
Till nought is left but a poor withering stem!
Thou wert my first-born bud of hope and bliss,
And thus thy charms faded successively,
And dropp'd from off this bosom by the blight
Of fell disease, till nought remained to tell
What once was there but Beauty's dying stem.
Yet when death came, thou wert more beautiful
Than in the Spring-time of my cherished hopes—
As if a lily had put forth where once
The rose did bloom—or Death return'd the smile
Which Sickness stole, and left it on thy brow,
In token of thy spirt's happiness.

I mourn'd thee bitterly, my darling one!
Thou wert the *first*—and O there is a charm
In that brief word which mothers only know;
Yet have I chid full oft my murm'ring since,
For thou wert taken from the ill to come:
Nor would I call thee from the infant throng
Above, to share with me the bitter cup—
More bitter thrice than that I drained for thee!
I would not call thee back to write the name
Of 'orphan' on thy brow. No, He who poured
The tears of manhood on thy coffin-lid,
Hath gone to thee—and with ye both 'tis well!"

But dost thou ask, "And is it well with *thee?*
Ah, yes—'tis well'—God took but what he gave;
And now I've learned, sweet babe! what I refused
To learn when sorrow's voice first bade—to say
From out the heart, 'Thy will be done!'

Clementina.

Cedar Brook, Plainfield, N. J.

VARIETY.

It is curious that we pay statesmen for what they say, not for what they do, and judge of them from what they do, not from what they say. Hence they have one code of maxims for profession, and another for practice, and make up their consciences, as the Neapolitans do their beds, with one set of furniture for show, and another for use.

We should take care that we do not carry our religious controversies so far as to give the infidel the same advantage over us in matters of faith, that the ancient Pyrrhonists obtained over other sects in matters of philosophy. For ALL the sects of philosophers agreed in one thing only—that of abusing each other. He therefore that abused them all round, was sure of a majority; and as no sect got any praises except from the disciples of their own particular school, such party panegyrric went for nothing.

John Mason.—"I have lived to see five sovereigns, and have been privy-counsellor to four of them. I have seen the most remarkable things in foreign parts, and have been present at most state transactions for the last thirty years; and I have learned, after so many years experience, that seriousness is the greatest wisdom, temperance the best physic, and a good conscience the best estate. And were I to live again, I would change the court for a cloister, my privy-counsellor's bustle for a hermit's retirement, and the whole life I have lived in the palace, for an hour's enjoyment of Gon in the chapel."

Women and Horses.—"When I see a child;" said the clock-maker, "I always feel safe with the women folks; for I have always found that the road to a woman's heart lies through her child."

"You seem," said I, "to understand a woman's heart so well, I make no doubt you are a general favorite among the fair sex."

"Any man," he replied, "that understands horses, has a pretty considerable fair knowledge of women, for they are jist alike in temper, and require the very identical same treatment.—Encourage the timid ones, be gentle and steady with the fractious, and lather the sulky ones like blazes."—*Sam Slick.*

Geological Theory.—Supposed ancient state of North America.—In London, there was read at a recent sitting of the Geological Society, a paper, "On the supposed ancient state of the North American continent, especially on the extent of an inland sea, by which a portion of its surface is conjectured to have been covered, and on the evidence of progressive drainage of the waters," by Mr. Roy. The author of this communication, having been employed in extensive surveys, especially in the lake districts of North America, found on drawing out sections for professional purposes, that the country everywhere exhibited successive ridges, which encircled the Lakes; and upon comparing sections to the north of Lake Ontario, with others to the south, that the ridge exactly corresponded in elevation.

The highest of these ridges is 1296 feet above the level of the sea, 752 above that of Lake Ontario; and, connecting this elevation with the physical features of the great valleys of the Mississpi and the Missouri, Mr. Roy supposes that the whole of the area bounded on the west by the Rocky Mountains from the table lands of Mexico to the 47 deg. of latitude,—on the north by the barrier separating the head waters of the lakes from those of the northern rivers, and extending to Cape Tourmant, below Quebec, and on the east by hills stretching through the United States to the Gulf of Mexico, forming a vast inland sea, occupying 960,000 square miles. Having given the extreme height and supposed extent of the sea, the memoir proceeded to show by what progressive operations the author considers that the boundaries were broken through and the waters drained, till they were reduced to the detached basins forming the Canandian lakes. These details however cannot be understood without the aid of diagrams.—*Athenæum.*

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson. $1 mail, $1,50 city, in advance.

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, TALES, AND MISCELLANY.

VOL. X. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1838. No. 2.

MISCELLANY.

Written for the Token, 1838.

THE LOVE MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. HALE.

"And they were wed—Oh, gentle Love, how dear
Is thy sweet influence when thou thus dost rest
Amid our household gods thy sacred shrine,
And givest thy torch upon our hearths to shine,
Folding in calm repose thy radiant wings,
And gathering round our homes earth's purest, loveliest things."—*Mrs. Embury.*

"DEAR, dear Henry, how glad I am to see you! Oh! you cannot tell how weary long the hours seem when you are gone," exclaimed Mrs. Harrison, as she ran with extended hands to welcome her husband's entrance. He fondly returned the caress of his young and lovely wife, while she continued to speap of her joy at seeing him, and of her lonely feelings during his absence.

"Do you think, Ellen, that I would leave you, if it were not absolutely necessary?" inquired he, soothingly. "Can you believe I would stay thus long from you by design?"

"Oh! no, no—I do not think you would; and yet it does sometimes appear strange that you can stay so long away; and in the evening too. I am sure that no business could detain me thus from you."

"Not if it were necessary to secure my happiness, Ellen?"

"I cannot understand how that would be secured by a course which was rendering you miserable."

He smiled sadly as he replied—"If our home were in Eden, my love, where our only occupation would be tending flowers and gathering fruits on which we could banquet the year round, then we might consult our present feelings only, giving all cares for the future to the winds. But we do not live in Eden."

"And therefore must be miserable. Is that what you wish me to understand?"

"No, no; we need not be miserable because we do not dwell in paradise; but we shall be disappointed if we expect to find its perfect bliss in our cold barren world. We are too apt to forget that life, for fallen man, has no real, lasting, virtuous enjoyments, which are not earned by toil, or obtained by self-sacrifice of some sort. Every pleasure has its price. I could not enjoy this happiness of folding you to my heart, feeling that you are my own, and that you are so provided with comforts as not to regret that you have united your lot with mine forever, if I did not practice the self-denial of leaving you to pursue the business and studies of my profession many hours each day. Can you understand this?"

The young wife looked up to her husband, and the tear that moistened her soft blue eye, added the lustre of feeling to a glance of love which sunk into his soul. He knew that he was comprehended, and was absolved. He had never told her of the difficulties with which he had to struggle; accustomed as she had been from her birth, to every luxury and indulgence that wealth can command, he had thought that the details of anxieties, labors and disappointments, which those who are born poor must encounter in the stern strife of their worldly career, would sound too harshly, would make her unhappy. He could not bear to see the shadow of a cloud on her brow. He dreaded, worse than worldly evil, that she should feel the fear of poverty. His whole soul had been engrossed, since the first certainty that she would be his wife, with devising means of supporting her in that style, which he conceived was absolutely necessary to her happiness. Men seldom form romantic ideas of "love in a cottage," if they have had to struggle with the realities of poverty. Not that Henry Harrison was an avaricious, or even a worldly man; he did not covet riches for himself; but he did tremble lest his young wife should endure one privation—lest even the winds of heaven should visit her too roughly.

The union of Henry Harrison and Ellen Wise was truly a love marriage; romance and adventure had marked their love from the beginning, and it seemed hardly probable that their married life would run on in the calm-like current of common events; at least, they fancied that some peculiar bliss was and would continue to be theirs, because their first meeting had been so strange, and in their estimation, so fortunate.

It happened that Henry Harrison, in the summer of 1818, made a pedestrian tour from New-York to Canada. He had just completed his study of the law; and before entering on the duties of his laborious profession in the "commercial emporium," determined that he would see a little of the great world, and to make the most of the opportunity, that the greatest natural wonder, in the world should be first among the objects of his tour. So he made Niagara the chief point of his movements. He visited it as he went, and on his homeward journey. And while on the Table Rock he minuted in his journal, "that his heart was so filled with awe and admiration for the sublime spectacle before him, that it would be impossible for a long, long time, to admit any other sentiment!"

That same afternoon, he received a letter from a particular friend of his in Troy, urging him to visit at his house on his way home. The wardrobe of Henry was in the first instance, only graduated to his travelling convenience on foot, and it had borne the wear and tear of four weeks travel; its soiled and dilapidated appearance was reason good for promptly deciding to refuse the invitation. But that night he had a dream—a vision as he always called it. He thought he saw a lady of a majestic presence and serene countenance approach him. In her right hand she held a veiled picture, which she advanced towards him, with a smile of sweetness that filled his soul with rapture. He strove to raise his hand, that, he might lift the veil and examine the picture; but the stately lady motioned him to desist, and at the same time, addressing him in a sweet, but deeply impressive tone of voice, said, "Go, visit your friend, and the veil shall be raised."

Henry awoke in some perturbation; and though, of course, he did not acknowledge to himself, nor do we pretend, that the dream influenced his conduct, yet so it happened, that before he had finished his breakfast, he had decided on visiting his friend at Troy.

Nothing particular occurred, however, during the day he passed in that city, and he was obliged to leave it early the next morning. But his friend insisted that he should, before setting out on his homeward journey, take a stroll with him to the top of Mount Ida, then a very celebrated spot in the estimation of all lovers of the picturesqe in that neighborhood. The spirit of improvement is now passing in triumph over the domain of romance, and has already laid low the pride of the mountains; but, when our hero, at early day, ascended the height, and saw the wide amphitheatre of green hills displayed around, gently sloping downwards till they melted, as it were, into the rich vale, where rose the clustered dwellings of the city, each house made beautiful by the thought that it was the home of some happy family—for to a wanderer every home seems a place of rest and happiness—his heart rejoiced and his spirit was glad.—The first rays of the morning sun were illuming the earth. The broad, bright Hudson in the distance shone like a line of flashing diamonds, as its ripples caught the sunbeams. But the eastern sky was the object that drew and riveted Henry's gaze. There is something exalting to the soul of man in watching from a mountain top the rising sun. Only the blue firmament seems to intervene between the spectator and Heaven, from which the clear light of the new day appears to issue, like a stream from an inexhaustible fountain.

As the two friends were about descending the hill, they saw a carriage approaching. Just as it gained the top of the height the horses became frightened by the sudden flight of a hawk, which had been scared by their approach from its perch on the stump of a blasted tree, that inclined over the road. The hawk dashed directly in the face of the horses. The startled animals reared high, and then plunged forward so suddenly, that the driver was precipitated from his seat, and the carriage, forced against a projecting rock, was overturned and broken. But even this catastrophe did not effectually check the furious horses; they were on the point of dragging the shattered vehicle over the precipice into the deep channel of rocks, where the mountain stream is seen rushing and throwing up its spray, as if it chafed with rage at its confinement in that narrow ravine. But at this critical moment young Harrison rushed forward, at the peril of his own life, seized the reigns, and, with his strong grasp, forced the horses' heads against a large tree which grew on the brink of the ledge. Here he held them firmly, till the two persons contained in the carriage were liberated by his friend, when his strength being exhausted, they burst from him and plunged down the bank.

The persons thus saved from, as it seemed, certain death were the Honorable Mr. Wise and daughther, of Philadelphia. The young lady, who, during the terrific scene had uttered no cry of fear, looked on her father and fainted, when she saw the horses take their fatal plunge over the precipice. He was slightly injured, and so much overcome, that Henry's friend had to support him; therefore, none but Henry remained to succour the lady. He raised her up, and as her head reclined on his arm, he gazed unchecked on her face—the loveliest he had ever seen. His dream flashed on his mind, and his willing fancy gave it the force of prophecy.

"Yes," he mentally murmured, "yes, she is destined to be mine." He looked again on her face and his heart affirmed the decree—"She shall be mine!" And that consummation he never doubted, though he could not then anticipate a very speedy realization of his hopes.

The progess of the acquaintance we will pass. The days of courtship were not, to the lovers, a time of unclouded bliss; though this falling in love at first sight was certainly as bright a beginning as a novel writer could desire. But then the father of the fair damsel was a stumbling block to the course of true love. Mr. Wise had held high offices which had conferred the title of Honorable on him, but the soul of honor, the desire to do as he would be done to, had never been infused into his bosom. He was ambitious and ostentatious, and had resolved that his daughter should connect herself in marriage with a man whose wealth and family placed him in the first rank of fashion. The gentleman he had selected was the senior of Ellen some thirty years or more, which time had not all been passed in improving his mind or morals. In short, though not exactly an infamous man, he had been so long hackneyed in fashionable follies—that delicate phrase to soften the vices of the rich—that he was heartless, as Chesterfield would have made his son, had his "Principles of politeness" been fully acted out. And Mr. Kerney, the bridegroom elect of Ellen Wise, had a head which would have computed as

shrewdly as the noble lord himself, the wordly benefits of those "principles." He had calculated closely the benefits to be derived from a union with Ellen. He supposed her father to be a man of considerable property, though not among the nabobs of wealth. Ellen was an only child; her father had offered to enter into a written engagement, that all his property should descend to Ellen at his decease, thereby cutting off the possibility of a second marriage, (he was a widower,) or, at least, the alienation of his estate from his daughter. Then she was very lovely; and though Mr. Kerney was not in love with her in the holy sense of the term, yet he felt that she was a prize, which it would give him triumph to obtain. Then she was young, and he could mould and govern her as he chose. And so the affair had been settled between the father and the old beau bachelor. But Providence had not sanctioned the treaty.

Mr. Wise and his daughter remained about two weeks in New-York, before proceeding to their home in Philadelphia, and Henry Harrison improved the time to confirm in the heart of Ellen the tender impression which his gallant daring made. She promised to be his if her father consented. She had never been apprized of the intended alliance with Mr. Kerney, as she was only eghteen, and just out of her boarding school.

"You had better not communicate the arrangement to Ellen, till she is under your own roof and control," said Mr. Kerney to his intended father-in-law. "The young ladies at school will rally her, and may induce her to dislike, merely because you approved of the match."

Mr. Wise acquiesced; and though, during this tour, with his daughter, he had thrown out sundry hints about matrimony, and the advantages it conferred on a young woman to become the bride of a rich and fashionable man, yet she had never applied one precept of this worldly wisdom to her own case. And so little did she understand the real character of her father, that she fancied the only objection to the application of Henry Harrison for her hand would be her youth, and the impossibility of soon parting with his only child. For was not Henry a lawyer, one of her father's own profession which he thought the first in the land. And had not Henry saved the life of her father and herself? And though Henry might be poor (he had told her that he had no fortune but his education and his own energies) yet had not her father wealth sufficient for both of them? And, when he had always been so kind and indulgent even lavish in gratifying every want and wish of his daughter, would he not be willing to make a sacrifice, if it were a sacrifice to him that she should wed a poor man, when he had learned that her happiness, and the happiness of the man who had saved her life, were both at stake? Oh, she knew he would consent!

But she was totally mistaken. She knew not the spirit of worldly men. She knew not how every gentle, generous feeling in the human breast may be blasted by selfishness, as the vegetation of the fairest spring may be withered by the scorching simoon of the desert.

Mr. Wise was not satisfied with giving a positive, irrevocable refusal to the lover's modest request of permission to hope that he might, if he proved himself worthy, be accepted; but he insulted Henry with bitter sarcasms on the folly of a young *debutant* in a profession, which required such a length of time for success, presuming to fall in love with, and raising his pretensions to a lady of wealth, when he had not a dollar in the world. How the blood of the young man boiled in his veins at these taunts! But for the daughter's sake he suppressed his wrath against the father. As Aaron's rod, becoming a serpent, swallowed the other serpent-rods, so the feeling of love, when raised to a passion, frequently absorbs all others; and, when it does this, it cannot easily be overcome.

The lovers were separated, but not till they had pledged their troth to each other: and tho' Ellen would give Henry no promise to marry without her father's consent, yet she encouraged him to hope that that consent would be gained. So they parted; and as he was not in a situation to support a wife, (and could not expect that Mr. Wise would give him a fortune with his daughter,) perhaps the trial which Ellen's love was about to undergo was not without its secret satisfaction to him. He triumphed in the thought that her affection would be stimulated by these obstacles; his own he felt would be unchangeable.

The letters which passed between them during the succeeding half year, were to both a source of intense interest and happiness, He gathered from her's, that, although surrounded by all the luxuries of wealth and blandishments of fashion, she was still his own Ellen, counting one letter of love from his hand more precious, a thousand fold, than all the gay pleasures of which she was rather a spectator than a participant. And she learned that his business was increasing, his hopes of success brightening, and his heart and purpose animated with the energy which a virtuous love inspires. His noble sentiments and just reasoning opened to her mind a world of new and profound thought; and in her turn, she imparted, by the revelation of her pure feelings and brilliant fancies, a light to his path, and that delicate perception of the good and beautiful in nature and character, which refined his taste, chastened his passions, and exalted his aims to be worthy of the innocent, ingenuous and lovely being, who was thus resting her hopes of earthly felicity on his worth and integrity.

Mr. Wise, in the mean time, was managing with his deftest skill to bring about the marriage of his daughter with Mr. Kerney. Ellen was resolute in her refusal to admit him as a lover, yet she was so influenced by a desire to promote her father's happiness, that she treated his friend, as she always called Mr. Kerney, with becoming respect. Mr. Wise would not believe it possible that she would forego the advantages of wealth and station, which her union with Mr. Kerney promised.

How dearly did the father love the world, which the daughter so lightly prized! It seemed as if its treasures and pleasures were growing dearer to him every day he lived. And he planned to live long, while Death was shaking the last sands from his glass.

Mr. Wise had been conversing with his intended son-in-law on the subject of the marriage, and when the latter expressed his doubts that Ellen would not, for a long time, consent to the union, the father suddenly rising, as if a pang shot through his heart, exclaimed—"I assure you, Mr. Kerney, that Ellen shall be your's—yes, if I live one month, she shall be your's, or———"

What he would have added was never known, perhaps some malediction against his only child, if she refused to sell herself for gold, was rising to his lips. But he was spared the sin of giving the expressions of his thoughts utterance. He drew one convulsive breath between a sigh and a groan, and fell backward—dead!

Ellen wept over him in deep and sincere sorrow; and the world soon allowed that she had cause of grief. It was found, on examining the affairs of Mr. Wise, that he was a bankrupt to a large amount. The creditors seized every thing, even Ellen's harp was not spared; and Mr. Kerney, like a prudent man, as he really was in pecuniary matters, fearing he might be appealed to on her behalf, took passage in the first Havre packet, with the avowed intention of passing several years abroad.

"Poor Ellen! what will become of her?" exclaimed Miss Rickett, in that sentimental tone, which she intended should pass for compassion towards the destitute orphan. "Oh, I do so pity her!" The malicious sparkle of her eye told of a different feeling.

"You may spare your pity, for Miss Wise needs it not," replied Mrs. Alden, with that calm but dignified expression, which tells the pretender to kind feelings that her dissimulation is perfectly understood. "The orphan has a true friend."

"Yourself, my dear Madam?" enquired the spinster with an admiring smile.

"She will remain with me a few weeks longer—then she is to be married."

"Married! indeed! why, Mr. Kerney has left the country."

"True; but Miss Wise was never engaged to him, and never would have married such a man. She has happier prospects."

"Some sentimental love affair, I presume," said Miss Rickett, with a short, contemptuous laugh. "I think, Mrs. Alden, that you are the advocate of love marriages."

"I am the advocate of truth in all the relations of life; and till the marriage service sanctions the union of husband and wife for the purposes of mere convenience, I shall consider that those who, at the altar, pledge their love to each other, are guilty of perjury, unless they feel what they profess."

"Pray, who is the favored swain?"

"A young lawyer, of New York."

"Oh, some Yankee speculator, I presume," remarked Miss Rickett, spitefully. "But I hope Miss Wise will be cautious. This Strephon may enact the second part of the 'Mercenary Lover,' and be off like the old beau."

Mrs. Alden gave her a look! How emphatic may be the language of a look! Miss Rickett felt that she was an object of utter contempt to the good matron, and for once, the silent rebuke was effectual; not another word of slander or satire did she utter. What a poor, mean figure detected envy and malice display.

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They were married. Henry Harrison and Ellen Wise; and they were happy, for their love was of that deep and tender nature, which perfect sympathy of feeling and congeniality of mind and taste inspire. It was exalted, too, for it was based on perfect faith in the worth and truth of each other. Yet Henry had not ventured to open all his heart to his young bride. His profession had hitherto afforded him but little more income than sufficed for his own support on a very economical scale; and had he felt himself free to obey the dictates of prudence, he could hardly have justified to himself the step he had taken, of marrying without the prospect, rationally speaking, of obtaining the means to live.

It was a season, too, of great depression in business, and the times were gloomy and discouraging. But Ellen was destitute of a home and protector, and he could hesitate no longer. He must shield her from want and dependence, though cares, a thousand fold, were multiplied on him. So he married, and after all expenses attending the important event were settled, his lodgings furnished, and his bride seated in her genteel parlor, arranged in a pretty though not expensive style, he found he had barely cash enough left to pay his first month's board. True, he had debts due from several clients, but he knew it was very uncertain when he would obtain his pay. How would he enter into these vexing details to his young and utterly inexperienced wife?

Mr. Wise had always destined his daughter for a rich husband. She was, he well knew, exceedingly beautiful; he had studied to educate her in a manner which would best set off her natural graces, and make her loveliness most attractive. Holding in the most sovereign contempt the philosophy which inculcates the "greatest happiness of the greatest number," his efforts had only selfish indulgence for their object; and he had trained Ellen in his own luxurious habits and tastes. But the pure diamond will glow in the dark mine as brightly as on the coronet of a king. Ellen had a disposition which prosperity could not corrupt. Her mind was naturally upright, or, as a phrenologist would say, she had large *conscientiousness*. And this simple integrity of heart had always resisted the blandishments which her father's vanity had drawn around her. Yet she had had no practical experience in lessons of self-denial, and could not, therefore know the little methods of management, and those daily sacrifices of taste, and even ease and comfort, which real poverty imposes. She was aware that her husband had no fortune; but his profession was, in her estimation, a pledge that he would rise, for the law, she thought, was a sure passport to honor and office. So she had been taught by her father, and she never doubted her Henry's ability to maintain her according to her station.

But these few words, that sad, loving expression in her husband's eye, as he gazed so tenderly on her, when he said,—"Can you understand this?" told the struggle of his soul. She felt that she was the wife of a poor man, who to shield her from suffering was sacrificing himself. The whole depth of that adversity, from which he had rescued her, at the peril of his own peace, was in a moment unsealed; and that night, during which she scarcely closed her eyes, there was opened before her roused faculties, a new world of thoughts, hopes, and resolutions.

The next morning her manner towards her husband evinced more than usual tenderness; and when he left her for his daily toil, her parting kiss was given with the heart-devoted affection, which, to him, was recompense for every care.

As soon as Henry was gone, Ellen hastened to a shop, where she knew fancy work was sold. She could devise no way of earning money, ex

cept by her needle. Her education, though it had cost more money than is required to carry half a dozen young men through college, had been unsystematical and unprofitable. Her masters had taught her the result of the sciences, and the show of accomplishments; but the principles, which must be comprehended and made clear to the mind before one is qualified to communicate knowledge to other minds, she had never acquired.

She played the harp and piano divinely, but could not have given a lesson on either, or, at least, she dared not attempt it. She could draw and paint beautifully, yet knew not the principles of either art. But in needle-work she excelled, and she had a natural ingenuity and taste, which had often excited the admiration of her companions. And, as melancholy reflections on the waste of precious time and money, which she felt had been the result of her superficial mode of education, passed through her mind, she turned with something of exultation to the thought, that she had loved needle work, and could execute almost every kind with great skill. "Oh, I will employ every moment, I will earn enough to pay for my own board!—Dear Henry will not feel distressed on my account!" were her mental exclamations, as she entered the shop of Mrs. Millet.

These bright dreams were soon dispersed.—Mrs. Millet wanted no muslin or fancy work of any kind; and when she did give out such work, the prices she paid were so inadequate to the time required for such nice performances, that Ellen found she could not earn half enough to pay her board. While she lingered in doubt what next to attempt, a young lady entered, and enquired for daisy buttons and frogs. Mrs. Millet had none in the shop.

"I thought you always kept a variety. Where can I go to find them? I was told I should certainly find them here," said the young lady.

"I have had the best assortment in the city," replied the shop woman, "but the girl that made them for me is dying with the consumption, and I can find nobody ingenious enough to make the nice kind. Needlework is sadly neglected now-a-days."

The thought struck Ellen—"Here is a chance for me." She asked to look at the buttons.

"Can you make such as these, Miss?" asked the woman, thinking from Ellen's blushing face that she was a diffident school girl, and, from her earnest manner that she would perhaps, try to make them very nice:—"'cause, if you can, I will pay you a high price, three sixpences a dozen."

Three sixpences! Ellen Wise, working for sixpences, seeking employment by sixpences! were the first thoughts that flashed over her mind. But she recovered her calmness in a moment.—"I will try," she said meekly, "if you will let me have the materials."

"Oh, certainly; but you must pay for the silk and moulds; you need only take a few skeins of silk, for you may waste it all, and I cannot afford to lose it. I will give you the price I named for good buttons, and four shillings a dozen for frogs."

Ellen took the materials sufficient for an experiment, a few buttons also, for models, and when she had paid for her purchase, found she had only one sixpence remaining. "Well," thought she, "if the old proverb be correct, that necessity is the mother of invention, I shall succeed; I have need enough to arouse my ingenuity."

And she did succeed. "wonderful," as Mrs. Millet said, "and would certainly earn a fortune." In truth, Ellen felt she was rich, when in a week from her first essay, she found herself able to earn from six to nine shilling per day. The hours passed like moments, the days were over before she had time to think of weariness. She only worked while her husband was absent, for she wished to surprise him, at the end of the month, with the sight of her wealth. When his heart was heavy with care, how blessed it would be to find that she had sympathized with him.

They had just entered on the third month of their married life, when Ellen commenced her button-making business. The first day of the fourth month, the landlady served up, as usual, her bill with the tea equippage. "She made it a principle," she very modestly observed, "never to disturb a boarder with a bill except when his mind was at leisure, which it must be over the tea-table."

Ellen watched her husband's countenance, when, after tea, he opened the paper. As he raised his eyes to hers she could not forbear smiling, "I am glad you are so happy, my love," said he.

"Are you not happy, Henry?"

"Yes, yes—I shall always be happy while I can see you so. But I have sometimes feared—"

"That we should be poor, and then that I should be discontented and miserable."

Henry looked earnestly on his wife, while she went on, her face growing more animated and lovely as she spoke—"I know, my dear husband, that you have suffered deep concern on my account; but never fear for me. I engaged a fairy to supply me with all want. I do not intend, like Cinderella, to tax her for a coach-and-six, as I have no notion of going to a ball to gain the favor of a prince, whilst I can see you at home every evening: nor do I expect garments the color of the sun, but only the modest kind that best pleases you; these she has promised me."

He looked more and more puzzled. At last she rose, and, going to her cabinet, brought forth a little box containing her hoarded treasure, and placing it before him said—"Take it, dear Henry; I have earned it for you." The gush of joy that thrilled through her heart melted to a flood of those sweet tears, which only spring from the very fullness of pleasure.

That evening, as they sat together, she told him every thing, all her feelings, thoughts, plans and performances; and he confided to her every fear, doubt and perplexity that had shadowed his path.—"But they are all removed now, dearest," said he. "We now understand each other; we are now one, one in purpose, plan, pursuit. We shall succeed. God will bless those who try and trust."

And God did prosper them. Henry Harrison is now one of the brightest ornaments of his profession in the great state of New-York.—He is also one of the most estimable men in private life, rich enough to gratify both his refined taste and benevolent feelings—and his wife is still the cherished object of his affection, his confident, counsellor and helper.

The same devoted and faithful love, that first awakened Ellen's spirit to exertion, has animated her in acquiring the requisite knowledge of all her domestic duties. These she has performed, not as tasks, but as pleasures. And she often alludes to her first experiment in the use of her own faculties, to gain an independent support, or rather to prevent herself from being a burden to her husband, as the period when her judgment was really exercised, her mind enlightened to discern the moral relations of woman in her social and domestic character, and her heart strengthened to endure, and refined to enjoy the lot assigned her.

"I have," she remarked to a young friend, who was about to be married, "never regretted that I was compelled, as it were, to resort to button-making. The man you are to marry is rich; but should any reverse occur, never lament for yodrself, but strive to assist him. The effort will make you better and happier, and the effect on him will be like seeing a rainbow on the cloud—he will be certain that there is a hope and a light on his path. You will secure his confidence and love forever."

Facts for Political Economists.—When carriages were first introduced into Spain, great excitement was caused, and in many instances the carriages were broken to pieces because they injured the poor muleteers. Afterwards, when a steamboat first appeared on the Gaudalquiver, the machinery was broken to pieces by a furious mob because it was alleged that it would ruin the stage proprietors. Recently some one has started the subject of railroads, at which a great outcry was made, as it will necessarily tend to injure the owners of steamboats. What a commentary on the popular opposition to labor saving machinery!

Madrid.—A most horrible deed of Vandalism is about to be perpetrated here. The gold and silver jewels of the convents and churches have been collected at Madrid; the treasurers of the celebrated cathedral of Toledo, the richest in Spain, are here. The whole is about to be sold by weight! Agents from England and Germany are carrying off the scarcest and most precious books—the bells are being sold—the convents and churches demolished. It is an universal chaos.—*N. Y. Whig.*

A SKETCH:

BY MRS. P. W. BALL.

Beautifully flashing in the quiet autumn sunshine the waves of the Potomac were rippling over the stony bed that lies at the bottom of the mountain river, as a light carriage drove down the steep bank and a masculine voice sounded over the water, ferry-boat ho! The call was responded to by the loud hallo of the boatmen, and the long, unwieldy raft was set in motion by two athletic mulattoes, whose sinewy arms and heavy chests were bared to the breezes as with long poles shod with iron, they pushed the boat over the stream. Meanwhile the occupants of the carriage had alighted, and were now seated under the shade of a spreading sycamore, awaiting the boat.

Oh! Henry, I fear to go on. Indeed, there is a foreboding of evil in my heart; my poor father it will look so ungrateful.

'Would you go back, Helen, and expose me and yourself to the ridicule of our acquaintance?'

'But my father'—

'Will forgive us, if he loves you.'

'Indeed, I cannot go; if you love me, Henry, let me go back;' and the pleader burst into tears.

'Dearest Helen, I cannot consent; you yourself would despise me, were I to permit you to yield to the fears your fancy has conjured up,' and so saying he sprang up exclaiming, 'boat ho!'

The boat was now rapidly nearing the shore, and soon with a loud splash it struck the landing, and one of the men led the horse and carriage on the boat, while the young man, raising the weeping girl in his arms, set her on it, and in a moment they pushed off for the Maryland shore. Helen continued to weep unmindful of the beauty of the wooded shores, of the verdant islets inhabited by the bald eagle, of the liquid brilliance of the flashing waves. Home—her desolate home, was only present to her imagination; and to return to it, was her sole wish.

'Oh! my father—,' she sobbed at intervals, apparently unheeded by the companion of her flight, who, with folded arms and contracted brow, stood beside her as his glance wandered over the beautiful country that lay spread out around them.

Helen was the daughter of a rich farmer who lost his wife while she was a very little girl, and who centering all his affections on th eblooming Helen, expanding into the winning loveliness of girlhood, determined never to marry, but to rear his little daughter to supply her mother's place at his hospitable board. But a farmer possesses but indifferent talents for educating girls, and the farmer was more successful in raising fine crops of wheat and corn, than in cultivating either the head or heart of Helen. As she grew to womanhood, she was so very like what her mother had been, that the father saw no defects in her whatever; and she accordingly was as wilful as indulged beauties generally are. When she was about sixteen a new singing master, that indispensible to rural community, came into their neighborhood, and he soon became the hero of the rustic belles who composed his school. Handsome, educated, and young, the singing master was evidently *not* a mere singing master. He soon made himself agreeable to the farmer, by preferring corn bread, negroes and fine horses, to the productions of his own native Massachusetts, and thus secured free access to his hospitable dwelling. To have seen him with the farmer, one would have supposed that Helen 'was not in all his thoughts'—to have seen him without the farmer, one would have supposed he lived but to adore her.

The consequent result of all this manœvering was that the wild, untaught, beautiful Helen, agreed to an elopement with the cool, self-possessed school-master, agreed to leave the happy home of her doating father, to give her destiny into the keeping of a stranger, whom she had known but a few weeks.

'Why did you not ask my father; I am sure he would have consented,' she continued to repeat.

The singing master best knew why, for the farmer had remarked in his presence, that no stranger should ever get his consent to marry Helen; and to wait until she was her own mistress in old Virginia, was a trial to which he seemed not disposed to subject his passion for the beautiful girl. He saw how fondly the father loved her, and he saw that there was no other who would supply her place in the old

man's heart. 'When he finds it irretrievable, he will forgive her,' he said to himself as his eye glanced over the well filled stackyards, and the ripening cornfields and comfortable homestead of the farmer.

Safely they arrived in Frederiek, that Gretna Green of the 'Old Domain,'—were married, remained until the morning, and still no father came to claim his fugitive daughter. The singing master had expected the old man in the first ebulition of his wrath, to pursue them, but no such thing.

A *scene* he was prepared for, but not for this quiet indifference, and he scarcely knew how to understand it. 'I have made a great mistake, I fear, in Southern character,' he muttered to himself. 'I expected violence that would wear itself out, not determined obstinacy in the old fellow.' Slowly he walked down stairs and ordered his carriage. He had no home to carry his bride to, and no means to pay his bills at a hotel, so that the only alternative was to return to the farmer's and beg his forgiveness.

With an agitation for which he could scarcely account in the usually confident and self-willed Helen, she stepped into the carriage that was to convey her home. Helen remembered some traits in her father's temper too nearly allied to her own, and she trembled. It was on the evening of a delightful autumn day, when Helen returned to the home of her birth, that happy home into which sorrow had never yet intruded. The swallows were whirling round the sombre looking mansion. The droves of poultry were soberly congregating in masses around the yard and waiting for admission to their respective houses, into which a little black girl was introducing them. The milk-maids, with full pails, poised upon their cripsy locks, were returning from the cowpen, but their usual gay song was hushed. The very plough-boy, as he drove his team to the clover field, refrained from whistling. Stillness brooded over that once joyous household; the negro children stopped rolling over the grassy yard in chase of the bright leaves that the soft west wind ever and anon blew from the shade trees. The very house-dog, looking up into his master's face, seemed checked in his usual expressions of friendship, and stood still beside him in silent sympathy. A carriage drove from the road and turned slowly down the grassy lane, shaded by morell cherry trees, to the farm house. But the bluff farmer was not there—his elbow-chair sat in the centre of the hall, and his cane and hat lay on the marble slab, but the father was locked within his bed-room, and none dared approach him. Helen trembled violently as she walked up the path to the door.—An elderly yellow woman who long had filled the office of house-keeper, and with tears in her eyes, told Helen that her father forbade her entrance under his roof—that, to her, was no longer a home.

The singing master had wrongly calculated on the Virginian's free and jovial and affectionate manners. There was a stern obduracy of character beneath the cordiality of his general manner that was truely brought into exercise, but in proportion to the warmth of his feelings was his sensitiveness to gratitude. He was open, honest, and to use his own expressive phrase, 'above board' in all his dealings, and his contempt and hatred for those who meanly stooped to practice deception, was loudly expressed and deeply felt. From the moment he was made fully sensible that his child, his Helen had practiced deceit with her indulgent father, he tore her from his heart—he would have died rather than again take her to his arms. Vain were petitions,—were entreaties; vainly Helen in deep penitence, forced herself into his presence. He sternly pushed her from his door, and forbade her ever to call him parent.

Years rolled away, and time had sprinkled his ashes on my brow. Again the mild autumn sunshine was lying in yellow light on the hill sides, and again the waves were joyously flashing in the sunbeams, but they were not the limpid waves of the Potomac. Oh, no! I was far away from the home of my birth, and strangers had become my friends. I had grown weary of work, and was strolling on the banks of the Muskingum, and my thoughts had taken that listless mood when they wander over a thousand subjects without analyzing one. I passed several mean houses without noticing their inhabitants, when an exclamation, accompanied by my name, aroused my attention, and a very feeble looking woman, with an infant in her arms, came to the door of a house and looked after me. I turned, for an indefinable feeling of pity for the frugile creature before me, and of curiosity to see who thus recognised me by a name I had rarely heard spoken for years, the name of my girlhood, caused me to stop, but I could not recognise any known face in the one before me.

"You do not remember me then," she said, coloring deeply.

"I do not."

"Helen —— was my name."

Her story flashed over my memory in a moment.

"Helen! is it possible; how do you do?"

She burst into tears, and I followed her into her house.

"I have often seen you," she said, after receiving some degree of composure. "I have often wished to speak to you, but my heart always failed me."

"I am sure, Helen," I began.

"Oh! I know you are good, and not proud like some people, but somehow I was always ashamed."

"So long as we act virtuously, Helen, we need not feel shame, we of the 'old dominion,' especially," I added smilingly. She sighed, looked up into my eyes with an earnest gaze, and her lip quivered as she said—

'If I could die at home.'

I could not stand her look—I wrung her hand and pushed into the open air.

Now, if I could prevail on her father to forgive her, to take her home, I should be so happy, I thought. I was always ardent—perhaps what the world calls romantic, and I resolved to try. Her father in his youth had been a volunteer soldier under my father's command; and I, as his child, had ever been treated by the old man with the utmost deference. My heart was deeply touched, and I wrote warmly, and ere I had that night gone to bed, my appeal in behalf of his widowed—his dying child, was on its way to her father.

Subsequently, I learned she had suffered much; had been for years forsaken by her husband; had been driven by want to link her fate to another who died and left her pennyless, with several children. Under this calamity her health entirely failed, and she was now but the shadow of herself.

A fortnight brought an answer to my letter. The old man's obstinacy yielded to my entreaties. I had awakened the slumbering voice of nature, and it plead for the sufferer. He remitted money to convey her home, and I gave full indulgence to my womanly feelings in purchasing for Helen's little ones comfortable clothing to enable them to make a respectable appearance; and I have never received a more grateful kiss than poor Helen impressed on my cheek when I shook hands with her, as she stepped into the stage to go home—the home of her innocent and happy childhood.

From the Boston Pearl and Galaxy.

LOUISA STAPLES.

BY W. B. ENGLISH.

In a lonely part of the city, among the abodes of misery, was one which was now the dwelling-place of the once happy Louisa Staples. It was one cold night in November, that Louisa sat gloomy and desolate within the decayed walls of her miserable hut: a few wretched pieces of furniture were scattered round the room, and near a rude pallet of straw, in one corner, three poor helpless children were reposing. Big drops of rain were falling from the rotten ceiling. The wind howled dreadfully, and every blast seemed to shake the wretched hovel to the center. The only light which rendered visible this abode of misery, came from a few dying embers that lay scattered upon the hearth. The poor, unhappy mother was half reclining upon a broken bench, shielding her infant child with her own body, from the tempest. What a change was here! That face that was once radiant with smiling beauty, and decked with nature's pure red and white, was now worn with grief and care; affliction's traces were seen in her sunken cheek, her hollow eye, and withered frame. It was near midnight and she had counted the weary hours this night as oft she had done before, and he came not. She thought of her abject and destitute situation, until the last ray of hope had fled; and she leaned her frail body gently over her sleeping babe, and kissed it with a mother's fond and fervent love, and thought of her unhappy situation: the tears flowed afresh from her almost broken heart; exhausted nature sunk beneath its weight, and she fell into a gentle slumber. She dreamed of her youthful days; her dear father stood before her,—and the friends of her youth again crowded around her. She saw her husband, healthful and innocent as when he first plighted his vows of love. The gay pageant of former days beckoned her onward and promised happiness for the future. But the charm of this delusion was soon broken by the sound of footsteps at the door; and the heart of the wife grew sick as she heard a heavy fall of a body and a deep groan. She rushed to the door, and there lay stretched before it, her husband, wholly insensible from beastly drunkenness. She dragged his body into the hovel, placed him upon the straw, and fell down by his side, exhausted. But before the break of day, the drunkard arose. His wife lay sleeping by his side, and his poor, half-starved children slumbered around him. He rises from his bed and steals lightly across the room. The weekly earnings of his elder daughter,—the beautiful Mary Morton, who had been put out to service,—had been paid the past day, and the mother had carefully laid by the sum in a small box, to buy bread and milk for the children. See, the wretch has broken it open, and has secured every penny: he has taken out a pair of scissors—he approaches softly to his wife, and gazes, for a moment, upon her pale face, as she sleeps. Will he pity her distresses and reform? No! The wretch has seized her rich auburn curls, and, merciful heaven! he cuts them from her head! Still she sleeps, and stealthily he leaves the hovel.

Charles Morton is no longer admitted into the most common bar-room; all have spurned him. He is an irreclaimable drunkard, and so horrid is his appearance, that the boys hoot at him as he shuffles by, and cry out, "see, see, there goes the drunkard!" His footsteps were directed to one of the most filthy "rum cellars" in the city—the resort for the vilest and miserable. He groped his way down the broken steps. An old woman with fiend-like look, was standing behind the bar, selling new rum to half a dozen bloated customers; but Morton pressed through them all, and holding the beautiful curls in his hand, he said, "I have got them at last, and now I hope you will be satisfied." "That looks well," said the woman, snatching them from his hand, "and now I will again supply you with your liquor, like other men." In this abode of infamy we will leave him, and again return to Louisa. The mother and her children awoke next morning, but she had no money to buy them bread. Her little boy, four years old, grew sick for want of food, and famished; the mother watched by his bedside, but no one came to administer relief.

"Mother, how I do wish father would come home, and bring us something to eat," said little James, "I feel so hungry. Mrs. Goodman saw sister Lucy and me this morning, and she called us in, and gave us two great pieces of cake; but sister Lucy wouldn't eat any, but she divided it with me and Jane. But I mean to pay her when father comes, and give her all my supper, wouldn't you, mother?"

"Yes dear," replied Mrs. Morton, kissing him affectionately.

"Mrs. Goodman told her husband, this morning, that this house was too cold and wet for us to live in, and she thought we should take cold and die. O, how I wish father would move to the little cottage, where we lived a great while ago; then we used to be so happy. He used to stay at home in the evening, then, with you; and we had enough to eat. Then, I always met father when he came home at night, and he always took me in his arms, and brought me in the house; and sister Lucy and I sat in his lap the whole evening, and he used to kiss us, and call us his dear children. Why don't he do so now, mother?"

"He will, perhaps, one of these days," replied the agonized mother, weeping.

"But mother, you are crying—don't cry, dear mother; let me wipe away your tears with my apron."

The drunkard's step was heard again at night, and the mother thought that even he might bring relief. When he came in the sick child was dying; but the other children, unconscious of their brother's real situation, bounded towards their father to welcome him, but he repulsed them back, and they shrunk tremblingly in a corner, terrified at his words.

"Peace, brats!" said he. "Must I always be troubled with your yells?"

"Oh my husband, said the unhappy mother, speak not thus! Did you but know what they have suffered, you would pity them."

"Pity!—ha! ha! ha! pity indeed! I pity no one; I hate them all—they are my bane."

"Look on this poor, suffering boy, whom you have often taken on your knee and blessed; the hand of death lies heavy on him. I ask you nothing for myself, but oh! Charles, for mercy's sake, fly for aid, or he will die."

"I ask for assistance? No! never; rather let him die. Who, think you would come to this hovel, to aid a beggar?"

"Charles Morton, not a morsel of food has passed these lips for two whole days! I ask it not for myself, but for our helpless children.—Answer me, what have you done with the money you took this morning?"

"That is my business."

"Oh Charles, I implore you, go and seek out our former friends—make known to them our wants: on my knees I ask this boon of thee."

"Friends! we have none. Those friends who once hung round our path in our prosperous days, now spurn us from them. Hapgood, the recipient of our bounty, now laughs at our distresses; last night, he treated me like a dog; the villain struck me to the ground, and spit upon me; but I will have vengeance—revenge! revenge!"

As he spoke he seized a knife from the table, and rushed toward the door.

"Madman! where would you go?" cried the agonized Louisa, seizing him by the hand.

"For aid; money we want—money we will have."

"Nay, nay, you shall not go with murder in your soul. Although disease and poverty hang upon thy body, I love thee still; rather would I toil from morn till night in slavery, than crime should stain your soul."

"Do not prevent me, let go my hand. You will not? then I will force you."

Charles made a desperate effort and threw his wife prostrate on the floor, and rushed like a madman from the house. The children uttered the most piercing cries, when suddenly the door of the house was opened, and a tall, well dressed gentlemen entered. He raised the trembling wife from the floor, but the moment their eyes met, she shrieked, and fainted in his arms. He was her eldest son. William Morton's story is briefly told. He had been absent in the East Indies more than seven years; during which time he had accumulated a handsome property by industry and perseverance; and returned home once more to his parents.—Little did he know what a reception was in store for him. But no time was to be lost. After the first bursts of joy at once more meeting his dear mother, and having learnt from her the dreadful course of life which his father had pursued, he began to make immediate preparations to remove his afflicted parents from their present miseries.

"Cheer up, my dear mother," said he, "all will yet be well. Although the past has been set in clouds, the future shall break forth in sunshine."

"Your father has just left us, and something whispers in my heart that he would commit a dreadful crime. Go, go, my son, and snatch him from ruin."

"I will, I will, my mother! I will soon return, and you shall again see him restored to peace and happiness."

The youth left the hut, and shaped his course among those dens of infamy where ruin falls upon every footstep; but his search was vain. He was returning again to his mother, with the hope that his degraded father might there be found. As he passed the long and filthy avenue that led to the abode of poverty, he saw a hideous looking being slowly following him; but he was too much bent on restoring his father and mother once more to happiness, to heed him. But as he drew near the door of the hovel, the wretch advanced and seized him by the throat.

"Give me your money, instantly!" said he.

"What fiend art thou," said the youth, "that thus takes advantage of this lone spot, and my present helplessness, to rob me?"

"No words," said the villain gruffly, "but give me your money."

"I will not. What I have is to aid a helpless family, who now are dying in want."

"I can no longer parley with you—your money, or your life; choose instantly."

"Help! help!"

"Then die!"

As he uttered these words, he drew a knife from his bosom, and plunged it in the breast of the youth. He fell bleeding to the ground.—The murderer, with hands all reeking with blood, drew forth the pocket book from the stranger, and would have fled, but he had seized his murderer by the arm, and held him in the convulsive grasp of death. The outcries brought to the hovel door Louisa, but what a horrid sight greeted her eyes! There lay her son, weltering in blood, and her husband in vain endeavoring to extricate himself from his grasp.

"Merciful heaven!" she cried, "Charles Morton, you have murdered your elder son! May God forgive you!" and she sunk lifeless to the earth.

At this instant, the neigbors, hearing the noise, came up and secured the murderer; but while they were endeavoring to restore Louisa, he seized the bloody knife, and buried it to the hilt in his own body. He fell upon his face and died in the gutter.

The next day, a multitude followed the bodies of Louisa and her murdered son to the grave, and watered it with their tears. But the drunkard was buried in silence, and no one dropped a tear to his memory.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

NEW MODE OF INTOXICATION.

We translate the following curious story from a late Paris paper, where it is published from the Marseilles *Semphore*, under date of November 9:

"*Hatchy* (pronounced *rhatchy*,) is one of the pleasant poisons, by means of which the voluptuous orientals daily, after dinner, throw themselves into a state of ecstacy. In many of the dwellings of Turks and Arabs, a dose of hatchy takes the place of opium, which is falling into disuse, and which seems to be passing away into the region of fables, along with the Grand Signior's handkerchici, and other similar delights of the East. Whether this famous hatchy is a mixture of almonds with the juice of hemproot, or simply with that of the henbane, with which, according to Shakspeare, Queen Gertrude poisoned her husband, the father of prince Hamlet, chemists only can determine. The effects of this substance, whatever it may be, on the brain, are surprising. A coffee spoonful is enough to draw from all impressions of the external world, and from the control of reason, the most healthful and robust organ zation. Four young people of our city wished lately, at the risk and peril of their lives, to make an experiment on themselves with the hatchy. But their curiosity came near being fatal to them. As these gentlemen were our friends, we guarantee the truth of these details. They met, in an apartment in the environs of St. Loup; Mr. M., a merchant from Alexandria, furnished the hatchy, and assisted with his advice the inexperience of his companions. In the first place they took coffee, and put into each cup two or three lumps of refined sugar—then they passed the hatchy; each guest swallowed courageously his spoonful. The poison was not bad to the taste,—on the contrary, it was found very agreeable. They immediately sat down to the table, and it was only toward the end of the repast that the symptoms of cerebral disorganization were manifested in our friends, the precursors of the strange hallucination which was soon to assail them.

The first physical impression which is distinctly received from this intoxication is this. A heavy blow of a stick which strikes you on the nape of the neck—this is the initiation, and it must be confessed, that it is altogether in Turkish style, but the transition to ecstacy consists in feeling the head gently detached from the body, and taking on itself a joyous life, separate from the gross mass of matter, which it has no longer the necessity of controlling.—The head sustains itself in the air in a fantastic fashion, like that of the cherubim in the churches, surrounded with clouds. After this, every thing is overturned, disorder seizes on the mind more or less, according to the temperament and habit of the person.

At the apartment of Mr. R. a scene took place, at the same time comic and sad—as soon as these gentleman arrived at the period of the influence of the hatchy I have just mentioned, Mr. R. himself, a young man distinguished by his expansive and open gayety, and an ardent organization, began to weep and sigh in fearful convulsion. Mr. V. of a delicate and nervous temperament thought himself dead, he stretched himself on the floor, crossed his hands on his breast, it seemed to him, that he had been placed on a black bier in a lighted chapel; he heard the chanting of the monks, and joined with this, the strokes of the hammer which were closing up the coffin in which he was placed. Another of the young men persuaded himself that he had wings, he threw himself out of the apartment, cleared the stairs like a bird, and proceeded to place himself on the table of the hall in the basement. At this table several ladies of Mr. R's. family, who had not wished to witness the effects of the hatchy, were dining. The disasters may be imagined, plates, glasses, bottles overturned and broken, and the terror of the ladies. It was necessary to get help, friends arrived on all sides, and they succeeded, with some trouble, in confining the most furious of the experimenters. It would be tedious to enter into a detailed recital of the drama which was unfolded before night in the house of Mr. R. It is enough to say that these gentlemen were given up during their long state of excitement, to the most foolish imaginations, to the most fanciful follies, to the most brilliant enchantments.

All people present thought them forever deprived of their reason. The young Alexandrian merchant, who had a slight glimmer of perception in the midst of the general disorder, groaned from the bottom of his soul at the sad result of his trial, and feared that he had really poisoned his companions. However, two of them escaped with only five or six days of headache, without speaking of the relaxation of the body which they have not yet entirely thrown off. Mr. V. alone found himself much more exhausted than the others. A real congestion of the brain endangered his life—and he has been only saved by the great medical skill of Dr. Cauviere, who bled him at once very abundantly.

Anecdote of John Adams.—Behind the house of John Adams, lies a meadow of some extent, with which is connected an anecdote he was wont himself to relate to the last days of his life.—We extract its narration from the history of Quincy, the author of which has heard it from his own lips. It is interesting, as showing that from accidental circumstances often spring the most important changes in the lives and fortunes of distinguished men. We only premise, that when young, President Adams senior was but little attached to books. Study was to him a task.

"When I was a boy, I had to study the Latin Grammar, but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to College, and therefore I studied Grammar till I could bear it no longer, and going to my father, I told him I did not like to study, and asked for some other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he was quick in his answer. 'Well, John,' said he, 'if Latin Grammar does not suit you, you may try ditching; perhaps that will. My meadow yonder, needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin, and try that.'

"This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But I found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I eat the bread of labor, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparisons between Latin Grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it. I dug the next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner; but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night toil conquered pride, and I told my father—one of the severest trials of my life—that if he chose I would go back to Latin Grammar.—He was glad of it; and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the two days labor in that abominable ditch.

Worthy of Imitation.—A few days since, a young farmer from Pleasant Valley brought a load of wood into the village for sale, and while waiting for a purchaser, a poor woman came up and inquired the price. He told her, and she burst into tears. She said she had endeavoured to find a load small enough to be purchased with the last money she had, but had been unsuccessful—the amount was so small. The generous heart of the young farmer was touched, and he gave the suffering child of poverty his load of wood. He no doubt returned home a happier man than if he had received $10 for his load of wood. Such acts are sure of reward.—*Poughkeepsie Telegraph.*

ORIGINAL TALE.

Written for the Gem.

A SKETCH.

It was in the fall of 1834, when I was travelling for the first time through some of the New England States. I had then arrived at an age when the mind is most inquisitive and most susceptible of impressions from the surrounding scenery. Many delightful landscapes appeared to our view, as we rode rapidly along the winding banks of the Connecticut.

The Bellows Falls afforded my youthful imagination an indescribable source of pleasure, while it recalled to my mind the many tales of the Revolution, and of ancient days, which I had read with interest in my childhood. Often had the tears dropped from my eyes, when I read of the sufferings and massacres of the whites by the red men; and often had the relation of the bloody conflicts with the British made me shudder with horror. But now I had an opportunity of witnessing the very grounds where many of these struggles had taken place, and my fancy was ever ready to paint the scene before me. Such associations rendered my tour interesting; but I remember no greater impression made upon my mind than by a slight incident, which, perhaps, the common traveller would not have greatly noticed. The stage coach had stopped at a small village in Vermont, on the stage road between Burlington and Haverhill. It was amusing to see the concourse of idlers—a very numerous class about every country inn—flock around us as if they had never before seen a stranger. With difficulty could we press through the crowd. When we reached the door of the inn, a spectacle of disgust, which I hoped was not common in many villages, burst upon our sight. The bar-room was thronged with a most miserable set of beings. Old and young men were drinking together, reeling to and fro, and pouring out their oaths in frightful volubility. But one old man drew our particular attention. He was bent almost double by the effects of age. Nevertheless, we could perceive from the wreck of the form before us, that it had once been a noble structure. His countenance, though emaciated and pale, told us that it had not always been thus shrunk and shrivelled. While tottering about the room his feeble kness seemed scarcely able to support him; and his trembling hand when it raised the cup of poison to his lips, showed a quivering weakness that plainly told he was but on the verge of the grave. We followed this aged man from the room with the greatest interest, wishing to inquire into the cause of such real misery. We could see from the appearance of his careworn countenance that his tale must be filled with interest, perhaps with crime. We inquired from some of the bystanders who he was. They seemed surprised that we should think of inquiring about a man whose external appearance was so disgusting. Upon a repetition of our demand, we were informed that he was a person of whom little was known. He had come to that village alone and on foot, many years before, where he had purchased a small hut, in which he had always lived, with no associate whatever. He had often been observed to wander about the neighboring woods, and stand by the brook which ran near his habitation, apparently in deep thought. Sometimes he would arouse from his reverie, and reproach himself for suffering his mind to run in a train of thought which only increased his misery. He would hasten frequently from his retreat to the public inn, to obtain a draught of what he termed his only consoler.

He had lived here in the same manner for many years, when one day a stranger, a man of advanced age, was seen approaching his wretched abode. No intruder had ever entered that house, and the sight of a stranger advancing towards it excited the interest of some of the neighbors, who followed him to the spot.—Having crept under one of the windows, they looked in to see what was the object of the stranger. He was already seated by the side of the old man, before a bright wood fire. The old man's countenance was lit up with a brilliancy never before witnessed while he had lived in that village.

"How often have I thought of you!" said he to the stranger, "do you remember the last night in which we were together? Often have the forms of the persons whom we then murdered, risen to my thoughts. I can yet see their hands raised in the attitude of supplication.—The dreadful shrieks still resound through my ears! I even now see those mangled infants before me. Never shall I forget that night. My conscience has often occasioned me the most bitter pangs on account of that crime; but I cannot feel that I did wrong, for I had vowed to exterminate the whole race."

"And have you still a conscience, Charles?", said the stranger. "I had hoped that if you had, you would have repented long ago for your crimes. Mine, I trust, have been forgiven. They have caused me a degree of anguish, which will not be forgotten. Oh, that you, who were so long my boon companion, could feel the sweet delight and consoling joys of turning from your crimes."

"William," said the old man, "are you come here to trouble your old friend? Will you preach to me, who was the chief of your band? Would that I had mingled your blood with that of the victims of our last murder! But no, I would not. William, be still my friend; comfort me with your presence, but do not vex me with such language. I am old and infirm. I will soon leave this miserable home. I wish you would then bury me, and pray for me if you wish; but now do not torment me."

"At your request then," replied the stranger, while tears were streaming down his aged cheeks, "I will change the subject. But oh! I had hoped to be able to make an impression upon your mind. It would please you, I know, to recall the many deeds of guilt which we committed. But it grieves me sorely to think of them. I will relate, if you please, my mode of life since we parted."

"Go on," said the old man.

"After we parted," continued the stranger, mournfully, "on that dreadful night when you led us to the attack of that noble mansion, I never could hope to see you more. I dared not remain within the confines of our own country, through fear of falling into the hands of justice. I hastened to New York, whence I took passage in a vessel just ready to sail for the East Indies. My mind was greatly relieved when the high banks of Sandy Hook were no longer visible. Day after day passed slowly by. We at last arrived at Cape of Good Hope. The name was indeed appropriate to my feelings, for I knew that I was beyond any possibility of being taken. Before this my mind had been filled with the most gloomy apprehensions. I had retired from all converse with any one on board, for which the sailors jovially gave me the name of "the man of moody habits." I had now come to a resolve that I would not pursue the life of a robber.

"Having taken in some provisions at that port, we sailed directly for our point of destination. The vessel arrived in the harbor of N—, about four months after we had set sail from New York. I determined to settle in this place for a few years, in order to be far removed from the scenes of my guilt. Having some money, which I had frandulently taken from some of the innocent victims of our crimes, I commenced business, in which I was very successful. But amidst all the confusion and bustle of a city life, I could not dispel my agonizing thoughts. I wept upon my bed at night. I tossed about from side to side, seldom obtaining any sleep. And when it did come, my dreams were blended with terrific phantoms of murder, war, and scenes of violence.

"At length a means of obtaining relief presented itself to me. There was a minister residing in that place, to whom I hastened for advice. He was a man of the most ardent affections, warm hearted and kind to all who came to him for consolation. I unfolded to him all my troubles, and described to him the many scenes of wickedness in which I had participated. He listened to my story with the utmost attention, and at its close seemed much affected. He addressed me with words filled with such love and tenderness that the most stubborn heart could not resist. "Have you ever heard of God?—Have you ever loved your Maker?" Tears gushed from my eyes at the sound of words once familiar to me. I remembered the days of my childhood when my father, taking me on his knees, in accents of love taught me that I should love my Maker. I could not withstand such an affectionate appeal"—

"Stop! William, stop," cried the old man, "I will listen to your story no longer. Do not thus make known to me your agony, lest you should increase mine. I will not hear you speak about that Being whom you love, for I have shut the door of my heart against him, and he has thrust me forth from his kingdom for ever. I will hear no more. Begone!—I cannot suffer it."

Immediately the stranger arose from his seat, evidently much agitated. He took his hat and cane, and thus addressed the old man: "Charles, I have wandered over many a long mile to see my friend. I had hoped to have had the pleasure of giving you some consolation. But alas! it is thus you treat your friends. Farewell! May heaven still protect you, but I fear you will go down to the grave without repentance. Farewell."

Thus speaking, the aged stranger left the house, and immediately departed from the village. "This is all," continued my informant, "that is known of this aged man. His appearance evidently makes known his misery; and his practices plainly show that he has not yet repented."

I heard this recital with the greatest interest. I could do nothing to alleviate the poor man's misery; but his appearance was forever indelibly fixed upon my mind. This, thought I, is an awful instance of the hardness of man's heart. He had steeled his conscience to oppose every tender feeling—now he awaits nothing but the just retribution of a righteous God.

"RHO."

The old flag used by the heroes of Wyoming at their celebrated battle with the Indians has been found among the deposits in the War Department at Washington.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST---No. 10.

C——n, Mo. May 27, 1837.

The far west---Fancy and reality.---Soil.---Prairie, bottom and upland.---An excursion.---A rustic meeting.---Climate.---Inhabitants.---Population.

JUNE—but never mind the date, it is enough to state facts. I arrived here, the *ultima thule* of my wandering, 250 miles west of St. Louis, or any where else as you may be disposed to think. But do not suppose I am in that mysterious land "the far west." It is always beyond me. When I started from Philadelphia it seemed to me that that tremontain city, Pittsburgh, was in the "far west;" when I arrived there, it seemedto be St. Louis. I travelled 1200 miles, and in St. Louis, I was referred to this place as the object of my wishes. But it is not here—the older inhabitants of C——n have left with the expectation of finding it about Liberty, on the farthest verge of the Missouri; and some wiseacre or another has got up a paper there, and entitled it "The Far West;" but it is a misnomer. You may travel on for days and weeks beyond Liberty, till you stand on the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, and there, even there, the hardy trapper will point you towards the "far west" hundreds of miles beyond you!

* * * * * *

I anticipate your first interrogatory—the bore of every anxious Yankee—"how do you like Missouri?" Campbell says

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.'

But that distance is passed over now—the mists that hung over the far-off and unseen land are dissipated—and the imagination can no longer rove unrestrained, and create to itself an utophir in the wide ocean before it. I cannot speak of Missouri *en masse* from actual observation. I have seen but little, of the rest I infer, making every rational deduction, *mutatis mutandis*. But after all, I am at a loss—association fails—the mind grows diffuse, like the mighty prairies before it.

The soil is divided into prairies, bottom and upland. The rolling prairies of Missouri you have a most graphic description of in Cooper's Novels. "From the summit of the swells, the eye becomes fatigued with the sameness and chilling dreariness of the landscape. The earth is not unlike the ocean when its restless waters are heaving heavily, after the agitation and fury of the tempest has begun to lessen. There is the same waving and regular surface—the same absence of foreign objects, and the same boundless extent to the view." They are not generally low and level, as you may have supposed, and they present the idea of a country over which the forest-burning fires have towered in awful grandeur. It is probable they were once covered with forest which have year after year withered away before the scorching element It is certain that the trees would again grow, but the same accident is repeatedly occurring. Night after night last fall our north-western horizon was illuminated by the far-off prairie fires.

The prairies shade off in the distance—little isolated groves appear like islands seen against the far-off horizon. The land gradually sinks into a low and extended plain along the water courses, and forms the bottom land. Its soil is alluvial and inexhaustible in depth and fertility. The rivulets and creeks wind deep in their muddy channels. The smallest rill frequently ploughs from six to twelve feet into the rich earth. There is no stone—no gravel—and hence the impassable and dangerous nature of our water-courses.

The uplands are not unlike timber-grown prairies—loamy soil—undulating, sometimes hilly surface—and covered with forests of oak, hickory, ash and lime. The bottoms present broad belts of forests of hackberry, cotton wood, elm, honey-locust and sugar-maple.

I wish you could take a ride with me some lovely morning in June. Our roads, frequently mere paths, are laid out through plantations and groves beautifully alternating and shading the landscape. The trees are often overhung with festoons of the largest grape vines, and the uncultivated places scattered with an immensity of blowing rose bushes and other flowers, in the most charming profusion. Sometimes we wind around a bluff—sometimes we ride over the waving prairies—sometimes we enter the wide extended and beautiful bottoms. Meandering paths lead in every direction through the country, and it frequently requires no little backwoods ingenuity to thread out your way in the labyrinths where no guide-board nor other earthly indication tells you which of half a dozen trails lead you right. You may always know a *public* road—the trees are blazed with three hacks by the surveyors. But then, the unmarked prairies! they require all the logic of a trained orator. Many a poor fellow has to bivouac—perhaps no fire—no water near him. Fortunately I have but little to do with the prairies.

Scarcely any carriages are used, except the heavy lumbering wagon with four, six and eight horses or oxen. Every excursion on business or pleasure is a ride equestrian. It is a very curious scene to witness a *country* gathering, at a Church, in their winter costume. The hunting shirt is seldom seen. But the Kentucky or the domestic Jeans is the usual wearing dress of the great mass of the country people. The overcoat is made of white, green or red Indian blanketing—the cuffs, collars, shoulder-pieces and binding being the wide, dark selvage. And every man has on his leggings or wrappers.—The horses are hitched to the fence and trees handy by. The services are concluded. There is a general mustering to horse—every belle has her beau—perhaps as many beaus as can crowd around her—for girls are rather a scarce article. And away they go in squads, as their various paths and fancies indicate. The men ride cavalier-like, and are nobly mounted—the ladies manage their steeds with a great deal of grace and ease; and ride with an appearance of safety and elegance which you never saw in the eastern states—a habit they have acquired from early and continual practice. While I ride "as stiff as a Hungarian hussar," in frequent danger of losing my equilibrium and my saddle, they bound along by my side, nodding as gracefully and as securely as aunt Dinah in her great arm-rocking-chair!

The climate is not as cold as in New-York. While your Mercury frequently sinks *clear down cellar*, it has not been more than seven degrees below Zoro, the past winter. But then our temperature is very variable—the troops of Eolus are forever gamboling over the prairie fields, and forever varying their direction. He who strips off his coat in the morning, may require an overcoat before night. Hence "the man of pills" reaps an abundant harvest from the frequency of inflammatory fevers, and rheumatic and pulmonary complaints. The people are mostly Virginians and Kentuckians, or their descendants. They are a good-natured, hospitable people—say what they please, and the former are proud of their ancestorial claims to the "Old Dominion." I have frequently felt it a misfortune, that I am not a descendant of Pocahontas, or some other aristocratical primate of *Virginia*. The very name of Virginian has a charm here, and is a kind of passport to attention. But then several real Yankees have come here, and by an honest, persevering life, subdued prejudices, and gained *caste*. Sectional jealousies are happily subsiding, and would soon be fogotten in the community if your northern agitators—* * * * but I shall not dwell on that subject now. Some of the planters, as in all the slave states, are easy, lazy men. But this is not the general character. He who comes to Missouri, and expects to be the smartest man and the greatest scheemer in the state, will be very apt to cut his wisdom teeth after he gets here. We have western men who, like old Peter Franciscoe, can surround five British officers—perhaps five down easters too! It must be recollected who the settlers in the west are—the choice cream of the old states—the intelligent, enterprising and ambitious young men, who have dared to push their fortunes far from the business and the enjoyments of their own native homes.

The whole population of Missouri, according to the late census, is 244,208—voters, 41,175—slaves, 46,649; population of Chariton county, 3,482—voters, 599—slaves, 621; population of Salina county on the opposite (south) side of the river, 3,421—voters, 481—slaves, 1000; population of Howard county, east of Chariton, 13,773—voters, 17,27—slaves, 3390. Howard county is not more than twenty-five miles square—it is one of the thickest settled parts of the state, and will serve to give you some idea of the density of the population, et cætera. The country here has been settled 20 years or so—consequently has some claims to antiquity.—Society is no longer in its elements—the scum and froth of every new place has passed away. The uncultivated pioneer who cannot brook the restraints of government and the proximity of civilized refinements has plunged farther into the wilderness. I have seen little of border life—nothing of that wild and reckless race which writers on the west are so fond of portraying.

But I have *a call;* and must stop short. Your affectionate friend, J. H. B.

We make a goddes of Fortune, says Juvenal, and place it in the highest heaven. But it is not fortune that is exalted and powerful, but we ourseves that are abject and weak. We strive to make externals a part of ourselves, over which fortune has power, neglecting that which is within, over which she has none. The storm may strip the mountain of its garniture, and expose its breasts to the winds—but the mountain remains. Bias flying from his country, which was wrapt in flames, and reeking with the blood of the vanquished, incumbered himself with none of his goods, or rather, says his biographer, bore them all in his breast, not to be seen by the eye, but prized by the soul, enclosed by the narrow dwelling of the mind, not to be demolished by mortal hands, fixed with those that are settled, not retarding those that travel, and not forsaking those that fly.

A long nose.—Napoleon used to say, 'strange as it may appear, when I want any good head-work done, I choose a man with a long nose.—His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observation of men, I have almost invariably found a long nose and a long head to go together.'

MARRIED.

At Wheatland, on the 23d inst. by Caleb Allen, Esq. Mr. Chandler P White, to Miss Laura Sampson.

At South Avon, on the 18th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Mr. Jonas Weed, to Miss Caroline Maria Story, all of Avon.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.

TO MY ABSENT WIFE:

My Dear, have you forgot that solemn vow,
That sacred vow, that nuptial vow, *my wife?*
Ah! can't you, *don't* you, well remember now,
How fair you promised then, *for all your life?*

You said you'd cleave to me, through weal, thro' wo;
My fortunes, good or bad, you'd ne'er forsake;
Through all these checkered paths you'd cheerful go;
And nought but death should e'er our union break.

Such honied words I thought must all be true;
With brightest visions did they please me then—
But Oh! how little I of women knew!
And you, perhaps, as little too, of men.

Ah! now, and so it is, I'm all alone!
I might as well be dead—God bless my dear—
You've been a kind and loving wife, I own—
Upon my soul, I wish that you were here.

How many bright and cheerful days we've passed
Since first I was your fond admiring beau;
In love we've even drawn—I fear too fast—
The yoke's in two, and we're apart you know.

Dear Ann, you've ever been most good and kind.
In all the world there's none who's half so true;
How closely have our hearts in union twined,
How often has my soul been cheered by you.

With lightest step, and cheerful, gayest heart,
I used to seek my ever-pleasing home;
But since we first began to live apart,
To that loved spot I always sighing come.

Those honied words---that holy nuptial day—
My mem'ry 's strong, I never can forget—
You've gone—in fact, you almost ran away—
But 'tis too late to play the wild coquet.

I gave consent---but then you teased me so—
And well you knew I never could refuse
Your every wish. I said that you might go—
And here I am just dying with the "blues!"

I'd give a world to have you back again;
A thousand welcomes will I keep in store
Till you come home again to me—and then
I'll be a little wiser than before.

But can't your mother kindly spare you *now?*
She gave me Ann—I thought she "gave to keep"—
She's got her back—*my daughter too!* I vow!
Besides, she's cheated me of half my sleep.

I must the rules of contract better learn,
Or they'll expel me from the legal corps;
I'll to the pages of our Lawyers turn,
And guide my future life by legal lore.

I always heard the world had "ups and downs;"
And even Holy Writ can't be more true;
And that to each were just and proper bounds—
My soul! I wish the "downs" were short and few.

When in "the downs," there's comfort after all:
For then we know "the ups" will soon come round;
And when we've caught the farthest, lowest fall,
We next begin to tread on vantage ground.

I'll cheer my spirits up; for soon we'll meet:
The world has not a world of parting grown;
If so, the plan must be not half complete;
And sadly out of place have things been thrown.

The world is round, in space---it wheels around;
And if we trace this broad creation through,
The same pervading system will be found,
All nature to returning circle true.

And just as much the moral rounds prevail.
"The ups and downs," the pleasures and the pains;
Through all, our bark of life in turn must sail,
And bear along the losses and the gains.

Nor can affection long in tangent line,
Resist that central cord that draws it home;
It may recede, but only for a time;
'Twill quickly toward that ruling center come.

We may as well to fortune be resigned,
Bear what we must, shun evil when we can,
With philosophic, calm, contented mind,
Receive the lot that Heaven designed for man.

But come, do hasten home, come quick I pray,
I fain would quit this gloomy preaching trade—
I am but half myself, the neighbors say,
And that a half a man seems vainly made.

New England's greenest hills, I know them well;
The Yankees too, that crafty trusty race;
'Tis there my youth's endeared companions dwell;
I know New England is a happy place.

Yet once you left that pleasant land for me,
You left those mountain scenes without a sigh,
You crossed the lovely vale of Genesee,
And swore with me to live, with me to die.

Then can't you leave our loved New England now?
She is no brighter, dearer now, than then;
And I have ever kept that sacred vow:
Come! with your presence cheer my home again.

And there's my child, you say she calls for Pa;
How gladly would she sit on father's knee,
How full would be her childish joy, Mamma;
Would you that joy full brightly sparkling see?

When you return 'twill be a joyous hour,
I'll greet you with my best, my kindest kiss;
The world, I trust, will then possess the power
No more to interrupt our heartfelt bliss.

FLAVEL.

The following is one of the most touching little pieces we have met with for many a day. It is taken from an English Annual for 1838.—*Alb. Eve. Jour.*

THE BRIDE'S RETURN.

She hath her wish,—for which in vain
She pined in restless dreams—
'Oh mother! is this home again?
How desolate it seems!
Yet all the dear familiar things
Look as they did of yore;
But oh! the change this sad heart brings,—
This is my home no more!

'I left thee!—like the dove of old
I left thy parent breast—
But on life's waste of waters cold
My soul hath found no rest!
And back the weary bird is come,
Its woes—its wanderings o'er;
Ne'er from the holy ark to roam—
Yet this is home once more!

'Oh Mother! sing my childhood's songs;
They fall like summer rain
On this worn heart, that vainly longs
To be ALL thine again!
Speak comfort to me! call me yet
'THY Mary'—as of yore;
Those words could make me half forget—
That this is home no more!

'Sit near me! Oh this hour repays
Long years of lonely pain;
I feel as if the old bright days
Were all come back again!
My heart beats thick with happy dreams—
Mine eyes with tears run o'er!
Thou'rt with me, mother! Oh it seems
Like home!—our home no more!

'Oh home and mother! can ye not
Give back my heart's glad youth?
The vision which my soul forgot,
Or learnt to doubt their truth!
Give back my childhood's peaceful sleep,
Its aimless hopes restore!—
Ye cannot!—mother, let me weep—
For this is home no more!'

Thou mourner for departed dreams!
On earth there is no rest—
When grief hath troubled the pure streams—
Of memory in thy breast!
A shadow on thy path shall lie
Where sunshine laughed before;
Look upwards to the happy sky!—
Earth is thy home no more!

From the Troy Budget.

The following lines were written by Miss CYNTHIA H. STOW, who perished in the sad and melancholy wreck of the "Home" in October last, and were given to her brother a few hours before she embarked on her fatal voyage. He has handed them to us for publication, of which indeed they are worthy. There is a deep melancholy pervading them which is 'pleasant though mournful to the soul,' and, one can easily imagine, almost prophetic of the afflictive event which overtook the gifted author. If the doctrine, that the dead are the unwearied witnesses of our conduct and our constant attendants, be true, how beautiful and touchingly appropriate are the first three stanzas!

Miss Stow was a young lady of superior attainments, of a well regulated mind and of uncommon promise. She was educated in this city; and there are not a few here who can appreciate her worth and sincerely sympathize with her relatives in their irreparable loss.

TO MY BROTHER.

When the last rays, at twilight's hour,
Fall gently o'er the drooping flower—
When mists are gathering on the hill,
Nor sound is heard save mountain rill;
Then hear the echo whispering near,
In softest accents to thine ear—
I love thee, dearest brother!

When silence reigns through earth and sea—
When glows the star of Memory—
When Music wakes her thrilling tone,
And Autumn winds around thee moan—
Their accents hear, and oh rejoice!
For, hark! there comes a well-known voice—
I love thee, dearest brother!

When Fancy lifts her radiant wing,
And morning birds around thee sing—
When Joy lights up the beaming eye,
And Love's enchantment too is nigh—
When calm blue waters round thee flow,
Then hear thy sister breathing low—
I love thee, dearest brother!

Should Disappointment's withering breath
Consign thy brightest hopes to death—
Should Friendship's trust, in boyhood made,
In after years prove faith betrayed;
Then to thy sister yet return,
For oh, her heart will fondly burn
To clasp her dearest brother!

Should Sorrow cloud thy coming years,
And bathe thy prospects all in tears,
Remember that the Rainbow's hue
Is bright 'mid clouds and sunshine too;
Remember though we're doomed to part,
There lives one fond and faithful heart
That loves her dearest brother!

From the Augusta Georgia Constitutionalist.

We received from New-York, the following beautiful lines on the death of Miss Cynthia H. Stow, [formerly of Geneva, N. Y.,] who perished in the unfortunate steam packet Home, wrecked on her recent voyage from New-York to Charleston. Miss Stow, although comparatively a stranger among us, from her conciliating manners and education, had won the good opinion and affection of many of our citizens; and many tears—and those too of sincere friendship—have been shed in this city for her untimely end.

DEATH OF MISS C. H. STOW

If worth and beauty to our hearts are dear,
Well may thy fate demand from us a tear;
Oh! early snatched from kindred's tender ties,
No soothing friend to close thy dying eyes—
The sea thy bed—perchance, a rock thy pillow—
Thy winding sheet the ocean's crested billow,
To thee what boots it, if 'neath wave or sod,
So thy pure spirit soars to meet its God:
He knew thy virtues and he thought it best
From earthly woes to take thee to his breast.
Tho' rough thy passage to thy home of bliss,
Thy spirit joys that thou art free from this
Sad world of wo, of misery and guile,
To live rejoicing in thy Maker's smile.
A stranger, tribute to thy mem'ry pays,
Who knew thee not but from another's praise—
But well that one could thy sad story tell,
For, ah! he loved thee—and he knew thee well.
Peace to his heart—and when to that dark bourne
(From which we know no traveler may return,)
He winds his way, may glory 'round him shine,
And angels greet him with a smile like thine.

ISABELLA.

From the Portsmouth Journal.

TO AN INFANT.

We welcome thee, young blossom!
To this varying clime of ours—
Where many a bud hath never blown,
And few are the perfect flowers!

Welcome, though whether on hill, or in vale,
The lines of thy life be cast,
The cloud and the storm will be o'er thy way,
And the calm—which is soonest past!

Yet we bid thee warm, warm welcome,
E'en while that brow of thine,
Receives the kiss of a stranger's lip,
As joyously as mine.

And thy gentle hand gives pressure
To those not warm for thee;
And thy sinless eye will as brightly beam
On others as on me!

Why is it I so love thee?
Oh, never can'st thou give
To me, such streams of tenderness,
As in my bosom live;

Thou'lt seek another channel,
For thine affection's flow—
Chasing what will not turn to thee—
But onward, onward go!

And this is nature—yet how wise,
How kind the impulse given;
If affection met its full return,
Who, who would sigh for Heaven?

'Tis a love allied more strongly,
Than aught which we can know,
To that which fills our Father's heart
So careless in its flow;

Though unreturned—unheeded—
It keeps the soul s recess,
All pure, and self-forgetting,
In the one desire to bless!

I may not wait the radiance
Of thy reason, beauteous one!
I may have pass'd the scenes of change,
To where no doubt shall come.

Or I may live to see bestowed
Indifference on me—
I could not speak of when my care
Was life and strength to thee!

Thine eye may gather glory,
As dimness comes to mine;
Thy step be fleet, thy pulse beat high,
As mine shall each decline;

And thou may'st coldly turn thee from
The furrows of my brow,
My faded cheek—which early care
Is caving even now!

But shall my watch for this be less?
No, no—the thought be gone!
I'll guard thee e'en more tenderly,
Nor cease till life is done.

One thing I can securely do—
The pencillings of truth
The world can never quite erase
If graven deep in youth;

Then will I give to thy young mind,
Strong lessons, and divine,
And love which is denied to earth,
In Heaven may still be mine!

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson.

$1 mail, $1,50 city, in advance.

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MISCELLANY.

THE PAGE.

A STORY OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES IX.

From the German.

The Duke Lewis Gonzaga, the heir of Mantua, was standing by the window of his chamber in the Louvre. He had just dismissed the attendant, and had extinguished the lights which he had placed upon the table, as if to surround himself without with the same gloom which weighed upon his spirit within. In this, however, he was unsuccessful: for the silver moonlight, which had at first been overpowered by the glare of the tapers, now poured into the apartment in its full lustre, and illuminated the busy and crowded street beneath. The light which streamed upon all objects around him seemed to increase the discomposure of the Prince; he gazed from the window with looks of impatience almost approaching to passion.

"Am I not a fool," said he at length, "thus to fall in love with a statue, and still more so to lose my temper, that a mere statue should be without heart and without feeling? Yes, a statue indeed, she is rightly named; such is Diana of Nevers. But, I will have done with this folly. I will direct my affections to a worthier object. Her companion, the Princess Renee, has charms that, had not mine eyes been blinded by some spell, must have cast into the shade the marble beauties of Diana. She is the sister of the King. True; but a Prince—who sees before him in no remote perspective the prospect of a throne, may surely, without presumption, lift his eyes even to that lofty prize. Yes, Diana, you have rejected my hand—you have forbidden my attentions—you shall be gratified; I shall bestow them elsewhere."

His soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of an attendant, who, astonished at finding the tapers extinguished, stood in the doorway without entering.

"What is the matter?" said the Duke with some irritation.

"My Lord, the unknown page, who has called twice without seeing you, is here a third time. He observed you enter the palace, and though I told him you had given orders not to be disturbed, he will not go away, but insists on speaking to you. I have therefore ventured to announce him."

"Light the tapers again," said the Duke, endeavoring to overcome the remnant of his feeling of ill-humor. "Let him enter."

A young man entered, dressed in the plain garb of a citizen, yet arranged with a certain air of studied simplicity; its dark color relieved by a small white scarf, worn on the shoulder, like that of a knight. The Duke eyed his visitor with astonishment; for the figure which this simple attire invested was one to which the court of Charles, remarkable as it then was for its display of manly beauty, scarcely furnished a parallel. The fine proportion of the limbs was equalled by the beauty of the features, on which sat an expression of boldness derived from the consciousness of their power, with which, however, the modesty of his bearing was at variance.

"What is your wish with me?" said Don Lewis, with a piercing look, and in a tone in which his secret vexation was perceptible.

The youth made a sudden and apparently almost involuntary movement, as if to clasp his hand; he dropped his own, however, immediately, and said with some confusion, "To obtain something which at present you do not seem inclined to grant, and yet upon which my whole hope is placed."

"And that is"—— continued the Duke, still eyeing him steadily.

"It is three days," replied the youth, "since I came to Paris: on the very day of my arrival your first page was killed by a fall of his horse in hunting. I come to ask his place; for I am not accustomed to make my way up to preferment from below."

"Hah!—that place is not to be obtained so lightly. Who are you?"

"A stranger," replied the youth, "as my accent must have informed you. I am what I appear. If you are pleased with my outside, you shall not find yourself deceived in the inner man; but I have no recommendations to present you.

"Whence are you then? of what family?"

"If I please you, my lord, my zeal shall do no discredit to it."

"You may please me, but that is not enough."

"Let it be enough. How easy it would be for me to invent a story, to exhibit papers and letters of recommendation; but I disdain to deceive a good and confiding master by a lie, and I *cannot* tell the truth. My wish is simply to form myself under so renowned a master of arms, and believe me I shall do you no discredit."

"What is your name?"

"I call myself Caussade de St. Megret; but that is not my real name."

"Young man, I too am young, but older than you. Believe me, no good can come of half revelations. If you would gain my confidence—be open with me. Tell me all."

"Duke!" exclaimed the youth, interrupting him, "have I not already in what I have said shown the greatest confidence? I intrust you with my life, with my happiness—and willingly would I intrust you with all, did not the vow which I have made to my lady forbid."

"Your lady!" repeated the Duke, scarcely restraining a slight sneer as his eye glided over the beardless beauty of the youth, and rested on the white scarf he wore; "and that scarf is of course of her color?"

"Even so," said the youth.

"Strange!" whispered Gonzaga to himself—and the word was no sooner uttered than a sudden thought seemed to cross his mind. He rose and stood for a moment before the mirror, as if comparing his own noble and expressive features with those of the youth; then continuing his whispered soliloquy, "Be it so," he said. "Could I find a better or fitter revenge than that this proud beauty should prefer the page to the prince, the boy to the man?—that she has perhaps already done so. I will make the experiment. Caussade," turning to the page, "I will try at least how far you are qualified to fill the place of my poor follower."

That very evening Caussade was admitted into the service of the Prince. He seemed overjoyed at his situation. Not so Gonzaga himself. As he lay that night tossing on his couch, he began a little to repent the precipitancy with which he had acted. The reflection occurred to him that he had thus perhaps been the means of enabling an adventurer to prosecute some unworthy design against her whom he secretly—though he could hardly say why—believed to be the object of his attentions, and yet he felt again as if he could rely securely on the cold heart and icy virtue of Diana. A voice within whispered that she who had remained untouched by the honorable homage of the Prince's heart, would not yield to the arts or idle flatteries of a page. He determined, however, to keep a watchful eye on both; and should his worst apprehensions be confirmed, he would then at least have the bitter comfort of knowing that Diana had been unworthy of his love, and would be enabled to banish entirely every lingering thought of her from his bosom.

Several weeks elapsed, but with all his attention the Duke could perceive no traces of the least intelligence or even acquaintance between the page and the fair Diana. He thought he perceived indeed, that when Caussade was in the company of the Princess of Nevers, and her friend the Princess Renee, as he sometimes had occasion to be, while in attendance on the person of the Prince, the page's eye sparkled with unusual lustre; but if so, it encountered no answering glow on the part of Diana; and her look still wore that calm and moveless beauty which formed its habitual expression. To the Duke himself, since she had declined the offer of his hand, her conduct was marked by all her former gentleness; nay, he almost thought at times that he could trace an air of pity in her eye, as it rested upon him—though the instant he turned towards her, or addressed her, she seemed to shrink into herself, and to resume her former air of impassiveness.

While Caussade continued to rise in the good graces of his master, his position among his fellow-servants was very different. In proportion as he was zealous and dutiful in presence of his master, he was dictatorial and imperious among the household; contriving with great dexterity to throw upon his companions all the troublesome and disagreeable duties of his office, and yet in such a manner that they did not venture to complain, for the rapid and mysterious way in which he had at once been placed over their heads, and the obvious freedom with which he treated even his master, plainly showed that he was far deeper in the Duke's confidence than themselves. His uncommon dexterity in every thing relating to hunting, and the presence of mind which he had occasional opportunities of showing, had not only won the favor of the Duke, but even attracted the notice of the King, at whose hunting parties he now formed a regular attendant. To the King's inquiry after his birth, he had answered that he was the son of a nobleman of Savoy; and although his accent was evidently that of a foreigner, he spoke French with so much fluency, that it would have required a more practised ear than was then to be found at the Court to determine to what nation he owed his birth.

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It was on a fine summer morning about this time, when the rays of the sun, though giving promise of a sultry day, still shone only with a mild and refreshing warmth, that two females were seen standing side by side on a terrace of the castle of Vincennes, to which the Court had removed with the commencement of summer. An arbor, composed of rare and fragrant plants arranged in flower-pots, the branches of which were entwined in festoons above their heads, shaded them from the sun, and almost concealed them from the eye.

The one was little, delicate, ethereal, such as one would picture a sylph, through a complexion inclining to the brunette, and two dark eyes that sparkled like playful lightning, gave token, after all, of her terrestial origin. The other was tall, slender, with features of the most regular beauty; the slightest tinge of color animated her cheek; mildness and repose spoke from the dark hue of her eye, while a dewy moisture within it gave to her countenance an expression of still melancholy, which seemed to speak of sacrifice and resignation. The former was the princess Renee of France—the latter her friend, Diana of Nevers.

The cheerful note of preparation for the hunt, which rose from the castle court below, had aroused the royal princess at an early hour. Waking her friend, who, according to the custom of the time, shared with her, as *dame d'. tours*, her chamber and her couch, they hastened, in light morning attire, to the terrace, where, concealed within their flowery arbor, they waited to witness the departure of the royal caval-

cade. They stood there in silence, with eyes and ears intent, till the train wound out, the last blast of the horn sounded, and the castle gates were again closed. The Princess Renee turned to her friend with a look of archness in her countenance. She saw that the shade of pensiveness which generally characterised her looks had now gathered itself into tears.

"Do I see aright?" she exclaimed joyfully. "Yes; you are not the cold statue which the Court calls you. Ah! that stolen glance, which sought you from below, I see, has found its object. You have a heart, Diana; conceal it not."

Diana looked at her as if with surprise. "I observed no glance," said she, with a constrained smile, through which, however, a suppressed sigh made its way.

"Happy girl!" replied the Princess, lightening her heart by a loud sigh, which she did not seek to suppress. "Why deny it? You are not prevented by the ceremonial of a court or the caprice of an imperious brother from following the inclinations of your heart. Why look you on me so suspiciously? Lay that glowing cheek on my bosom, and confess to me—'Sister, I am happy.' Ah! had that glance been directed to me!" And so saying, she embraced her friend with agitation, burying her cheeks and eyes in her bosom, as if seeking to conceal the tears which threatened to burst forth amidst the folds of her drapery.

"I understand ye not, Renee; speak more plainly."

"The glance—must I speak it?—of the fair Caussade," whispered the Princess, looking up with an air of suspicious fear: "he alone observed us. As he rode out, I saw him turn round twice to gaze upon you."

"I observed him not," said Diana, coldly, almost contemptuously.

"And yet there glitters a trembling moisture in your eye. On whom, if not on him, were its glances directed? Why do you blush? I disguise not my feelings. My brother's train consists of the very flower of chivalry. To Charles himself Nature has not been indifferent; but I have eyes only for one. Forgive your friend if, occupied with her own thoughts, she has failed to spy out your favorite, and tell me, without further concealment, who, amidst that glittering cavalcade, appears the fairest and the most amiable in *your* eyes. Nay, no preaching tones," said she, laying her finger on Diana's lips. "Be gentle; repel not my confidence; for I, too, feel impelled, by an irresistible temptation, to deposit a sweet secret in your breast. Who is the fairest and the most amiable?"

"Be it so then," said Diana, gazing on her with a look of anxiety, "your confidence is dearer to me than any thing. The fairest, say you—in truth, Renee, I know not—but the most amiable is the Duke Gonzaga."

"Gonzaga!" exclaimed the Princess, with surprise, "and is it he you love?"

"Love him!" repeated Diana, "I said not that; and yet, Renee"—and she with difficulty repressed her tears,—"I almost believe so. But fear not. You see how his whole attachment, his whole attentions are directed to you alone. Mistake me not. It is not love,—it is sisterly anxiety which agitates me. What can come of it? Your brother will never bestow your hand upon the Duke."

"I love him not," said the Princess, hastily; "but you!——This does indeed surprise me. Why then did you refuse his hand, or are the reports of his secret courtship and your refusal untrue? I cannot believe it."

"Were he again to offer me his hand it would be again refused," said Diana, sinking her eyes to the ground.

"How am I to understand this?"

"His happiness is too dear to me to allow me to sacrifice his prospects on my account. A princely coronet in prospect is his; but were his uncle in Mantua dead, his pretensions are not so clear, so undisputed, but that in that land of intrigue he would have ample need of powerful connections, active relations, and ample treasures to support his claims. What could the poor parentless Princess of Nevers do for him? A union with me would only close the door against his rights and make his wife a burden to him."

"Strange, overscrupulous girl!" said the Princess, looking at her intently and with surprise—"You might be happy, and yet for the sake of a mere chimera you sacrifice that happiness. Alas! what have we poor maidens left in this world, if we are voluntarily to sacrifice its brightest jewel—love? I must resign it, I was born to do so—but you—strange!"

"Then learn from me, dear Renee, to make the sacrifice patiently when it must be made."

"I shall make none to which I am not compelled by outward force," said Renee, with emotion. "And so it is to me that your faithless swain pays his court? I will not deny that I was flattered by the thought of being able by a gentle smile to atone for your coldness; but now since this confidence I look upon the matter in another light. I love him not—and could not—Oh! Diana, ungrateful friend"—stopping short, and concealing her glowing cheeks on the bosom of her friend—"Oh, Diana! you have attached to yourself a sweeter glance, and will not perceive it: Oh! how I loathe this greatness, which scares from the heart every feeling of love."

"What do you mean," said Diana; "and of what glance do you speak?"

"Of that which reached you without your knowing of it—of that of the handsome Caussade."

"The madman!" replied Diana, in a tone of irritation. "True, it is not the first time I have witnessed his shameless glances—not directed indeed to me, but to you: although I will not deny it, I perceived also that he had no objection to make use of me as a device to conceal their true direction. Be candid with me, Renee! you know it as well as I; trust not the audacious youth."

"I wished but to hear it confirmed by you," said Renee, blushing; "but you call him shameless, audacious. Why so? because he has an open heart—an eye for beauty—because love gives him courage to dare any thing"——

Their conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of some of the attendants of the Princess, to announce that her presence was required in some of the usual monotonous avocations of the day. Nor did the friends find an opportunity of meeting again till the vesper bells were ringing, and the hunting party, amidst a peal of woodland music, had re-entered the castle.

Renee pressed the hand of Diana, and whispered, "I have thought of all you said. You are a saint, Diana, however heathenish your name may sound. Yet even the saints are permitted to be happy—and, by our Lady, I shall do my best to make you so: Gonzaga shall be yours."

"For God's sake," exclaimed the Princess of Nevers, in terror, "let me not have occasion to repent my confidence in you!"

"That you shall not," replied Renee. "Confide in me: I will not interfere, if such is your resolve; but, at least, be not angry if I would fain learn whether Gonzaga is to be the man. Listen, and do not chide me. I have spent the morning, as usual, in the apartment of the Duchess of Mantua, tumbling over her books. She is a very learned lady, as you know, though she makes little pretension to it. Among others, I met with a thick quarto volume, written on vellum, and illuminated with strange painted figures. Know you of what the book treated? Of natural magic! The Duchess and I talked a great deal about it: it is all perfectly innocent, I assure you. And now, tell me"—said she, pausing, and putting her finger to her forehead—"do you happen to have in your possession any sword or weapon belonging to your family?"

"I believe," said Diana, with some surprise, "my brothers, when they joined the army, left a number of articles in my possession; and that there are weapons among them."

"Excellent!" exclaimed her friend, clapping her hands joyfully together. "Come, come!" And hurrying to the wardrobe, she was not long in finding a sword among its miscellaneous contents.

"But explain, explain," cried Diana, following her.

"We have found what was wanting. Ere tomorrow morning—if you have courage to confide in good spirits—you shall know whether Gonzaga is destined to be yours or not. Natural magic, you must know, Diana, teaches us, that if any one, man or woman, wishes to know whether the beloved object shall be theirs, she must place under his pillow a naked sword; and if she dream of him during the night, when he sleeps above the blade, her wishes shall be realised. Why do you look at me thus doubtingly? The hour is favorable. The Duke is engaged at a late dinner with the King: we can cross his mother's apartment, who is now gone to vespers. A small stair, as you know, leads from her chamber to his sleeping-room: we cannot be surprised; and we can easily conceal the weapon in the folds of our robes."

The princess of Nevers had listened in silence, with a blush on her cheek: she had voluntarily pressed the hand of her friend—a gentle hope seemed unconsciously to arise in her mind and to be reflected in her looks; but suddenly calming her emotion, she exclaimed, "To the Duke's chamber. Oh! never—never will I do that which would call a blush into my cheek, even though undetected; I will never do that which the whole world might not behold. Would Renee of France advise her friend to do what she conceives to be beneath her own dignity?"

"Had I the same inducement, Diana, I would not hesitate an instant."

"I cannot."

"And you believe me capable of leading my friend into a snare I would myself avoid? Give me the sword, I will myself place it under his pillow."

"You! the sister of the King, enter the chamber of the Duke!"

"And why not? He is not there. Come to the window; see how busily the pages and servants are still occupied with the banquet. Come, I will take your place."

"O, Renee, be prudent. Should any one meet you"——

"Accompany me only to the Duchess's apartment. Once there, all is easy. On the little stair leading to the Duke's there is no chance of meeting any one. And should impossibilities happen," she added, "a Princess may lose her way in the dark passages of the castle as well as others."

"Do as you will then," said Diana, "but remember your promise."

They soon reached the apartment of the Duchess. Renee, light as a nymph, with one finger placed on her smiling mouth, and the sword in her other hand, flew without hesitation towards the door in the tapestry leading to the stair, and disappeared. Anxiously, and with beating heart, Diana awaited her return in the middle of the room; she could not hear a footstep, so gently had the Princess ascended the stair. She counted, with anxiety, the minutes till her return, which was not long delayed; but instead of the noiseless step with which she had mounted the stairs, Diana now heard her rush down the stair as if pursued. She burst into the room, glowing, breathless, almost sinking to the ground but for the support of the sword which she still held in her hand, and with terror in her looks she threw herself into the clasping arms of her friend.

"What has happened?" exclaimed the latter, almost on the point of fainting, like her friend.

"Oh, nothing—nothing; and yet everything! Nothing that will betray you; but I—I am lost. And yet would I not exchange that moment for a crown."

"Speak—speak—I am dying with anxiety and terror," interrupted Diana.

"Oh! would I had died before this," cried the princess, bursting out into a passion of tears. "But stay—calm yourself—you shall hear all. First, however, we must conceal the sword," and seating herself, she enveloped it dexterously in the folds of her dress. "Listen, then. I reached the Duke's chamber. The atmosphere felt faint and sultry—I never was conscious of such a feeling of oppression. I summoned up courage, however, and stood for a moment listening under the doorway. All was still around me—not a hush. Alas, it was a treacherous stillness. I advanced towards the bed with a stealthy pace. I drew back, with hasty hand, the silken curtains. The chamber, as you know, fronts the west. The last ruddy rays of the setting sun illuminated the couch. Oh! conceive my terror!—there he lay."

"How?—who? The Duke? Oh! my God!"

"No!—the graceful page, Caussade de St. Megret. The lazy page, tired with hunting, and, perhaps, unwilling to be caught asleep by his fellow-servants, had availed himself of his master's absence at the banquet to enjoy an hour upon his bed. I had never an opportunity of seeing him so near—so exactly. And now I comprehended why I had found the air of the apartment so sultry, so oppressive."

"And you hurried away immediately," cried Diana, clasping her hand.

Renee shook her head. "I could not, at first. I was fettered—fascinated"——and she paused.

"But why did you hurry back in such terror, Princess?"

"He awoke. Nay, start not. He did not recognise me. As he opened his eyes I vanished. He may have observed my flight, but ere he could raise himself from the couch I was gone. Chide me not, Diana; it was done through love of thee."

"But not through my wish, Princess;" then changing her tone of displeasure to one of deep pity—"Alas! Renee," said she, as she witnessed the agitation of her friend, "If this be love, I thank God for that coldness of heart with which you reproached me. Cold it is not! but it knows no flame like this. You terrify me. You love an adventurer, of whom the Duke himself, it appears, knows little, though he conceals his ignorance in a veil of mystery, that he may not appear to have been guilty of a foolish action. Renee, Princess, think of the consequences."

"The consequences!" repeated Renee, boldly. "I will tell you what they will be. First, a brief, happy dream of love, then a long and hapless marriage. I will secure some moments of happiness first, that I may have strength to bear my misery afterwards. Fear me not, though I am made of different mould from thee. Your friend, and the sister of a king, will not forget her rank; but to see him—to listen to the accents of his voice—to speak to him"——

"Speak to him!" exclaimed Diana, in terror.

"Not with words; but I fear my glances have spoken long before. Listen, Diana; it was but lately the King communicated to me that the second son of the King of England, the Duke of —— ah! what care I for the name—is a suitor for my hand. His picture will arrive immediately. Short is the space, then, allowed me to be my own mistress. If I lose it"——

"But if some spy—if the King himself"——

"The King! I fear him not. We have nothing to fear from the jealousy of any one except Gonzaga; and against his jealous observation a beloved friend knows how to guard us."

"I!" cried Diana, with anxiety.

"Why that look of terror? I ask not much. I ask you only, as before, to be by my side—to follow my footsteps—to watch my glances—to let him dwell upon your face when jealous observers are by; be my protecting spirit, if you will not be the patron of my love."

Reconciled, but not calmed, Diana withdrew from her friend's embrace to her chamber. The lively temperament of her friend—the recklessness with which she was accustomed to give free play to her inclinations, were not calculated to remove the fear she felt of some unfortunate issue, and it was with an anxious heart and gloomy presentiments that she retired to rest.

Renee, on the contrary, would readily have regained her ordinary lightheartedness, had not her apprehensions been awakened again by an unfortunate discovery. In undressing, she found she had lost a white silk sash, with a gold clasp ornamented with rubies, which had been the gift of her royal brother, and which the beauty of the workmanship would have enabled any one easily to recognise. She thought of her hasty retreat from the Duke's bedroom, and began to fear she might have dropt it on the stair, or even in the room itself. In this case it might have fallen into the hands of the Duke or of a servant, who could hardly be expected to conceal the discovery, and thus a detection might take place which would be attended with the most disagreeable consequences. So terrified was she that she did not even dare to consult Diana; but paying an early morning visit to the Duchess's apartment, she carried her eyes vainly into every corner; listened to every whisper among the attendants, but still without hearing of any thing having been found; and now the certainty that the sash must have been dropt outside the Duchess's room, increased her anxiety. Neither this day nor the following did any thing occur to throw light upon its disappearance. On the third day the King had another hunting party; but this time the Princess had not the heart to watch their departure. In the mean time it had occurred to her as possible, that the missing ornament might have fallen into the hands either of some covetous servant, or that perhaps some more trusty attendant, knowing or suspecting its owner, was only waiting a proper opportunity of placing it again in her hand.

Allowing her friend then to attend the Duchess that morning, she herself, under some pretext, took her away towards a gallery which connected her apartments with those of the King, and to which the way led through one or two narrow and solitary passages. As she was passing through one of these, Caussade suddenly presented himself before her. She had supposed him at the hunt, and was struck dumb by his unexpected appearance. What was her consternation, however, when, after casting a hasty glance around him, he knelt down, and without uttering a word, presented to her the sash with the ruby clasp.

What she would have snatched with avidity from any other hand, she allowed to remain for some moments in his. His evident conviction that she was its owner, his position, his silence, all announced to her that he had recognised her in the Duke's apartment, and she felt horror-struck at the conclusion he might have drawn from her presence there. She ventured not to ask a question or to deign to him a look either of censure or of thanks; as she stretched out her arms to receive the sash, the hands of both trembled so that they involuntarily touched each other; and the ear of the agitated Princess caught the words, whispered soft and low, "I alone know of the discovery, and I am silent and true."

The words pointed too plainly towards the suspicion of a secret understanding between the Princess and the Duke, to allow Renee to hesitate a moment in putting an end to the suspicion. At first, however, her offended dignity could not find words. "It is well then for your master," said she gravely, "that you are so. To me you owe nothing, farther than that respect which my sex if not my dignity demands. That respect might teach you to believe that nothing but a mistake could have led my steps from the apartment of the Duchess-mother to that of her son; my very agitation on discovering you might have convinced you of this."

She paused, she could not proceed; a deep blush purpled her cheeks, and, unknown to herself, a look betrayed to Caussade what the mouth of the Princess would not for worlds have revealed to him.

It was true she had been discovered. Caussade had scarcely laid himself down on the Duke's bed, when he heard the tapestry pushed aside. Fearful of being surprised, he had drawn the curtains hastily together, and looked through the small opening still left. The open and almost smiling countenance of the Princess; the drawn sword in her hand, the haste and anxiety with which she approached the bed, were an enigma to him. Her terror on discovering him changing the same moment into a look of too expressive admiration, flattered his excited fancy too much not to quench every jealous suspicion which her appearance there might have at first awakened; and her sudden flight, when he pretended to awake, served to confirm the pleasing conclusions he had drawn.

"I was aware," he replied, without losing his presence of mind, notwithstanding the severity of the Princess' tone, "I was aware the instant you fled that your entrance was the consequence of mistake. And the proof that I did so, is that I did not mention to my master what I had found—as I should otherwise have thought myself bound to do, and that I had been vainly seeking an opportunity for two days past of restoring it to you."

"I thank you," said the Princess in a milder tone, "and will not forget your discretion."

"O, Princess," sighed he, still kneeling, "if you are not in truth offended with me, leave me a memorial of this hour, the sweetest of my life—when I was first permitted to exchange words with you. Take the jewels, but leave me this silken band, valueless to you—to me of priceless, value."

Alas! poor Renee was in no condition to chide. Her thoughts were all confusion; terror, delight, maidenly shame, the recollections of her rank, crossed and bewildered each other; at last, in a tone, to which she endeavored to impart as much of coldness and indifference as she could throw into the words, she said, "keep the whole, it is enough for me to know that it is in safe hands."

She said no more; she hurried from him as she had done before, but with a look more eloquent that any confession in words. He sprang up, and would have pursued her, but at that instant he heard the door closed and bolted behind her. He paused for a moment, as if in thought. "No!" he exclaimed, 'I were a monster if, after that look, I could believe in any connection with Gonzaga! Now my destiny is decided." And he hurried from the gallery.

When the Princess again reached her chamber, she sank exhausted into a seat. Agitation, repentance, shame, contended in her mind; but she could not but feel that at last every feeling merged in one of satisfaction, almost of transport. She determined to conceal this last secret even from her friend who had no difficulty in discovering, notwithstanding, from her agitated embrace, and unconcious reveries, that something remarkable had taken place.

In the meantime the portrait of the English Prince arrived. It represented a young man, the unpleasing expression of whose features the painter had used all his art to disguise, but with partial success. Even the adroit representations of the embassador, who requested the Princess to suspend her judgment till the arrival of the original, on the ground that nothing but extreme haste could have induced him to present to her a portrait which did the Prince so much injustice, failed to remove the unfavorable impression which the miniature itself had produced. In the present excited state of the Princess's mind, even the disadvantages of the Prince's external appearance seemed rather to afford matter for satisfaction; and among her confidential friends she ventured to give vent to her satirical opinions on the subject, with a freedom which induced the Duchess-mother to remonstrate with her in the most serious manner on her conduct. The King, before whom she took no trouble to disguise her sentiments, measured her with a gloomy expression, but remained silent. He seemed less imperious than wont, but more suspicious, more irritable—a state of mind which was perhaps to be accounted for, or at least was naturally abandoned, by the evil tidings which he at this time received of the fate of the Neapolitan campaign, in which his army, it appeared, had been completely defeated, many of his nobility killed, among others the two Princes de Nevers, the brothers of Diana. This intelligence, deeply as it grieved the heart of Diana, of course put an end to those projects of a conventional life, which her family had entertained for her in her childhood.

She became immediately, as might be expected, the "cynosure of neighboring eyes," the object of adoration at court. By the death of her brothers her fortune had now become enormous. No alteration, however, was observable in her demeanor, except that her friend observed her gentle eye secretly to rest oftener than before on Gonzaga, who with a corresponding anxiety seemed to avoid her glance.

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The King, in the meantime, daily becoming more gloomy and more irritable through corporeal suffering, for his natural weak habit of body had been increased by vexation at the failure of his military schemes, resorted every day to his favorite pastime of hunting, accompanied by a small train, of which Gonzaga and Caussade always formed a part. The latter seemed obviously advancing in his good graces, while his master was as visibly declining—for the attentions which the Duke openly paid to his sister could not escape his notice, while they plainly were in the highest degree distasteful to him; the more so that they appeared on her part to be received with approbation, and that at the very moment when her brother was toiling to raise her to a throne, she was treating the individual whom he had selected only with sarcasm and contempt. With his usual power of controlling his emotions, however, he disguised his irritation; nevertheless, to avail himself of the first opportunity to remove out of his way the impediment which opposed itself to his wishes.

Charles had on one occasion been separated from his train in pursuit of a stag, and had been extricated by the arrival and presence of mind of Caussade, who, however, had only succeeded in preserving the King's life, at the price of a severe wound, which was followed by a fainting fit occasioned by loss of blood. The King sprung from his horse, and hurried, without waiting for the arrival of his train, who were still at some distance, to restore the wounded page to his senses, by tearing open his vest to give him air. The first object on which his eye rested, as the Duke Gonzaga came up, was the white band with the ruby ornament resting on Caussade's breast. He recognised it at a glance. His next rested on the Duke, who, although he

did not recognize the ornament, seemed confounded to see a white silk band so adorned on his page's breast. But remarking the penetrating eye of the King directed upon him, he thought it most prudent to pretend that he had seen nothing; so he hurried to a neighboring spring in search of water, while the King, with sudden resolve, placed the riband within his own breast. Caussade had in the mean time recovered his senses, and ignorant of the loss of his treasure, and delighted at having been the means of preserving the King's life, abandoned himself to a feeling of youthful triumph. He seemed determined not to quit the King's side. The latter, though his brow was clouded, seemed not displeased by his zeal. He gave his train a signal to ride on before, while he followed with Caussade at a little distance.

"Caussade," said he turning suddenly, and directing a piercing glance towards the confounded page, "you have betrayed a secret—but (and thank the saints for it) as I hope, to me alone!—for thus I am enabled to requite life for life. Caussade, how comes my sister's sash in your hands?"

Caussade stood for an instant as if struck by lightning. "Your sister, sire?" said he at last mechanically.

"How comes it in your hands!" repeated the King, still more sternly. "I will promise to conceal what you tell me; but the honor of my house demands inquiry, and I will know how that ornament comes to be on your bosom."

"Sire," said Caussade, who had now recovered his presence of mind, "I know not the owner. A ruby in the clasp had broken loose.—The Duke desired me to have it quietly replaced—perhaps the Princess may have directed him.'

"The Princess!—direct him! Ah! I see you would conceal some intrigue with some of her attendants. No matter, I will not betray the falsehood. Restore that riband to him who intrusted it to you. And be silent with regard to this conversation if you value your life."

The King rode forward. Caussade's handsome lip curled into a sneer. "Yes sire," he whispered to himself, "I might have told you such a tale of myself; but you would not have believed it. Well. The Duke must get out of the scrape now as he can. At all events, his head is not so likely to pay for it as that of a poor page. And I owe him a grudge, since he has taken it upon himself for some time past to direct his glances where they are little wished for."

Caussade was not the man to be daunted by what had taken place; he only followed the King a little more slowly, and when his master entered his own apartments late in the evening, the page seemed almost to have forgotten what had happened. Not so Gonzaga himself. The King had this evening treated him with more than usual coldness. A perpetual cloud seemed to lower upon his brow, and he was frequently lost in gloomy reveries. The Duke could not but ascribe this increased irritability to the adventure of the morning. And setting down all to the credit of the unlucky page, he determined to bring matters to a crisis with him at once.

"It is time, Seigneur Caussade de St. Megret," said he, as soon as they were alone, "that I should tell you plainly what I have hitherto avoided doing. Your glances have long ago betrayed to me too much. But even these, it seems, will no longer content you. An adventurer, who is a riddle even to his patron, and yet is tolerated by him, should at least beware how he ventures to approach, even with his eyes, an element to which, notwithstanding his amphibious nature, he can scarcely hope to raise himself. What the King drew from your breast this morning might be to me a matter of indifference, were it not probable that the monarch holds me answerable for the audacity of my servants,—and had I not observed too the white color of the riband, which looked but too like a pledge of love. I advise you to make me your confidant at once. Have the goodness, Seigneur Caussade, once more to allow me to look at the jewel."

Shame and displeasure appeared to contend with each other in Caussade's features, but he did his best to affect extreme surprise and consternation. "How," said he, "what say you?—in the King's hands? I have indeed missed it with pain. Well, if he interrogates me I must answer him as I may."

"Him—but not me?" cried Gonzaga with anger.

"Towards you I am candid, my Lord Duke. I have told you a vow restrains me."

"If it bind you one moment longer, you remain no more in my service. Stay—whither so fast."

"To take my leave, since such is your Grace's pleasure. Yet permit me to remark, you might have chosen a better time for my dismissal."

"That sounds like a threat. Begone—Quit the castle!"

Suddenly a dark glow shot into Caussade's cheek, which was as quickly exchanged for a deadly paleness. He made a movement as if to lay hand on his sword; but soon calming himself, he darted a look of indignation on the Duke, bowed with an air of mock reverence, and retreated in silence.

The next morning the King paid an early visit to his sister. He appeared more open and cheerful than for some time past; but his good humor seemed to excite the very opposite feeling in the Princess. The subject of her royal suitor was brought upon the carpet, and Renee could not resist indulging in the usual remarks with which she never failed to treat the matter. Hush! hush!" said Charles at last, with earnestness. "Be on your guard, Renee. The union is fixed. I have already pledged myself for your consent."

"Let him come. I will see him first, and then—time brings counsel."

The brow of the king became visibly clouded. "Renee" said he "show me the sash with the gold and ruby ornaments, which I presented to you. I should like again to examine the workmanship."

Renee blushed crimson and remained standing before him. "I will not deceive you brother," said she at last,—"I have it not. I gave it sometime since to the Princess of Nevers. Since her good fortune, a gift of value would have been unsuited to her. A trifle from me bests suits with her elevated fortunes. She throws your sister now into shade," she continued jestingly, scarcely knowing whether the observation proceeded from a slight feeling of envy, or the wish to lead the King's attention to another subject; "who knows but she may soon witness kings at her feet? Even before her accession of riches and dignity she had refused the hand of the Duke Gonzaga."

"In truth," said the King, with a bitter smile, "she seems fortunate in finding a friend disposed to take at second hand what she had rejected." And he retired precipitately, as he always did when he wished to conceal his rising passion, or had not matured his resolutions in regard to its object.

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The Princess was at first rejoiced that she had escaped so easily out of this difficulty. But when Caussade suddenly disappeared from court, when neither Gonzaga nor any one else knew what had become of him—when the only intelligence which she could gather was that he had been dismissed from his master's service, a trouble arose in her bosom which every day tended to increase. Since her brief interview with Caussade she had concealed from her friend what had taken place; and the sudden change in Diana's fortunes had still further increased the temporary separation of the friends; but now in this hour of distress she again resolved to resort to her friendly sympathy and to disclose all, when her resolution was shaken by the sudden appearance of Caussade in the trian of the king, and in the attire of a young courtier.

The King had perceived that he no longer appeared in the service of the Duke, and missing him at the hunt, where his services had become in a manner indispensable to him, his suspicion and displeasure against the Duke were increased by his appearance. It disappeared probable that the Duke had dismissed him as a penance for his indiscretion, or from fear of discovery. After some days he asked the Duke, with whom since the conversation with his sister he had had little communication (the more so as he suspected the introduction of Diana's name on that occasion to have been a mere pretext), what had become of the page.

"I know not," said the Duke, with apparent unconcern, "where the fellow has gone to. I disliked his mysterious bearing, and dismissed him."

It seemed as if every trifle increased the suspicions of the King. Even in the open avowal of the Duke he thought he perceived the secret consciousness of guilt. He was silent, but that same evening he gave instructions to a confidant, and next morning Caussade appeared in the ante-chamber of the King. He was soon summoned to the Royal presence.

"Caussade," said the King, "Gonzaga has dismissed you from his service. For what reason?"

"Probably," answered the page, boldly, "because I had not conducted myself therein with sufficient discretion."

"Can mine requite you for the loss?"

"It would indeed," exclaimed Caussade, with delighted surprise; but recovering himself, he asked, "In what service would my gracious master employ me?"

"Wear my colors only," said the King; you shall no longer have to play the part of a page. You shall be one of my hunting train. You have a sure and steady hand. Tell me—Do you hate the Duke?"

"I love him not, sire!" answered Caussade, after a short silence.

"I hate him," exclaimed the King, gloomily. "Caussade, do thou likewise. I expect from you fidelity and devotion. If you know of any wrong done to me, it is your part to avenge it."

"Your wrongs shall be mine," exclaimed, Caussade.

The King looked at him sharply. "Think well what you say or do, Caussade, if you would gain or keep my favor. I am sickly, irritable. A word may excite me to—more than words. There, take this weapon," continued he, with a strange smile, pushing across to Caussade a splendidly ornamented dagger which lay on the table, such as was then generally worn at the girdle; "that I may not be tempted in a moment of passion to raise it against you, since it lies so conveniently before me. Forget not this lesson. Provoke not Kings. Take it, and use it against your enemy, and mine, when need is."

Caussade turned pale as he took the dagger; "and when will need be?" said he, in a hurried and faltering voice.

"When *he* forgets once more that Charles has no mercy for him, were he ten times a Duke, who seeks to mislead his sister, who forgets the respect due to him, and opposes his will. And now go!"

Caussade went; but scarcely had he reached the chamber assigned to him, when he cast the dagger from him with a shudder. "No, Charles!" said he to himself, "Not to this did I engage myself—not to play the assassin's part am I here. True I dislike this imperious Gonzaga; I will revenge myself upon him; but it shall be by repaying evil with good. Now he is safe since his life is in my hand. Perhaps, too, it was I that brought him into this danger. Well, what better does he deserve?—Why will he continue to court the favor of her who has eyes only for me, and play the magnifico as he does in her presence? No, pride must have a fall."

The time for decision soon arrived. Two days afterwards he was again hunting in the train of the King, and as he assisted the monarch to mount, Charles whispered in his ear—"Have you your new weapon by you, Caussade?"

Caussade nodded.

"Then to-day let the game fall; I will give you opportunities in the course of the day for executing the deed unobserved."

The King kept his word. In the course of the day he gave the Duke and the page several commissions, so as to separate them from the rest of the train; and in which Caussade easily discerned his intention, that he should attack the Duke in the dark and unfrequented part of the wood. He saw in the agitated features of the King an inquiring, restless, and discontented look when the Duke, after executing the commission, again appeared safe and sound.—The day wore on by degress, and the King, darting a look of vengeance on Caussade, gave the signal for return.

He sent for Caussade insantly into his cabinet. A sort of bold defiance sat upon the features of the youth as he entered; but the gloomy and lowering indignation which sat upon the brow of the King seemed gradually to banish his confidence, and for the first time perhaps in his life he felt his own insignificance in the presence of superior power.

"Boy?" thundred Charles in his ear, "You have made a fool of me. And yet you dare return to a house which you ought never to have entered alive till another had through your means, been brought hither a corse? Did fear unman your mind,—for of opportunities you had enough?"

"Sire," said Caussade, calming himself and looking up with more confidence, "'twas on your account I paused. Repentance never comes too late—permit me"——

"Silence!" interrupted Charles. "The King knows not the word repentance. Bethink thee of the words with which I delivered the dagger to you. Think of them, and provoke me not. The dagger is destined for him—or you. There is no third course. No—go and choose: to-morrow we hunt again; till then you can deliberate."

Caussade retired. A feeling of despair to which his former life had been entirely a stranger, seemed to overmaster him. "A murderer or murdered—or"—he did not express the thought, but shook his head. "And yet a third course there must be," said he with determination, after an internal contest. "Fool that I am, I have deserved degradation; I will bear it him; my childish dislike to him must disappear before the prospect of his danger."

He hurried to the window. It was still early; lights were burning in all the chambers. He hastened to the chamber of the Duke, whom he fortunately found in the palace—he pushed past the page, who seemed to hesitate about announcing him, and entered the apartment unannounced.

The Duke sprang up in displeasure, and as he saw Caussade draw out a naked dagger, clapped his hand upon his sword; but ere he could draw it, or even utter a word, the latter, casting the dagger from him, had dropped upon his knee.

"What is the matter!" cried the Duke, in surprise.

"See," exclaimed Caussade, with an agitated voice, pointing to the dagger, "there lies my shame. That weapon the King forced into my hands to murder you—the secret suitor of his sister, as he and many believe. I cannot, I will not be a murderer. But both our lives are at stake, we must flee, and that on the instant."

"Flee!" replied the Duke, whose momentary agitation had soon given way to an appearance of cold composure, "Gonzaga never flees."

"So then," replied the youth, almost with a sneer, "you would willingly sacrifice existence; for, doubt not, hundreds of murderers are at the King's command, though in this case by good luck he has mistaken his man. I have perhaps unthinkingly been the means of drawing suspicion on you—but I have no time now to accuse *myself;* my purpose is to save *you;* weigh well what you do; you have time to consider till to-morrow's hunt."

Caussade now communicated to him the substance of his conversations with the King—the reports which prevailed at court with regard to his attentions to the Princess—his own suspicions, and all such with a degree of openness, that the Duke almost felt himself reconciled to the young adventurer.

He stood a moment in thought, then said, "lift up the dagger Caussade, and let me look at it. In truth a sharp and trusty weapon—which would glide through cloths and flesh, into the heart like wax. Now retire, Gonzaga will not forget this moment. Come to me secretly to-morrow. Mean time I *will* consider of your plan. Take the dagger with you.—Let it be to you from this moment a token of honor, and not of shame."

Caussade, retired in strong agitation. The Duke looked after him with an apparent calmness; but no sooner had he disappeared, and he began to weigh in its full extent the danger which he had escaped—but as it appeared for a moment only, than the weakness of nature began to assert its power even over the resolution of his mind. He seemed to feel by anticipation the cold steel within his heart; he could see at the time no way of escape from the wrath of the young King, who, when roused to vengeance, was never known to listen to any other voice than that of passion. Wherever he turned his eye, a dagger's point seemed to threaten him. The thought which next to his own peril haunted him was that of his mother and of her grief. His mother! with the recollection of her a glimmering of hope revived, for he remembered how often in times of peril and difficulty her wise counsels had averted evil from her house. Without further pause, with an agitated and hopeful haste, as if he had been flying from the pursuing steel, he dashed down the secret star into her chamber.

The Duchess was not alone. She was accompained by the Duchess of Nevers, who had latterly become an almost daily visitor, accustomed to find in the instructive and clear-minded conversation of the Duchess a source of amusement and interest which she met with no where else. Diana, as she saw the Duke rush in in such agitation, withdrawi into the recess of a window, not to interrupt a conversation which she foresaw was one requiring the presence of no witnesses. Gonzaga in his present state of excitement scarcely noticed her. In a whisper he communicated to his mother the danger of his position, and entreated her advice.

"Advice!" she repeated with a shudder; "where the King is inflamed to hatred! But stay," said she, interrupting herself, as if a sudden thought crossed her brain. Then after a pause, she continued. "I know but of one plan. You must marry—and to-night. The question is where to find a bride."

Her son started at her in confusion. The plausibility of this plan as a means of escape was as evident to him as its execution appeared impracticable. In the same moment, however, he saw his mother, with her usual quickness of decision, at the feet of the Princess. "Be our benefactor—save me—save my son!"

Diana, who had overheard no part of the whispered communication, and was wholly at a loss to know to what to ascribe the agitated condition of the Duke, scarcely possessed composure enough to raise the Duchess from the ground, who, with all the eloquence of a mother, briefly put her in possession of the peril in which her son stood.

While she did so, the Duke had, with evident uneasiness, attempted to interrupt the narrative. A dark flush of shame, the herald of a feeling even more painful than the apprehension of death, crimsoned his cheek, while his piercing glance rested with an expression of offended pride upon the Princess, whose paleness by degrees was giving place to a blush not less intensive than the Duke's. "Mother," he exclaimed, "what are you doing? This hand she has already"———

"Rejected," added Diana, hastily, "rejected while she was a dowerless and friendless maiden—dedicated by her relations to a conventual life—because she prized it too highly to think of obscuring the lustre of a life to which she would rather have imparted some added rays.—When it might have been inclined to think and act otherwise, it was no longer placed within her power. If he, in truth, despises not this hand, I lay it with pleasure in his, dear mother." And so saying, she extended it towards the Duke.

"From compassion!" said the Duke, hesitating, and yet overpowered.

"Let not our union be concluded in wrath, Gonzaga," she replied. "My compassion, as you term it, may well be placed against the looks of dislike and anger with which, since that hour, you have met every look of mine.—Even then I did not so interpret them: give me in turn, credit for something better than compassion. To preserve your life, I would indeed, endure death; but how much more gladly would I live, to save it and to render it happy!"

"Do I dream?" said the Duke, sinking at her feet. "Is my hour of darkest peril to be changed at once into the happiest of my life? Oh, Diana, never one instant did I cease to love you! My very uneasiness, my anger, my looks of dislike, what were they all but love?"

The mother weeping tears of joy, laid their hands together, and hastily despatched a messenger to summon a priest, and to communicate to the Princess Renee, that her friend would that night remain with her. The young pair, remained alone, exchanging, in a lengthened confidence, all hopes, fears, and suspicions which, during their long estrangement, had crossed and agitated their minds.

"Now, then," said Gonzaga, at its close, "my faith in you is henceforth unalterable! Do what you will, I will believe in the heart you have bestowed upon me. Let circumstances be what they may, nothing shall hereafter shake my confidence. We are human beings liable to mistake; but I feel that, from this hour, my belief in your fidelity and affections is impregnable. If such be your feeling also, we shall, indeed, be an enviable pair."

She extended her hand to him solemnly. "I at least am so, for I trust in you,"

In these confiding communications the night flew by like a moment. The morning had scarcely dawned, when the Duchess-mother reappeared with the priest, and in a few minutes they were secretly united—a circumstance at this time, and in this Court, of no unfrequent occurrence.

No sooner had the hour of the King's levee arrived than the Duke entered the presence, dressed more sumptuously than usual; and kneeling before Charles, requested his sanction and approbation to his marriage with the Princess Diana of Nevers, which had already been secretly concluded some time before. He took care, of course, to suppress the precise period of its celebration.

Charles listened to him with evident, and yet, on the whole, pleasing surprise. A new light seemed to have broke upon him. With a sudden return of good-humor and kindness, he wished the Duke joy. His displeasure vanished at once, and he acceded in all points to Gonzaga's wishes with regard to the solemnity.—He lost no time in paying a visit to his sister, who had already been informed (and somewhat more accurately) of the whole circumstances by her friend; but, to his wonder, though her features, in answer to the triumphant glance of her brother, seemed to indicate surprise, he could perceive no traces of vexation or disappointment. He began to believe that the whole had after all, been a mistake. He repented—he was ashamed of the rashness with which he had sought the life of the Duke under this erroneous impression. He took the first opportunity of calling Caussade aside, and whispered to him,—

"Give me back the dagger. I will give you another jewel instead; or if you will keep it, keep it carefully, and to yourself."

"Allow me to retain it as a *me mento mori,* and a token of 1oyal favor," said the unabashed youth. And Charles, in this moment of returning cheerfulness, was good humored enough to overlook the sarcastic boldness of the answer.

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The series of festivities which followed the nuptials of Gonzaga, with the Princess of Nevers was like the last flicker of an expiring torch—a brilliant flash before extinction; for with the increasing illness of the young King the gaiety of the Court soon after disappeared.—Banquets and masked balls of more than usual splendor, even at that splendid Court, announced on this occasion the satisfaction of the King; while the envy and dislike of many disappointed suitors was visible in the looks and observations with which the newly-married pair were received.

At the most splendid of these masked balls, Caussade, now high in favor at once with the Duke and the King, was present. Well acquainted with the Court, he had found little difficulty, while disguised himself, to detect most of the other maskers. His object was to procure, if possible, a short interview with the Princess, for in the ball-room alone he felt that, if possible at all, it was to be obtained; but Renee, whether from fear that Caussade, by some indiscretion, would bring destruction upon both, or from a resolution now to resign herself to her fate, excused herself on pretext of sudden illness, at the commencement of the festival, and retired. It was only after Caussade had sought her through the crowd, with increasing impatience, that he had learned her absence; he gnashed his teeth with vexation. All at once a sudden resolution seemed to suggest itself to him. Making his way up to the young Duchess of Gonzaga, he requested to be allowed to speak to her for an instant in private. He drew her into a retired corner of the room, took off his mask, and entered, with all the eloquence of love, on the subject of his distress. What arguments he employed—what disclosures he made during this animated conversation, did not appear; but the result was, that even the prudent and cautious Diana seemed to be so moved by his tale, and by his representation of the state of the Princess's mind, that she agreed to give him a secret audience next day in her apartment.

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The cheerful sound of the horns once more announced a hunting party, an amusement which the increasing weakness of the King had for some time prevented. Renee was awakened by the entrance of her friend, who, throwing her arms round her, exclaimed—"Be quick, slumberer! do you not hear the bugles? Rise, and let us once more see them depart, from the balcony. I, you know, must have eyes only

for Don Lewis now. Nay, I will allow you to look on him too, provided only you spare a glance from him now and then to the fair Caussade."

"I comprehend you not, Diana," replied the Princess gazing on her with surprise. "But be it so. To please you I will go, though I have bid adieu to pleasure." But notwithstanding the apparent resignation of her answer, her hand trembled so that she could scarcely adjust her dress.

"When we were last seated here," said Diana, as they reached the balcony, "how different were then our views. You, reconciled to the unavoidable, and armed with courage to meet it, clung to the dreaming comfort of a love, which I (with despair in my own heart) would have denied to you. And yet you found time, amidst your own anxieties to speak words of comfort and kindness to me. That, Renee, I never can forget. Now, I am cheerful and happy—while you however little your fate may have really changed since—you have become melancholy. Once I may have tho't you in the right; I might have lent my aid to encourage you in that feeling. Strange to say, however, since I became a wife, I am disposed to think less rigorously than before on these topics. But see, look, Princess, the train are departing. Caussade is looking up."

"O thoughtless being!" cried Renee, turning pale, and drawing back.

"Why this terror?" said the Duchess, surprised at her vehemence.

"Can *you* ask that, Diana, when your lover so nearly atoned by his life for some slight attentions, perhaps a few unguarded glances? Ah! for two nights past I have dreamt that I saw Caussade rise up pale and bleeding from a grave."

"You were resolved, dear Renee, to bring back Gonzaga to me, and you did so—no doubt through a little false play, but I am too happy at the end to scrutinize too nicely the means, now that it is past. Willingly would I show my gratitude—would console you—would actively assist you. Tell me, then, why are you more melancholy than before?"

"Why? Does not the day when I am to be sacrificed approach nearer and nearer. What have my resistance, my defiance availed? Has not my brother already pledged my consent against my will—is not this hated suitor on his way? O, friend, assist me, and I will adore you. Yes, I love him still, this fair Caussade, with those eyes of spirit and fire. But I am watched by jealous eyes—my glances can no longer meet his—and what, after all, are looks?—the longing heart asks for words—one hour of happy intercourse for a life of privation. No, believe me, if I despair of my destiny, it is from no want of love. Let this bridegroom, whom they force upon me, come, I will refuse him. And what can my brother do? Deprive me of life!"

"Renee—if I am to assist you, be reasonable. Provoke not your brother. Rather avert his attention from you by submission. Act up to your rank, your dignity. Submit to the sacrifice with resolution: then leave to your friend to provide for your happiness with silence and fidelity."

"Do I understand you aright—may I venture to do as my heart would dictate? Shall I see him? Speak to him? Where? when?"

"Be calm—remember our conditions. When you shall appear before the world as a Princess, as the destined and consenting bride of the English Prince, that day you shall meet Caussade in my apartment."

"I *am* a princess," said Renee, lifting up her head proudly. "This day my consent shall be given. Diana, your friendship gives me courage for all. In your apartment, say you? Does then Gonzaga know?"—dropping her eyes, and almost terrified.

"Heaven forbid! This secret is not for him. I know the purity of my own intentions and yours; but of such matters men are no judges. No one, not even Gonzaga himself, shall learn of me aught regarding you, which might occasion in his mind a shade of suspicion: But I know the hours when his avocations demand his presence in the castle, and by means of the stair, which you know so well, you can easily pass into my chamber. If the matter is to be communicated to any one, rather let it be to the Duchess-mother."

Renee had, during this speech, pressed her glowing cheek to the bosom of her friend.—"Oh! no—no!" she exclaimed—"and Caussade?"

"Be at ease; Gonzaga confides in me. Never will I unnecessarily subject his confidence in me to trial; but here, where the occasion is unavoidable, where a friend's happiness is at stake, I must run the risk."

These pages must not betray the secrets confided only to the seal of friendship. Thus far only we know, that more than one interview between the Princess and her lover took place in the apartments of Diana, interviews which Renee's consciousness of her own dignity would have rendered perfectly innocent, even if the presence of Diana had not afforded an additional security. Renee regained her cheerfulness and bloom, like a flower reviving in the rays of the morning sun, after being bent to the ground by the heavy showers of evening. The violence of her feelings was softened; it is true that an occasional sigh would escape her when the subject of the English Prince was mentioned; but she proceeded to select her wardrobe, and to accept the congratulations of the Court with a pale countenance, indeed, but with the composure and dignity fitted to her rank. In the Court circles, where Caussade now invariably appeared in the train of the King, at the promenades, or at mass, her eye no longer sought her lover. She seemed to see his image in her heart, to which alone her looks were directed.—Caussade on the contrary, bore himself with a look of triumph. His eye sought her neighborhood, if not herself; and if occasionally he thought he perceived his glance was watched, he would direct it somewhat too boldly on Diana, who, as formerly was generally, to be found by her side.

There were not wanting many who watched these looks of Caussade, with all the jealous activity of hatred and envy. They were not slow to infer a secret understanding between him and the Duchess. Even before the honey moon was over, rumors began to spread about the Court of secret visits paid by Caussade to the Duchess's apartment in the absence of the Duke; these rumors did not indeed reach the parties chiefly concerned, but hints were mysteriously given to the Duchess-mother, which however, she seemed resolved not to understand. It was then debated among the self-called confidential friends of the Duke, with great appearance of affectionate zeal, and in reality with secret satisfaction, whether it was their duty to make him aware of the reports which prevailed. At last they did venture to give him a hint of them. He treated them with a calm smile of contempt.

"Caussade," said he, when the subject had been alluded to with some warmth by an Italian Count, a relation of his own—"Caussade has been my page; he is bound to me by many ties. He has—between ourselves—saved my life. I feel that in my own case, I should be incapable of entertaining a thought of love towards the wife of him on whom I had conferred such an obligation. Shall I think more meanly of him than myself? Must I suspect my wife because Caussade is the handsomest man at Court? I grant my own inferiority in that respect; but I rate myself too highly in others to yield to such fears."

"But Caussade," cried another, "it is said, has himself boasted of the favor in which he stands with the Duchess."

"I believe it not; but even that testifies in favor of my wife. She is too prudent to bestow her favor on any one who would be weak enough to boast of it."

Tranquil as the Duke appeared, he could not but feel secretly annoyed by these injurious reports, the more so that he could not disguise from himself that the conduct of the Duchess did in some measure appear to give countenance to them. He had himself occasionally observed glances on the part of Caussade too much resembling those which had annoyed him when he thought his passion unrequited; and yet had not Diana in that case convinced him of the groundlessness of his suspicions? was it not possible that, recollecting his vow, she was disposed to put his confidence in her faith to a test? And if so, was it consistent with its chivalrous conscientiousness to grieve her feelings by mistrust?

An incident, however, shortly after occurred, calculated to shake his confidence in his own firmness. One afternoon after the banquet, when the King found himself somewhat better than usual, and was surrounded by a cheerful circle, a courier suddenly brought the intelligence that the English bridegroom had landed in France and might be expected the following evening. Charles, who had been latterly much pleased with the conduct of the Princess, and began to think, from her submission to his will, that the news of the arrival of her intended bridegroom would no longer be disagreeable to her, invited several of the circle, and among others the Duke's Italian relation, to accompany him to the Princess's apartment to communicate the news. The plan was no sooner formed than executed; but on reaching her apartments they learned that she had gone to those of the Duchess. The King understood from this that she had gone to visit the Duchess of Gonzaga.—The party accordingly followed in that direction.

The anxiety of love had outstriped the courier. The Princess had learned the painful intelligence an hour before the King, and had almost given way beneath this disaster. She had already communicated to her lover her resolve, that, from the moment her intended husband appeared, they should never meet again; but she felt she could not deny to him and herself the consolation of a last interview before the actual arrival of the English Prince. She felt that for this purpose not a moment was to be lost.—She foresaw that as soon as the intelligence of his arrival was publicly communicated, every hour, every instant of her time would be occupied with troublesome duties which would preclude the possibility of an interview. By means of the Duchess only, through whom Caussade had communicated the intelligence, could her purpose be effected; and though she felt that the hour was an uncommon and unseemly one, she determined to brave every thing, and once more to meet Caussade in the Duchess's apartments ere they parted for ever.

Caussade was already waiting. Renee, crossing with stealthy step the apartment of the Duchess-mother, entered by the private stair what had been the former bed-room of the Duke, which Diana had now selected as her ordinary sitting-room, when the Duchess's attendant, knocking hastily at the outer door, announced that the King was approaching from the Princess's apartments. Both ladies stood for an instant confounded: the next moment the Duchess exclaimed, "Quick, Renee—back to the Duchess-mother"—and almost pushed her out by the tapestry door.

"And you—he?" stammered the Princess.

"I am conscious of no crime—only begone—away!"

"I must remain, generous friend," cried Caussade, "but fear no suspicion."

He had dropped on his knee in the excitement of his feeling, when the door opened. He sprang up, and with such rapidity, that although the King perceived his kneeling attitude, those who followed could scarcely say that they perceived his change of posture. The King cast a look of indignation on Caussade, and then an inquiring glance round the chamber, "Pardon, Duchess," said he, "this unceremonious intrusion, I thought to find my sister here."

Diana, thus found for the first time in the company of a stranger youth, and feeling the peril in which her reputation was placed, turned pale, as she faintly said, "She is probably with the Duchess-mother. She is not with me."

"I am glad of that," said the King involuntarily, breathing more freely. "Your pardon—I go in search of her."

He left the chamber quietly with his train; but as he went, the Italian Count found time to whisper to Caussade, with a sneer of contempt—"Behind the palace, after dusk, I shall avenge my cousin's honor."

"He himself, methinks, were the person to do so," replied Caussade, in the same tone; "No matter, I shall avenge the injuries of his wife."

Notwithstanding her consciousness of innocence, Diana for the first time began seriously to feel that innocence itself must pay regard to appearances; and with the painful feeling that she had given her husband apparent cause for distrust, she anxiously waited his arrival, determined to unload her heart, and to communicate to him all her anxiety. She waited, however, in vain; with every quarter of an hour her anxiety increased, but still he came not.

The scene in the Duchess's apartments had awakened too strong a sensation, not to find its way speedily to the ears of the Duke. As he listened to the tale, the glow of indignation more than once flushed his face; he clenched his fists;

but again resuming his composure—"And yet," cried he, "I know she is innocent. I will not yield to mistrust. Tell me a handsome woman in Paris, at whose feet some fool has not thrown himself when he found an opportunity. True, his presumption calls for punishment, and it shall have it."

"It has been punished by this time," cried the brother of the Italian Count. "My brother has challenged him, and by this time the contest is decided."

"I grieve on your brother's account," said Gonzaga, with a frown, "that such should be the case; for if Caussade's sword reaches him not, he must meet mine. I will teach him not to interfere uncalled for where my honor is concerned, and I am here to do myself right."

At this moment the brother entered enraged. Caussade had broke his appointment; and when his opponent inquired after him at the palace, he was informed that he had just before mounted his horse and rode off; most probably he had taken to flight.

It is easy to conceive how the Duke was now besieged on all sides. The guilt of his wife seemed to be rendered in the highest degree probable by the flight of the alleged paramour. He was incited by his friends to every possible step—to revenge—to separation—to imprisonment of the guilty. A thousand trifling occurrences, which had formerly appeared in a milder light, were now misrepresented, and exhibited to him under their most envenomed aspect.—He felt, at length, that further wavering must appear unmanly delay, or the mere dotage of affection.

"Be it so," he exclaimed at once, "I will avenge myself. Away with divorce—imprisonment; these may suit the populace. The unsullied honor of a Duke demands blood—death. Ere to-morrow's sun rises I shall have satisfaction. Ye shall be witnesses—judges, as well as me. Mean time," added he, with a wild look, "give orders for the banquet; let us have wine and revelry! To move to our revenge with a heavy heart would argue a consciousness that that vengeance was an unjust one. Why stare ye at me so? Am I not doing all ye ask of me—and more?"

The Duke returned not this night to his residence, though never before, since his marriage, had Diana missed him from her side. She passed the night awake and in tears.

Mean time, in the noisy circle of relations and friends which surrounded the Duke, he appeared the gayest of all. To the rest, the wine seemed to have lost its relish, and an irresistible feeling of melancholy spread over the company. With the first glimmer of morning the Duke gave the signal to rise. They all followed him silently to his apartments in the palace and to his chamber. After contemplating, not without shuddering, but without speaking,—for the earnest and imperious eye of Gonzaga awed them into silence—the preparations for his revenge, which he went about with a terrible composure, they advanced, headed by Gonzaga and two bearing torches, into the sleeping room of the Duchess. The Duke himself, in whose bearing not the slightest tremor was observable, bore in his hand a salver, on which was placed a dagger and a cup evidently filled with poison. Thus they advanced to the bed.

The Duchess raised herself, pale and staring in astonishment at the unexpected intrusion.

"Diana," said the Duke, mournfully, "you are accused of infidelity—nay, in the opinion of these gentlemen, convicted of it. My honor demands revenge and punishment! The first this steel planted in the heart of your seducer shall procure me; the latter, this cup of poison, destined for you, shall ensure. Answer me nothing," he continued, as she made a movement with her lips to speak. "Nothing you can say, can shake my resolve. Remembering my belief in you, if you feel yourself innocent drain the cup with calmness; it is guilt alone that need fear death."

A deadly paleness for a moment overspread the cheek of the Duchess. But soon with a calm and almost celestial smile, and a look that sank deep into the hearts of all present, she stretched out her hand and took the cup.

"I drink, my Lewis," said she, "since you desire it. But listen to my last prayer. Cast away that dagger; let me be the only sacrifice. Promise me at least," she added, as she observed Gonzaga's troubled look, "not to use it for three days."

Gonzaga, with a restless and sorrowful glance, nodded consent. Gazing on him with composure, she drank the potion. When the cup was half drained, the Duke exclaimed, "Stop! the rest is mine. I have sworn that I would not overlive the conviction of innocence."

"Gonzaga!" she exclaimed, throwing away what remained in the cup, "live if you can: my innocence will survive me. Never have I offended against you."

"Bethink thee," said the Duke, sternly—"Bethink thee. Death already flaps his wings above your head. Die not with a falsehood on your lips. Man will lie to save life, while it may be saved; but when salvation is past hope, truth resumes its rights. Are you guiltless?"

"I am, Gonzaga!"

"Is she?" exclaimed the Duke, turning to the rest. "See you this serene, unclouded look. Can this woman be guilty?"

"Oh! no, no!" exclaimed all, and young and old, sinking on their knees by the bedside, wept aloud.

"To this then," exclaimed the Duke, "ye have brought me, to despair and death, because I was a fool like you, and unworthy of this pure angel, like yourselves. Begone! Ye are no relations of mine. But you, Diana," and he continued in a tone of calmness, "shake off the fear of death. I have not lost my confidence in you. The cup you drank of was innocent as is your life. O pardon me that I was under the necessity of agitating you with this terror; but you yourself compelled me to let all the world behold you in the same light in which I see you myself."

He threw his left arm round his astonished wife, while with his right he motioned to his companions to retire. When they retired—"You may ask me" said he, turning to his wife, "why I have done this, and I may well answer, dearest Diana, why such reckless conduct on the part of a prudent wife? Even virtue must borrow its lustre in some measure from appearances; and my wife ought not to neglect them. The King, I am told, surprised Caussade in your apartment, and on his knees before you."

"Dearest Lewis," answered Diana, I have indeed offended against your love, but I was compelled to do so that I might not commit a greater offence against friendship. But after what has happened, I owe you a full explanation. Never on one occasion was I alone with Caussade—for at the very moment when the King entered—the Princess Renee had taken her departure."

"In God's name!" exclaimed the Duke, springing up in surprise.

"Fear nothing. The Princess's bridegroom has arrived. Duty will now banish love. Caussade shall appear here no more. The King himself cannot chide me; for has not he, have not you, directed me in all things to be obedient to the desires of the Princess? When the wedding is over I shall appear justified in your eyes, ay, and in those of your blood-thirsty friends."

The conversation was interrupted by a message from the King, who felt himself worse, having been wearied out by the preparations of the day before for the reception of the English guest. The Duke Gonzaga was directed, along with several of the courtiers, to set out to meet the Prince to conduct him to his residence, and thence, as soon as he wished it, to the royal presence. He started without delay. Shortly afterward, the Duchess was sent for by the Princess. More than ever at this trying moment did Renee feel the want of her friend's encouraging and soothing converse. Every instant, however, their conversation was interrupted. Pitiable, in truth, seemed the condition of the unfortunate Princess, compelled with heavy heart to wear the appearance of composure, and with tears in her eyes, which she tried to smother under a smile, to attend to the thousand little minutiæ of the bridal preparations.

Yet, in spite of her sorrow, curiosity maintained its right. She grew pale, indeed, when as evening began to darken, the din of music and the glare of torches announced the arrival of her bridegroom: but speedily a confidential messenger was despatched to bring back news of the Prince's external appearance. The answer which was brought—though evidently as favorable as possible, was not encouraging. He did not, said the messenger, resemble his portrait: he was older and more dignified, yet not handsomer. Gonzaga's gloomy countenance as he sometime afterwards entered her chamber seemed the herald of any thing but good fortune. He had spoken to the Prince, and had conducted him to court; and his account corresponded pretty nearly with that of the page. He came to announce that the King intended himself to be present the next day at the ceremony of presentation; and had sent him to learn at what hour the Princess could receive him. Renee threw her arms about Diana's neck, who received from her husband without difficulty permission to remain with her friend till the meeting.

The decisive morning at last arrived; and as the appointed hour struck, the Princess, beautiful in spite of her paleness and the traces of tears in her eyes, which, even thus shaded, outshone the lustre of the diamonds which covered her dress, entered the hall, a picture of resignation, accompanied by the Duchess and her ladies. The King and Queen with their attendants, and, in short, the whole court were already assembled. The King advanced towards his sister with a smile, and whispered in her ear, "Obedience meets reward."

The words sounded in her ears like mockery; she could not lift up her eyes, in which she felt the thickly gathering tears. Scarcely had she, supported by Diana's arm, taken the place assigned to her, when a murmur through the hall announced the arrival of the bridegroom. An indescribable feeling of agony began to overpower her; she saw nothing—she heard nothing more; when the folding doors unclosed, all grew black before her eyes. She first awoke out of her dream on hearing an involuntary shout, in which Gonzaga's voice was perceptible. The King was standing before her with the Prince in his hand. She felt she must raise her eyes to him; but she seemed turned to stone again when in the bridegroom, she recognised, in the apparel of a Prince—Caussade.

"Can my fair bride," said he, kneeling, "pardon the precipitation with which I sought in disguise to gain her affection? Had I read dislike in her looks I would have remained unknown. Since yesterday evening the King knows of my secret; the Duke of ——, who yesterday made his entrance under my name, informed him of all."

The astonishment of the Court, the joyful surprise of Gonzaga. the confusion of his relatives, who, though not yet informed of all, began to form plausible conjectures as to the truth, exceeded not the union of all these three feelings in the bosom of the bride; the bloom returned to her cheek, the lustre to her eye; yet the magic suddenness of this revolution made her feel a seriousness—in which delight seemed blended with melancholy.

The dream of her life had been unexpectedly realized; love and duty, by the strangest combination of circumstances, reconciled; the future spread in sunny prospect before her; but the recollections of the past threw a not unpleasing shadow across that sunshine; and tempering the natural gaiety and levity of her disposition, impressed her with the conviction that henceforth the Princess of England could be wiser and better than the Princess of France.

Odd Whim.—A foreign journal states that an Englishman, having lately obtained permission to live for a fortnight in one of the houses recently cleared at Pompeii, had it completely restored in its original style, and with his family and servants having assumed the ancient Roman costume, resided there during the whole period, like a citizen of the Republic, making the perusal of the classics his sole amusement.

From the National Intelligencer.

MR. RUSSELL'S LAST CONCERT

This eminent Vocalist gave his first Concert on Monday evening to one of the most brilliant and fashionable audiences ever assembled in this city, and produced a very favorable effect by the performance of some of his best compositions. He is to give one more, and the last, *this evening*, at Carusi's Saloon, when he will sing (in addition to the best of the first selection,) other pieces of the same striking character.

Mr. R. has succeeded in producing the same impression on his rare powers as a Musician and Vocalist upon the people of our city that has followed his performances in so many other places. He goes hence, we are informed, to Richmond, Charleston, &c. where we hope he will be greeted with equal success.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.

I LOOK INTO THINE EYES.

I look into thine eyes,
And pleasant thoughts are kindled in their light,—
Like shooting stars upon a summer's night:
Thick falling phantasies,
That tinge the spirit, as the moonrays shiver
Upon the ripple of the speeding river.

I look into thine eyes,
Such I have seen, as beautiful, as calm,
Alike in all things but the nameless charm,—
The mystery that ties;
Alike in all things, but the power to steal
Into the folded heart, and bid it feel.

I look into thine eyes,
As I have peered into the quiet deep,
Wond'ring what gems and treasures there might sleep;
Whether some goodly prize
Lay lapt below, within the diver's reach,
Or,—but the kindred weeds that strew the beach.

I look into thine eyes,
Too like the hunter by the forest spring,
To drink and drink, and fear the morn may bring
No more such sweet supplies,
Dazzled as those who, gazing on the sun,
Win blindness for the homage they have done.

I look into thine eyes,—
How like the fond and humble devotee
Before the shrine of his idolatry,
In prayerful sacrifice,
My thoughts the truant song of some lone bird
Poured through the leafy wilderness, unheard.

I look into thine eyes,
Again, again, 'tis wild and mad'ning dreaming,
Hueing the moments in the gorgeous seeming,
Of summer's eve'ning skies;
And why, oh why should I so call them hither,
Knowing how surely such bright phantoms wither!

Written for the Gem.

THE VICTIM.

I saw her in the circle gay,
Where friends so often meet,
To spend their hours in festive mirth,
And social pleasures sweet.

As happy as the happiest she,
As lov'ly and as fair;
Each modest virtue dwelt with her,
And sweet content was there.

I thought how happy is the lot,
Of him she deigns to bless,
Her very look, and word, and thought,
Was perfect loveliness.

I saw the rose fade from her cheek,
Her sportive mirth was o'er,
The brightness of her eye was gone,
And joy was her's no more.

I asked what demon foul had dared
To bid her peace depart;
And cause the canker-worm of grief,
To pierce so pure a heart?

They answered, Malice made her heart,
Though innocent, to bleed;
Dark Calumny destroyed her peace,
And Envy caused the deed.

I then resolv'd that word nor deed
Of mine, designedly, e'er
Should pain a heart so kind, so pure,
Or cause one useless tear.

LENA.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY MRS. NORTON.

We stand among the fallen leaves,
Young children at our play—
And laugh to see the yellow things
Go rushing on their way!
Right merrily we hunt them down,
The autumn winds and we;
Nor pause to gaze where snow-drifts lie,
Or sun-beams gild the tree.
With dancing feet we leap along
Where withered boughs are strewn;
Nor past nor future checks our song—
The present is our own.

We stand among the fallen leaves,
In youth's enchanted spring—
When Hope (who wearies at the last)
First spreads her eagle wing,
We tread the steps of conscious strength
Beneath the leafless trees,
When the color kindles in our cheek,
And blows the winter breeze:
While gazing toward the cold gray sky,
Clouded with snow and rain,
We wish the old year all past by,
And young spring come again.

We stand among the fallen leaves,
In manhood's mighty prime—
When first our pushing hearts began
To love 'the olden time;'
And, as we gaze, we sigh to think,
How many a year hath pass'd,
Since 'neath those cold and faded trees
Our footsteps wandered last;
And old companions—now, perchance,
Estranged, forgot or dead—
Come round us as those autumn leaves
Are crushed beneath our tread.

We stand among the fallen leaves
In our own autumn day—
And tott'ring on with feeble steps,
Pursue our cheerless way,
We look not back—too long ago
Hath all we loved been lost;
Nor forward—for we may not live
To see our new hopes cross'd;
But on we go—the sun's faint beam
A feeble warmth imparts—
Childhood without its joy returns—
The present fills our hearts.

The following lines, by Mrs. Opie, are from the English "Amulet, or Christian and Literary Remembrancer":—

A LAMENT.

There was an eye whose partial glance
Could ne'er my numerous failings see;
There was an ear that still untired
Could listen to kind praise of me.

There was a heart Time only made
For me with fonder feelings burn;
And which, whene'er, alas, I roved,
Still longed and pined for my return.

There was a lip which always breathed
E'en short farewells with tones of sadness;
There was a voice whose eager sounds
My welcome spoke with heartfelt gladness.

There was a mind whose vigorous powers
On mine its fostering influence threw;
And called my humble talents forth,
Till thence its dearest joys it drew.

There was a love that oft for me
With anxious fears would overflow;
And wept and prayed for me, and sought
From future ills to guide:—but now

That eye is closed, and deaf that ear,
That lip and voice are mute for ever!
And cold that heart of faithful love,
Which death alone from mine could sever!

And lost to me that ardent mind,
Which loved my varied tasks to see;
And Oh! of all the praise I gained,
This was the dearest far to me!

Now I, unloved, uncheered, alone,
Life's dreary wilderness must tread,
Till He who loves the broken heart,
In mercy bids me join the dead.

But "Father of the fatherless,"
Oh! Thou that hear'st the orphan's cry,
And "dwellest with the contrite heart,"
As well as in "Thy place on high—"

O Lord! though like a faded leaf,
That's severed from its parent tree,
I struggle down life's stormy tide,
That awful tide which leads to Thee.

Still, Lord? to thee the voice of praise
Shall spring triumphant from my breast:
Since, though I tread in weary ways,
I trust that he I mourn is blest!

VARIETY.

True, Every Word.—The Dutch have a proverb which says: "Thefts never enrich, alms never impoverish, and prayers hinder no work."

"How the deuce do the donkeys live here," said a man to a friend in South America, "I see no grass." "Why," said his friend, "we put green spectacles on them, and feed them with fine shavings."

Tulips and Roses.—The following is a very pretty and very pleasant epigram:

My Rosa, from the latticed grove,
Brought me a sweet boquet of posies,
And asked as round my neck she clung,
If tulips I preferred to roses?
"I cannot tell, sweet wife," I sighed,
"But kiss me ere I see the posies,"
She did. "Oh, I prefer," I cried,
"Thy two lips to a dozen roses."

Endearments.—A gallant wag was lately sitting by the side of his beloved, and being unable to think of anything else to say, turned to her and asked why she was like a tailor. "I don't know," said she, with a pouting lip, "unless it is because I am sitting beside my goose."

A clergyman catechising the youths of his parish put the first question in Heidelber's Catechism to a girl!—"*what is your only consolation in life and in death?*" The poor girl smiled, and no doubt felt queer, but did not answer. The priest insisted—"Well then" said she, "if I must tell, it is the little shoemaker that wears a striped jacket."

A Rebuke.—Sir William B—— being at a parish meeting, made some proposals which were objected to by a farmer: Highly enraged "Sir" said he to the farmer, "do you know that I have been at two universities, and at two colleges in each university!" "Well, sir," replied the farmer, "what of that? I had a calf that sucked two cows; and the observation I made was, that the more he sucked, the greater calf he grew."

Rather Doubtful.—A western editor says he once saw the fog so thick upon the Sorell river, Upper Canada, that it had to be cut out in blocks to allow the steamboat to pass. This beats the story of old Soles, who said, the land on his farm was so hard, that he had to use a mallet and chisel to plant corn with; and it is only equalled by that related to us a number of years ago, in passing through the then low, marshy swamp, but now level and beautiful site, of the flourishing village of Syracuse, in the State of New York. We were told the fever and ague was flying about the atmosphere, in junks as large as a horse's head.

Poverty of the Chinese Laborers.—In a letter from Charles Gutzlaff, the Missionary, to Mr. P. Perit, of N. Y., dated Macao, Dec. 18th, 1837, we find the following:—

Of the scanty livelihood upon which the poor classes, and we may say nine-tenths of the nation, are obliged to live, we can form no adequate idea. The wages are so low that a man who worked from morning till evening as hard as he could, gain perhaps ten cents, and with this he has to maintain wife and children. Their sufferings, therefore, is indescribable; but a Chinaman is at the same time armed against them by the obtuseness of his nerves.

Capricious Legislation in Poland.—A letter from Posen, of the 2d November, contains the following particulars relating to the proceedings of the Czar:—

Two new ukases, which have appeared in Poland, merit public attention, and show how the reforming spirit of the Emperor Nicholas visibly approaches that of the Emperor Paul, his father. The first of the ukases is a supplement to that of the month of January, which prohibited all *employees*, civil or military, or of whatever grade, to wear spectacles, and extends this rigorous measure to all inhabitants of the Russian empire whatever, who have not attained the age of forty. At that age a Russian subject may be permitted to wear spectacles or eye glasses, but woe to him who, before the age of forty, shall dare to have bad eyes, or pretend to be short sighted: such is the will of Czar, Autocrat of all the Russians. The other ukase prescribes the length of the rods with which school boys are to be chastised.

From the Portland Standard.

At the commencement of the action on board the President frigate, a ball (an 18 lb. shot) from the Belvidere came over the waist cloths of the President, and such was the force of the ball that it actually cut off without throwing them down, the muzzles of several of the muskets (left there by the marines) from six to eight inches in length—killed one marine—took off the wrist of one midshipman, Mr. Montgomery—killed another, Mr. Buck, together with the quarter gunner, and finally lodged upon the deck, and was taken below by the narrator of this, and shown the third lieutenant, Mr. Dallas, who took it in his hand and wrote on it with chalk—Cousin, I have received your present, and will return it again—clapt it in the gun himself, and fired the piece; and it is a remarkable fact that it actually killed several officers and men on board the Belvidere, and finally lodged in the cabin of that vessel; and was afterwards hung up in the Belvidere's cabin as a globe during the war.

☞ To the exclusion of our usual variety, music, &c we publish in this number the whole of a long story which will be found one of the most interesting we have ever inserted.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

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From the Baltimore Book.

THE CHERUB WATCHER.

BY J. SAURIN NORRIS.

The latest star that lingers on the sky
Has veiled its lamp,—the morning's ruddy glow
Already bathes the mountain's crest in fire,
And all things don the livery of the day;
Yet from yon half oped casement faintly gleams
A sickly taper's light;—who watches thus
With such intensity of care that e'en
The night may wane unknowingly? What eye
Has failed to note the waking blush of morn?
What ear is closed to all the gladsome sounds
That herald in the new born day?

With noiseless step approach,
And to each query find a mute reply,—
For in that silent hall no sound is heard,
Save the quick trembling of an infant's breath,—
A mother watches o'er her dying babe.
Its hour has come, and she whose chief delight
Was found while gazing on its sinless brow,
To seek some promise of the future's good,
Now bends in speechless agony to mark
The closing scene of all her fondest hopes;
Unutterable woe is heard ev'n in
The very silence of that mother's grief.
One shivering sigh escapes, and the closed lids
Are slowly raised,—life lingers in that gaze,
Which fondly seeks the parent eye; and words,
That have no voice, are breathing on the air,
To bid the mother meet her child in heaven.

In after years,
Say not that childless mother is alone.—
Have ye not mark'd her busy hand to rest,
Amid the task by love itself impos'd?
Ev'n as she listened to the step of him
Who is her bosom's lord, have ye not seen
Her gaze abstracted,—her attention gone?
A silver voice was whispering in her ear,
'*Mother! dear mother, come!*"——
There is a rapt communion of the soul,
Which time, nor space, nor death itself, can mar;
Upon the young wind's gentlest breath 'tis borne,—
Upon the sunbeam rides,—and in the storm,
Distinctly whisp'ring tells its tale of love.
And such the mystic intercourse she knows
Who hath a babe in heaven. Its spirit voice
Is heard alike in joy, or grief, by day
By night,—in dreams, or waking, still it sighs,
'*Mother! dear mother, come!*'
* * * * * * * *

Around the azure portals of the sky,
Lingers a cherub form. Amid the tones
Of angel minstrelsy its voice is hush'd;
Heaven's brightest glory has no power to charm
Its gaze, which scans the deep profound of space,
And watchful seeks earth's distant darkling orb.
What hath a denizen of heav'n to hope
Beyond the bliss its realms of glory yield?
What form of beauty, or what sound of joy,
Is wanting there which other worlds can lend?
Hark! on the oder-laden zephyr's wing
There comes a gush of witching melody,
Whilst on the farthest precinct of the sky
Hovers a seraph band. Amid the train,
A free unfettered spirit cleaves the air,
And in her onward flight outstrips the storm.
Again is heard triumphant harmony,—
Yet 'mid its tones that cherub knows a voice,
More grateful to its ear than murm'ring streams
Which pour their floods of life o'er plains of bliss,—
'*My child, I come!*'—Heav'n hath no more to give.

MISCELLANY.

THE KNIGHT OF THE WITHERED TREE.

CHAPTER I.

The sun was gilding with his parting rays the purple tent of the princely Sultan of the East. when a messenger appeared before him, and bowed almost to the ground! 'How now, Hafiz,' said Solyman, 'why intrudest thou upon our presence thus?'

'Noble lord of the world,' said the messenger, 'your guards in the morning excursion, have surprised a Christian Knight, and demand to be led into thy presence.'

'How looks he? Bears he his fate calmly?'

'Not more calmly runs the rill that supplies our tents with water. His face betrays no emotion—and the summer leaf untouched by the balmy breeze, is not more still than are the workings of his gallant soul.'

'Tis well—bid him enter.'

The guards approached. Between them strode a Knight mailed from head to foot, but his visor was unclosed, and the searching eye of the Solyman quailed before the fierce fire which burnt within that of the Knight. Upon his steely corslet was impressed the image of a withered tree. The keen glance of Solyman once more scanned his martial figure, as he broke the silence which his foe's entry had occasioned.

'Prisoner! though lookest calmly on thy most inveterate enemy. But the deep shade of melancholy,'—and the fierce Sultan's voice lowered to a key uncommon to him—'the deep shade of melancholy is on thy brow, and long years of suffering and anguish have paled thy cheek.'

An extraordinary feeling seemed to have seized the Sultan's soul, and pity beamed from the eye which never before had felt its influence.

'Prince,' replied the warrior, in a voice as soft and musical as the last sigh of the south wind o'er the strings of the Æolian lyre, 'Prince, sorrow has filled my cup to the brim, but the world shall never know my sorrow. I once was happy. In the sunny vales of my own sweet province, or 'neath the moon light sky of Castalia, I have sipped of pleasures bowl; but alas!—but why do I dally?—the grave is my last hope of peace—I am your prisoner—you can dispose of my life.'

'Nay—nay,' said Solyman, 'I fain would spare thee—wouldst thou accept my bounty.—Riches, happiness, pleasure, all flow around thee, and thou but consent to be our guide to yonder camp, under close cover of the night.'

The breast of the Knight swelled like the rolling of the ocean wave, and fire flashed from his eye. 'Fool!' at length came from between his lips, and as they severed, the pearly teeth appeared ground in defiance, 'Fool!—were my home to be the lowest deep of hell, and thou my torturing demon, I would not sell my friends to *thee! thee!* their implacable foe!'

'Thy name, Sir Knight?' cried Solyman, as he started from his throne.

'Rupert of France,' thundered back the Knight in reply. 'Thou wouldst make me a tratior. I now proclaim thee, coward!'

Had the lightnings of heaven fallen harmlessly at thy feet, the Sultan could not have been more amazed. At length his heated soul found vent, and it came forth in the mandate—'To prison—to morrow the bow-string!'

That night Rupert slept in a dungeon.

High amid one of the princely towers which lowered from the walls of Antioch, sat a dejected maiden; her fingers running thoughtlessly ever the chords of a guitar; her eyes fixed on the rising moon, and a pearly tear was coursing down her cheek, as she murmured the following song.

A gallant Knight, was Rupert brave;
A maiden fair, Estelle;
And both did love with a hallowed love—
Alas! they loved too well!

A cruel father broke the bond
Which should have made them one;
And Rupert fled from his native land,
And the maid was left alone.

But love can each barrier o'ercome,
And the maiden she too fled;
But, alas! when she reached the Holy Land
Prince Rupert he was dead.

A footstep interrupted her song, and by the dim light which the moon shed through the lattice, she perceived the form of a man approaching her. She started in alarm from her seat, but the figure hastened to re-assure her, and whispered in a soft voice—

'Hist! Lady Estelle; 'tis I—Raymond.'

'Ha! thou, my trusty page. And how have sped thy enquiries, noble youth? Hast seen or heard aught importing him? Or is he dead? And am I doomed to mourn forever?'

These inquiries were made in the rapid tone which anxious and fearful love knows too well.

'Lady, he is not dead, and I have seen him!'

'Thank Heaven!' she exclaimed, and in her rapture she kissed the stripling's forehead.—'For this good news, Raymond, shall thou be rewarded; and if heaven grant we e'er review our native land, my voice shall not be wanting to forward thy interest at court. Where is he?'

'At present, fair lady, I know not. I go again to-night, upon my errand, and if Raymond's poor efforts shall restore him to you, he will be doubly rewarded by the approving smile of his honored mistress.'

'Go forth boy; if my prayers can aid thee, rest assured thou wilt accomplish thy mission, and obtain the just price of thy labor.'

The page kissed his lady's hand and departed. Scarcely had the sound of his footsteps died upon her ear, when the heavy tread of an armed heel was ascending the staircase, and hardly had she lit her silver lamp, when Gaultier de Boisvert stood before her. Depositing his plumed casque upon the table, he approached Estelle, and seizing her hand, was about imprinting an impassioned kiss upon it, when the maiden snatched it from him, and smiled contemptuously upon him.

'Nay, maiden,' said he,' still coy and foolish? Is de Boisvert always to sue in vain?—Wilt thou never consent to become the mistress of his broad and sunny domains? Dost still despise him?'

'Him and his domains! were they broad as my native land, and richer than Arabia Felix.'

'Nay then, maiden, I will woo thee—aye, win and wear thee too, by another key. Know that Prince Rupert lives.'

'I knew it ere thou toldst me,' calmly replied Estelle.

'But know' rejoined the Knight, 'one breath of mine can blast him.'

'He's true as thou art false!' burst from the maiden's heart.

'We'll see to that, proud dame. And thou do not consent to be the bride of Gaultier de Boisvert, ere to-morrow's sun set Prince Rupert—'

'Spare thy tongue its office. Sooner would I link me to the foulest corpse that died of pestilence, than call thee husband!'

'Then Rupert dies at sunset.'

Estelle fainted.

CHAPTER II.

In a lonely and strictly guarded part of the Moslem Camp, his cheek resting on his hand, sat the desolated Knight of the Withered Tree. He was gazing wistfully on the moon-lit rill which flowed at the foot of the prison. Silence reigned within the camp, save where the flapping of the tents were heard amid the whisperings of the midnight breeze, or the murmur of the distant river, or the clank of the armorer's hammer, or the heavy tread of the gigantic sentinel, who paced beneath his dungeon window. He mused and mused, till at last his soul, swelltering with harrowing feelings, vented itself in words.

'Estelle! dear Estelle! are we never to meet again? Must the dark veil which has so long hung over our fates never be severed? Never! harrowing word! Bright sun of my pathway! thou has set forever! In the dark and dreary way I've trod, the recollection of thy rising has cherished me; but—— tears! welcome old friends! welcome! 'tis long since we have met; but ye now can flow amid the channels that care has worn upon my cheeks. To-morrow the sun of life shall set; but my last sigh, Estelle, shall be for thee!'

He turned his head and half started from his seat as he beheld before him the figure of one of

the dervishes that attended the camp. The diviner bore in his hand a small lantern, but the knight waved him impatiently off.

"'Tis my office to console those who are upon the verge of the grave, Christian; and I come to do the kind office for thee.'

'Thy offer is kind,' said the Knight, 'but it is useless—thou knowest I am a warrior of the Cross. Sooner would I part with my right hand, than renounce my religion.'

'Nay, then, master of mine, I shall sue thee in another character,' and he let fall the cloak and displayed to the astonished and doubting eyes of Rupert the figure of Raymond the page.

'Raymond!' cried the Prince; but the page checked him, and seeing the sentinel step out into the moonlight he rejoined in the Eastern tongue—

'There is no God but Alla, and Mahomed is his Prophet.' The sentinel appeared satisfied and resumed his walk.

'And now, Raymond, tell me what of Estelle?'

'My lord, she is now waiting thee within the Tower of Antioch. You must see her ere the sun gilds the sky to-morrow.'

'But, how boy! how am I to escape? The window is guarded and I am unarmed.'

'Nay, an that be all you fear, see!' and he delivered to his hand a gleaming rapier and a jewelled dagger. He then resumed his 'cloak, and left the dungeon. Rupert gazed intently thro the window, and soon beheld him in deep converse with the sentinel. He beheld the sentinel raise a cup to his lips, and ere a moment for reflection passed, the blackened hue of death, by poison, rose to the soldier's face, and he fell dead upon the ground.

'Now is the time, master of mine,' whispered Raymond; and Rupert prepared to undo the fastenings of his window, when a slight noise interrupted his farther progress, and he threw himself down to feign sleep, having first carefully concealed his arms. The door opened, and the peering visage of one of the guardians of the night darkened for a moment, the doorway; but, observing all to be right, he withdrew, and Rupert smiled, as he heard the many fastenings of his dungeon creak, as they closed upon him.

He then immediately wrenched out the bars, and sprang from the window. But scarcely had he touched the ground, when the guardian already spoken of turned the corner of his tent, and was about to spread the alarm. Ere a word had crossed his lips, the dagger of the active Raymond slept deep in his heart. The fugitives then turned towards the city, and commenced a rapid though noiseless flight.

Solyman was just then dreaming of his future victories. He was alone amid a desert. Suddenly the sound of galloping hoofs broke upon his ear, and the Sultan awoke: he moved aside the curtain of his tent, and looked abroad into the moonlight. Nothing was to be seen, save two figures flitting towards tne river. He looked again. They may be clouds, thought he, obscuring the face of the moon; and he turned over and was soon again asleep.

Strange dreams pervaded the whole camp, and many a warrior started up with the full conviction that the battle charge had been sounded. Still nought was to be discerned save the full gush of moonlight, the distant river, the city looming in the midst of the distance, and the summer trees that rustled to the night wind.

When Estelle returned to consciousness, she gazed wildly around. There still stood the haughty Gaultier de Boisvert, with a smile of triumph curling his haughty lips; and a consciousness of security painted upon his features. She started to her feet, and was about leaving the room, when the fiend again seized her, and exclaimed—

'I bear no longer with this foolery. Mine thou art, and shall ever be. 'Tis useless to remonstrate! vain to struggle!! This kiss seals thee mine—mine—mine!'

As he approached his lips, the maiden shrieked rather than cried!

'Does heaven desert me in the time of need. Is there no knignt to shield the virtue of an innocent, an insulted maiden!'

Ha, ha!' was the fiendish and only response of Gaultier.

'God of my ancestors! Holy mother, protect and preserve me!'

At this moment, the vile de Boisvert felt himself grasped from behind, and in the next moment he measured his length upon the floor.

'Villain!' cried a stalwart Knight, who stood over him, 'do we dwell 'mid men, or in dens of beasts? Pollution! darest thou breathe it 'mid as pure an air as this! Viper, go! ere the feelings of an honest heart do nerve this arm, and I forget that thou'rt unworthy of my rising ire.'

The abashed ruffian and disgrace to the order of the knighthood rose, with the determination of a brigand on his lips, and an 'insulted pride swelling in his bosom, muttered as he left the room—

'Knight of the Withered Tree! we'll meet again!'

CHAPTER III.

The sun was rising in splendor o'er the city and camp. The green herbage that rustled on the wavy plain glittered in his morning beams, and the loud barking of the distant hound came faintly on the breeze. The sentinel who paced the walls, observed an unusual bustle in the Moslem Camp, and summoning to his side Raymond the page, he inquired the reason of the stir. The page turned away to perform some errand for his mistress, while the sentinel proceeded on his rounds, humming lightly some old air of his native land, and thus the cause of excitement passed away.

In the halls of the Leaders mansion were assembled a motley horde, composed of warriors and serfs, old men and women. Around Godfrey's seat were congregated the chiefs of the expedition, apparently waiting the arrival of some missing one. At length, after a half hour's delay, a slight commotion in that part of the crowd nearest the door annomnced the entry of some baron bold, and in a few moments more Gaultier de Boisvert stood near the throne of Godfrey.

'We have waited for thee long,' said the leader, in a slightly stern tone of voice. 'To business.'

'My lord, you will please excuse my tardiness. An affair of honor has detained me. But, my antagonist having disappeared, I knew not whether, I am now to lay open to your unsuspecting gaze a plot infernal in its purposes as it is disgraceful to a Knight. There is Treason abroad, my lord.'

'Treason!' exclaimed a dozen stalwart chevaliers, who sprang to their feet, and half unsheathed their swords: 'Treason!'

'Aye, my lords, Treason. 'Tis too apparent, and it shall be proved. Is Rupert of France in this Assembly.' A long pause ensued, but still no answer came.

'Rupert of France!' thundered out the manly voice of Godfrey de Bouilon, 'Rupert of France! stand forth!'

'How can he my lord,' rejoined Gaultier, "when he is now dallying with the daughter of the Harem, in the camp of Solyman of the East, aye, and drinking from the goblet which the lips of the dark eyed Odalisque have kissed:—Tne rough wind of our rugged life is far too chill for the tender warrior's frame. The balmy zephyr of the incense-breathing south must stray 'mid his curling ringlets, and fan the love-burnt brow. Still more, my lords, what should he there do, unless 'twould be to vend his cause and his religion for the glitter of an eastern diadem.'

'This is a serious charge, said Godfrey, and must needs be backed with creditable testimony. ere, on thy sole assertion, we condemn the Knight.'

'Hugo, stand forth. Art thou of Rupert's household?'

'I am.'

'When left he his home?'

'About two days since.'

'And whither went he?'

'He directed his way towards the Moslem camp.'

'That is sufficient!' cried Gaultier, 'he is now to eyes and ears a convicted traitor!'

'Measureless liar!' exclaimed a knight, who burst from the throng enveloped in a long black mantle, and his visor down. Every one started up, and Gaultier was about rushing on his opponent, when the trumpet toned voice of Godfrey rang through the hall—

'Order, Knights of the Cross! or by my father's grave I'll cleave to the chine the man that first dares advance a foot or hand.'

This produced immediate silence, for each man knew too well the prowess of their leader's arm to wish to receive a positive proof of it.

'And now, Knight of the Black Mantle,' said the leader, 'what proofs canst thou alledge to clear the accused of the imputation which now sullies his fair fame?'

'Raymond, page of Estelle, of Spain, stand forth!'

At this juncture, Gaultier de Boisvert started up with those who sided with him, and protested against receiving the evidence of a boy in a court of chivalry.

"'Tis well,' muttered the Knight, and then raising his voice, 'an the word of the boy be not sufficient you shall have mine own.' And as he cast his mantle from him, the troubled eye fo Gaultier de Boisvert rested on the graven image of a "withered tree," which was impressed upon his corslet. Had a basilisk started forth to his view, the guilty wretch could not have shown more outward signs of terror.

'The unknown knight of the Withered Tree!' burst from every lip.

'Not unknown, Gentiles,' and as he raised his visor, every heart raised the loud shout,

'Rupert of France!'

'And now, noble Godfrey, I would propound one question to you, foul wretch. Hadst thou not a brother?'

'Never!'

'Knowest thou this boy?' and he led forth the page Raymond.

'I know him as a page. I answer no farther.'

'Stop, Villian! Knowest thou this scar?' and as he spoke he tore the doublet from the page's bosom, and revealed to every eye a deep scar upon the boy's right breast. The entrapped wretch gave a convulsive gasp as Rupert proceeded:

'He stands before you now, not as page Raymond, but as Egbert de Boisvert—and rightful lord of these broad domains thou hast usurped. Now, villain, I have yet another account to settle—but of that hereafter.' He then related to the assembled court, his capture and deliverance by Raymond; having first detailed the attempted murder of the page by his unnatural uncle, Gaultier, who had grasped the lordly territory of his ancestors, in the full security of undetected villainy. Rupert had found the boy bleeding near his own Chateau—tended and nursed him, and finally took him as his page to the Holy Land.

When he had finished, Godfrey de Bouillon rose and said,

'Egbert de Boisvert, kneel.'

The boy knelt and received the accolade from the hands of the princely chief of the Crusaders.'

'And now to the dungeon with you loathsome miscreant!'

This order was answered by the wildest huzza of triumph that ever broke from mortal lips.

It is needless to add that the nuptials of Rupert and Estelle were solemnized in a few days afterwards, and that they soon departed, accompanied by Egbert, for their native land—under its sunny skies to taste of all that wedded bliss can bestow.

WOMAN'S ERROR—OR THE DUELISTS.

"Would you not deem it breathed? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
The very life seems warm upon her lip,
The nature of her eye has motion in it!"

SHAKSPEARE.

I had gazed on many beautiful faces, in many lands, but none ever met my eyes and touched my heart like this. I actually started with surprise at such perfect lovelines, as the green curtain was withdrawn which concealed the portrait, for such it was, though I should not have supposed so, had not my informant assured me of the fact.

It seemed too purely, too perfectly beautiful to be the pictured form of a human being. I remembered that years ago, when but a visionary boy, I had imagined such a one, in my wild and dreamy hours, and often since as the vision had flitted through my mind, (for I had never wholly forgotten it,) I had smiled at my own folly. Here, however, was a face equalling the beauty of my fairy imagination. I turned towards my aged conductress to inquire the name of the original. The tears were in her eyes as she replied—"That, sir, is Madeline Wortly; the picture was completed the day she was nineteen. Need I tell you of her fate, or have you heard it spoken of in the village? for it is well known." I had not, and the old woman placed seats for us opposite the picture, and thus began:—

"I have been housekeeper in Sir Alfred Wortly's family nearly forty years, and have seen the alterations which time has made upon a pained and a grieving heart. The hall has fallen to decay, and all around and within it looks

gloomy and desetted; and, alas! that is nothing to the change, the blight that has come upon its once happy inmates. It was a gay time when my master brought home his young bride from foreign parts, with her soft gentle voice, and pale, delicate cheek, and gayer still, when the bells rang and the bonfires blazed to welcome the birth of her infant. She was a kind mistress, and a good and gentle wife, and one would have thought that when all hearts loved her, she must have been happy; and so, indeed, she was thought to be; but I could see more clearly, and knew well that the lip could scarcely conceal its quivering, even by the smiles which wreathed it. Whether she grieved for her own sunny Italy, or whether her heart had found another home than Wortly manor, I knew not; but grieve she did, silently and secretly, and her cheek grew paler, and her step more feeble, until Sir Alfred became alarmed, and wearied her with persuations to try a change of air and scene, but to no purpose; it was the only request I ever knew her to refuse—but in this she was steady.

"After the birth of her child she grew rapidly worse, and it was evident to all but her doating husband that she was sinking. He would not believe it, and went on hoping, against hope, that she would recover. At length the blow fell—my mistress died! and from that hour Sir Alfred was an altered man. He was not young when he married, and now he appeared much older than he really was. Nothing could engage his attention, or interest his feelings, but his motherless girl. Not only the love he had borne his wife, but all he had ever felt for any living being, seemed transferred to her. Frequently have I seen the dark cloud pass from his brow, and a smile settle there in its stead, as he had watched her playful, innocent ways; and the harsh word has been stayed on his lips, as he caught the echo of the merry-ringing laugh in the distance.

A blithe, happy-hearted beautiful creature was Madeline Wortly—she had a kind word and a cheering smile for all; there was not a villager but knew and loved her. She inherited her father's high and generous disposition, and her mother's deep and passionate feelings. I had been present at her birth, and watched her with almost a parent's care till now, and few, if any, but myself, knew the strength and fervor of her feelings. They were naturally wild, and habitually under too little control, I used often to tremble at the extremes to which they might some day lead her, and even tried to check her in her expressions of affection or dislike, for she felt every thing in extremes; and then she would weep and express sorrow in such passionate words, that she unwittingly repeated the fault even in her repentance. You would not have wondered at her father's love, could you have seen them as I have, when she had gone to plead for some culprit in disgrace; she used to fling her arms around his neck, and lean her glowing cheek upon his forehead, letting her long ringlets mix with his grey hair, and fall upon his shoulder; and so she would plead in her own peculiar manner, as though her life depended on his answer. Seldom had she to plead long ere the request was granted, and a warm, loving kiss bestowed in return; but when the offender was a well known one, and would long ago have received punishment but for her, Sir Alfred would try to explain the necessity, and promise it would be mitigated. If he received no answer, he would look up into his daughter's face, and seeing a tear, then would rebuke himself for unkindness, and not only grant the pardon, but give the offender something substantial to remember Miss Wortly by. Sir Alfred would have been astonished had any one told him he was doing his child an injury by thus weakly giving way to every fancy; true, they were always kind and good, but he did not perceive that had he refused her her sorrow would have been as great at her own disappointment as at that of those for whom she interceeded, and he did not remember how he was unfitting her to go through what is at best a life of disappointment and self-sacrifice.

"I will not weary you," continued my companion, "with a longer description of her childhood. Suffice it, she grew in beauty as in years. The time came, at length, when others sought her love, and tried to woo her from her home to halls of splendor. She would not listen to them—she loved her father to well, she said, to wish to leave him. Well, I guessed that Madeline's was not the heart to be content for ever with such love; and so it proved; for shortly afterwards she owned to me she had, with her usual precipitancy, 'plighted her faith,' to use her own words, 'to one worth all the glittering parade of her former lovers. He was not rich, she said, 'but she was, so that was of no consequence; at any rate, her word was given, and at all hazards should be kept.' Sir Alfred, as usual, only studied his child, and it was soon a settled thing.

'Capt. Euston was exactly the man to captivate such a heart as Madaline's, longing to associate itself with something noble. He was young, handsome, generous, and like herself, high spirited to a fault. He could not rest under the shadow of an insult offered either to himself or those he loved; and their proud high tempers were so much alike, that I half feared for their happiness.

"There had been a gentleman named Forrester staying at the manor house for some days previously to Miss Wortly's birth day, which was to be celebrated, as usual, by a large party in the house, and the villagers dining on the grounds; the evening generally terminated with dancing and fireworks. Sir George Forrester and Captain Euston had not found each other's society very agreeable, it would appear, for they avoided each other as much as possible, and when compelled to meet, strove to appear ceremoniously polite. Why this was, I never knew; but I was sorry to perceive that Madeline, with the waywardness of youth and beauty, listened to the flattering speeches of Sir George with rather more attention than was necessary. It was not that she liked him in reality, for it was impossible with the shadow of a preference for Captain Euston, the frank, the noble, to bestow a serious thought on a being like the other, however devoted or incense-breathing he might be. And that she did love the former almost to adoration I am assured; but he never flattered, and perhaps the beauty wished to hear herself praised by the lips she loved best, and sought to pique him into rivalling the other; but she little knew her lovers if thus she hoped. The morning of her birth day arrived, and her father showered blessings and presents upon his darling. Almost all had some trifle to bestow, and thought himself honored by its acceptance. Captain Euston was stepping forward to congratulate her, and she looked so lovely and so graceful, that he forgot her late caprice and unkindness in the warmth of his admiration. He had some time before promised her his picture on this day, and was about to offer it, when Sir George entered the room, and walking quickly up to Madeline, and taking her hand, began complimenting her in such a strain, that after the first few words Euston turned away with a cheek like marble, and a brow in which the veins seemed bursting. Half an hour afterwards he was pacing the garden, with what feeling I cannot tell, when a slight touch was on his arm, and Madeline whispered—

'And have you nothing to give me, Henry?'

'Nothing, Miss Wortly, that I can flatter myself you would value!' was the reply.

'Indeed you are mistaken, Henry, I would value any thing you give me,' urged the girl.

"There was something in the tone of her voice he could not resist, and though not reconciled to bestow the miniature, he broke a small branch from a clematis near to which they were standing, and taking the flowers therefrom, made them into a little bunch, and offered them. He would have spoken, but he was interrupted by Sir George, who had, perhaps, been watching them. They separated, and did not meet till dinner, when, instead of the jewels which generally sparkled among Madeline's curls, a small bunch of clematis only rested there. Euston saw it, and in an instant was by her side, whispering words which sent the rich blood to her cheek, and for a while they were the happiest of all. Alas! that the spirit of envy should have again crept in to mar their joy, and spread a blight, and endless sorrow over all.

"It was later in the evening when I again saw Miss Wortly, and she looked restless and uneasy. I instantly remarked it, and she owned she thought it unkind of Captain Euston to absent himself on such an evening; she said he had been away upwards of an hour, and she was waiting for his return ere she would dance. 'But where is George, my love?' said I, anxious to hear how she would speak of him, and happy to find by her answer that he at last wearied her—'Oh, he is away too, I believe,' she said, 'and don't ask me about him any more; he has made himself particular in his behavior towards me all day, and I know Henry does not like him.' Then came the tale of the morning, and a hope that she had pleased him by wearing his flowers.

'And where are they now, dearest,' I inquired, perceiving that they were no longer in her hair.

'Here—are they not?' she answered, raising her hand to her brow with a hurried exclamation. I could not answer, for I was that minute called by several voices. The music below suddenly ceased; the sound of many footsteps and suppressed tones was heard outside my door, but the words 'duel,' 'dangerously wounded,' and 'captain Euston,' met our affrighted ears. I begged Madeline to be calm and promised to ascertain the meaning of the dreadful words. Alas! alas! there was but little to obtain; the flowers which had fallen from Madeline's hair had been exhibited by Sir George Forrester to Captain Euston as a gift from the wearer.—What words passed on either side I know not, but I knew too well they ended in Euston insisting on instant satisfaction, as it is called; others interferred, to no purpose. They walked to the grounds—the distance was measured—the pistols loaded—the signal given—and Henry Euston was in eternity! Sir George had also received his antagonist's ball, and was carried in a state of insensibility from the field.

"The wound of Capt. Euston was examined, not from any hope of doing good, but for form's sake. When that was over, and the doctors declared their presence useless, Sir Alfred sought his daughter. He had lingered in the hope of carrying some good news, and scarcely dared to witness the effect his words would produce. We entered the room in which I left her; she was on her knees, with her face buried in a sofa cushion. I half hoped she had been praying; but that was dispelled by the first glance at her face.

"Now were exhibited the fatal proofs of the long indulgence of the naturally uncontrollable temper, wanting the curb of good management, and above all, sadly wanting the spirit of religious resignation to a divine will.

"You see the picture, sir,' continued the old lady, pointing to the one I had so muco admired, "such was she in the morning, and if possible more beautiful; and now, in one short hour, even her fond father could scarcely recognize her. She had shed no tear; she had not uttered a word; but every feature was convulsed, and there were lines on her brow deep as those furrowed by years on her father's. We had no need to speak; she understood by our looks that which, I do not think, one present would have dared to utter, and motioned with her hand that she would see him.

'You had better not, love,' sobbed Sir Alfred.

"She tried to speak, but the attempt almost choked her. I knew that to refuse her in her present mood would be even more dangerous than complying, and we led the way to the room where he lay. She advanced to the couch and stood beside it with folded arms and closed lips. I had expected screams and fainting, but was not prepared for this. Her silence was unnatural, and alarmed her father. He gazed on her for some time, and then taking her cold hand, besought her to speak to him, if only one word. She answered not; she never removed her eyes from the face of her deceased lover. Sir Alfred could bear it no longer—he threw himself on his knees before his child, and the tears almost blinded him as they rolled down his furrowed cheek.

'Speak to me—for God's sake speak to your old father, my own, my beautiful, my innocent; but one word, my Madeline, but one; see, see, I kneel to you for one look, my child!'

"For an instant his voice seemed to recal her senses; she raised both hands to her forehead, and then followed a wild, terrific, horrible laugh. She was, and is still, a raving maniac. Sir George, the cause of this misery, was compelled to fly his native land, and became a conscience-stricken wretch. The bullet which had pierced his side, and which could not be extricated, disabled him from making any exertion. The sufferings of his victims were slight in comparison with his own."

A lawyer in Ireland who was pleading the canse of an infant plaintiff, took the child up in his arms and presented it to the jury suffused with tears.—This had a great effect till the obposite lawyer asked what made him cry. "He pinched me!" answered the little inuocent. The whole court was convulsed with laughter.

From the Ladies' Companion.

KATRINA SCHUYLER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

'KATRINA, my dear, come and sit on this stool by my side, I have something to say to thee.'

'Wait a moment, father, till I have tuned my guitar, and then I can practice this sweet air while you are talking.'

The old merchant, though an austere man in his warehouse, was, like many of his class, indulgent to a fault to the members of his family. So he sat quietly in his arm-chair, with an open letter in his hand, while his daughter, Kate, the spoiled darling of his widowed heart, went on screwing up the keys of her guitar, trying the strings with her slender white fingers, and humming snatches of a Neapolitan boat-song, as if utterly forgetful that her father had spoken to her.

'Make haste, child, I am waiting,' said the old merchant.

'One moment, father, while I shorten this band; there, now, it just fits;' and flinging the black ribbon over the whitest and most beautiful neck in all Amsterdam, she seated herself at her father's feet, and raising her smiling face to his, said—'Well, now, what do you want to say? Be quick, for I have not half got my lesson.'

The old man had scarcely commenced the subject, which, from the gravity of his face seemed to be somewhat important, when Kate struck up a lively air, and completely overwhelmed his voice. Even his habits of indulgence could not withstand this. He impatiently grasped the little hand which wandered like a restless bird over the strings, exclaiming;

'Listen to me, Kate, this subject is of importance.'

'I beg ten thousand pardons, my dear father! Pray, what were you talking about?

'This letter has just arrived from Paris,' said the old man, raising the open sheet in his hand.

Kate caught a glance at the seal. She knew the crest; that careless, half-provoking smile instantly vanished from her face, and her voice faltered as she said;

'Well, father, where is he now?'

'In Paris, dear, on his way to claim his betrothed.'

For a moment Katrina's face wore a thoughtful expression. She turned away her eyes, and after a little hesitation, said:

I have made up my mind—that is, I had rather not marry Lord Gilbert.'

'Nonsense! not marry Lord Gilbert? Pray, what has given rise to this new caprice?'

Oh! I've a thousand reasons. I dare say he is abominably ugly, and as proud as Lucifer.'

'On the contrary, child, he is deemed one of the handsomest men in England; and as to pride, methinks his willingness to take to wife the daughter of a humble Dutch merchant is sufficient proof against that. Nay, start not up and look so proudly, child; I tell thee this same English Lord might have his choice among the fairest and highest of his own proud land; and a humble maiden like thee, Kate, should deem it high honor when he casts his thoughts so much beneath his own level?'

'But Katrina Schuyler, merchant's daughter though she be, deems it no honor to be bartered off unseen, and certainly unloved, like an article of merchandize! I say again, I will not marry this Lord, who thinks to drag me from my own dear home at a moment's warning, and to install me into his proud dwelling, like a Dutch toy, only to be endured for its gilding—for conceal it as you will, father, I know that this coronet is to be purchased with a dowry, such as no English noble can count down to his titled daughters.'

'Thou hast nothing to do with that, child,' said the old man with some degree of confusion, and if thou hast no better reason to give—'

But I have a better reason—I will not wed Lord Gilbert—because—because—I intend to marry some body else.'

'Marry somebody else!' and the astonished merchant started up, as if a bullet had passed through his heart. 'May I be permitted to ask what high personage has been selected for my son-in-law?'

'Certainly, father—it is the music-master you have been so good as to allow me.'

A music-master! My daughter marry a poor, beggarly, tramping fiddler!—a—'

'Don't get in a passion—don't father, I entreat you!' exclaimed the malicious girl, trembling all over, and yet half laughing at the storm she had raised.

'A passion! a passion! By my father's soul, if I thought, child, that this were not badinage—mere idle sport, I would turn thee into the street this instant!'

Now Katrina Schuyler was a much better general than Napoleon Buonaparte, for she knew just how far to extend her power; so, instead of braving her father's anger, as the haughty imperialist did the Russian winter, she threw her arm over the guitar, and retreated into the garden.

Though Mynheer Schuyler was, as I have said, by no means remarkable for mildness of temper, he never indulged in the luxury of anger beyond the precincts of his counting-room and always reserved the highest ebullitions of his wrath for the special edification of his clerks and retainers. It was therefore with no little astonishment, that the passers by saw him issue from his house with a face as red as a peony, and flourishing an open letter in his hand with the most startling ferocity of manner. Had it been a drawn sword they would have run for their lives; but being only a piece of harmless paper, they stood still, opened their mouths, and wondered what on earth could have come over Mynheer.

Some very wise man has said that habit is second nature. If this be true, it had been the merchant's nature, for twenty years, to descend the steps of his dwelling about ten o'clock each morning, with his dress arranged in the extremity of his neatness. After gazing for a moment up and down the street, he would fold his hands under his coat behind, and thus walk leisurely to his warehouse bowing graciously to the acquaintances whom he passed on his way, and in every manner deporting himself with the staid dignity befitting a man of trust and substance. But this morning the merchant outraged his habits terribly. His wig was awry, his coat unbrushed, and his shoes, with their broad silver buckles, lacked their usual exquisite polish. Without stopping for a moment on the steps, he clapped pis hands under his coat, for it is to be doubted if he could walk with them in any other position, and hurried along the pavement as if propelled by a double power locomotive.

Mynheer Schuyler's warehouse stood on one of the numerous canals, which carry the commerce of nations into the heart of Amsterdam. He was hurrying along the brink of this canal, in the situation we have described, when he came in contact with a porter, who was running at the top of his speed to overtake a boat which lay a little ahead. The concussion was fatal to the angry merchant. He lost his equilibrium, and the next moment, found his polished shoes, with their silver buckles, planted three inches deep in the mud at the bottom of the canal. Here was a predicament for the richest merchant in Amsterdam to find himself in. Up to his chin in water, his feet sticking in the bottom of a canal, his bald head just rising above the surface—for his wig and the letter which had given rise to all this mischief, were very tranquilly floating down the stream together—his arms extended as if in an effort to swim, and altogether bearing no inapt semblance to one of those apocryphal heads which one sometimes meets with upon an old-fashioned tomb-stone, with flat noses, big mouths and wings growing where their ears should be. But Mynheer was no tomb-stone ornament; nor had he the slightest inclination to become the subject of one. So, as soon as he had a little recovered from the surprise of his immersion, he essayed to call for assistance. But as he opened his mouth to let his voice out, a quantity of muddy water took the liberty to let itself in. Here he began to make wry faces, shake his head, and to beat the water with his arms, in a manner which added very much to the delight of some half dozen ragged boys and lazy porters, who stood grinning and clapping their hands at his struggles on the opposite side of the canal.

The unlucky merchant had nearly exhausted himself in vain struggles, and was sinking deeper and deeper in the mud every instant, when a youth, apparently a foreigner, with eagle eyes and hair like the wing of a raven, happened to pass, and saw his situation.

'Can I do any thing for your assistance, friend?' he inquired kindly.

The luckless merchant made one more desperate effort to speak; but lost his footing, and his head suddenly disappeared beneath the turbid water. The youth flung his velvet cap upon the pavement, stripped off his coat, and plunged into the canal. He soon succeeded in fishing up the unfortunate merchant, and supporting his head above the water, called out lustily for assistance. This was soon rendered, and Mynheer Schuyler was safely conveyed to his warehouse.

A servant was despatched for dry clothes and a new wig, and Mynheer Schuyler lay upon the sofa in his counting-room in his dripping garments, completely exhausted by his cold bath, when the foreign youth who saw that he could be of no further service, was about to retire. The merchant observed the movement, looked up and recognized his daughter's music-master; the very man whom half an hour before he had resolved to kick from his door steps, did he ever presume to ascend them again. The youth stood very quietly with his cap in his hand, while the old man's face changed from a look of astonishment to a haughty frown, which, after a moment, gave place to an expression of warm-hearted gratitude, such as a kind man would feel towards one who had saved his life.

'Young man,' he said, grasping the hand of the youth, 'this day shall be a fortunate one for you, as well as for me; I pledge you the word of a grateful and an honest man.'

The youth bowed, and muttering something about an engagement, hurried from the warehouse. Meantime, Katrina had proceeded to a fountain in the garden, where, as the season was summer, and the weather pleasant, she had been in the habit of receiving her music lessons. A rustic seat stood at the foot of a drooping elm which shadowed the green sward around the fountain, and a thicket of roses rendered the retreat fragrant and secluded. Kate looked upon the vacant bench and then upon the sun. It was full time, and yet no master had arrived. She busied herself in gathering the roses and scattering their leaves, and half open buds, upon the water in the fountain; then tiring of this, she seated herself on the brink of the marble basin and began to dip up the water in her little palm and to shower it on the flowers blushing about her. At length, heartily impatient and half pouting, she flung her guitar on the grass and sauntered away into a more secluded part of the garden, where, for the first time in her life, she began to reflect, seriously about the future. She was standing with her hands clasped under her apron of wrought muslin, and her sweet oval face turned away with an expression of more serious thought than usually visited her beautiful features, when the music of a guitar came tinkling, with a sweet merry sound, through the rosebushes which surrounded her. A smile broke over her face, like the flash of warm sunshine; her hands unclasped and she darted forward with the graceful eagerness of an uneaged bird. The youth, whom we have already introduced to the reader, was sitting beneath the elm with her guitar in his hands.

'And so my lady bird has learned to come at her master's call,' he said with a quiet smile, as the panting girl placed herself on the bench beside him.

'And for a very good reason, because she never expects to obey it again,' replied Kate, striving to look sullen, and obeying a sudden impulse to make her lover miserable for having kept her waiting.

The youth looked in her face, where a smile was struggling with affected gravity, and said, with undisturbed tranquility. 'Well, my pretty termigant, what new quarrel have you picked with me now—was my last visit too short, or my lesson too long?'

Kate shook her head very demurely, and tried her best to look solemn and important. 'You will not speak so lightly when I tell you that my father has received a letter from the English lord, whom I have told you of, and that he is on his way to carry me to England.' While she was conveying this startling intelligence, the mischievous girl stole a glance, from under her long lashes, to mark its effect upon her lover. A slight color spread up to his high, white forehead, and a very peculiar smile disturbed the repose of his expressive lips; otherwise his composure remained undisturbed.

Katrina was puzzled and more than half angry—'I *will* make him feel,' she said in the bottom of her roguish little heart; so she looked as resolute as possible and went on, 'Yes, my father is determined that I shall fulfil the engagement which he has made for me, and I think that I shall obey him—'

'That is right, my sweet Kate! It is a daughter's first duty to make her parents happy; and after all, what is there so very terrible in being married to a rich, well-principled man, whom

your father has chosen with a reference to your own exaltation and happiness?'

At her lover's interruption, Katrina started and raised her eyes to his with an expression of astonishment, which deepened as he spoke into absolute dismay.

'Are you serious?' she inquired, in a tremulous voice.

'Perfectly so!—for notwithstanding all the pleasant nonsense which we have talked together, you cannot suppose that I, a wanderer, without country or name, would drag you from an opulent home—cause you to break the heart of a good father, and expose you to all the ills of poverty and repentance, for repentance would follow! Or, to reverse the picture, that I should content myself as the hanger-on of your father's bounty, and become a pensioner on my wife's fortune. In neither case could we be happy; nor could I be just in uniting your fate with mine.'

Katrina turned her head away, and anguish was, for the first time, busy with her heart. It was more than a minute before she spoke; then her voice was cold and constrained, and the smile which she strove to force died away in a tremulous motion of the lips. 'We have forgotten our lesson—hold the music for me, if you please.' And taking her guitar she went over the lesson with a calmness that surprised herself. But she did not sing; that had been beyond her power. When she had finished, she arose, and said, 'I think you pronounce me a tolerable proficient on this instrument; call at my father's counting-room and he will reward your services; I shall not require them in future.' And with a slight inclination of the head she turned to leave the fountain.

The youth followed and laid his hand on her's. 'Katrina,' he said, 'forgive me if I appear unfeeling, if—' but she shook his hand off, and, with a haughtiness of spirit, for the first time called into action swept by him and entered the house.

Katrina found her father in the sitting room; his heart was overflowing with kindness and gratitude. 'Come hither child and kiss me, for I have determined to make thee happy—happy in thy own way,' he cried, opening his arms to embrace his daughter. Kate threw herself on his bosom and burst into a passion of tears; and when the old merchant went on to tell her of the peril he had been in, and of the generous conduct of the foreign youth, the poor girl only wept more bitterly than before.

'Don't weep, Kate,' said the old man kindly, 'I will have no more to do with this foreign marriage; thou shalt wed the youth to-morrow, if thou wilt.'

'No, no farther, I will not!—I wish to marry Lord Gilbert and make you happy.'

'Then, after all, thou wert only jesting this morning, and I, like an old fool, got angry about a shadow!'

'Yes, father, it was all a jest—a very, very unfeeling one; yet still but a jest!' and Kate's tears redoubled as she spoke.

'Well, then, I will send off my answer to Lord Gilbert, and a thousand guilders to the good youth.'

'Send him two thousand—half your fortune! He is poor, and proud and—' Here Kate began to cry again, and sobbing out something about a head-ache she left the room.

Early the next morning Mynheer Schuyler sent a purse of gold, with a letter of thanks, to the music-master; but the servant returned with word that the youth had discharged his lodgings and had left Amsterdam.

The preparations for Katrina's bridal were commenced on a magnificent scale. She was to be married in the English fashion; brides-maids were chosen and the trousseau was ordered from Paris. At length Lord Gilbert arrived. Katrina declined seeing him till they should meet at the altar; but the merchant visited him at his hotel and returned home absolutely beside himself with delight. The wedding morning brought a pretty, three cornered note from the bride-groom, with a case of diamonds, such as had seldom blazed on the brow of a Duchess. The brides-maids were in exstacies, and even Katrina's pale face brightened a little when she saw them sparkling among her soft, bright tresses and felt them upon her white arms and neck. She was sitting in her dress of white satin and mechlin lace, with the jewels twinkling like starlight through the delicate folds of her bridal veil, when a carriage and four swept up to the house. The brides-maids rushed, in a body, to the little mirrors in the windows.

'There he is!—that is Lord Gilbert—the tall slender one with black hair!' exclaimed the foremost. 'Kate, do come here one moment. Why! where has she flown to?'

Poor Kate—she had taken advantage of the confusion and had stolen into the garden, that she might have one moment of solitude before her destiny was sealed for ever. She hurried forward to the fountain, and threw herself on the bench where those dear, dear, music lessons had been given. The place had been neglected of late; the fountain was half choked up with leaves, and the rose-bushes were drooping and out of blossom. Every thing looked desolate; but the heart of the poor bride was most desolate of all. She leaned her cheek against the rough trunk of the elm and, burying her face in her hands, abandoned herself to sorrow. She was sitting thus, with tears trickling through her slender fingers, and falling, unnoticed, on her bridal dress, when a hand was laid softly on her arm, and a familiar voice pronounced her name.

That voice!—It went to her heart like a gush of music. She looked up, and he whom she had driven from her presence, in scorn and anger, was standing by her side. She forgot her engagement—her pride, every thing—in the dear consciousness of his presence, and sprang to his bosom as joyfully as a frightened bird flies to his nest-home in the green leaves.

'My own sweet Kate?' whispered the youth, laying his palm, caressingly, on the warm cheek whose fellow was nestled in his bosom, 'Look up love, and say that you forgive me all the sorrow and anxiety I have occasioned you.'

Kate's arms tightened about his neck, and she murmured, in a soft, happy voice, 'I forgive all, every thing, only say that you will yet save me from this marriage.'

'And has it never occurred to you that you may have been deceived? that your affianced husband, may have sought to win the heart before he demanded the hand of his fair mistress; in short, that the humble music-master and Gilbert Foster may be the same person? Nay, struggle not to free yourself from my arms, sweet bride. Is not your lover the same, in all things, as when he was used to set your luckless guitar with his unskillful hands?'

'Can this be sober truth?' murmured the young girl, doubtingly. 'What you, so kind, so gentle and good—*Can* you be the proud, fastidious Lord Gilbert whom I so feared? Indeed I cannot understand it!'

'Do not try, love. Remember, we have a whole life time to explain in. Let us go to the house now, the bishop is waiting. Do not tremble—there is nothing so very terrible in the ceremony?'

'No there is nothing terrible in it *now*,' whispered the happy Kate, as Lord Gilbert Foster drew the bridal veil over her face and raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

From the New York Mirror.

THE LAST PARDON.

'My father forgive me.'

He turned away with a strong negative gesture.

'I did not know what I was doing.'

The parent was yet silent.

'I was deaf—blind—desperate—mad.'

'But you had promised! Here—here is your written oath—deliberately signed—solemnly sworn to—never to approach the gaming table again. It is broken. You are a perjurer. You are no son of mine.'

'It was in a moment of hilarious revel that I allowed myself to be ensnared into the commission of an act abhorent to my soul.'

'And then your blow upon the forehead of him who had not injured you—your profligate duel, and your persevering attempt to inflict death upon your generous foe! Carlo, you make my blood cold. Whence came this ruthless and bloody temper? Your mother was mild, pure and gentle—and I, I am no brawler—no ruffian—no stabber—Carlo, Carlo, you have almost broken my heart!'

'My father—I will tell you whence came my evil disposition—and I do so in part to reciprocate the severe reproaches which you advance against me. In my childhood I was beautiful. My charms flattered the vanity of a father and mother who then had it in their power to correct my passions. They did not so. They weekly preferred their pleasure before my interest, and I now reap the bitter fruit. It is now that I am what you and she have made me, that you would abandon me to poverty! What would I do without money? You acknowledge that I am wild and incapable of governing myself. Fear then, to throw upon his own resources, in, in a world of temptations, one of whom your blindness has rendered too feeble to resist them.'

'Carlo, you are a fiend! Has your sainted mother, from her early grave, no voice for your bosom? Have I deserved your sneers, your insults?'

'You have. He who brings into life a being owes it to him to watch his course to the end—to guide and protect him through good and through evil.'

'My son,' rejoined the aged sire, in a calm voice, but with deep emotion, 'in some degree you are right. I am, at least partly to blame that you are what you are. Had I, in your earliest youth, adopted with you severe measures, I might have crushed the demon in you. Your accusation is unfeeling—but it is just. I will therefore, for this once, again forgive you. Since your maturity, as during your boyhood, you have been a continual pain, terror and disgrace to me. You have deprived my days of peace, and my nights of repose; you have squandered away my money, and brought dishonor on my name—yet once more I forgive you. I had formed a different determination—it was my design to disown you; for, however wrong I may have been during your infancy, in indulging you injudiciously, I have, for the years which have since passed, made all the atonement in my power, and without avail. You do not love me—you do not even respect the shade of your lamented mother. If, in my bosom, in spite of my reason, linger yet much affection for you, it is mournful and almost hopeless; but I forgive you. You are the last scion of a noble house. With you our family name expires. I am reluctant to deal too severely with you. Your banker shall be authorised to pay your debts, and I will use my influence with the king in your shameful affair with Count B———.'

'You make me breathe again,' cried the youth, throwing himself into his father's arms; the old man however, repulsed him.

'Before I bestow upon you my aid and my forgiveness, hear me swear upon this holy cross—'I forgive no more!' Be the past forgotten. For the future, the consequences of your deeds fall on your own head. On this sacred relick I repent the oath: I interfere no more—I forgive no more. Now embrace me, my son, and show yourself hereafter more worthy of your name.

The smooth azure of the bay of Naples was suddenly darkened and scattered with foam by one of those violent tempests which so frequently sweep over the Mediterranean. Carlo had hastened down to the beach, where, in a pretty hut lived Florette with her blind mother. Florette was the most beautiful peasant girl that ever brightened the shores of that summer sea; and Carlo, without discovering his rank, had won her heart. He had represented himself as a young painter, and offered to take her with him in his wanderings around the world, leaving an ample settlement for the blind mother.

'But Beppo?' said the old woman.

'Oh, Beppo will easily recover from the disappointment, when once Florette is away.'

'No. You do not know him,' said the mother. 'He loves Florette more than his own life, and she has promised to marry him since she was fourteen.'

'Ay, mother, but I had not seen Carlo then, I thought I loved Beppo till I had seen Carlo, and then ——'

'And then?' demanded Carlo, fondly.

Florette blushed. Carlo drew her toward him, knelt and pressed one of her hands to his lips, while with the other the little coquette put back the thick chesnut curls from the forehead of the handsome deceiver.

'Ah!' sighed the mother shaking her head sadly, 'poor, poor Beppo.'

At this moment, very unexpectedly, Beppo entered the hut. This bold and vigorous young fisherman was an impersonation of health and careless happiness He had been driven on shore by the storm, and came toward the home of his Florette, humming a light song.

He started at the sight which presented itself, and rubbed his eyes incredulously, as if he fan-

oied himself in a dream. Florette extending her willing hand to the fervid lips of a noble-looking stranger, and carressing with her fingers the ringlets of his hair. Florette uttered a slight shriek, and Carlo rose coolly, and gave back, gaze, for gaze the broad glances of the intruder. The next moment Beppo was gone.

'Ah, me!' exclaimed the blind mother.—Beppo! That was Beppo's voice!—Florette!—my child—Carlo—ah, me! ah, me!—there will come evil consequences of this.'

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The next morning, as Carlo came forth from his apartments, in the palace of his father, he found a coarse cloak, pinned with a dagger, against the outer door.

'What means this insolence?' demanded he sternly, of his valet.

The man turned pale, and at first appeared unwilling to give a reply.

'Speak, rascal!—who has done this and what does it mean?'

'It is a custom among the fishermen, when any one of them has doomed another to assassination, to give him this kind of warning.'

'A fisherman! strip down the trash and fling it into the street.'

'But you will not go forth to-day.'

The young noble with a haughty step, passed on; the valet raised his hands and eyes towards heaven.

'He is a doomed man,' said he, 'this master of mine. His hours are numbered.'

The next morning the fishermen of Naples were in a state of the greatest excitement; one of their companions had disappeared. Beppo, the favorite of all, the most light-hearted, the most daring, the most generous, had disappeared—his hat was found bloody on the beach.

When the news came to the hut of his affianced bride, Florette was examined by the officers of the police. Her anguish was great but nothing was elicited.

The old mother in her examination, was found equally destitute of information till as they were about releasing her from further interrogations, she cried, as if she could no longer conceal her thought—'The noble stranger who met Beppo here a week ago.'

'Who is it you mean?'

'He who calls himself Carlo the painter. But Beppo said he was a noble and a villain; I heard his voice but now.'

'Old woman, you rave. What could he have to do with poor Beppo?'

'Florette,' said the mother.

'Infamous!' exclaimed Carlo, who had stood by a silent spectator.

At this moment a hoarse shout was heard at a distance. It approached nearer and yet more near.

'What is the matter?' cried all.

'Beppo is found—and his murderer—we have got his murderer.'

'Hark!' said Carlo. 'The assassin is taken and the body of the unfortunate is also found.

A confused crowd rushed in with the body of the poor fisherman, his bosom pierced with three deadly wounds.

'And the murderer!' cried Carlo.

'This precious ring,' cried Florette, 'I found it myself by the side of poor Beppo.'

'Is there any thing writen on it?' asked one of the officers of the police.

'No,' cried Florette, examining it.

'Any but Carlo;' 'there is a name,' and the poor girl turned pale as the dark, flashing eyes of Carlo were fixed fearfully upon her.

The guilty noble was instantly arrested, tried, found guilty, and condemned; the place and hour of execution were appointed. At the last moment a messenger was sent to the father, who stated, 'That reluctant to shed, in such an ignominious manner, the blood of the last of a noble race, his majesty, the king, would pardon the culprit if the father would solicit the royal grace.'

'I love justice better than my son,' cried the old man. 'I demand no grace for the shedder of blood. Let the sword fall as the law directs.'

And Carlo wrs hurried into eternity.

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This incident is of recent occurrence at Naples. It has been the theme of much newspaper comment.

The Nick of Time.—This expression is improper. The word *nick* should be *neck*—the phraze meaning that an event is in the very throat of time, and liable to be swallowed in an instant.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1838.

THE CONCERT.—The Concert of the Academy of Sacred Music was well attended on Thursday evening. The fashion and beauty of the city were there; and so were very many neither fashionable nor beautiful. The singing was good; but its effect was less exciting than upon some former occasions. This, however, we attribute, not to any defect in execution, but to the absence of *novelty*. The Concerts of the Academy have made us used to good singing, and we listen to it with no less delight, but with a delight more calm and natural than formerly.

The Choruses and Anthems evinced great power and good taste; but it was in the beauty and execution of its Quintets and Solos that this Concert excelled. Nothing could be sweeter than the two pieces performed by Miss ABBOTT and Miss BROWN. They were exquisitely delicate and beautifully sung. Indeed, the whole Concert was rich, and if we can only always have such singing, we need never complain.

Dr. Whitehouse's Lecture.—This lecture, before the Young Men's Association on Tuesday evening, is highly spoken of by those who heard it. We were unable to attend ourself, but we doubt not all, and more, than is said in its praise by the Editor of the Advertiser, is true. We understand that the managers have,or intend to, solicit a copy of the Lecture for publication.—We hope Mr. W. may be induced to comply with the request, for its circulation among those for whose benefit it was particularly designed, could not fail to produce much good.

From the Daily Advertiser.

Last evening we had the pleasure of listening to DR. WHITEHOUSE'S lecture before the Young Men's Association, and we certainly never listened to one with greater satisfaction. It was appropriately devoted to a discussion of the utility of such an institution—the duty of the members—and its moral influence upon the community; and he touched upon the propriety of merchants closing their stores so as to give their clerks an opportunity for mental improvement, in a happy strain of argumentative eloquence. Nothing could have been more appropriate to the occasion than were his remarks; and they were delivered with that peculiar richness of elocution, which could not but indelibly impress his fine sentiments upon the minds of his hearers.

The room was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, and we are much mistaken if they did not all leave with a favorable impression of the prospective utility of the Association.

"*Religious Dissensions.*"—We are happy to learn that the Rev. Mr. CHURCH'S Prize Essay upon this subject, meets with a ready sale and general approval, for it is eminently worthy of both. Messrs. STANWOOD & Co., have a few copies of the work still on hand; but, as it is a work which every Christian *should* read, and multitudes *will* read, they will very soon be disposed of.

The Ladies' Companion for February is one of the best numbers of that Journal which have yet appeared. It contains a fine engraving on steel, called, "*The Lost Found,*" in which the troubles of heir-papers are graphically set forth. Since Mrs. Stephens has been editor of the Ladies Companion it has much improved, and the publication has become more than ever worthy of the lady-patronage which it receives.

Anxiety Personified.—A livery stable man looking for *snow*.

Music.—A kiss is the key note in the music of love. It shows at once to what tune the heart is beating.

"*The Christian Review.*"—It is to be regretted that this excellent Quarterly is not more generally supported by the Christian public. The most talented Divines and men of Science in the country are among its contributers, and as a permanent expounder of the connection between Religion and Science, it is invaluable.—Mr. ANSEL WARREN is the agent for this city.

RELIGIOUS DISSENSIONS; *Their Cause and Cure A Prize Essay.*

This work is from the pen of the Rev. PHARCELLUS CHURCH, Pastor of the 1st Baptist Church in this city; and its excellence may be partly inferred from the fact that it was selected from among twenty-seven manuscripts, upon the same subject. The style of the work is rich and bold, and the spirit in which it is written in perfect keeping with the theme of discussion.

Speaking of the work, the N. Y. Evangelist says:—

"This work exhibits, not only much research and patient thought, but breaths a lovely Christian spirit, and cannot be read without producing a happy influence upon the mind. The topics are not only well chosen and well arranged, but are also handled in a masterly manner. The *Cause of Dissensions* forms the first part of the book. The second part treats of the *Cure of Dissensions.* All the subordinate thought and illustrations are presented in a lovely and vigorous manner, and we judge that the book will be read with interest by all, even by those who will lay it down and still hold on to their sectarian or party feelings. We rejoice in the appearance of this volume, for it will mould some hearts, and be instrumental of commencing an union of affection, which may yet lead to a large and permanent union of sentiment and action."

Written for the Gem.

FROM A YOUNG RAMBLER'S JOURNAL.

SKETCHES OF WESTERN INCIDENTS.--NO. I.

On a lovely southern afternoon in the month of May, 1834, I found myself snugly seated in a locomotive within five miles of the far-famed city of New Orleans—the identical *Cypress Swamp* celebrated in song, only intervening. A rapid ride of a few minutes brought us into the city; an event to which I had long looked forward in perspective. Aptly has it been said, that New-Orleans has been the play thing of monarchs—*swapped* as urchins swap their whistles. Originally settled by the French—passed into the hands of the gold-hunting Spaniards—again possessed by France; and finally ceded to our government for a mere "plum" by him at whose nod thrones and empires crumbled into dust. From this fact, one would very naturally be led to conclude that it is a place of more than ordinary importance. And so it is. Few cities are so favorably located for commercial operations. Easy of access to the largest ships that ride upon the ocean-wave, and having above it full twenty thousand miles of navigable waters, no wonder the kings of Europe looked upon it with an enviable eye. Besides the thousands of ships richly laden with imports from every sea, to the wharves of New-Orleans are floated the greatest share of the exports of nine fertile and flourishing states.

It is indeed a beautiful sight to stand upon the *Levee* and behold the dense forest of masts—the representatives of an hundred nations; huge steamers belching forth their clouds of smoke; and the innumerable host of Kentucky flats, keel-boats, arks, and other craft peculiar to western waters, covering an area of many acres, and forming a most grotesque appearance. In the harbor have been counted fifty steam boats, and fifteen hundred flats and other kindred craft, at the same time. Boatmen from the Upper Country here congregate frequently to the num-

ber of five or six thousand. This is but one view of the scene—take another. Cast your eye up Levee street and you will see the busy throng of "mingled nations" conversing in languages as diversified as those of Babel. The city proper, and the Fauxbourg St. Mary, are massively and compactly built up, the tasty French and Spanish rather predominating over the more substantial American style. I need not weary the patience of the reader with a detailed description of the city, but must content myself with barely alluding to the ancient Cathedral, which stands at the head of a spacious square, one hundred yards from the river. It is a stately brick pile, ninety by one hundred and twenty feet, covered with hollow tile, and supported by ten stuccold columns. This imposing edifice has four towers, one of which contains two bells. Here hundreds of Roman Catholics daily resort to pay their religious devotions; an unnoticed few, like the humble publican, worship "afar off," while the great mass seemingly "care nothing for these things."

The Orleanese feel proud, and justly too, of their renowned battle field, which is five or six miles below the city, on the eastern bank of the river. The oft-told story of this sanguinary conflict is familiar to all. Connected with it, however, is a romantic incident well worth the repeating. It is that of the pirate Lafitte. This desperado had become the chief of a noted band of outlaws, composed of natives of almost every clime, and selected for his principal resort the summit of an impregnable rock on one of the Barritarian islands, a short distance south-east of the mouth of the Mississippi. A more favorable point could not have been chosen for successfully carrying on their nefarious operations. These islands are very salubrious, and possess a soil of the richest character. A dense forest covers their surface, which abounds in deer, turkeys, and other game; and in addition to these, millions of sea-fowls frequent the bays and inlets, while most excellent fish and oysters exist in the greatest abundance. The valuable trade carried on with the West Indies, New Orleans, and Mexico, furnished the outlaws full scope for gratifying their insatiable thirst for rapine and plunder.

From their inaccessible covert, the piratical squadron, under the flag of the South American patriots sallied forth in quest of booty, captured every vessel that chance threw in their way, and quickly conveyed their spoil up the secret creeks of the Mississippi. At length the oft-repeated depredations of these *Barritarians*, as they very politely styled themselves, became so frequent, and withal so destructive of life and property, that our government despatched an armed force to ferret out these troublesome free-booters, and break up their youthful Tripoli. Hitherto their wary dexterity baffled all efforts at detection; but now their lurking place was destroyed, and the bandits dispersed. Lafitte was not to be thus foiled in his plans: again he collected his trusty followers, and possessed himself of his former rock. War now diverting the attention of Congress, he was suffered to course the Gulf at pleasure; and so severely did he annoy the coasting traders, that Governor Wm. C. C. Claiborne of Louisiania was induced to offer a reward for his head. It was feared that the daring bandit, thus confronted with the American government, would at least facilitate the designs of its enemies.

In the autumn of 1814, Colonel Nicoll landed at Pensacola at the head of the British forces destined for the invasion of Louisiania. Knowing that Lafitte was intimately acquainted with all the secret windings and unfrequented entrances of the "many-mouthed Mississippi," the British officer thought it politic, in his projected attack upon New Orleans, to secure his co-operation. Negociations were accordingly entered into with the Barritarian, to whom was held out such inducements as were best adapted to flatter his pride and tempt his cupidity. The cunning outlaw, by feigning to relish his proposal, artfully drew from the unsuspecting Colonel the plan of his intended attack, then spurned his overtures, and left the diplomatist to his own reflections. The pirate-chief embraced this opportunity to despatch one of his most faithful corsairs to Governor Claiborne, acquainting him of the enemy's intentions, and volunteering the services of his little band to aid in repelling the foes of the Republic, provided a full pardon for their past offences should be granted. To this the Governor at first withheld his consent. As dangers, however, thickened on every hand, the outlaws continued to spy and report the motions of the British army. The Governor becoming more and more convinced by those repeated proofs of genuine sincerity and unwavering generosity, hesitated no longer, but magnanimously complied with their request, and called them to the defence of the city. With alacrity they obeyed the summons; and it is but justice to add, that Lafitt's intrepid band were not surpassed in point of courage, fidelity, or good conduct, by the bravest of these patriot sons of the West who valiently triumphed over the invincibles of Wellington, and conquered the conquerors of Europe.

To return from this digression. After remaining in the city as long as circumstances would permit, I engaged my passage on board of a noble steamer bound for Cincinnati. Never did a poor mortal more heartily rejoice in being liberated from Algerine captivity, than did I in the prospect of soon leaving the great commercial emporium of the Mississippi Valley. At the time of which I write, the grim-visaged cholera was making frightful ravages among the good people of this ancient city. Time hung like an incubus upon me while awaiting the boat's departure. Prompted by curiosity, together with the desire of busying myself during the intervening weary hours, I rambled leisurely through various parts of the city. It was no unfrequent occurrence, while thus engaged in my peregrinations, to behold a negro drayman back up his cart to a desolate looking mansion, and receive the coffined remains of some unfortunate victim of the raging pestilence. In this manner would the thoughtless man of the cart pursue his daily routine of allotted duty, exhibiting as little unconcern as the jolly plough-boy whistling merrily while turning o'er his accustomed furrow; and having ladened his vehicle with carcasses, he would deposit them very unceremoniously in one common grave, half filled with water, and sufficiently large to contain hundreds of dead bodies within its cold embrace.

This new scene presented to my mind nought but feelings of the deepest horror, mingled with melancholy reflections on the frailty and mortality of poor human nature. With these sad emotions I hurried away almost unconsciously to my boat, and soon to my joy found myself rapidly receding from the pestiferous city of "beauty and booty." L. C. D.

Alexander, N. Y.

When a girl thinks a young man is peculiary ugly and disagreeable, let him rejoice with exceeding great joy, for he has undoubtedly made an impression upon her heart which kicks only because it is wounded.

Marriage.—A sprightly couple appeared before the hymenial altar, at Crosthwaite Church, Keswick, on Monday last, and when the ceremony was performed, it proved to be the eleventh time they had, between them, appeared for the same purpose; she being to him a fourth wife, and he to her a seventh husband, he having actually interred three wives, and she having done the like to six husbands. The bridegroom's name was William Winder, and the bride's name Margaret Welsh, both of Thornthwaith, near Keswick.—*Whitehaven Eng. Her.*

Devotion.—It is of the utmost importance to season the passions of a child with devotion, which seldom dies in a mind which has received an early tincture of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while by the cares of the world, the hopes of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out, and discovers itself again as soon as discretion, consideration, age, or misfortunes have brought the man to himself. The fire may be covered and overlaid, but it cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

The Dahlia is a native of Perue, and was named after Dahl the famous Sweedish botanist. it is little more than twenty years since its introduction into Europe, and it is now the universal favorite of florists. The number of known varieties is about five hundred.

Going the Entire.—A fellow was recently met in great haste going towards a pill manufactory in one of our northern cities.

'Hallo, Jim, which way now so fast?'

'The fact is, I have taken two boxes of fashionable pills, directions, boxes and all, without doing me any good. I'm going to swallow the agent now, to see what effect he will have.'

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF ALEXANDER J. BURR.

He is gone! and the dust of the earth is his bed,
The grave, with its silence and gloom, his abode;
Fresh tears from the fountain of sorrow are shed,
And hearts from the depth of its fulness o'erflowed.

He is gone! and the WIDOW breathes forth her sad moan,
That tie but just formed, hath been severed in twain;
And now in this wilderness, dreary and lone,
She looks for her lover and friend but in vain.

The ORPHAN is 'reft of a brother, who made
Himself more than brother—a father, and friend;
No more can they seek from him council and aid,
All his labors of love are forever at end.

He is gone! and the courts he so often hath trod
Will never again with his footsteps resound;
We look for him there—in the temple of God,
But alas! in his seat now another is found.

That voice that was wont to be lifted in prayer,
Those lips that were moved in Immanuel's praise,
Have ceased their last echo to breathe on the ear,
Are sealed—and we've heard the last notes he will raise.

He is gone—but O! joy to the heart that is bound
By faith of the gospel—sweet comfort it gives;
Hope's beams, like the morning, have gather'd around,
'Though dead, yet, assurance transporting! *he lives.*

He lives! ah that spirit unbound by the clay,
Dwelleth now in a "temple of God" far above;
Where the glimmer of earth is exchanged for bright day,
And its praises and prayer, for the notes of pure love.

A morning will break on the night of the tomb!
And the sleeper in Jesus to life shall arise;
That dust then with beauty immortal will bloom,
And unite with the spirit, to dwell in the skies.

A. C. P

MARRIED.

At at Scottsville, on the 31st ult., by Caleb Allen, esq. Mr. Fitch Thompson, to Miss Rosetta Smith, of Stafford, Genesee county.

In Seneca, on the 17th Jan., by the Rev. P. C. Hay, Mr. JOSEPH MORROW, of Phelps, to Miss LUCY ANN BILL, of the former place.

In Rome, on the 18th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Spencer, Mr. A G. BEEBE, of Rochester, to Miss A. MARIA SMITH, of the former place.

At Pittsford, on the 2d inst., Mr. Edward C. Mitchel, to Miss Sarah Sheldon, both of Rochester.

In this city, on the 7th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Mack, Mr. J. F. Denison, to Miss Harriet J. Allen.

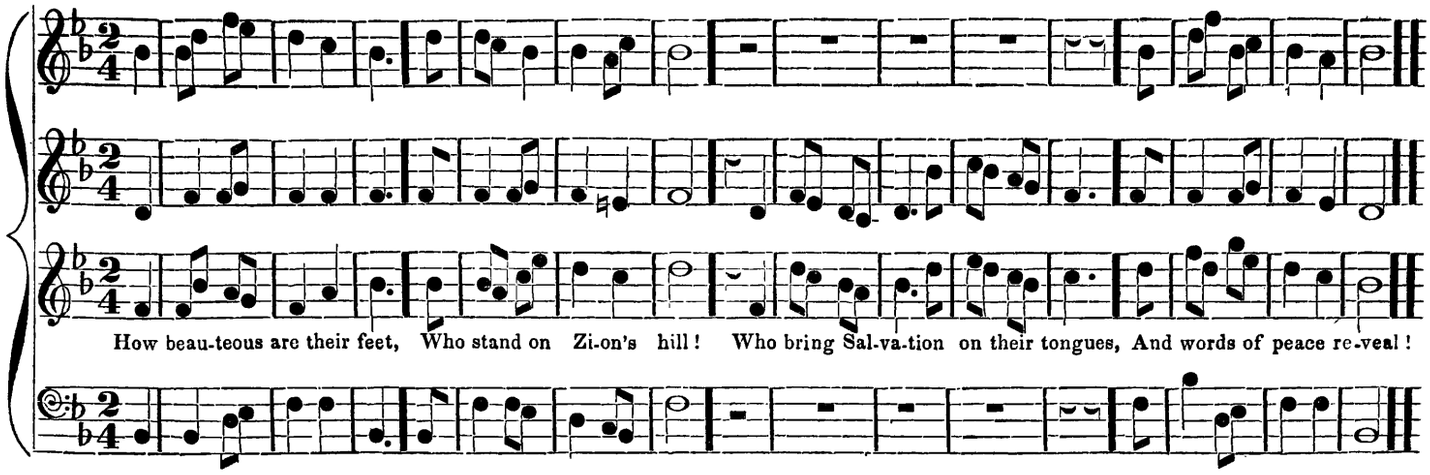
On the 24th ult., by the Rev. E. Tucker, Mr. James Chase, to Miss Electa P. Lee.

By the same, on the 17th instant, Mr. Jacob Miner, of Lancaster, to Miss Matilda Buckland, of Brighton.

On Saturday, Feb. 17th, by the Rev. Jonathan Leslie, Mr. E. T. Clark, of Orange county, to Miss P. Y. Haywood, of Mendon, Monroe county.

"HOW BEAUTEOUS ARE THEIR FEET."

COMMUNICATED FOR THE GEM.—MUSIC BY A. B. TOBY, OF AUBURN.



2

How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3

How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4

How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the signt,

5

The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

☞ Geologists have started various hypothdsis to account for the singular elevation which forms the far famed "*Ridge-Road*" in this vicinity, but we have seen nothing so plausibly original as the following :—

THE WANDERING PIPER.

CANTO I.

When here the deluge waters flow'd,
In centuries gone by,
Was this meandering "Ridge Road"
Dashed by the waves on high?
Say, can it be the lingering trace
Of a deserted shore;
Has old Ontario swept its base
With an eternal roar?

O, no, the deluge did not heave
This winding pathway here;
Nor did Ontario's billows leave
This Ridge they're dashing near.
It was not built by wind or wave
But formed of sand and mud;
It is the great *Sea-Serpent's grave*,
That perished in the flood!

And there, thou most stupenduous snake
Calm may your slumbers be;
I'll make no noise, lest you awake
And creep away with me.
Yet 'till the latest snow-storm thaws
Upon thy tomb, away
We'll ride with boys and girls in *Shaw's*
Swift flying six-horse sleigh!

CANTO II.

THE SONG OF THE SLEIGH RIDERS,

Is most obsequiously dedicated to THE LADIES by their devoted though humble admirer, W. PIPER.

Air—The Bonnie Boat.

As fleeting rainbows flee away
Beneath the burning sun;
So Winter's melting snows decay
Ere sleigh-riding is done!
Ere Winter's reign is past, sweet girls,
O'er the bare ground we drag;
Too soon the laughing Spring unfurls
Her flower-mantled flag.

Those witching bells, whose merry cheer,
Had gladdened hearts and eyes,
Hush'd with the pleasures of the year,
Their tuneful sweetness dies.
Yet, yet, dear girls, they'll jingle long—
When bright snow decks the ground,
We'll wake again their slumb'ring song,
And bid their music sound.

Now dashing through the glittering spray,
Along its phantom flight,
How gaily speeds our gliding sleigh
Beneath the starry night,
Beneath the sparkling night, sweet girls,
All sorrow we'll forget;
Crack goes the whip—and quickly whirls
The sleigh ***—and we're *upset*.

ON THE DEATH OF M. M. M.

"Sister, dearest, what strange misgivings fill my mind—
I'm sure I have not long to live. Soon, too, too soon
You'll have no more a sister!" So she said, and felt,
And fear'd. What meant it? Whence came the voice
that warn'd her?
Such forebodings seem unfitted for one so young,
And promising. Was it indeed death's minister?
Was it the whispering of some angel-spirit
From the fair sky; or was it but the influence
Of dark imaginings? We cannot tell. Enough,
We know that often thus Death gives sure warning
Of his dread approach. She spoke again. "Take this
ring,
Sweet sister, give it to W——, it fits her well
And she will not forget the giver. And this toy,
Give it to W——m. It is small, yet I've lov'd it
Well. Tell him to take and bid him keep it; it will speak
Of my esteem and love, and bring remembrance sad
Of the dead Mary." So she divided all her store.
To each she gave some token of her love, and bade
Them keep it for her sake.
Save that her frame was weak,
She gave no signs of illness. There seem'd no cause
for fear,
Or gloom.
Days pass'd away. Her words though not forgot
Made slight impression. And were they but idle words
She spoke? Alas, too true, a voice came from the tomb,
And warn'd too surely of her death. Day after day,
There came a languid faintness o'er her frame,
A burning fever stamped a crimson blush
Upon her cheek, and wasted her remaining strength.
She died. Affection's voice arrested not the blow.
Friends, indeed, avail'd not, and the sufferer with life
Gave youth and beauty up, and slept in death's cold
arms,
Her last and awful sleep.
Well, well I lov'd thee, Mary;
How often has thy sweet voice, and sweeter music,
Cheer'd my soul in hours of sadness, and made me feel
Once more attach'd to life and thee. Now thy light form
Flits by me, and once again I hear thee singing
Those sweet songs you lov'd to sing, and I to hear.
No, no. That voice is hushed. That music died away
With thee We must not hear thee more. No more
those keys
Give forth sweet sounds beneath thy finger's touch. All is
Still and silent, where Mary mov'd the joy of all.
They've plac'd her in the tomb, we've left her to her rest.
Sleep on, sleep on. And would we wake thee? Could
we call
Thee again to us, and wish that thou should'st sigh,
And grieve, and weep again, as we do, as thou hast?
Could we, oh, would we wish to call thee from Heaven,
Where, all we know is bright perfection, to earth where
All we feel is death? Indeed, no. Come not back.
We wo'd not see those eyes we lov'd run o'er with tears.
Sigh not with us. We weep that we have yet to weep,
That we are left 'neath sorrow's thrall. But we rejoice
That all thy tears are dried, thy grief and pains are o'er.
Perhaps "to live is gain," "to die," we know is "better
far."
For ourselves we weep, but not for thee.
Let th' ceaseless,
Perfect joys of Heaven, make up to thee, for what
On earth thou lovest. Drink freely from that stream
Of pure and chrystal water which flows forever on.
Tune thy voice to sweeter songs and holier melodies,
And bear thy part in that eternal anthem which
Fills the heavenly choir, and swells thy Maker's praise.

C. G.

From the Southern Rose.

THE MAN OF LEISURE AND THE PALE BOY.

"You'll please not to forget to ask the place for me, sir," said a pale, blue-eyed boy, as he brushed the coat of the man of leisure, at his lodgings.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Inklin, "I shall be going that way in a day or two."

"Did you ask for the place for me, yesterday?" said the pale boy, on the following day, with a quivering lip, as he performed the same office.

"No," was the answer. "I was busy, but I will to-day."

"God help my poor mother," murmured the boy, and gazing listlessly on the cent Mr. Inklin laid in his hand.

The boy went home. He ran to the hungry children with the loaf of bread he had earned by brushing the gentlemen's coats at the hotel. They shouted with joy, and his mother held out her emaciated hand to receive a proportion, while a sickly smile flitted across her face.

"Mother, dear," said the boy, "Mr. Inklin thinks he can get a place, and I shall have three meals a day—only think, mother, *three meals!* and it wont take three minutes to run home and share it with you."

The morning came, and the pale boy's voice trembled with eagerness, as he asked Mr. Inklin if he had applied for the place.

"Not yet," said the man of leisure, but there is time enough."

The cent that morning was wet with tears.—Another morning arrived.

"It is very thoughtless in the boy to be so late," said Mr. Inklin. "Not a soul here to brush my coat!"

The child came at length, his face swollen with weeping.

"I am sorry to disappoint you," said the man of leisure, "but the place in Mr. C———'s store was taken up yesterday."

The boy stopped brushing, and burst afresh into tears. "I don't care now," said he, sobbing, "we may as well starve. Mother is dead."

The man of leisure was shocking, and he gave the pale boy a dollar!

Ready Wit.—An Oxford student joined, without invitation, a party dining at an inn. After dinner, he boasted so much of his abilities, that one of the party said—'You have told us enough of what you can do; tell us something you cannot do.' 'Faith,' said he, 'I cannot pay my share of the reckoning.'

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson. $1 mail, $1,50 city, in advance.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.

OPENING OF THE GEM, 1838.

Another Gem—it comes! dashing in triumph down the
flood of time!
And o'er the past, sweeps the dark moaning wave, in
requiem sublime!
Hark! to that parting swell,
It is the funeral knell;
Over the grave of buried hopes and fears,
It is the low-sad, vail,
Which tells the gloomy tale
Of life—its passions—conflicts, and its tears!

We greet thee! reign in peace, thou fair, new Gem!
Queen of an empire vast, this lower sphere!
We hail thee yet again!
What follows in thy train,
What boon, on us earth's children wilt bestow?
To thy approach we turn;
Responsive sounds are borne,
On air—we may not ask, and we may dread to know.

Oh! if with thee were gifts, and happiness thy dower,
How would we woo thy stay, and bless thy genial
power;
But if the stern, lone, minister of fate,
In awe, and silence, men on thee would wait:
Yet forward! still, nature will brightly look;
Still would prevail,
To bend the veil.
And gaze upon the future's unsealed book!

Eventful year! For what? To whom art thou?
How many thrones with their crowned heads shall bow?
While pride doth bend,
Shall work ascend?
Aye' many an earthly sun must set;
And star grow pale,
And fond hope fail,
To Gem the new Gem's brilliant coronet!

Empire like ours—the glorious 'West' shall rise.
And 'Jove's,' bright 'Eagle,' seek his native skies;
When Liberty unchained,
Her height regained
Shall sound the trump which calls the nation's forth;
Upon the peaceful plain,
Which wears no crimson stain
And truth, waves her white banner o'er the earth.

Thoughts! wherefore press ye on so fast, to chide my
dull delay?
I am not dreaming, nor asleep!
But making care her watchcloth keep,
From evening's purple, robe of state, till sober dawn of
day.
Thus, to beguile the weary hours of slowly lagging night,
I do invoke the coming Gem!
In thy dim drapery to appear,
Before my anxious and expectant sight!

THERESA CL***.

Springfield, Jan. 1st, 1838.

How to raise a Blister.—The Lancet gives the following quick and simple mode of raising a blister:

"The surgeon cuts a piece of brown paper of the shape and size he intends vesicating. This being well damped or moistened with water, is placed on the limb affected; a smoothing iron (such as is used by washerwomen) being previously well heated, is applied over the moistened paper; this plan produces a vesicated surface almost instantaneously, being effected by the steam generated by the contact of hot iron and moistened paper. This method of blistering being more speedy and less painful than that commonly adopted, is now generally used in all cases where it is a matter of importance to produce immediate vesication."

MISCELLANY.

From the Lady's Companion.

HAPPINESS;

OR, THE MERCHANT OF BALSORA.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look, made of all accord,
Answered, 'The names that love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay: not so,'
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said—'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men,'
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And shew'd the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!—*L. Hunt.*

Among the merchants of Balsora, Abou Ben Adhem was distinguished by his wealth and honesty. No man was more upright in his dealings, or more punctual in his payments; he was honored and respected; his warehouses were filled with rich goods; and the profits he derived from his occupation were immense. For the most costly silks and embroidery, application was made to Ben Adhem; and the Sultan and the Nobles bestowed on him their favors.—And the merchant was supposed to be happy.—But when, on some sudden flood of prosperity, he was told that he ought to be the happiest of men, he shrugged up his shoulders, and answered with a sigh.

'Abou was an upright man: he was punctual in his payments, because his purse was always full, and he had no occasion to bid his creditors call again. Punctual himself, he expected every body with whom he had dealings to be as punctual in their payments to him. He was a devout man: he went to mosque as frequently as the most pious inhabitants of Balsora, and was as fervent in his prayers. He never failed to return thanks to Alla, for any good fortune that might befal him.' One day some expensive silks which he expected would have proved unprofitable, were purchased for the Sultan, and he realized considerable more than he had ever anticipated. He returned thanks to Heaven, and immediately after his thanks-giving he gave orders for the imprisonment of two debtors, who had failed in their payments. They were imprisoned by his orders and bastinadoed.

Abou was then called upon to subscribe to a fund for some charitable purpose. He considered it to be his duty to give his mite; and he was happier after he had contributed to the charitable fund than he was before. He felt assured that Alla approved of his conduct. A poor Christian, who had been employed by a benevolent merchant, then deceased, came in a state of destitution to Abou's gate, and begged for food. Abou Ben Adhem ordered that the Christian dog should be driven away, and instead of bread he received the lash!

And Abou wondered that he was not happy. He was wealthy, esteemed, and honored. His stores were filled with goods of great value: his coffers were well supplied; and his only child was the fairest and most admired of all the maidens in Balsora. It was the delight of her life to administer to her father's happiness: but Ben Adhem was not happy. His days were past in a fruitless longing for some indefinite and unmingled pleasure, and his nights were those of troubled, but dreamless sleep. Once he beheld in a vision the gates of paradise, through which thousands of living souls were entering in, but when he approached, the gates closed, and the songs of joy he had previously heard were changed into a low and murmured wailing. Ben Adhem awoke: the dream troubled him, and he strove to recollect what offences he had committed and were unrepented of: what work of righteousness he had left undone. But he could not charge himself with aught.

His daughter, Zaide, met him at the first meal with tearful eyes. Abou embraced his child, and he besought her to disclose the cause of her grief. She was beloved by an honest but humble youth, who was elevating himself day after day, in fortune and reputation, by his perseverance and integrity, and Zaide had given his love for love. And when Ben Adhem asked his child what caused her tears, she confessed to him that she loved.

'Well, my dear child,' replied the merchant, clasping his daughter to his breast, 'My day of life is drawing to its close, the sun has gone down and the coldness and darkness of night are approaching; it is fit that thou should'st have some one to protect thee, when I am gone.—And who is he thou lovest?'

'Alas! my father, I fear thou wilt visit me with thy displeasure,' replied Zaide. 'He is of inferior fortune.'

'That is to be regretted, Zaide. It would have better pleased me hadst thou fixed thy heart's affections upon one who was equal to thyself. But I will not blight thy young hopes, if the youth be worthy. Who is he thou lovest?'

'The son of the olive-merchant, Abdallah.'

Ben Adhem removed his hand from the clear forehead of his child, and released the hand of hers which he had grasped, slowly moved away, exclaiming, hurriedly, 'No, no, no, my child; it cannot be; I would willingly yield thee to a worthy husband's arms. I would have given thee to one of lesser fortune if thy choice had lighted there, but I cannot give thee to the son of the olive-merchant, Abdallah, for he has done me much wrong.'

And Abou Ben Adhem remained deaf to his child's entreaties, and forbade her to marry Abdallah's son. And when he retired to rest, the vision of the past night appeared to him; and when he closed his eyes to sleep he saw again the gates of Paradise, and they seemed thicker than before, and were now fastened with massy chains, and as he approached towards them they became less and less visible, and then disappeared; and Ben Adhem found that he was in the midst of utter darkness, and a sound was in his ears like the roaring of a distant ocean. He strove to emerge from this dreary scene, but the farther he proceeded, the deeper was the darkness, and he cried aloud in his agony, 'How, how shall I find my way out of this dreadful place?' And immediately a soft low voice seemed to whisper in his ear, 'Love thy fellow men!' And Ben Adhem suddenly awoke.

His child was at his bed-side; she had come to summon him to the morning meal. And while he gazed upon the sunny face of Zaide, tears came into his eyes; and holding forth his arms, he said, 'Kiss me, Zaide, kiss me. Upon the cheek of innocence let me make my peace with all the human race.'

And when he rose, he called for the son of the merchant, Abdallah, and placed the hand of Zaide in his. Ben Adhem said 'Be this the surety that I am at peace with all mankind!'—And he gave orders that his debtors should be released from prison, and he sent for the Christian whom his neighbor had left unprovided for, and took him into his house. And when the sun went down, Ben Adhem was a happy man. And when he laid himself down to rest, sweet music seemed to lull him to repose, and in his dream he saw again the gates of Paradise, and they were open, and the friends of his youth, the wife of his bosom, were all gathered together there, with snowy pinions and bright countenances; and seraphic music greeted his ears,

and he passed onward to the regions of the blest.

And when he awoke from his dreaming, he felt that his mysterious wish was gratified. He was now a happy man; and looked forward, with confidence, to the scene that had been pictured to his dream.

☞ There is an excellent moral to be derived from the following Tale, which is, that it powerfully and pathetically inculcates the dangerous tendency, and pernicious effects of mean suspicions, and hasty or rash conclusions.

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

THE LOST FLOWERS.

A SCOTTISH STORY.

It was a beautiful morning in May, when Jeanie Gray, with a small bundle in her hand, took her leave of the farmhouse of Drylaw, on the expiration of her half-year's term of service. She had but a short distance to walk, the village of Eslington, about three miles off, being her destination.

Her destination, on departing from her late abode, was, as we have already mentioned, the village of Eslington, and it is now necessary that we should divulge a more important matter—she was going there to be married. Jeanie Gray could not be called a beautiful girl, yet her cheerful, though pale countenance, her soft dark eye and glossy hair, and her somewhat handsome form, had attracted not a few admirers. Her matrimonial fate, however, had been early decided; and the circumstances under which it was about to be brought to a happy issue, were most honorable to both parties interested. At the age of eighteen, Jeanie's heart had been sought and won by William Ainslie, a young tradesman in the neighboring town. Deep was the affection which sprang up between the pair, but they united prudence with love, and resolved, after binding themselves by the simple lovevows of their class, to defer their union until they should have earned enough to insure them a happy and comfortable home. For six long years had they been true to each other, though they had met only at rare intervals during the whole of that period. By industry and good conduct, William had managed to lay by the sum of forty pounds, a great deal for one in his station; and this, joined with Jeanie's lesser earnings, had encouraged them to give way to the long cherished wishes of their hearts. A *but-and a-ben*, or a cottage with two apartments, had been taken and furnished by William, and the wedding was to take place on the day following the May term, in the house of the bride's sister-in-law.

After Jeanie was seated quietly in her sister-in-law's house, a parcel was handed in to her from a lady, in whose service she had formerly been. On being opened, it was found to contain some beautiful flowers, which the lady destined as a present to adorn the wedding cap; an ornament, regarding which, brides among the Scottish peasantry are rather particular. Fatal present! but let us not anticipate.

The wedding came and passed, not accompanied with boisterous mirth and uproar, but in quiet cheerfulness, for William, like his bride, was peaceful in his tastes and habits. Let the reader then suppose the festive occasion over in decent order, and the newly married pair seated in their new house—their own house—at dinner on the following day.

The quiet meal of the pair was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Smith, of Drylaw, who mentioned with an appearance of kindness, that, having been accidendally in Eslington that day, she had thought it her duty to pay a friendly visit to Jeanie and her good man. Whether curiosity had full as much share in bringing about the visit as friendly feeling, it matters not. Jeanie and William received her as became her rank, and the relation in which the former had lately stood regarding her. Bread and cheese were brought out, and she was pressed to take a drop of the best liquor they possessed.

Alas, how sudden are the revolutions in human affairs! The party were in the midst of an amicable conversation, when Mrs. Smith's eye happened to be caught by the boquet on the top of the drawers, and a change was at once observable in her manner. "Jeannie," said she, with deep emphasis and rising anger, "I did not expect to see my flowers lying there—say not a word—I see it all—you have been a *thief*—there is the evidence of it—I shall not stay another instant in your house.

So saying, the infuriated and reckless woman rushed from the dwelling of the wonder stricken pair. Jeanie, as already mentioned was timid and modest to a fault. When her late mistress thus addressed her, she motioned to speak, but could not, though the blood rused to her face, and her bosom heaved convulsively.—When left alone with her husband, she turned her eyes wildly towards him, and a flood of tears gushed over her cheeks. What thought William of all this? His emotion was scarcely less on hearing the accusation than his wife's; and recollecting her saying the flowers cost her nothing, alas! he feared that the charge was but too true. The more than feminine timidity and delicacy of his wife's nature was not fully known to him, and her voiceless agitation appeared too like an inability to confute the imputation.—He rose, and while Jeanie, still incapable of utterence, could only hold up her hands deprecatingly, he cast on her a glance of mingled sorrow and rebuke and left the room. His wife—his bride—stricken in the first flush of matronly joy and pride, sunk from her chair on his departure—insensible!

It was rather late, from a cause which has been already alluded to, before William Ainslie returned to his home that night. His wife had retired to rest, but her sister-in-law, who had been sent for by Jeanie, was in waiting for him, and revealed the utter falsehood of Mrs. Smith's accusation, she having been an eye witness to the receipt of the flowers as a present from another lady. "Take care o' Jeanie, William," said her sister-in-law; "she is ill, a charge o' that kind is enough to kill her." This prediction unhappily had truth in it. On the ensuing morning, the young wife was raving incoherently, in a state between slumber and waking. A deep flush remained permanently on her countenance, most unlike the fairness of her complexion. Her muttered exclamations shocked her husband to the soul. "Oh! William, you believe it. But it's no true—it's false!" was the language she continually murmured forth.

Medical skill was speedily seen to be necessary, and the surgeon who was called in, informed William that in consequence of strong excitement, incipient symptoms of brain fever had made their appearance. The utmost quiet was prescribed and blood withdrawn from the temples in considerable quantity. For a time, these and other remedies seemed to give relief, and the poor husband never left the side of the sufferer. Indeed, it seemed as if she could not bear him to be absent; her mind always reverting, when he was out of sight, to the idea that he believed the charge that had been made against her, and had left her forever. The oft repeated assurances to the contrary, from his own lips, seemed at length to produce conviction, for she at last was silent on the subject. But the charge—the blow—had struck too deep. Jeanie Ainslie—if we may call her by a name she was destined so short a time to bear—fell, after two or three days illness into a state of stupor, which continued with short and rare intervals, and on the eighth day after her nuptials her pure spirit departed.

Several days after charging the innocent Jeanie with the abduction of her flowers, Mrs. Smith, of Drylaw, found, by a discovery of her new servant, that one of her young children, impatient of the flowering of a rosebud in the little garden nigh the farm house, had lighted upon the artificial boquet in her mother's dressing room, and had carried it out and stuck it upon the bush. There the flowers were accordingly found, and Mrs. Smith, who was far from being an evil-intentioned womon, did feel regret at having charged the loss upon the guiltless. Ignorant of all that had passed at Eslington in the interval, she determined to call at William Ainslie's on her visit to the village and explain her mistake.

That call was made two days after Jeanie's death; and on Mrs. Smith's entering the room, she found William sitting by his bereaved hearth with his sister-in-law, and another kind neighbor bearing him company. "Oh, by the bye—those flowers!" said the unwelcome visiter, in a tone and manner which she meant should be condescending and insinuating, "how sorry I am for what happened about those flowers.—Where do you think I found them after all?—in a rosebush in the garden where Jemima had put them. And now I am come to say that I am sorry for it, and hope that it will be all over."

William Ainslie had risen slowly during this extraordinary speech; and now raising his finger towards his lips, he approached and took Mrs. Smith by the hand, beckoning at the same time to the women who were seated with him.—They seemed intuitively to comprehend his wishes, and rising, moved towards the bed, around which the curtains were closely drawn, William leading forward also the unresisting and bewildered visiter. The women drew the curtains aside, and William, fixing his eyes on Mrs. Smith, pointed silently to the body of his wife, shrouded in the cerements of death, and lying with the pale uncovered face upturned to that heaven for which her pure life had been a fitting preparation. The wretched and false accuser gazed with changing color on the corpse of the dead innocent, and, turning her looks for a moment on the silent faces around, that regarded her more in sorrow than in anger, she uttered a groan of anguish as the truth broke on her; then, bursting from the hand which held her, she hastily departed from the house.

There is little now to add to this melancholy story, which, unhappily is but too true. The little more we have to add is but in accordance with the tenor of what has been told. After the burial of his Jeanie, William Ainslie departed from Eslington; and what were his future fortunes no one can tell, for he never was seen or heard of again in his native place. As to the unhappy woman who was the occasion of this lamentable catastrophe which we have related, she still lives to deplore the rashness of which she was guilty.

BRIDGET'S ACCOUNT OF HER INTERVIEW WITH THE DENTIST.

"Well, Bridget," says Margery, "How did you get along with the Docthur—what did ye say til hem, and what he do til ye?'

Bridget.—It's nothing he did til me, nor I to hem, that's all—only says I—"Och Docthur, Docthur dear, its me tooth that aches entirely, sure it is; and I've a min to have it drahn out, and it plaze ye." "Do it pane ye," says he til me. "Och murther, can ye ax me that now, and me all the way down here to see ye about it," says I. "Sure have I slept day or night, these three days? Havn't I tried all manes to quiet the jumping devil? Din't they tell me to put raw brandy in my mouth, but would it stay there, jist till me now? No, the devil a bit could I keep it up in me mouth, though its far from the likes of me to be drinking the brandy without extreme provocation, or by accident." So thin the docthur took his iron instruments in a hurry, with as little consarnmint of mind as Barney would swape the knives and forks from the table. "Be aizy, Docthur," says I—"there's time enough—you'll no be in such a hurry when your turn comes, I'm thinkin." "O, well;" said the docthur, "and yer no ready now, ye may come the morrow." "Indade, Docthur, I'll no stir from this seate wid this ould tooth alive in me jaw," says I; "so ye may jist prepare, but ye nade not come slashing at a poore Christian body, as if ye would wring her neck aff first, and draw her tooth at ye convenience afterwards. Now clap on yer pinchers, but mind ye get hoult of the right one—ye may aizily see it by its aching and jumping." "O," says he, "I'll get the right one," and with that he jabs a small razor looking weapon intil me mouth, and cuts up me gooms, as if it were nought but cowld mate for hash for breakfast. Says I—"Docthur, thunder and blood, for my mouth was full of blood—what in the divil are ye afthur? D'ye ye want to make an anatomy of a living crature, ye grave robber, ye." "Sit still," says he—jamming something like a corkscrew intil me jowl, and twisting the very sowl out of me. I sat still because the murthering thafe held me down with his knee, and the gripe of his iron in my lug. He then gave me one awful hard wring, hard enough to wring a wet blanket as dry as gun powder. Didn't I think the day o' jidgmint was come, tell me? I felt the head fly aff me showlders, and looking up saw something monstrous bloody in the docthur's wrenching iron—"Is that my head you've got there," says I—"No, its only yer tooth," he made answer. "May be it is," said I, as my eyes began to open, and putting my hand up, I found the outside of my face on, though I felt as if all the inside had been hauled out. I had taken a dollar and a half to pay for the operations—thinking it would be enough for a poor woman to pay; but I thought I'd jest ax him the price. So says I, "Docthur, how

much may ye ax besides the trouble?" "Fifty cints," says he—"Fifty cints!" says I—"Sure I've not been submitting three days to that tyrant of a tooth for fifty cints.—Troth this same tathe-pulling is not so very expinsive, and I'm much obleeged til ye, Docthur."

Margery—But where's the tooth—yer should have brought it home and dipped into salt, and flung it over yer left shoulder into the fire—yell have bad luck all the rest of yer life.

Bridget—The devil take the tooth, and the bad luck too, if ever I think of it any more—sure I've had enough of its company.—*Boston Post.*

THE BEAUTIES OF MUSIC.

"Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain,
Subdues the rage of poison and of plague."

They undoubtedly entertain a very mean and degrading opinion of the polite arts who consider them merely as subservient to amusement, or, at most, to that cultivation of mind which *emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros*.—The history of the world evinces that they have all a much higher and more beneficial influence upon the dispositions and happiness of man.

Though we can no longer indulge, except for its poetry, in the ancient superstition which gave personation to the arts, and then held them up as divinities; yet we cannot deny that they are important auxiliaries to the worship of the Deity, and that they assume the most attractive form when enlisted in the service of the altar. Of music, in particular, we have always been inclined to think, that not only its best, but most sublime employments are in this way, and that it is never so well applied as when soothing the disordered passions into peace, or elevating the devotional feelings of the human heart.

We are not prepared to credit all that some of the ancients have affirmed respecting the moral influences of music; nor that

——"Things inanimate have moved
And, as with living sounds, have been informed
By magic numbers and persuasive sound."

We do not expect it to quiet a mob, any more than to unite a broken bone. We are even willing to admit, that under any state of society which we have witnessed, or of which we can conceive, the refinement of the Lacedæmonians, in making it penal to add another string to the lyre, as a species of luxury, or an engine of corruption, is as absurd as it would be to deny to music any power over the feelings and passions of man.

Canus, a musician at Rhodes, when Appollonius inquired what he could effect by means of music, replied that he could make a melancholy man merry, a merry man mad, a lover more enamored, and a religious man more devout. That it can soothe grief, and exhilerate the depressed spirit, who that has an ear for melody, or a heart to feel has not experienced? That it enlivens what was gay before, and can make even buffoonery tolerable, who that has listened to it amid the festival, or during a pantomine, will venture to deny?—To its martial effects the annals of war fully testify, and few are found so low in spirit as not to have felt a kind of inspiration of courage from the sound of a march or the note of a patriotic air.

The powerful influence of national or domestic music over the mind, is strikingly evinced in the instance of the Scottish Highlanders and the natives of Switzerland; certain tunes, associated with their homes and country, being played in their hearing, causes so violent a desire to revisit them as to induce the deepest melancholy—even terminating in death when circumstances prevent their desire from being accomplished. If facts of this kind are too notorious to bear an explanation, which would lead at once to the most trite topics, what a scope there must be within the power of music, for effects the most salutary to the human mind—from the exhibition of the mere lively tune, to the sublimity of the anthem—from the insinuation of tender passion, to excitement of martial order.

It is not surprising therefore, that physicians and philosophers should esteem music as not the least powerful of the means calculated to exhilarate a sorrowful heart and to lighten and divert, if not to remove, those intense cares and anxious thoughts, which lead to melancholy. Music, remarks old Burton, is the medicine of the mind—it rouses and revives the languishing soul; affects not only the ears, but the very arteries; awakens the dormant powers of life, raises the animal spirits, and renders the dull, severe, and sorrowful mind, erect and nimble. According to Cassidorus, it will not only expel the severest grief, soften the most violent hatred, mitigate the sharpest spleen, but extenuate tear and fury, appease cruelty, abate heaviness, fnd bring the mind to quietude and rest.

ON DITS.

From the Boston Pearl.

The following cases of absence of mind, are all we have been able to collect during the past week.

A fireman intending to place his ladder against a house that was on fire, placed it against the window of a house in another street and nearly drowned a young lady by playing in upon her bed, while she was in a sound sleep.

A military officer intending to ride out, placed the saddle on the horse's belly and fastened the bridle to his tail. He did not perceive his error till he put his feet in the stirrups.

A hen instead of setting on her eggs, got upon a heap of pig iron from which she hatched out a large number of spikes.

A schoolmaster intending to flog one of his boys, used up the cowskin on his own shoulders, but did not perceive his mistake until he tried to run home crying to hts mother.

Absence.—A Jack Ketch lately undertook to hang a criminal—but, in a state of mental absence, he put the rope around his own neck.—He did not discover his mistake until he heard his neck crack when he was swinging of.

In time of peace prepare for war.—On Cape Cod, as soon as a young lady is engaged to be married she suffers her finger nails to grow long, so that in case she should be obliged to throw herself on her reserved rights, she may come to the scratch with some prospect of success.

When you see two men walking down Washington street, arm in arm, and looking as grave as senators of Rome, with the heels of their stockings out and their beards long, you may be sure they are going to establish a new penny paper.

We understand that an old lady lately told her household that she should be obliged to get another toothbush into the family as she had taken so many boarders, that one was not enough for the whole concern.

A man in Brighton lately swore such a tremendous oath as to split the end of his tongue about half an inch. Another became so addicted to intemperance that his nose assnmed the form of a demijohn and one of his eyes turned to glass.

A tall gentleman stood so cozy on the top of a house that he tnrned into a steeple and his head whirled in the breeze like a weathercock.

A Nantucket whaling captain reports that the fog was so thick one morning on the coast of Perue, his cook mixed it up with slush and water, and made bitters of it.

Brandreth's Pills.—A man *totally blind* was immediately cured yesterday as soon as he opened his eyes and looked at one of the boxes.

An editor lately married a wife by the name of Cold. As he has caught Cold, she may prove a sneezer.

From the Ithaca Herald.

IN PLACE.

WATCHMAKER'S CORRESPONDENCE.

The following epistle has been *placed* in our hands, and we *place* it in its *place* in our paper, in order to *place* it in the hands of our numerous readers, that they may *place* their optics upon it, and give it a *place* in their memories.

..... 20th Feb. 1838.

Mr. .....

Dear Sir—Gen. W. of this *place*, says there is a man in your *place*, by the name of PLACE, who knows now to *place* the works of a watch in the true *place* to keep good time. The *time* part of mine seems out of *place*. Allow me to *place* it in your care, and trouble you to *place* it in Mr. PLACE's hands, that he may *place* its wheels in the right *place*, to keep good time in all *places*. Shall *place* myself in your *place* next week. Yours in every *place*.

It is worthy of remark that God has never created any thing in the form of a square. Every thing is curved—fruit, animal bodies, planets, &c. Hence the impropriety of calling a man a BLOCKHEAD, which conveys the idea of a square skull.

WITTICISMS;

From the Boston Pearl.

A surveyor of the highways felt rather streaked at being introduced to the mayor by a plain peasant as "the HIGHWAY-MAN."

A young lady in love with a highly-scented fob, was accustomed to sit in a hair-dressers shop during his absence, for then, she averred, he seemed to be always present with her.

A vender of a new medicine was exhibiting certificates from persons who had been cured by his nostrums, when a son of St. Patrick begged permission to read one of the letters from those who had died under his prescription.

Conversation with a gentleman is like riding in a spring carriage, but conversation with a bore is like travelling in a common wagon, when at every rod you travel, the jolting shakes up your bones, and makes your very heart ache.

It is now considered ungenteel, in Bangor, for a man to flog his wife with a rope larger than a common cod-line.

A drunkard came near being fined at the Police Court—but a wealthy and learned relative agreed to take him home and look out for him.

"Worse and worse," said the culprit—"I thought I was only to be FINED, but I now find that I must be RE-FINED."

A poet entitles his piece "the worth of woman." We don't know exactly what they are worth here; but in New Orleans, colored ones bring from five to fifteen hundred dollars.

Riotous Wit.—During the memorable abolition mob in this city, a few of the rioters gave chase to William Knapp, the publisher of the Liberator. While on the full run, they were met by several of their acquaintances, who hailed them with—'Aha! my good fellows—it seems you are wide awake!'

'So far from that,' answered one of the pursuers—'we are going to take *a Knapp*.

'Papa,' said a little urchin to his father the other day, 'I saw a printer go down the street just now.'

'Did you, sonny—how did you know that the person whom you saw was a printer?'

'Cause I did papa.'

'But he might have been a carpenter, a blacksmith, a shoemaker, or—'

'Oh no papa—he was a printer, for his pantaloons were patched—the crown was out of his hat—and his old coat was all torn! I'm certain he was a printer.'

Ancedote of a girl Romantically in Love.—I have noted an account, says Kotzebue, which is said to have happened very recently, and which will touch the feelings of most of my readers as it did me.

She was playing on her harpsicord, and her lover used often to accompany her on the harp; he died, and his harp remained in her room. After the first excess of despair, she sunk into the deepest melancholy, and much time elapsed ere she could sit down to her instrument. At last she did so—gave some touches—and hark! the harp turned alike, resounded an echo! The good girl was at first seized with a secret shuddering, but soon felt a kind of soft melancholy. she thought herself firmly persuaded that the spirit of her lover was softly sweeping the strings of instrument.

The harpsicord, from this moment, constituted her only pleasure, as it alone afforded her the joyful certainty that her lover was still hovering about her. One of those unfeeling men who want to know and clear up evry thing, once entered her apartment; the girl instantly begged him to be quiet, for that verry instant the harp spoke most distinctly. Being informed of the amiable illusion which overcame her reason, he laughed, and with a great display of learning, proved to her by experimental physics, that all was very nattural. From that instant the maiden grew melancholy, drooped, and soon after died.

A Pun in Ebony.—"Well, Charley," said a gentleman this morning to his boot black, "how do you get along these hard times?" "Oh, well massa; we *rub* and go."—*Bost. Trans.*

SELECTED TALE.

THE EASTERN SHORE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A SCENE ON THE BAHAMA BANKS."

There are many persons, even of those who profess themselves acquainted with the geography of our immense and varied country, who are ignorant that there is such a place as the Eastern Shore of Maryland and Virginia, and the peculiar features of the country are very imperfectly appreciated by those who do not know of its whereabout.

In many respects, it is a singular district. Apparently formed by gradual depositions from the ocean, increased by the alluvion of its many rivers, it juts out in a long, low triangle, whose base may be considered at the highlands in Talbot county, Maryland, and Kent, in Delaware, and gradually diminishes to its apex, at Cape Charles.

Skirted on the Atlantic by a succession of ow, sandy islands, among which Chincoteague land Assateague are the largest, the fury of the waves is exhausted on these natural barriers, while the various sounds, inlets and bays, teeming with small craft, are comparatively quiet.

Many deep and winding rivers roll in their torturous course, through the dense forests and thriving fields of this country, and bear the produce of the earth and water to our cities.

The vessels, almost invariably of that beautiful and peculiar kind of schooners which are found in such numbers at Baltimore, penetrate every navigable water in the United States; and their low and graceful hulls, simple rig, and clean cut sails, may constantly be seen on the noble Chesapeake. The seamen are a hardy race, unmatched as steersman, and prompt to encounter any difficulty.

Soon after the war of 1812, the attention of this enterprising race was called to the West Indies, to the several ports of which they exported large quantities of grain and other produce, realizing a heavy profit, and returning with full cargoes of sugar, coffee, molasses, and rum. This trade had been in successful operation many years at the period of which I am about to speak.

It was on a bright September eve, the sun had but just sunk into his crimson canopied couch, the long files of the summer duck were wringing their way from the reedy marshes of the Annamessex to their more private resting places for the night, and the deep boon of the nighthawk as, with curved wing and open mouth, he descended on his prey, sounded on the dull and quiet air. The dark waters were rapidly rushing by the marsh-clad shore, rippling in strong eddies as they whirled round the numerous points, while here and there the tickle of the wave and the light babble told of the lurking place of the trout. The widening stream spread in bolder sweeps, and the shore, still retreating farther, were now clothed with mighty trees to the water's edge. A small but deep creek ran winding up through the girdle of marsh, and bending round a point of the highland, passed by a small and oddly constructed store. The building was but a story in height, with very high gable ends of brick, and a huge chimney in the middle of a steep hipped roof with immense dormer windows; its whole appearance strongly reminded one of the peculiarly fierce cocked hats which delight the rabblement of our city, when perched on well-whiskered head of some doughty militia officer on some training day.

An enormous willow, whose long and gracefully bending branches swept the roof, stood before the door. Upon its huge and knobbed trunk were nailed several horse-shoes, one end attached to the tree, the other projecting like a hook, held the bridle reins of several horses, whose riders were lounging about in various attitudes.

Some in the store were engaged, as usual with Americans, in a controversy on politics, others discussing the state of the crops and seasons, while outside was a gang of negroes, some engaged in playing fives against a cornstack, and others equally well employed.

Here an elderly man, in a square-docked fustian coat, with white metal buttons, and Virginia cloth inexpressibles of home manufacture, was laying down the law to a tall, lank, broad, but stooping shouldered, and peculiarly clumsy and ungraceful man, on whose countenance, not naturally destitute of expression, the hand of dissipation and exposure had traced its ineffible characters. He as well as most of the others, seemed of that indescribable tint which pervades the lowlands of the south, and which may be pretty well likened to that of a pumpkin just turning yellow, while still there is a substratum of green. Loosely put together, and as if nature in forming him had neglected to unite the joints by any firm ligament, there was a shambling awkwardness, a want of connection in the movements of his various limbs, which utterly spoiled what might have been a very fine figure. Still there was redeeming expression in the eye, which, in its shrewd and keen glance, contradicted the vague, undetermined, anc sensual character of the rest of the face. Such as we have described him, he lay twisted into a snarl, on an old box near the door, listening to the old man's tirade against the tariff.

'I'll tell you now, Bill, what I think on't; it's nothing but a scheme to get money out on us poor folks; for see here, if it warn't for this gyornd tariff, 'stead er wrapping my old body up in this 'ere old fustian jastian jacket, (the old woman makes 'em all for me,) I might a had a tippy broadcloth coat.'

'Ay, Old Bob, so you might, 'an it ud a ben fine to plough all day in, eh? and what would your old woman do for somethin' to be arter? And besides, old man, you oughn't to blow out so sharp agin this here law, for if there warn't no laws agin smuggling, and no duties or custom house officers to dodge, how could I give you sixty cents for your corn, and sell you old Jamaica at the price of whiskey—answer me that?'

The old man shook his head and said, 'Well, Bill, I ain't never thought of that. I shouldn't be surprised if you couldn't. But, I say, when are you off agin?'

'Thar lios the Betsey Ann, down yonder, anchor atrip, and sails shuck out, so you may guess."

'Well, mind you don't you get caught this time; they cum mighty nigh it last time, them bloody pirates. Now, do jist tell us about that, will you?'

'Coil yourself away here, then, and I will. So here goes—but stop, I must wet my neck first. Well, I cleared out of Kingston harbor one sweet morning, except it war mighty hot for us, though it war cool for them. There had been a mighty clean built, sharp, copper-bottomed sarpent of a clipper lying next to us in harbor, and no one could tell what the devil he came there for; there wasn't only four men and two boys on deck, or I should have known what to think. Howsever, we left her lying there, and got us foresail up, set flying taupsies, and slipped out mighty easy and quit. We were just loaded so as to trim her handsomely, and as we ran by this cursed schooner, up jumps her skipper on the companion, 'Good mornin,' says he; 'Little above prime,' says I; 'sails like a witch, and steers herself.' So, as he seemed to look at her mighty hard, I thought I'd banter him so, says I, heave up your anchor, and stand out with me a doven miles or so; I'll beat you as far as from the first of June to the Great Chop-tank.' 'Sorry I can't go now,' says he, 'but I'll catch you afore you make the Capes.' 'The devil you will,' says I; 'nobody catches the Betsey Ann while I sail her.' He didn't say no more. but takes a look up at his foretopmast: so I takes a squint there myself, and sees that it looked mighty long and square rigged for a gaff, but we hauled us tacks abroad, set all on her, and stood out. Well, we had a nice time on't, and slipped alone right merry, got into the Gulf, and thought we must be close on to the Capes. So we stands in, and just as we comes in sight of the land somewhere about Pamlico, I sees a vessel further in shore than we were, and bearing away with all sail set alow and aloft; well, at first I thinks nothing of this, for there's a mighty lot of coasters all along there, so then we ran along, wind off shore, and just abaft the beam. Somehow I had a sorter sneaking that I seen her afore; but then agin, she had topsails and to'gallants set—a rig'lar morfordite. Bymby she edges away a pint, and we hauls closer; so I takes another look, and I wish I may be shot if it wan't that same chap we left in Kingston. Then I remembered he said he'd catch us before we got into the Capes, and the rascal knowed what we had aboard, and I began to feel gyornd quare. But I jist called all hands to tauten every thing, and there we were spanking along—we trying to eat by him into the wind, and he jist keeping away enough to keep us out of the Capes. It was a right pretty day when we first saw him, three hours by sun, and I knew the Betsey Ann warn't to beat easy, so I put all on her; the breeze came fresh, and about noon it blue like blue blazes. Still we held all, the schooner pitching like mad, masts bent till the weather lanyards sung like your old bass viol, gunnels under, and the water washing fore and aft. Still the feller gained on us, but bymby his to'gallant split to ribands, and we hauled a little ahead. I soon found that it wouldn't do to keep her straining so, for the timbers creaked and twisted like oak splits; I had to ease her off a little, and spite of all I could do he was gainin' on us, slow but sure. To rights I saw the light-house, and I had no chance of getting into the right channel, so I put her right stem on for the shoals, and as I looked over the quarter, I sees his d——d flag run up. Then, thinks I just as well to take the salt water with my throat whole, as to have it cut for convenience of swallowing.

'You see the beggar darn't fire for fear of the cutters, and it seemed to me that I could a'most see him grinning to himself to think that if I did not stop for him, I'd go to pieces. I called all hands aft and show 'em the pirate, and tells them who it is, though they know'd that, and then tells 'em that I should put over the breakers rather than be taken. Old Jo walked aft and took the tiller, and the others stood by the braces. Just then I thought we might go over without being broken up, for you know Macready builds his boats mighty strong, so I mounted on the bowsprit. and holding on by the jib stay, I looked for the best place to stick her on, and as I saw the breakers didn't come so high on the larboard bow, I laid her on.

'I shall never forget that time. I clung on to the jib stay like grim death to a dead nigger, and when the first breaker took her it ran on with her half a dozen lengths, and then as we careened on among the foam and froth and heaving of the wave, I looked down as it began to settle, and our jib boom was pointed, quivering like lightning, right into the sand; I was afraid she would turn a clean somerset. I tell ye, man, I saw the sea curling, twisting and boiling up in whirls like snow wreaths—then she took the ground with a vengeance, and snap, snap, went our topwast back-stay, and the topmast pitched twenty yards ahead of us, and the jib-boom cracked off in the rings right under my feet—we all expected it, so that it only shook us mightily and let us go. I sees another breaker coming in twenty foot abreast, and I screamed to hold on for lives. Lord! I could'nt hear myself, it was no use. Sure enough, here it was on us, roaring like forty thousand devils, and spirting the foam in a sorter fashion, that warn't slow. It took us right astern, and before she could rise, swept the deck clear forward, and that lapsided fellow Charley brought up again the fore shrouds or he'd a gone over. Well, she staggered and trembled all over, but rose through the salt at last like one of those south southerlies out yonder, and away we went again on our high horse, and by the greatest luck in the world, he carried us over, just tipping off the rudder by a devilish kick in the starn, just to bid us good by, you knows, like the Irishman's hint. There was about a dozen planks started, but no great scratch after all. 'Hard up, Joe,' says I, as he pitched across. 'Hard up it is,' says he, and, sure enough, when I looked, there was the tiller over the main boom, and the rudder more than half on deck. However, we boomed all out, and steered her up with a long sweep; and made out to get up here, land cargo, repair damages, and so on. As for our friend, he hauled his wind, and stood off with a couple of cutters in full chase. So much for that yarn.'

'Well,' said the old man, who had been all attention, 'sure as you're born, Bill Roach, that's the head story that ever I hearn tell of. And you're going agin among them bloody chaps.'

'Sartin I am; there's four thousand bushels aboard the Betsey Ann, and as long as I can sell that and bring home West India rum and so on, why Bill Roach goes. Why, man, I'm 'pluribus,' and besides, old dad, I've had the Betsey Ann's mainmast lifted and put one of the real old pistareens under the step, so no harm can come to her. Any way, you may look for me this day four weeks, standing into this same muddy hole, with lots of the right stuff aboard, and may be a few bags of the hard.

* * * * *

'Twas moonlight on the Chesapeake, some months after this; the light and gentle breeze dimpled the waters, bearing the fog slowly on in its embrace, stirring the placid surface of the bay into a thousand ripples, on which gleamed the cold light of the yellow moon; while farther out to windward, the fog, half lit, and misty with her bewildered rays, began to enclose a reasonably large topsail schooner. Just notice her before she is totally enveloped. You will see that she has a remarkable breadth of beam, very raking mainmast, which supports an almost disproportionate and singularly square mainsail, the boom of which projects considerably over her taffrail; her maintopmast is a very long and tapering stick, apparently unsupported, and the whole mast rakes so far that her long and waving fly is almost directly over the binnacle. As your eye runs forward, you will notice that her bulwarks are painted red inside, and that there are four parts of a side, which are ornamented with short sixes and canonnade slides; that her deck is remarkably white, her main mast and main-boom garnished with very neat boarding-pikes and cutlasses, that her shrouds are wider than usual, her bows tumble out very much, and her yards very long and square. So much for her deck, &c. Outside she is painted black with a white streak and a small red bead, coppered to the bends, with a very projecting jib boom, and, altogether, a knowing looking craft. Permit me to introduce you to the United States Revenue Cutter Jonathan. She is just at present under main-sail, foresail, and jib, making about three knots. Her live stock consists of the commander, (Captain by courtesy,) Elihu Jenkins; there he is, that thin, long, mathematical gentleman, put together at right angles; his lieutenant yonder, just forward of the companion, is a good-humored, bald, greasy-looking character, who laughs from the bottom of his stomach, but a good seaman and keeps a sharp eye to windward.

There, too, is an unfortunate exquisite in the shape of a mid, from a crack ship, doomed for some peccadillo to do duty in what he considers the purgatory of a cutter. The crew are some twenty-five fine-looking fellows, real tars, with well bronzed features, short sinewy frames, powerful shoulders and arms, and light, thin flanks and lower timbers. One keen active fellow is perched on the topgallant yard, and sweeps the horizon carefully with practised eye. Soon he sees the clean white sails of the smuggler gleaming in the moonlight, and his call of sail ho! rouses all on deck. 'Whereaway,' says the lieutenant. 'Right abeam, sir, just under the land, there, you can see her coming out from that clump of pines.'

'Jump up the rigging, Mr.' said the officer to our dandy, 'and report her course.' The gentleman did so accordingly, and reported her heading the same way, and 'D—— my eyes,' said he, somewhat surprised, 'if she hasn't her larboard tacks aboard, and we've got the starboard.' 'Oh aye, I dare say,' said the lieutenant, 'there is frequently a variation of six to eight points in the wind on the one side of the bay from the other.'

'Make all sail on her, and let us try her heels.'

'Aye, aye,' muttered an old shoreman, the oracle of the forecastle, 'it's easy enough to make sail, but the craft don't swim that will overhaul the Betsey Ann in such a whiffle as this. Why, lads, she don't want no wind, she'll slip along right smart, when any thing else can't move. Tell ye what, ye must whistle for a stiff breeze before you can expect to lay along side of her, and she has got the land breeze to help her too.'

However, the Jonathan was completely covered with piles of snowy canvas, and began to ripple through the water, but in five minutes the fog enveloped her, thick enough to turn a yankee razor, and soon the sails flapped heavily and wet against the masts. Still her course was laid so as to cut off the smuggler, and the boats were just ordered out as the mist began to heave towards the land, and soon the huge curtain rose with a sudden and writhing effort, and the limbs and branches of the mighty pines upon the shore were seen to twist and struggle with the coming gust, while masses of the more delicate twigs and leaves flew off in a green shower. 'Make fast, all, down with the helm, clue up and furl, stir men; stir, in with it, let fly the halyards, haul down, in mainsail, clue up, double reef foresail,' were the hurried orders of the captain. 'In with you all, down for your lives, men, down.' Every sail was in but the foresail, and storm jib set, and the men had barely reached the deck, when the land squall burst upon them. The cutter had been put right before it, and as the wind struck her, she was pressed heavily down head first, till the water curled over the catheads; then, struggling forward, she emerged; her upper yards parted with a sharp, splintering crash, and she sprung on like a war horse at the trumpet. The sea soon rose, and as the maddened craft plunged deep into the abyss, the curling waves followed with loud roar behind, but she was safe for the precept.

Meanwhile, far to windward, the Betsey Ann, having more notice of the squall, was brought down to bare poles, and confiding in the staunchness of his craft, Roach held her nearest to the wind, and when ever a fiercer gust would strike her, she was edged off a little and then luffed up to the wind again. Soon the gust passed over, and while the Jonathan was fiercely ploughing across the bay before the tempest the dandy mid had the gratification of observing that the storm had passed the schooner, and that she was laying up for the Annamessex under reefed mainsail and jib. The broad waters of the river foamed under her keel, and she ran up to the creek, furled, anchored, and unloaded the supernumerary hogsheads &c., and when the customhouse officer came down, there was no more on board than her manifest exhibit.

Thus did Roach in more than one trip foil the keen-eyed revenue; the secret cellar of the old store, and the hiding-place in the windmill, were enlarged to hold his illegal merchandize. As for his further acts and deeds, does not Somerset county know?—*Gent. Mag.* H.

Arsenic in wax candles.—The attention of the Westminster Medical Society was drawn to the nature of the composition of German wax candles, by Mr. Scott, who considered the matter of so much importance to the public health, as to require the immediate consideration of the medical world. It appeared from the observations of the different speakers, that on the first introduction of these particular candles into the market. Mr. Everitt, after a most careful analysis, discovered four grains of pure metallic arsenic in each candle; but recently the composition had arrived to such a pitch, that no less than a drachm of arsenic was stated by Mr. Scott to be found in each candle,—that is, in the proportion of 1 to 28.

A young Logician.—The Prince of Piedmont was not quite seven years old, when his preceptor, Cardinal (then Fathen) Gudil, explained to him the fable of Pandora's box. He told him that all the evils which afflict the human race were shut up in the fatal box, which Pandora, tempted by curiosity, opened; when they immediately flew out, and spread themselves over the surface of the earth. 'What, father!' said the young prince, were all the evils shut up in that box?' 'Yes,' answered the preceptor. 'That cannot be,' replied the prince, 'since curiosity tempted Pandora; and that evil, which could not have been in it, was not the least, since it was the origin of all.'

From the New York American.

SONG.

By Lieutenant, G. W. Patten, U. S Army.

I come in thy presence
To worship and woo;
With none to befriend me,
Undaunted I sue.
I care not, though fair o
So thee I may win,
For suitor without,
Or for guardian within.

The long buried secret
Now, now I impart;
The chain of thy beauty
Hath won to my heart
The tones to make happy
Thy lips ever bear,
Have haunted my bosom
Like shadow and care.

Oh! bright but untried one,
Hear not with disdain;
Thy smile is my pleasure,
Thy frown is my pain.
But speak—and I care no
So thee I may win—
For suitor without
Or for guardian within.

HONESTY NOT THE BEST POLICY.

Ere aught I knew of this world's treasures,
Its tempting stores or tempting pleasures,
My good instructors always taught me
'Honesty is the best policy'—and so I thought me;
But think no more—since, t'other day,
Tempted by sparkling eyes to stray,
I stole a kiss—which gave such a feeling,
I'm ne'er so happy as when stealing.

Dialogue.—'Have you heard,' asked a loafer the other day of a brother, 'that the Boston Banks have broke?'

'Broke! how can that be? they suspended last May.'

'Yes, but they broke again.'

'How?'

'Why, you fool, they run out of paper.'

When we have lost a favorite horse or a dog, we usually endeavor to console ourselves, by the recollection of some bad qualities they happened to possess; and we are very apt to tranquillize our minds by similar remiscences, on the death of these friends who have left us *nothing*.

Stop and Go.—As an Irishman was leading a horse the other day, the animal broke from him and ran. Some passengers planted themselves in the road to stop him, which Paddy observing, and fearing they would scare the horse, cried, 'By the powers, now be aisy, if ye stop the baste ye'll only be making him rin the faster.'

Proportion of Nutriment in articles of Food.—The Baltimore American gives the following:—

100 lbs.	of Wheat contains	85	lbs. of nutritious matter.
100 lbs.	of Rice	80	"
"	Barley	83	"
"	Beans	89 to 92	"
"	Peas	93	"
"	Lentils	94	"
"	Meat (average)	35	"
"	Potatoes	26	"
"	Beets	14	"
"	Carrots	10	"
"	Cabbage	7	"
"	Greens	6	"
"	Turnips	4	"

Swearing.—Of all the crimes that ever disgraced society, that of swearing admits of the least palliation. Nothing can be offered to justify an impious oath; and yet it is the most common thing. Visit what chat of people you may, from the votaries of the midnight stew to the most elevated walk in life, you hear imprecations that would astound the ears of the stoic, and wound the feelings of the least reflecting mind. No possible benefits can be derived from profanity; nothing but the perverseness and depravity of human nature would have ever suggested such a thing as this crime, yet such is its prevalence, that by many it is mistaken for a fashionable acquirement, and considered as indicative of energy and decision of character.—Fatal delusion. Reflect young man! Has not the same imposing mandate which says "Thou shalt not kill," said in terms as strong, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain?" Pause then before you suffer that dire oath again to pollute your lips, or, before you have uttered the imprecation an avenging God may call you to complete the sentence in another world.

The benevolent have the advantage of the envious, even in this present life; for the envious man is tormented not only by all the ill that befalls himself, but by all the good that happens to another; whereas the benevolent man is the better prepared to bear his own calamities unruffled, from the complacency and serenity he has secured from contemplating the serenity of all around him. The sun of happiness must be totatally eclipsed, before it can be total darkness with him! But the envious man is made gloomy, not only by his own cloud, but by another's sunshine. He may exclaim with the poet, '*Dark! dark! amidst a blaze of light!*' Desperate by his own calamities, and infuriated also by the prosperity of another, he would fain fly to that hell which is beyond him, to escape that which is within. In short, envy is almost the only vice that constantly punishes itself, in the very act of its commitment; and the envious man makes a worse bargain, even than the hypocrite, for the hypocrite serves the devil without wages—but the envious man serves him, not only without reward, but to be punished also for his pains.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1838.

Geology.—Professor DEWEY deserves the thanks of the community for consenting to deliver before the Young Men's Association, a course of Lectures upon this most interesting science. We know he has the thanks of all who have listened to the two lectures already delivered, and we are sure he will have the thanks of all who may be fortunate enough to hear him hereafter. His cabinet is extensive—his illustrations are clear—and the subject irresistably interesting. No marvel, therefore, that he has respectable and attentive audiences. Our only surprise is, that more do not attend. It can only be either because they have not heard of the course—their time is absorbed—or that they are unable to appreciate a good thing well handled. We shall, however, look for a *full* house at the next lecture.—*Democrat.*

Zodiacal Light.—This beautiful triangular pencil of light is now to be seen in the clear evening's in the east. Its vertex is a little below the seven stars at seven o'clock, and the triangle extends to the horizon in the direction of the sun. Near the horizon it is ten or twelve degrees broad. It is not sufficiently bright to be seen in the light of the moon. It was very distinct last evening from seven to eight o'clock.

The *Aurora Borealis* was also splendid, extending many degrees on each side of the north point, and rising to near the horizon in pillars, clouds, and halo-like forms.—*ib. Feb.* 28.

"*The Mother's Journal.*"—This is an excellent periodical, published at Utica, by BENNETT and BRIGHT, and edited by Mrs. S. C. CONANT.—Its matter is generally judicious and interesting—and well calculated to secure the important objects for which it was originally established.

☞ Mr. Cooper has a new novel in press, called "Homeward Bound." It will be published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

A comtemporary says, the Union is composed of *single* States. Not exactly—one of the sisters is married—*Mrs. Sippi!*

Popular Education Insured.—The Emperor of Austria has issued a decree, "That no person, male or female, shall be married who cannot read, write, cipher, and make out and cast up a common accouut." It were to be wished that some of our Republican lawgivers would borrow a leaf out of this Emperor's book.—*Balt. Gaz.*

Passion for Dress.—A young lady aged 16 at Greencastle, Indiana, lately committed suicide in consequence of a reproof from her father for wearing her best dress when washing clothes, and a chastisement from her mother for striking a younger sister!

Kisses.—Kisses admit of a greater variety of character than, perhaps, even our fair readers are aware. Eight diversities are mentioned in scripture, viz., the kisses of salutation, Sam, xx. 41; valediction, Ruth i,9; reconciliation, 11 Sam. xiv, 35; subjection, Psalm ii, 12; approbation Prov. ii, 12; adoration, Luke vii, 38; treachery, Matt. xxvi, 40; affection, Gen. xxix, 13.—*The Lounger of the Metropolis.*

From the Boston Post.

The Poets.—Halleck, it is said, is footing up Mr. Astor's account books—Wetmore is selling crockery—Sprague is dealing in shin-plasters—Brayant is editing a newspaper—Hillhouse is planting trees and raising potatoes—Brooks is pickling pork—Percival is manufacturing pills—Paulding is paying seamen—and some of the others are

"Busy in the cotton trade,
And sugar line!"

WHO ARE REMEMBERED?

WRITTEN FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.

There is something inexpressibly beautiful in the gift of memory—the power of keeping life long in the soul, the impress of the past—the buried joys and sorrows of former years, which oblivion's shadows cannot hide, nor time's Lethean wave's o'erflow! "Remember me!" and "Forget me not!" are words which endless repetition cannot make hackneyed. They convey the deepest sentiments of a feeling heart towards the objects of its affection. But, there is a dark abyss which divides the land of space from the borders of the visionary world, and who, among the many who have made this a last mournful request, are indeed wept, lamented, unforgotten? Not the gay, the beautiful, the young; the grave hath swallowed them up, with their blue and laughing eyes; their sunny brows and rose-bud lips. The light step and graceful form which erst floated by in the joyous dance, is chill and damp beneath the white drapery of death! Sighs and tears, and, perhaps, bitter sobs, accompany the beloved one to the last abode. Sad countenances and heavy hearts attend the bereaved to their homes. A few short days, and the name once so familiar—so loved—so idolized—is now unspoken. Weeks, months, and years roll on—the vacancy is in a great measure filled, and the wound at last appears perfectly healed.

Who then, when freed from earth, can leave his name on earth's records, an imperishable monument, and his epitaph engraved on the hearts of his fellow men? not only remembered, but eulogized and blest? Such a memory is God-like, and such a man was WASHINGTON!

Father of thy country! thine altar-flame has been lighted—thy name will be hailed till the incense fires of Liberty shall cease to burn. Thy freed children and their posterity have passed, and a young generation now offer thee the sacrifice of an undying memory—of an eternal fame! Thus shall they crown thee. America's young son's! following in thy footsteps, bearing palms of laurel; reversing their arms, and waving their banners at the base of thy shrine!—Where is thy spirit, thou glorious one! Forgive their ardor, and approve the filial duty!—*Oh! Pater Patrie!* Look down, spirits of the illustrious, dead and behold the meed of the patriot! The blood-bought tribute of a nation's praise!—a nation's homage!—a nation's gratitude! Ye are free indeed as ye press the soil bequeathed ye by him whose arm was strength, whose voice thunder, and whose soul, nerving your father's, achieved the independence of this proud and happy country! THERESA.

The name of Byron, when spelt backwards, gives *no ryb*, which is descriptive of his life. Early disappointed in love, and separated from his wife, he was destined to go through life with *no rib.*—*Pearl.*

Motto of the Horse.—In a theatrical address, spoken at the Park not long since, the following lines occur, which the editor of an English sprting journal has adopted at the horses motto:

Up hill indulge me—down the steep ascent
Spare, and don't urge me when my strength is spent;
Impel me briskly o'er the level earth,
But, in the stable, don't forget my worth."

What Next.—An ingenious chemist in France having found, after many experiments, that a void produced by electricity in a glass vessel, became luminous, has at last succeeded in forming a long bottle, of 3 inches by 30, from which having exhausted the air, and otherwise acted upon it by a galvanic battery, a light is now emitted, equally clear, but not so oppressive to the eyes, as that of the sun.—*Burlington Vt. Free Press.*

LETTERS FROM THE WEST.—No. 11.

CONTENTS.—Buildings in Missouri—Fruit and productions—Agriculture—Facts for the Epicure—Western bloodshed—The Temperance Cause—Education—Health—Religion and its Ministers—The Mormons—The Indians—A Memento.

C——n, Mo., May 30, 1837.

There are some excellent brick and wooden houses in the country. Of the latter kind, is the present residence of your scribbling friend. And it is furnished—as well furnished, from kitchen to garret, as most public houses in the little villages of your own Empire State. But the generality of our buildings are mere apologies for what they should be—they are rude cabins—sometimes not as commodious as the Indian's wigwam. The emigrant drives into the skirt of a forest near some run. The team is unharnessed and secured. A log pen is knocked up—lime logs are *split* into planks, and form the floor—the oak is riven, and forms the roof and doors—a fire is kindled against one side of the green pen. When the logs are burnt thro', a rude chimney is constructed on the outside, and the fire place looks into the cabin, through the hole which has just been burnt. The jambs are nicely plastered over, and all is made fire proof. And then gradually the crevices are filled up; and there stands a Missouri cabin, entirely built without the aid of carpenter, or mason, or sawyer or iron. After awhile, if its tenant is a thriving man, he weather boards it, and has a snug, good looking house—he joins two together, and it is economy. He builds a third one for a kitchen; and if he has servants, one or more for them; and for his stock, and for his crops, till he has a little hamlet around him, where a year or two before all was wild and unbroken solitude.

Perhaps this will never be a good fruit country, the trees and vines grow abundantly and luxuriously; but the climate is too variable—the buds start often in the mild weather of winter; and then succeeds a frost, a killing frost, and nips the fruit in embryo. Most grains of the temperate zone admit of cultivation the most prolific here. Rye, buckwheat and barley are little used, and therefore not raised. Irish potatoes yield abundantly—even the sweet potatoe thrives. There is no finer wheat in the world than the Missouri wheat. Corn reaches a size and maturity I never saw elsewhere—frequently produces 80 bushels to the acre. Hemp might be cultivated to a rivalry with Kentucky—we only want machinery to make it an object of general attention! Tobacco is the staple commodity—the engrossing crop. At present the market is glutted with it, *usque ad nauseam.* But it is only temporary. The soil of "Old Virginia" is worn out and desolated by "the weed." But you can never exhaust the soil of Missouri. Its culture is the mania here, as wool growing is in New England. The Missouri "Strips" are considered second to none in the Liverpool market.

There is scarcely any thing here that deserves the name of agriculture. The productions of the soil grow almost spontaneously—the plantations are large—the physical force small—the object, to raise as much as can be, with the least possible labor. The stalwort Yankee who toils early and late to wring from the rugged soil of his early hills a meager subsistence would call it mere play—an abrogation of the curse—"by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread." Grass and herbage grows luxuriously—the winters are so mild that stock require little foddering. Considerable attention is turned to the rearing of blooded horses. I have seen some as fine

ones as ever graced a Philadelphia market. The improvement of cattle has not yet become a public object. When it does, the butter and cheese of a Missouri dairy can rival "Old Cheshire." Ohio is not more a "whole hog" country than this—swine are marked and turned out into the bottoms, and range in *squadrons*. They live, and frequently fatten, on the mash alone; requiring corn only during deep snows, or when the crop of mash fails, or when they are superiorly fattened for market.

Every Missouri table abounds in the substantials of life—"hogs and hommony"—ay more, 'flows with milk and honey.' Cooper's 'Prairie' gives you a lively description of "the bee-hunter"—he sells his honey for 50 cents a gallon! And then we have "Saline beef"—no beef and pudding eater of John Bull's dominions ever gormandized such sweet and tender beef. And we have venison, fowl and turkey—the wild fat turkey of the bottoms in abundance. And fish—don't call it a snake story—we have cat-fish that weigh from 150 to 180! and other fish in abundance. And then we have cake, pie and pudding; and every eatable and treatable viand almost that tempts the taste, and pleases the appetite—all warm, wreaking, delicious;—every thing but potatoes! They grow in abundance but they seldom grace the table. You cannot make the generality of the Missourians understand the luxury of having potatoes twice a day—seldom once a day. The downeasters here complain as much of the privation, as do the southern gentlemen when deprived of corn bread. I know not that we have any authority for calling potatoes "the staff of life." I suppose they were unknown when Divine Inspiration pronounced bread "the staff of life." But Noah Webster, L. L. D. has been re-translating the Bible—wonder if he has not modernized bread into potatoes! For my part I mean to marry some fine Missouri girl, who will agree to furnish me potatoes twice a day; and she may eat "corn bread" morning, noon and evening.

Startling tales often reach you of fire arms and Bowie knives—of duelling and dirking—of ferocity little short of cannibalism. These tales usually come from the Lower Mississippi; but I will acknowledge, that destructive weapons are more common here than you have been accustomed to—the paraphrenalia of the chase—the equipage of the hunter. Perhaps too, the people of the West are of rather a warm temperament. "It is part of the religion of a Kentuckian to fret himself at a mischance," says somebody. Perhaps they are resentful—but their resentment is seldom called out. Few will presume to encroach on a neighbor's rights or insult his person, when they know the forfeit may be blood on the spot. Private feuds are uncommon—and as to a duel, I know not that there has been one in the state since the deadly encounter between Major Biddle and Pettis, at St. Louis a few years since. I have never felt in danger—nor have I ever armed myself in any way.

The Temperance cause has found its way even here, and found warm supporters and influential adherents—ay, tea-totalers too. "The Temperance Volume," published by the Tract Society in New York, was placed in the hands of a grocer here. He gave it to a constant customer for perusal—it suspended the old man's visits to the grocery for a great while. The grocer then looked up the offending Volume, determined, as he told me, to show it to no more customers while he continued the business. Subsequently however, he has read it himself—become very thoughtful and given up the soul-destroying traffic. But there is much dissipation yet—the Temperance Cause has much to do—and it will do much. It speaks from thousands of tongues, and hundreds of presses; and the distant sound is become to our ears in the far-off woods, as a promise of better days. It is true, that every where here, you yet see groceries like way-marks to the kingdom of death; but I feel assured that you have hands that will never tire, and tongues that will never faulter. God be with the Temperance Cause!

There is far more intelligence and refinement here than you may have supposed. You forget how many young educated men are here from the eastern states—you forget that the emigrants from Virginia and Kentucky, who move with their families to the western wilderness, like "pious Eneas," bring with them their "Pennates" to the "Ansonian fields"—their education and their manners—their libraries and their religion. There are many privations. But there is a spirit abroad in the country which cries onward—*onward*—ONWARD. Excellent provisions have been made by the State Legislature for the support of schools—districts are being organized, and competent teachers are in great demand. They hold a very respectable rank in society, and receive every social and pecuniary attention. Many of your well qualified *country* teachers "down east" get only $10 or 12 per month, and that for only a part of the year. They had better "pull up steaks"—they will get three times as much here, and employment by the year.

Missouri, in the general, may be regarded as a healthy state, for a new one. The bottoms are subject to miasmatic fevers—remittants and intermittants. Cultivation will lessen much their influence. The high and dry parts of the country are very healthy—families live there for years without the occurrence of a single case of fever. I am disposed to ascribe much of the sickness of this, and every other new country, to the miserable lodgings, gross living and intemperate habits of the early settlers.

Religion, all-absorbing and all-devoted, is rather scarce in Missouri. Those who come here are ambitious—often worldly minded men. The prospect of sudden fortune is bright, alluring, resistless. The impulse after wealth is contagious—monomaniacal;—it turns the head of the wise and the heart of the good man,

"And stoops the pinions back to earth that beareth up to heaven."

Yet, though the holy flame languishes, it is not smothered—it burns in many a pious bosom—on many a family altar—in many a rustic church. Irreligion is not very open—infidelity prowls into the settlements occasionally; but it seldom throws off the mask, and shows its naked ugliness. Yet there is a want of well-regulated religious societies, convenient preaching places and an efficient ministry. Profanity, drinking, gambling and Sabbath-breaking are more common than in the eastern states. Such must always be the state of things in a new country. But do not think this is wholly "a moral waste"—a habitation of heathens. Such assertions by certain speculative, try-to-be charitable eastern folks, and certain ignorant and interested sojourners in the west, excite with us no little ridicule and disgust. It is true, we want your assistance. The fields are whitening for the harvest—this country must be destined in the Providence of Heaven to be a great country, and to exert a mighty influence upon the western churches. Come over and help us. Send us your Missionaries—send us your good and talented young men. But be careful whom you send—holy men—men who will let irrelevant and political matters alone—who will not meddle with domestic policy or sectional peculiarities—men who can make themselves acceptable and influential by their affable deportment, sound sense and solid piety. Such ministers of the gospel will be welcomed every where, and can thrust in the sickle, and gather the fruits of everlasting glory.

You read a few years since of the hostilities between the Mormons and the citizens of Jackson county, 100 miles west of us. The former have never yet relinquished their claims to the lands in that county, though they have been compelled to leave it. They subsequently embodied in Clay and Ray counties, on the opposite (north) side of the river. But the menaces and the ill will of the citizens continuing to intimidate them, they have finally sought and obtained permission to settle unmolested in the new county of Caldwell, farther north. They are pressing there in great numbers, and are building a large and flourishing city. They come by hundreds every year from the eastern states—a thousand families are expected on this season. Many of them are good artizans and enterprising men, and I should not wonder if they soon had one of the most flourishing communities and counties in the state, all their own—the site of the New Jerusalem—the kingdom of Mormonism and Joe Smith!

I have seen no Indians since I have been here, except a few Ioways on their return from a visit to St. Louis. We have old citizens who can tell tales of thrilling interest—of fell encounters, and hair-breadth escapes. But those times are passed by forever. No "Red Skin" lurks along the trail—no savage yell floats on the breeze—no wail of the tortured victim frights the listening ear. The council fire is quenched—the wigwam is deserted—the old warriors are gone to "the happy hunting grounds"—their few descendants have fled from the face of the white man; and slowly and silently are they fading away into the land of spirits. * * *

June 14th.

I have just received a letter from one whom I am proud to have loved. It contains the following tender lines:

Oh, brother do not say farewell,
Though *we* be doomed to sever;
'Tis like the sullen parting bell
Of *pleasures gone forever!*"

But alas, alas! it is said—there is no unsaying! Farewell. J. H. B.

THE EARTH IS BEAUTIFUL.

BY CAROLINE GILMAN.

The whole broad earth is beautiful
To minds attuned aright,
And wheresoe'er my feet are turned,
A smile has met my sight.
The city with its bustling walk,
Its splendor, wealth and power,
A ramble by the river side,
A passing summer lower;
The meadow green, the ocean swell,
The forest waving free,
Are gifts of God, and speak in tones
Of kindness to me.
And oh, where'er my lot is cast,
Where'er my footsteps roam,
If those I love are near to me,
That spot is still my home.

MARRIED.

In Greece, on the 22d inst., by Rev. Mr. Firman, Mr. JOSEPH DIMMICK, jr., to Miss ELECTA JANES.

At Pittsford, on the Evening of the 22d instant, by Loren Race, Esq., Mr. JOSEPH A. CONE, of this city, to Miss SYLVIA A. SUTTON, of Gates.

In South Avon, on the 19th instant, by the Rev. Hait Whiting, of Geneseo, Mr. Heman Burpee, to Miss Fanny Pearsons, both of South Avon.

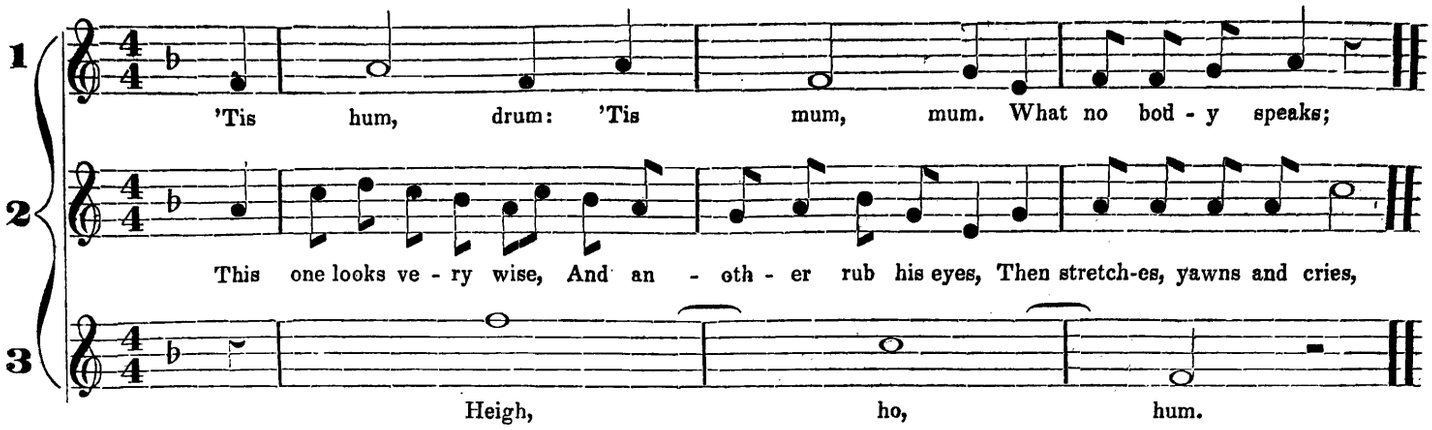
In Parma, on the 22d instant, by the Rev. Chandler Bates, Mr. Samuel D. Webster, to Miss Louisa Clark.

In Caledonia, on the 31st ult., by the Rev. Mr. Strang, Capt. Alexander Cameron, to Miss Mary Walker.

In the same town, on the 25th ult., by the Rev. A. Denoon, Lieut. Col. Alexander Gordon, to Miss Jenette Fraser.

YAWNING CATCH.

FOR THREE VOICES.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

LOCO-FOCO MUSINGS.

CANTO I.

Casting her shadowing roses on the eyes
Of dying Winter,—Spring comes dancing through
The azure depths, and veils the flashing skies
With light and beauty.—"This is all untrue"
You doubtless think, and so I'll let you know
That I'm describing spring,—a year ago.

Now I'll "address" the Winter.—Hear me thou
Unlovely season!—listen to my sighs;—
There are no verdant ringlets on thy brow;
No pleasure sparkles in thy dreary eyes.
I don't admire your bosom of cold ice
And water, as I've slipped down on it twice.

Here's "lines to Summer."—Dear, delightful queen
Of seasons! Dreaming on a bed of flowers,
Thy moments vanish like a fairy scene;
And joy, and gladness, throng thy darkest hours.
Thy thunder-storms scatter the rose's sweets,
And lay the dust in dry McAdam streets.

Here's "lines to Autumn."—Monarch of the storm!
The tempests are thy trumpets blown in wrath;—
Shadows and clouds, surround thy gloomy form;
And mournful winds, are wailing in thy path;
With faded leaves thy feet are overspread
But I can't see what's on your noisy head.

Here's all the seasons, as their changing course
Is marked by nature. You may think about
Them as you please. But if by any force
The season could be altered—I'd blot out
Autumn and Winter;—for I think sincerely
They should not come as often quite as yearly.

CALLIOPE & CO.

☞ We copy the following from an Oswego paper.—Mrs. THOMSON was formerly a favorite correspondent of the Gem, and should she again find time to "court the Muses," we hope she will not forget her old friends:

LINES WRITTEN ON RECEIVING SOME BEAUTIFUL SHELLS FROM A BROTHER WHO IS FAR AWAY IN THE ISLANDS OF T E PACIFIC.

BY MRS. S. E. THOMSON.

Bright, moaning shell! thou'rt from the sea;
They've wak'd thee from thy endless sleep;
Oh! would that thou could'st breathe to me
The mysteries of th' unfathom'd deep—
Of gleaming halls, and coral caves—
Of sparkling groves, and blooming trees—
Of flowers that bud beneath the waves,
And brighter, fairer things than these!

Say, doth the fabled mermaid roam
In bright and shadowy beauty there?
And with her crystal fingers comb
Those golden threads of shining hair?
Do elves and fairies dance and sing
Far, far beneath the moonlit wave?
Bright offerings to old Neptune bring,
And in the dark, deep waters lave?

And dreadful monsters, we are told,
Have made their home this dread abyss:
They've revell'd there since days of old;
And things more fearful far than this:
For men have found a wat'ry tomb,
And countless bones lie mould'ring there;
The roaring, dashing waters boom
O'er some who've died in stern despair!

Bright shell! thou'rt sent across the sea,
By one who'd cross'd the watery track,
A talisman of hope to be,
And thou hast brought the message back.
Oh! could'st thou tell of smile or tear
That fell or flittered o'er his cheek,
For that I'd hold thee far more dear
Than all the mysteries thou could'st speak,

Fulton, Feb. 10, 1838.

From the Democrat.

THE BACHELOR.

To a Bachelor in Rochester, these lines are respectfully presented by a few female friends:—

Poor Bachelor! we would fain recall,
Reason to her wonted throne:
Now, candid tell us, if at all—
You mean to tread life's course "alone?"

Is this strange determination,
'Spite of love, or reasons ray;
To wander, like some fulmination—
Doomed to darkness, hating day?

Why despise, why shun our sex?
Watching every path to please;
Shunning what would hurt or vex;
Why such sordid notions seize?

Rib from thy side, while balmy sleep
In vernal Eden bound thee.
You joy—wer'e glad—n sadness; weep;
And roses scatter round thee.

Nature's like thine, from softer moulds;
Thy griefs, ours truly become.
So, when thy face a smile unfolds
Thy joys, and ours are one.

We're bles't of Heaven, to swell thy joy;
Come! come! then with us mingle!
Burst! burst! those bonds which life destroy;
Wish! wish! not to be "single!"

Pro Omnes. J. McM.

To Editor of the Democrat:

Sir—The "Poor Bachelor" respectfully would ask;—

Who are these ladies, deep distress'd "alone"
"Calling back reason, to her wonted throne?"
Bereft of reason they, ask in CANDOR,
To say, if through "life's course alone" I'd wander?

Reason—bereft, in CANDOR, they would know,
If life I'd tread "alone" through weal or wo?
And "spite of love, or reason's shining ray,"
"Pursue the even tenor of my way?"

Yes, ladies, yes, and reasons I can give,
That all your charms and virtues, will outlive;
Think not your roses scatter'd with profusion,
Conceal from me the thorny strange delusion.

Tho' "bless'd of Heaven, to swell a partner's joys."
The Serpent plough'd with Eve—your bliss alloys;
Sweet was the fruit, and like your roses, gay;
Eve ate, her lord partook—oh fatal, fatal day!

Old Adam then found out, but found too late,
His rib made but a crooked, dangerous mate;
And all the curse, pronounc'd on him and wife,
Had been avoided, In a single life.

Joys you *should double*, but most sure *divide*,
And, when grief comes, it comes on man's *lame* "*side*."
Man's yet the stronger vessel, and must bear,
Ten pains for ev'ry weakness of his fair.

"Come! come! you cry "and with us mingle,"
And wish! O wish! not to be single!"
*We neither "despise nor shun your sex."
Nor will your "*stoop to conquer*" "hurt or vex."

"Burst! burst! those bonds, which life destroy"—
Soft, dear creatures!—no bonds do us annoy;
Free as the breeze, thro' Eden's vernal bloom,
We rove where pleasure leads, or *rest*, at home.

NEWTON.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE ARCTIC LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

BY WILLIAM CULLAN BRYANT.

Gone is the long long winter night,—
Look, my beloved one!
How glorious, through his depths of light,
Rolls the majestic sun.
The willows, waked from winter's death—
Give out a fragrance like thy breath—
The summer is begun!

Aye, 'tis the long bright summer day;
Hark, to that mighty crash!
The loosened ice-ridge breaks away—
The smitten waters flash.
Seaward the glittering mountain rides,
While, down its green translucent sides,
The foamy torrents dash.

See, love, my boat is moored for thee,
By ocean's weedy floor—
The petrel does not skim the sea
More swiftly than my oar,
We'll go where, on the rocky isles,
Her eggs the screaming sea-fowl piles
Beside the pebbly shore.

Or, bide thee where the poppy blows,
With wind-flowers frail and fair,
While I, upon his isle of snows,
Seak and defy the bear.
Fierce though he be, and huge of frame
This arm his savage strength shall tame,
And drag him from his lair.

When crimson sky and flamy cloud
Bespeak the summer fled
And snows, that melt no more, enshroud
The valleys white and dead
I'll build of ice thy winter home,
With glistening walls and lucid dome,
And floor with skins bespread.

The white fox by thy couch shall play;
And from the frozen skies,
And meteors of a mimic day
Shall flash upon thine eyes.
And I—for such thy vow—meanwhile,
Shall hear thy voice and see thy smile,
Till that long midnight flies.

From the Mother's Magazine.

IT IS NOT HARD TO DIE.

"Oh! mother, say must we all die?
You, sister, dear papa and I?
I do not like to think I shall
Lie in the deep, dark grave, so still.
Mother. I'm fond of life and play,
And like not to be borne away,
From the green fields, and pleasant light,
To lie where it is always night."

"Come hither, child, and thou shalt place
Within the earth, in yonder vase,
This grain."

"Oh, it is smooth and round!
Mother, put not in the ground
This pretty grain."

"Do it, my love;
For by this seed I wish to prove,
That it is not so *hard* to die,
And in the deep dark grave to lie."

* * * * * * * * * *

"How sweet a fragrance fills the room!
Mother, your flowers are now in bloom;
And oh! how beautiful they seem
While standing in the bright sunbeam!
Mother, I'm glad you made me place
That smooth round seed within the vase;
For more delighted now, I see
The blossoms on this pretty tree,
Which from that buried grain has sprung."

"'Tis thus, my love, with children young,
And loved of God; their bodies die,
And, like that grain in earth must lie.
But, like this flower, from thence shall rise,
A form of beauty in the skies,—
Which quickly springing from the tomb,
In Paradise shall ever bloom."

Detroit, May 15, 1837.

☞ New subscribers can be furnished with the back numbers of this volume. A few copies of previous volumes, bound, for sale.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson. $1 mail, $1,50 city, in advance.

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, TALES, AND MISCELLANY.

VOL. X. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1838. No. 6.

SELECTED POETRY.

AVARICE—BY HATEM TAI.

[The author was an Arabian chief, who lived a short time prior to the promulgation of Mahammedanism.—He has been so much celebrated through the East for his generosity, that even to this day, the greatest encomium which can be give to a generous man, is to say, 'he is as liberal as Hatem.']

How frail are riches and their joys!
Morn builds the heap which eve destroys:
Yet can they leave one sure delight—
The thought that we've employ'd them right.

What bliss can wealth afford to me
When life's last solemn hour I see;
When Mavia's sympathizing sighs
Will but augment my agonies?

Can hoarded gold dispel the gloom
Which death must shed around the tomb?
Or cheer the ghost which hovers there
And fills with shrieks the desert air?

Were I ambitious to behold
Increasing stores of treasured gold,
Each tribe that roams the desert knows
I might be wealthy if I chose.

But other joys can gold impart,
Far other wishes warm my heart—
Ne'er may I strive to swell the heap,
Till want and woe have ceased to weep.

From the New-Yorker.

MISTAKES.

Every thing that is right is not holy; nor every desire pure; nor all that is sweet, good; nor every thing that is dear to man, pleasing to God.
THOMAS A. KEMPIS.

Might we but view the shore,
Of this dim world, as from heaven's hill it gleams,
How should we blame the tear unduly shed,
And tax the truant joy! How shall we see.
Amaz'd our own mistakes! the lowly tomb
Of our lost idols blooming thick with flowers,
Such as the seraph's bosom bears above;
And the steep cliff where we have madly blown
Ambition's victor-trump, with storm-clouds crown'd
To wreck the unwary soul; wealth's hoarded gold,
Eternal poverty; and the meek prayer
Of him who knew not where to lay his head,
A heritage of glory. Each desire
Fed to fruition, till the satiate heart
Is gorg'd with richness—sows it not the seeds
Of sickness there? while he whose only rest
Was on a spear-point—who might ask for bread
Only to find a stone—gained he not thus
A mansion in the amaranthine bowers
Of love divine? Prosperity, alas!
Is often but another name for pride,
And selfishness, which forms another's woe;
While our keen disappointments are the food
Of that humanity which entereth heaven,
Finding itself at home. The things we mourn
Work our eternal gain. Then let our joys
Be tremulous as the Mimosa's leaf,
And each affliction with a serious smile
Be welcomed in at the heart's open door;
As the good patriarch met his muffled guest,
And found them angels!
L. H. S.

CAANGE OF FEELING,

Since last we met, a fairy spell
Has been from each removed;
How strange it is that those can change
Who were so much beloved!

It is a bitter thing to know
The heart's enchantment o'er;
But 'tis more bitter still to feel
It can be chamed no more!

MISCELLANY.

THE FATE OF A GENIUS.

Who has not heard of the famous saying of the emperor Maximilian? "I can make a peasant a peer, but I cannot make so skilful an artist as Albert Durer?" Poor Albert! Although deservedly honored, esteemed, and supported by the illustrious patrons of genius and learning who were his cotemporaries, Albert Durer was a miserable man. He lived under the dominion of a termigant. His wife, a second Xantippe, harrassed him continually, and his uniform patience and good nature, served only to increase her petulance and persecution. He labored with untiring assiduity day after day, to produce those exquisite engravings, which are now sought with so much eagerness by *amateurs*; and yet she would reproach him as if he were idle and inattentive to the interests of his family. Frequently would she follow him into his *studio*, and there, in the presence of his pupils, pour forth the vials of her wrath, and abuse him most vociferously.

Albert accustomed to such storms, said not a word, but

'Sat like patience on a monument.'

'Herein,' says his Teutonic biographer, 'he acted like a philosopher; for if you blow a few sparks you may kindle a great fire;—if you attempt to stop the steam of a kettle, you will cause a tremendous explosion.'

Durer's wife was accustomed to associate in her reproaches the name of Samuel Duhobret with that of her husband. Samuel was a poor, little, humpbacked, hard-featured man, who, as he manifested an extraordinary talent for painting, was employed, and occasionally instructed, by the compassionate Albert. This gratuitous instruction was altogether at variance with the principles which that worthy lady so strenously advocated.

Despised and insulted by all but his benevolent master, unable almost by his labor to obtain the necessaries of life, what but a fondness approximating to admiration, could have induced Samuel to persevere in the design of being a painter?

He was never happy but when he was wandering about the fields and woods in the environs of Nuremburg, admiring the beauties of nature, and sketching such objects as particularly attracted his attention. After passing a leisure day in this manner he would return to his regular work, never speaking of his country excursions, and never venturing to show his original efforts. Accustomed to continual raillery, he supposed that his designs would only expose him to the ridicule of his companions.

Excepting these rare excursions, Samuel went regularly at day-break to his work, took his seat in the humblest position, as if conscious of inferiority to all around; and was actively engaged during the hours of labor. He would afterwards retire to his cottage, and finish on canvass, the sketches he had made in the country.

Three years passed away in this manner; and Samuel had displayed to no one, not even his master, the works to which he had devoted so many midnight hours. His toils and privations were too great to be endured much longer. He arose one morning with the intention of going to his work, but he fell upon his pallet. He found that he was very sick; he thought that he was about to die, and he wept like a child.—Alas! said he, I shall never be a painter.

For a week he was stretched upon his miserable bed, and no one came to administer consolation. His agony and his tears were seen only by his Heavenly Father. Abandoned by the world, he sought a refuge in Heaven; and He 'who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' mitigated his sufferings. As soon as he was able to walk, a providential impulse induced him to dispose of the last picture he had painted.

He put it under his arm and went towards the shop of a broker, determined to sell it for whatever might be offered. It so happened that he passed by a house where many persons were assembled. He discovered that there was a public sale of valuable paintings in consequence of the death of the gentleman who had collected them. After a little hesitation, Samuel went boldly into the house, entreated the auctioneer to offer his picture, among the other articles, for sale. The man agreed so to do, and estimated it to be worth three thalers. Well, said Samuel, that will furnish me with food, if a purchaser can be found. Let it go.

The picture was passed from hand to hand, while the auctioneer, with a monotonous voice, exclaimed, three thalers—who will make an offer—three thalers. Oh! said Samuel, my picture will not be sold. What will become of me? And this too is my best picture. I could not make a better. There is the castle of Newbourg, and there are the trees and the abbey, and the Pregnitz winding along so beautifully! How many days—here his soliloquy was interrupted by an individual who exclaimed,

'Twenty-five thalers.'

Samuel elevated himself as much as possible that he might see the man who had pronounced those thrice-blessed words. To his surprise it was the broker to whom he had intended to sell his picture.

'Fifty thalers,' said a gentleman in black.

Samuel would willingly have embraced him.

'A hundred,' cried the broker.

And in rapid succession the stout gentleman in black and the broker contended for the picture.

'Two hundred.'

'Three hundred.'

'Four hundred.'

'A thousand thalers.'

The crowd became interested in the matter, and surrounded the rivals who were thus like two combatants in a ring. Samuel thought he was dreaming, and rubbed his eyes, and pinched himself several times, to ascertain whether he was awake.

The stout gentleman, thought that the last offer would terminate the contest, but he was mistaken.

'Two thousand,' said the broker, with a contemptuous laugh.

'Ten thousand,' cried the other.

'Twenty thousand,' exclaimed the broker, convulsively clasping his hands.

'Forty thousand,' uttered the other, who was equally agitated.

The broker hesitated, but the triumphant look of his antagonist induced him to say,

'Fifty thousand.'

All eyes were turned to the stout gentleman.

'A hundred thousand,' cried he.

'A hundred and twenty-five thousand,' responded the broker.

'The original for the copy—Beat that if you can, sir,' said the stout gentleman to the broker. The broker mortified and defeated left the room, and his opponent took possession of the picture.

And now Samuel came forward an approached the purchaser, who, conceived him to be a mendicant, and was about to give him some money; but Samuel, to his astonishment, declared himself the painter of the picture.

The gentleman, who was one of the most wealthy noblemen in Germany, tore a leaf from his pocket book, and wrote some lines.

'Take this my friend,' said he to Samuel, 'it will put you in possession of your property.'

Samuel was no longer poor, and persecuted, and despised. He was honored by the rich, and beloved by the poor. He would frequently say, 'there is but one friend who will never leave you, nor forsake you, and he is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.'

The painting which was purchased by the nobleman, as we have already related, is now in the possession of the king of Bavaria. Beautiful as the landscapes of Claude Lorraine are, there is not one that surpasses this exquisite picture.—*Balt. Monument.*

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

OR, POLITICAL EXPEDIENCY.—PART I.

'O! mother, she looked so beautiful.'

'Yes, yes,' said the aged crone, letting the thread slip from her fingers, while the ear suddenly missed the monotonous sound of the spinning-wheel, that had been heard beneath the green oak since early morning. 'Fine feathers make fine birds; what was she dressed in?"

'I do not know,' said the child, 'I only looked at her face. I should be as happy as a queen if she would only let me wait upon her.'

'It would be a thousand pities not to make you happy,' exclaimed a singular sweet voice; and, putting aside the rose bushes, whose wild leaves fell around her in fragrant showers, a very lovely girl stepped before them.

And so it would make you as happy as a queen to wait upon me. Why I shall be a queen myself, at least, all the fortune tellers assert that such will be my fate. What do you say, good mother, will you let your little girl come with me?'

Mimi's face brightened with eagerness; she looked alternately at the brilliant stranger, and at her grandmother, the red round cheek growing redder every moment.

'I will take great care of her,' continued the youthful Princess, for such she was. 'She shall be my little bower maiden. I do not know why; but I have such a fancy for the little creature,' passing her hand carelessly over the golden hair, that fell in natural curls down the sun-burnt neck.

'You do not know,' said the old woman, 'no, I dare say not, nor do you know why you take half a dozen other fancies; but you may have her if you like. I shall be glad to be rid of the charge. I am too old to work for any but myself now; and I suppose you will give me something for her service. I am aged and poor.'

'O yes,' cried the Princess, hastily unfastening an embroidered purse that hung at her girdle and taking a few pieces of gold, gave them to the old woman, who received them without thanks; and, after holding them for a moment in the sunshine, deposited them in her huge pocket.

'Let the child speak for herself, will you go with the Princess?'

The only answer the child made was to put her hand into that of the lady, and to look smilingly in her face.

'Silence gives consent,' said Sophie; for it was the Princess of Zell, the betrothed of the Elector of Hanover, who now stood before them; 'she shall go with me then; and as we stay here for three hours, I can have her prettily dressed before we set out;' and stooping down, she parted the bright hair on her forehead, and kissed the little maiden with delight, almost as childish as her own.

But Sophie was quite a girl, and the character of her beauty was that of girlhood. The cheek was blooming and the mouth was rosy, and the clear blue eyes seemed as if they had never known a deeper shadow than that of their own soft and long eyelashes. It was a sweet and a happy face, and no wonder that little Mimi looked upon it with sudden love and confidence—Poor child, she had known cold, hunger, the hard word, and the angry blow—all life's small share of happiness had been, in her own heart—in the gladness which, even under the harshest circumstances, seems inseperable from childhood.

And so she will leave me—her mother left me before,' said the old woman, 'and you, rich and insolent that you are, think that the child of my old age is to be taken from me for a few fair words, and a few pieces of gold. Little do you imagine how sad it will be to sit under this old tree alone; but it matters not, all are ungrateful alike. I do not know whether curses have power, I shall have plenty of time to make them during next winter's desolate evenings.'

Sophie started at the aged woman's vehemence, and Mimi, trembling, clung to the folds of her robe. For an instant, the Princess hesitated, but the fear painted on the child's face determined her.

'I mean no offence,' said she in her own sweet voice, I have been thoughtless in asking you to trust your child to a stranger; but I will be kind to her, very kind, and perhaps she may teach me how to aid yourself.'

The look, the manner, touched the old woman and her harsh features relaxed into an expression of the deepest sadness. 'It was I who was wrong,' exclaimed she, 'I ought to thank God that the orphan has found a friend. Little enough have I to give her, but when I am gone she must starve. So take her, lady, and I can die by myself,' and the crone turned away, and began spinning. But the Princess saw there were large tears in the eyes too proud to shed them.

'Shall I leave her with you,' said Sophie.

'No,' returned the other, and the child from whose face the light had vanished suddenly almost hid herself in the Princess' robe. 'Do you not see that the creature clings to you, a stranger, you, who have youth, beauty, and gold, and the instinct of childhood teaches a selfish adherence to them. Take her with you, she may get sweet meats and fine clothes; from me she has little more than harsh words and blows.' Again she turned towards her wheel, but the struggle was too much, and the poor old creature wept aloud.

Sophie knew nothing of human misery, but the kind heart was warm within her. She took Engelfield's hand yet said nothing, for she was new to the task of consolation, but the evident kindness was enough.

'You do not know,' said the old woman, mastering her emotion as only the strong mind does master it, 'life's worst misery, poverty. Life has many others, but none like that. Poverty cost my husband's life—my daughter's honor. Poverty has made that fair child a curse—not a blessing. I have sat up straining my old eyes long after hers have been closed, working; and God is my witness, that I grudged not labor; yet when the day came, I have grieved the child with what seemed causeless anger—I could not bear to see her untaught, almost unfed. Take her, lady, and God bless you both.'

The Princess remained silent for a moment, with emotion unknown before.

'Mimi,' said she to the little creature, who stood with large blue eyes, larger and bluer for their fixed gaze, 'you must not leave your grandmother; she is old, and you must help her; but you shall both of you come to me.—There was enough in my purse to keep you for a few days. Mimi, do you see the buds on this rose-bush? watch them—for before they are blown, I will return and fetch you.' Sophie kissed the child, took one of the roses, and was gone.

Every morning Mimi went down to the old rose-tree: bud after bud expanded into crimson beauty; and the child was watching the last three that yet remained in their soft green cradles, when the branches were put aside, and the Princess stood before the breathless and delighted child. A close observer might have noted that a shadow had passed over the soft azure of those eyes; and the step, though as light was less buoyant. A fortnight had been enough to cloud that fair and sunny face. The realities of life were there.

'My grandmother is ill in bed,' said the child.

'We will go and see her,' replied Sophie, who followed her little guide to a scene of whose misery she had no previous idea. There was but one room in the mud hovel, through whose crumbling walls and roof the rains had penetrated, and the sunbeams now entered with a fitful unnatural light. A small heap of white embers smouldered on the hearth, but a ray of sunshine falling directly on it, had extinguished the fire, which had never been more than a few withered sticks. A wooden stool, an arm chair, but broken, and a three-legged table, were the only articles of furniture. Bed there was none, and the dying woman had no pillow but straw.—Sophie started—so ghastly was the face which met her gaze.

'Mimi said you would come,' exclaimed a hollow voice, 'I can now die in peace.'

The Electress, for so was now the wife of George of Hanover, knelt by the bedside. The floor was damp, and Mimi's little feet left their print on the surface.

'The rich robe will be soiled,' muttered the old woman, 'but it matters not. Lady, you are paler than when I last saw you. I know the look of trouble too well not to detect it at once. There is that on your brow which mocks at this world's state; but this is a weary life; cold, hunger, sickness of the body and sickness of the heart, infest it; and the poor is not the only house where affection never comes. I am dying, lady, and around the death-bed is the future.—I see no happiness in those deep blue eyes—no rest in the varying color of that soft cheek. But there is a God in heaven, lady—if there is the trial, there is also the reward—and in that faith I die. Mimi, my loved, would that I had never spoken harshly to you; but you were dearer than the life blood, which would gladly have poured itself forth for your sake. Cling to the kind and lovely stranger with whom I leave you. Death has no truth, or else she will need even your love.

The voice sank into an indistinct murmur—a gush of wind threw open the door of the hut—a stream of shunshine poured in upon the pale and set features—the Electress looked upon the face of the dead.

PART II.

'Sing no more old songs to night, Mimi; I am too sad already,' said the Electress to a youthful singer, who, seated on a cushion at her feet, was singing an old German melody.

A few years had wrought a great change, both in Sophie and her companion. Mimi, the little orphan, had grown up into the beautiful maiden; but she was not gay as her mistress had been at her age. Pensive, subdued, her soft voice was rarely heard, save in snatches of song, or when telling some legend to the youthful princess, who, young as she was, had been placed in her especial care. But Mimi's life had not been one of those which lead to the outporings of youthful gayety. Her childhood had been what Charles Lamb calls 'not brought up but dragged up,' the hungry, toilsome, and harsh childhood of the poor. The pet and plaything of the Princess she had next known luxury and splendor; but the luxury had its companion, envy—and splendor cast the shadow, jealousy. Mimi soon learned to think; for suffering is the parent of thought. Her love for her kind and gentle mistress was the passion of existence; and love takes its deepest tones when connected with sorrow. She soon saw that her mistress was not happy, that the satin robe could not control a heart that beat too wildly, nor the diamond coronet still the throbbing of the feverish temples where the pulse was then too quick and too keen.

Sophie was used to a more genial atmosphere than the Court of Hanover. Her own princely home had been warmed by the most simple and true affection; and she had been her mother's darling. Suddenly she was transported into a cold and unkindly atmosphere, where life was a thing of forms and ceremonies, and thoughts and feelings were forbidden words—a royal victim, sacrificed to that state necessity, in whose false prejudice, her hand was given, but the heart remained behind. Married to a man whom she could love, she might have honored him; but that was equally out of question. She might have forgiven his neglect and his inconstancy, for it is strange how much a woman who loves will endure; but then she must love. Now, her husband's neglect grew out of his utter incapability of appreciating her and his inconstancy, all that was mean in his nature—he needed low amusement and coarse flattery.

I know nothing in royal history more pitiable than the system of state expediency on which they are founded. It is one of those mistakes which human pride so often commits when left to its own devices. General good was never yet purchased by individual wrong, and the affection which is the most exalted and hallowed feeling in our nature, is not to be sacrificed to political exigencies with impunity.

Sophie was much altered and yet lovelier than ever. She was now very pale, a sad soft paleness, fairer than the rose; and her large eyes were like the moonlight, melancholy and full of poetry and thought.

'Leave me, Mimi,' said the Electress.

The girl looked sorrowful, but obeyed. She was scarcely gone before her mistress half rose to call her back; she missed the silent sympathy of her companion. But there is an indolence about any engrossing feeling, which makes even the slightest exertion irksome. Sophie sank back in the huge gothic chair, and again her thoughts summoned before her an image only too frequent and too dear. It was the face of the youngest and brilliant Count Koningsmarke that rose before her, whose recent arrival in Hanover had turned the heads of half the court. But the instinct of love is subtle; the Princess knew that she was the object of the graceful and gifted stranger; a look—a brief and hurried word—these were all that had passed, but she knew that she was beloved.—Count Coningsmarke had many faults, the faults

of an indulged youth, and a dissipated manhood; but the deep and spiritual passion he now felt, for the first time, half redeemed the heart it occupied. He had that intellectual style of beauty whose carved features recalled those statues which are even now the type of the ideal and the divine; and, above all, he had that earnest manner and that passionate eloquence, which is most fascinating to a woman; it at once appeals to the imagination; and with her, that is more than half love. It is impossible to say in what a passion, at once the most mastering and the most mysterious of nature, had its origin, it springs into life on a look and a word. The heart may have remained untouched for years, it may have wondered at the weakness of others, for we cannot sympathise with what we do not comprehend, but not the less does the fatal moment come at last. Then we believe in all we doubted before, then we yield to the sweet enchantment life never knows again. I firmly believe in love at first sight; not that the feeling is at once known and confessed, it is only the coming event that casts its shadow before. A new sensation has entered into existence, and, alas! for humanity—sweet, gentle as it seems—in all probability to produce a wretchedness before undreamed.

The last purple shadows of twilight died away, the lamplight grew distinct amid the surrounding gloom, yet Sophie never stirred from her seat. Her long fair hair, pressed back from her feverish temples, had gradually become loosened from its confinement, and had fallen around her. Her cheek was even paler; and the eye lashes were wet with tears, that rose from a wretchedness they could not relieve. Yet hers was a common subject of human thought—she was thinking how happy she might have been.

'Why was I born,' muttered she, 'in a rank so surrounded by restraints; why am I a mere machine in the hands of others, who never ask whether there is a beating or a human heart within? Why are these feelings given me, if they are forever to be supported with a bitter sense of wrong? I feel, deeply feel, that there can be no happiness but in affection.'

The Electress was right; she was but one of the many victims sacrificed to that gilded misery—a state marriage: a remnant of feudal barbarism. The crime and sorrow of a marriage is even yet imperfectly understood; and yet what is a royal union but an outrage on all natural feeling? Two strangers meet, between whom there can be no sympathy, all the illusions, all the delicacy of sentiment, are put harshly aside; in all probability do not even please each other externally; they have not a remembrance in common; and yet they are at once bound to each other by the most sacred vows. To what has this led, this forced and unnatural position? To the most disgraceful profligacy and the most bitter unhappiness. Whether in the palace or the cottage, marriage not to be miserable, must be one of affection; nothing can supply its place, and what can be said in defence of a system which coldly puts attachment aside, and where even mutual liking—love is a holier word—where even liking is a chance.

Sophie was essentially gentle and feminine in her nature, she would have been happy under any circumstances, had she but been loved. Care she would have soothed, sorrow she could have shared without a murmur, let her but have been loved in return. It is strange what a fanciful thing love without hope is, how it will create an unreal existence, only, alas! to return more bitterly to the actual. Sophie fancied a little lonely island far off in the Southern seas, herself and one other its sole habitant. A slight noise aroused her from her revery, she started and saw Count Koningsmarke kneeling at her side. For a moment the intense happiness of his presence predominated, she left one hand in his, and covering her eyes with the other, wept passionately. Her dream seemed at once realized; she asked not how, she only felt that he was there, and that she was unutterably happy.

'Sophie! my beautiful, my beloved!' murmured the Count; but his voice broke the spell, and grasped as if to drink in its low peculiar music, but, sweet as it was, it aroused her to a sense of their actual situation.

'Count Koningsmarke,' said she, rising, but her lip trembled while she spoke, 'you are a stranger in the palace, and may not be aware of its customs. I cannot permit your present intrusion. I command you to withdraw.'

His natural daring heightened by a love that took its tone from his fierce and impetuous character; the Count still kept his kneeling attitude.

'Call in your guards,' said he, 'my head is the forfeit of my presumption. I ask nothing but to look upon you, and life is a light price for that look. Let it be my last.'

The determined temper masters the more timed, and Sophie stood irresolute. Koningsmarke saw his advantage, he sprang from his knee, and approached.

You tell me,' exclaimed he, that I do not know the customs of your court; do you think I do not know the danger; one movement of your hand, one sound of your voice and my death is certain. But what is the scaffold compared with the hourly torture of the closed heart, and the silent lip? Lady, if I die for it, I will tell you I love you.'

Pale, trembling, Sophie leaned against the wall for support—This is too cruel,' said she faintly, 'why run such a dreadful risk?,

'You care for life then?' cried he again kneeling at her feet, 'ah I feel that it is precious, sweetest, dearest,—The gold that gave me access will insure my retreat—only tell me you do not hate me—that you will sometimes suffer me to look on a face dearer to me than heaven.'

Sophie had but a woman's answer to give—tears, bitter tears.

'Do not weep,' whispered he, rising and taking her hand, 'I connot feel sad while I see you.—Oh! do you know what it is to be happy on a look?—Oh! look at me,dearest—let me hear one word—I care not what it is, if I do but hear your voice.'

Sophie struggled an emotion that would not be subdued: her heart beat until it choked her voice; her lips moved, but the sound was inaudible.

'How beautiful you are, but how pale—are you wretched too? and he fixed his large dark and mournful eyes on hers. 'I could talk to you for hours, 'long miserbale hours,' but I forget them now—shall I not often forget them? Tell me, loveliest, may I not sometimes return? Tell me the next time that I come you may expect me.'

'No!' muttered the Electress, with a cold shudder.

'Do you fear?' exclaimed the Count, a slight curve on his scornful lip. 'Will you not,' added he, in a more pleading tone, 'hazard a little for my sake? Forgive me—but I love you so madly, that I can even hope——'

'Hope' repeated she, with a strange and hollow accent, 'hope!'

'Yes, continued Koningsmarke, 'beloved by you, every thing seems possible.'

'Every thing but guilt,' said the Electress, who seemed startled into composure by the sound of her own voice.

Guilt?' interruptid the Count, there is no guilt in the worship, I pay to you, even as my good angel. You will but pity me; but look upon me with those sweet eyes, whose light makes me believe in heaven.'

'Hush!' said the Princess, 'I have already listened too long. A wife and a mother, I have not a thought or a feeling at my own disposal; I have not appointed my own lot, but I submit it to the will of God. Sir, you must at once leave my presence.

'And will you sacrifice me,' exclaimed he passionately, 'to these phantoms of duty—cold—vain.'

'My own heart,' replied she faintly, 'tells me that they are neither cold nor vain. Again I bid you leave me.'

'I cannot. Think, Sophie—ah! let me call you so devoted—you will never be so adored again,' and he pressed the cold wan hand he still held to his heart.

The Electress stood for a few moments the very image of despair; the damps rose upon her forehead, there was not a vestige of color on her lip or cheek, and the face looked yet more pale from the masses of golden hair that hung around it. A shudder of convulsive agony wrenched her light frame; but her resolution was taken.

'Count Koningsmarke,' said she in a low, hollow, but distinct tones; 'I will confess to you that I am more wretched than you can be; but he who has heard so much from my lips, must hear no more. To-morrow, I trust will, see you on your way from Hanover.'

She had allowed her hand still to remain in his, she had led him to the door, which she opened herself. Surprised, subdued, the Count obeyed the impulse, but he paused on the threshold, when a slight noise caught his quick ear. He looked in its direction, and from one of the balustrades of the winding gallery, saw a face looking down. It was but a glance, yet he recognised the coarse though fine features, and the black hair of one of the Elector's favorites. At once he felt the prudence of retreat, and he obeyed the sign to depart, while Sophie leaned, white as a corpse and almost as inanimate, on the threshold.

'Farewell,' murmured she, 'farewell, Count Koningsmarke, for ever.'

The words had only died on the pale lip which scarcely moved to utter them, when she saw the ground open beneath Koningsmarke's feet. A trap door purposely left unfastened, had yielded to his weight, he disappeared, and the arches of the gothic gallery reverberated to one last fearful cry of human agony. Sophie sprang forward—a natural impulse of horror induced her to start back from the dark abyss that yawned at her feet. Surely far down in the darkness she saw the glitter of jewels, and she heard one low groan—and all was silent as the grave. She cast one desperate glance to heaven, and dashed herself forward, when her progress was arrested by a slight figure that threw itself between her and the brink of the chasm—Mimi had saved her mistress.

PART III.

Years, long dreary years, had passed in the old castle to which the jealousy of the Elector had consigned his consort. For years, the eyes of Sophie had never looked beyond the battlemented walls, and had dwelt only on the faces of her jailors. She had had no communication from without, and the lapse of time was only told by the change which her mirror marked. She had entered that prison young, very young, now her bright hair was thin, and gray mingled with the yet golden tresses. But this morning she was happy. She had risen with the sun—the lark she never heard now—to watch over the slumber of one who made her feel that earth had still one precious link—one for whose sake there was yet something to pray and to hope—a handsome youth of about fourteen was sleeping in the little room adjoining her own. It was her son, Prince George, who had escaped the night before from his attendants; and, at the risk of his life had swam the moat to see his ill-used, his beautiful mother.

'How soundly he sleeps,' murmured she—'it is a pity to wake him—and yet he can sleep any day—while his mother he may not see again.'

But she was spared the necessity of awakening him: for, as if made conscious, by some sweet instinct, of her presence, the youth opened his eyes, and said—'mother.' The sadness of a wasted life, the bitterness of a false accusation, the weariness of prison, were repaid by that moment's happiness. Sophie could not satisfy herself with gazing on the bright and noble features of her son. She overwhelmed him with a thousand questions—she was eager to learn all his habits, pursuits, and pleasures, and yet she startled at the least sound—she feared that they were about to take him from her.

'You eat no breakfast, mother,' exclaimed the Prince, pausing in the midst of the meal to which he was doing the full justice of a youthful appetite.

Not yet, George,' said she, 'this is Sunday, and since I have dwelt in this castle I never break my fast till after the service of the chapel.'

'This is a dreary place,' rejoined the youth, looking round on the damp walls from which the decaying tapestry hung in tatters, 'but they say I shall be king of England, and you shall have a beautiful palace then.'

Sophie smiled and kissed the forehead, whose golden curls were the color of her own.

Time passed on, and yet no search was made for the young Prince, who accompanied his mother to the chapel. It was a gloomy ruin—the roof admitted the daylight in many places, and the arches were broken and defaced, while the tombs below yawned as if about to give up their dead. The young Prince shuddered as he knelt on the cold pavement where his mother had knelt for so many years. The service ended—the Electress approached the altar, and again kneeling, she took from the aged priest the sacred bread and wine, but ere she drank from the holy cup, she called upon the Savior who had given it to his followers, to bear wit-

ness to her innocence. A ray of light from the roof fell around her while she spoke, her large blue eyes were raised to the heaven she invoked, and it flung around her pale and spiritual countenance a glory like that of an angel. At this moment, a sound of hurried foot-steps disturbed the stillness of those old walls, and the chapel was filled with strangers.

'I knew that I should find him here,' said a tall stately-looking man, the young Prince's governor. 'I an sorry, madam,' added he, 'that this painful duty should devolve upon me, but his Serene Highness must not remain here.'

'I did not hope that he might,' replied Sophie, 'it is happiness enough only to have seen him; something at my heart tells me we shall never meet again. George, my beloved child, farewell. Inform your father that to-day, for the first time, I prayed for him.'

'Madam,' exclaimed the Baron, 'my mission is not one all of bitterness. With some concession, I am commissioned to offer your husband's pardon, and even a hope that your return to the court will be permitted.'

'Never,' answered the Electress, 'I accept no pardon—I will make no concessions—I demand to have my innocence fully recognised—I return to that court its injured and acknowledged mistress, or I return no more.'

The Baron withdrew in silence, and the young Prince clung to his mother's side. It was a bitter struggle—but she herself unclasped his arms.

'God bless you!' exclaimed she, and led him beyond the portal. Slowly he mounted his horse—heavily were the iron gates closed after him.

'Once more,' said the Princess, 'I am alone.'

'Not alone, my beloved mistress,' replied a female kneeling at her feet. 'For years I have watched besides these gates, which to-day I have obtained permission to enter.'

Scarcely, in the pale and time-worn woman, could even Sophie recognise the once girlish and lovely Mimi.

PART IV.

The last crimson lights of a summer sunset illuminated the depths of that ancient and gloomy chamber; a golden haze seemed to float on the dusky air, and poured in through the open curtains of a velvit bed. The embroidery had long since faded, and the black plumes that waved at each cornice, grew yet more hearse-like, with every succeeding year. But now the rich hues and the soft rays gave a mocking cheerfulness to the bed of death—and yet not mocking—it was the type of that divine light which cheered the last hour of the dying.—Sophie's head was laid on that last pillow, whence it was never raised again.

When the Electress first rested on that pillow, her temples were feverish, and her heart beat even to pain; she slept only the restless sleep of exhaustion, and she walked in the midnight, the shriek on her lips, and the damp on her brow, one fearful sound for ever in her ears, and one fearful sight for ever before her eyes. Night after night had been conscious of her tears, and morning after morning had she loathed the sight of another day that brought the same monotony of sorrow. Anger, too, had hardened round her heart; undervalued and ill used, she grew embittered by injustice. Her son's visit was the first softening influence that had touched her for many years; but that thawed the well of affection, so long frozen within. She felt that she was beloved; and for the sake of that sweet child, she forgave the world and all its injuries. Mimi came, and brought with her all the genial feeling of youth—all its warm and kindly current of affection, old remembrances of nature, and its changeful loveliness; she brought the world of the past to the ill-fated prisoner. Think what it is to waste a whole life in captivity—to look on no faces but those of your guards—to be shut out from society—to know that you are forgotten, that the green grass and the crowded streets are alike forbidden things, to know that life goes on with its usual round of hopes, pleasures, and objects, in which you have no part; to feel that your faculties are stifling within you, that your mind, your heart, are dead before their time. This is the lot of a prisoner—this had the Princess of Zell endured for years—and this, too, had Mimi endured for her sake. But the devoted peasant knew not what endurance meant: that is not endurance which is undergone for on we love. Mimi's whole world was the gloomy chamber of her first, her dearest friend—she desired another only for her sake.

But the prison scene was closing; Sophie lay, supported by cushions, with life fast ebbing away; her hair was still long, but of a darker color, yet more conspicuous from its being blended with gray. She was thin even to emaciation, but the fine features retained traces of their former beauty, and the large blue eyes were soft as a dove's and clear as those of a spirit. But the dying lady was restless and anxious, she looked faintly around for one who was not there. In consideration of the Princess' danger, Mimi had been allowed to leave the castle; she was the bearer of a letter from Sophie to her husband, who was now King of England. He had just arrived in his Electoral dominions, and would have to pass near the castle.

At an inn where he was to change horses, Mimi awaited him. The purple shadows of twilight were on the sky when he arrived. You heard the galloping of the guards, the rolling of the carriage wheels, and, amid dust and shouts the royal cavalcade stopped at the inn door. The monarch called for light, which, for a gold piece, the daughter of the host allowed Mimi to bear. She gave the light and gave also the letter. The pipe fell from the king's hand—he knew the writing.

'*Je me meurs*,' exclaimed he, sinking back in his carriage.

The confusion attendant upon his illness enabled Mimi to glide away unnoticed, but she saw that in the king's face there was death.—The white moon, that had been pale in the sky as a crescent of snow, had cleared into light, when Mimi entered the chamber of her dying mistress. The warm crimson, and the golden haze of sunset, had faded into deep obscurity, scarcely broken by the far dim lamps that swung from the roof; but the face of the Princess was distinctly visible, for the moon shone directly upon it. Faintly she raised her head to welcome her faithful attendant, and her lips moved, but the words were lost in a faint rattling in the throat.

'I gave your letter to the King,' whispered Mimi.

Sophie sat erect in bed, a wild and supernatural gleam kindled her eyes with a fearful lustre—she raised her hand—so white, so spectral, that it scarcely cast a shadow in the moonlight.

'I summon him before a higher tribunat than his own, to meet me.'

The effort was too much, and she sank on Mimi's shoulder; a spasm wrung her features, and they set in the marble calmness of a corpse.

The King, her husband, died at the same hour; and, within a week, Mimi was laid at the feet of her mistress.

THE GAINS OF A LOOSING BUSINESS.

'Come, John, exert yourself; 'tis surely a very little thing to walk half a mile to see a friend that has just arrived!'

'I know it, Fanny; and I ought to go, there's no doubts of that, and should go if it were but a thing of some weight; but really I cannot do it just now.'

'Why, dear John, things of weight don't move you sometimes. Sarah Barton's income is sensibly lessened, because you could not insure her house, as you promised, just when it should have been done.'

'Nay,—now, my dear wife, 'tis cruel in you to throw Sarah Barton in my teeth forever:—didn't I offer to make her loss good to her, and own I was to blame?'

'But the evil remained, my dear husband. No woman in her situation would receive the price of the house from you; and much and loudly as we may own our faults, it will never be as good as curing them.'

'Most original moralist! Well, Fanny, I'll go in the morning; and now play me your best piece to make up for your lecture.'

'No, really, John, I can't just now.' And she laid her head upon the arm of the couch.

'Frances,' said her husband, a little pettishly, 'will you play for me?'

She rose, and went and knelt at his feet, and looking up, said—'Since we were married, my husband, I have seldom refused to do what you wished; my heart does not refuse now, and I will play for you; may you feel, as I do, that I have no right to say, seriously, 'I cannot just now.'

His ear heard the sound of her piano, and his foot beat time; but his mind was afar off, and full of sad thoughts. When she finished and turned round on her stool, he smiled, and held out his arms to her; and again she knelt.

'Fanny,' said he, 'you made a great mistake in marrying me. If you had but given your hand and fortune to Tom, Dick, or Harry, he'd have doubled it by this time; while I vegetate here upon the income of it—a burden to you and myself, and good for nothing but to give oyster suppers. Well, I shall die one day, and then you can choose better.'

She smiled, with tears in her eyes, as she answered—'But why vegetate upon our property? Why not use it?'

'What do you mean, Fanny? Wasn't it the very point of your father's care, and study, and consultation, that such a shiftless, unenergetic, good-for-nothing idler as I, should not use it?—Didn't I hear, ten times a day, that a mere literary man, without business talent, and scarce able to keep himself from under the dray-wheels, never should attempt to do any thing with money but spend it? Did they not bind me never to use what was given to me; but to idle on, a gentleman of literary taste? good for nothing, cared for by nobody, of no more worth in the state than a block of wood! wasting what little energy I had, and losing my manhood more and more, till at length I have become the butt of my wife even.'

She stood for a moment or two, surprised, sorry, and ashamed, while he strode up and down the room, muttering curses against his own worthlessness; then took his arm, and with mounting color, replied to him—'I love you, John, as much as ever; but I will not deny that my respect is less than when we married.'

'My father thought you unfit for business, and placed my property out of your reach till I was twenty-five; for three years past it has been at your disposal, and is now. When we married, you had large plans for literary and benevolent action; these were never carried out: and now, every month you grow more careless and less active; to-night you cannot even visit a new-come friend.'

'It is all true, Frances. I pity you,—I wish I could unmarry again, and then you might find one you could respect.'

'My dearest husband, I can respect you. Do but rouse—do any thing, only become what you may be, and I will kiss your feet in respect and thankfulness.'

'What can I do?'

'Go into business.'

'But I shall lose your property.'

'Lose any thing, every thing, so you gain yourself again!'

'What shall a man take in exchange for his soul?'

'Good day, Mr. Smith; what's the news?'

'Nothing special. How's your folks?'

'Tolerable, thank you. What's this I hear about John?'

'Gone into crockery business; full head of steam on!'

'How long will he last?'

'Eight months and three weeks, barring accidents.' Ha, ha, ha! Good day. Sorry for his wife.'

Mr. Smith was a false prophet. Five years passed by, and John was still struggling in the rolling and tumbling current of active business. At first he had some notes protested, the money for which he had in his pocket, by forgetting to stop as he went up Wall-street and pay them.—He lost a few thousands, also, by a rainy day, which prevented him from insuring an invoice of English ware, the destruction of which, upon the coast of Wales, was heard of the very day after the accounts of the shipment came. But he had heavy backers, good clerks, and a wife that never let him neglect the care of his concerns, nor indulge in speculation. And as his credit, and means, and correspondents increased, men wondered, and John wondered too: he found he could keep from under the dray-wheels as easily as his neighbors; and though, every year, he was a loser by knavery in some of its shapes, he cared little that he was unable to cope with rogues.

The fall of '32 came, and the Great Fire took from him at least one half his means. His heart sank not, however, nor did his powers seem paralysed.

'Can you withdraw what is left?' said his wife.

No; he could not at once, without embarrassment. In a year or two he might retire.

Another hard year passed; he had contracted

his operations, paid many of his debts, and in the spring of '37 proposed to close his books, with about two-thirds of the property left which he had originally invested.

They bought a place in the country; began a house, and laid out a large garden. Already the dreamy wife saw her children racing over the lawn, and her reformed husband, with his books and his benevolent schemes, busy, happy, and useful: she felt how great a gain had been the loss of one-third of her fortune.

The spring came; the ball struck the nine-pins, and they began to tumble. Piecemeal, John saw his independence crumbling away; every day the column in his bill-book for 'Remarks' became more crowded with the word 'Bad;' every day bank notices looked more ominous, and Directors, that had for years discussed the credit of others over his supper-table, now picked their teeth, and talked indistinctly of his, elsewhere.

The city clocks struck three; bank doors swung smoothly too on their well oiled hinges; notaries nibbed their pens. As John took his way homeward, his head bent down, and a certain queer feeling about the heart and windpipe, he met Mr. Smith. 'Any thing over, to-morrow, John?'

John shook his head, and smiled, as he replied, 'I am under protest to-day.' There was a thrill of joy in the jobber's breast, though he knew his hour was close at hand. 'There's one comfort,' he muttered to himself, 'his wife will scatter his calm, quiet thoughts faster than he's scattered her fortune.'

That wife, now a matron, had arranged the dinner-table as none but a wife can; and to her little circle of chidren was reading, for the second time, Miss Sedgwick's 'Home.' It was later than customary. She read till another half hour was gone; then, fearing something, gave the young folks their dinner, and sent them to walk, as usual. She sat by the window another half hour, and watched the shadows creep across the street, and one by one saw fade away her country home, her garden, her grassy lawn, her romping children, her independent husband. Want, and labor, and the contempt which waits on fallen fortune, came and filled the future. But woman's heart is a wonderful spring of strength. She saw the form of a man coming; and though her tears made all forms alike to her eye, she felt it was her husband. In an instant the world was changed; as at the close of a stormy day—the cloud lifted, the yellow sun streamed in, and the very rain-drops beamed like jewels.

John had been spending the time since three with his lawyer. The lawyer had condoled with him, cursed the administration and blamed the Banks. He had said, again and again, that it was very hard for a man to lose all that he had been working for during six years, to say nothing of what he had before he went into business; and at last his client began to feel very bad. Then he talked of the mortifications of being unable to pay out just debts; the mere loss of money was little, but to be the means of involving others, and bringing families to distress, must pain a generous spirit. This went to John's heart, and he lamented the hour that he had been induced to go into the world. His courage, and his fortitude, and his hope left him, and he came to his home desponding, peevish, and cowardly.

He met his wife with a smile, to be sure, but such a smile as the criminal wears when bound to the death-tree.

'I was a prophet' Fanny,' he said passing her.

'How so?'

'It is all gone. I'm ruined, and the cause of ruin to others.

'You mean to me and the children.

'No, my wife; to other men, families, dependents, all.'

'What! Your property not pay your debts?'

'It would pay them three tines over, but it is of no money value now.'

'Is it through your wrong-doing that this happens?'

'Certainly not.'

'Then never let it depress you. As far as you are concerned, it is the act of God that cripples you. We should mourn for our sins, and must, from our nature lament misfortune, but never need be disheartened by it. Something can be done, I know:—our debts paid, and a new start taken, with all the gain of the past, to make the future easy.'

'The gain of the past!' said her husband, slowly. Do you mock me, Frances? I tell you I've lost every thing,—property, credit, character, and—almost—happiness.'

'You mistake greatly, my husband. It is not true that you have lost credit, or character in any sense that makes the loss worth thus mourning for. I love you too entirely, to let you make such charges unrepelled. Our wealth is gone, perhaps: but what have we gained instead? You have become, fourfold, the man you were: you have new-created yourself; you are born again, and I have gained all that you are, more than you were, [and shall we regret the purchase money?'

He covered his face and was silent for a time: then starting, cried—

'But where will all this await me? We must have bread, my wife; your children's wants will not be supplied by their father's growth in grace,'

'Nay, but they will be. Being what you are, you can gain all they need, and bring them up to gain it for themselves; as you were once; my husband, before this growth in grace, at which you sneer, what could you have done? Let us then part with all that can be sold; pay all your debts to the last farthing; be what you have learned to be, and I know there will be enough. When that is done, we will begin here again, or go to the west, or go where you will; and we shall never lament, my dear husband, that you, and through you, all of us, have learned to be active, punctual. efficient, orderly, patient and persevering, though our schooling has cost a fortune. If you had but made money, we should have gained little; but now you have gained the true end of business and of life; you have laid up treasures in heaven, for you have developed some of the noblest powers of your own soul.'

Upon the earthly future of that man there still rest clouds; but he heeds not their shadow, for his eye is upon a future that is bright with a brightness exceeding that of the sun.

From the Boston Pearl.

Fashion of the times.—'When I came to this country,' said an emigrant. "I brought several hundred dollars in gold; they then called me Mr Smith; but when it was all gone, I was only called plain *Uncle Bill.*'

Absence of Mind.—An old smoker the other day bit off the end of his finger, supposing it to be a cigar. He did not discover the mistake, until he undertook to light what he had left, and smoke it.

A poor fellow, a few miles out of town, went into his barn for the purpose of taking the life of a fat hen for his morning's breakfast. Melancholy to relate, he became absent minded, aad wrung his own neck. He found it out as soon as he tried to crow.

When has a fop the independence to differ in opinion from the whole world?

Ans. When he thinks himself no fool.

What does a lady most frequently forget?

Ans. Her age.

When does a man,s interests and duty unite?

Ans. Always.

When has a man the most cause to despise himself?

Ans. When he is proud of unmerited praises.

What is the last *stage* of consumption?

Ans. The hearse.

Why are we pleased with a pleasant day?

Ans. Because we sometimes have stormy ones.

A diffident lover, going to a town clerk to request him to pulish the banns of matrimony, found him at work *alone*, in the middle of a ten acre lot, and asked him to *step aside* a moment, as he had something particular for his private ear.

A jury in the West of England, commiserating the case of a poor woman who was charged with a trifling theft, agreed to the following sapient verdict:—"Not guilty—*but we hope she won't do so again!*"

Heaven is pleased with the importunity of our prayers, because she delights to bestow upon us every boon which will result in our real happiness.

An old lady in the interior, being told that milk was obtained from coco nuts, inquired whether it was warm like that which comes from the cow.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1838.

☞ The fund given by Dr. Franklin to the city of Boston, to be loaned to young mechanics on setting up in business, now amounts to $22,453.

New arrangement.—A western school-master has the following sentence in round text upon his door: "No licking the school-master in the holidays."

The Knickerbocker.—The March No. of this excellent periodical, fully maintaines its well-established reputation. It is full of good matter, which any one may read with equal amusement and profit.

Last Boston Pun.—Lady caught in a shower Monday night—stranger politely offered the shelter of his umbrella—accepted—got home, and found him black in the face—wrong color for a *rain-beau.*

Dreadful Conflagration.—A young lady intending to sue for breach of promise, put her lover's letters into a bag for the purpose of producing them in court, when, sad to tell, their own natural warmth produced spontaneous combustion, and ashes alone remained.

Ladies' Companion.—The March number of this deservedly popular periodical is embellished with a fine engaving of *The Night Storm*, engraved by *Neagle* from one of the famous pictures of *Vandervelde.* The literary contents of this number are from the pens of well known writers, and present the usual variety and possesses the usual interest.

When you would wish to write something peculiarly hard and severe, sand your floor with steel filings, and put on iron shoes, use a steel pen and write upon sheet iron. If you wish to have your article extremely savage, get a friend to sit at your elbow and talk politics all the time that you are writing; and get another person to stand and hold the door half way open in the mean time.

Davy Crockett's Last.—The Colonel was present at a splendid route once given by General Green, at Washington, and was induced to dance, or rather attempt to dance, in a quadrille. The figure was intricate, and the Colonel got off the trail. Turning to his partner—a laughing, fun-loving girl—he apologised for his error, and remarked, with characteristic drollery of expression, that he wasn't much educated in dancing, although he could stand up to the plain work mighty perpendicular; but,' continued he, 'when you come to put in the *scientific licks*, I squat.'

NORTHAMPTON, (Mass.) March 7.

A Beautiful Grotto, formed of ice from the drippings of the canal under the aqueduct, has been all the rage, during the past week, in this town. The aqueduct has an elevation of from twenty to thirty feet above Mill river; consequently the water congealing as it fell, has reared up massy glittering pillars, which, as they enlarged, have nearly closed up the sides, and formed, between each of the abutments, gorgeous and splendid large icy apartments. The stalactites hang in rich and variegated clusters, varying from a few inches to fifteen feet in length, forming altogether a spectacle of dazzling richness and beauty, whether seen by the glitter of the sun or the radiance of torch light. One evening last week some of these gorgeous apartments were prettily illuminated, and, with the aid of the imagination and the influence of the fairy beings who glided among the pillars of crystal with merry laugh and buoyant step, it was not difficult to mark its resemblance to some of the scenes in story. The Grotto of Antiparos, on one of the islands in the Archipelago, cannot hold a candle to the crystal caves under the canal aqueduct.—*Cour.*

ORIGINAL TALE.

Written for the Gem.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

"A tomb rose on the unhappy Lorma. My song of wo was heard; 'Rest at the noise of that mossy stream! the maids will see your tomb, at their play, and turn away their weeping eyes. Your name will be in song. The harp will be in your praise. The daughters of Selma will hear it. The Sun will not come to thy bed and say awake! The wind of Spring is abroad. The flowers shake their heads on the green hills. The woods wave their growing leaves. Retire, O Sun! She sleeps. She will not come forth in her beauty. She will not move in the steps of her loveliness. Rest, children of your youth, at the noise of the mossy stream.'"

Ossian.

In the early part of the month of June, eighteen hundred and thirty-five, accompanied by a Classmate, I wandered forth from the College on one of those Saturday afternoon excursions which have been long customary with the students of that institution, and to which those who have left their Alma Mater often look back with emotions of the highest pleasure.

We passed on through grassy fields and shady groves—along rocky ravines and quiet vales—o'er ripling brooks and swelling hills, till we gained an eminence that commanded an almost limitless view of the surrounding country. The day and the landscape were most delightful. The Sun beamed with undiminished splendor from his cerulean and cloudless throne. The mild zephyrs whispered amid the bowers, and wafted along on their unseen folds, the odours of flowers which they had kissed on their way from their occident home. On every side were heard the melodious caroling of birds—near by, the murmuring of a rill—and in the distance the thundering of cars, and the commingled sounds of the busy city. Far away to the west and north rose and ranged the romantic and shrub clad hills, which fancy was wont to picture as the abodes of the spirits of their aboriginal lords. Through the luxuriant and verdant valley the silvery Mohawk wended its serpentine way, and by its side meandered the Canal, bearing on its bosom the products of all climes and the people of many nations. On the plain below, the city spread forth with its retired walks and crowded streets, and glittering roofs, and towering spires. And on an eminence to the right the College edifices lifted in Grecian grandeur their snowy walls, in pleasing contrast with the virid foliage of the surrounding trees. After contemplating for a while the attractive scenery before us, we resumed our walk, and on coming to a rivulet, took our way along on its banks, tracing its course through every flexion, till at length emerging from a thicket we heard a rumbling and tremulous sound. "Hark!" said my companion. "You heard only the sound of that mill," I replied, pointing through the trees. "That must be the Factory," he continued, "for I have been informed that it is on this stream, and I propose that we visit it." No objection being made by myself we passed on, and in a few minutes arrived at the door, requested admittance, obtained it, and entered. My companion being a New Englander, and in some degree characterized by their inquisitiveness and their propensity to calculation, soon began his enquiries in regard to the price of the raw material—the quantity required per day—the number of yards manufactured—the amount of wages paid—the nett profits, per centum, &c.

My attention was at first directed to the structure and operation of the machinery, and to the skill of those under whose guidance its various portions performed their respective parts. But it was soon after particularly drawn to one of the number employed in superintending—a girl of most interesting appearance. I secured a position at a little distance, and observed her attentively during the remainder of our visit. She was apparently about the age of fourteen. She sat in a chair reclining her head against a pillar that rose by her side, excepting when the machine under her charge required her attendance. Her movements were easy and graceful, and evinced a habituation to happier days and a more refined mode of life. In her form and countenance were combined all the lineaments requisite to the perfection of earthly beauty. Nothing external served to highten it, for she wore no ornaments, and was attired in the most simple manner. Her silk-like auburn tresses were neatly and closely gathered into a few *noduli*, which were bound by a riband passing around her head in such a manner as to display most fully its symmetrical and elegant shape. Her forehead had that mildness and sufficiency of expansion which, to the mind of the beholder, was indicative of candor and of intellectual powers of a high order. Her eyes were as

"The April sky trembling through clouds of purest white."

An in them were to be seen the emanations of an aspiring, unconfinable, and immortal spirit. The blushes that glowed on the cheeks of Hebe and Helene were never more lovely than the roseate ones that brightened and faded, and lingered and brightened again on hers. Such was the ordinary, but transient expression of her countenance. For evidently her mind was deeply agitated by strong and alternating emotions. At one moment an angelic smile played sweetly upon her lips, as if recollection had rolled back the scroll of former days, and spread before her all the by-gone and delightful events in which she had been a happy participant. At another, that smile would pass away and be succeeded by an expression of sorrow and despondency. At intervals, her thoughts—as was evident from the heaving sigh—the startling tear, and the manner in which she twirled the faded rose which she held in her delicate hand, were of the most painful and intense description.

After having remained as long as courtesy would permit, we withdrew. And by pursuing a different path on our return, we were surrounded by new and increasing rural attractions. My friend became more deeply enraptured, and spoke more eloquently of the objects that caused his delight. But feelings of sympathy for the beautiful being from whom we had just parted, induced me into a train of reflection upon her inauspicious lot, and the diversified condition of human life. As I yielded to all his remarks merely a simple assent, and to his numerous interrogatories naught but a laconic answer, he soon perceived that my mind was wholly abstracted from the things so interesting to him; and observing that if the tendency of our visit was such as to produce in me a depression of spirits, he would advise me not to repeat it. I replied, "I was thinking of that beautiful girl, whom we saw, and of her untoward condition. In her case, if ever, is evident the truth of the maxim, 'circumstances make the individual.' How bright and joyous might be her career had she been born in the higher walks of life! With an educated mind she might hereafter be named as a muse, and be crowned with the perenial and amaranthine chaplet. But for circumstances she might reign queen of beauty, and receive for her charms, the homage of the youthful, the talented, and the meritorious. She might lead a sweetning and gentle, though efficient and lasting influence in the cause of piety, virtue, and humanity. She might become the happy partner of a great, good, and eminent man; and by the necessary extensive acquaintance resulting from such a union, she might give tone and direction as it were to the manners and habits of the female part of the nation. And with all the beauty, she might possess all the refinement, all the loveliness, all the terder qualities, and all the angelic virtues of which her sex are susceptible. But ah!

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air."

As the day declined, and the hills and tree tops were tipped by the golden rays of the setting sun, we terminated our walk and mingled with the crowds of our fellow students who were loitering in front of the Collegiate Halls.

The summer months had glided away, and the latter part of the second autumnal one had come, when we determined on another visit to the Factory. The day was warm and serene. No breeze agitated the faded leaves that hung trembling on their blighted stems—through all nature reigned a solemn, yet soothing and pleasant stillness, with the exception of here and there a lonely bird sounding a requiem to the departing year. The Sun shone brightly from his southern zone, and seemed to smile in triumphant anticipation of his timely return to repair the ravages of the frosts, and again to array the landscape in rich and verdant drapery—And to the utmost limits of vision the woodlands were beautifully variegated, and presented the appearance of a gorgeous and commingled assemblage of a thousand rainbows.

We walked cheerfully onward till we arrived at our destination. Immediately after our entrance I looked for the *one* to whom my attention was drawn at the time of our former visit. The pillar against which she reclined her head was there—her chair was by its side—but it was occupied by another. I traversed the whole building in search, but found her not. I then enquired of the Superintendent concerning her. But alas! He informed me that she was no more. In compliance with my solicitation for a sketch of her history, he said, "Her parents being poor, she went at quite an early age to reside with her uncle, with whom she remained until the time of his death, which happened about nine months previous. Whilst under his care she had been kept constantly at school, and had made unusual advancement in her studies. Her instructors frequently said that her mental powers were never equalled by any under their charge. After the death of her uncle she was obliged to return home, and depend on her own industry for support. Contrary to her wishes, her parents procured employment for her in the Factory. But here she was discontented. And her physician says that her discontentment, and her aspirings, and the intensity of her thoughts, were the causes of her death. She was pious, and possessed of an irreproachable character, and of a disposition of the most amiable nature. She died with bright and blissful hopes, and with a firm belief that she was passing to a happy, immortal life. Her funeral was yesterday—and her grave is in the grove on yonder hill."

When on our homeward way we turned aside to view her grave. It was on the bank of a murmuring brook in a bower of pines. In place of a head-stone and monument, was an evergreen entwined by a luxuriant vine of ivy. Through its branches the soft breezes were then sweetly and plaintively sighing, as if in sorrow for her untimely end. It was overspread with a rich covering of grass, and some bushes of the lilach and wild rose were planted thereon,

which, at the return of the vernal sun and the tepid southern gales, would bloom and fill with ambrosial fragrance the hallowed bower. And as I stood there musing on her history, the words of an anchient Philosopher

"Amat qam Deus tener moritur,"
"She whom God loves dies young,"

came to my mind with resistless and unwonted effect. And I exclaimed, "Yes, ill fated girl, thou hast died young; though wert too beautiful, too good, and too lovely for earth. Its deceits, and vanities, and sorrows will effect thee no more. Thy guileless spirit has fled to a bright, blissful, and heavenly abode; and there, exempt from disappointing vicissitude, may it exult in immortal bloom through the successive and unending periods of eternity."

Often since that time, when I have seen some of the youthful of her sex, with rosy health—beautiful features—and powerful intellects, but depressed by poverty, and destined to tread the pathway of life unregarded and unknown—and when I have mingled in affluent, fashionable and refined society, and beheld others, deprived of health by folly—without charms, yet making high pretentions to beauty—and with weak, frivolous, and conceited minds, I have thought of the poor, hapless, and lamented FACTORY GIRL.

C. of A——.

WM. LEE, & THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

Some two years since, near the building known as the Arcade, in this city, was found, wandering and crying, a child about a year and a half old. On being interrogated as to his name, he said it was "Saucy Bill." Nothing more could be learned from him. He was too young to give any clue by which his origin could be traced.—Extensive enquiries were then made in the neighborhood, without eliciting any information, and the fact became apparent that he had been abandoned to the sympathies of the public. He wes thereupon given in charge to the proper officers, and removed to the Poor House of the county. Soon after his removal, he was seized with Measles, a disease then prevalent. About thirty others, of different ages, inmates of the Poor House, were attacked at the same time.—The public charity had not made provision for such extensive misery, and many of these children were necessarily left to such nursing and care as could be afforded by other wretched dependents upon the people's bounty. Of their consequent suffering it is unnecessary to speak. Some were relieved by death; others partially recovered, but with the germ of a fatal disease still in their frames. Rumors of the condition of the Poor House at this time, led two benevolent ladies of this city to visit it, one of whom became interested in the history and situation of the subject of this article, and immediately conveyed him to her own house, where (her husband being a physician) he was so judiciously and kindly treated, that he was at length restored to comparative health, and proved an intelgent and interesting boy.

In the mean time, these ladies and others were induced by the reports respecting the poor house to make such exertions as resulted in the organization of an Orphan Asylum in Rochester, a form of charity to which the most scrupulous can find nothing to object.

WILLIAM LEE, as he was called, (a name given him without any reference to his parentage) was placed in the Asylum, where he, in common with its other inmates, received every requisite attention and care. Nevertheless, it became apparent that the seeds of disease had been too deeply implanted in his system, by his sufferings at the Poor House, ever to be eradicated, he was again taken to the house of his former benefactress, where, after lingering a few weeks, he terminated his short career on the 15th inst.

This brief notice, is designed to answer the purpcses—to convey to those who abandoned the boy, should it ever meet their eye, a knowledge of his fate—and to call public attention to the truly valuable and well regulated institution above named, now the asylum of many as destitute and friendless as WILLIAM LEE.

Rochester, March 18, 1838.

From the New York Mirror.

A MORAL TALE FOR THE TIMES.

A little Frenchman loaned a merchant five thousand dollars when the times were good. He called at the counting house a few days since in a state of agitation not easily described.

'How do you do?' inquired the merchant.

'Sick—ver sick,' replied monsieur.

'What's the matter?'

'De times is de matter.'

'*Detimes?*—what disease is that?'

'De maldie vat break all de merchands ver much.'

'Ah—the times, eh?—well, they are bad, very bad, sure enough; but how do they affect yuo?

'Vy, mon ieur, I lose de confidence.'

'In whom?'

'In every body.'

'Not in me, I hope?'

'Pardonnez moi monsieur; but I do not know whom to trust at present, when all de marchands break several times all to pieces.'

'Then I presume you want your money?'

'Oui monsieur, I starve for want of *l'argent*.'

'Can't you do without it?'

'No, monsieur, I must have him.'

'You must?'

'Oui, monsieur,' said little dimity breeches, turning pale with apprehension for the safety of his money

'And you cant do without it?'

'No, monsieur, not von other leetle moment longare.'

The merchant reached his bank-book—drew a check on the good old Chemical for the amount, and handed it to his visiter.

'Vat is dis, monsieur?'

'A check for five thousand dollars, with the interest.'

'It is bon?' said the Frenchman with amazement.

'Certainly.'

'Have you *de l'argent* in de bank?'

'Yes.'

'And its perfaitement convenient to pay de sum?'

'Undoubtedly. What astonishes you?'

'Vy, dat you have got him in dees times'

'Oh, yes, and I have plenty more. I owe nothing that I cannot pay at a moment's notice.'

The Frenchman was perplexed,

'Monsieur, you shall do me von leetle favor, eh?'

'With all my heart.'

'Vell monsieur, you shall keep *de l'argent* for me some lectle year longare.'

'Why, I thought you wanted it.'

'*Tout au contraire.* I no vant *de l'argent*—I vant de grand confidence. Suppose you no got de money, den I vant him ver much—suppose you got him, den I no vant him at all.—*Vous comprenez*, eh?

After some further conference, the little Frenchman prevailed upon the merchant to retain the money, and left the counting house with a light heart and a countenance very different from the one he wore when he entered. His confidence was restored—and although he did not stand in need of the money, he wished to know that his property was in safe hands.

This little sketch has a moral, if the reader has sagacity enough to find it out.

An old Proverb.—"He that hath a prudent wife, hath a guarden angel by his side; but he that had a proud wife, hath the devil at his elbow."

On a grave stone in the Pere-la-Chaise is the following inscription—"Here lies N—, the best of fathers, the most tender of husbands. His inconsolable widow still keeps the fancy shop, Rue Richelieu, No. —."

Short and Sweet.—"I can't speak in public—never done such a thing in all my life," said a chap the other night at a public meeting, who had been called upon to hold forth, "but if any body in the crowd will speak for me, I'll *hold his hat.*"

A tailor following the army, was wounded in the head by an arrow. When the surgeon saw the wound, he told his patient that as the weapon had not touched his brain, there was no doubt of his recovery. The tailor said—if I had possessed any brains, I should not have been here.

A joker in New York having met a short gentleman whose first name was William, turned and walked back by his side. In a little while the gentleman turned to his uninvited companion and asked him if he had any business with him. 'None at all,' said the other, 'but as the law does not allow us to *pass small Bills*, I have turned about.'

Grace After Meat.—One day at the table of the late Dr. Pearse (Dean of Ely,) just as the cloth was being removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality among the lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than *six* eminent barristers in as many months." The Dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace. "For *this* and every other *mercy*, the Lord's name be praised." The effect was irresistable.—*London Paper.*

Dying Confession.—William the Conqueror, 'exceedingly alarmed on his death bed, entreated the clergy to intercede for him. "Laden with many and grievous sins," he exclaimed, "I being ready to be taken soon into the terrible examination of God, I am ignorant of what I should do. I have been brought up in feats of arms from my childhood; I am greatly polluted with the effusion of much blood; I can by no means number the evils I have done these sixty-four years, for which I am now constrained without stay to render an account to the just judge."

How beautiful and exalted are the following sentiments of De Witt Clinton!

"Pleasure is a shadow; wealth is vanity; and power a pageant; but knowledge is extatic in enjoyment; perenial in fame, unlimited in space, and infinite in duration. In the performance of its sacred offices it fears no danger—spares no exense—omits no exertion. It scales the mountain—looks into the volcano—dives into the ocean—perforates the earth—wings its flight into the skies—encircles the globe—explores sea and land—comtemplates the distant—ascends to the sublime:—No place too remote for its grasp—no heavens too exalted for its reach."

Christianity has done more than all things to determine the character and direction of our present civilization; and who can question or overlook the tendency and design of religion? Christianity has no plainer purpose, than to unite all men as brethren, to make man unutterably dear to man, to pour contempt on outward distinctions, to raise the fallen, to league all in efforts for the elevation of all. Under its influence, the establishment of a fraternal relation among men, the science, literature, commerce, education of the Christian world are tending. Who cannot see this mighty movement of Providence? Who is so blind as to call it a temporary impulse? Who so daring, so impious, as to strive to arrest it?—*Channing.*

☞ A Mr. Pool, of Charleston, (S. C.) is said to have recently invented a Magnetic Quadrant, by which he can give the latitude and longitude at any time or place, without the aid of a celestial observation.

MARRIED.

By the Rev. Pitt Morse, of Watertown, on the 25th of December last, Capt. Horace Beebe, to Miss Sophronia Rich, both of Adams.

In Greece, on the 1st inst., by Rev. Mr. Clapp, Mr. W. W. Wilkeson, to Miss Mary Tibbles, both of Brighton.

On Friday the 9th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Marks, Mr. James McDougall, to Miss Elizabeth Harman, all of this city.

In Penfield on the 15th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Harvey Wilson, Merchant of Auburn, to Miss Charlotte Keyes, daughter of Elnathan Keyes, esq. formerly of Burlington, Vt.

In Henrietta, on the 17th instant, by George Wright, esq. Mr. Taher Colvin, to Miss Betsy Demming.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LOCO-FOCO MUSINGS.

CANTO II.

I borrow'd a guitar one cloudy night
To serenade a girl. I'd not gone far
When I discover'd by a window's light
That the machine I'd got for a "*guitar*,"
Was nothing more, or less, or other, than
Some rusty wires strung on an old tin-pan.

But still I thought I'd try it. The pale moon
Now peeping through the clouds seem'd to rejoice
With me. I reach'd the Lattice—play'd a tune—
I listen'd—'twas not answer'd by *her* voice.
But then 'twas answer'd—every strain that 'rose—
By yelping dogs, and cackling hens, and crows.

These frighten'd minstrels scream'd and made such clatter,
That all the watchmen were surprised—they wonder'd,
And said to all who pass'd them—"*what's the mat-*
I told 'em that a hen-roost had been plunder'd [*ter?!*"
Or else it was the howling of mad dogs,
Or else it was some butchers sticking hogs!

I never could distinguish sharps from flats,
Or whistle yankee-doodle through with ease;
I like to hear Piano's best, when rats
And mice, at midnight, dance upon the key's
For they dash on disdainful of all art,
And *rat*-tle of the music of the heart.

Real musicians are neglected—when
I form a concert I intend to take
Some frying-pans, crack'd pots, and kettles—then
Get schreech-owls, ducks, and dogs, enough to make
The music *various*;—and then if the piece
Does not sound well, I'll add in frogs and geese.

GALLIOPE & CO.

CANTO III.

The death of a Canary Bird.

The stranger stole her from the forest spray,
She fell a victim of tyranic power,
Her happy Island-home was far away;
She died far from her oriental bower,
Her lonely cage hangs on the gloomy wall
But her sweet voice has vanish'd from the hall.

Her eyes are closed forever, and her wing
Is drooping with its faded plumage now;
No more her sprightly modulations ring,
No more she dances on the waving bough.
The summer hours will darkly pass along
And mourn the loss of her endearing song.

Hush'd is the sound of her melodious breath,
Its varied warblings, softly, wild, and clear;
But still the sound tho' hush'd in early death,
Lingers like sweet enchantment on the ear;—
And seems to whisper—tho' the charm has fled,
Of that dear bird now mould'ring with the dead.

And did she dream of her loved ocean-isle—
Its groves of fragrance, and its crimson sky;—
Did she remember her lost lover's smile
Or seem to hear her mourning sisters sigh,
And sing their sorrows on the lonely trees
While calling her along the distant seas?

Her voice of plaintive sweetness seem'd to say
"*Farewell!*"—as music fades amid the air,
The bright and sorrowing songster wept away
Her fleeting life in darkness and despair.
The cruelty that doom'd the little slave
To prison, sunk her in the dreary grave.

CALLIOPE & CO,

CANTO IV.

There was a village, and there lived within it
A Physician, whose name was ——;
Let me think a minute—
Oh!—Dr. Draggle, and his fame was
Spread around:
For he was skilful, and his charges
Were "moderate." The village lies
Upon a spot of ground
About as large as ——:
But, never mind its size.

One morning when the Doctor was o'verrun
With visits from the sick,
He sent his student out to call on one
Of his best patients. He despatch'd the elf,
Because he couldn't go himself.
His students name was "Dick."

Dick was quite stupid, as the Doctor knew
And often did assert.
But still he thought that Dick would do
No hurt.
The Doctor address'd Dick
In this way:—"Hasten to
My patient, Mr. Nervous. He's quite sick;
Feel if his pulse is true;
Blister him, give him three blue pills,
A slight emetic, and a dose of squills;
Some salts, and jalup, mixed with manna;
An anodyne,—and when that stills
His pains, prescribe some ipecacuanna.
But if his pains still grieve him,
Bleed him well, and *leave him*."

Dick went, and then return'd
And said unto he Doctor—"fever burn'd,
The patient—his senses had bereft him;
I gave him calomel and squills
And left him a large dose of pills"—
"But," said the Doctor, "was that all you left him?"
"Oh no!" replied the student,
"I was not so unheeding;—
I left him—(and suppos'd 'twas prudent—
As you told me to "*leave him*,")
I cut a vein, *and left him bleeding;*
Will that relieve him?!"

CALLIOPE & CO.

CANTO V.

The light sky lark amid the twinkling drops
Of twilight dew, awakes to greet the Day;—
The darkling pines around the mountain tops.
Seem like red brooms, sweeping the clouds away.
Aurora's horses travel through the veil—
Slowly—as if they carried *Kendall's Mail*.

And now the morning flings her gates wide open—
Scattering brightness o'er the vales and hills;—
Light falls around, like showering streams of broken
Diamonds—sparkling on the streams and rills.
The happy birds are singing on the trees,
And butterflies are floating in the breeze.

I'm sitting in my parlor—a dark room,
Just five feet *wide*, and twenty inches *long*;
Festoons of cobwebs hang in dusky gloom,
Around the windows;—whistling crickets throng
The ragged walls; and then the window glasses,
Are not much more transparent than molasses.

Such is my drawing-room; and if you'll view it,
You'll find it richly decorated o'er
With *smoke*—(my fire-place has no chimney to it)
Which saves the cost of painting, and looks more,
More negligently grand to artless eyes,
Than if 'twas garnish'd with the rain-bow's dies.

On such a morning, when the world was very
Warlike;—in such a dark romantic room;
I dress'd myself in awful milatary
Pomp; and with my sword and "nodding plume,"
And amunition in a large portmanteau,
I went—I'll tell you where in the next canto.

CALLIOPE & CO.

CANTO VI.

——I fought till all were gone
And none were left to *see* my valor.—*Old Song*.

I went to Navy Isle. The cannon's shot
No more; the *Patriots* had fled by night.—
I've been at Marathon, and Carthage, (not
The Carthage on *our* river;) but no fight—
Down, from Thermopylae to Lundy's-Lane, has
Ever been so clear from bloody stain as

My fight on Navy Island. 'War hath charms'
I thought while marching 'Sentinel' alone
In martial grandeur. 'Patriots in arms!'
I scream'd at morn—alas! they all had flown!—
Angry—I scream'd in imitation death,
'Freedom, for thee I now resign my breath!'

My war-dress was quite awkward, I presume,
For such a bloody, and ferocious work;—
A paint-brush on my hat, was all the plume
I wore; with an old crow-bar for a dirk.
But still, sometimes, I felt a stiring thrill
Of starling '*glory*,' urge me on '*to kill!*'

I fought in tragic dignity alone—
As bold, and warlike, as if all my rage meant
Murder. A *real* battle I must own
Is horrid,—but a single fought engagement
Like this, is pleasant. Tho' you see no blood,
'Tis easy to *imagine* a red flood.

And Navy Isle is still—except the Falls
Still roar below it with their usual ease;
And all McNab's aspiring cannon-balls
Have sounded their last whistle *thro' the trees*.
No more his flying shells with awful glare
Scatter their dreadful havoc in the air.
Does vengeance sleep? [No, while the '*Caroline's*' bed
Is in the billows, and Niagara's waves
Thunder their sullen dirges o'er the dead,
Who sunk amid those dark and moaning graves;—
'The Caroline's' a watchword that shall start
From every lip, and every beating heart.

CALLIOPE & CO.

CANTO VII.

(*Written below "Genesee Falls."*)

Here let me sit, where roaring waters sweep
O'er hanging rocks;—where rainbows form and fade;
While Echoes sing along the castled steep,
And birds are dancing in the Osier's shade.
Above—around, the rapid torrents run,
Swiftly—like streams from *Engine No.* 1.

Still chanting to the winds their dreary roar,—
The Falls are dashing on their downward way;
Their foaming billows whiten the lone shore,
The clouds are spangled with their silver spray.
And farther down a cataract I view,
Shooting a stream, like *Engine No.* 2.

'Tis twilight, and the fading sunset flings
A rosy lustre on the shining waves:
And now it rains; and Sprites on viewless wings
Fly thro' the gloom; and Goblins leave their caves.
Tis raining, as if *No.* 3's strong power
Had sent up in the air a thunder shower.

The storm is raging louder, and the stream
Climbs up the banks; the waves are beating high;
The trees far up the precipice now seem
Like giant witches fighting in the sky.
And sullenly the dismal waters roar—
As if they'd burst from *Engine No.* 4.

The storm is over, and the winds are hush'd
In peaceful sleep; the light breeze murmurs low;—
And the high cliffs from whence dark waters gush'd
Are gleaming in the moonlights pallid glow.
The warlike elements no longer strive,
Like watery tempests shot from *No.* 5.

Midnight has flung around the rocky shores,
A veil of misty shadows. Through the dark
And frowning scenery—with muffled oars
The fisherman is floating in his bark.
The Moon looks cold, and damp,—as if its light
Had been put out by *No.* 6. Good night!

CALLIOPE & CO.

CANTO VIII.

Good morning Muses! 'Mid the laurel boughs
That shades the Amaranthine Gardens, we
Are roving. Glory flings around our brows,
Her brightest wreath; with proud devotion she
Has whisper'd to the world each "musing" name,
And bore it upward to the dome of fame.

'Tis "*pretty bad*" to be a homeless ranger
Thro' the wide world, without a friend or foe;
To hear the crowd inquire—"who is that stranger?"
And hear the careless answer—"I-don't-know—."
Let me be *known*—if not in splendid fame,
At least let people know I have a *name!*

'Tis bad, to be so ugly you can't view
Your shadow without fear; but then, alas!
'Tis worse to be so lean, and thin, that you
Can't see yourself, in a good looking-glass.
Or if you see yourself, to look, at most,
Not more like life than a steam-doctor's ghost.

'Tis "pretty bad" to speak long pieces *at*
A schoolmaster, as I did in my youth;
'Tis bad to be so great a liar, that
You don't believe yourself—when *speaking truth*.
'Tis bad to hear one person always speak
About "*the weather*"—such a speech is weak.

It is a "pretty bad" and foolish joke
To drink old cider and suppose you sip
Champagne. 'Tis bad economy to smoke
A short cigar until it burns your lip.
'Tis bad to have large feet—so very large,
That when you dance they make an extra charge.

'Tis "pretty bad" to dance, and waltz, and whirl,
Around, 'till you grow dizzy, and quite faint;
But ah! 'tis worse to kiss a blushing girl
And spoil her cheeks, by kissing off their *paint*.
Now don't you think—as you most justly should,
That all these "pretty bad's" are "pretty good?"

CALLIOPE & CO.

New Work, by Bulwer.—"Alice," sequel to Ernest Maltraves, is announced as in the press, and soon to appear.

☞ New subscribers can be furnished with the back numbers of this volume. A few copies of previous volumes, bound, for sale.

ROCHESTER

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MISCELLANY.

THE YOUNG FIREMAN.

BY CHARLES P. ILSLEY,
Editor of the Portland Transcript.

'Fire! Fire! Fire!'

It was deep midnight as this startling cry resounded through the streets of the city. The booming of a dozen bells aroused the inhabitants from their heavy slumbers, and soon the flaring of torches and the rattling of engines told that the watchful guardians of our safety were on the alert. Thrice blessed is that city, which, in the hour of danger, has strong hands and willing hearts, 'always ready' to protect and save their property. We have no foe more to be dreaded than the devouring element, and we cannot be too lavish of our attention to that department whose province it is to battle this enemy.

A broad lurid glare lit up the heaven and served as a guide to those in search of the source of alarm. It was found to be a large three story dwelling house. The building being of wood, by the time a sufficient number of persons had srrived to act in concert, the flames had made such progress that the salvation of the building was impossible. The attention of the firemen, therefore, was directed towards the neighboring buildings. The fire had taken in the cellar, and the lower part of the house was completely enveloped in flames before the family were aroused to their danger. The cry of a child, who was nearly suffocated with smoke, was the first alarm they had. Catching at such articles of clothing as were within their reach, the inmates barely had time to escape from a back window.

They stood in a group, congratulating themselves on their narrow escape, and watching with melancholy interest the destruction of their home, occasionally casting glances around to see if all were there, when a sudden thought seemed to flash at once upon their minds, and a wild exclamation of 'Louisa—Louisa is not here!' broke from each lip. As the words passed from mouth to mouth, that there was a person in the house, a groan of horror burst from the assembled multitude. Inevitable death seemed to be her doom. No ingress could be made from the lower part of the house, and from the volumes of smoke that burst from the upper windows, there appeared no chance of escape. Still the awe struck spectators wasted no time. As quick as thought, a dozen ladders were raised, and as many resolute firemen mounted them to the rescue. Window after window was heard to crash as the intrepid men proceeded in their search. Alas, their attempts were vain—the dense smoke and the flames drove them back, scorched, and half suffocated. They were about giving up in despair, resigning the missing one to her fate, when a young fireman from a distant part of the line, broke through the dense crowd with the impetuosity of an avalanche, and with breathless haste, flew rather than ran up one of the ladders which reached to the roof. He was observed to have attached to his belt a coil of small rope. Before the astonished firemen had time to warn him of the fruitlessness of his attempt and its danger, he had disappeared over the railing that surrounded the roof.

Louisa Wentworth, for whose safety all were now so anxious, was a nice of Mr. Littleton, the owner of the dwelling. She arrived at her uncle's only the afternoon before, on a visit to her cousins. She had been so short a time with them, that in their fright they had forgotten her.

Miss Wentworth was about nineteen years of age—eminently beautiful, and the sole stay of a widowed father. His heart was bound up in his daughter, and it was only at the repeated and urgent solicitations of his nieces that he had consented to part with her (he lived in an adjacent country village) for a short visit. The agony of the Littleton family may be imagined, as they stood tremblingly watching the efforts made to rescue her. They thought no more of the destruction of their property—their hearts were bound up in the peril of their relation and guest. With despair they witnessed the unsuccessful termination of the efforts made to save her, while hope again animated them as they witnessed the desperate attempt of the young fireman. No one could tell who he was. His coming upon them, and his disappearance up the ladder had been so sudden and rapid, no one had time to recognize him. A minute or two of anxious suspense, which to the spectators seemed so many hours, passed by, and there was no signs of his reappearance. As they stood gazing at the roof, a black body of smoke rolled from the upper windows, streaked with flame, and soon broad sheets of the destroying element shot fiercely up, like fiery tongues lapping the air. An universal shiver ran through the crowd below, and an anguished cry of 'they're lost—they're lost!' was uttered from many a whitened lip. The ladders were hastily removed, for the fire had seized upon them, and hope had fled from every bosom. At this awful crisis a hoarse and half smothered voice was heard from the back of the house—there was a general rush to that point. The flames had not reached this part of the building, but heavy wreaths of smoke were curling from all the windows, giving evidence of ther fearful proximity. As the wind occasionally blew the smoke aside, the young Fireman could be dimly seen, clinging to the railing, making rapid and vehement gestures to those below. Ladders were placed against the building, and men rushed up, groping their way amid the blinding smoke to his assistance. Not observing this demonstration in his favor, the young man was seen to lift, as if it were a dead weight, a body over the railing, and bending fearfully over the roof, to lower it carefully down. The apparent lifeless form of Miss Wentworth was received into the arms of the crowd. Seeing his charge in safety, the young fireman threw himself over the railing and descended by the same rope, which he had secured around the chimney, with the rapidity of lightning to the ground. A sudden crackling of timbers—and a loud roaring of the flames, caused a cry that the building was falling. In the agitation of the mement he escaped from the scene, and when the grateful crowd turned to reward him for his bold deed, he was not to be found.

CHAPTER II.

The next day the city rang with the praises of the young Fireman. His recklessness of danger, determined courage, and successful attempt, were the theme of every lip. And still he remained unknown. Diligent enquiry was made, but no trace could be found of him.

In the evening a group of persons were collected in a house in the neighborhood. They consisted of the houseless family—the rescued one, and her father, who had just arrived.—They were listening to her account of her escape. She had not yet recovered from the excitement of the scene, and was reclining on a sofa, over which her father bent with a pale face, listening with trembling eagerness to her recital.

"I was roused," said Louisa, "from a death-like slumber by the crashing of a window in the back part of the building. It was sometime before I collected my senses to perceive a thick, suffocating smoke in the room. I immediately arose from bed and hastened to the door which led into cousin Mary's chamber. As I opened it a dense volume of hot smoke drove into my face, which nearly blinded and strangled me. I had presence of mind enough to close the door. Finding my escape cut off in that direction, I rushed to the windows, but owing to my haste and terror, and not understanding the manner of their being fastened, I could not raise them. Filled with despair, I stood for a moment unresolved what to do. An idea darted through my mind, if I could but reach the roof, I might get assistance from those below, as I could plainly distinguish the shouts of the firemen. With this intention I rushed out of the door which leads into the back entry,—it was like plunging into an oven. The hot air and smoke nearly destroyed respiration, and the crackling of the burning wood with the fierce hissing of the flames, like the sound of an angry serpent at my very heels overcame me with terror. How I reached the third story, I know not. I was on the point of ascending the garret stairs, when a sudden dizziness seized me—my head reeled violently—I have a recollection of grasping the bannister as a draught of suffocating air passed by me. A wild harrowing feeling of despair—of utter hopelessness; a thought of home and of you, my dear father—of your desolation—flashed through my mind, and I became insensible. When consciousness returned, I found myself in this room, in the arms of my uncle."

"And may Heaven bless the preserver of my child!" said Mr. Wentworth, in a tone of deep feeling, as he pressed his daughter to his bosom.

"Is it not strange that no trace can be found of him?" said Mr. Littleton. "I have made diligent enquiry, but have been unable to get the least clue to him. He was seen to descend the rope, and in the consternation that ensued he was lost sight of."

"You will oblige me," added the father of Louisa, stepping to the table and writing on a slip of paper, "by continuing your enquiries, and should you be successful, and he be found one in needy circumstances, you will present to him this," handing a paper which was an order on his banker for $100, "as a trifling recompense for restoring to me a treasure for which the wealth of the world would be a poor return. And do not fail, sir, in bringing him with you, that me may thank him in person, for his noble and praiseworth exertions."

In a few days Mr. Wentworth returned home with his daughter, regretting that mysterious concealment which prevented his rewarding the preserver of his child. He, however, requested Mr. Littleton not to relax in his endeavors to find him out. But a year rolled by, and in despair of bringing the generous unknown to light, M. L. gave up his search, after questioning, individually, every member of the fire department, and inserting advertisements in the papers of the day, mentioning the reward.

CHAPTER III.

In the village of C——, the place of Mr. Wentworth's residence, Louisa was a general favorite. Though the daughter of the wealthiest man the village could boast, she had a kind look and friendly word for all who were worthy, unfettered by those vain feelings which are too often attendant on those who enjoy the smiles of Fortune. Of all aristocrats, your rich family in the village is most unendurable. The father of Louisa had too much good sense to give way to this weakness. He allowed Louisa to choose her own associates, and the daughters of the poor and humble were welcome as heartily to his board as were those who had been born to a better fortune. If he was thus free in permitting her to select companions of her own sex, he was not regardless as to the acquaintances she formed with the young men of the place. De-

prived of a mother's watchfulness and counsel, her father early instilled into her mind strict notions of propriety. He felt the responsibility that rested upon him, and, perhaps, he guarded her with more care from forming chance acquaintances with his own sex than he would have done, had she had a maternal hand to guide her in the path of duty and safety. The obedience and affection of Louisa amply repaid the care that was bestowed on her. Her father's wishes were her own. From him she imbibed those principles which moulded her character, and to him she looked for instruction and advice.

Two years before our story commenced there resided in the village a young gentleman, who had commenced the study of law, in the office of a distinguished lawyer. Albert Carleton was of humble parentage. He was left early to struggle alone in the world. Gifted with good natural abilities, he devoted himself to study, and by perseverance had won himself an enviable name. He became early acquainted with Louisa, and from a slight intimacy his feelings towards her ripened into affection. But while he indulged himself in the pleasure of her society, he allowed not a hope to dwell within him of aspiring to her hand. What had he to offer? A poor student—relying upon the uncertain chances of a crowded profession. He knew it would be presumption to allow a hope. Yet it was a long time before he could break away from the spell which her beauty and worth had thrown around him. But Carleton was not one to remain in idle despondency. He knew that to even indulge a hope of winning the prize, he must be well prepared for the race. *He resolved to be something!* In accordance with this resolve, he determined to enter on a larger field of action. He left his native village, and in the office of an eminent jurist in the city he entered upon his studies. With untiring zeal he prosecuted them, bending all the powers of a strong mind to the task. The result cannot be doubted. His course of dicipline through, he was admitted to the bar, and promised to be its highest ornament. In process of time he visited his native place, not as the needy adventurer, but as the successful competitor for fame and distinction.

His character had always been esteemed by Mr. Wentworth, and he was one of the few who were admitted freely to the hospitality of his house. He was now welcomed with double pleasure, for his good name had preceded him. It was with no small anxiety that he again bent before the shrine of his earlier worship. He knew not whether a more fervent and favored worshipper had preceded him. A slight observation assured him that he had nothing to fear on the score of rivalship. He soon became a constant visitor, and as the reader no doubt surmises, a favored one.

It is not our purpose to detail the progress of that passion which grew out of their intimacy—suffice it that, at least in their case, the course of true love *did run smooth*, the Bard of Avon to the contrary notwithstanding. They were betrothed, and in due time they ware married. The prayers were said, and the 'twain became one.' After the conclusion of the ceremony. Mr. Wentworth approached the happy pair with a full heart, to bestow his parental blessing. Albert stepped forward to meet him with a glowing face, and taking his hand, said, "Notwithstanding, my dear sir, you have bestowed upon me a priceless gift, for which the devotion of a life will but poorly repay you, I still have another claim upon you, which I am persuaded you will readily acknowledge"—so saying, he placed into the hands of Mr. Wentworth, who was naturally astonished at his address, a small piece of paper. All eyes were fixed on Mr. Wentworth, as he glanced over the paper. A sudden and delightful flush passed over his countenance, and seizing the hand of Albert he hastily led him to the wondering bride, and joining their hands, said in a tremulous voice, while a tear glistened in his eye, "My child—Louisa—behold in your husband, your preserver—the *Young Fireman!*" We will leave the reader to imagine the scene that ensued. The paper was Mr. Wentworth's order on his banker, which he left in the hands of Mr. Littleton.

Time.—"Millions of money for an inch of time," was the cry of Queen Elizabeth when she lay on her death bed. What a warning for those who dare waste hours of their precious existance.

From the Medico-Churgical Review.

THE RAIL-ROAD STEAMER.

BY JAMES JOHNSON, M. D.

Were any of the ancients to rise from their tombs, and to behold a steam ship, full of passengers, darting up the Thames, or a train of carriages, with a thousand people, flying along a rail-road, at the rate of 30 miles an hour, they would be apt to doubt the fact of their revisit to the same planet they had left—since a thousand years in the grave may probably seem no longer than a short siesta after dinner. Their surprise would not be much lessened by the sight of a column of brilliant flame springing up from the middle of a street, or issuing from ten thousand metalic tubes, and turning the darkness of night into the glare of day! If, while gazing at these phenomena, they saw a man or even a monkey, descend from the clouds suspended as the pendulum of a huge umbrella, they would no longer doubt that they had got into "another if not a better world" than that of their birth and death!

But to return to the RAILROAD STEAMER.—Without rudder or rein—without tug or tow-rope—without chart or compass—without impulse from MAN, or traction from BEAST—this maximum of power in minimum of space—this magic AUTOMATON, darts forward, on iron pinions, like an arrow from a bow, along its destined course. Devised by science, but devoted to industry—harmless as the dove, if unopposed;—but fatal as the thunderbolt, if obstructed in its career—this astonishing offspring of human invention—this giant in strength, though a dwarf in stature, drags along, and opparently without effort, whole cargoes of commeree—merchants and their merchandize, artizans and their arts, travellers and their traffic, tourists and their tours (some of them *heavy* enough)—in short, every thing that can be chained to the tail of this Herculanean velocipede!

The steam carriage nearly annihilates distance between the inhabitants of a state, and thereby converts, as it were, a whole country into a city, securing all the good effects of combination and concentration, without the detrimental consequences of a crowded population. By the railroad, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham and the Metropolis, are constituted *contiguous* cities, while wide and fertile tracts of country intervene! Thus STEAM multiplies the products of human labor, by increasing their sale and diminishing their price. It will enable us to convert millions of acres from pastureage into cornfields, and consequently the provender of horses into food for man.

The whole transit of a RAILROAD STEAMER is a series of miracles, which, in former days, would have been attributed to angels or demons. At starting, the mighty automaton suddenly suppresses his torrent of hissing steam, and belches forth a deep and hollow cough, which is reiterated at shorter and shorter periods, like a huge animal panting for breath, as the engine, with its train, labors up the ascent from Euston square. These belchings more nearly resemble the pantings of a lion or tiger than any other sound that I know of. With the slow motion, on any considerable ascent, the breathing of the animated machine appears to become more laborious, and the explosions more distinct, till at length the animal seems exhausted, and groans, as it were, under the tremendous effort. But the engine, having mastered the difficulty, acquires velocity before it plunges into the dark abyss of the tunnel under Primrose hill. There the peal of thunder—the sudden immersion in cimmerian darkness—the clash of reverberated sounds in confined space—the atmospheric chill that rushes over the frame—all combine to induce a momentary shudder at the thought of some possible collision or catastrophe in this subterranean transit, which is increased rather than diminished by the gleams of dubious light that occasionally break in from above, or the sparks of fire that issue every instant from the chimney, rendering "darkness visible." On emerging from the gloomy and gelid cavern, every thing appears of dazzling brightness, and we breathe with delight the pure atmosphere of heaven.

The moment the highest point of elevation on the road is gained, and a descent commences, the engine, with its long train, starts off with augmenting velocity, dashing along, like lightning, and with an uniform growl or roar, like a continuous discharge of distant artillery or thunder. The scene is now grand—I had almast said terrific. Although it may be a complete calm, the wind appears like a hurricane; and, while the train is flying along the raised embankments, as near Watford, it is impossible not to feel some sense of danger, or an apprehension that some unexpected impediment may hurl the whole cavalcade into the yawning gulf below!

The meetings of the trains flying in opposite directions are scarcely less agitating to the nerves than the transits through the tunnels.—The velocity of their course—the propinquity, or apparent identity of the iron trajets along which these hissing meteors move, raise the involuntary but frightful thought of a possible collision, with all its horrible consequences!—The period of suspense, however, is but momentary. An electrifying concussion, as it were, of sense, sight and sound takes place, and in a few seconds, the object of terror is out of view behind.

But such Herculanean labor cannot be carried on in so small a compass, without great expenditure. The AUTOMATON thirsts—he knows the places of refreshment—utters a loud and piercing whistle or note of preparation—slackens his pace—halts at the fountain and ingurgitates a deluge of water to quench his burning drought. In five minutes he is able to renew his gigantic task!

The steam-shriek is a new phenomenon on the railroad, and a very startling one it is. By opening a small valve in the boiler, a volume of steam is forced through a narrow aperture, in imitation of a throat, causing a shrill shriek, unlike the voice of man, or of any known animal, but so loud as to be heard two miles off. It is a most unearthly yell, or scream, or whistle, which was compared by a distinguished poet, who sat beside me, to the cry of some monstrous animal while being gored to death. It forms an excellent alarum, to clear the road for the train and apprize those at the stations that the engine approaches.

The rail-road travelling possesses many peculiarities, as well as advautages, over the common modes of conveyance. The velocity with which the train moves through the air is very refreshing, even in the hottest weather where the run is for some miles. The vibratory, or rather oscillatory motion communicated to the human frame, is very different from the swinging and jolting motions of the stage coach, and is productive of more salutary effects. It equalizes the circulation, promotes digestion, tranquilizes the nerves (after the open country is gained,) and often causes sound sleep during the succeeding night, the exercise of this kind of travelling being unaccompanied by that lassitude, aching and fatigue, which, in weakly constitutions, prevents the nightly repose. The railroad bids fair to be a powerful remedial agent in many ailments to which the metropolitan and civic inhabitants are subject.

To those who are curious and not very timid, the open carriages are far preferable to the closed onos, especially in fine weather. In bad weather, and particularly at first, invalids may travel with more advantage under cover. I have no doubt that to thousands and tens of thousands of valetudinarians in this overgrown Babylon, the run to Boxmoor, or Tring and back twice or thrice a week, will prove the means of preserving health and prolonging life, more powerful than all the drugs in Apothecarie's Hall.

In fine, a man may travel from the pole to the equator—

"A Gadibus usque ad Gamgem"—

without seeing anything half so astonishing as the wonders of the rail road. The pangs of Etna, and the convulsions of the elements excite feelings of horror and terror, without anything of pride. The Magic—the miracles of the railroad engender an exalting consciousness of superiority in the genius of man, more intense and conclusive than any effort of poet, painter, or philosopher.

The railroad journey, however, is not without its inconveniences, many of which may be prevented by a little ingenuity. The greatest is the discharge of cinders, some of them ignited, from the chimney, which are not only disagreeable but occasionally dangerous to the eyes of those in the open carriages. This might be prevented by an awning—a protection which is adopted on some railroads, and one that must ultimately be adopted on all It is a protection from the elements of fire and water which every company is bound to afford to the passengers, and is attended with trifling expense. Till

then, glasses or a veil are necessary guards for the eyes.

The transits of the tunnels, in hot weather, causing a sudden vicissitude of temperature, to the extent of 20 degrees of the thermometer, or thereabouts require some precaution on the part of sensitive invalids. A shawl or large handkerchief, thrown over the head, is a sufficient protection, and those who do not take this measure, should keep their eyes shut, during the passage, since sparks and cinders are, unavoidably, thrown in closor showers here than in the open space.

To speculate on the normal, physical, political, and economical effects and consequences of railroads and steam navigation, when carried to their full extent, is beyond my province—perhaps beyond the bounds of human foresight.—If the semi-civilized peasants of the remotest isles of the Herbrides, of Orkney, and of Shetland, can even now, transmit in a few hours, the produce of their huts, their mountains and their moors,and their farm-yards,to the markets of Edinburgh and Glasgow, so as, in three or four days, to pay the annual rents of their tenements and Wildernesses, what may we not expect from the extension and perfection of this facility of intercommunication? In days of yore, the imponderable products of the intellect travelled as slowly as the material merchandize of mankind. They will now be diffused from the centre to the perphiry—from the remotest outlines to the foci of society, with a rapidity little less than *thought* itself!! The ultimate *consequences* cannot be appreciated at present; but we may safely conclude that the benevolent Author of our existence did not endow the mind of MAN with such extraordinary powers of invention, without the DESIGN of final advantage to his physical wants, his social relations, and his spiritual nature.

London, Oct. 1, 1837.

THE SOLDIER'S BETROTHAL.

A SCENE OF NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

At Schedweidnitz, on New-Year's eve, the Fessel family were gathered around the well lighted and richly-covered table. Dorn obtained a seat near the charming Faith; and, as among a swarm of bees, narrations, and corrections, questions and answers, praise and astonishment, fear, anger and laughter, so buzzed about the table, that the business of eating was scarcely thought of.

'Thank heaven, we are finally here!' remarked Madame Rasen, reaching her goblet of Hungary wine to the book keeper, for the purpose of touching his glass. 'My best thanks,' said she, with emotion, and at the same time gave an intimation to Faith to follow her example.

'Thank me not so much, dear madam,' said the youth, with a pensive air, while touching glasses with the blushing maiden; 'else I shall have my whole reward in thanks.'

'And, in consequence, lose the courage to ask for a dearer one,' jested Katherine, who had noticed the glance he gave her sister.

'We are so merry to-night!' cried Fessel's youngest daughter, the little Hedwig; 'cannot you let us have the play of the light boats now, dear mother? Yo. promised it to us on Christmas eve, which, by-the-by, was passed sadly enough.'

'Yes, yes, the light boats!' shouted the other children, clapping their hands.

'Well, bring the large soup dish,' said the mother, who could refuse nothing to her youngest daughter; 'but be careful not to spill the water.'

'Glorious—excellent! cried the children in chorus. Hedwig flew out of the room; the other children produced wax candles of various colors, and began cutting them into innumerable small pieces; while Faith, Dorn and young Engelmane were instructed to divide the walnuts, of which the table furnished an abundant supply, in halves, and neatly to extricate the kernels, without injuring the shell.

'I know not if you are acquainted with this play of the Silesian children,' said Fessel, laughing to Dorn. 'It was omitted by us last year, in consequence of my wife's illness. It is a solemn oracle upon love, marriage and death.—The children, however, do not trouble themselves about the serious signification; they take pleasure in the movements of the boats and in splashing the water.'

The door now opened and little Hedwig stepped into the room, with the large dish full of water in her hands, with a solemn and consequential air, and deposited her burden upon the centre of the table.

'Now put the lights in the boats,' commanded Martin; we have prepared enough of them.' A small wax taper was placed in each shell, projecting like the masts of a boat.

'Who shall swim first?' asked Elizabeth, lighting the tapers in two of the boats.

'Mother and father,' cried the others, and the shells were placed in the platter, near each other, when they moved forth upon the clear, liquid surface, with a regular motion, and burning with a steady light, until they reach the opposite side, where they quietly remained.

'We are already anchored safe in a safe haven,' said Fessel to his beloved wife; 'and in the quiet enjoyment of domestic happiness, we can have no wish to be restlessly driving about upon the open seas.'

'Ah, may heaven grant that the troubles of the times reach us not in our safe haven, and rend our bark from its safe anchorage,' cried the true hearted Katharine, with timid foreboding.

At this moment the light in one of the boats began to hiss and sputter, and, after flashing for an instant, was extinguished, amid exclamations of sad suprise from the children.

'What does that forebode? to whom does that boat belong?' asked Katharine smilingly.

'That is not decided,' eagerly cried Ulrich; and the whole oracle is invalid.'

'Elizabeth filled the boat with water by her awkwardness, when she started it,' announced Martin, who had been investigating the causes of the accident.

'Every event in life must have had its cause,' said Fessel, with more earnestness than the trifling accident merited. 'If this portends the extinguishment of the light of life in either of us, I pray heaven in mercy to grant that mine may be the first to expire.'

'Say not so,' tenderly replied Katharine. 'Our children would lose, in you, their only stay.—Their mother would be more lightly missed, and the strong man would better bear the sad bereavement, than weak and helpless woman.'

'Why this earnest and deep-meaning conversation on New-Year's evening? said Madam Rosen, half angry. 'Come, children go on more briskly with your play, and give us something pleasanter to think about.'

'Who comes next?' asked Elizabeth.

'Honor to whom honor is due,' laughed Hedwig. 'Cousin Faith must swim now.'

'But she must herself decide with whom,' said Fessel. 'I have not been at Sagan for some years, and know not who has made himself most agreeable to her.'

'Indeed. I know not whom to name to you,' said the maiden. with a low tone and hesitating manner, blushing deeply for the untruth which thus escaped her lips.

'Then we will take master Dorn for the occasion,' cried the obstreperous Martin, whose natural boldness was increased by the wine he had tasted; 'he is constantly giving Faith such friendly glances.'

'It shall be so,' shouted Ulrich; 'and they shall have the handsomest tapers. Choose your own colors; here are red, and green, and white, and variegated.'

'Red for Faith, and green for me,' quickly cried Dorn, silencing the maid by a gentle pressure of her hand under the table, as she was about to make some objections.

'They must not, however, start together from the shore,' said Ulrich.

'Well, do you set the red ship on that side, and I will place the green one here,' answered Martin; 'and they may seek each other if they wish to come together.'

Brightly burning, the little barks swam toward each other for a moment; then, both floated on the edge of the platter and remained motionless, at some little distance apart.

'Master Dorn is too indolent!' cried Martin, throwing a nut kernel at the green skiff to urge it toward the red; but it only reeled to and fro, without removing from its place.

'Insufferable!' cried Dorn. At that moment the water became slightly agitated, and both skiffs left their stations at the side for the open sea.

'Faith has jostled the table,' cried the falcon-eyed Hedwig.

'I—no—I wish to hinder their meeting, stammered the confused Faith.

'Did you really jostle the table, dearest maiden?' asked Dorn, his hand again seeking hers.

'Ah, ah, my daughter!' reprovingly exclaimed Madam Rosen; and, amid the exclamations of the children, the two skiffs met in mid-ocean, while the gentle pressure from Faith's hand gave an affirmative answer to the bold question of the youth.

The joy of the children, which the grand mother's remonstrances only increased, was every moment becoming more bold and noisy. Without aim or object a crowd of lights were now set afloat in the mimic ocean, and apple cuttings and bread bullets flew like bombs among them, causing immense damage and innumerable shipwrecks. 'It is enough!' cried Fessel, the disturbance becoming excessive, and moved his chair from the table. A respectful silence succeeded the wild tumult. The children dutifully rose, folded their hands with a serious air, and Martin said grace with decent solemnity.

The mistress of the house now invited her beloved guests to retire to rest, that they might sleep away the fatigues of the day; but the children, who had again become as noisy as ever, and had not the least inclination to sleep, strongly opposed the movement.

'It would be fine, indeed!' cried Martin, 'if we should have no writing of notes.'

'Pray, pray, dear mother,' entreated the flattering and constant petitioner, Hedwig, 'you well know that you promised me, if I filled a writing book without blotting, that I should be indulged with writing notes, on New-Year's evening. My last writing book is without a spot, and you must now keep your word.'

'Children are the most inexorable creditors,' said Fessel, directing little Ulrich to bring the writing materials from the counting room, while the table was being cleared.

'This is a strange remnant of the old heathen times,' explained Fessel to the book-keeper, who looked enquiringly at him. 'It is a form of New-Year's congratulation, and an oracle at the same time. You write three several wishes upon three slips of paper, which you fold and give to the person who would try his fate.—These wishes may be, honors, offices, success in business, to the men—chains, bracelets, and new dresses, to the women—agreeable suitors to maidens. All place the notes they have received under their pillows, and the one which is first opened on New-Year's morning, shall be fulfilled in the course of the year.'

'I always take great pleasure in this sport,' said Katharine to her mother; 'My husband is always so anxious to fulfil his oracle, and to present me what is wished me in the note I open.'

'There comes Ulrich!' screamed the children, as he entered, heavily laden, and deposited his burden upon the table. The notes were prepared and the whole family were soon seated around the table, moving their pens as assiduously as if an instrument was to be drawn for securing religious liberty. Amid the scratching of pens, which were very awkwardly handled by the younger children, and therefore made the more noise, arose the admonitions of the father to sit erect, and of the mother not to bespatter themselves with ink; which admonitions were obeyed just so long as they were heard. Meanwhile Dorn was sharply watching the paper upon which Faith was writing; who, as soon as she became aware of it, covered the writing with her little hand and whispered to him, 'If you watch me, you will get no packet from me to night.' He discreetly drew back and began writing his notes.

Fessel now strewed sand upon his last note, enclosed it with others, and gave the packet, with a kiss to his Katharine. The children snapped their pens, to the infinite damage of the well scoured white floor, for which their grandmother very properly scolded them. Dorn handed his packet to the beauteous Faith, who hid hers in her bosom, strenuously asserting that she could think of nothing to write.

The clock now struck the midnight hour, and a peal of bells from the tower of the city hall greeted the New-Year.

'A happy New-Year! a happy New-Year!' shouted the children, springing from their seats; and the impetuous Hedwig proposed to open the notes directly, as the New-Year had already commenced; but Fessel enterposed his decided negative, and commanded them to defer it until the actual rising of the New Year's sun.

Amid the noise and confusion of the thousand New-Year congratulations, Dorn once more approached the lovely Faith.

'Must I enter upon the new year without one kind wish from you?' he pensively asked. She looked at him with embarrassment and irresolution. At that moment she was called by her mother, who was already standing in the door. The startling call helped her to come to a decision, and suddenly drawing the packet from her bosom and smilingly placing it in Dorn's hand, she hastened after her mother.

Long did the youth hold the most coveted packet pressed to his lips. 'How much earthly happiness,' said he to himself, with deep emotion, 'have I destroyed in my military career. Do I, indeed, deserve that love should crown me with its freshest wreaths, in a land I have helped to lay waste?'

Dorn, who had retired late, and awoke betimes, with the interesting little packet under his pillow, found himself at an early hour, leaning against a window in the family-parlor, and engaged in examining a delicate little note.—While thus occupied, Faith, impelled by a similar restlessness, entered the room. As she perceived him whose image had embellished her dreams, an enchanting blush overspread her delicate face, and her beautiful blue eyes beamed with love and joy; but when Dorn, enraptured at the encounter, affectionately tendered her the congratulations appropriate to the New-Year's morning, changing her mood, she turned away from him with feigned displeasure, and exclaimed, 'Pshaw, Captain! I am angry with you. You have wished me two horrible suitors.'

'Before I undertake to exculpate myself,' said Dorn, 'only tell me which you drew from the packet?'

'The Duke of Friedland!' stammered the embarrassed maiden, with downcast eyes.

'Look me directly in the eye!' cried Dorn, seizing the hand of the unpractised dissembler. 'Did you really draw no other name?'

'Ah, let me go!' she murmured, her confusion and maidenly timidity rendering her still more charming.

'You do not ask what wish I have drawn!' said Dorn, holding up his note.

'Who knows whether you will tell me the truth,' answered Faith.

'Have a care,' said Dorn. 'The suspecion can only spring from a consciousness that you have deceived me, and that is not fair. I will set you an example of ingenuousness. You wished a poor mortal to choose among three daughters of Heaven. Love, Hope, and Faith, were inscribed upon your three notes. My good genius helped me to the best choice. Love I already had deep in my heart, from the moment I first saw you; Hope visited me last evening, and I only lacked Faith in the certarnty of my good fortune, I drew it with this note.'

'A gallant officer well knows how to convert trifles into matters of importance,' said the maiden, repelling the persevering youth. 'I wrote the three names for you, merely in jest—Faith, Hope, and Charity—because they follow each other in the calendar.'

'Only for that reason?' asked Dorn, in a tender tone, throwing his arms around her slender waist. Endeavoring to push him gently back with her right arm, she dropped a note, which Dorn caught up and read before she could hinder him.

'Victoria!' shouted he. 'You have drawn my name, as I have drawn yours. Who can doubt now that we are destined for each other? Obey the friendly oracle dear maiden, and become mine, as I am yours, in life and death.'

He embraced the lovely creature more ardently, while she, no longer able to withstand the solicitations of the youth, and the pleadings of her own heart, sank on his bosom, and exclaimed, in low accents—'Thine, forever.

MIRIAM POWER.

We extract the following beautiful and affecting Tale from a little work just published by James Monroe & Co. entitled "Sketches of a New England Village in the Last Century."

In her native village there were two orphans who on the death of their parents, depended on the bounty of some distant relatives. The eldest, a girl, was several years older than her brother, a poor sickly boy, who relied solely on his sister for those necessary attentions which seemed often to preserve his life. They had eaten, for many years, the bitter bread of dependence, when the persecuting spirit in the form of witchcraft awoke in the land. The young girl, now about eighteen, was distinguished by remarkable maturity of character, and also by a perfection of form and features as rare as it was beautiful. It is well known that the victims of this delusion were selected among those who were distinguished by rare gifts of mind or person, and even the persons most eminent for piety and excellence of character were most likely to be accused of interference with the Author of Evil.

Tradition, said our grandmother, represented Miriam Power as queenly in her person, of most winning sweetness in her manner and countenance, although mingled with sadness and reserve. This sadness was attributed to the early loss of her parents, and to the anxiety and care which had fallen upon her at that early age in the protection of her unfortunate brother. He was afflicted with that fearful malady, epilepsy. It is well known, although a physical disease, it will yield to mild remedies, and moral treatment. She had, in this way, or by a natural ascendency which a strong mind exercises over a weak one, attained a complete control over her idiot brother. She had watched him so long, and became so accustomed to the care, that although she could not foresee and prevent the paroxysm of the malady, yet as soon as consciousness began to return, by fixing her eyes mildly upon his, and taking him into her arms, she could immediately sooth him to quiet and sleep.

As usual in such case, every one was ready to advise, and there were persons to prescribe; but Miriam had learnt from experience that her own treatment was the best, and refused all herbs, nostrums and charms.

Among the most earnest was an old Indian squaw, who had long been the doctress of the village, who intreated Miriam, to make use of a woodchuck *baked alive*, and then reduce it to powder, taken in small doses every day. The cruel prescription was rejected with horror, and the poor girl went quietly on in her own way.

Soon after the accusations for witchcraft began, either incited by those who envied the beauty and talents of Miriam, or urged by anger at the rejection of her advice, this old Indian accused the poor girl of first throwing her brother into fits, and then bringing him out of them by the assistance of the Devil,

It is well known how readily the people and even the magistrates, lent an ear to such accusations. All who would not acknowledge a compact with the Evil One, felt that they were lost as soon as they were accused.

Poor Miriam knew instantly that her fate was sealed; when one morning in August the officer entered her little room where she was sitting by her brother, and told her he had come to take her to prison. She turned pale as death, but with that trust in God, which was habitual to her, she entreated permission to retire, to commend herself and her brother to heaven.—When she returned she was calm, and asked with much firmness who were her accusers, and demanded to be confronted by them. When they tore her from her weeping brother, her fortitude forsook her, and she entreated with tears in her eyes that he might be permitted to go with her to prison. Her prayer was not granted, and the poor idiot knew not the calamity he was suffering.

In cases like these, the cruelty of their proceedings was only exceeded by their rapidity.—The next day Miriam was taken from the prison and carried to Salem for examination. These examinations took place in the church and were conducted with the mockery of a religious solemnity. The meeting was opened with a prayer by the clergyman, the accused was then brought in and placed between two men, who each held out an outstretched arm, so that she could touch nothing in her vicinity. No relative or friend was permitted to perform this office, not even husbands when their own wives were accused.

Miriam on this awful occasion, had not wholly neglected her dress, but her beautiful long hair hung loosely about her neck and shoulders. She was deadly pale, cold drops of agony on her forehead; but there was a light in her dark eye that said, whatever might be her fate, she would be true to her principles, and that neither the longing for her life, nor the fear of a cruel death, should wring from her one false word.

The Indian was now placed before her. She was old, bent, withered, and there was an indignant expression in her snake-like eye, which contrasted with the calm innocence of Miriam's like that of a hand with an angel of light. She testified that she had repeatedly seen the accused throw her brother into fits; and then with a look or a touch instantly restore him again to tranquillity. She gave clear and circumstantial evidence of many instances in which she had witnessed it, and called upon others to confirm her testimony.

Miriam felt that there was scarcely a ray of hope, but she lifted her heart to God the protector of the orphan, and entreated to be heard in her own defence. She gave a clear and lucid relation of her brother's illness, which had afflicted him from his birth. She told them that her mother on her death bed had bequeathed him to her care, and she gave a touching account of all her long watches, her anxious days and nights, the various remedies she had used, from time to time, till at last she had found out the soothing moral influence, by which she could alone mitigate his sufferings.

Her youth, her beauty, her humility, the tones of her voice moved the crowd to pity. Mercy seemed hovering over the hearts of her judges; when it was suggested by one of them to have the boy brought in and placed before her, that they might themselves witness her power. Her safety now depended on an accident. If he should chance to bear the experiment tranquilly, and no convulsion ensue, the evidence of the Indian would scarcely have been deemed sufficient to condemn her.

When they went for the boy, they found he had been weeping ever since his sister was taken away, but he had not intelligence enough to comprehend the nature of the case or to know how much depended on his tranquillity. When informed he was to be taken to his sister, he expressed the utmost joy and eagerness to proceed. Miriam heard him coming, and trembled so excessively, that one of the gentlemen was obliged to support her with his arm from falling to the ground.

The poor boy expected to see his sister as he had always seen her, calm, firm, and gently smiling on him. When he was brought into the crowded meeting house, and saw the stern and solemn faces of the magistrates, his beloved guardian pale as death, a prisoner between two savage men, he was seized with the most intense terror, uttered a piercing shriek, and fell down at her feet in strong convulsions.

Although her life depended upon it, Miriam could resist no longer. She struggled violently, and drew her arms from the men who held her with a powerful effort, and threw herself by the side of her agonized brother. She raised him in her arms, wiped the froth from his mouth, and pressed him closely to her bosom. He opened his eyes, saw the mild, the beloved, the well known countenance fixed tenderly upon him, instantly became calm, nestled like an infant on her breast, and soon fell asleep.

The iron hearted judges, unmoved by a scene which brought tears to many eyes, cried out, "we need no other proof that the agency of the Evil One is among us. The most winning forms are often chosen as his agents. Unless she will acknowledge HIS AID, take her to prison and give her over to his power."

Miriam fell upon her knees, and in the presence of the crowd abjured all aid, compact or intercourse with any evil spirit. She acknowledged but one, the Father of all spirits, and to him she committed the cause of the orphan and the innocent. Her brother clung to her, and she refused again to be separated from him—They were left together in the prison. The poor boy whose life she had often saved, was unconscious that he had now been the means of condemning his guardian to death.

Are you interested enough in my heroine to wish to know her fate? She had prepared herself by faith and prayer for the cruel death which she knew awaited her. But there were in the crowd at her trial, hearts made of softer materials than those of her inexorable judges. When they found that no entreaties could prevail on her to save her life by a falsehood, they determined by some other means to work out her deliverance.

One morning her prison was found empty.—No enquiries were instituted and no pursuit was made. It was afterwards found that she had fled to Boston, where with her own industry, she supported herself and her unfortunate brother.

I have often wished I could have known her future destiny in life. Her remarkable beauty and heroic conduct could not have remained unknown. An American Scott would find many a Jeanie Deane among the daughters of the Pilgrims."

DEATH OF MR. McKIM.

A message was received from the House of Representatives, informing the Senate of the death of the Hon. Isaac McKim, member from Maryland, at his lodgings yesterday, and that his funeral would take place to-morrow, at 11 o'clock, in the Hall of the House, whereupon,

Mr. Grundy rose and addressed the Senate as follows:—

Mr. President—In the absence of both the Senators from Maryland, I have been requested by the delegation in the other House from that State, to move a concurrence with the resolutions of the House of Representatives, in honor of the memory of the deceased.

A few days since, he was amongst us, in the vigor of health. Within a few hours only before his death, he was actually engaged in the faithful discharge of the arduous duties assigned him by his country. He is now gone; and those who esteemed him and loved him, will see him no more.

Mr. McKim was emphatically the author of his own fortunes. He commenced life in very moderate circumstances, without the patronage of influential friends. His industry and energy, under the guidance of a clear and discriminating intellect, enabled him to amass a fortune, not only ample, but magnificent.

He not only knew how to acquire property, but he knew how to use it. The accumulation of wealth in him did not beget the passion of avarice. Go to the city of his residence, and the inhabitants can point out innumerable instances of his noble charities, and monuments of his munificence and liberality.

He had reached a good old age. He had been honored by his fellow citizens with a seat in the Senate of his State, and he had often been elected to fill the station he lately occupied. We, his associates, knew that, although he was unassuming and unpretending, he brought into our councils a stock of useful and practical knowledge possessed by few men.

The reflection that he lived worthily, and died probably without a single enemy, will comfort, and in some degree alleviate the sorrows of her who was the partner of his bosom and sharer of his joys and griefs, and those relatives and friends who now deplore his loss.

On motion of Mr. Grundy, and in respect for the memory of the deceased, the Senate resolved unanimously to attend the funeral of the deceased at the time and place appointed; to wear crape on the left arm for 30 days; and then

The Senate adjourned till 11 o'clock to-morrow.

THE DARK SIDE.

The disposition to view the dark side of the most beautiful objects around us, instead of contemplating the unnumbered beauties with which we are surrounded—the disposition to anticipate evil at the very season when the greatest blessings are poured out upon us, are exhibited in the experience of every day. Whe were very strikingly reminded of this disposition of human nature the present week, when the year opened upon us in all the radience of the creation.—"This is such weather as we usually have before earthquakes," utters one of the pests of social happiness. The words of the prognosticator are whispered around—the young, who never heard an earthquake, generally believe it—and their enjoyment of the pleasantest days of the year, is turned into forebodings more dismal than the chill northern blast, or the most pitiless storm, can produce. In the 'Widow's Offering' is the following paragraph:

"Better days are like Hebrew verbs—they have no present tense; they are of the past or future only. 'All that's bright must fade,' says Tom Moore. Very likely; and so must all that's not bright. To hear people talk, you would imagine that there was no month in the year except November, and that the leaves had nothing else to do than fall off the trees. And, to refer again to Tom Moore's song of 'Stars that shine and fall,' one might suppose that, by this time, all the stars in the heavens had been blown out, like so many farthing candles in a show booth at the Bartlemy fair: and as for flowers and leaves, if they go away, it is only to make room for new ones. There are as many stars in the heavens as ever there were in the memory of man, and as many flowers on the earth too."

Look on the bright side, and the world has charms—and every day presents cause for renewed gratitude to Providence. Those who wish to borrow trouble, will alwaye find an abundant supply at hand to chill the best feelings of our nature. Those who take it as it comes, however paradoxical it may appear, receive no more than what will eventually add to their happiness.

THE FEMALE HORSE THIEF.

The Baltimore Gazette gives the following account of the female horse thief recently apprehended in that city, and sentenced to two years imprisonment in the Penitentiary, a few days since. The only name the Amazon will acknowledge is George Wilson, and her fierce and untractable spirit will probably set at naught all efforts to render her submissive to the discipline of the prison.

This female is certainly a very extraordinary individual, and her personal adventures, if she could be induced to relate them, would doubtless form a volume of uncommon interest. But she is silent in almost every particular in relation to herself. A few things mentioned to her fellow prisoners have been repeated, and they only create a desire to know more of her character and history. At a very early age, say thirteen or fourteen, she assumed male attire, which she has worn with but one or two brief intermissions for nine or ten years undiscovered. She entered very young as a sailor before the mast, and has crossed the ocean in that capacity eight or nine times. For stealing, she was some time since confined in the New York State Prison for two years—fifteen months of which she passed in solitary confinement. While there, she steadily refused to work, and every effort of punishment or persuasion failed to have the least effect upon her. The solitary confinement was resorted to for the purpose of breaking her determined spirit, but in vain. Lashings on the bare back, a regimen of bread and water for weeks and months at a time, and various other punishments were resorted to, but she remained unmoveable in her determination not to work, and was only relieved at times from this severe treatment by direction of the physician, who frequently found nature yielding to severity, until the term of her imprisonment expired.

In our State Prison, she is equally incorrigible. No punishment which has yet been inflicted, or kind persuasion that has been offered, can move her from her fixed resolution not to work while imprisoned. Under the severest punishment, she shows not the slightest sign of anger or emotion; and will strip to receive the lash with as much unconcern as though she were going to bed—nor does she cringe under the stroke. Her determined perseverance is a source of much pain to her keeper, who cannot allow of any insubordination, and has therefore to inflict such punishments as the regulations of the institution demand in cases where the prisoners refuse to work.

In stature she is somewhere about five feet eight inches, and as muscular as a pugilist.—Her face looks like the face of a man. It does not show any thing like a wicked spirit, but is settled, stern, and thoughtful—never relaxing into a smile. She of course knows nothing of woman's work. She can handle a needle with no further dexterity than will enable her to sew a button on her pantaloons. She openly avows her intention to steal whenever she cannot find suitable employment in which to obtain a living. A year or two since she was in Baltimore, and being closely pursued by the minions of the law, changed her clothing for female attire, and remained for a few days on the Point, until she could safely venture out again.

Take her all in all, she is a singular and hardened creature, utterly setting at nought all the regulations of law, and following the bent of her warped disposition, regardless of the smiles or frowns of the whole world. She is an English woman by birth, and has intimated her intention of having her life written out and published when she returns to her native country.

THE BLACKSMITH.

A Mr. Wilson passed late one evening by the shop of a blacksmith; he heard the sound of his hammer, and stopped to ask the reason why he worked so much beyond his usual time. "I am not to work for myself," said the blacksmith, "but for one of my poor neighbors, whose cottage was burned down last week; he has lost every thing. I mean to work an hour earlier in the morning, and two hours later at night for him. This is all I can do to help him, for I have to earn bread for myself and my family; but provisions are cheap, and a little now will go farther than it used to do." "This is kind of you," said Mr. Wilson, "for I suppose your neighbor will never be able to pay you again." "I do not expect it," replied the blacksmith, "but if I was in his situation and he in mine, I am sure he would do as much for me."

Mr. Wilson thought he had better not hinder this good man any longer, so he wished him good night, and proceeded home.

The next morning he called on the blacksmith, and, wishing to reward his kindness, he offered to lend him ten pounds, without any interest, that he might be able to buy his iron at the cheapest rate, and undertake more work, and thus increase his profits. His surprise was great when the blacksmith said, "Sir, I thank you, but I will not take your money; I would rather not have it, because I have not earned it. I can pay for all the iron I want at present, and if I should want more, the person I buy of would trust me." "But if you took this money to some one else," said Mr. Wilson, "you would perhaps be able to buy cheaper." "Why, as for that sir," replied the smith, "I can't say I think it would be right on my part; I know he is a fair dealing man, and when I first took this forge, and had nothing I could call my own, except the clothes on my back, he trusted me; surely I ought not to go and deal elsewhere now. Keep your money, sir, I thank you for the offer; or stop, perhaps you would lend it to the poor man who was burnt out; it would go far to help him in rebuilding his little cottage. And this would be helping me too, you know; for then I need not work quite so hard for him." Mr. Wilson complied with the blacksmith's request. The loan of the money was very useful to the poor cottager; and Mr. Wilson had the pleasure of making two persons happy instead of one, as he had at first intended.

My reader, remember the words of Christ:—"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets."

The Alphabet of requisites for a wife.—By an Elderly Bachelor.—A wife should be amiable, affectionate, artless, affable, accomplished, beautiful, benign, benevolent, chaste, charming, candid, cheerful, complaisant, charrtable, civil, constant, dutiful, dignified, elegant, easy, engaging, entertaining, faithful, fond, faultless, free, good, graceful, generous, governable, good-humored, handsome, harmless, healthy, heavenly-minded, intelligent, interesting, industrious, ingenious, just, kind, lively, liberal, lovely, modest, merciful, mannerly, neat, notible, obedient, obliging, pretty, pleasing, peaceable, pure, righteous, sociable, submissive, sensible, temperate, true, virtuous, well-formed, and young. When I meet with a woman possessed of all these requisites, *I will mary?*

A Monster.—The Germantown Telegraph states that the Engineer on the Morristown Rail Road a few days since accidentally saw ahead of the Locomotive a bundle across the rails, and fortunately picking it up discovered it to be a new born infant, alive, and in perfect health, and which some inhuman wretch had placed in this position with the obvious intent of making quick despatch of it. It would have been difficult to devise a more horribly ingenious mode of death; and the attrocity of it is magnified by the helpless object upon which it was meditated, and who, scarcely ushered into "this breathing world," did not merit to be hurried out of it by such dreadful means.—*Star.*

A Singular but Agreeable Incident.—A western paper relates that a young lady in Missouri was sleeping one morning in bed, when a bee, more industrious than she, came into her room in quest of honey. Spying her ruby lips, it alighted, no doubt mistaking them for a rose. The buzzing of his little wings awoke the fair one, who in an instant struck the honey-searching insect with her hand and received in return a sting on her lip. She went with a swollen lip to a young man who happened to be near, and begged him to extract the sting. He set his head to work to devise a plan to effect her purpose; and finally concluded that the only way was to suck it out. He proposed the plan; she agreed; the sting was extracted; but it seems it went to the young man's heart, for he kept trying to extract it from her lips, till they were summoned by Cupid to appear at Hymen's holy altar.—*Phil. Ing.*

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1838.

☞The poetical and other favors of "Theresa C****," generally very good, and we shall publish more or less of them in every number, if received in time. A careless blunder of the compositor spoilt the reading of her "OPENING OF THE YEAR 1838," on the first page of our 5th number. It will be corrected and mean something if the word "Year" is substituted for "Gem" in every place but one where the latter word occurs. One line in the last verse should read, "*Waking Care her watch doth keep.*"

Learning.—A certain schoolmaster, who is very assiduous in teaching the young idea how to shoot, stated to his pupils that Christopher Columbus invented America, and Martin Luther discovered the Reformation.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST—NO. 12.

Slavery—Early prejudices—Slave-holders in the West—Anecdote—Lenity to Slaves—Negro freedom at the North—Sentiments—Anecdote.

C——N, Mo. June 15, 1837.

There is one subject which I have purposely deferred. I would waive it entirely; but I know that you look for it, and require it—I mean the subject of *slavery.* I remember, when a mere lad, the interest with which I first gazed on the curl head and sable features of a curse-withered son of Ham. I listened to nursery tales of negro horror—I dwelt amid the fictions of poetry, and poured over the trilling tales of prose which portrayed the slave the victim of torture, and the prey of violence; till slavery, and chains, and the lash, and tears, and blood, and miserable death were inseperably blended in my mind. And on my first arrival in a slave state, I looked with as much scrutiny into the domestic policy of the families I visited, as I should into the prisons of the Inquisition, or the pit of the finally damned. The pictures of Wm. Lloyd Garrison were vivid in my recollection; and if I did not have credulity enough to expect to find their originals, I had enough at least to look for them.

* * * * *

The mystery which hung around an unknown and mooted thing is dispelled. I have been behind the curtain—I have entered into the sanctuary of the heart of the master and of his slaves; and I tell you now the result of my convictions and my impressions, in tones as familiar as we used to talk in the old Lupton School house. And yet I approach the subject with diffidence—other pens have shot lightning sentiments over their pages—more eloquent tongues have thundered on your ears in tones that must—that *would be* heard. Mine is the school boy's parlance with his mate. I am here surrounded by slaves—about one fourth of the population in this vicinity. I have no interest in them; nor in the subject except as an American citizen. I have no party views to support. I have endeavored to look at things as they actually exist in their practical aspects and influences. I only speak of what I have seen in the *West*—"The facts not otherwise than here set down." I know nothing about certain stories, of certain misguided philanthropists, of the north—I know nothing from actual observation of the evils of slavery in the south. Men are men, the world over. Education and religion—the prejudices of location and circumstances will vary the course of their conduct, and give a varied semblance to their character; but they are much the same after all—I mean in the aggregate. And the bad man who abuses his beasts, (and his family too,) at the north, would abuse his slaves any where else. I have as often been shocked at the inhumanity of the Yankee to his oxen; or of the Dutchman to his horses, as of the master to his servants. The poor beasts have blood, and nerve and feeling too. But all the inhumanity is charged to the account of the master here, because forsooth, your bad men have not the same kind of domestics to cruelize. Let me assure you, that inhumanity is as much frowned upon here as in the northern states. I believe that no men on earth are more awake to the noblest sentiments of generosity and honor and the polished refinement of feeling than here. The master sometimes punishes his servants, and so he does his children too—for the same purpose—perhaps with the same degree of lenity. The attachment of servants to the person and the interests of their masters, is often very strong, sincere and lasting. One day on our way up the Missouri, the steamboat stopped to wood; and several of us strolled into a plantation. Some half a dozen blacks were around the cabins. One of our company enquired of the principal negro women—"Who lives here?" "We lib here." "Well, where is your master?" "He in heaban." "Dead! but how do you know he is in heaven?" "O, b'lieve so—he bery good master—we lub him mightily."

They are plentifully supplied with clothes, if they take care of them; and they have enough to eat. They eat in the kitchens the same substantials, and often the same luxuries, which are thence served up to the tables of their masters. They have holidays when their master do; and a great many *odd spells* are devoted to their own recreation or profit; and they sometimes lay up several hundred dollars. With this, they buy a horse, dress, tobacco, grog, or whatever they please. When sick, they are carefully attended to—often nursed by their mistresses like children. When night comes, the fiddle and the merry jiggeree attest the buoyancy of their spirits and the happiness of their condition. When Sunday comes, their fineries are put on; and they are permitted to ramble abroad, and often attend divine service of their own or their masters'. Names and words are wind; but facts are arguments. There probably is no nation of Europe in which the lower classes do not endure as much moral degredation as the slaves of the West, and more physical suffering.* Few of them labor as steadily and as servilely as your own hired men.

But then they are slaves; and you have set your blacks free! Yes, but that boasted freedom—what is it? A shadow—a mere "nomme de profession"—almost a taunt! You may maim the hare, and turn him loose to the hounds—you may hoodwink the dove, and set her at large among vultures! But call you this liberty? And what better have you done? You tell the negro that he is a citizens, and yet he may not vote as any other citizen. You tell him that he has the rights of a freeman; and yet you will never let him hold office. You tell him to acquire property; and you know that it will be filched from him. You tell him to become respectable; and you know you will never respect him. You know that you turn him loose to a pittiless world, physically, mentally, and morally *non compos;*—no time will blanch the sable stigma of his skin—no change will ever come over the crisp of his woolly head—no adequate education is provided for him—no legislative enactments will qualify him for the contest of an intellectual world, where "mind meets mind, repelling and repelled"—no high and lofty aspirations can lift him to the dignity of a man—no endowments of virtue or intellect can make him your equal. I have seen it in your prided cities—I have seen it in New York and Philadelphia. I have seen almost whole streets of blacks, right amid the active exertions of your humane and benevolent Societies for the melioration of their condition. I saw them in the unusually cold winter of 1835-6, tattered, poor, degraded, vicious, starving! I speak in very bitterness of soul, for I have seen it all, and deeply blushed at the mockery of liberty.

You know that I never could be an Abolitionist. But do not misunderstand me. I am no advocate for slavery. My feelings and sentiments have not changed. But my knowledge has increased. Yet I repeat it—I am no advocate for slavery—I have always deemed it,

> ——"Loath as some foul fiend of Sin,
> Some minister whom Hell had sent,
> To spread his blasts where'er he went;
> And fling, as o'er the earth he trod,
> His shadow between man and God!"

And you must not think that I am alone in my views. Good men here, ay, and politic men too, lament the evil as sincerely as you do. It is a matter of free and open discussion, between man and man. But there are difficulties in the way, as yet impassible—insurmountable. With you they exist not—can never exist. Aside from every moral and religious consideration, it is no longer for your interest to keep slaves. You can hire poor men enough, who will take care of themselves, and clothe themselves, and maintain their families, and pay their own doctor's bills, and struggle through old age, and die without any of your attentions; and after all you have their service at a cheaper rate than you can hire the service of a negro here. Immediate abolition would ruin the master; and it would increase the miseries and the sufferings of those for whom it was kindly meant a charity and a blessing. Are you prepared for all this?—And should the planter give up his inherited property without any equivalent, and without the means and the power of hiring labor? Ye would "lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers!" I know a very concientious slave holder, Col. B——, who spent some time in Ohio last fall, in the company of several abolitionists. They were noisy on the subject as usual. He invariably told them, that he had a few slaves at home—that they constituted the main bulk of his fortune; but that he acknowledged the evil—that he wished to get rid of it, and that he would meet them half-way in their philanthropies—that if they would pay the half value, he would remit the other half, and set them all free with all his heart! And think you he was met?—No, never—but they were silenced!

But a change will come. The Southern States will no longer be cursed with shackles. They will find it politic, if no better motive prompts them, to manumit their slaves. But it cannot be yet. Talk not of absolute and eternal justice—it does not exist among men—it is always accommodated to their imperfections.—Slavery is an evil—perhaps every man in Missouri will acknowledge it. And yet it is my candid opinion, that the blacks are better off here than in New York and Philadelphia—they probably are as moral; and I know they are happier and freer from care. They ask not for freedom—they would not accept it often.—They ask only a choice of masters, and they generally obtain it.

* See an article in the North American Review for October last, on the condition of the laboring classes in Europe.

I asked a middle aged and rather intelligent slave, if he wished to be free. "Well, I don't know," he replied, "my father was a free man, and when I was sold to my new master my father bid for me. But if he had got me, he wouldn't let me go for myself till I'd paid the money back. And that *mought* take till now; and then I'd be turned off, and have nothin' and no master neither. There's Phil—(a free negro of his acquaintance.) Phil is a triflin' mean nigger. He has no money, and no horse to ride, and no body to take *kear* of him. I have money, and a horse to ride, and a good master. I don't know as I could be any better off."

I have grown familiar with slavery. But familiarity does not lessen its evils in my estimation. I speak not of physical sufferings. But I lament the deep moral degredation of the slave population—their mental blindness—their untought ignorance—their unkindled hopes, and the secret and innate aspirations of their spirits after a state of existence higher than they now enjoy, chained down from generation to generation in hereditary bondage. This is the paramount crime—this is the essential shame—this is the unpalliated and the impalliable curse of slavery. J. H. B.

☞The Legislature of Ohio has passed a law abolishing imprisonment for debt.

The Bible, can be no more dispensed with for the purpose of putting the impress of Christianity on a human soul, than the stamping instrument can be dispensed with, for the purpose of fixing the device which it bears on the piece of matter that is submitted to it.—*Chalmers.*

Three of the Louisville Dailies are conducted by poets—Prentice, Marshall, and Thomas—all whigs of course.

In the north, we have Bryant and Clarke.—Every where our poets "cotton to the press. They respire freer in its atmosphere.

Romance of the Nineteenth Century.—We are wrong in supposing that all romance has evaporated, and that the reign of matters of fact and utility is absolute. Sometimes there is a little outbreak—a little rebellion. A circumstance has lately occurred in the south of France, realizing a fairy tale. An old man, now aged seventy-nine, was obliged to leave France during the revolution. He had lost his wife, who left behind her two sons and a daughter.—Forced to fly for his life, pennyless and destitute, he had passed the period of the exile of the Bourbons in procuring a scanty subsistance in Italy, Germany, and other parts of Europe, and afterwards served in the armies of the Empire. Having returned to his native town, finding himself forgotten by his friends, dispossessed of his estate, unable to gain any intelligence of his children, he resigned himself with content to all the privations of poverty, and, with courage worthy of fewer years, endeavored to prevent his becoming a burthen to the charitable, by making himself useful to the office of a lawyer of some celebrity at Marseilles. One of the students in the office who had travelled in Italy, was struck with a resemblance between the old man and a lady he had met in society at Milan. He asked him if he had a daughter in Italy. "I once had three children, but they are all dead," said he. The young man persisted in his inquiries, and the result was a conviction that the lady in question was the daughter of the *emigre.* "Sir," said he, "your daughter lives, and lives in a palace at Milan. I know her, she is the Countess Ottolini Visconti, the wife of a dignitary of the Austrian Empire." It was true. Mr. Napolian had given his daughter in charge to a Milanese lady when two years old. All his letters written to her during his exile had miscarried. I supposed her dead. She had been well educated, and the beauty of her person and the graces of her mind had captivated an Italian of a noble family, who sought her hand. She knew the history of her family, and had long supposed her father dead. She was made acquainted the circumstances, and the result is an union of father and daughter after a separation of forty-seven years.

THE LONDON GHOST.

The brutal frolic of the men whose pleasure it is to play the ghost, or devil, seems to have been still continued. A gentleman residing in the suburbs attended at one of the Police Offices, on Feb. 21st, with his three daughters, one of whom had been seriously injured by the unmanly ruffian. She described his assault upon her as follows:—

Miss Jane Alsop, a young lady eighteen years of age, stated that about a quarter to nine o,clock on the preceding night, she heard a violent ringing at the gate in front of the house, and on going to the door to see what was the matter, she saw a man standing outside, of whom she inquired what was the matter, and requested he would not ring so loud. The person instantly replied that he was a policeman, and said "For God's sake, bring me a light, for we have caught Spring-heeled Jack here in the lane." She returned into the house and brought a candle, and handed it to the person, who appeared enveloped in a large cloak, and whom she at first really believed to pe a policeman. The instant she had done so, however, he threw off his outer garment, and applying the lighted candle to his breast, presented a most hideous and frightful appearance, and vomited forth a quantity of blue and white flame from his mouth, and his eyes resembled red balls of fire. From the hasty glance which her fright enabled her to get at his person, she observed that he wore a large helmet, and his dress, which seemed to fit him very tight, seemed to her to resemble white oil skin. Without uttering a sentence he darted at her, and catching her partly by her dress and the back part of her neck, placed her head under one of his arms, and commenced tearing her gown with his claws, which she was certain were of a metallic substance. She screamed out as loud as she could for assistance, and by considerable exertion got away from him and ran towards the house to get in. The assailant, however, followed her, and caught her on the steps leading to the hall-door, when he again used considerable violence, tore her neck and arms with his claws, as well as a quantity of hair from her head; but she was at length rescued from his grasp by one of her sisters. Miss Alsop added, that she had suffered considerably all night from the shock she had sustained, and was then in extreme pain, both from the injury done to her arm, and the wounds and scratches inflicted by the miscreant about her shoulders and neck with his claws or hands.

The above is from a London paper of the 22d of February. The same paper of a later date contained the following:—

Lea, the officer, yesterday communicated to Mr. Norton, the result of the inquiries made by him and Shields, in reference to the violent outrage committed on Miss Alsop. He stated that from what they had learned, he had no doubt that the person by whom the outrage had been committed, had been in the neighborhood for nearly a month past, frightening men as well as women, and had, on one occasion, narrowly eseaped apprehension. A person, answering precisely his size and figure, had been frequently observed walking about the lanes and lonely places, enveloped in a large Spanish cloak, and was sometimes in the habit of carrying a small lantern about with him. On one occasion he partially exhibited his masquerade in Bow-fair fields, and was closely pursued by a number of men, but, by the most extraordinary agility and apparently thorough knowledge of the locality of the place, he got clear off. After the outrage was committed, it appeared, the family threw up the windows, and called out loudly for the police and assistance, and their cries being heard at the John Bull public house, some distance off, three persons set out from thence in the direction of Mr. Alsop's, and on their way thither they met a tall person wrapped up in a large cloak, who said, as they came up, that a policeman was wanted at Mr. Alsop's, and they took no farther notice of him. This person, they felt convinced, was no other than the perpetrator of the outrage himself.

Mr. Norton expressed his surprise that the miscreant, whoever he might be, could so long pursue his abominable practices with impunity.

The officer said it was his opinion that in consequence of the notoriety which the gambols of "Spring-heeled Jack" had gained, the character was now assumed by many thoughtless young men, who considered it "a good lark."

When Cæsar received a challenge from Anthony to engage him in single combat, he very calmly answered the bearer of the message, 'If Anthony is weary of life, tell him there are other ways to death than the point of the sword!'—Who ever deemed this an instance of cowardice? All ages have admired it as the act of a discreet and gallant man, who was sensible of his own importance, and knew how to treat the petulent and revengeful humor of a discontented adversary with deserved contempt.

Choice of Names.—We were once acquainted with a couple who made choice of the most noted names of the day for all their children, some half a dozen, and the proud mother of the young Gracchi would take every occasion, when strangers were within hearing, to "call the roll" of the "great folks," in something like the following manner:—"You Martha Washington! come here this moment, and mind Andrew Jackson and William Shakspeare while Arthur Wellington helps Napoleon Bonaparte over that mud puddle; and then run and call your *daddy* to dinner!"—*Star.*

Merriment.—The Rev. Hamilton Paul, a Scottish clergyman, who has lately produced a new edition of Burns, which narrowly escaped the censorship of the General Assembly, is said to be a reviver of Dean Swift's walk of wit—the choice of texts. For example, when he left the town of Ayr, where he was understood to have been a great favorite with the fair sex, he preached his valedictory sermon from this passage. "and they all fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him." Another time, when he was called on to preach before a regiment of sharp shooters, who came to church in their bottle green uniforms, he held forth from "and I beheld men like trees walking" He once made serious proposals to a young lady whose christian name was Lydia. On this occasion, the clerical wit took for his text, "And a celtain woman named Lydia, heard us; whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul." He has published a volume of jeux d'esprits, under the name of "Paul's Epistles to the Ladies.

From Luford's Baltimore Price Current.

The first steam vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic ocean, is now in port! She is called the "City of Kingston"—is schooner rigged, spreads a very large squaresail from her fore yard; is in every respect well found, and apparently fitted for sea navigation. She is a handsome vessel.

This vessel was built in London about 11 months since; is 325 tons, British measurement, and her construction long and buoyant, not unlike some of our best steamers on the Atlantic waters. Her wheels and arms are constructed of wrought iron, and her buckets of oak plank, the appearance of the whole being light and neat. She has two low pressure engines, each 50 horse power, and her machinery is fitted of course below. Her cylinders are each 40 inches in diameter, with 4 feet 4 inches stroke—has two boilers, and consumes half a ton of good Liverpool coal every hour—can carry 65 tons of coal at a time without inconvenience.

The City of Kingston was intended as a mail packet between Jamaica and Carthagena, and with that object in view left London via Madeira. Her run from Plymouth to Madeira was made in seven days, five and a half of which she made under steam, and performed well. Failing in her object after arriving at Jamaica, she left for New York, and put into Norfolk as mentioned in our last. She again left Norfolk for New York, but encountering at sea the gale on Saturday and Sunday, and failing in all efforts to succeed with wood or anthracite coal, and the gale continuing, it was deemed advisable to put back and into this port, where she now remains waiting advices from her consignees in New York.

MARRIED,

In this city, on Sunday the 25th instant, by Reverend H. Roberts, Mr. Warren Pierce, of Geneseo, to Miss Angeline Rowley, of this city.

In Cleveland, Ohio, on the 28th ult., in St. John's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Crane, Mr. Edwin L. Clark, to Miss Fidelia, daughter of Hezekiah Eldridge, Esq., both formerly of this city.

On the 29th ult. by N. Draper, Esq. Mr. Aden Deansmore, to Miss Tacey Wilsie, both of Brighton.

In Rush, on the 15th inst., by the Rev, C. E. Furman, Mr. Isaac Lyon, of Rochester, to Mrs. Sally Lawrence, of the former place.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.

LA MORT DE LA COLOMBE.

From a Painting representing a Dove pursued by a Hawk, which takes refuge in the arms of a young Girl.

Far away, o'er vale and mountain,
A bright summer morning with blue eyes shone
On the Naiads who watched by the glassy fountain,
And Dian went forth to the chase alone!

Why doth Beauty yet sleep in her bower?
Lady, wake! for the morn is up!
And the young bud of the forest flower,
Hath opened to light its dewy cup.

Hark! the joyous matin song,
Of Nature's choristers—sweet birds!
To you the night hath been full long,
Which ye chant as clear as uttered words.

Know ye where the woodbine creepeth,
And the fragrant roses bloom?
Where the orange blossom peepeth,
Shedding there a rich perfume?

There rests one!—I may not tell!
Draw the curtain, lattice close;
Hide the form I love so well,
Fairer than the morning rose.

* * * * * * * *

The dove! the dove! my dove!
See how fast she flies;—
Darting below, and now above,
She's lost in yonder skies.

Fly to these arms, my own white dove!
Nearer still the spoiler comes;
Crimsoned with thy blood his beak,
Falling fast thy snowy plumes.

Fly to thy shelter, pretty dove!
Well ye know his cruel power;
Why from thy fond mistress rove?
Ah! 'twas in an evil hour.

Speed thee on thy wounded wing!
Thine enemy is following fast,
Sappho calls thee, sorrowing,
Gentle dove! thou'rt caught at last!

No! for nestled to her breast
Thou liest, while thine innocent eye
Is dimming fast—Rest, dove! oh, rest!
And on her bosom peaceful die.

THERESA CL***.

Springfield, Mass. Jan. 30, 1838.

LOCO-FOCO MUSINGS.

CANTO IX.

Our Firemen.—When the pealing tocsin calls
They're "*Ever Ready*" to protect our homes.
Classic Athenae's minarets, and walls,
And Moscow's Kremlin, palaces, and domes,
Would never have been burnt in modern days
If they had stood before our Firemen's gaze.

Our Firemen.—When the rallying signal's given,
And purple smoke is wreathing o'er the sky;—
Then,—like Bellona's flying Chariot, driven
Through battle-thunders,—see their Engines fly
Through the thick streets, and lanes, with rattling sound—
As if an Earthquake flew along the ground.

Oh, Fire, Fire, Fire!—Thou ravaging, thou stern
And bold Destroyer,—conqueror of all—
Except our Firemen.—Thy red splendors burn
Around Vesuvius;—Herculaneum's pall
Of ashes is thy monument thro' time.
(I think this verse is rather too "*sublime.*")

And *Arnold's* pencil—casting "Guido's airs,"
And "Titian's tints," has sketch'd "*The Rescue*" well.
While viewing it, I thought I saw the flare
Of fire, and seem'd to hear the startling bell.
The daring Fireman! there I see him stand,
Holding the babe in his unbending hand.

He saw the mother fly in wild alarm,
Leaving her dear, deserted child to die;—
Then,—like the Spanish Warrior, with his arm
Lifted in proud majestic strength on high—
He plung'd amid the red, and smoky gloom,
And bore the infant from its fiery doom.

When thro' our streets the loud and warning cry
Is ringing; thus shall No. 1* appear
Amid the blaze,—with that brave Fireman's high
And dauntless spirit, scorning every fear—
Defying flashing smoke and cracking flame
To win "THE RESCUE" an illustrious name.

CALLIOPE & CO.

* Protection, Cataract, Red Rover, Torrent, in Canto X.

CANTO X.

Protection number 6, with number 1,—
2,—3,—4,—5,—has cast its name *on high*;—
Cyrus, the Persian King, reach'd Babylon
By draining the Euphrates dry,
And marching soldiers thro' it. Thus might the
Protection drain the depths of *Genesee.*

Torrent.—Her chidings quell the spoiler's frown,—
I can't describe her;—but, if you'll believe
Niagara Falls has been *turn'd upside down*
A moment,—then perhaps, you may conceive
(Tho' I confess that the conception's slight,)
How strong *The Torrent* rises in its flight.

If fearless No. 3, was station'd high
Above the billows—on the towering strand;—
Old Oceanus and his nymphs would fly
With terror,—snatch their sea-shell mantles and
Sink down amid the coral rocks to hide
Away from the "*Red Rover's*" drenching tide.

And *Washington*, when Fire has raged, thy wrath
Has still'd its crackling tongue. Thy stream flies far
And swiftly upward in its comet path,
And sparkles downward like a shooting star.
Thou'st worn with honor the great Chieftan's name;
The fair and brave admire thy honest fame.

And *Cataract*, whose streaming fountains run
Like sky-rockets into the upper vault;—
Her prowess is remember'd. No. 1
Hose Company, has *one* vexatious *fault*
Its Foremen fly so swift that when they drop
The rope, 'tis hard to make their Engine—*stop.*

Shall miniature "7" pass unveil'd
In verse? Its firemen are about as large
As those sweet, pretty, dimpled boys that sail'd
With Cleopatra in the magic barge.
I've an *idea*, that they'd look real queer
With "*Giant Porter*" for their Engineer.

CALLIOPE & CO.

CANTO XI.

Spring, darling Spring! On April morning's bright
And glowing wings, in cloudless beauty flying;
With floral tresses floating in the light,
And vernal melodies, around thee sighing,—
Once more I greet thee,—tho' thy cheeks are cool
With Winter's gasp, and tho' 'tis "April fool."

Sweet April, 'round thee, shining waters gush,
And sunny hours rejoice o'er Winter's death;—
Coloring the primrose with thy infant blush,
And painting the young blossoms with thy breath—
Thou bringest, dear remembrance of school-
Boy-days and pleasant thoughts of "April fool."

April, my dear!—The fields and forests ring
With varying harmonies,—in their wild mirth,
The sweetest voices of the greenwood sing
Their greetings to the brightness of thy birth.
The fiery sun sheds a resplendent flood
Of gorgeous richness on the sparkling mud.

In April hours, O, let me fly, and dream
With Nature in her lonely wilds.—Amid
Her palaces of solitude,—the streams,
And the free mountains, oh, that I were hid!
But I'll *not* hide, if you will only say
With a persuasive sigh—"*don't* hide away!"

Unsullied Spring! When life was fair and young,
And "Love's and Graces" danced before my eyes;—
While Hope,—that lovely blue-eyed maiden, sung
Around me;—then beneath unclouded skies
With little boys, I wandered thro' the street
Like a wild bear,—for then I wore *bare feet.*

Bright Angel of the year! When Evening weaves
Her starlight shadows o'er the landscape,—when
The Vesper airs are playing thro' the leaves,
And kissing the night-blooming flowrets,—then
'Tis sweet to sit in some lone bower, and cast
A weeping eye o'er April moments past.

CALLIOPE & CO.

CANTO XII.

"Hallo!"—(exclaim'd an imitation dandy
To a wandering confectioner)—"give me
A single stick of that molasses candy:
Or if you'll sell it cheaper I'll take three
Sticks at once."—The pedlar soon relents
And lets him have "three pieces for two cents."

He clench'e the "candy" in his yellow glove,
Not thinking 'twould grow sticky;—walk'd away
Until he met a lady.—"Ah! my Love,"
Say's he—"good morning, 'tis a pleasant day,"—
He shook hands with her delicately, and
His sticky glove, stuck fast to her bare hand.

She casts a frown of fury upon him;
He trembles—wishes to be off—but lingers
In mute surprise.—She screams out—"Mr. Prim,
I'm sure you've got some tar upon your fingers!"
The dandy vanish'd, and he'd not gone far,
Before he found his "candy" was *boil'd tar.*

He hasten'd back into his dressing-room,
With all his glory *tar*-nish'd with disgrace;—
Took up his sweetest bottle of perfume
And sprinkled it upon his hands and face;
Then sallied out again, determined he
Would soon regain his fallen dignity.

But he made a mistake, when he presum'd
He'd got his Cologne bottle.—Only think,—
Instead of being fragrantly perfum'd
He'd spatter'd his face over with *red-ink!*
And every lady he pass'd by was scared,
"He's murder'd some one!" all the girls declared.

CALLIOPE & CO.

A Fact.—A scrupulous quaker, down country, had a horse up for sale. A man called to purchase him, and asked the owner if the "horse would *draw* well?" "Will he?" returned the other, "thee will be much pleased to see him draw." A bargain was struck and the money was paid. After the buyer had kept the horse several days, he went to the quaker and said, "That horse will not draw an ounce. You warranted him to draw well." "Thou art mistaken friend," returned Aminadab, "I told thee that thou wouldst be pleased to see him draw. So should I be very much pleased to see him draw, but I never could get him to gratify me in that respect."

A Proper Distinction.—Governor Chittenden, Chief Magistrate of Vermont, was of humble birth, and rose by force of talents to his exalted station. Yet while Governor of the Green Mountain empire, he still continued to keep the same tavern, upon the steep hill side, that he kept for many years before. One evening a wagoner drove up and accosted him thus:—"Gov. Chittenden, as Chief Magistrate of Vermont, I render you all due homage—but as landlord Chittenden, I'll thank you to turn out my horses."

A diffident lover, going to a town clerk to request him to pulish the banns of matrimony, found him at work *alone*, in the middle of a ten acre lot, and asked him to *step aside* a moment, as he had something particular for his private ear.

A large Apple Tree.—There is now standing on the farm of J. B. Shear, (formerly Ten Eyck's) in Aduitack, in the town of Coeymans, Albany county, an apple tree measuring 14 feet in circumference.

"Do yon find the bump of generosity there?" said a silly fellow whose head was undergoing phrenological inspection.

"There is something rather *giving*," said the man of head, pressing his fingers on the skull.

Considerate.—An Irishman received a challange to fight a duel, but declined. On being asked the reason—"[Och," said Pat, "would you have me leave his mother an orphan?"

A New Idea.—The ladies wear india rubber cushions between their teeth, that they may talk without causing their jaws to ache!—*Conservative.*

What is Hope?—Nothing (says Lord Byron) but the paint on the face of existence; the least touch of truth rubs it off, and then we see what a hollow cheeked harlot we have got hold of.

Virtue is the queen of laborers; Opinion the mistress of fools; Vanity the pride of nature, and Contention the overthrow of families.

☞ There arrived at Havana in the year 1837, from places out of the Island, 7797 passengers, of whom 1469 were from the U. States.

☞ New subscribers can be furnished with the back numbers of this volume. A few copies of previous volumes, bound, for sale.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson.

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MISCELLANY.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A WEAK MAN.

In a deeply curtained library, before a bright blazing fire, and beside a circular table, covered with various sized and tinted papers, and parchments, sat two gentlemen, rather declined in the vale of years; both grave and serious, but very different in every other characteristic, mental or personal. An important discussion had occupied them for some hours, and had been almost ended, not apparently to the entire satisfaction of either, when a glance of the haughty eyes of the portly Bishop of D——, at a splendid timepiece, reminded him the hour of dinner had nearly arrived, and warned him to hasten the debate to the finale. With a slight acceleration in his usual slow and pompous mode of speech, he proceeded on the point in dispute.

'You will excuse me, if I still continue to think, Colonel Harcourt, the fortune allotted to your daughter, might be very justly increased, without injury either to yourself, or your successor.'

'Sir,' replied the Colonel, 'I have proved to you that no more can be done, unless I should stoop to dismember the inheritance of my nephew and heir—and however, I have both the power and right, to do so, I have not the will.—The name and respectability of our house must be amply supported, and no one shall reflect on my memory for having too lavishly portioned my daughter, who, in my humble opinion does not merit being made an object of trafic.'

Allow me to tell you,' said the Bishop, rising from his cushioned chair, 'I cannot be convinced of the justice of your determination. Miss Harcourt is no doubt every thing amiable and desirable, but when you consider what sacrifice I have made, the necessity of a suitable establishment to the rank and expectations of my son.'

'And allow me to tell you, my Lord Bishop,' interrupted Colonel Harcourt, proud fire flashing from his still bright eyes, and drawing up his tall martial form to its full height—'allow me to tell you, what I consider sufficient for my daughter, should be so for your son—if her fortune be alone the object, you may have hundreds her superior, but if otherwise, I defy you to find one.'

'I have said nothing derogatory to the merits of Miss Harcourt, sir; had fortune been the sole desire of my family on this occasion, there are several distinguished young ladies of immense property, among whom my son might have chosen, without fear of refusal; distinguished, sir, not only by riches, but also by beauty, talents and birth, equal at least to the daughter of Colonel Harcourt.'

'And do you believe, my lord, I accept this alliance as a peculiar favor? Do you believe my girl has not been appreciated by the best and noblest in the province? I do boast, my lord—whatever may be the fancies of our children, I for one have no desire the old coat of Harcourt should be quartered with a *bend sinister*.'

'Sir,' said the Bishop, trembling with rage,' our negociation is ended—you have insulted me, sir, beyond forgiveness, and here let us finish a business which I have always despised and detested, though compelled to it by the folly of a misguided young man.'

'Pardon me, my lord, for the unpleasant allusion, which I assure you, inadvertently escaped me: but like yourself I am heartily rejoiced we have agreed at last. I hope to God my poor girl will have enough of resolution to bear the change with fortitude—but I have done. I wish your lordship farewell, and a better bride for your son than Elinor Harcourt.'

'I waive apologies, Colonel Harcourt, you have presumed too far, but let it pass: farewell;' and stiffly bowing the two old obstinate men separated, each inwardly delighted that a match, approved by neither, was got rid of, with a fair excuse, sufficient as they supposed to quiet their children's repinings. Colonel Harcourt instantly ordered his carriage, and unmindful of the astonishment depicted on every countenance, he hastily entered the drawing room, where his daughter was seated, her young lover hanging over her, his sisters laughing and talking to her in all the close intimacy of long association and anticipated relationship. She looked up and started as she encountered the stern gaze of her father, who coldly bowing to the Misses Percy, said, 'Come, Elinor, array yourself for a drive, my dear—we are going home.'

'Home, papa?'

'Home, Colonel Harcourt?'

'Home,' said William Percy, 'at such a time—such a wild autumn evening as this! What is the matter, sir, may I ask?

'You may ask, sir, but your father will answer for me. Hasten Elinor, the rising wind is curling the broad river now, and we have three hours smart driving before us.'

'Oh, papa, let me speak.'

'Not *here*, my dear—go at once, and prepare. Pardon me, young ladies, entreaties are unavailing—and forgive me if I appear a little chafed where all a little while ago, 'went merry as a marriage bell.''

The young ladies retired together—and William Percy finding himself decidedly repulsed by his grim companion, sought his father in the library, where, reclining in pompous luxury he found him, the red somewhat deepend on his full broad cheek, and very alarming sparkles glancing from his cold grey eyes.

'Father what is this—what have you done—why is Elinor leaving us? I thought all was settled, and now,' the son threw himself on a chair, burying his face in his hands, while his father haughtily replied—

'William, to gratify your boyish fancy I sought this alliance. I never liked the father, I never liked the race, and all my attempts to control my own antipathies and make you satisfied, what is my reward? Insult, my son, gross insult—taunted with the blot on our escutcheon, (although, considering how it came, we should be proud of it,) and, that you were condescended to by the child of a hundred descents, or more, for what I know—with other things which I will not repeat; but this I charge you, as you value a father's love, never again look on Elinor Harcourt as other than a stranger.'

'Oh, father, hear me—this is some hasty mood of the Colonel—you have misunderstood him, I—'

'Be silent boy,' said the imperious parent.—'I cannot bear further provocation this morning—you know I never change. Abide by what I tell you, and begone!'

The parting of Elinor with her young friends need not delay us. Sad it was, as all such partings are, but so hurried, that before William had left the library, the carriage had whirled off from the door; and the sound of wheels, the occasional glacing of horses at full speed, through the half leafless trees, were the last traces he saw or heard of Elinor Harcourt. Nor need we follow him to his silent chamber, with vain efforts to describe the first deep sorrow of his young sensitive heart, mourning over the ruin of brilliant hopes, and love's fair flowers of promise, never again to blossm through the waste of his cheerless existence.

For several days a violent autumnal storm confined every member of the Bishop's family to the palace; but on the first morning of favorable weather, William rode off to Harcourt Hall, trusting, that perhaps something might be arranged between Elinor and himself, to ameliorate the tempers of their two irritable fathers. Feeling inspirited by the fresh wind and beaming sunshine, sparkling on leaf and late blowing flower, yet bathed in heavy rain drops; soothed by all sweet sounds of bird and wandering bee, and murmuring brook and cheerful whistle of the laborer in the field; he indulged in a day dream so very pleasant, that his horse had slowly paced up the long avenue of elms, ere he awakened from his reverie. As he looked around, and then towards the drawing room windows, usually opened on the lawn, he was surprised at their being closed, and still more, at the unaccustomed stillness in every part of the house and grounds within view. Dismounting without waiting for any servants appearance, he knocked at the front entrance, and after several repetitions, it was opened by the old housekeeper, and a little out of humor at the disturbance he had created. He inquired for Miss Harcourt, and heard with undisguised dismay, she and her father had set off some hours before, by what route the woman knew not, but she said her master had settled his domestic affairs in such a manner, that he could travel without inconvenience for two or three years in France or Italy.

'And Elinor?' said Percy, gasping with suppressed agony.

'Miss Harcourt,' said the now composed dame, 'is gone, of course; I believe she expected to have seen you, Mr. Percy, but she left a letter for you,' and turning into a small breakfast parlor off the hall, she came back in a moment, handed a letter which he snatched from her with a slight bow, he sprang on his horse and rode away much more rapidly than he came. He paused not till he entered his father's park, and leaping from the horse he flung the bridle over his neck, and sat down under a tree, with trembling hands unfolding Elinor's farewell.—What were his feelings on its perusal, will be best understood by the following:

'You will be grieved, and astonished, dear William, when you receive this, and learn that many months, perhaps years, may pass before we meet again. Though the weather has been inclement for some days, yet I expected you to the last moment, but I suppose you would not be allowed to expose yourself in such a storm, and therefore we have been deprived of the melancholy pleasure of saying farewell. But, William, do not repine that we are separated—it cannot be for more than two years; and be but true to yourself and me in that sort time, and all may yet be well. William, you know my father often objected to your yielding disposition, prove to him *you are not 'infirm of purpose'*—and even he may for my sake, forgive the slight cast upon us by your father, who very plainly intimated that he was condescending for the whim of his son, to receive me into his family. You know how very, *very* proud my father is, judge if he had not reason to break off the engagement; and there having been neither visit or message from your family since, has farther irritated him, and lest it should bend, (as he terms it) he has taken this sudden flight to the continent. Where we are to go, I cannot tell—but I will write as soon as we arrive in France, and inform you, if possible how a letter may find me. My father hopes that his absence may try us both sufficiently so as to prevent all possibility of a reconciliation; but, William, let no one make you believe that I shall ever change, unless you first by your own desertion, become unworthy of my love. I have always been candid in telling you of my attachment, because it has grown with my growth, and

strengthened with my strength—should you indeed forget me, it will be from the influence of others, too unscrupulous in what means they may use to gain the desired end—there I have fears—but be true to me William, I charge you once more, and trust in the faith of

ELINOR HARCOURT.

Slowly the tears rolled over Percy's cheek as he finished the letter. Conscious of his own weakness in submitting to the opinions of others, he dared not vow that the decided and firm minded Elinor should alone possess his heart; with her departed the best support of his facile disposition; and he hopelessly thought of two long years of absence—in that dreary time exposed to the schemes of his father, whose ambition looked very high for his only son, without his guardian angel near him—he could not believe his energy could sustain him. Despondingly laying down his head on the grassy bank where he sat, he wept long and bitterly, and after the lapse of many hours, he was aroused by the appearance of several servants, evidently alarmed, and who loudly rejoiced to find him in safety, as his horse having gone to the stable without a rider, had put the whole household in commotion. When Percy attempted to rise his limbs were so stiffened from lying on the damp earth he could not stand: two grooms assisted him to the house—and anxiously attended by his father and sisters he was taken to his apartment; a violent fever ensued, a long delirium, and after many months wavering between life and death, he was at last pronounced out of danger—but Elinor Harcourt had been absent from her home more than a year, ere health was fully restored to William Percy.

II.

And now two years had come, and gone, two dreary winters, two balmy springs, two glorious summers, and in that second autumn the Bishop of D—— united his son in holy marriage with the Lady Jane Stapylton. William did not stand the test of absence: still there were extenuating circumstances; for some months before his own union, an extract from a Paris paper announced the marriage of Miss Harcout with the Hon. Frederic Claredon. It was a severe and unexpected blow, but exceedingly gratifying to the Bishop, and forthwith he urged on his son the propriety of securing a woman of such distinguished family and fortune as Lady Jane. True she was not young, far from being even pretty, and still farther from being amiable, but all were now alike to William; he felt that he had loved, and he did love even then, as deeply, as truly, as man could love—he had loved and lost! He resigned himself to his father's will; proposal and acceptance were all sufficient. Lady Jane wished merely to change her name to any other respectable one, and with a frozen heart, and pale and sad brow, William bound himself before the altar, to love and cherish his cold and haughty bride. After the moon of honey, so often mingled with gall, long visits were paid among the many titled relations of both parties. Incessant gaiety, and continued changes prevented William from feeling his chain bearing very heavy for a time; but soon the bridal festivities were to close: on the conclusion of the visit they were then paying, they were to retire to domestic privacy. William had been placed in a rectory in his father's diocese, and the Bishop having chosen another residence left the old palace (as it was still from custom called) to his son. The last gay meeting they were to attend, was a race ball at M—; and with rather a lighter heart than usual Percy with his bride and a large party entered the assembly rooms, laughing gaily over the amusements and occurrences of the morning, and smilingly returning the salutations of their acquaintances. Lady Jane was soon engaged in dancing; her diamonds, if not her eyes, were the most brilliant in the rooms; and being unusually pleased to contemplate the gay scene before him, William leaned near a pillar where several sofas were ranged in curtained recesses for the convenience of *chaperones*, or perhaps flirtations. At first he was inattentive to those immediately around him, but suddenly tones of familiar softness fell on his ear, he turned—and on the sofa behind him, beheld his lost Elinor. Speechless and deadly pale, he gazed on her for a moment, with some trepidation, her cheek slightly coloring, she rose and gracefully presenting her hand, said, in her former gentle manner, 'Mr. Percy!—this is very unexpected—I hope you are well—allow me to introduce you to my aunt, Mrs. Villers.'

Percy bowed mechanically—and sunk down beside Elinor (as she indicated her wish that he should do so) on the farthest end of the sofa, shaded from observation by the pillar and its drapery—thankful for the considerate kindness of her who had ever soothed all difficulties, so long as fortune permitted them to be together.

'Elinor,' he burst forth, 'Elinor, where have you been? What have you done? Oh, Elinor, pity and pardon me for speaking to you thus, and now—give me a few minutes and explain the past, Elinor, still dear Elinor, we may never meet again—do not mind your aunt, listen to me!'

'William I have told Mrs. Villers that I wished to talk with you. I am as ever willing to listen to you, and prepared to answer every thing you ask, but do not wander from what you desire to tell me, or to inquire, for if my father observes us, he will take me away, and I cannot receive you as a visiter.'

'And your husband Elinor, what will your husband say? Why do you not speak of him? Do you fear to wound me after all?'

'Mr. Percy, I do not understand you: there is some mistake; I have not deserved this; but I do not believe you jest, with that careworn brow—no, William—I do not—you must be mistaken.'

'Elinor,' said Percy, in a voice of stifled agony, 'for God's sake, answer me at once, are you, or are you not, still Elinor Harcourt?'

'Still Elinor Harcourt as certainly as you are William Percy.'

'Oh, God, have I been deceived! Elinor I saw your marriage with Claredon in a Paris paper.'

'I saw it myself, William, but that did not make it true; and you should not have believed it. I would have written to you, but all the many letters I sent during the first year of our absence, I never received a line of reply; I was therefore constrained to believe you had been forbidden to write, or even to depute one of your sisters.'

'No more, Elinor, no more—it is enough; for a long year after you left me I was confined by illness, tedious, wearing, heart breaking illness. I could see no letters—I had no friends; we have been the victims of a dark and domestic conspiracy; I dare not think of who may be the guilty parties—but they have done their work—we are indeed separated for ever! I am married—this, this was to be the result of all the scheming barbarity that led me to believe in your abandonment of one—oh, Elinor, Elinor, all is over.'

'Yes, William, all is over—I know you are married—I heard it at Cheltenham, and not being disposed to give credence to newspapers, I insisted on my father writing to his agent to ascertain the truth—I could not think it possible, but we were convinced—and even then, William, I did not blame you, because I was sure you had been imposed upon in some way, and though I suffered deeply, I forgave you.'

Tears fell on Percy's hands as fondly bending over, he held both Elinor's in his own; in that wretched moment there was a gleam of brightness, to know, that calm as she looked, he was still beloved—it was fearful, and a criminal joy, but yet rapture unspeakable, and tenderly he murmured—

'Bless you, bless you, my Elinor! still my own Elinor! Oh, if you but knew how I love you! if you could but feel for one instant, the passion that is wasting my existence! but *you*, *oh you* are so firm, so cold—yet say, oh, say for once, once only, dearest, dearest, that you love me yet.'

Elinor forcibly withdrew her hands, and looked offended, but still sorrowful.

'William Percy, this language you must not hold to me—I do not bid you love Lady Jane, I do not think you can, at least not now with the consciousness of having resigned, almost without a struggle, and without inquiry, one who loved you from childhood, but be consistent—remember your duties—and your respect for my father's daughter!—you will not again be tempted to such folly by my presence, for here we part.'

'Oh, do not say so—do not—do not, dearest—I shall live in our old home, we must meet sometimes—and you cannot refuse me a kind word, a kind look—oh, how I shall live upon a glance, from time to time!—do not answer me, Elinor!—I will not hear you—I am maddened, maddened by injuries, where I cannot be revenged—you love me not—and you must not, cannot, always close that firm, proud mouth as you do now. Even to see you among others will be such happiness. Oh, I shall forget sometimes that those horrible changes have happened! I may dream of you, 'you can not deprive me of your smiles in my sleep,' and as he spoke more slowly, and fixed his large soft beautiful eyes on her, Elinor at length succeeded in replying. His rapid utterance and vehemence had precluded her interrupting him. But now, with a resolved look, calm and proud indeed, she bore his ardent gaze.

'William Percy, your are preparing for yourself a life of misery—with *me* you will not have any chance of association for years, if *ever*—but if you must have day dreams—if you must give yourself up to unreasonable excitement, you will always find abundance of excuses for your folly. I speak to you as your friend, pardoning the presumption I have just witnessed. We go to the continent again, to remain for some years longer. I bid you a kind farewell. I see Lady Jane Percy advancing—also my father—farewell once more—remember you have the forgiveness of Elinor Harcourt.'

She walked slowly away, took her father's arm, and passed to another room; shortly after she retired with her party and Percy saw her no more. With convulsive smiles and a ghastly expression of pleasure, he replied to the remarks of his wife and her friends—he wore through that miserable night, seeking oblivion from a powerful opiate, to which of late he had often resorted in his sorrow. He was one of those most wretched of all beings who have neither the *courage* to do *right* nor *wrong*.

III.

And two years again have rolled away, bearing on the never ceasing tide of time, the hopes, and fears, and joys and sorrows, and life, and death, of many a poor denizen of earth; and again Elinor Harcourt returned to the halls of her fathers, as beautiful, as high-minded, but still more dignified in look or manner than when, four years previous, she had parted from her early love. For solitary did she now wander through her own fair groves and shady bowers, tinged with the fading hues of autumn; a bold, proud, intelligent companion was ever by her side, with less beauty of person, but far higher and nobler graces of manliness, than his whose fascinating tenderness had been the talisman which enslaved her from childhood. Her father had insisted that the union of Colonel Claredon and his daughter should be solemnized in her native home; but as Elinor wished to avoid wounding Percy's feelings (he being rector of the Parish,) should he yet care for her; in her turn, she insisted on perfect privacy—and the evening before the wedding day, a note to the curate who lived near them, requested his presence on the occasion, in the little chapel where he alone officiated, a short distance from Harcourt Hall. The bridal cortege set out on a soft gray morning with a very unpretending appearance; there being but two carriages, and the usual number of outriders, only distinguished by their white favors from common visiting excursions. So much secrecy had been observed, there were no gazers collected around the church; and calmly and composedly Elinor was led to the rustic altar, by her lover, attended by her father, one bridesmaid, and a friend of Claredon. A murmur of painful surprise from her father caused her to lift her eyes to the clergyman, and there stood William Percy, prepared to perform that service which would unite another with the only being he ever loved. She started and turned very pale, but the contracted brow, the pallor, the wildness of his eyes, the compressed lips, bitten till the blood started, told too plainly the dreadful agony within of the unfortunate man before her. It was evident he had not anticipated who the parties were, and it was equally evident the ceremony must be performed whatever his tortures. He turned the leaves of the prayer-book over and over, until the clerk assisting him, pointed out the place, and drawing a deep breath he began, but in a voice so hollow, so sepulchral, so fearfully thrilling, every one shuddered, as word after word slowly passed from his lips. Low and with feeling were made the responses; at each movement of Elinor he shivered convulsively, as if a sword were sheathed in his heart; at length he pronounced in a strange, loud, unearthly tone, those awful words, 'Those whom God hath joined let not man put asunder,' the sound becoming higher and more horrible as he concluded, giving a long piercing shriek, and fall-

ing on the stone pavement covered with blood, which gushed in streams from his mouth, and lying motionless as marble, in the midst of the terror stricken persons who surrounded him.—The old Colonel, the bridegroom, and servants tried every means to restore him. The bride sank on a seat, she did not faint, neither did she offer assistance; powerless in body, but still commanding her mind, she directed the trembling bridemaid to give what little help she could, and at last the efforts of the gentlemen appeared to succeed. Returning consciousness gradually tinged his white cold cheek, he unclosed his eyes, and regardless of all around him, but the one cherished object, fixed his gaze on her, while the Colonel was directing a careful servant to accompan, the rector to his own home, and Claredon joined in assisting him to his carriage. As he passed the weeping bride, he paused for an instant, and faintly breathing, 'God bless you! we meet no more on earth, but we shall in heaven, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage!' The melancholy and sympathising bridal party drove slowly away. A shadow had been cast over their sunshine, they remained but a day at the hall, and then departed to a distant seat of Colonel Claredon, and for many years the old hospitable mansion, tenantless and dismantled, was left to mouldering decay.

After a long, nervous illness which brought him to the verge of the grave, Percy recovered partially; but the slightest allusion to any thing connected with former times, immediately occasioned a relapse. Unforeseen as fatal had been the effects of the fearful marriage ceremony in the little chapel of Templevale. He had been paying a visit to a gentleman in the neighborhood, and had not heard of the Harcourts arrival. The curate who was requested by the Colonel to officiate, having, on the morning of the day appointed, taken a sudden spasmodic affection, sent for his rector, who he knew was in the vicinity, without apprising him of the names of the parties, but merely stating such an office was required. Percy's mind had been long weakened by complicated miseries; of fortitude he had never been possessed; he was also so addicted to reveries, and wild imaginings of future happiness, contrasting but too strongly with his disappointed hopes, his unlovable companion, his childless home, and solitary existence, that when the Elinor he so devotedly loved, Elinor so lately his own, in his visionary fancies, but now really lost to him, appeared before him as a bride, and he compelled to consummate the sacrifice. The unwonted energy with which he went through his part, and the sudden relaxation of the mind's tension when all was completed, proved far too much for one so weak in resolution. He lingered on for some years after the last sad event, scarcely able to go through the duties of his situation, without sympathy, without consolation, slowly he faded away from the eyes of his few acquaintance; and while the true, honorable, right-minded Elinor, was rejoicing in the young smiles of her second fair boy, the grave had closed over the earthly remains of the weak, fond, incredulous and yielding Weslie. LESLIE.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY, FOR JANUARY, 1838.—By Boz. *William Lewer*, Publisher New-York.—More fun from Boz, and some things, too which show that Boz can write, in another strain than the purely ludicrous. We have in this Miscellany, stories deriving their interest from appeals to fear and terror, as also to literary taste, with some instances of research: a chapter on seals is very good. The following teaches us to look at the bright side of every micshance.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!"

(*Not Shakspeare's!*)

BY JOYCE JOCUND.

"I am quite worn out, and worried to death! My existence is one unvaried course of bad luck—nothing prospers with me!"

These words, so expressive of discontent, were addressed by Richard Briggs to his bosom-friend Jack Somers, during a stroll through their native village, while waiting the arrival of the stage which was to convey Jack to London.—No persons could be more dissimilar than the two friends; Briggs all dissatisfaction and complaint, Somers ever goodhumored and content-ed. The former, somewhat envious of his friend's "better luck," as he termed it, often remarked that Jack had not been born with merely a silver spoon in his mouth," but rather a "whole service of plate;" while, for his part he certainly had inherited considerably more than a fair average of miseries, which would have been otherwise, had Dame Nature, or Fate, at his birth but condescended to a more equitable division of this life's troubles, and not heaped half a dozen people's ills upon his unoffending existence. Notwithstanding such opposite temperaments, Jack Somers and Richard Briggs had become inseperable: they hunted, shot, fished, rode, and walked together.—Both possessing a competency, they might have been equally happy; but, while Somers looked at the bright side, poor Dick viewed the world as some folks gaze at the sun, through a darkened glass, and beheld all his pleasures in—eclipse. Yet they were seldom apart, and the constant association of these adverse dispositions gained for them the title of "Pleasure and Pain."

"I am heartily sick of it," resumed Briggs, looking as dull as a churchyard in a fog, and twice as miserable. "I repeat, that I am truly and heartily disgusted!"

"Patience, my dear fellow!" said his companion: "Time brings all things round."

"Does he?" replied Briggs; "then I wish he would bring all things *square*, for matters have assumed most perplexing shape lately."

"When they come to the worst," observed Somers, "the old proverb declares that they well mend."

"Nonsense!" grumbled Dick: 'they cannot *come* to the worst; they are, always were, and they ever will be, at the worst. I am superlatively unlucky beyond all comparison. Even in the minor amusements of life there are no exceptions. If I fish, I never get a bite, or I break my tackle. Now, you are proverbially fortunate: all the heavy fish seize your bait, all the birds get up on your side the cove; when, if a chance shot comes within my range, my gun never *misses*—to flash in the pan!—Then, are you not constantly in at the death, while I cannot so much as keep up with the hounds?"

"Fie, Dick!" replied Somers; this 'last instance should be a subject of congratulation, as it prevents you—'going to the dogs!'

"'Tis beyond a joke," observed Dick.—'Do I know what a day's pleasure is? Was not the steamer in flames on my last trip to Gravesend? And did not the coach upset when I returned? Who ever heard of any accident occuring to you?"

"I have escaped thus far, certainly, and that without any pretentions to 'setting the THAMES on fire;" while you positively had a "hand in the MEDWAY!"

"Of all things I hate an ill-timed jest," said Jack, becoming more angry as he continued to dwell on his fancied evil fortues. "Domestic affairs afforded me not relief: I cannot rear any poultry; my pigs *won't* get fat; in the garden nothing seems to flourish. I am a sort of a walking mildew, a peripatic pestilence.—Who ever saw a single plant from seed of my sowing? If I water a rose-bush, the plant withers. Now, I feel convinced that if you were to stare over the hedge of a fallow field, the next morning would behold a waving crop of corn."

"My dear Dick!" remonstrated Somers, "by the aid a little method ——"

"Stuff!" exclaimed Dick. "Admitting that I may be deficient in method in these matters, let us proceed to more important affairs.—Did not the mail break down, and was not the letter delayedt hat should have summoned me to the death bed of my uncle, from whom I had good expectations; and did he not cut me off with a shilling for supposed indifference? And did he not leave his money to some specious, artful hussy, who gained his affections?"

"Not so says his good-WILL!" interrupted Jack. "However, had the letter arrived in time, of your uncle's favorable intentions you could not be assured."

"Assured! no," sighed Briggs; "nor was my cottage when set on fire by lightning."

"That was an evident want of prudence and foresight on your part," said Somers.

"Want of foresight! I give you joy of that remark," replied Dick. "Who could have foreseen that Topps and Lopp's bank would have suspended payment the day after I had paid in three hundred pounds?—But any connexion with me is sure to be attended with fatal consequences. Was I not eight months boring my eyes and brains out, and scribbling my fingers off, before the editor of the country Magazine thought fit to accept an article for the ensuing number? I worked myself into a perfect fever."

"*Typhus*, no doubt," said Jack. "And the ultimate fate of this baby of your brain?"

"Was most melancholly! it never appeared, for the magazine *died* without *issue!*" and here Dick looked as wretched as the joke he had just attempted."

"That was playing your cards badly," observed Somers.

"Cards!" shrieked Briggs, seizing the opportunity to found fresh cause for complaint—"Cards! Do I ever have a trump? As for scoring eight and holding honors, I must confess my weakness, but I do once in my life desire to know how persons feel in such a position.—What can it be like?"

"Why, like to win the game." replied Jack. 'But you are so disposed to grumble, that, were you at such a point, I fear you would "call out!"—My dear Dick,' continued Somers, 'I have patiently listened to your catalogue of woes, and feel confident that the greater portion are imaginary, and the remainder caused by your own inadvertence. Instead of finding a remedy for trifles, (that are magnified into matter of importance,) you chafe at each little incident that does not present itself in exactly the position or colors that you would prefer, and abandon yourself to useless repinings.—Resolution and precaution would soon enable you to stem the current which your fancy is ever flowing to your discomfort. Do not mount your watch-tower of discontent to look out for troubles—they find us too speedily, and we have no need to light up a beacon for their guidance, or to sound a trumpet of welcome on their arrival. I shall be a month absent; on my return let me meet my friend with smiles upon the lip that shall greet the renewal of our intercourse. See, the stage is in sight!"

"I see the coach and a vacant place," murmured Dick not much relishing the proffered advice. "Had I been going to town, every horse would have fallen lame, or the axle have broken, to prevent my journey."

"Anticipating again!" said Jack reprovingly as he passed Dick's hand and mounted the vehicle."

"Well!" exclaimed Dick, 'we are sure of a month's fine weather at all events: it is favorable for your trips. When I went, the world was threatened with a second deluge, and I never saw the sun till my return, when I did not care a fig for the weather."

Jack shook his head as the coach moved rapidly onward, but not so speedily as to prevent him hearing his friend's adieus grumbled forth in a tone, and with a look of despondency, that wonld have made the fortune of any tragedy hero at any theatre in the United Kingdom.

There are persons who never will he happy; so Richard Briggs enveloped himself in the mantle of despair, and, revelled in all the luxury of woe!

* * * * * * * *

We pass over a month. Our friends were again seen sauntering up the avenue leading to the old ivy-covered church. They appeared to be in earnest conversation, and Dick's face assumed a resplendent appearance, upon which phenomenon some additional *light* may be thrown by the following colloquy.

"I can scarcely believe it," cried Somers.—'My dear Dick—you—going to be married!"

"Fact!" said Dick, with a real downright smile illumining features hitherto unused to joyous looks. "Yes! I am really about to enter the holy state of matrimony."

And again he smiled, until his own familiar mirror, before which he had shaved all his life, would not have recognised the face it had reflected for so many years redolent of frown and lather.

"And how well you look! ten years younger, I declare," said Somers.

"I hope the novelty will not soon wear off," said Dick. 'But let me tell you the particulars. You remember the steamboat taking fire?"

"Most clearly," replied Jack; 'I can never forget the unhappy circumstance."

"The very luckiest event of my life!"—exclaimed Dick.

"Surely I have heard you complain a thousand times——"

"Exactly!" interrupted Briggs. "But the strangest things *have* come about: I won a bumper rubber last night of old Dinglederry and his wife, before we supped off the fish that I had caught in the morning, with a brace of birds that I shot three days since, being one out of eight I bagged in about three hours.—Now for the steamer. You must know, Jack, that among the hissing flames, and on board that very boat, I made the acquaintance of a most worthy old gentleman, and the loveliest creature, his daughter. I had the good fortune to afford them assistance in the confusion and fright that prevailed; when by some mishap we were precipated into the river. I boldly struck out with desperate strength towards the shore, the worthy old gentleman maintaining a firm hold of me on one side, while I endeavored to keep his daughter secure on the other; and thus burthened, I found myself no longer a single man without encumbrances, but with all the cares of a heavy family clinging to me for *support*. In this trim we were all rescued; they suffered from the fright only, while, in addition, I was nearly pulled to pieces, tolerably parboiled by the steam, and a perfect mummy of mud; the recollection is a never failing source of pure unmixed delight;" and Dick chuckled over the reminiscence, to his friend's great joy and astonishment.

"Then said Somers, 'if I mistake not, you fell into the river, and afterwards in love?"

"Something of the sort, I believe," replied Dick. "The following day we proceeded towards London, and I was terribly low-spirited at the idea of the coming separation, when, just at the thirteenth mile-stone, the coach upset."

"That *was* unfortunate, remarked Jack.

"Not at all! I never enjoyed anything so much in my life! Don't you see, my dear Jack we were *thrown together* again."

"Quite by *accident*," added Jack.

"Just so! the most delightful adventure, as it has since proved. I was bruised from head to foot, but they received no injury: again had I become their protector, for in my descent I managed to sprawl upon some gravel, and they found me a tolerable efficient screen to guard them from the flints. Neither of them had a scratch, though the blood poured pretty freely from different wounds about my person, and they acknwoledged how they must have suffered had I not interposed so effectually. Quite romantic, was it not? You cannot imagine how they laughed when the danger was all over."

"Amiable creatures!" ejaculated Somers, 'and easily pleased too! I suppose you set aside all ceremony. and became most intimate acquaintances?"

"Not exactly!" said Dick; "we had hardly time to cultivate a reciprocal interchange of sentiment, for they had urgent business in another part of the country, so they took a post-chaise, and I took physic,—they went to London, and I to bed."

"Rather ungrateful conduct," remarked Somers, 'considering the use they had made of you. Even I should have grumbled at such treatment."

'I was terribly battered, I must own,' said Dick.

"And completely *cut* into the bargain!"

"The waiter at the inn, where I was confined for a week, assured me that the old gentleman placed his card in my hand before he started; but, between my pain and the confusion, it was lost."

"Well! prithee proceed, without another break down."

"In a few days I discharged the doctor, and on reaching home, found my cottage a heap of cinders."

"My pear Dick!" said Somers, "why recall that shocking catastrophe?"

"Catastrophe! fiddle-faddle!" cried Briggs; 'the most unparalleled piece of good luck!—Having no dwelling, I took lodgings at Priory Farm." Here Dick smiled till it almost amounted to an incipient giggle. "You know that Topps and Lopps's bank suspended payment?"

"And you experienced a loss of three hundred pounds" said Somers.

"No such thing, my dear Jack! that stoppage was only a continuation of luck. I may truly congratulate myself on that event.—Their breaking was my making: in common parlance, their loss was my gain."

"Astonishing!" said Somers.

"Mr. Rutherford had a considerable balance in the hands of Topps and Lopps," said Dick very knowingly; 'so he came down to look after matters, and as Fate would have it, took apartments for himself and daughter at Priory Farm. Now you see—eh?"

"Can't say I do," replied Somers.

"Dear Jack, how dull you are!"

"Nay, 'tis you have become so lively!"

"Well, we are under the same roof. "Young Love lived once in a humble shed," and all that sort of thing; it was natural to renew our acquaintance, when the scars on my face reminded them of my sufferings, and their debt of gratitude."

"What!" said Somers; "you don't mean ——"

"Yes, but I do though!" In Mr. Rutherford and his daughter I discovered my companions who had shared my perils in "flood and field:" —not exactly shared,—but you know what I mean. In a word, I am the happiest fellow alive, and the luckiest dog in the universe."

"Let me hear that word again," said Jack 'did you say lucky?'

"Not lucky,—the luckiest mortal breathing."

"That is—you are 'beyond all comparison superlatively happy?'

"The stoppage of the mail was of no consequence, for my uncle left me *minus* merely to bestow his property on my future wife, the only child of his old friend Rutherford."

"Then your intended wife is the same, "artful, specious hussy who gained his affection's—is it so?"

"The same," said Dick. 'Henceforth I renounce grumbling, and believe that "all is for the best." Had I not been on board the steamboat, nearly drowned, and afterwards stoned to death, my suit might have been pressed in vain, —for gratitude is an extensive feeling, and opens the heart, Jack. But for the burning of my cottage, I should have wanted the opportunities that Priory Farm afforded; and Topps and Lopps's business crowned all, by bringing the Rutherfords hither."

"And you have become a convert?"

"Most decidedly," said Dick, "your words have been realized; mattres have mended.—Time has brought things round. Even my garden flourishes, for I can exhibit a pot of sweet peas of my own setting; and, among my other cures, I also cure my own bacon,—pigs thrive wonderfully.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Somers; I "congratulate you on the moral victory achieved, and the important lesson that you have learned. Yet there is one thing——"

"What can that possibly be," said Dick impatiently."

"Why," "a circulating medium" for those 'indefinite articles" which were to have illumed and astonished mankind through the pages of the County Magazine."

"A fig for the County Magazine!" said Dick; 'it was only supported, like other refuges for the poor and destitute, by 'voluntary contributions.' I am enrolled among the elect in Bentley's Miscellany."

"Famous! Then your misfortune are really at an end?" said Jack Somers.

"I trust, for ever," replied Richard Briggs; 'and I have arrived at the *conclusion*,

WHATEVER IS—IS RIGHT!

AN INVOLUNTARY CRIME.

[Translated from the French, for the Portland Orion.]

After having practised medicine for a long time in the hospitals and cloisters, Mr. De Lassone, was called to the court of Louis XVI, at first as a Physician to the two Queens and afterwards to the King. His superiority over the rest of his brethren, had caused him to be appointed Regent Physician of the Faculty of Paris, when an extraordinary event snatched him from his glory and his labors.

Mr. De Lassone was giving a course of anatomical lectures, and his numerous pupils by his orders had placed upon the tables of his lecture room, the bodies which were to be used in his demonstrations, when the hour at which he had been accustomed to meet them having long past by, some one was sent to inquire if unforseen business made it necessary to defer the lecture, or whether the class might continue to wait for him. He who had been sent for the celebrated professor, found him in his study in company with two ladies in tears. The one was bordering on old age, and the other might be about twenty years of age.

'Alas! sir,' said the elder lady, 'I shall never more see my unfortunate son whom you have not been able to save!'

'I have done, madam, all that man could do; but science has its bounds, and death has been more powerful than I.'

'Be assured, Miss,' continued Mr. Lassone, addressing himself to the young lady, 'be assured that it did not depend upon me to save the life of your lover, and if I have ever felt the sacredness of my profession, it is at that moment when your grief will pierce my heart, teach me the happiness and benefactions which are in store for me, if a less cruel destiny had permitted me to snatch one victim more from the grave.'

'My poor Eugene!—He was my only child, my only support—henceforth misery must be my lot.'

'I shall die with grief!'

'Young lady, you must have more courage, said Mr. Lassone, weeping, 'and think that there remains to you an old father'—You madam, will also be able to bear up with life. I will never allow hunger to disturb your rest.—I will take care of your old age. I will procure for you a pleasant, convenient retreat, and you shall yet be able to speak of him—.'

Then the generous physician enquired for the residence of the unfortunate mother, and with his soul oppressed, set out with the young student, who admired not less the virtues of heart than the elevation of his mind.

The scene of grief and mourning had filled Mr. Lassone with the deepest dejection, and when he appeared before his class, it was perceived that he was extremely affected.

However, the lecture commenced, and fate would have it that the body of him who had been the subject of so many lamentations, should be found upon the cold stone table of the dissecting room. In this instance, death had taken so singular a shape to stiffen the robust and well constituted limbs, that the professor had promised the day before to bestow great care on the examination of so interesting a subject. Consequently a large number was present to witness the examination.

In order thoroughly to invest the cause of his death, Mr. Lassone must first proceed to open the body. When he was about inserting the scalpel into the flesh, an indescribable shudder came over him. He stopped for a moment. His imagination imparted life to this inanimated body. He pictured to himself a thousand phantoms. He thought he heard the songs of the nuptial ceremony. He saw the old mother of Eugene weeping for joy and blessing his happy union. He saw the young wife crowned with roses. All was happiness around him.

He was awakened from his reverie, by one of the students, who asked him if he wanted any thing; the dream vanished and he found himself in the presence of a corpse.

Then, fearing that his hesitation might be taken for want of confidence in his science, Mr. Lassone, having laid down some prevailing principles, ran the point of his instrument along the lower border of the right breast, and immediately the blood gushed forth as pure as could be drawn from the veins of a man in full health.

Suddenly an almost imperceptible movement agitated the breast of the dead—Mr. Lassone, with a bewildered eye, anxiously followed the slight undulation of life. He was terror struck. His knees failed him—he fainted.

Eugene was still alive! a sight had animated the marble statue.

They hastened to relieve the illustrious professor, and carried to a bed the unfortunate young man who had resumed life but to struggle with dreadful agony.

An awful delirium seized the physician as soon as he had recovered his senses. He loaded himself with maledictions, and accused himself of barbarity and assassination.

'Leave me,' said he 'do not you see that there is upon my hands the blood of a man whom I have slain? Do you not see that corse is strangling me in his tight embrace, and that a mother is invoking upon me the wrath of heaven?'

These lugubrious images troubled him for six days, after which he recovered his reason. The first thing Mr. Lassone did, was to inquire into the situation of the man upon whom he had laid his homicidal hand. His case was far from being encouraging, and the wound which had been made by the scalpel was one of the most

dangerous. The physician who had involuntarily committed the double crime of sending to the tomb a man still alive and of plunging into his bosom a murderous knife, could not resolve to give himself up again to the duties of his honorable profession. He called upon Louis XVI, and after having related to him the dreadful episode of the lecture room, expressed in very respectful terms the regret he felt at not being able any longer to employ his talents in the service of his majesty. Notwithstanding all reasoning with himself, he felt, he said, that henceforth it would be impossible for him ever to look upon a patient without a shudder; and he confessed after what had happened to him, he feared he should contract, in spite of himself, such an awkwardness and uncertainty as might be unsafe for persons who would confide themselves to his hands. The discourse greatly affected the king, who on a thousand occasions, had given his physician the most flattering tokens of his esteem and confidence; yet he did not endeavor to dissuade him from his resolution; for he readily perceived that Mr. Lassone was too forcibly struck with the idea of what he called his crime, to ever entirely banish it from his mind. Besides it was imprudent to press upon him the resumption of his professional duties, as it had been intimated to the king, that the delirium from which he had just recovered, would be very likely to return, and that his practice notwithstanding his great skill and science, might become fatal to his patients. Louis XVI, therefore, accepted, by his silence, the indirect resignation that was offered. Mr. Lassone quit the duties of his professorship, and the last patient he attended was the unfortunate Eugene.

They were unwilling to send immediately for the mother of the young man, for the fear of affording a false joy, that might be closely followed by a cruel deception: and besides, it would be poisoning the rest of her days to announce to this woman, that the son she had so much mourned for, was not dead when he was wrapped in his winding sheet, and that he who had plucked away his life, was none other than her old man, who had sworn to extend to human age the hand of succor.

Meanwhile, Eugene slowly regained his strength, and the first words he uttered were to inquire for his mother, and her who was to blend her existence with his. When he was told that the emotions consequent upon seeing them might be injurious to him, and render useless the measures that had been taken for his recovery, he became agitated by a painful suspicion. He feared his mother had not survived him, and the grief he felt at this foreboding was so deep and violent, that Mr. Lassone resolved to yield to his wishes, using, however, in regard to both parties, all the precaution that prudence might dictate. The physician then set out for the residence of the poor woman, but learned that a few days before, she had left the capital to return to her own country which was considerably distant. This circumstance accounted for her not having already become acquainted with what happened, although the public journals all made mention of the whole affair.

He returned to Eugene and explained to him the cause of the delay he had experienced, and having satisfied him that his mother was living, endeavored to persuade him to wait patiently. But the young man conjured him with joined hands to haste immediately and bring her to his arms.

'See,' said he, 'my strength is returning, and the danger is almost past. For heaven's sake, in order to console my mother, do not wait until she has sunk under her grief.'

In fact the young man was fast recovering his strength, and therefore Mr. Lassone, after having entrusted him to skilful hands, set out upon the sweet and holy mission with which he was charged. When he had arrived to the place that had been pointed out for him, what was his surprise to behold the mother of his young friend in an excess of joy that bordered on delirium! She fell upon his neck, called him her angel, her benefactor, and then fell at his feet in transports of gratitude and joy.

These transports were soon explained, when the young lady appeared, who had but a short time since exclaimed:

'I shall die of grief.' 'Good doctor,' said she, 'I have got the start of you. You will surely not think ill in me to have deprived you of the pleasure of bearing this good news. It required a woman to take requisite precaution for announcing such things. A woman only could open the subject with such skill as not to kill outright by excess of joy, her, who has been for a long time in the depths of despair!'

The poor woman rent her mourning dress—the young girl decked again her head with plumes.

When all three had returned to Paris, the young man was entirely out of danger, and after the first burst of transport was over, they all kneeled and returned thanks to Almighty God.

Mr. Lassone made his best friend of him whom he had snatched from an untimely death. He could not bear that such a family should suffer the ills of poverty, and therefore divided his wealth with Eugene when he married the young lady who had loved him so much.

Thus the bright torches of hymen were lighted by the glimmering lamp of death.

Faithful to his resolution, Mr. Lassone would never resume the labors of his profession. Natural history and chemistry took the place of anatomy.

Mr. De Lassone died at Paris, in 1788, and whilst they lived, whom he called his dear children, his tomb was often crowned with the freshest and most beautiful of flowers.

HOW TO MAKE A YOUNG WIFE OF AN OLD MAID.

The following true story might perhaps furnish matter for a little comedy, if comedies were still written in England,

It is generally the case that the more beautiful and the richer a young female is, the more difficult are both her parents and herself in the choice of a husband, and the more offers they refuse. This one is too tall, the other to short, this not wealthy, this not respectable enough. Meanwhile one spring passes after another, and year after year carries away leaf after leaf of the bloom of youth, and opportunity after opportunity. Miss Harriet Selwood was the richest heiress in her native town; but she had already completed her twenty-seventh year, and beheld almost all her young friends united to men whom she had at one time or other discarded. Harriet began to be set down for an old maid. Her parents became really uneasy, and she herself lamented in private a position which is not a natural one, and to which those to whom Nature and Fortune had been niggardly of their gifts are obliged to submit; but Harriet, as we have said, was both handsome and very rich.

Such was the state of things, when her uncle, a wealthy merchant in the north of England, came on a visit to her parents. He was a jovial, lively, straight-forward man, accustomed to attack all difficulties boldly and cooly. "You see," said her father to him one day, "Harriet continues single. The girl is handsome: what she is to have for her fortune you know; even in this scandal-loving town not a creature can breathe the slightest imputation against her; and yet she in getting to be an old maid."

"True replied the uncle; "but look you, brother, the grand point in every affair in this world is to size the right moment: this you have not done; it is a misfortune, but let the girl go along with me, and before the end of three months I will return her to you as the wife of a man as young and wealthy as herself."

Away went the niece with the uncle. On the way home, he thus addressed her "Mind what I am going to say. You are no longer Miss Selwood, but Mrs. Lumley, my niece, a young, wealthy, childless widow; you had the misfortune to lose your husband, Colonel Lumley, after a happy union of a quarter of a year, by a fall from his horse while hunting."

"But uncle———"

"Let me manage, if you please, Mrs. Lumley, Your father has invested me with full powers. Here, look you, is the wedding-ring given you by your late husband. Jewels and whatever else you need, your aunt will supply you with, and accustom yourself to cast down your eyes."

The keen witted uncle introduced his niece every where, and every where the young widow excited a great sensation. The gentlemen thronged about her, and she soon had her choice out of twenty suitors. Her uncle advised her to accept the one who was deepest in love with her, and a rare chance decreed that this should be precisely the most amiable and opulent. The match was soon concluded, and one day the uncle desired to say a few words to his future nephew in private.

"My dear sir," he began, "we have told you an untruth."

"How so? Are Mrs. Lumley's affections—"

"Nothing of the kind: my niece is sincerely attached to you."

"Then her fortune, I suppose, is not equal to what you told me."

"On the contrary it is larger."

"Well, what is the matter, than?"

"A joke, an innocent joke, which came into my head one day, when I was in a good humor; we could not well recall it afterwards. My niece is not a widow."

"What! is Colonel Lumley living?"

"No, no, she is a spinster."

The lover protested that he was a happier fellow than he had ever conceived himself, and the old maid was forthwith metamorphosed into a young wife.

Singular and Interesting Occurrence.—A respectable woman having left her child, an infant of two years of age, to play about the door until she attended to some houshold duties, went, when she was disengaged, to look for her charge The urchin could barely crawl, and she expected to find it at the door. There however it was not, and the mother, in considerable alarm, called on several of the neighbors, to inquire if they had seen the child. No one had seen it; and a considerable time had now elapsed in making fruitless inquiries, the anxiety and fears of the poor woman became proportionably augmented. Parents only can judge of her feelings when no trace of her child could be found. The neighbors kindly assisted in making strict inquisition in every well, pig-stye, or out of the way corner for the wandered wean. He was however, no where to be found, and as a last recourse, it was resolved that the bell should be sent through the town. In the meantime the mother, in a state bordering on distraction, went into her own house rumaging every hole and bucket, bed and cupboard. While thus employed one of her sympathising friends happened to cast her eyes to the gable of a neighboring house and there, with surprise and horror, discovered the lost child perched on a ladder, and within a few steps of its very top, apparently quite delighted with its state of exaltation. A lady endeavored to induce the ambitious mite to come down; but no, it shook its head and sat fast. She then tried to go up the ladder, but half way up her head grew giddy, and she was obliged to descend without accomplishing her object. The mother was informed by this time that the child was was found, but her feelings may be more easily guessed than described when she saw its danger. The ladder was long enough to reach the caves of the three story house, and within four steps of it was the child, holding firmly by one of the bais, and looking quite complacently on the faces below. With trembling steps the agitated mother cautiously ascended the ladder, but when within arm's length of her infant, and on the point of laying hold of him, he, as if to mock the agony of his parent, clambered up the remaining steps, and stradling across the topmast bar, held out his little hands and smiled, as if proud of his daring feats and affections to her fond bosom, and descended with her precious burden in safety, shedng tears of gratitude and breathing a heartfelt prayer to the Providence which had so miraculously preserved her dear little pet—*Paisley Advertiser.*

LONDON LADIES' FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

Walking Dress.—Redingote of pou de soia with plain body and rather wide sleeves, small fichu of black velvet trimmed with swansdown. Bonnet of black velvet with ostrich feathers.

Carriage Dress.—Redingote of bias broche satin, the corsage open en cœur, and trimmed with ermine; tight sleeves with three small sabois. Bonnet of green velvet, with swans down trimming round the edge.

Evening Dress.—Robe of white crape, with pointed body, and full of blond round the top; tight satin sleeves, with bouffant of crape, looped up with clasps of diamonds, and a small wreath of flowers round the arms. Coiffure of hair in ringlets, with flowers; the back hair intermixed with beads.

Cloaks, &c.—Many Spanish cloaks are wore of an evening; most of the mantles for night have hoods, wadded and supported with whalebone. Many are of a black sachemire, lined with silk, either paille, cerise, blue or pink, and generally trimmed with fur. Polonaise and Russian cloaks have also been worn.

Gloves.—Gloves are worn very short, and of various colors.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1838.

Geology.—The late lectures on Geology, before the Young Men's Association, have disclosed the wonderful discoveries which have been made of the forms of animated existence, which have, in past ages, tenented the earth and its water. The evidence is palpable, and the subject appreciable by ordinary powers. The marks of contrivance and adaptation in those animals—whose remains alone are left to tell us the history of their life, and the state of the world at that day—connect together, in one chain of created existence, the present and the past, and direct us to the same wondrous power and intelligence. No one can hear of them without the srongest desire to know of the solid strata in which they are found buried. The great conclusions, too, which must be drawn from these remains, and which have respect to a variety of subjects, swell the soul by their greatness and interest.

What a body of facts have been accumulated within the memory of man, on a subject so far removed from our common notions and general objects of education or intellectual pursuit. We seem to see the Dinotherium, with his huge frame, moored by his tusks to the banks of the lake or river, basking in the full enjoyment of life—the Schpyosaurus—and the whole tribe of extinct Saurians, sport in the waters or traverse the lands—till, by one convulsion, their whole race is entombed, to form a part of the solid strata for the habitations of men. The coal, and ores, and mines, and the veins of metals, and the masses of putrefactions, all have a history full of interest to him who would know about things and understand aught of nature's wondrous frame.

The Concert.—The Concert of the Academy, on Thursday evening, was, as is usual, attended by a full and fashionable audience. The music was excellent, but the *execution* of the original pieces—with two exceptions—'*Bright Angels*,' and the '*Pastoral Symphony*'—did their author injustice. Practice and confidence, however, will overcome the defects, and secure a deserved appreciation of the talents which Professor WALKER has already displayed in his numerous compositions.

The Choruses and Anthems were all beautiful, and well exucuted. But the Choir never displayed their powers and good taste to better advantage, than in the chorus "*For unto us a Child is born.*" and in the Anthem of "*O Surely Melody.*" They produced a marked and happy effect.

Take this Concert in all its parts, it equalled the best of its predecessors, but will be excelled by the first of its successors.

FRENCH LITERATURE.—Under this head will be found an interesting communication from an able pen. In all its positions our readers will concur, and to none do *we* give a more cordial assent, than to those which relate to the talented and amiable gentleman who has for some months, taken up his abode amongst us. Will our readers peruse the communication, and answer the questions which it propounds?

Ernest Maltravers.—Our novel-reading friends will be glad to learn, we suppose, that the Harpers have received and put to press the sequal of this tale. It is entitled "Alice, or the Mysteries," and will be forthcoming with great celerity.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

To the Editor :—

Sir—I saw in your paper of the 13th inst. an advertisement of W. BURGOIN, proposing to locate himself here as a teacher of the French Language, on the plan of Dufief. Mr. B. has been for some time known as an instructor in Canandaigua, where he has enjoyed a reputation for personal worth as well as professional ability. His object—a good practical knowledge of the French language—ought to meet with extensive patronage.

Napolean hoped to make the French the universal tongue. His victories went far over the continent, to accomplish his wishes, and the scientific literature of the nation will sustain the influence it has gained. Notwithstanding the immense influx of English, every season, into Italy, affording every facility as well as temptation to the people to acquire that tongue, it is rare to find an indivivldual who can speak our language, while French is a passport every where. In Russia it is the language of the court; in Germany, no educated person is ignorant of it; and in Switzerland it is, with German, the colloquial language of the large Semnaries, as well as vernacular of many of the Cantons.

It is true our relation to Europe is not likely to throw us in the same frequent and familiar intercourse with it as the parts of that Continents are with each other, still, who can tell when he may be required or permitted to cross the ocean, and may find himself in, the "fairy land" to us, the old world? The facilities of intercourse are increasing to such a degree, that every young person of taste and education may justly cherish the hope of doing so.

This is the lowest ground on which I would place a knowledge of that graceful and animated tongue. Its scientific literature is unsurpassed, and in many respects unequalled by any in the world. In Belles Lettres and History, it is in advance of any except the German; and is now, by translations, "redactions" and original works, founded on the principles of German philosophy, opening to us, in a more practical and intelligible form, the systems of those mighty spirits from the "vasty deep."

But even apart from any probable use for the French language in a voyage to Europe, or even from its employment as a key to the extensive learning of that nation, as a mere intellectual exercise for the young, I know of nothing preferable to the study of modern languages, and preeminently so of the French. In its influence on the ear and articulation—in the knowledge of idioms and principles of universal grammar—in saving the mind from the deceptive counfounding of words with things—in exercising the memory and invigorating the habits of application—in furnishing that stimulus to the young mind which arises from the immediate consciousness of intellectual gain—for these and other ends, there is nothing at once so valuable and accessible as sound instruction in the French. And all this especially for the other sex. Young men have the classics to fill up these demands in some respects, and open richer sources than any modern language can do, of improvement to their taste and mental habits. But for Young Ladies, who cannot pursue the dead languages to any profitable extent, the living and beautiful tongue of Paris is an attainable and valuable substitute.

How many young men, too, are there now in our city, either engaged in professions or business, to whom the regular application connected with the study of French, would be of great value, apart from the acquirement itself. They are, perhaps, now pursuing no *course* of mental engagement; nothing that obligates them to spend a portion of each day in study. They themselves feel the need of voluntary coercion on their part. Let them then arrange classes and put themselves in the hands of an able and accomplished teacher of the French—one imbued with its literature, as well as using the tongue itself, with the familiarity of birth, education and the association of thirty years. The expense of such a course will be scarcely felt at the year's end; the discipline and gain for the mind will diffuse its effects through the subsequent lite.

But, sir, I write with no wish that Mr. B. —respectable as he is—should fill this department in our Seminaries and private tuition. Under other circumstances I might be among the first to welcome and encourage his removal. But we have a gentleman already among us, who, by a residence of more than two years, has established, wherever he is known, a most enviable character for moral and religious worth, with qualifications as an instructor rare indeed. I allude, you will anticipate, to Mr. J. P. EDWARDS, whose indulgence I crave for this trespass upon his delicacy. It should not have been committed, was it not understood that, for want of proper encouragement, he contemplated leaving Rochester, and for the honest regret I feel, that we should be deprived of advantages which cannot be replaced.

Mr. EDWARDS is by birth, and thirty years residence, a Frenchman, but an English parentage linked him in feeling with that country, which even an education, through the patronage of the "First Consul," could not suppress. Aiding in the escape of some English officers, he was obliged to share their flight, and crossed the channel in an open fishing boat in the month of December. From the gratitude of the father of one of the young men, Mr. E. immediately obtained a situation in the Bank of England, being considered (on the authority of Blackstone) a citizen of great Britain, owing to his English parentage. He continued in this Institution for many years, and left it with a handsome vote of compliment, and a pecuiary donation from the Directors, being induced by the claims of a large family to try a settlement in Canada. Some changes unnecessary to detail brought him to Rochester, with letters of introduction of a very flattering character. During Mr. E.'s residence in London and Canada, a space of nearly twenty years, he was occasionally occupied in imparting a knowledge of his favorite and vernacular tongue; sometimes for the pleasure of it, and at others, to add to the means of support of an expensive family.

Mr. EDWARDS is brother to the two distinguished physicians and naturalists of his name in Paris, whose works hold a high rank in that country, and are well known in England.

The knowledge which Mr. E. possesses of the English is as nice and scholar-like as his French. It is impossible, in familiar intercourse, to detect any thing that betrays the Frenchman; and as little in French conversation that would warrant you in supposing that he had mastered, to such a degree, the difficulties of our own language.

The writer has enjoyed many opportunities of French society, both in this country and abroad, and has had from childhood, some acquaintance with the language and instructors in it, but he is able to say that, he never has met with the individual who has united, in such an eminent degree, a thorough, graceful and na-

tive knowledge of the French, with an equal familiarity with the English, and possessed of so rapid and thorough a system of imparting the language to others. MR. EDWARDS *is the best teacher the writer has ever known.*

Shall we, sir, suffer such a man as Mr. E. to leave us? Are we as a community so insensible to the value of able instruction as to permit a failure in his exertions to obtain adequate patronage, after two years most honorable trial? Shall we, if we are so, beguile another worthy man into the same mistake? There is a field here for one able French instructor, and we have him. Let us keep him!

Mr. EDWARDS should at once be engaged in our two Female Seminaries, and at the High School. There is French instruction, it is true, in the two former, but, with the highest sense of the worth and talents of the ladies conducting that department, I must say, incompetent, *because no one can teach the French language thoroughly who is not a native of France, accustomed to its accent in the capital.* It seems to be made a part of the course, rather because public sentiment requires it, than with that preeminence and interest which it really demands, and without which it better be let alone.

I express a hope, then, in which many participate, when I say, we trust that the officers and parents interested in education, will make an immediate exertion on this point. We trust that the young men and ladies will organize private classes, that a valuable and tried citizen may be retained among us, and that our community may receive the advantage of the diffusion of this graceful and practical part of a thorough education. Yours, &c.

ROFFENSIS.

LOCO-FOCO MUSINGS.

CANTO XIII.

Alas—how light a cause may move
Dissentions between hearts that love.—*Tom Moore.*

In my young days, ere Goth and Vandal Time
Had ravaged ch ldhood's happiest retreat;—
When life, and pleasure, like the twins of rhyme,
Flew on together, with their chiming feet—
I've often turn'd my swimming eyes above
To the unsullied stars, and dream'd of—"*love.*"

O, Love! how m ny trusting hearts—betray'd
And doom'd to sorrow, sink into thy arms;—
The thoughtless eyes of thy adorers fade
With weeping, while thy're gazing on thy charms.
When I was young (I'm forty years old now)
I was deceived, and I will tell you how.

At evening hour, while wandering along
The meadows and the hills,—I thought I'd seen
Sweet Fanny Fudge, the loveliest in the throng
Of village maids, there roaming o'er the green.
I paused a moment, and with wild surprise
Her figure 'rose before my startled eyes.

SONG.

When moonlight's streaming over
The green hills, and groves;
Thro' fields of blushing clover
The wild maiden roves.
When bright dew drops are gleaming
On rose buds and boughs;
There, there she is dreaming
Of love's dearest vows.
CHORUS.—Thro' fields of blushing clover
The wild maiden roves.

I watch'd her—she was silent. Tho' I'd spoken
'Till I grew hoarse, she answer'd not a word;—
I touch'd her,—the entrancing spell was broken—
It was not *her*, nor any thing that heard
My voice. 'Twas an old *stump* dress'd up in a
Young ladie's frock—to scare the crows away!

This strange delusion dash'd out the last smiles
Of my vain love. Tho' amorous Sappho—the
Immortal Beauty of the Grecian Isles—
Jump'd from a mountain into the deep sea,—
I would not act so foolish;—I will jump
Into a thick mud-puddle—from a *stump.*

In yonder school-house whose decaying eaves
And shingles tell its antiquated age;—
I've sat and gazed on the poetic leaves
Of spelling-books,—but never found a page
That gave the slightest explanation of
This unexplain'd mysterious *sigh*-ence—"*Love.*"

CALLIOPE & CO.

HOTCH-POTCH.

A Scotchman and Irishman were travelling together. The Scotchman was bald; and for a joke he rose in the night and shaved his companion's head while he was asleep. The Irishman had given orders to his landlord to awaken him early. He did so—the poor fellow arose, and discovering his bald head in the glass, exclaimed by the powers! I told you to waken *me*, but instead of that you was after calling up the Scotchman; I'm never to be cheated in this way, faith. So saying he went to bed again.

Finn's Last.—The following pun has lately been perpetrated by our old friend, H. J. Finn:

"Why are apples and pears guilty of being the first swearers? Give it up? Because the first apple damned the first pair."

A Conundrum.—Why do night and day resemble two banks stopping payment from the same cause? Because, the one breaks when the other fails.

Utility of Laughter—A hearty laugh is occasionally an act of wisdom; it shakes the cobwebs out of a man's brains and the hypochondria from his ribs, far more effectually than champagne or blue pills.

"My love' you don't look so handsome as common, lately."

"I know it, but how can one afford to be beautiful, When paint is so dear?"

The dutch of it.—An exchange paper says that '*forgetting* to pay for your paper and robbing a hen roost are the same thing in dutch, only differently expressed.'

Happy Marriges.—Miss Landon says, "The only happy marriages I ever heard of are those in some Eastern story I once read, where the King marries a new wife every night, and cuts off her head in the morning."

Cure for Laziness.—The Cincinnati News tells of a man who has a son so intolerably lazy, that a pint of *yeast* is administered to him every night so as to make him *rise* early in the morning.

'Alack a day!' cried an old sawyer, upon hearing of the loss of a sloop load of grindstones. 'The times were dull before, but now I suppose they will be duller than ever.'

The following 'Rules' are posted in a New Jersey school house:

"No kissing girls in school time. No licking the master during holidays."

Impenetrable.—The Boston Herald tells of a man who was never in love, because his fat was too thick for Cupid's arrow to reach his heart.

A countryman going out with his friends to pick vine beans, exclaimed—'Let every man do his duty at the *poles.*'

'Preserve me from my friends!' said the rat when puss patted him on the cheek with her paw preparatory to taking off his hide.

If you would have enemies, excel others: if friends, let others excel you.

New Printing Machine.—Mr. Thomas Trench of Ithaca New York, is constructing his patent Printing Press at the speedwell Works near Morristown. The Jerseyman mentions that it is to be attached to one of the paper mills in the place and describes it as follows—

The press takes the paper immediately from the paper Machine, prints it on both sides, and passes it through drying cylinders, which press es it smooth—thus in one operation, and within the space of *three minutes*, the pulp is taken from the mill and a book of 350 pages is ready for the binder. The paper is printed in one continuous sheet, thus a whole edition can readily be printed, rolled up, and sent any distance. Mr. Trench had on his press, "*Cobb's Juvenile Reader*," of 216 pages, of which he presented us a sheet of about 70 feet neatly printed, and which can be examined at our office.

This new Printing machine will cause a complete revolution in the art of printing, and greatly diminish the price of standard works and school books. Hereafter, we suspect, orders will be given for Bibles, Spelling Books, &c. &c., by the *mile*, instead of the *volume*, as in former time, but be that as it may, a sheet of five miles in length can be made with nearly the same ease as one of fifty or a hundred feet.

A brave girl.—In this state no minor can obtain a license to marry, without first obtaining the consent of his or her parent or guardian, and without such license, cannot marry.—Young couples frequently fly to the oposite side of the Mississippi, where no license is required.

These "runaway matches" are very frequent. A laughable occurrence of that kind happened a few days ago, which has made much sport in this region.

A Miss ——, about 17 years of age, who is heiress to an estate valued at $10,000, lately run away in company with a bridesmaid and her lover who was nearly thirty. Her guardian had refused his consent. When they reached the bank of Mississippi, the ice was running furiously; but the young lady, expecting her guardian would arrive in pursuit, urged her lover not to lose an instant in pushing the boat from the shore. His courage seemed to have a good deal abated; but he with the owner of a large skiff and the bridesmaid, embarked with his intended bride. They had nearly reached the head of an island, about a third of the distance from the opposite shore, when the current became more rapid, the cakes of ice very large, and their situation extremely dangerous. The lover excessively frightened, and forgetful of every body but *his own dear self*, bawled, in the most piteous accent, "Oh I shall be drowned!" and bitterly reproached his lady love as the cause of his probable death.

She uttered not a word; her courage and presence of mind seemed to increase with the peril. A tremendous cake of ice fairly capsized the boat, but it was so large that all got on it, the lover rendering her no assistance. It bore them to the head of the island, and as good fortune would have it, the *slug* between it and the Missouri shore was frozen over, and they crossed it without difficulty. they reached a tavern, and, after changing their garments and become warm at a good fire, the lover hinted that it was time for them to have the knot tied, as the magistrate had arrived, and was in the next room. She gave him a withering look of contempt, and declared she would never unite her destiny with one so selfish and cowardly. It was in vain that he attempted, by entreaty and argument to change her resolution. She was immoveable, and replied to him with scorn.

A few days afterwards, she returned to the house of her guardian, thankful that she had escaped the man whose onlyobject was her fortune.

Her lover returned to this side of the river also; but such ridicule and contempt was bestowed upon him, that he found it best to decamp, which he did a few nights ago, leaving behind him a host of unpaid demands.—*Illinois Backwoodsman.*

At the commencement of the University of Pennsylvania, on the 6th inst., the degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred on one hundred and fifty-seven gentlemen.

Vigorous old age.—Capt. Jonathan Hall, of Windsor, Vt. a revolulionary soldier, aged 80, on the 27th ult. felled the trees, and cut and corded two cords of four feet wood, maple and birch.

Over the Falls and alive.—A gentleman who resides at Niagara Falls informs us, that sometime during the winter a dog was thrown into the rapids, and was carried over the American Fall. He has occasionally been seen from the opposite side, under the high bank upon this side, and within a few days has been recovered by his master. His subsistance for several months, must have been upon the bodies of animals that have gone over the Falls and floated to shore. —*Lockport Dem.*

MARRIED.

By the Rev. E. Tucker, Mr. GEO. T. FROST, to Miss ELIZABETH SMITH.

In Clarkson, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Everetts, Mr. Aldin Gregory, to Miss Penelope Allen, all of that place.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. E. Tucker, Captain Joseph L. Chappel, to Miss Jane French, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, the 11th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Beecher, Mr. HENRY A. REW to Miss MATILDA ALLING, both of this city.

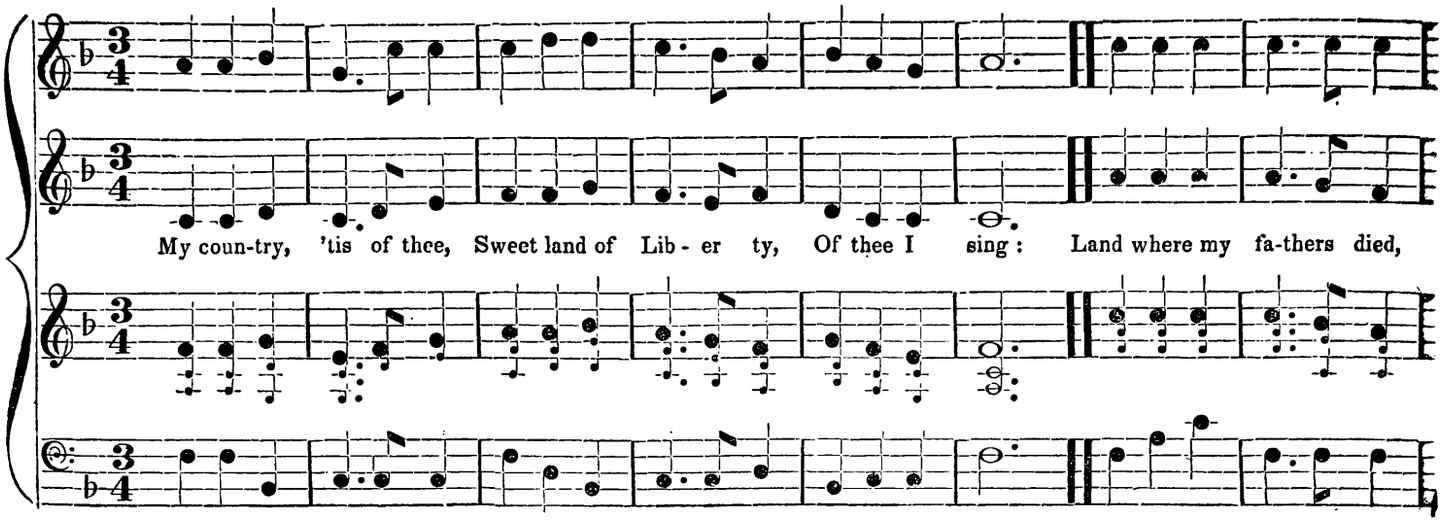
In Lakeville, on the 20th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Roberts, Mr. John D. Rogers, to Miss Alphina Munson, both of South Avon.

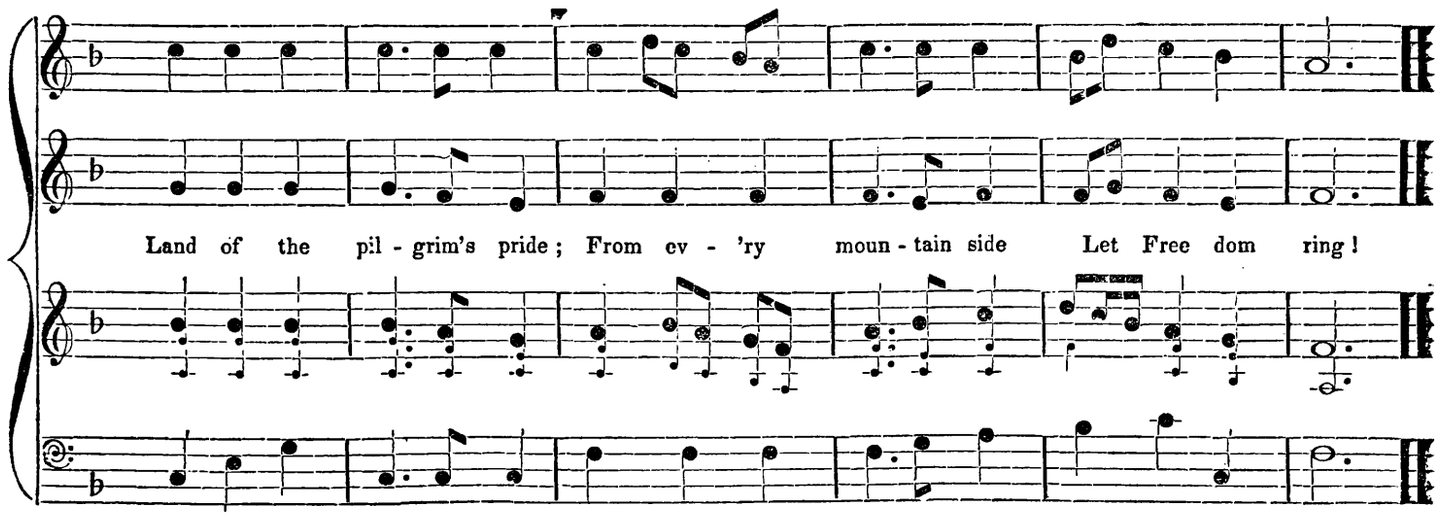
In Littleville, on the 22d ult. by the Rev. H. B. Pierpont, Mr. Otis Moore, to Miss Caroline Knowls, all of Littleville

☞ New subscribers can be furnished with the back numbers of this volume. A few copies of previous volumes, bound, for sale.

AMERICA. A NATIONAL MELODY.

[From a Boston collection of secular music by Webb and Mason.]





2

My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathes partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong!

4

Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of Liberty,—
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King?

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.

SONG OF THE UNFASHIONABLE.

I stood amid the festal throng,
Where smiling Pleasure led
The flying hours, with mirth and song—
I stood as with the dead.
The gay, the beautiful, and proud,
Through dance, and waltz, may dash on;
But I'm unnoticed by the crowd,
Because I'm *out of fashion.*

Though love is flashing from my eyes,
And beating through my heart,
Until my bosom burns with sighs,
And purple blushes start
Upon my cheeks; all, *all* is vain,
They view the iron passion
That tears my breast, with cold disdain,
Because I'm out of fashion.

Alas! I have no graceful faults—
I'm not genteel or gay;
My partner tells me in the waltz
I'm whirling the wrong way.
It makes no difference; although
My features wear circassian,
Loveliness and beauty—no!
If I am out of fashion.

H. M.

From Mrs. Sigourney's "Girls' Reading Book."

A young girl, a deaf mute, cherished an ardent affection for her father. At his death she was inconsolable, and intimated, in the language of signs, that "Her heart had grown to his" In a few days she was called to follow him. Hear her!

Sisters! there's music here,
From countless harps it flows.
Throughout this bright celestial sphere,
Nor pause, nor discord knows.

The seal is melted from my ear
By love divine,
And what through life I pined to hear
Is mine! is mine!

Joy!—I am mute no more,
My sad and silent years,
With all their loneliness, are o'er;
Sweet sisters, dry your tears.

Listen at hush of eve—listen at dawn of day—
List at the hour of prayer, can ye not hear my lay?

Brother! my only one,
Belov'd from chi'dhood's hours,
With whom, beneath the vernal sun,
I wandered when our task was done,
And gathered early flowers;
I cannot come to thee,
Though 'twas so sweet to rest
Upon thy gently guiding arm—thy sympathizing breast:
'Tis better here to be.

Oh mother! He is here
To whom my soul so grew,
That when death's fatal spear
Stretch'd him upon his bier,
I fain must follow too.

Ask ye, if still his heart retains its ardent glow?
Ask ye, if filial love
Unbodied spirits prove?
'Tis but a little space, and thou shalt rise to know.

I bend to sooth thy woes,
How near—thou canst not see;
I watch thy lone repose,
Alice doth comfort thee;
To comfort thee, I wait—blest mother! come to me.

From the Burlington Sentinel.

THE CANADIAN WIFE.

BY MRS. NELSON.

Again they come—that shout of horror thrilleth
Sadly and deeply through my bursting heart;
That yell of triumph, all these dark woods filleth;
That crimson flame most frightfully doth dart.

They fall, they fall, the virtuous ones, the brave,
Th ir life blood stains the pure and glittering snow;
My husband! save him, oh! Blessed Father, save
My soul's beloved from that avenging blow.

"Death to the rebel," hark! did I hear aright?
Cease, cease, dread whirling of my fever'd brain:
Ah! too well that ball was aimed amid the fight,
He breathes no more and all my prayers are vain.

They have their stately banners, and the glad sound
Of martial music floats o'er the proud flood,
Their tents of brutal soldiery resound,
With boasted victory and deeds of blood.

What seek ye now barbarians? wherefore come
To cast more anguish o'er my widowed breast?
Spare ye my children, oh! spare ye their home,
Burn not the orphan's on y place of rest.

Ye heed me not, for in each fierce eye gloweth
A thirst, a deadly thirst for vengeance still;
Ye fear not Him who good and ill bestoweth,
Who chasteneth all according to his will.

Will none relieve oppression? none throw off
Tyrannous shackles from this fated land?
Will none avenge the suffering victim's wrongs,
And wrest Canadians from this murderous band?

PLATTSBURGH, Feb. 25, 1838.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson.

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A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, TALES, AND MISCELLANY.

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EAGLE STREET THEATRE, BUFFALO.

Our embellishment for this number of the Gem, is a front view of the Eagle Street Theatre, between Main and Washington streets, Buffalo. The following description of the edifice is copied from the New York Mirror:

"It is seventy feet in width by fifty-three in heigth, and built in the most substantial manner. The walls are two feet thick throughout, the side and rear ones being of brick; the front is of pale-blue granite, found near the city, and which is both elegant and well adapted to architectural effect. On each side of the front of the building, there is a projection of the wall, fourteen feet wide, running the whole height of the edifice, and carried up perfectly plain. These projections inclose a broad centre space, forty-two feet wide, which is richly ornamented with pilasters, entablatures, niches for vases, statutes, etc. A bold architrave and cornice surmounts the front of the edifice, which, running the entire length of the building in an unbroken line, connects with fine effect the centre and two outside spaces, and gives unity to the whole.—Above the cornice rise two Grecian blockings, four feet high by fourteen feet wide; a massive balustrade, to suit the style of the edifice, fills the space between them. The details of the building, such as ornaments, mouldings, etc. are in a pure, Greek taste; but the general plan, as well as combination of forms and proportions, is entirely original, and the invention of the architect, Mr. C. F. Reichardt, of New York city. This is a merit particularly deserving of praise, when so many of our public buildings now erecting, are simple copies from some Greek temple, which do not tax the ingenuity of the architect, and very often but badly answer the purposes for which they are intended.

Buffalo is indebted for this highly ornamental edifice to the enterprise of Mr. A. Brisbane, who is the sole proprietor."

MISCELLANY.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

There are few places more every way disagreeable for a residence than London during the autumnal months. The social stir and animation that rendered it so delightful in the spring have died away into comparative silence; the grass grows in the West-end squares; the city looks disconsolate, like an Irish clergyman on tithing-day; Pall Mall is all but deserted; scarce a pretty or a gay face is to be seen in the Parks, or a bag and wig in Chancery Lane, or a patriot in Parliament Street; the Exhibition rooms are closed; the theatre contains, perhaps, but a dozen bald-heads in the pit, and about as many white pocket-hankerchiefs in the dress-boxes; there is no one to gossip with at the clubs or hotels; the jarvey sleeps without fear of interruption on his coach-box; the cabman, standing on the sun-scorched pavement at the door of a gin-shop, looks restless and perplexed, like a cat in a strange kitchen; and if you chance to stumble against an old friend at the turning of a street, he gives you the cut direct, quite annoyed to think you should have recognised in him that unfashionable animal—the last man! Then the hydrophobia panic!—'Think of that, Master Brooke!' No sooner do the dog-days set in, than some crazy cur makes a point of snatching a hasty mouthful from the calf of an elderly gentleman. The newspapers are all instantly in arms about the catastrophe. Nervous folks—for we are all nervous nowadays—walk about shuddering with apprehension, and glancing every now and then at their uneasy legs; while reports are every where prevalent that 'not less than sixteen married men have within the last week eschewed all liquids, and barked themselves to death, leaving each a wife and six small children behind him.' I say nothing of minor miseries, such as the infectious hypochondriasm of the trademan who has nothing to do but stand with a pen behind his ear at his shop-door, or the melancholy 'lodgings to let,' in every quarter of the town; for my object is not to weary my reader's patience, or distress his nerves, by a prolix recapulation of grievances, but simply to make good my assertion, that of all places in the world, few or none are so detestable as London in autumn.

Such being my vew of the matter, I always make a point of quitting town when the first hydrophobic paragraph appears in the papers. If one will not take a shrewd hint, one deserves to suffer. My excursions are various—sometimes confined to England, and sometimes extending over the Continent. This year, perhaps, I go to Paris, for the purpose of seeing Louis Philippe shot at, which usually occurs once a-week in that sprightly skrimmage-loving metropolis; and the next I rest satisfied with a stroll among the wilds of Dartmoor (a pet place of mine,) or the more imposing Welsh Alps.—And here let me assure you, my gentle Cockney that a ramble among these last is a very different thing from a ramble among the Hempstead highlands. Primrose Hill is scarcely so high or so steep as Snowdon; nor can I take it on my conscience to assert that the pass at Kentish-town, which leads you into Pancras Vale, is at all to be compared with that at Beddgelert.—But perhaps I am partial.

To resume. My excursion last year was to Wales. I had heard much from old Cambridge friends touching this famous region; so, one fine morning in June, I packed up a few shirts in my carpet bag, together with some artifficial flies, a Walton's Angler, and a few well thumbed numbers of Blackwood, containing 'Hints for the Holidays,' and 'Christopher in his Sporting Jacket,' and thus appropriately equipped, set off for Swansea, where, without halting longer than a day, I hired one of those eccentric vehicles, called 'flies,' which, in the fulness of time, brought me in a disjointed condition to Llandilo, a small town situated in the heart of the vale of Towy.

The scenery in this neighborhood possesses a world of recommendations. You have the Black Mountains glooming on the horizon; Grongar Hills, Carricksawthy Common, and the ruins of Wynevor within a stone's throw of you; and the haunted Cerrig-Cennan Castle within the easy distance of five miles. Then, if you have any taste for thunder-storms, and the atmosphere should be that way disposed, you have the finest possible opportunity of enjoying them in perfection among the mountain ranges of Llynn-y-van. In London a hurly-burly of this sort is a very safe, tame, common-place affair—a uniform failure, and most discreditable to the dignity of the elements engaged in it. The thunder, its voice deadened by the eternal fog, growls faintly like a drowsy lion: the lightning contents itself with merely killing an Irishman or two, or throwing a few old women into fits; while a small bolt, perhaps scarcely bigger than a crab-apple, drops down through the sky-light into a tailor's shop, for no other reason apparently than to 'create a sensation' among the apprentices, and furnish the newspapers with a hysterical paragraph. Such in nine cases out of ten, is a Cockney thunder-storm. But in Wales, among the mountains, it is a very different affair. There the thunder vindicates its full claims to sublimity, roaring and rattling among the craggy heights with a sound as if ten thousand brazen chariots were at one and the same moment clattering along the floor of heaven; while the blue, arrowy lightning digs gashes in the stern forhead of the precipice, compared with which a cart-rut were a mere wrinkle; or splits asunder immense fragments of overhanging granite, and sends them crashing down into the astonished tarn beneath. Then the frenzied rain, with the rush of the torrent, which but an hour before was a bashful rivulet, silver-lining the sides of some sunny upland! Away, away it goes, scamper-

ing faster than ever poet scampered from a bailiff; bounding deliriously from rock to rock; swallowing bridges at a gulp; playing the very devil with trees, brick-walls, and pigsties; and subjecting whole villages to the ceremony of an undesired baptism.

But though pleasant enough in their way, thunder-storms have their weak points. It is awkward to get wet through, with never a house within six miles of you,—to have the hot lightning flashing across your eyes, and the thunder threatening the tympanum of your auriculors,—and, still more embarrassing, to be blown over a precipice while leaning forward to recover your eloped castor. I once witnessed a magnificent tempest among the congenial wilds of Llynn-y-van; but, lover of the sublime as I am, I have not the slightest desire to witness another. Enough is as good as a feast, and I am naturally moderate in my appetites.

Another recommendation of the Vale of Towy—to say nothing of its being the most classic spot in Wales, if Dyer and Twm Sion Catti (the Bard and the Brigand) can make it so—is the unrivalled excellence of its fly-fishing. The natives will tell you that you have nothing more to do than just throw in your line, and pull out sewen or salmon—which you please. I cannot say I found it so. Deuce a fish ever rose to my fly; I never even got so much as a nibble; and yet I have seen a grinning, bare-legged urchin, hardly reaching up to my watch chain, pull out, with only a worm at the end of a pin-hook, a fine, spanking sewen, which but the moment before had been coqueting with my fly, and making me believe—the rascal!—that he was going to bolt it. This convinces me that it is not skill, but luck, that is required in angling, else I should certainly have exhausted the river.

I very soon, therefore, got tired of fly-fishing—for one does not like to be the constant butt and laughing-stock of the finny tribe—and laying aside my angling apparatus, devoted myself like Dr. Syntax, to searching out the most picturesque glens and waterfalls, castles, and mountains of the district. I misquoted Dyer in the 'thrush-grove,' at Grongar Hill; explored the Robber's cave fast by the cataract springs of Towy; watched the fisherman saddling in their coracles across Tally Pool, and got ducked in attempting ditto; and then having seen all that was to be seen in the neighborhood, crossed the Black Mountains in the direction of the distant Brecon, and ensconced myself in the snug little village of Plasswynnock.

The locality of this hamlet pleased me exceedingly. It was as quiet and retired and unassuming as a patriotic Patlander, lying far away from the beaten tract of tourists at the edge of a lonely moor, and consisted of one straggling, winding street, with a yew-shaded churchyard in its rear, crowded with trophies of the local apothecary's skill, hard by which stood an isolated, old-fashioned, little public-house—the landlord called it a hotel!—entitled the Castle. At this *auberge* I took up my head quarters, and, as I had done before at Llandilo, occupied myself with strolling about the neighborhood, and filling my sketch-book with drawings of its most silvan, out-of-the-way bits of landscape.

One evening, on my return home to Plasswynnock from an excursion which I had taken across the moor, I chanced to light on a small, solitary ruin, consisting of but a few brick walls. This ruin, which was scarcely more than a mile distant from the village, was perched on the brow of a table-land, forming a gradual slope in front, which had once, no doubt, been a garden or paddock, but was now in the last stage of decay. I have been familiar with ruins from childhood—I was brought up under the shadow of the old, crumbling walls of Reading Abbey—yet I know not that I ever saw one which more impressed me with a stern sense of desolation than this. A sentiment breathed out from its dead brick walls deeper than any which even the monastic relics of Tintern Abbey had called up in my mind. There the picturesque helps to relieve and mellow one's sense of melancholy; but here all was decay and death in its most bald, squalid, undisguised, and homely form. Castellated and monastic ruins are abundant throughout Wales; but this was the first family mansion, or manor-house, in that condition I had yet met with.

Singular, said I, as I paced its confined interior, that so plain, undispairing a domicil should have been allowed to become so utter a wreck, without an effort being made to preserve it. Castles and monasteries, we all know, run to seed quite as a matter of course; indeed they seem built for no other purpose than to serve the turn of the novelist and landscape-painter; for in the first place, their vast extent prevents their being fitly kept up; and secondly, their owners having usually been of that class whose rank and connexions have forced them to take a leading part in the civil broils of the period, they have of necessity risen or fallen—and in the game of war, few rise the winners with the party to which they had attached themselves. But this could scarcely have been the case in the instance before me. The house had belonged to no power turbulent noble, but evidently to some one in the peaceful, middle walks of life—probably the great man of the village—some convivial, sporting Welsh squire, the very last person to sacrifice his interest to his ambition. Yet was it swept wholly to destruction, and with it, most likely, the family who had once called it their own!

My curiosity being strongly excited on this subject, I no sooner returned to 'mine inn,' than I summoned the landlord thereof, stated the particulars of my discovery, and demanded explanation at his hands. This was ungrudgingly afforded me. The house in question, said Boniface, had been in a dilapidated state ever since the year 1770—though it was not at that period in the hopeless condition in which it now was—and the family to whom it had belonged (the Lords of the Manor) had, as I anticipated, wholly past away, without leaving any other trace of their existence, than a few mouldering brick walls. In answer to my further inquiries, the man acquainted me with all the circumstances connected with the decay of the manor-house, just as he had heard them detailed a hundred times by his respected parent, who had long since gone to the place appointed for all publications. As this 'Tale of my landlord' strongly interested me. I took notes of it at the time, and from those notes have composed the subjoined narrative, which I have told in my own manner, though without materially altering the substance of honest Boniface's communication.

Chapter II.

It was late on a summer evening, in the year 1788, when the father of the present landlord owned the tavern to which I have alluded in the foregoing chapter, that a stranger, fatigued apparently with a long day's journey, entered the snug, well-sanded little coffee-room, and requesting to be shown into a private apartment, ordered supper and a bed. He was a man whom an expert physiognomist would have guessed to be about forty-three years of age, though on a first superficial glance he seemed considerably older, for his shoulders were slightly bent, his hair gray, the fire of his dark eye something quenched, and his lofty forehead full of wrinkles. Altogether he appeared like one on whom grief had laid her heaviest hand, but who had not surrendered himself to her domination without a fierce struggle.

Struck with his reserved and commanding air, the landlord ushered him, with one of his profundest obeisances, into his own private room, and then hurried off to get ready the best supper his establishment afforded—a superfluous task, for the stranger, possibly from ill health, or what was more likely, from over fatigue, did but sorry justice to the tender white pullet and the delicious *cwrrw;* but just picking a few mouthfuls, and drinking a small glass of ale, rose from the table, and summoned Boniface into his presence.

'I suppose,' said he, 'I can have accomodation here for a few nights, till I have completed some arrangements that I am about to form for my future residence in this neighborhood?'

'Yes sure sir,' replied the delighted landlord 'and the best of every thing—a capital bed, fish, flesh, fowl, and such ale!—ah, sir, I'll be bound you haven't tasted the like for many a day; a hogshead of it, which I keep expressly for such gentlefolks as you, was brewed when the last Mr. Glendovery went abroad, now near eighteen years since.'

'Glendovery!' inquired the stranger, 'and pray who may he be?'

'Oh, the gentleman that owned the old Manor-House that you see to your right on entering the village.'

'I marked it particularly; it is a fine building; what a pity it is in such a ruinous condition!'

'That's what we all say, but there's no help for it.'

'Why so; is it not inhabited?'

'Yes, there's an old woman in it who lives rent free, just for the purpose of keeping it tidy, in case any one should be disposed to purchase it. Evans, our attorney, to whose father the last owner sold it, is constantly endeavoring to get rid of it, for he cannot afford to live in it himself, or even make such repairs as would render it habitable.'

'You say the last owner. Is he dead, then?'

'Yes; we heard that he died bbroad some ten or a dozen years since.—But, Lord bless me, sir, you have not drank your ale! Well, I never—Pray, do taste it: my wife calls it meat and drink too, and she's a first-rate judge.'

'I should be happy to do justice to your ale, my friend, but really I am so fatigued that I have wholly lost my appetite. Let my room, therefore, be got ready for my reception.—And harkee, Mr. Landlord,' added the stranger, in a grave stern tone, 'be sure you do not let me be disturbed on any pretence whatever. When wearied, as I am just now, I am apt to be restless at night; so if you should hear me stirring about my chamber, you will know the reason.'

'Oh certainly, sir. But if you'd try this little specific,'—here the landlord pointed to the *cwrrw*, 'I'd answer for your sleeping like a top.'

'Enough, enough, sir,' said the stranger, impatiently; go and do as I have desired you, and above all do not forget my warning.' And so saying, he motioned the man from the room.

Having seen his guest snugly ensconced in his dormitory, the landlord went into the kitchen, where his wife sat expecting him, and informed her of the stranger's orders, which, as might have been anticipated, set both on the *qui vive*.

'And pray what sort of a person may he be?' inquired the landlady, applying the jug to her lips.

'Why, a half-proudish, half civilish sort of a body—but quite the gentleman, though he does not take to my good ale. However, if he pays well for it—and I'm sure he must have money, he orders one about so—I'm not the man to quarrel with his tastes.'

'Nor I. But, for all that, David, it's as well to keep a sharp look-out—there's many a fine-dressed man with never a shilling in his pocket.'

'Right, dame; but the stranger's none of that sort, I'll swear, for he talks of coming to ilve among us.'

'Why, that certainly alters the case, David, and we can't be too civil to him, although he is such a queer body as to talk of walking about his room at night, merely because he is knocked up with fatigue.'

In this sort of conversation between the good dame and her yoke-fellow time wore away, until at length the black, tall kitchen clock striking eleven, and all being silent in the stranger's chamber, the couple gave up all further idea of watching, and marched off to bed.

Scarcely, however, had they got into their first nap, when they were roused by a quick tread in the chamber beside them, which was that wherein the stranger slept. The landlord was the first to hear the noise, and instantly jnmping out of bed, ran to the door, where he stood listening in a perfect fever of curiosity. For some minutes he heard nothing more than tramp—tramp—tramp across the floor, but presently there was a deep groan, followed by a piercing scream. Hastily awaking his wife, Boniface proceeded to dress himself; but before either could complete their toilet, another scream, louder than the former, rung through the house and in less than ten minutes the whole establishment, headed by the landlord, and tailed by the landlady, were halting at the stranger's door, uncertain whether to recede or advance. As, however, the groans still continued, and the poor man seemed in great pain, it was voted, *nem. con.*, that the door, which was but on the latch, should be opened; which was accordingly done, and the whole picturesque party poured like a torrent, into the room.

And here they witnessed a spectacle that might have appalled far bolder spirits. In the centre of the floor stood the stranger, who, it was manifest, had never undressed, with his arms extended, as if waving off some blasting object, his eyes fixed, his teeth clenched, his white, shivering lips apart, and his whole air and countenance that of a demoniac. For a brief space he appeared unconscious of the

presence of the intruders; but no sooner did he recognise them, than as if by magic, he became instantly cool and collected, and darting a fierce look on the landlord, asked him how he had dared disobey his injunctions; and, without waiting for his reply, rushed to the door for the purpose of ejecting the party, who, misinterpreting his abrupt movement, and taking for granted that he was a lunatic thirsting for their blood, did not wait to offer explanation or apology, but hurried, with a devil-take-the-hindmost unceremoniousness, to the staircase, down which they all plunged headlong, while the stranger, without deigning to take the slightest notice of their situation, cooly locked his door, and retired to rest.

The next morning when he came down to breakfast, the first thing he did was to ring for the landlord, and seeing the poor man's embarrassment, at once turned the conversation on the subject of the preceding night's interruption, observtng, with a forced effort at indifferencc—'Doubtless you must have fancied my behavior strange last night; but I warned you how liable I was to affections of this nature, and you should have been advised. The truth is, I was laboring under a violent spasmodic attack, to which I have been subject for years, and which always affects me according to the greater or less degree of fatigue I have undergone.'

'Well, come now, I am heartily glad to hear this,' replied honest David, brightening up, 'for, to say the truth, sir, my wife and myself had almost begun to think'——

'Sir, I beg in future you will confine your thoughts to your own affairs, and leave me to think of mine.' Then, putting on a more affable manner, the stranger added,—'You told me yesterday that a Mr. Evans was now in possession of the Manor-House; I shall be glad to have some talk with him on the subject, for as my health requires mountain air and strict seclusion, I do not see that I can do better than occupy the house in question.'

'Occupy!' said Boniface, 'why there are scarcely four habitable rooms in the whole building!'

'No matter for that, I require but little accommodation, for I am an old traveller, and have slept many a night on the bare ground before now.'

'Hem, a military man, I guess,' thought the landlord—'Well, just as your honor pleases.'

'Exactly so, my good friend, and as I am an enemy to all unnecessary delays, we will settle this matter at once. Be good enough, therefore, to inform Mr. Evans that I shall be glad to see him here this evening, and mean time I will just take a stroll out and inspect this ruin;' and accordingly after despatching a hasty breakfast, the stranger sauntered away in the direction of the Manor-House.

The morning was one that might have inspired even a stock-jobber; the air was fresh and perfumed with the breath of a thousand wild-flowers; the dews were streaming up from the valleys; the clouds rolling off like smoke from the mountains; birds singing; cattle lowing; ploughmen whistling merrily as they went slouching home to their breakfats, with their coats flung across their shoulders, and their swarthy hands passed ever and anon across their dripping brows; in a word, the spirit of universal cheerfulness lay soft and sunny upon earth.—But the stranger seemed in no mood to enjoy the freshness and laughter of this mercurial morning; by him the sights and sounds of nature were unheeded; and pursued his way, alone and thoughtfully, pausing only for an instant to kiss the ruddy cheek of a fine little boy who stood barefooted, at a cottage-door, playfully mocking the blythe tones of a blackbird that hung above him in a wicker cage.

A quarter of an hour's walk brought the stranger to the Manor-House, when, after halting to examine the building, as if to ascertain whether it were still fit to be tenanted, he hastened up the gradual hill that sloped downwards to the road in front, and tapping lightly at the parlor window—for the door had neither bell nor knocker—an old woman who was seated there at breakfast, came forth and gave him admittance.

The interior of the building did not belie the account which the landlord had given of it.—The hall was a place of call for the four winds of heaven; the floors, which were only half covered with a course, ragged deugget, creaked beneath the lightest tread; the windows were hung with dusty cobwebs, decked, like an anatomical museum, with innumerable skeletons of flies and spiders long since defunct; and the doors, whose hinges were rustier than the shield of Martinus Scriblerus, shook, when clapped to like a fat man in the cholic. Nor was the garden in the rear in much better condition.—Weeds usurped the place of flowers, and the rank grass grew even among the interstices of the paved stones in the yard; while a ditch, half mud half water, its surface dotted with tadpoles, went crawling and striking along at a snail's pace, dividing the garden from a patchy, half shaven meadow, on which a lean donkey, itself a ruin, was with difficulty picking up a subsistence.

The stranger, who was close followed by the old woman, surveyed this spectacle of decay with the painful interest it was so well calculated to excite, in a heart accessible only to the more sombre feelings—these feelings being not a little increased by the loquacity of the ancient dame, which he in vain endeavored to repress. When he had sufficiently inspected the lower part of the house, he ascended a 'most musical, most melancholy' staircase which brought him to the head of a gallery, along which ran a suite of four tolerable sized rooms. Pausing at the nearest of these, his attendant, thinking of course that he wished to enter, drew a bunch of keys from her pocket, and before he was aware of her design, flung the door open. This apartment was, if possible, in a still worse plight than even the lower ones: for the walls were dripping with damp, and full of cracks and crevices; the curtains, eaten into a thousand holes by moths, were silvered all over with their powdery plumage: and in the hearth, upon a few shavings, lay the corpse of a skinny, gray-whiskered rat, who had evidently died of that malady to which Grub Street is so peculiarly liable.

The stranger's eyes no sooner travelled over this room, than a violent shuddering came over him, and he instantly passed on, saying in a husky tone of voice, while he buttoned up his coat 'Shut the door, woman; the air of this apartment is quite chilling.'

'And no wonder, sir, for we seldom enter it. Indeed, I do not suppose that the door has been opened a dozen times since the death of Mr. Glendovery. Ah, sir, that was a sad business. Only think of a young gentleman dying of apoplexy, just when he was about to get married. Sad case, sir; warn't it?'

While the old woman was thus indulging her love of gossip, the stranger, on whom, as an invalid, the death-like chill of the Manor-House had operated with injurious effect, hurried away from her down stairs, and without waiting to be shown the more habitable parts of the building, made the best of his way back to the village.

In the evening, after dinner, Mr. Evans introduced himself. He was an off-hand, familiar young fellow, one of those officious busy-bodies who negligent of their own, are constantly prying into other people's affairs. He had been bred an attorney, which had sharpened a naturally acute intellect, but having been left a small competency by his father, just enough to enable him to take rank among the magistrates of the village, he had abandoned his legal pursuits, for that more congenial one of prowling about the neighborhood, and acquainting himself with the name, fortune, connections, and so forth, of every new comer. Yet though possessed by the demon of inquisitiveness, Evans was not without his redeeming points. He was frank, social, good-natured, and full of that tenacious bull-dog courage, which, with the majority, stands its possessor in the stead of nobler qualities. Moreover, he piqued himself on being 'a sturdy Briton,' one who stood up for the independence of his order, and had no idea of acknowledging a superior. His one favorite aphorism was 'an honest man's the noblest work of God,' which our sensitive publican never heard, without shifting about uneasily in his seat, and casting a sort of half-repentant glance at the scores on his slate, which hung above the kitchen door. In person, Evans was broad and bull-necked, with legs of the solidity of mile-stones, a nose that turned up like a fish-hook, and red, raw hands like a carrot.

Such a man was scarcely likely to render himself acceptable to one so reserved aad haughty as the stranger, who accordingly took a dislike to him at the very first glance. However, as he bid fair to serve his turn, he concealed his disgust, and at once entered upon the subject that had brought them together, by proposing forthwith to take up his abode at the Manor-House, to which the other,—though not without some surprise at the suddeness of the resolution—unhesitatingly acceded; aud the bargain being struck, the stranger was the very next day put into possession of the house, his travelling apparatus sent on to him from Swansea, and what few repairs aud articles of furniture he wanted, supplied to him by the auctioneer in a sequestered Welsh village, being always that most ordinary and commonplace of characters, a 'universal genius.'

Chapter III.

The stranger had now been nearly a month resident at the Manor-House, but so secluded were his habits, that little more was known of him than on the first day when he made his appearance in the village. The curiosity of the gossips was in consequence strongly excited, and frequent and searching were the questions put to his one female domestic by the landlord of the Castle; but though quite willing enough, the girl was unable to answer them; for during the day she saw little or nothing of her master, and at twilight, when she had set forth his scanty repast, she was invariably ejected, like the maid-servants from Commodore Trunnion's garrison.

Two facts, however, were ascertained—first, that his name was Dwarrys; and secondly, that though not rich, he was by no means deficient in the inestimable gifts of the pocket.—But beyond these points, the village could ascertain nothing—a disappointment which it took as much to heart as if a grievous insult had been put upon it. 'Who is this Great Unknown!' was now the incessant cry of the coterie at the Castle. In vain Evans set every engine to work to fathom the momentous mystery; in vain waylaid the stranger (for so I shall continue to call him) in his outgoings and his incomings; vin ain called at the Manor-House, under the pretence of suggesting such repairs as might be necessary for his better accommodation; and, on one occasion, went the extreme length of inviting him to dinner; his familiar advances were always coldly repulsed—an affront to his self-love which inspired him with an absolute hatred for the stranger.

Nor was this aversion confined to him alone. The whole village, more or less, partook of it, and in the bitterness of baffled curiosity, came to the conclusion that the stranger was no other than some broken-down *roue*, who had eloped from his creditors. Some even went so far as to assert that he was a felon broke loose from jail; while the sexton, who was a firm believer in supernatural existences, hinted his suspicions that he was a direct importation from Tophet. Ah, how severe is the penalty those must pay who affect to be above their neighbors! There is nothing in society so much resents as this. Crime may be forgiven, but not want of sympathy. To win the world's esteem, one must walk side by side with it, give in to its caprices, and view it from its own level; to stand coldly aloof, or look down on it from the fancied elevation of one's own mind, is to miority its self-conceit, and become the object of its special hostility.

Mean time, according to the best accounts that could be collected, the stranger's health fast declined. Yet he adopted no precautions to improve it, but let Nature take her course, careless apparently whither that course might tend. His sole amusement consisted in rambling by day about the most secluded spots in the district; and at nightfall, when the red lights were gleaming from the cottage windows, and the smith's anvil was silent, and the children's glad voices were hushed in sleep, he would sit for hours among the timbs in the churchyard, which few cared to pass after the bat had once commenced his circling flight round the grey spire.

I have said that the neighborhood was remarkable for its picturesque beauty. It was so, in a high degree, but one spot in particular, about two miles distant from the village, was unsurpassed in quiet unassuming loveliness by any scene in the principality. This was a small emerald-green valley, hemmed close round by sloping hills, which, in the summer season, shone a waving sea of golden blossoms, musical with bees, and redolent of perfume. Right through the centre of his little Temple, lapsed a pebbly brooklet with a clear tinkling sound, spanned by a wooden bridge, and turning a mill at the head of the valley, where stood one grey

moss-topped cottage, with a honeysuckle porch in front, opening on a small strip of a garden that served the double purpose of ornament and utility, one half being full of flowers, and the other of vegetables. Solitude lay on this sequestered nook like a dream; it was a resting-place for a troubled imagination—so still, so fresh, so cheerful!—and here accordingly the stranger would often come, and, as well as a nature which knew no May day would permit, surrender himself up to that calm subdued spirit of meditation which is so apt to steal over the mind, even when plunged in the depths of affliction. Here, in the mellow flush of evening, he would be seen by the miller and his young family on their return home reclined on the fresh sward by the brook, sometimes lost in placid reverie, but oftener wandering to and fro in that restless moody state which bespeaks a soul struggling to recover that peace which is gone for ever.

One day, when the stranger was leaning over the bridge gazing towards the airy far-stretching uplands that sentinelled this Arcadian valley, he was startled by a lively whistle, and looking round, discovered Evans with a fly-rod in his hand close at his elbow.

'Fine day this, Mr. Dwarrys,' said the attorney, with his usual blunt familiarity. The stranger coldly bowed, but made no answer.—'I did not know whether you are fond of fly-fishing,' continued the persevering attorney; 'but if so, you are welcome to a throw with my rod; the sewen rise uncommonly well hereabouts.' And he handed over his rod to the stranger, who, however, refused taking it, saying,—'I thank you, sir; but I am no angler.'

'Indeed!—humph—sorry for that—nothing like fishing to kill an idle hour or so.'

'Very likely, to those who have nothing better to do with themselves,' replied the stranger with a sneer; at the same time moving away from the bridge.

In an instant the attorney was after him.

'I beg pardon, Mr. Dwarrys; but——'

'But what, sir!' said the stranger, turning sharp rouud on him; 'my time is precious, and I have no desire to waste it in idle gossip.'

'I was merely going to observe, that as I was walking your way, perhaps we might walk together.'

'Sir,' replied the stranger, with difficulty suppressing the inclination he felt to knock down the busy-body, 'I can partly guess your motive for making this uncalled-for offer, and beg leave to decline it. You and I have met oftener than one at least of us desires; and if such annoyance is persisted in, I shall find some method for putting a stop to it. This neighborhood is quite wide enough for both, so there is no occasion for one to be constantly intruding himself into the other's presence.—Good morning, sir; I wish you success in your support.'

'The proud insolent upstart!' said the attorney, stung to the quick by this cavalier behavior. 'So he declines all my civilities—and with contempt, too! Well, he is the first who ever did so with impunity. Haughty as he is, I'll soon bring him to his level, or my name's not——. Damn this fly! it falls with such a splash into the water, that not a sewen will rise to it—and he thinks he has baffled me!—Good, but we'll soon see who is the shrewder of the two.' And hastily putting up his tackle, the attorney marched home, sputtering all the way like a roasted potatoe.

Chapter IV.

'And so the stranger refuses to have anything to say to you?' asked the landlord of Evans, as the latter gentleman concluded his account of the above interview, while seated one evening, in company with some of the magnates of the village, in the private room of the Castle; 'can't say I think the better of him for giving himself such airs; but what can you expect from a man who has never once ordered a bottle of my ale since he's been at the Manor-House?'

'Yes, and what's worse than that,' observed the apothecary, with an expression of face as bitter as his own physic, 'though he's dying by inches, as any one may see who looks at him, not a single summons have I yet had from him. But he's mad, poor gentleman, which accounts for all.'

'Not a doubt of it,' rejoined Boniface, 'for to say nothing of his extraordinary conduct here one night, I'm told he scarcely touches a mouthful from sunrise to sunset.'

'Frightful!' chimed in the curate, an oily little man, round as a beer barrel, with a hot copper nose and broad, moony face that hung out a flag of defiance to care; 'there is evidently something preying on his mind, for lights are often seen in his room at a time when all decent folks should be a-bed; and then he looks so black when one happens to meet him!—just for all the world, Doctor, like one of your patients after a week's physicing.'

'Uncommon odd!' observed the landlord, shaking his head mysteriously.

'But that's not all,' resumed the curate, 'for many a night has he been seen sitting alone upon a grave in the churchyard; and once, as I myself was passing the Manor-House on my way home after supping with the auctioneer, I heard such groans proceeding from the apartment which he inhabits, that if I had not luckily bethought me of a prayer or two, I'm convinced I should have died of fright. As it was, I was so shaken with agitation that when I got home I could scarcely stand.'

'Are you quite sure it was from agitation?' slily interposed the apothecary; 'there are many things besides fear which will account for a man's inability to stand after supper.'

'Poor gentleman, said the compassionate landlady, 'I've no doubt he's lost his wife, for nothing else could affect him so.'

Her husband looked as if he thought there were many more serious calamities in life than the loss of a wife, but as, like the best of us, he was considerably under the way of the petticoat, he did not give utterance to his thoughts.

While this conversation was going forward, the attorney remained in a state of sulky reverie, but the instant the curate talked of the churchyard he was all attention.

'I cannot conceive,' he said, 'what the fellow can want there. No good, I'll swear.'

'Perhaps he's a resurrectionist,' hinted the apothecary; 'the Caermarthen Journal says they're very much abroad just now.'

'I should not wonder,' said Evans, 'he looks exactly like one.'

At this instant a loud knocking was heard at the door.

'Hark,' said the landlord, 'what noise is that? Pray God it be not the stranger come to'——

Before he could complete the sentence the door was thrown violently back on its hinges, and in rushed the sexton, pale as a ghost, and spotted from head to foot with dirt, who, dropping into a chair, roared out with the lungs of a Boanerges, 'Oh Lord, oh Lord, I've seen the Devil!'

'The Devil!' faltered the landlord, 'my stars, only think!'

"And pray, where did you meet him?" asked Evans, laughing.

"In the churchyard; he started up from behind a tomb at the very moment as I was passing."

"Hah! indeed!" replied the attorney, with singular earnestness, "and what did he say?—What was he doing?"

The sexton, so soon as he had regained his composure by a hearty draught of *cwrrw*, hastened to gratify the company's curiosity; and in order that I may do the same with my readers, it is necessary that I should go back a few hours in my narrative.

There had been a fair held that morning in the neighboring little town of Llanurth, at which the sexton, who was also a bit of a farmer, had attended for the purpose of disposing of some of his farm-yard stock. Having accomplished the sale greatly to his satisfaction, he was about returning home, when he chanced to meet an old friend who lived within a stone's throw of the town, and who insisted on his finishing the evening with him, to which the sexton, having a few spare hours on hand, readily acceded. As is usual on such occasions, the *cwrrw*, to say nothing of the supplemental punch bowl, flew rapidly from hand to hand; and the conversation, after shifting about like a weather-cock, in April, at length settled down into a discussion on the well-accredited apparition of the "man without the head" (no very rare phenomenon), who had been again seen by deaf Dick, the drunken cobler, among the ruins of Cerrig-Cennan Castle. At the period to which this tale refers, the lower classes of Welsh were notorious for their faith in these local hobgoblinisms; and none more so than the sexton, who accordingly swallowed his friend's story with all the zeal of a devotee, repaying him with others of a like character, until the dropping of the sun behind the biforked Brecon Van warned him that it was time to return home.

The first part of his road lay through some low meadows to the rear of Llanurth, but the last and by far the largest portion across a wild tract of moor, which was seldom or never traversed after sunset. Now the worthy grave-digger, who was something of the timidest, had an instinctive horror of a solitary trip over a waste like this at such an hour, which the legends he had been listening to contributed not a little to strengthen; so he pursued his way across it with the same misgivings with which a schoolboy crosses a churchyard when the wind is at work among the tombs; striving to pluck up confidence by whistling a few bars of a sprightly tune, and halting every now and then to see if he could discover any belated traveller like himself, on whose company he might fasten himself. But all was perfect solitude—all too was silence, except the faint sluggish trickling of an unseen stream, or the moaning of the breeze over the unsheltered desert.

By the time that he had accomplished a third of his distance, the torches which sunset had lit up in the west, one by one went out, and the moor lay, far and wide, a black frowning mass before him; while the few stunted trees and masses of rock that were scattered sparingly about it, took strange and exaggerated forms in the gloom. As the good man hurried on his road, he chanced to stumble up against one of these dwarf oaks whose lower branches projected over the pathway; and fancying in his bewilderment that it was neither more nor less than a hobgoblin—peradventure the man without the head—who had started up to waylay him, he began, in the true professional spirit, to mutter the first words of the burial service; but finding that no further opposition was offered, he forced a faint laugh at his own weakness, and sped on, thumping his breast, and pulling his hat desperately over his brows, as if to say "Who's afraid?"

Scarcely, however, had he screwed his courage to the sticking point, when he saw, about thirty yards before him, a dim moving light—one of those *ignes fatui* which are so often seen playing on the surface of marshy grounds; but which, as a matter of course, he mistook for a corpse-candle eloped from a churchyard, for the express purpose of giving him a friendly hint that his hour was come. The faint rustling of the wind among the reeds that fringed this morass went far to confirm his conjecture, for, in his prepared ear, it sounded exactly like the whispering of unearthly voices. Here was a predicament! What should he do? How should he escape it? To go forward, would be to rush on his doom; to wait till the moon should rise—the guardian moon before whose blessed radiance all Welsh spirits make a point of vanishing—would be to wait for hours, chilled to the bone, and ague-stricken by the unwholesome dews; and as for going back and stopping out all night at Llanurth—what would his wife say? and as this idea flashed across the sexton's addled brains, there arose with it the vision of a lean, wizen-faced, shrewish old woman, seated alone, with looks as black as the night, by a cottage window at a supper table, on which lay, covered up between two plates, some eggs and bacon, quite spoiled—having been fried a full hour since—together with a hearth-broom, which the erysipelas-tempered dame, as ever and anon she turned her sleepy eyes towards the clock, clutched in a fist evidently accustomed to wield such a weapon with formidable effect.

This domestic vision terrified the perplexed sexton nearly as much as the warning light; even now, in fancy, he felt the hearth-broom anointing his shoulders, while, to consummate his sufferings, he found that the track which he had been hitherto pursuing was no longer discernible. The case being thus desperate, he allowed himself no further time for consideration, but struck off at once to the left—a direction which he knew could not take him very far out of his road—the moor being already more than half passed—and would enable him to steer clear of that ghastly glimmer which the Welsh peasant holds in such superstitious horror.—Unfortunately, however, this new track, after leading him through many a shallow marsh and steep rugged hollow, brought him out on the highest part of the moor—a long table-land, in

the centre of which stood a gibbet, whereon hung the skeleton of a smuggler who had long since been hung in chains. As the sexton, who was now perfectly acquainted with his locality, heard the sullen creak of the dry bones swinging in the wind, a new horror came over him; he made sure—so ever active and versatile is the imagination of fear—that the murderer's ghost was pursuing him, and this giving the last quickening impulse to his excited nerves, he bounded off at a desperate full gallop, never once daring to halt or look behind him, lest he might see the white shining skeleton face grinning over his shoulder.

Away like the wind he flew, slap-dash through brook, and fen, and ditch—ascending here, descending there—while the crafty mountain raven flew screaming above his head, with its dismal "cureq, cureq, cureq," as if it anticipated its prey, till he reached the edge of the moor, which led him past one or two intervening meadows into his own churchyard, at the entrance of the village. Here, one would suppose, the sexton would have felt quite at home; but no—his speed had increased his nervous apprehensions, and he rattled along the old avenue of yews with the swiftness of a hunted hare, stumbling over graves, and knocking his shins against head-stones, with a most irreverent feeling towards the *genius loci*. And now he is in the very middle of the churchyard, when suddenly, just as he is passing a particular tomb, "a gigantic figure, robed in a velvet pall, with horns on his head, flaming saucer eyes, and smelling strongly of sulphur"—so ran the good man's own account—started up, and stood full in his path. He had had no previous notice of this apparition—had heard no sound—it seemed to rise up at once out of the earth; and feeling persuaded, therefore, that it was the devil, he rushed roaring into the Castle, as being the nearest place of refuge he could find.

"Very odd!" said the landlord, handing over the jug of *cwrrw* to the sexton, by way of indemnifying him for his sufferings.

"Very," rejoined the attorney; who nevertheless had a pretty strong suspicion as to who was the apparition.

Scarcely had the dissyllable escaped his lips, when a dark figure passed across the window near where the gossips were seated. The shadow no sooner caught the sexton's eye, than turning towards it he exclaimed, relapsing into his former terrors, "There he is—there he is again." The company all started to their legs, and rushed to the window, just in time to see a tall black form, shrouded from head to foot in a mantle, sweep by it. The attorney recognised the figure in an instant. It was the stranger!

Chapter V.

About a week afterwards, Evans happened to be passing the churchyard, on his return home from a morning walk, when just as he reached the swing gate that leads into it, he caught sight of the sexton, who was digging a grave close beside the spot where he had been so much startled by the 'saucer eyes' and sulphurous exhalations of the stranger. Now, the attorney, as I have hinted before, was not the man to miss the opportunity of a quarter of an hour's gossip, so he forthwith joined the sexton, and after rallying him on his late panic—a sore subject, for the marks of the hearth-broom were yet visible on the good man's shoulders—and asking him if he had heard any more news about 'the old misanthrope of the Manor-House,' said, 'You seem hard worked, Master Thomas.'

'Yes,' replied the sexton, 'I have a good eight feet job before me. You remember Farmer Lewis, who lived up by the turnpike?'

'What, is he gone at last? Well, he's been a long time making up his mind about it.'

'Died last week.'

By the visitation of the Doctor, no doubt,' observed the attorney, with a knowing wink of his eye.

'He, he, he,! like enough.'

'But what does he want with an eight feet grave, hey, Master Thomas?' inquired Evans.

'That's his widow's look out. The old girl has given me orders to dig the grave as deep as possible, lest the resurrection-men should have him up again;' and humming a brisk air, the sexton resumed his labors.

'I say, Master Thomas,' continued the attorney, after watching his companion in silence for a few minutes 'ar'n't you digging too near that next grave?'

'Not a bit of it. Do you think I am no judge of distance? Besides, only look at the churchyard, and tell me where there's an inch of room to spare. Too near, indeed! Shows how much you know about grave-digging.'

But Evans was right; for after having dug to the depth of six feet and upwards, the sexton's spade went crashing against the side of the coffin in the adjacent grave, burst open its rotten boards, and sent the skull of its tenant right into the open space.

'Bravo,' said the attorney; 'I told you I was right.'

The mortified sexton made no reply, but stooped to pick up the skull; and glad of an opportunity to change the subject of conversation, said, 'Well, of all the skulls I ever yet had dealings with, never did I handle such a heavy one as this. What a thick head its owner must have had.'

'Ay, that's a malady very common hereabouts,' replied the attorney; 'And pray who was its owner?'

'I suppose you'll find his name on the tombstone.'

'You're right,' said Evans; 'here it is—"Hugh Glendovery, *obiit* A. D. 1770, *ætat* 25." Glendovery—Glendovery!' he added, after a moment's pause; 'why, that's the name of the young squire who lived up at the Manor-House, and was found dead of apoplexy one morning, as I have heard my father say.'

'Yes, sure,' rejoined the sexton, 'you ought to recollect the story well, for it was your father that purchased the house of the squire's brother; I'm sure I remember the young gentleman's death, for his was one of the first graves I ever dug. Ah, I can't dig now as I could then;' and he looked at his shrunken hands, and sighed.

'Give me the skull,' said Evans. 'Very heavy, certainly'—tossing it up as if it were a cricket ball—'uncommon heavy; but, halloo, halloo!—I say, Master Thomas, what, in God's name, is this? Why, here's a long rusty nail dropped out of the ear.'

'A what!' asked the sexton, gaping with astonishment, like a stranded haddock.

'A nail, man—a nail, half as long as a carving knife. No wonder the skull felt so weighty. Men are not born with nails in their ears—are they, Tom?'

'Not that I know of,' replied the sexton, who interpreted every thing that was said to him in the most literal matter-of-fact spirit.

'Then, depend on it, there's been foul play here. But I see it all'—added Evans, in a hurried voice, as a sudden thought struck him—'I see it all, Master Thomas. One brother died—the other went instantly abroad, supposed to have died there—perhaps not. Perhaps he may be living at this very moment; and if so, he would be just about the stranger's age. Singular, this never struck me before! I ought to have suspected something wrong, from the fellow's fondness for that old house—his constant visits to the churchyard, his gloom, his temper, and, above all, his dislike to associate with honest folks. However, I'm satisfied now!'

'Bless my soul!' exclaimed the astounded grave digger, 'who'd have thought it? But, do you really think there's murder in the case?'

'Certain of it, Master Thomas. But no matter; for the present, mum's the word.—Good bye. The affair will be cleared up soon.—A proud sulky brute!—but I have him in my clutches now,' and so saying, Evans restored the nail to its hiding-place, and putting the skull into his pocket, hurried off, while the sexton remained behind, standing, not "like the statue that enchants the world," but leaning half stupified on his spade, like one who is himself enchanted.

That same evening a slow firm step ascended the crazy staircase of the Manor-House. The stranger, who had heard the hall door—which was usually left merely on the latch after sunset, it being by day that he most apprehended the visits of his officious neighbours—open and shut again with a clang that rung through the whole building, at first imagined that it was the servant taking her departure for the night, but soon the footsteps drew nearer, and ere he could recover from his surprise at such an unexpected intrusion, the door flew wide open, and the attorney stood before him.

'Insolent!' exclaimed the stranger, advancing towards the intruder with a haughty menacing aspect; 'What means this visit? Have I not already warned you?'

'Softly—softly,' replied the unabashed attorney, casting a shrewd glance at his tenant's emaciated figure; 'I am not the man to be frightened by a few hard words. My errand here is one of justice. Mark me, sir, of justice—and, storm and bluster as you may, you shall not prevent me from discharging my duty. No, no, Mr. Glendovery.'

'Glendovery" faltered the stranger, quailing beneath the searching gaze of Evans; 'what do you mean, sir? My name is Dwarrys.'

'I care not what it is now. My busines concerns what it was eighteen years ago. Doubtless, sir, you remember that about that period your'—

'I do—I do,' said the conscience-stricken man, flinging his clenched hands above his head, and staggering as if he had been shot; 'he died a natural death. Who dares say he did not?'

'I said nothing about a natural death, sir.'

'No—no; nor I either. But my thoughts are troubled. I scarce know what I am saying.'

'I can account for your agitation, Mr. Glendovery,' said the attorney, with an ironical smile.

'Villain! repeat but that word again, and, by the God above us, I lay you dead at my feet.' And, snatching up a pistol from the table, the stranger presented it at the attorney's head.—'Now, sir,' he added, 'dare but to breathe but one syllable of that detested name again, and I send this bullet through your skull.'

'Hah, indeed!' exclaimed Evans, at the same time drawing out the skull from his pocket, and holding it up full in the stranger's face—'fire, then! It will not be your first murder!'

A loud piercing yell burst from the stranger, as he beheld this ghastly memento. The pistol dropped from him, and staggering to the table, he buried his face in his hands, and groaned as if his every limb and muscle were convulsed and quivering on the rack.

'So!' muttered Evans to himself, as he beheld this spectacle of heart-rending agony—'so! that shaft has struck home, I think. He will scarcely raise his head again;—no, pride has got a fall, and a devil of a fall it is. But, mercy on us! who could have supposed such a thing possible? A murderer! The murderer of his own brother! Horrible! Yet, curse me if I can help feeling for him after all,' continued the good-natured fellow, as, his first burst of exultation having subsided, a kindlier spirit came over him: 'I hated him while he affected the superior, and treated me as if I were so much dirt beneath his feet; but now that he is helpless and in my power—now that one word from me can clap the hangman's rope about his neck, curse me if I think I shall be able to bring myself to pronounce it. Were he in sound health, I would do so without a moment's hesitation; but he is dying—dying as fast as man can die; broken-hearted, too, and suffering the torments of the damned; and I'm not the man to shorten the few hours he has left him. I know, I feel—I ought to act otherwise, but I was always a soft-natured fool;' then, addressing himself to the stranger, he added, 'Mr. Glen—Dwarrys, I mean—Pray sir, be composed; it is ill grieving for what can't be remedied. Poor fellow, he hears me not; well, it can't be helped—but, from my soul, I pity him.'

It is easy to pity those who no longer have it in their power to affect our interests, or wound our self-love. In the majority of cases, pity is but contempt with its sharp edge taken off—a flattering conviction of our strength and our adversary's weakness; of our triumph, and his humiliation.

'Pity!' said the stranger, harping on Evans' last words, and staring wildly about him, 'who talks of pity? Pity for a convicted murderer! Nay, never start, man, as if you had only just now discovered that I was an assassin. Could you not see "fratricide" branded on my brow? Why, my own glass has shown it to me daily these eighteen years past!'

As he said these words, his eye happened to fall on the yellow mouldering skull which Evans still retained in his hand. 'Hah!' he continued, 'that fiend's face again! Grinning, too, and from malice! Away with it, sir, away; the very sight chills me to the bone;' and wresting it from the attorney's grasp, he dashed it on the floor, and with the frenzied rage of one possessed, ground it to atoms beneath his tread.

But this paroxysm was too violent to last long; and in a few minutes, as if ashamed of such an outbreak in the presence of the man whom of all others he had most detested, he observed in a more placid tone, with something of his usual hauteur, 'I am not apt to be thus un-

manned, Mr. Evans, but your discovery of the dreadful secret which I had hoped would have been buried with me in that grave to which I am fast hastening, has called up recollections which it maddens me even to think of. I ask not when, or by what means, you made this discovery; enough for me to know that you have made it, and that in revenge for fancied affronts, you have resolved on denouncing me to the world. Speak, sir, is it not so?'

'Such was my intention,' said the attorney, 'but—but—nay, d—n it, what's the use of mincing matters?—in one word, then, Mr. Glen—Dwarrys, I mean—I am at this moment in, what you call, a predicament. Duty pulls me one way, humanity another. Duty says, "give him to justice;" humanity, "leave him to himself, for his days are already numbered;" and I much fear—that is to say, I am quite positive, that humanity will get the better of me.'

While the attorney thus spoke, the stranger kept his eye fixed on him with an expression of mixed surprise and distrust. At length, after a pause, during which he walked up and down the room, as if he were endeavoring to force himself to some decisive line of conduct, he said, 'I appreciate your forbearance, sir, and will prove to you that I am not wholly unworthy of it. As yet you know but one part of my secret—the nature of the crime committed; you are yet to learn the extent of the provocation received. Listen then to what I am going to say. Return to this house to-morrow night, when I will acquaint you, fully and unreservedly, with the whole sad story of my life—'twill be a dreadful task, but what penance is too severe for a wretch like me?—that after my death, should you ever recall me to your mind, you may remember me as one who, great as was his crime, deserved rather your compassion than abhorrence. Will you agree to my proposal?'

The attorney hesitated, for the stranger's manner, especially the emphatic, and half-sneering way in which he pronounced the word 'compassion,' struck him with distrust.

'What, are you afraid?' exclaimed the stranger, mistaking the cause of his hesitation.

'No,' replied Evans, indignantly, 'I never yet feared mortal man, least of all, a'—then checking himself, he added, 'I will agree to your proposal.'

'And you will swear till to-morrow night to preserve the strictest secrecy?'

'I will.'

'Then farewell, sir, till to-morrow night.'

'I don't half like his manner,' said Evans, as he closed the hall door, 'for there's a something in the wild glare of his eyes that convinces me he's half-cracked at times. Well, I must be on my guard; these moon-struck fellows have all the craft of the devil about them. Egad, if he's no care for his own life, I have for mine; so caution's the word. Let me see; how shall I proceed? I have it,' he added, after a brief interval of cogitation; 'now, if he means me foul play he shall find I am his match. One must not suffer for one's good nature.'

[*Remainder in next number.*]

FRANKNESS.

There is one kind of frankness which is the result of perfect unsuspiciousness, and which requires a measure of ignorance of the world and of life; this kind appeals to our generosity and tenderness. There is another, which is the frankness of a strong but pure mind, acquainted with life, clear in its discrimination, and upright in its intentions, yet above disguise or concealment; this kind excites respect and awe. The first seems to proceed simply from impulse; the second from impulse and reflection united. The first proceeds in a measure from ignorance; the second from knowledge. The first is born from an undoubting confidence in *others;* the second from a virtuous and well grounded reliance on *one's self.*

Now, if you suppose this is the beginning of a sermon, or a fourth of July oration you are very much mistaken: though I must confess, it hath rather an uncertain sound. I merely prefaced it to a little sketch of character, and which you may look at if you please, though I am not sure that you will like it.

Alice Ray was one of those beings whose communications are an index to her heart—whose conversation faithfully mirrored her inmost soul. She uttered a hundred things that you would conceal, and spoke them with that dignified assurance, that made you wonder that you had ever hesitated to say them yourself.—Nor did this unreservedness appear like the weakness of one who *could not* conceal, or a determination to make war on the forms of society. It was rather a calm, well guarded integrity, regulated by a just sense of propriety—knowing when to be silent, but speaking the truth when she spoke at all.

Her extraordinary frankness often beguiled superficial observers into supposing themselves fully acquainted with her real character, long before they were; as the beautiful transparency of some lakes is said to deceive the eye as to their depth; yet the longer you knew her, the more variety and compass of character appeared through the same transparent medium.

But you may just visit Miss Alice for half an hour to night and judge for yourselves. You may walk into that little parlor. There is Miss Alice on that sofa, sewing a pair of lace sleeves into a satin dress—in which peculiar angelic employment she may persevere until we have finished another little sketch.

So you see that pretty little lady, with sparkling eyes, elastic form, and beautiful hand and foot that is sitting opposite to her? She is a belle; the character is written in her face—it dimples in her smile, and pervades the whole woman.

But there, Alice has risen, and has gone to the mirror, and is arranging the finest auburn hair in the world, in the most tasteful manner. The little lady watches every motion as comically as a kitten would watch a pin ball.

"It is all vain to deny it, Alice—you are really auxious to *look pretty* this evening," said she.

"I certainly am," said Alice quietly.

"Ay, and hope you shall please Mr. A. and Mr. B." said the little accusing angel.

"Certainly I do," said Alice, as she twisted her fingers in a beautiful curl.

"Well, I would not tell it, Alice, if I did,' said the belle.

"Then you should not ask me," said Alice.

"I *declare!* Alice!"

"And what do you declare?"

"I never saw such a girl as you are."

"Very likely," said Alice, stooping to pick up a pin.

"Well, for my part," said the little lady, "I would never take any pains to make any body like me—*particularly* a gentleman."

"I would," said Alice, "if they would not love me without."

"Why Alice! I should not think you were so fond of admiration."

"I like to be admired very much," said Alice, returning to the sofa, "and I suppose every body else does."

"I don't care about admiration," said the little lady, 'I would be as satisfied that people should'nt like me as that they should.'

"Then, cousin, I think it's a pity we all like you so well," said Alice with a good humored smile. 'If Miss Alice had penetration, she never made a severe use of it."

"But really, cousin," said the little lady, "I should not think such a girl as you would think about dress or admiration, and all that"

"I don't know what kind of a girl you think I am," said Alice, 'but for my own part I only pretend to be a *common human being*, and am not ashamed of common human *feelings.* If God has made us so that we love admiration, why should we not honestly say so? I love it, *you* love it, and every body loves it;—and why should not every body say so?

"Why, yes," said the little lady, 'I suppose every body has a —— has a —— *general* love of admiration. I am willing to acknowledge that —— that I have; but" ——

"But you have no love for it in particular," said Alice, 'I suppose you mean to say; that is just the way the matter is disposed of. Every body is willing to acknowledge a *general* wish for the good opinion of others; but half of the world are ashamed to own it when it comes to a particular case. Now, I have made up my mind, that if it is correct in general, it is correct in particular, and I mean to own it both ways."

"But some how it seems mean!" said the little lady.

"It is mean to *live* for it, to be selfishly engrossed in it; but not mean to enjoy it when it comes, or even to *seek* it, if we neglect no higher interest in doing so. All that God *made* us to feel, is dignified and pure, unless we pervert it."

"But Alice, I never heard any one speak out so frankly."

"Almost all that is innocent and natural may be spoken out; and as for that which is not innocent and natural, it ought not even to be thought."

"But can every thing be spoken which may be thought?"

"No, we have an instinct which teaches to be silent sometimes, but if we speak at all let it be done in simplicity and sincerity."

"Now, for instance, Alice," said the lady, 'it is very innocent and natural, as you say, to think this, that and the other thing of yourself, especially when every body is telling you of it; now would you speak the truth if any one asked you on this point?"

"If it were a person who had a right to ask, and if it were a proper time and place, I would,' said Alice.

"Well then," said the bright lady, 'I ask you Alice, in this very proper time and place, do you think that you are handsome?"

"Now I suppose you expect me to make a courtesy to every chair in the room, before I answer, but dispensing with that ceremony, I will tell you fairly—I think I *am.*"

"Do you think you are *good?*"

"Not entirely."

"Well, but don't you think that you are better than most people?"

"As far as I can tell, I think I am better than most people; but really, cousin, I don't trust my own judgment in this matter," said Alice.

"Well, Alice, one more question. Do you think that James Martyrs likes you or me best?"

"I do not know."

"I did not ask you what you *knew*, but what you *thought*," said the lady, "you must have some thought about it."

"Well then, I *think* that he likes me best," said Alice.

Just then the door opened and in walked the identical James Martyrs. Alice blushed—looked a little comical, and continued on with her sewing, while the lady began:

"Really James, I wish you had come a minute sooner to hear Alice's confessions."

"What has she confessed?" said James.

"Why that she is handsomer and better than most folks."

"That's nothing to be ashamed of," said James.

"Oh! that's not all—she whants to look pretty and loves to be admired, and all"—

"It sounds very much like her," said James, looking at Alice.

"Oh, but besides that" said the lady, "she has been preaching a discourse in justification of vanity and self-love."

"And the next time you shall take notes when I preach" said Alice, "for I do not think your memory is remarkable happy."

"You see, James," said the lady, "that Alice makes it a point to say *exactly the truth*, when she speaks at all; and I've been puzzling her with questions. I really wish you would ask her some, and see what she will say. But, mercy! there is uncle C—— come to take me to ride." And off flew the little humming bird, leaving James and Alice, tete-a-tete.

"There is really one question," said James clearing his voice.

Alice looked up.

"There is one question, Alice, which I wish you would answer.

Alice did not enquire what the question was, but began to look very solemn; and just then I went out of the room, and shut the door; and so I never knew what it was that Alice's friend, James, wanted to be enlightened about.

There are two important eras in the life of a woman—one when she wonders whom she will have, and the other when she wonders who will have her.

Good.—In Augusta a man cannot advertise his wife, without paying the printer five dollars in advance.

We knew a fellow who once fancied himself a *jackass.* The beauty of it was he was not much mistaken.—*Cin. News.*

Truth.—The graceful pride of truth knows no extremes, and preserves in every latitude of life the right angled character of man.

There is a man in Kentucky so tall that he has to stoop down to hear it thunder.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1838.

"*Allice, or the Mysteries.*"—This long-looked for, anxiously expected, and deeply interesting "*sequel,*" has made its appearance at last. The HARPERS have thrown it through the Press with steam power velocity—as usual—and it is already pushing its way into every part of the country, upon the wings of the wind. It will be caught up, and read, with avidity, by every one who has admired the beauties, or censured the faults, of "*Ernest Maltravers.*" For say what we will of BULWER—censure him for his apparent skepticism—or rebuke him for his careless morality—there is a sublimity—a *witchery*—about his writings, which are irresistably attracting. No one ever reads him once, who does not seek a repetition of the pleasure.—Though sometimes wearisome, he is never revolting. If there be an occasional cloud in the horizon of his literature, the lustre of its thousand sun-beams hide it from the vision. The *laxity* of "*Ernest Maltravers*" is infinitely over-balanced by the *sternness* of "*the mysteries.*"

They are for sale at the bookstores of NICHOLS & WILSON, and WM. ALLING.

Mr. Bulwer's Allice.—Continuation of Ernest Maltravers.—This is the same Alice of whom all the world has read in the much criticised Ernest Maltravers; and the novel to which she gives a name, is in fact the continuation and sequel of that entertaining history. Although thus put forward in the title page, Mistress Allice Darvill is not in fact the heroine—but hold; we must not prematurely lift the veil that overhangs the "mysteries." Enough to say that for all who choose to unravel them, they need be mysterious no longer. Thanks to the swift presses of the Harpers, the fortunes of Alice and of Ernest, and of all whom the creative fancy of the novelist has linked with them in fortune or adventure, are now on record and speeding through the land in two neatly duodecimos. Our business is simply to announce the fact, and thus do we perform it.—*Express.*

Although not a wonderfully novel loving community, it must be confessed that this "*supplement*" of Mr. BULWER is looked for here with no little impatience. We are glad, therefore, to know that as soon as steam and tow-line can bring it on, it will be placed upon the shelves of NICHOLS & WILSON.

☞ The curious will find something to laugh at and admire, in an EASY CHAIR, invented by Mr. B. F. Hays, and now being exhibited in the Arcade Hall. The mere sight of it is sufficient to drive off the head-ache, rheumatism or gout; and once seated in it, Bunyan's pilgrim would find it about as difficult to keep off Morpheus as he did in the arbor where he lost his scroll.

Early Radishes.—Trough the politeness of DENNIS WOOD, gardener for W. WHITNEY, Esq., we were favored yesterday with a bunch of excellent radishes. The seed was sown on the 6th inst. making only twenty days from the time of their planting to their perfection. We do not know why Mr. WOOD is not entitled to the gardener's palm.

The following was written in a diary, at the Falls of Niagara, on a visit in July, 1836:

"*Origin of the Falls of Niagara.*—Once upon a time, (the date of which is non recorded,) the three rival gods, Jupiter, Pluto and Neptune, desirous of evincing their superiority over each other, resolved to prove their power by the magnitude of their operations—when Jupiter built Olympus, to frighten the world with his thunder. Pluto set fire to Mount Etna; and Neptune, with a dash of his trident, made the Cataract of Niagara."

THE MAY QUEEN.

Who has not often in their youthful days read of the delights of a May party? 'Tis an old custom which has come down to us from former generations. On the 1st day of May the youthful portion of every village left the din of business, and the household duties, to retire to the open fields to crown the fairest of their fair, and enjoy the balmy breeze and pluck the vernal flower. Is there not a nice bit of romance about all this? The custom is from England, where the climate on the first of May is more favorable to woodland excursions and rural feasts than in our own country. He is a heartless being who has not romance enough about him to be able to enjoy himself in such excursions; or, if he has never been present at any, to be pleased with proceedings, which fancy can make known to him. Suppose a beautiful sun bursts from the horizon, on a lovely day in spring. The air is fresh, and all around, the fields and hills, the flocks and herds, partake of its freshness There comes a group of youthful ones, the gay the beautiful and good, mingled in one deep mass. And one above the rest has now a crown upon her head, made of the fresh flowers of the field; she walks with steady gait, and in dignity surpasses all, which just becomes a Queen. On they go, until they have reached the village grove, where already is fixed a throne of cedar and of ivy green. A May-pole is placed in the ground, covered on every side with evergreens and wreaths of the most beautiful of nature's flowers. Here they stop, and when their fairest ladies are placed before the throne, amidst a burst of applause from every side, they crown their queen, and proclaim themselves her loyal subjects. Congratulations follow—after that, the day is spent in dances and in rural games. While some are engaged in this way, others leave the joyous group, and two by two they wander forth to enjoy the sweets of each other's company. In all this, now, is there not a bit of romance suited to draw forth the smiles and render joyous the heart of every one?

This same custom, although not generally known in this country, has been for many years in use in our city. When Rochester was but a village, and business had not yet encroached upon the beautiful fields which once added beauty to our Falls, our youth were wont to proceed thither on the 1st of May, to crown the Queen of the year. But now we are obliged to leave all these our rural scenes, and celebrate our holiday within narrow walls of brick and stone. Here, however, all our pleasure is not removed. We have found that a rural feast may yet be enjoyed. Yesterday the festive day arrived. The day was beautiful. The calm breeze of morning and the clear sky seemed to produce a smile upon the features of every one, and brought fresh energy to all. Such a day would have been delightful to spend in the open fields; but alas! the weather has been so severe this spring, that no flowers would have crossed our path, nor would we have found the leaves and grass green enough to form a pleasant walk. But we did enjoy ourselves, and we did celebrate again this ancient holiday. For several days previous, some of our youth were busily engaged in preparing for the approaching festival. At 8 o'clock, last evening, we assembled at a large hall on Fi zhugh street, where were indeed a joyous company. The room was decorated with wreaths of evergreen. At the head of the room the throne was stationed, on which was placed a sofa for the queen with her maids of honor. The room was thronged with the gay and beautiful. On every side shone the bright eyes of maidens, whose countenances were rendered brilliant by the joy which reigned within their breasts. Soon it was announced—"The Queen is coming." The eyes of all were turned towards her. As she advanced, the company parted on either side, and watched her graceful step, her beauty, and her lofty mien. Supported by her maids of honor, she stood at the foot of the throne, while a song from twenty sweet voices rose above the whispering noise, which had arisen on every side. They swore allegiance to her royal highness, and begged her to be courteous and kind to all her subjects. At the close she kneeled upon a stool, when her right-hand maid placed a crown of flowers upon her head, and she was thus created Queen. She then ascended the throne, and congratulations and kisses ensued. The evening passed quickly off. I cannot, however, finish this description without mentioning the table, which was spread with all the good things we could then desire. The appearance displayed not a little taste in those who arranged it. But the crowd was so dense that—I cannot say that there was no pleasure in it; for—every one seemed laughing at his neighbor.

With many other entertainments, midnight had nearly arrived before we were aware. Soon after the company dispersed to their homes. Thus we have kept our festival. And I trust that this holiday may ever be celebrated by our youth. Some, perhaps, object to this celebration, thinking that it may instil in the minds of the young a love of monarchy again. But to those we would reply that, although we live in a land of freedom, we still like our Queen. And if all monarchs were so kind and courteous as our Queen of May, we would perhaps prefer one to our present administration. I would add to the young men and ladies of our city, never give up this joyous custom. As you love your city, your own pleasure, and good old customs, celebrate it every year. CHI.

May 2, 1838.

Proofs of Love.—While Lady Charlotte Bury's new novel, "was in press, the following was handed about as a note from the author to the printer:—

"Dear Sir—How comes it that I have had no proofs of Love from you, since last Saturday? I have waited with the utmost impatience.

"Yours, &c., C. B."

As good a story as that of the piece of music—"One kind kiss before we part"—for which a lady inquired at a music store in Philadelphia. The music had not been received in Philadelphia, when the inquiry was made, nor had the clerk heard of it. The lady, too, had made her purchases, and was retiring, when, suddenly turning round, she said—"Oh, I forgot—"One kind kiss before we part." No sooner said than done. The handsome-looking clerk sprang over the counter, and before the lady could explain, he had imparted a kiss to her sweet lips, with a smack that might have been heard much farther than it was.—*Com. Adv.*

A Cloven foot.—In one of the interior counties of Louisiana, on the 13th ultimo, one J. A Foot, a gambler, had his skull cloven in twain by a Bowie knife in the hands of a Mr. Foster.

Finn's Latest.—"If the licence law passes, why will the tavern signs be like tomb stones? Because they will record departed spirits!"

Mr. Simeon *Block*, a down-easter, has been presented by his wife with *three* little *chips*.

☞ New subscribers can be furnished with the back numbers of this volume. A few copies of previous volumes, bound, for sale.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.

TO MY BROTHER.

Oh! tender ties, how lightly spoken
By those, who feel them fond, unbroken;
The sweet companionship, the many joys of home,
By those whom destiny decrees shall never roam:

There father, mother—reverenc'd names—ye blend,
With brother, sister, daughter, son and friend;
And by your fire-sides gather comforts warm,
Smiling at misery's relentless storm.

Fav'rites of fortune! heaven more truly so—
With brows devoid of care, and hearts of wo;
Most worthily your grateful prayers ascend,
Above, where dwells your Guardian and Friend.

* * * * * * *

The grave! the grave—it swallows up the past,
The tender parents in its silence lost;
The hopes, the bliss, the joys of coming years,
And leaves the orphan heritage of tears.

Where are they? 'tis a mournful fate to wear,
And time makes not the burden less to bear:
Where are they? King of terrors! speak and own!
Show some remorse for deeds thy hand hath done.

Pale messenger of fate—I wait my doom!
For why delay, when I am all alone?
"Last of my race!" the red man plaintive grieves,
I've seen them fall around, like autumn leaves.

A solace yet remains—not wholly reft
Am I—thou still art left;
My brother! hand in hand we'll rove,
The earth holds not for us a greater love
Than each bears to the other—absent one,
I trust thy pilgrimage is nearly done,
When we shall meet again—no more to part—
And love fraternal bind us heart to heart:

Like the linked pair* capricious nature tied,
With life-enduring bands—thus, side by side,
We'll walk, till summoned to another scene,
And the pale tyrant drops the veil between!

March 18, 1838. THERESA C*****.

* Siamese twins.

Written for the Gem.

TO AUGUSTA ——

How little did we ever dream
Of dwelling on *this* shore;
Or that this soft and pearly stream
Should course along *our* door.

Yet years of pain it might redeem,
So sweet its music spake,
To hear the gently rippling stream
When mingling with the lake,

Whose crystal waters, sweetly blue,
Shone as with diamonds bright;
Its pebbles seen, as if they'd been
Robed in a ray of light.

The placid lake, so pure, so still,
Seemed all that's "bright and fair;"
And then the moon, when at its full,
Cast shadows—lovely there.

How oft we sought that shady nook,
And rambled through the glade—
Resting beside the gurgling brook,
Amid the deep'ning shade.

And then we climb'd its time-worn steep,
And scaled the mountain top,
Where grape vines and the ivy creep,
The lofty oak their prop;

Then linger'd in the cedar grove,
To watch the sun's last ray—
The streaks of light that flash above,
Painting the clouds so gay.

And we had there *one* fav'rite spot,
Which branches interlace;
With these thy brother formed a grot
That any scene might grace;

Or rather bower—for it was made
Of tendrils intertwined;
Its carpet was the grass o'erlaid
With flowers of every kind:

Its scenery—the cloud-capp'd hill,
The lake so broad and fair:
Its music was the birds' sweet trill,
Its fragrance—perfumed air:

Its canopy—cerulean blue,
Its light—the light of heaven;
In freshness, like the mountain dew
By earth to morning given.

And here he chose his rustic seat—
A choice that well combined
The grand, the rural, and the sweet,
And spoke a taste refined.

As much I love it for his sake
As for its beauties rare;
Association still may make
The fairest scene more fair.

For never did the morning sun
Rise o'er a happier fane;
The family links were formed in one—
One bright continuous chain.

And may we form again above
In that still brighter sphere,
And meet—a family of love,
Where there is shed no tear:

Where happiness will never fade,
Where "golden harps" are strung;
Where countless worlds are open laid,
And sweetest anthems sung.

M.

LOCO-FOCO MUSINGS.

CANTO XIV.

I give thee all, I can no more,
Tho' poor the offering be.—*Old Song.*

Farewell, deceiving Love! Queen of Despair,
I worship thee no more—my love is mute;
Thy home's in the Hesperian Gardens, where
The yawning dragons watch the golden fruit.
The lady of my love is gone, and I
Sing to her vanish'd charms this farewell sigh:

A starry lustre sparkled through the pale
And pensive beauty of her cheeks, and shone
Like summer rose-buds gleaming through a veil
Of drifted snow. With deep, dark blushes thrown
Over their colors, they resembled showers
Of modest violets blended with red flowers.

Her eye was bright, and dazzling, blue, and clear,
As the blue sky when filled with Northern Lights;
Her *other* eye had vanish'd from its sphere—
Like the lost Pleiade it had left its heights;
And this was—(I don't think it very bad)—
The *only* one deformity she had.

I tried to get her; but her thoughtful mother
Said, 'No!'—her father said, 'it wouldn't do;'
And when she spoke of marrying—her brother,
Her grandmother and uncle all said, '*whew!*'
Then fading love fled from her 'damask cheek,'
And my voice sunk so low I couldn't speak.

But finally her parents said that they
Would let me have her if my wealth would range
Above a *million!*—All my wealth was a
Small purse containing sixpence in *small change;*
And so I lost her. If my sixpence could
Have bought a gun, I'd shot myself—I would!

Young Love lost all his beauty as he spoke
To ugly Venus, when he saw her rise
Out of the ocean. Since wild Cupid broke
The thunderbolts of Jupiter with sighs,
He's broken hearts—and broken hearts are blanks
In life—as bad as notes on broken banks.

CALLIOPE & CO.

We published some time since from the Christian Register, a letter from a young orphan girl, inquiring for information respecting her absent father. It was accompanied by some remarks from the editor of that paper, in which he suggested that "the circumstance would afford an admirable theme for Mrs. Sigourney's sweet muse." That suggestion having been communicated to her, she immediately complied, and the following beautiful stanzas, full of sweetness and pathos, were sent to that paper for publication.—*Buff. Jour.*

From the Christian Register.

THE CHILD IN SEARCH OF HER FATHER.

They say I was but four years old,
When father went away,
Yet I have never seen his face,
Since that sad, parting day.
He went where brighter flow'rets grow,
Beneath Virginia skies;
Dear teacher, show me on your map
Where that far country lies.

I begg'd him, 'Father, do not go!
For since my mother died
I love no one so well as you'—
And clinging to his side,
The tears came gushing down my cheeks
Until my eyes were dim;
Some were in sorrow for the dead,
And some in love for him.

He knelt and prayed of God above,
'My little daughter spare;
And till we both shall meet again,
Oh keep her in thy care.'
He does not come!—I watch for him,
At evening twilight gray,
Till every shadow wears his shape,
Along the grassy way.

I muse, and listen all alone,
When stormy winds are high;
And think I hear his tender tone,
And call, but no reply:
And so I've done these four long years,
Within a lonely home;
Yet every dream of hope is vain—
Why don't my father come?

Father—dear father, are you sick
Upon a stranger shore?—
Grandmother says it must be so—
O write to us once more;
And let your little daughter come,
To smooth your restless bed,
And hold the cordial to your lips,
And press your aching head.

Alas! I fear me he is dead—
Who will my trouble share?
Or tell me where his form is laid,
And let me travel there?
My mother's tomb I love to sit
Where the green branches wave—
Good people! help an orphan child
To find her father's grave.

THE OAK TREE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Sing for the Oak Tree,
The monarch of the wood;
Sing for the Oak Tree,
That groweth green and good;
That groweth broad and branching,
Within the forest shade;
That groweth now, and yet shall grow,
When we are lowly laid!

The Oak Tree was an acorn once,
And fell upon the earth;
And sun and showers nourished it,
And gave the Oak Tree birth.
The little sprouting Oak Tree!
Two leaves it had at first,
Till sun and showers had nourished it,
Then out the branches burst.

The little sapling Oak Tree!
Its root was like a thread,
Till the kindly earth had nourished it,
Then out it freely spread;
On this side and on that side
It grapples with the ground,
And in the ancient, rifted rock,
Its firmest footing found.

The winds came, and the rain fell;
The gusty tempests blew;
All, all were friends to the Oak Tree,
And stronger yet it grew.
The boy that saw the acorn fall,
He feeble grew and grey;
But the Oak was still a thriving tree,
And strengthened every day!

Four centuries grows the Oak Tree,
Nor does its verdure fail;
Its heart is like the iron wood,
Its bark like plated mail:
Now cut us down the Oak Tree,
The monarch of the wood;
And of its timbers stout and strong
We'll build a vessel good.

The Oak Tree of the forest,
Both east and west shall fly;
And the blessings of a thousand lands
Upon our ship shall lie!
For she shall not be a man-of-war,
Nor a pirate shall she be;
But a noble, Christian merchant ship,
To sail upon the sea.

From the New-York American.

THE PARTING.—A FRAGMENT.

* * * * * * *

'Like Indian dart through azure sky—
As swallow o'er the lea—
As dove on homeward wing doth fly,
Return, return to me!'

'The arrow's mark is known above,
The dart directed flies—
Nor *sparrow falls*, nor speeds the dove
Unwatch'd, that homeward hies.

'Fear not; doubt not; one brooding care
Is not for me, for thee;
HE careth; and with thee to share
Ev'n grief, is joy to me.

'In absence, present; distance, near;
In sorrow, joy; grief, love;
One hope, one joy, one sorrow here,
One life in realms above.

'As dove on homeward wing doth fly—
As swallow o'er the lea—
Like Indian dart through azure sky
We shall return to thee!'

* * * * * * *

The pilot calls; the longing sail
Circles the favoring wind;
The waves *give voice;* freshens the gale;
One, one is left behind!

Now fades the bark from love's long sight,
That one hath left the shore;
Oh, sickly seems the bright day light,
And home is—home no more!

There, memory shoots like Indian dart—
There, broken thoughts are driven
Across the sea of Woman's heart—
There's but one place where souls ne'er part—
GOD smil'd, and nam'd it HEAVEN!

JOHN WATERS.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

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MISCELLANY.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE.

[Concluded from page 74.]

CHAPTER VI.

But a few hours had elapsed since the circumstances mentioned in the last chapter, yet what a change had that brief period wrought in the stranger's appearance! His cheeks were drawn in; his white, clammy forehead seemed as though the impress of the grave was on it; there was a strange, unnatural light in his dilated eye; and his voice trembled from suppressed emotion. Evans found him, as before, seated alone at a table, on which a lamp barely emitted glimmer enough to show the cheerless condition of the half-furnished apartment. As he entered, the stranger rose, and grasping him by the arm, said, 'Are we alone in this house?'

'Yes.'

'And no one tracked you here, nor knows aught of the subject of our last night's conference?'

'I have not breathed a syllable about it to a single human being.'

'I thought I heard a footstep on the lawn under the window,' said the stranger—so apprehensive an ear has conscience.

''Tis merely the wind; the night threatens a storm.'

'Then 'tis the fitter for me to say what I have to say. Now listen,' continued the stranger, 'and be your feelings what they may, be sure you do not interrupt me. Should you see me excited—maddened even with the recollections you have yourself called up—take no heed, for the fit will soon pass off,' and so saying, with a determined effort at self-composure, the stranger commenced as follows:—

'My name, as you have but too truly surmised, is Glendovery, and I was born in this very house. My mother died in giving me birth. I have been told that she was a cold, reserved, imperious woman; and that I resembled her as closely in character as in countenance—a circumstance to which I attribute my father's early dislike to me, for his marriage having been one of convenience, not love, was consequently a most unhappy one. My oldest recollections can carry me back to no one act of kindness shown me by my father, who lavished all his affections on my elder brother—a jovial, mettlesome young fellow, cast, like himself, in the rudest mould, and as selfish as those are apt to be, who from their very cradle have recognized no will but their own.

'In due time we were both sent to school at Caermarthen, where my brother soon became a favorite, for commonplace joined with animal spirits is ever popular. He was foremost in every frolic, and I was rendered perpetually uneasy by the comparisons which our play-mates were always instituting between him and me. I could not—say rather, I would not—join in their pursuits; I could not sympathize or exchange minds with them; but lived moodily apart in a world of my own, like a hermit in his lone cell, conscious of possessing faculties superior to the herd with whom I was daily brought into contact. These faculties I invigorated by hard study, though my reading, sooth to say, was desultory, and chiefly of that sort which quickens the fancy and calls forth the passions, rather than feeds and disciplines the judgment. Yet ever study, which you would suppose would have been my blessing, proved only an added source of annoyance. My school-master, like most provincial pedagogues, was a conceited ignoramus—a mixture of the pedant, the despot, and the sycophant, who had no notion of boys presuming to get on without his help or acquire other knowledge than he could furnish them with; consequently he was always venting his spleen in contemptuous allusions to my genius, which he did with the greater relish, from having accidentally made the discovery that my brother was the favorite son.

'The first serious shock my feelings ever received was on my return home for the midsummer holidays. The excitement of the journey, and the utter change of scene from the dull discipline of a school, to the comparative freedom of home, had kindled all my more social feelings; and when I entered my father's presence, it was with my heart in my eyes, and my hands eagerly stretched out to receive his cordial grasp. And how was I welcomed? Not with positive unkindness, but worse—far worse—with quiet apathy. He coldly held out his hand, with the expression of a hope that "school had improved my temper;" while for my brother he reserved his warmest greetings—his sunniest smiles. Well do I remember the bitterness of that moment! I quitted the room with affected unconcern, but no sooner did I reach my chamber, than all my pride gave way, and I burst into a passion of tears. When we met again at dinner, I endeavored to appear indifferent, as if my feelings had sustained no blow; but the very effort only rendered me more embarrassed; and that which was sheer sensibility, was of course attributed to sulkiness. Ah, if parents would but bear in mind that they never check a generous feeling in their children but they quicken the growth of a bad one, how much shame, and guilt, and anguish, would human nature be spared!

'About the period of my nineteenth year my father died, and true to his predilections, left his whole fortune—which, by the by, was not much—to my elder brother. Here was a blow to all my prospects! True, my father had expressed a wish in his will that a decent provision should be made for me; but this was optional with my brother; and I could not therefore but feel that I was become that most abject of animals—a poor relation, without the means of rescuing myself from my condition. My education could not avail me. It was any thing but practical; but even had it been otherwise, so completely had my own moody nature, aggravated by the neglect of those who should have been my best friends, built up a wall of circumvallation between me and general society, that I had not the remotest possibility of being able to avail myself of such acquirements as I possessed.

'A few months after my father's death, the whole internal economy of our household was changed. The old man, with all his faults, had always been hospitable, but experience had taught him to temper discretion with liberality. With my brother, it was otherwise. He was a reckless spendthrift. The house was now filled with fellows after his own heart—strollers, poachers, small farmers, and the like—brawny, hard-drinking, bullet-headed vagabonds, who aped the vices of the squirearchy, without imbibing a tithe of their redeeming qualities. I would not herd with creeping things like these, and constant were the disputes between my brother and myself in consequence. I was too proud—he said, in his coarse, blustering manner—I thought myself too good for them, whereas there was not one among them all who was not twice as rich—aye, and twice as clever too as myself. What was I fit for? Could I throw a line, or spear an otter—or shoe my own horse—or make my own flies? Not a bit of it. Why then did I give myself such airs?

'Led by this example, my brother's companions made a point of treating me, not with downright insult—for the ruffians had just tact enough to see that there was a strong spice of the devil in my nature—but with petty, indirect incivilities, till one evening, when, contrary to my wont, I was seated at table with them, one of the squad, half-drunk, insulted me so grossly, that I rose from my seat, and felled the brute to earth. The whole party was of course in arms. My brother stormed and swore, but satisfied with my revenge, I let him sputter on as he pleased, and next day the thing was passed off as a drunken frolic, though not without increasing the estrangement between Hugh and myself.

'A circumstance occurred about this time that deepened that estrangement to hatred, at least on my part. During my school-days, I had formed one of those fanciful attachments, which boys are so apt to give way to, for a young girl, the only daughter and heiress of a widow of some property at Caermarthen, who had been acquainted with my mother, and at whose house I was a welcome guest whenever a half-holiday allowed me to visit there. This acquaintance I kept up long after my final return home, and would often cheer my flagging spirits by looking forward to a union with Charlotte Lewis, whose mother, if she did not absolutely favor, did not disapprove my advances. But my father's will soon dispelled this dream, for no sooner did Mrs. Lewis, who was a shrewd, worldly woman, become acquainted with it, than she gradually weaned her daughter from my society. My brother had some suspicion of this, but never dreamed of substituting himself, until the embarrassments in which he was now plunged compelled him to turn his thoughts to matrimony.

'Such was his position, when, at a race-ball at Caermarthen, he happened to meet Charlotte Lewis, whom he had not seen since he left school. He was struck with her beauty, fascinated by her sprightliness: and being received by the mother as elder brothers usually are on such occasions, proposed at once, and was accepted. Did the weight of my indignation fall on the girl for this act of arch coquetry? No; her loss I could have borne, for I had long since found out that she was a mere simpering boarding-school automaton—one of those pretty patterns of commonplace, who dance, sing, paint flowers in albums, and languish over the sugary sentimentalities of love tales to convince themselves that they have a heart—but I could not bear my brother's triumph. It was here the shaft rankled. Again he stood between me and the sunshine. Was it not enough that he had stripped me of my fortune, but he must make even hope itself a bankrupt? Gentler natures might put up with such repeated provocations, but I would not; and in the frenzy of my wrath vowed a deadly revenge. Bear witness, ye moving imps, who nightly in the thick darkness make your visible presence felt, how sternly I have kept my word!

'All was now arranged for the marriage, which was to take place within the week. My brother was in high spirits at the idea—so much as to bear himself with something like courtesy towards me; and I, duly to keep up appearances, met his advances half way. We had always indeed managed to keep our differences a secret from the neighborhood—he from sheer indifference, and I from that habit of dissimulation which a long course of ill treatment had taught me; and I was now to reap the benefit of my reserve.

'The evening but one preceding the wedding, as I was seated alone in the drawing-room, my brother burst in, flushed with wine, full of wild glee, but at the same time in that feverish, unbalanced state of mind, which the slightest contradiction is sufficient to stimulate to fury.

'"Huzza, huzza!" said he, drawing his chair

to the table; "give me joy, brother; all's right—the lawyers have settled every thing, and in two days Charlotte Lewis will be—now, don't look so savage, Ned. If the girl prefers me to you, it's not my fault; besides we can't have every thing our own way, you know"—and he eyed me, as I imagined, with a sneer of deliberate malice.

'I was stung to the quick by his look, but made no reply.

'"Come, come, Ned; don't be jealous, but try, for once in your life, to put on a smiling face. Let us see if a glass of wine won't cheer you. Come, you shall drink my health—not a word—by God you shall; I'll have no skulks to-night."

'In vain I remonstrated, by telling him that he had already had more than enough; he would take no excuse—so to prevent exposing myself by a premature quarrel, I gave in to his caprices.

'No sooner had the servant placed the wine on the table, than my brother drank off two glasses in rapid succession; and then pushing the bottle towards me, said, "Now, Ned, my boy, fill up—no heel taps; I know you're a sly dog, but—capital! that's well toss'd off; so, fill again, to the brim—to the brim, for I'm going to propose a toast."

'"And I am ready to do every justice to it, provided," I added—for I half apprehended its import, "it be nothing objectionable."

'"Objectionable! Who talks of objection here? Am I not master in my own house?' and putting on an air of drunken authority, he rose from his seat, and holding up his bumper, exclaimed, "Charlotte Lewis!"

'"Damn her," said I, indignantly, turning down my glass; "never!"

'"Why, you—you—you—beggar!" roared my brother, trembling and stuttering with rage; "do you refuse?"

'"Hah, beggar! Is it come to this?"

'"Yes, beggar! Are you not dependent on me for every thing you have in the world, even to the very coat on your back?"

'"Mean, blustering poltroon, is it for you to boast of the advantages which luck alone has given you? Had our common father done justice to us both, you would never have dared to offer me this insult. But beware, brother, it is easier to raise the devil than to allay him."

'"What, do you threaten too? Take that," and staggering across the table, the ruffian aimed a blow at my head, which for the moment almost stunned me.

'My first impulse was to rush on him and tear him to atoms—for I felt as if he would have been a mere reed in my grasp—but in an instant I had recovered my self-possession, and giving him a look that pierced him even through the thick fencings of his drunkenness, left the apartment, as tranquilly to all external appearance as if no dispute had taken place between us.

'Night was now drawing on—a black, sultry night, charged with storm—a night when the murderer wakes to count the leaden hours, while conscience thunders in his ear like the trump of doom. How the wind sang through the old walnut trees! The owl too kept whooping from the grey belfry, and as I paced alone across the lawn, methought I heard a brother's death-knell in her whoop. Did I strive to dispel this idea? Not so. I hugged it to my bosom with all the force of a conviction. To be scorned—pitied—treated as a monial—trampled on as a beggar—ay, "beggar" was the very phrase he used!—struck too—a Glendovery struck, and by his own?—but no, it cannot be, for he is already dead, "Poor fellow," I added, with bitter irony, anticipating my revenge, "how still he lies! Fie, brother, bestir yourself; your bride is at the altar. Alas, he hears me not! That blow has struck home to more hearts than one."

'As I re-entered the house, I met one of the servants, who, struck I suppose with my air, said, "What ails you, Master Edward?"

'"Nothing—nothing," I replied carelessly, "but poor Hugh, I fear, will ail something to-morrow, for I never saw him so intoxicated."

'"Ay, the old story; I have just left him fast asleep on the sofa; pity he did not take your advice, and let well alone; one would have thought his last attack of apoplexy would have made him more cautious; but, I say, wern't you both quarrelling a short while since?"

'"Quarrelling! No! laughing—shouting—singing—Oh, we had a rare half hour of it."

'"Yes, that I'll be sworn you had; but I must not stand gossiping here, for I've got to go down to the farrier's about your brother's bay colt; so, good night, Master Ned, good night," and off went the old man.

'No sooner was he gone, than I crept up into my own room, where the very first object on which my eyes fell—as I live, sir, 'tis the fact!—was a long, sharp pointed nail which lay glittering in the middle of the floor—the portrait of my grandfather which it had upheld having been taken down by my desire that very morning, in order that the dusty frame might be cleaned. The instant I caught sight of this nail, I stood as one spell-bound. How came it there? who placed it there? No matter; there it was. The devil never deserts his friends at a pinch.

'A murder was once perpetrated in Cornwall by similar means. 'Twas years since I had read the narrative, but now it flashed vividly across my recollection with all its details, even down to the minute circumstance of the assassin's knocking off the brass head of the nail for the more effectual purpose of concealment.

''Twas a bright idea, but crime is ever fertile in expedients.

'Hark, what sound is that? Fool, 'tis but the wind; and crawling, meekly, slowly, step by step—as a beggar should do—with my head turned, now to one side, and now to the other, I stooped and picked up the nail. It had a strange feel, and as I pressed its sharp point against my finger, I felt as if I were dallying with the fangs of a viper.

'The hammer which had dislodged the instrument from the wall, still lay on one of the chairs. "Why, this is better still," said I, and clutching it with a hurried grasp, while at the same time, like my prototype in guilt, I knocked off the brass head of the nail, I hid both beneath my coat, and stole down stairs into the room where Hugh still lay sleeping. A lamp stood on the table, lighting up his flushed features. I moved towards the sofa, firm of purpose, yet trembling, nevertheless, like an aspen-leaf, when, just as I was within a yard of my victim, I heard voices at the door, and flew instantly for concealment behind the long flowing curtains.

'"Had we not better wake him?" said one of the servants; "he may have another fit else," at the same time laying his hand on the door-handle.

'"No," said another, "he does not like to be disturbed; better let him wake at his own hour," and so saying, the speakers retired in the direction of the kitchen.

'I waited till I had heard the last sound of their retreating tread, and then emerging from my hiding-place, bent over the sleeper's body. All was now hushed as death, except the mouse shrilly shrieking behind the wainscot; and as I gazed on the doomed man buried in such deep repose, the recollection of the still deeper one in which I was about to plunge him, struck to my heart, and, for the moment, I half repented of my design. But that taunt—that blow too—that cursed blow—no, no, these were stains only to be wiped out by blood.

'While I thus stood, resolute, yet still procrastinating, my victim happened to mutter in a scornful tone of voice, blended with laughter, the word "beggar."

'This taunt extinguished the last lingering spark of pity in my breast. I was now no longer a man, but a demon. Do you see me glaring, like a hungry tiger, on my victim? Do you see me steal crouching towards him? Now, now, I am stooping right above his head. The nail is at his ear! Hark, do you not hear the fierce, sudden strokes of the hammer—how the sharp iron goes crashing and grinding through the skull, right into the very centre of the brain? 'Twas bravely done; was it not? And how he stared! My God, how he stared! A hideous convulsion shook him from head to foot; the blood surged upwards to his eyes—his lips—his brow—his ears—every where but to that one, well-concealed little wound that let out life; he heaved a long, thrilling sigh; then lay stretched a corpse before me!

'And *here*, in this very room, where we now sit face to face—at this very hour—nay, in this very spot,' continued the murderer, a strange expression of half-smothered fright whitening his countenance, 'was that deed perpetrated! Can you wonder, then, that I do constant penance here?' Then, breaking into an hysterical laugh—'Penance! hah! hah! Well may hell's vaults ring with laughter at such mockery!

'No sooner was my revenge consummated, than all the stormy passions of my nature at once subsided, and remorse usurped their place. Oh, the horror of those returning moments of humanity! I slunk up stairs to bed, but not to sleep—no, not to sleep; my imagination was on the rack; my brain whirled round like a mill-wheel; I felt that I was on the verge of madness.

'In this state, with a burning sense of suffocation besides, as if some bony, skeleton fingers were clutching at my throat, I flew for relief to the window. But this only aggravated my torments. Ghastly shapes seemed careering in mid-air; the atmosphere smelt of blood; and a voice, heard far above the sounding, organ-like roll of the thunder, demanded my brother at my hands. Conscience-stricken I returned to my couch, where I lay cowering beneath the clothes, wishing each hour might be my last. Once in my agony I clasped my hands in prayer, but scarcely had I muttered a few indistinct words, when a low mocking laugh rung in my ear, and close beside me stood—my brother! What, was I indeed no murderer? I looked again. The shape was gone. Gone! Oh no; brothers should stick close to each other, and mine never quits—ah, 'tis there again! Away, pale shade, away!' And staring wildly about him, the stranger waved off some form that seemed hovering at his elbow.

Evans was too much shocked to say a word. The murderer's narrative seemed absolutely to have frozen his blood.

'Mr. Glendovery,' he at length stammered out, 'for God's sake, sir, be'——

'Glendovery! Who calls Glendovery? My name is Cain. Look here—here'—dashing his double fists against his forehead—'see, the name is written here, traced in burning characters by God's own hand'——

'Pray, sir, I entreat—I implore you, be composed'——

'Again! that voice again! Ah! too well I know that voice! I have heard it in the still moonlight; amid storm and calm; by day and night; on land and sea; and yet once more—oh, my brain—my brain!'

The wretched man here made a pause, his self-control, which, with the stern energy peculiar to his character, he had managed to keep in tolerable check up to this moment, having now wholly deserted him. He covered his face with his spread hands, while his fingers worked, and his shoulders heaved, as if under the influence of an epileptic fit. In a briefer space, however, than would have been supposed, the convulsion passed off, and motioning Evans—who was again beginning to offer consolation—to silence, he resumed, in a more tranquil tone, as follows:

Chapter VII.

"I pass by the discovery, with all the circumstances concerned with it, of my brother's death; enough to state that it was attributed to apoplexy, brought on by habitual intemperance, and that the bitter agony I testified on the occasion was charitably laid to the score of my fraternal affection.

"On the day after the funeral, at which, had the slightest suspicion existed, I should infallibly have betrayed myself, I sent for your father, and on the pretext that excess of grief would not allow me to continue longer in a scene fraught with such heart-rending recollections, I disposed of the Manor-House and the few remaining acres attached to it for little more than half the value, and just waiting till the transfer was completed, posted off for the metropolis, with the firm intention of never again setting foot in the principality.

"Arrived in London, I plunged in every species of dissipation. But in vain. Nothing had power to allay the settled fever of my mind. In the midst of society I was perpetually haunted by an apprehension of discovery; not a random glance was directed towards me but I fancied a shrewd signification lurked beneath it; the laugh and the jest rung in my ears like an insult; reserve alarmed me; frankness seemed a snare to draw me out; in short, I felt safe only when alone,—yet when alone, I was most miserable, for then the spectre Memory came stalking forth among the haunted ruins of my mind; and hope, fancy, feeling, all that lends sunshine to life, and wings to time, drooped and died beneath her frown.

"Thus restless and despair-stricken, I flew for refuge to travel; but after wandering over a considerable portion of the continent, and still finding no respite from remorse, I gave up all further idea of struggling with my destiny, and settled on the banks of the Lake of Constance.

"Here, for three long monotonous years, I lived the life of a solitary. Society was offered

me, but I rejected the proferred boon with disgust, preferring rather the companionship of my own thoughts, cheerless as these were, and dark as was the cloud they threw around my prospects. Occasionally, in my more tranquil moments, which, like birds of passage, visited me for a brief space, then were again on the wing, I would begile my solitude by study, and thus awhile divert my mind from the contemplation of that last resource of the hopeless—suicide. The time, however, was at hand when the misanthropist was to be humanized—you stare, sir, as if that, in my case, were impossible, but 'tis even so—the lost soul to be brought within the cheering influences of hope; my intellectual identity to be no longer recognizable; and the first words of kindness which I have ever heard from the lips of human being, to draw forth feelings which I scarcely knew I possessed.

"Towards the close of my third year's residence at Constance, an old French officer, with his only daughter, came to reside in the neighbourhood. They were retired, unassuming people, partial, like myself, to solitude. Many an evening I used to encounter them in my rambles along the picturesque borders of the lake, on which occasions he would exchange a few courteous commonplaces, cordial enough on the part of Colonel Delabre, and after a time for I was slow to admit even the most distant approach to acquaintance—by no means insincere on mine.

"It was impossible, indeed, for me not to take an interest in my new neighbours, for the father was a gentleman in the most comprehensive sense of the term; and the daughter, so far at least as appearances could help me to a conclusion, and of the gentelest and purest of her sex. How shall I describe the refined qualities of her mind, or the faultless beauty of her countenance? The latter was full of witchery in every prase of its expression. At times I persuaded myself that she looked most lovely when most serious; but then she would smile, and shake conviction by that new fascination.—Her eyes were Madonna-like in their meek character; her sunny, chestnut tresses, luxuriant as the tendrils of the vine; her figure all grace and airiness; and she had the buoyant, elastic tread of a young Dryad. And then her voice! so clear, so sweet, so like the soft breathings of a flute heard across the waters on a still summer evening—even now it rings, and will ring for ever, in memory. Yet hers were not the charms that take your fancy by storm, and awe you into instant idolatry, but those rather which win their gradual way by the absence of all pretension, which to see once may be perhaps to forget, but to become familiar with, is ever after to enshrine in your heart of hearts.

"Reserved, ascetic as I was—hating myself, and as a necessary consequence, hating others—maddened, too, by the recollection of Charlotte Lewis, from whom I had formed my estimate of woman—still it was not in my power to keep up a repellant demeanor whenever in the course of my daily strolls I met the Delarbes. Sympathy is as great a help to friendship as to love, and there was a warmth in the manner of my neighbours that convinced me they were aware I was unhappy, and would fain render me otherwise. Yet they did not introduce their sensibilities. It was by their looks, the tones of their voices, and the frankness of their greetings, that I discovered I held no mean place in their esteem.

"And so months rolled on, each day drawing us insensibly closer and closer together, until at length I became a visitor at their cottage.—From this period I began to be an altered, though not yet happy, man. No, happiness was still but a dim figure on the extreme horizon; but in her stead came a serene, thoughtful melancholy, for which, as it was unusual in one of my age, I felt it necessary to allege some reason. When therefore, I became intimate with the Delarbes, I accounted for my gloom, by stating that I had unfortunately killed a friend in a duel, which had entailed on me the necessity of flying the country. The colonel heard my statement with indifference, for among military men affairs of honor are almost matters of course; but his daughter I feared, would have received it with far different feelings. But no; she was affected with the apparent intensity of my remorse; and with the usual disposition of woman to put the most generous construction on the errors of those whom they admit to their esteem, made a thousand excuses for my conduct, fully persuaded herself, from what she already knew of my character—she knew, poor girl!—that I was more sinned against than sinning in the affair.

"How humanizing is the influence of a beautiful and virtuous woman! The society of Marie almost reconciled me to myself. We were constantly together, now strolling along the green, lawny slopes, bosky dells, and flower-bedropt meadows of Constance; now through its quaint, old-fashioned town; and now sailing over the ample bosom of its lake; sometimes accompanied by Colonel Delarbe, but far oftener without him, until hope, long dormant, ventured to put forth a few timid shoots in my breast, and suggest to me the probability of this sweet communion enduring through life.

"Within a short day's journey of the Lake of Constance lie the mineral baths of Pfeffer, situated in the heart of a mountanous district and half-way up a deep, black glen, walled in on either side by a lofty range of perpendicular rocks. These baths constitute the 'lion' of the neighborhood; of course, therefore, I could not be a resident at Constance and not visit them—so it was arranged one day that the Delarbes and myself should go and explore their romantic site. We did so, and were well rewarded for our curiosity, for the bath is a strange, uncouth pile of buildings, hollowed out of the solid rock, chill, damp, and looking a very Tartarus in its gloom. When we had sufficiently examined this architectural phenonenon, we proceeded to explore the source of the mineral springs, which is an exploit by no means unaccompanied by danger, for you have first to cross a rickety bridge, and then to scramble along a plank hardly more than ten inches wide, and from five to six hundred yards in length, that runs along the edge of the precipice; below which, at an awful depth, the river goes thundering in a succession of snowy cataracts, while, above, the rocks meet overhead at a height of upwards of two hundred feet. On reaching this plank, which leads direct into the cavern whence the springs issue, Marie, who with her father was close behind, implored me not to venture farther; but I would not be prevailed on, and accordingly made my way across, while she remained on the bridge, by trembling watching my progress. As I was returning, and was within a few feet of my companions, my brain, bewildered by the stunning sound of water, grew dizzy; I tottered, reeled like a drunkard, and should infallibly have been precipitated headlong into the Archerontic abyss, had not the intreped girl rushed forward at the hazard of her life, seized me by the arm, and drawn me safely on the bridge.

"This heroic proof of devotedness decided my conduct, and within a month from that day Marie and I were married, on which occasion I disposed of my own cottage and removed to Colonel Delarbe's more commodious one. And now for the first time in my life I began to get cheering glimpses of happiness. Hope, like the sun-flower, darted a golden flash of light across my path. I took new views of men and things. The very face of nature was transfiguered. The wind no longer sang a dirge in my ear; the stream, as it flowed past, no longer reminded me of joys passed too, never to return; its music was now attuned to a blythe strain, and health sported, like a Naiad, on the bosom of its breezy waters. And wherefore this strange revolution in my mind? Because Love, not Despair, was the telescope through which I looked abroad upon nature. Wherever I went, this divine spirit went with me. She pillowed on my bosom at night; she cheered me through the livelong day; she raised up the fallen humanity within me; hallowing, beautifying, and shedding a glory over all things by her presence. Oh, happy—happy days! Where are ye now; and where and what am I? Where is that radient look which, ever when the dark hour came over me, could smile away the shadow from my brow, and fill its place with sunshine? Where are those soft pleading eyes which for thirteen years never turned toward me but in love? Where is that sweet—liquid—silvery voice; where that fairy figure, whose every attitude was the soul of grace? Gone—all gone—never to be heard or seen again save in dreams!

"I now hurry over a lapse of eight years, during which period I enjoped as much repose of mind as was compatible with my nature, devoting my attention chiefly to the education of my only child—a fine, auburn haired boy, fresh as the morning, and rosy as the sun-turned cheek of a peach; the very image of his mother, both in person and disposition. In this darling child far more than my own youth seemed renewed. He was the pledge of my redemption—the bow of promise hung out in heaven to warn me that the stormiest portion of my life was past. His grand-father, who died the year after my marriage, had left him a competency when he should be of age, so that I was freed from all apprehension on this score, and could look forward to the time when he should become the main stay of my declining years. Never were spirits so elastic—laugh so joyous, as this dear child's. His very footstep—ah, what music is superior to the approaching tread of one we love?—would come growing on my ear like some jocund melody, or die away, as it retreated, like a faint knell. During my daily walks, for I was an indefatigable pedestrian, he was my constant companion; and as he went bounding by my side, prattling, as this life were one long holiday, and filling my whole soul with shunshine, my very heart went down on its knees to Heaven for having vouchsafed me such a blessing. Often, for hours together, would I sit and watch him from our cottage window as he chased the butterfly across the lawn, or counted the white shining sails upon the lake; and when in the evening he knelt down at his mother's feet, with his little hands clasped in prayer, and his laughing eyes with difficulty subdued to gravity, I began to indulge a conviction that for his dear sake I should in time be pardoned.

"One of his favorite amusements was to accompany me in my sailing-boat across the lake. To this, however, I would sometimes object, but with little effect, for he would take no denial, and I had not the heart to refuse him. Late one autumnal afternoon when he was seated beside his mother, looking over a small volume of prints which she was explaining to him, he caught sight of me from the window as I was hurrying towards the lake, and bounding out of the room before Marie could stop him, came up with me just as I reached the spot where my boat was moored. The wind being light and regular, I allowed him to accompany me, and putting up a sail, we were soon carried far into the lake. After tacking about for an hour and upwards, I was preparing to return to land when before I was aware of it, the sail jibed, and my boy, who was shifting his seat at the moment, lost his balance, and was precipitated into the water. In an instant I plunged after him; caught him as he was sinking for the last time, and then with difficulty regained the boat, deposited my senseless burthen at the bottom, with his head on my coat; shook out every reef in the sail, and shot shore-ward with the speed of an arrow.

"On reaching home I sent off for a medical neighbor, by whose timely aid my darling was soon recovered; but, alas! about a week after the accident, we found his appetite begin to fail, and his laughing eye to grow dull, while a numbing leaden apathy succeeded his former vivacity.

"'Tis the scarlet fever he has got,' said the physician, in reply to our anxious inquires; 'nevertheless, there is no cause for apprehension, his constitution is in his favor; and in a few days, by good nursing, I have no doubt we shall bring him round.

"Accordingly by day and night Marie and myself held one long unbroken vigil by our child's bed-side, and never was child so patient—so grateful for our attention. Even when exhausted with pain he had still a languid smile for us; and when he saw me, overcome with apprehension, bury my head in the pillow, he would endeavor to raise himself, and flinging his arms about my neck, whisper he was sure he should soon be well.

"On the fifth day the fever had made such alarming progress that the physician warned me to prepare myself for the worst. Oh God. I could not—dared not do so. What, the pride of my manhood—the hope of my age—the main link of the chain that held me to existence—the loved and lovely boy in whose welfare two hearts were bound up;—what, this child go, and leave us behind? No, no—it could not be—I would not believe it.

"It was late in the evening, when we were keeping our usual watch by his pillow, that on waking from a short feverish doze, we saw our child's eye begin to wander. Delirium had

come on him, and he no longer knew us; though even in his ravings the words 'Papa'—'Mama' were constantly on his lips, My wife was the first to mark the change, which I no sooner saw than I flung myself on my knees beside the bed, and prayed in a paroxysm of agony that the bitter cup might pass away. 'Great God.' I cried, 'spare this child! If one must suffer, let me be the victim. I am the guilty one. On me then shower down all the vials of your wrath, but for his innocent mother's sake, spare, oh spare this child!' Vain prayer! The sluggish night crawled on—day broke—attained its meridian—and travelled westward—yet still no change. There he lay, wholly unconscious of who watched beside him, freshning his furred lips, and pressing him to their hearts of heart, as though death could never seize him in that embrace.

"The next day wore on, and still no change; but towards evening his delirium began visibly to abate, and when our medical friend called, he comforted us by the assurance, that if he had strength enough to bear up, he might possibly recover. In an instant——so excited had been our feelings—we sprang from despair to confidence; and in the wild glee of the moment, I insisted on Marie, who was now worn out with fatigue, taking a few hours' repose. With some reluctance she complied, and I sate up alone—no, not alone, for hope was with me, pouring balm into my troubled spirit.

"My boy, mean time, slept on, and I felt that such sweet slumber must be the harbinger of his recovery. Presently I saw him move, and the faint semblance of a smile light up his faded eye. Merciful powers! there was intelligence in his glance, and as I bent over him, the tears of gratitude dropping fast down my cheeks, he put out his pretty pouting lip, and whispered, 'Don't cry, 'Papa' I shall be better soon; and then, as if the effort were too much for him, sunk again into slumber.

"Oh, what a load was lifted from my mind when I beheld this encouraging symptom.—'Come,' said I, 'I too have earned the right of a few minutes' repose; I can afford to relax a little now,' and following Marie's example, I leaned back in my chair and slept. How pleasant was that sleep, brief though it was, and snatched from the depths of despair! I dreamed that it was a cool, fresh, spring morning, and that I was taking a walk with my darling through meadows fed by cheerful waters, on whose surface the green dragon-fly sported; and which no sooner caught the young rogue's eye, than, attracted by its glitter, he flew after it, ankle-deep in flowers, shouting and laughing with all the irresponsible glee of childhood, while the wind blew about his glossy ringlets, and health's ruddiest glow blushed on his sweet face. Proud was I to witness his happiness; proud to hear the neighbors, as we returned home to breakfast, congratulate me on his recovery; and proud—oh very proud!—to see his fine, dark, earnest eyes thank them eloquently for their kindness to 'Papa.'

"From this exhilerating dream I was roused by the loud scream of Marie. 'Edward, Edward,' she said wringing her hands in anguish—'look at our child! He does not stir! He does not even breathe! Can he be'——

"'Hush 'hush you silly girl, you will disturb him;, and I put my ear close to his mouth, to hear if I could catch even an indistinct respiration, while my wife rushed to the table, snatched up the candle, and held it over the features of the unawakened child. Long and earnestly she gazed; but, alas! without avail, for there was not the slightest movement; not so much as a single pulsation. He lay, like some exquisitely chiselled marble, with the ringlets thickly clustering on his wan, transparent brow; the heavy lids closed over his eyes, and a smile on his face, such as that which we see in the west, when the serene summer sun has just set. Driven to desperation by his perfect stillness, I shook him—raised up his head—called him wildly by his name. Still no stir. Still no symptoms of vitality. Marie could bear this no longer; and early as was the hour,—it was just but daybreak,—hurried off for the physician. Ah, long before she returned, the truth was but too well ascertained. My child was dead! Darling boy! He had died at the very moment when in dreams his father had restored him.—Yes, he through whose purer nature I had trusted to make atonement to society; he whom I had so proudly reared as a hostage for my future conduct; he who had just taught me what it was to be a parent; who had almost reconciled me to myself; and who, I had hoped, would have closed my own eyes;—he, that white soul without a stain; whose eye had never looked otherwise than as his artless nature prompted.—he.—the happy.—the beautiful—the affectionate.—was gone for ever.—Perhaps in his last agony he had awoke, and looked round for that heartless—heartless parent who lay indolently sleeping beside him.—Perhaps he had attempted to call on my name, and stretch out his feeble arms to give one parting embrace, but finding me not, had passed away into eternity, thinking himself deserted.—And the next day was his birth-day!—Man—man, were you ever a father?

"When my wife returned with the doctor, she found me, stretched, a raging lunatic, on the floor. I laughed—I shouted—I blasphemed—I invoked curses on myself and the whole world; and seizing the physician with the grasp of a lion, kept demanding him to surrender up my boy, till my strength failed, and I was carried senseless to bed.

"It was weeks before I fully regained my consciousness; but when I did awake, I awoke an altered man. My boy was gone; I had nothing henceforth to live for. True, my wife still survived but she could not be to me what she had once been. She could not fill up the void his loss had made in my heart. I loved her—dearly loved her—but my child was the object of my idolatry. I lived but in him. I had hope but through him. He had strengthened and confirmed all the noble sensibilities which his mother had first called forth; and his humanizing influence removed, my old sullen habits, having no longer any thing to divert them, came back, in the fuller force, that they had been so long dispelled.

"Though I strove as much as possible to repress these feelings, yet Marie soon discovered that I was a changed man, and even increased my moroseness, by the meek but mute upbraidings of her countenance. Often I caught her in tears, returning from the boy's grave, and on these occasions—strange as it may seem—a maudlin peevishness would steal over me, just as though I were jealous of a mother's affection for her son.

"But another feeling of a far worse character now began to steal over me. With the suspicion inseperable from guilt, I took into my head that during my delirium I had revealed that awful secret which I dared not even whisper to myself. When once this crossed my mind, it is astonishing how deep it struck its roots there. 'How grave,' said I, 'Marie looked this morning at breakfast! Methought, when she addressed me, there was something almost of sternness in her manner. There must be some cause for this,' and thus I went on tantalizing myself, attributing that to abhorrence on my wife's part, which, had not my mind been perverted, I should have known was the combined result of grief, and my own altered conduct towards her. Ah, when confidence between man and wife is once blighted, it never blossoms again! The transient franknesses that may spring up afterwards, are but as the scanty gleanings after the full harvest has been reaped.

"A whole year had now elapsed since my boy's death, and though still attached—how could it be otherwise?—to his mother, yet I had ceased to feel that deep, unreserved affection for her, which I had once felt. We were no longer *one*, but *two*. Never was man more wretched that I at this period, for the one bright episode in the story of my life having been brought to a close, my thoughts relapsed into their old channel, no longer dwelling with hope on the future, but even in despair on the past. Whenever I now addressed Marie, it was with my grave—not to say a formal—air, as if I were under a perpetual fear of committing myself; and this (so it appeared to her studied coldness soon began to have a visible effect on her health. Our medical neighbor was the first to perceive the alteration, and attributing it to the shock occasioned by our child's death, warned that if I did not change the scene, he would not be answerable for my wife's life.

"To this I unhesitatingly assented, and as Marie embraced the proposal with equal eagerness, in the hope that it might be beneficial to us both, we let our cottage, and after visiting Switzerland, Italy, and the Low Countries, took up our abode for three years in the south of France.

"During the first year or two of our wanderings, the incessant bustle in which we lived, seldom remaining more than a month in a place, produced an evident improvement in my wife's health; but when he had come to settle at Avington, and had returned to our usual monotonous way of living, my gloom returned too, and it with my wife's indisposition. Yet for a while, except in her hollow eye, and the subdued tones of her voice, once so joyous in their music, there was no outward traces of decay. The wound that was wearing her to the grave bled inwardly.

"'Edward,' she said to me, one evening, pressing gently my arm, 'it is useless longer to hide from you what you must too soon know. I am dying. You start, but it is even so. The shaft that pierced you, has pierced me too, and in a short time we shall know each other no more. Yet I do not bewail my lot, for circumstances, to which I need not allude more particularly, have long since forced on my mind the sad conviction that I have not only lost my child, but my husband also.'

"'Lost me!' I replied, 'not so; I never loved you dearer than at this very moment, when you imagine me estranged from you. But grief, Marie, grief—undying grief has soured my temper, and made me seem what I am not, and never can be, my love, to you.'

"The evident sincerity with which I said this, was not without its effect on my wife, and she resumed,—'I do not blame you, Edward. Heaven knows, I acquit you of want of feeling, but oh! I fear something dreadful, of which I must know nothing, has long been preying on your mind. I ask not your confidence, but, believe me, I am not unworthy to shere it.'

"'I was staggered by the earnestness, and for the moment hesitated what reply to make.—But soon my stern, indomitable pride decided me. Should I confess all; sink myself for ever in my wife's esteem, and perhaps break her heart by the communication? No, I would not. Be the consequences of my reserve what they might, I was resolved to preserve my character untarnished to the last.

"In pursuance of this determination I endeavoured to laugh away Marie's suspicions, but the very way in which I did so, only served to strengthen them, and she replied, 'I would fain believe you Edward, but in spite of myself, my heart misgives me. During that dreadful illness of yours, which followed our'——

"'Hah! What of that illness? Speak, woman. Did I say any thing? Did I confess any thing in my delirium?'

"'No, no,' she answered evasively, 'I meant not that. You said nothing—indeed you did not. Pray look more kindly on me.'

"Her manner though it did not altogether banish my distrust, yet for the time restored me to composuse; so I contented myself with again conjuring her to dismiss all idea that I had ceased to love her, or that aught beyond grief was preying on my mind, and then turned the conversation to the state of her own health.

"She listened to me attentively, and with apparent conviction, and then, as if by mutual agreement, we dropped the subject for ever.—That same week, however, her malady increased upon her, and made such rapid inroads on her strength, that at the month's end she was hardly able to leave her chamber. Bitter—most bitter—were my reflections at this moment.—When I marked my wife's attenuated figure; her lustrous eye; the one burning, hectic spot—death's crimson banner—on her cheek, I felt that I was her murderer—I, who was born to be the curse of all connected with me.

"After a few months of suffering, borne with that patient, uncomplaining gentleness of which nothing could deprive her, her disorder seemed to have sustained a check, and she seized the opportunity of requesting me to return with her to Constance.

"'Edward," she said, 'I shall never live to see another spring; let me go back then to our dear, dear lake, and be buried in the same grave with my child. 'Tis a silly fancy,' she added with a wan smile, 'but I do not think I could rest in peace elsewhere.'

"Her dying wish was complied with, and the very next day we set out on our return to the cottage, whose threshold my poor wife was never again destined to pass alive. Yet she struggled to the last with her malady, holding out hope, for my sake, when hope was not, till at length the golden bowl was broken, and she quit-

ted her transient home to take possession of her eternal one. The evening before her death she grew perceptibly better; she even rose from her bed for the purpose, as she said, paying a farewell visit to her child's grave; but the effort was beyond her strength; a relapse took place, and before morning her pure spirit had passed away. She died in my arms, conscious to the latest moment of existence; her last glance fixed on me; her spectral hand clasped in mine; her last words breathing unutterable affection.

"And now all were gone! Wife—child—and with them, love—hope—happiness—all, had passed away, and I stood in the autumn of my life as in its spring, a blighted, solitary being. My heart was leafless; the green sap in my thoughts was dried up; I was a thunder-splintered yew withering alone in a churchyard.—Constance, once so loved, was henceforth hateful to me! I remained, therefore, but to witness the last rites paid to Marie, than quitted it for ever. Day was just breaking, when from a neighboring height I turned round to take one parting glance at the spot where reposed the ashes of the only two beings I had ever loved—who had ever loved me. Bright fell the sunshine on that still churchyard; but they felt it not; henceforth 'twas deepest night with them—an eternal, dreamless sleep; the laughing voice of spring—the raging winter wind—the chirp of birds—the stir of human footsteps above their heads—sunrise with its golden pomps, and twilight with its lightening shadows, nothing should wake them more. They were gone to that phantom world, where sense is not—nor light, nor sound—nor joy, nor grief—nor hope, nor despair! Casting my eyes in another direction, I could see my own cottage, with the early smoke ascending from its chimney; and the white sails of the fishermen glistening on the bosom of that lake which I had so often crossed with Marie and her child. 'Blessed Elysium,' said I, as the carriage slowly bore me away, how many happy days have I not owed to you! There in that sequestered sivan dwelling, with the lawn sweeping down towards the water, hope first stirred within me! There I first sought repose of mind, and found it. But the charm is broken now. Dear wife, still dearer child, farewell; we have parted to meet no more, for where you have gone, I must never come,' and as this wintry conviction swept howling across my brain, my heart became ice, and I felt as if all humanity were chilled for ever within me!"

Chapter VIII.

When the stranger had come to an end with his narrative, he rose from his seat, and paced hurriedly up and down the room, as though he were desirous of banishing the many tender and mournful recollections it had conjured up. But for a while his efforts were fruitless. The father—the husband—got the better of the misanthropist; he seemed choking with grief; and at last retiring to a corner at the further extremity of the room, he fairly gave himself up to his emotions, and sobbed and wept like an infant. Bursts of tenderness like these, when they break out in dark, rugged natures, like sunshine in the midst of a thunder-storm, for the moment sweep all before them. Who forgets the anecdote of Napoleon and the village bells of Brientz? He was riding late one day over a battle-field, gazing stern and unmoved on the dying and the dead that strewed the ground by thousands about him, when suddenly "those evening bells" struck up a merry peal. The Emperor paused to listen; memory was busy with the past; he was no longer the conquerer of Austerlitz, but the innocent happy school-boy at Brentz; and dismounting from his horse, he seated himself on the stump of an old tree, and to the astonishment of Rapp, who relates the circumstance, burst into tears.—The rock was smitten, and the living waters came gushing from it.

The attorney, affected by the stranger's anguish, was about to approach him, with a view of consoling him, after his own blunt, homely fashion, when the wretched man, roused by the sound of his tread, turned fiercely round, and indignantly brushing the tears from his eyes, said—"Resume your seat, sir, for I have yet much to tell you."

"Not now—not now—I have heard too much already; spare yourself then, if not me; these emotions will kill you else."

"No emotions!" replied the stranger scornfully, "you are yet but a shallow judge of character, Mr. Evans. My late show of softness has, I fear, deceived you. However, be the softness what it may, remember, it was not I who volunteered a confession of it, but you who wrung it from me, and such being the case, you quit not this room till you have heard me to a close.

"As you please, sir," said the attorney, disgusted with the stranger's inflexible pride and sternness, even while he compassionated his sufferings. Pride indeed, or rather revenge—two vices by no means uncommon in the Welsh character—were, after all, the only thing of native growth in his heart. His was one of those fierce, unyielding characters which, like the oak, defy the tempest that has left them bare and branchless. As for the gentle sensibilities, they had been so effectually kept down and trampelled on during his infancy and a great portion of his manhood, that when they did stike late root in the breast, their growth, though rapid and promising while it lasted, was but brief, like that of seeds dropped on an uncongenial soil, which scarcely make their appearance above ground, ere they droop and pass away.

When both parties had resumed their places, Evans finding that the stranger, dispite his well-meant hint to the contrary, was bent on making what he called, "a clean breast of it," took the opportunity to ask him—though his voice faltered a little while he put the query—what could possibly have induced him to return to a spot fraught with so many frightful recollections.

This question startled the stanger, who was sunk in reverie. Rousing himself, however, and looking steadily at his catechist, while he pointed to the lamp on the table, he replied, "do you see the blind, predestined moth, impelled by the strange instinct of nature, upon the very death which it most dreads? Just the same instinct, or fascination—call it by what name you please—that is now luring that insect to its destination, lured me also to this spot.—Fain would I have found a grave elsewhere, but an invisible monitor was ever at my elbow, whispering in my spell-bound ear here my days were destened to have an end; that detection in this sure disguise which sorrow had flung round me was impossible: and that if I hoped for pardon, here, where the crime was committed, here must the expiation be made. And am I not hourly making the expiation? I, who in order to acquit myself with eclat"—and here the stranger laughed convulsively—"forgoe even the tempting luxury of suicide? What, compared to mine is the penance of your catholic devotee? He scourges his body, I, my soul.—He, the frantic, braves the midnight in the lone chapel before the cross—I the murderer, brave it in the haunted home of the murdered! But enough of this," continued the desperate man, assuming an abrupt gaity, which was even more withering than his despair; "in discoursing with my guest, I must not forget than I am his host;" and so saying, he quitted the room.

He was absent only about ten minutes, yet when he returned, his manner, and even his countenanee, had undergone a startling change. His cheeks were white as those of a corpse; there was a fixed stoney stare in his eye; and his whole air was that of one in whom the promptings of a better nature has been struggling, but in vain, with some inflexible tenacity of purpose. Evans looked at him with astonishment. "Can this be the man," he thought to himself, "who but a short while since was melted to almost woman's weakness? Why he's no more like what he was, when he was telling me about his child, than I am like a goat! Well, grief plays strange tricks with us all."

Mean time, the stranger had resumed his seat at the table, and placed on it a bottle nearly full of red wine, together with two of those capacious goblets which were in fashion among the Welsh squirearchy during the last century, he filled them both with wine, and handed the smallest of the two to Evans; but as if instantly recollecting himself, he exchanged it for the larger one, saying, with a forced effort at calmness. "Take this, man, this—nay, no excuse, you are my guest, you know, and the best that I have is of course yours," and bowing with an air of studied courtesy to Evans, he emptied his own goblet at a draught.

The sudden familiarity of the stranger's manner, together with the visible trembling of his hand as he handed the glass to the attorney, at once revived all the latter's distrust. He hesitated accordingly to follow his example—more especially when he saw, or fancied he saw, that the wine in his own goblet was of a deeper tint than that in the bottle—and he was about pleading indisposition as an excuse, when a noise, apparently in the lawn below, drew his host's attention to the window. Evans seized the favorable opportunity, and emptied his glass quietly and dexterously into the dust and ashes on the hearth, just as the stranger, satisfied that his ears had deceived him, had returned to his place.

"So," said he, looking at the emptied goblet, while his eyes gleamed with a sudden wild light like a maniac's, when his fit is coming on him, "you have done justice to the good wine, I see."

"Yes," replied the attorney, smacking his lips with well-affected relish, "and capital it is."

"Yet it is apt to disagree with *some* constitutions," replied the stranger, with a sneer, then raising his voice, he continued, "do you remember the old Spanish legend of the monk and the devil?"

"No," said Evans, wondering what was to come next.

"Listen, then. Confident in his own superior sagacity, the ghostly father one day took it into his head that he could fathom the character and designs of the Tempter, who had assumed the disguise of an anchorite, and taken up his abode in a lone cave near the monk's convent.—'Twas a foolish curiosity, and how, think you, was it rewarded?"

"I know not."

"Why, the Devil allowed himself to appear the dupe; lured the officious fool to his cell; and then"—

"Well, and what then?"

"*The monk was never seen alive again!*" was the reply, delivered in a low thrilling whisper, like an adder's hiss, "for the floor of that solitary cave kept well its secret, as the vaults of this house may do. Yes, fool," pursued the stranger with frantic vehemence, "meddling mischievous fool, that monk's fate is yours!—It was to throw you off your guard that I revealed to you my life's tragedy, which, stamped as it was throughout with truth, I was resolved you should never live to make public. Did you imagine that I would have betrayed that awful secret to you which I withheld from the wife of my own bosom? Surrender up my pride—my character—nay, my very life itself into your custody, if I had not made sure of my victim? I hated you from the first moment I beheld you; and I now hate you with a deadlier rancor than ever, for your knowledge of my crime, and the weakness into which you have betrayed me."

"Mr. Glendovery," replied Evans, calmly interrupting this frenzied burst, "I have given you no cause for such hatred. True, when I first sought you, it was with hostile feelings; but I have since heard your confession, and I pity more than I condemn."

"Pity, wretch! I scorn your pity—I defy it—I loathe it—as I do all that wears the human form, and you worst of all, for that mean, mischievous curiosity which has forced me to wrench open the cells of memory, and expose the ghastly objects that lie there. But you shall not live to exult in your triumph. No, at this very moment death is at work within you. In the draught you but just now drained to the dregs, lurked a subtle poison which I had reserved for my own use, but which"——

"What, you confess, then?" said Evans eagerly.

"Yes, fool; but to whom? To the dead, and they tell no tales."

"The dead!" said the attorney, starting from his seat; "not so, man of blood. Though you feel persuaded that you have perpetrated a second murder—and on him, too, who despite his conscience, would have stood between you and the scaffold, yet your craft has for once overreached itself. The poison you designed for me now lies among those ashes."

For an instant, the stranger stood like one stupified; at length, "Hah, is it even so?" he shouted, while his red, dilated eye kindled like a live coal; "there is then no way left but this;" and rushing on Evans, and seizing him like a tiger by the throat, he was within an ace of throttling him—so sudden had been his assault, and such energy had frenzy lent to his emaciated frame—when the man by a desperate effort shook off his grasp, and hurrying to the window, gave a long, shrill whistle.

"Lost—irrecoverably lost—Oh God!" exclaimed the stranger, while at that moment a rush of footsteps was heard on the staircase; the door flew wide open, and the sexton and the apothecary entered the room.

"Seize that murderer," said Evans. The men advanced to arrest the maniac—for such he now really was, baffled revenge having given the last stunning shock to a brain already more than half shattered—but glaring on them as if his very look had power to kill, they were so shocked by the expression of his countenance, that they stood stock still, as if rooted to the ground.

"Hah! hah!" shouted the madman, pointing towards Evans, who stood in the deep shadow near the door, hesitating how to act, "so you have come at last. Well, I have been a long time expecting you. They told me you were dead.—But what of that? The dead can walk. Is it not so, brother? Yet, wherefore that spectral look? I have not yet done the—hush, not a word—what we do, we must do quietly. Draw the curtains—draw them close—closer still, I say—how can I kill him with that white, glittering moon looking in upon us? Now—now strike. Oh God, I dare not! That pale—pale phantom with the child in her hand rises between me and him! See, she draws nearer—nearer—the little arms too are stretched out to—wife, child—I knew they would not die, and leave me all alone. Hah, that threatening form again? Off, fiend—I defied you living; I defy you dead," and tossing his arms wildly above his head, the stranger staggered—fell—and when Evans and his companions, recovering their self-possession, hastened forward to raise him from the floor they found that life was extinct. In the violence of his paroxysm, he had burst a blood-vessel.

He was buried in a remote corner of Plasswynnock church-yard, and to this hour the belated villager never passes his grave, or the Manor-House, where his appalling crime was committed, without a quickening of the pulse, as if both were still haunted by his ghost.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

MARCHING THE WAVE.

"This is an age"—(We beg the New York Observer's pardon, that phrase is prohibited for a week.) "We are a people"—(we beg every body else's pardon: that phrase is worse yet.)—How, then, shall be begin what we have to say? We have written so many descriptions in our day, of festivals and pageants by land and sea; we have so often been called to paint the beauties of our noble harbor, and the gay fleets that, on gala days, sport therein; we have so often written of countless thousands streaming forth upon the Battery, swarming like bees, in masses, upon the parapet of Castle Garden, and sculltering upon the roofs of houses contigouus; we have so frequently attempted to portray these aquatic spectacles which can no where else, without the rings of Saturn, be arranged and carried through in such brilliant style as in New York, that our stock of descriptive language fails, and we have nothing that it is now left to say. We were the first to quote the spirited apostrophe to steam by Dr. Darwin—since which time the beautiful passage has been kept on its travels through the newspapers, until we have sickened at the sight. Like "the tomb of the Capulets," the "all conquering *arm*" of *steam*—Phœbus what a metaphor!—is constantly kept before us. So too, of Byron's poetical figure—"She walks the water like a thing of life," &c. We were the first to snatch the couplet from the book, and clap it into a regular steamboat article; and from that day to this, throughout all the waters and newspapers of the land, our steamers have been "walking" "like things of life," until we have long since wished that Byron had never swept his lyre to such a steamboat strain. Leaving, then, all attempts to be particularly fine, we proceed in plain prose to tell how the GREAT WESTERN set out yesterday to look after the EASTERN, and how the people went to see her off.

In the first place, as the people of New York seldom remember any thing but their debts longer than a day, it is necessary to remind them that the day was particularly fine. The steeds of Apollo travelled their sapphire pathway in fiery splendor, while there was just wind enough to brace the nerves, to display the streamers of the different sorts of water-craft, and to heave up the sea in wavelets flashing in the sun-beams like liquid emeralds and gold. Of course—the government having so disposed of the business of the country that the people have little to do—every body had time to turn out and see what was to be seen. And this they were the more ready to do, inasmuch as the sourness of the weather had kept them within doors for a week before, and it is well for the people of this cloudy world to look upon the sun when they can.

The Great Western had been steamed round to the north end of the battery—pier No. one, North River—(a description, to be perfect must be particular.) The clock, however, had struck one but once, before the people began to pour forth in swarms that were countless, to gaze upon the spectacle. Broadway and Greenwich-st. and all the streets therewith connecting, were filled with people wending to the Battery, and to the different steamers advertised to accompany the "long, low, black-looking" four-masted ship with a chimney. Before two o'clock the battery was crowded so closely as to test the utility of a strong iron paling. Castle Garden was packed like a theatre on those popular nights when horses and rope-dancers, and "real water" usurp the dominion of Shakspears.

The windows of the surrounding houses were filled, and their roofs cloud-capped with people. The wood-piles at the steam boat wharves were covered, and the masts and rigging of the shipping filled with climbing bipeds, after the manner of the forests at the battle of the River Raisin. Added to all which were twelve steamers, having on board from five hundred to a thousand passengers each—all destined to accompany the great stranger down to the Hook, and all decorated with flags and streamers, pendants and banners, as though another Lafayette were about to arrive, or the great lakes were again to be wedded by another De Witt Clinton to the ocean. Red with animation were the cheeks of beauty, and bright the eyes that sparkled upon the living scene.

For an hour before, the Great Western had been smoking like a sub-marine volcano, and hissing forth her hot breath like a chafed sea-serpent. At length the hour of two arrived—Captain Hosken appeared upon the wheel-house—the cry of all ashore sent hundreds tumbling into the dock—the throat of the safety-valve was shut—and with a mighty heave the ship began to move—slowly, at first, like an ice-berg or a kraken—but gathering speed as she went, she pushed her way a short distance up the North river, when, obedient as a Cossack horse to the bit, she loomed round, and pointing her bows to her parent land, commenced proudly to plough her way to the ocean.

Long, loud, and hearty were the cheers from thirty thousand voices on shore. Ding-dong went the tiny bells from the fleet of steamers, which now shot forth from the wharves, and gave chase like a flock of sparrows floating in the swooping course of the condor. While the last preparations for the departure were making, the band of the Greast Western struck up the air—"Behold how brightly breaks the morning." The bands on the other steamers played whatever they pleased. As the ship moved away, her band struck up "Hail Columbia," which was returned from some of the boats by "God save the Queen."

A large party of gentlemen, and several ladies, proceeded down to the lower harbor in the ship—among the former of whom were His Excellency Gov. Marcy, Hon. William H. Seward, and other distinguished gentlemen—literary, scientific, professional and editorial. From the top-mast of the ship floated a banner quartered with the flags of England and the United States—the stars of our country being blended with the cross of St. George, on the dexter point, and the stripes occupying the ground of the lower sinister quarter. This union of the flags of the two countries on the same ground, was a happy conceit—forming a compliment equally delicate and appropriate.

The sail through the harbor was an hour of glory. Nothing equatic could have been more beautiful than the appearance of the fleet—their countless flags streaming above, like meteors in the heavens, while the waters beneath were wrought into maddened and milk-like foam by the action of the wheels. Neptune himself was believed to have retreated to the cave in despair, since he was not seen during the day, while the tritons held fast to the shad-poles to keep from being swept away, and the minnows must have been knocked into chowder.

Having got well under way, the passengers on board the Western were invited to partake of a substantial collation spread upon several tables in the saloon cabin, and moistened by the choicest brown sherry and Champaigne. The health of Captain Hosken, and success to the Great Western proposed by Mr. R. M. Blatchford, was drunk in a bumper, whereupon the steamer Providence came alongside and took off such of the passengers as chose not to visit Bristol the present week. The steamers, however, did not take leave of their noble competitor until they had swept down the bay abreast of Mr. Gilbert Davis's luxuriant garden of Coney Island. They then *wheeled* about—exchanged cheers with the passengers and crew of the ship—soothed the melancholy of parting friends with music—and arrived at the city again at half past five o'clock—before which hour the Great Western had crossed the threshold of Sandy Hook, and entered upon the up-heaving ocean.

Among the smaller articles of freight which the Great Western carries out, is one which will be a novelty in England. It is a beautiful *bouquet* of flowers, culled from Mr. Thorburn's garden at Hallett's Cove, and is intended for the Queen. It was enclosed in a tin case, heremetically sealed, with a plate glass cover. It was prepared at the suggestion of Lieut. Carpenter, and so prepared that it is is hoped it will be preserved with freshness to be presented next week to the Queen, at Windsor Castle. It will be the first nosegay which her Majesty ever received from the gardens of her western neighbors.

Thus has ended the first visit of Mr. John Bull in his steamers—and a proud visit it has been. He has shown us specimens of his workmanship in the steaming line, vying with—nay, surpassing any macninery of the kind ever seen in this country. A single glance at this machinery, and the perfection of its workmanship, at once satisfies the beholder of its strength and safety. And the moment the machinery begins to move, the opinion is confirmed. Notwithstanding its power, not a jar is heard; and those accustomed to the clacking of the machinery of American boats, and the jarrings of every stroke would be astonished on board the Great Western, at the silence and stillness of motion.—While at table yesterday, at a speed which kept ahead of our swiftest boats, the passengers supposed the ship had stopped, because of its entire stillness.

In regard to the visits of these vessels, aud the evidences of popular feeling which have been displayed, we look upon them with far different emotions than we do upon ordinary ordinary feastings and celebrations. The chain of friendship between the two nations has not only been brightened, but greatly strengthened.—When two such nations as England and the United States—speaking the same language—having the same origin—professing the same religion—and having so many and such vast interests in common—are brought as it were into the relations of neighborhood—visiting each other once a fortnight—and partaking of each others hospitality—it is scarcely possible to bring them into a state of hostility. Maintaining such relations and bound together by so many kindred ties, we cannot go to war with each other. Hence we look forward to a long career of prosperous and generous rivalship in commerce which will elevate both nations as high as an honorable ambition can desire.

From the Massillon (Ohio) Gazette.

RETURN OF THE CAPTIVE.

Our citizens, yesterday morning, were introduced to the acquaintance of John Wood, a man whose tale of sorrow could not fail of interesting the heart, however callous, or however prone to incredulity. A meagre sketch can only be given now. The ample history of his misfortunes may hereafter be presented to the world—and, if given by a master hand, will command the interest, and enlist the sympathy of the public, when the mawkish productions of fiction, which now cumber our bookstores and insult our taste, shall have become despised and forgotten.

In the war of 1812, John Wood, now fifty years old, was a young and industrious farmer in Bracken county, Kentucky. He was the husband of a young and interesting woman, and the father of two infant children. He was living in happiness on a farm which he had earned by his industry, when the gallant Captain Butler (who afterwards fell at the capture

of the British batteries at Fort Meigs) raised his flag, and solicited the hardy Kentuckians of Bracken county to enroll themselves among the defenders of their country. John Wood was one of the number. He suffered all the privations to which the army of the north-west was exposed, during the disastrous campaign which resulted in the defeat of Winchester at the River Raisin. By good fortune he escaped the tomahawk of the savage allies of Great Britain, and was sent a prisoner of war to Quebec.

He was next, with other American prisoners, despatched in a transport to Plymouth, in England. From Plymouth, accompanied by a crowd of fellow prisoners, he was about to be transferred to Dartmoor, when he found an opportunity to elude his guards and make his escape. He wandered through the conntry, stealing through byways, until he found himself at Bristol. Hunger compelled him to enter a grocery, the head quarters of a press-gang. Here he was pressed, and despite his protestations that he was a citizen of the United States, and a fugitive prisoner of war, facts which might have been easily proven by reference to the military authorities at Plymouth, he was hurried on board His Majesty's Frigate Sea Horse, then the flag ship of the celebrated Sir Peter Parker, and compelled to bear arms against his own countrymen.

On board the Sea Horse were several other Americans, who, like Wood, had fallen victims to the British system of impressment. They determined on desertion; and when lying in the port of St. Johns, they succeeded in securing a boat, in an extremely dark night, and attempted to reach the eastern coast of the state of Maine. They were instantly pursued, and were obliged to desert their boat on the shore of New Brunswick, and seek safety in the woods. After wandering about for two days, exhausted with cold and hunger and fatigue, they were apprehended by a party of British soldiers and again transferred to the Sea Horse. The punishment that followed this act of desertion, was inflicted with all that ingenious refinement of cruelty for which the British navy is so celebrated.

The Sea Horse, attached to the squadron under Admiral Cockburn, was shortly afterward ordered into the Chesapeake, and took an active part in the robbing, burning, and murdering of the defenceless inhabitants of the coast. Mr. Wood and the impressed Americans, were never permitted to leave their vessel. He was on board on the night when Sir Peter Parker met his fate on shore. A few days subsequent to this event, he, in company with seven other impressed Americans, attempted an escape in broad day light, by boldly jumping into a boat along side, and pulling rapidly for the shore.—One of the number was shot by the sentinel on duty. The others reached the beach, but were apprehended, immediately on landing, by a party of marauders belonging to the Sea Horse.

By order of Admiral Cockburn, they were sent in irons to Nova Scotia, where, after undergoing a trial, they were sentenced to be shot. The sentence, however, was commuted to service, in his Britannic Majesty's army in the East Indies. They were accordingly shipped to England, and thence with a regiment of newly levied recruits, despatched to Calcutta. For 21 years, Mr. Wood served as a private soldier in the East India service; and 18 months since, when broken down in spirit and in constitution, he was permitted to sail for England. Destitute and heart broken, he reached London, stated his case to the United States Consul, and by him was furnished with the means of reaching New York. He left New York in January, and wended his weary pilgrimage toward the home of his childhood.

It is now twenty-six years since he left his wife and children in Kentucky; and not one syllable has he heard, relative to their situation, since the moment of their separation. The citizens here forced a few dollars upon him, for, poor, and decrepid as he is, he still possesses all the pride of a Kentuckian, and sent him on his way in the stage to Wellsville, from which town he intends to embark on a steamboat for Augusta, in Kentucky.

Fancy cannot help asking—what is now that home to which the war-broken wanderer is returning? Will the wife of his youth be ready, in the fidelity of her early love, to hail the return of her long-lost husband? Or will her duty and affections have been given to another? Or will she be reposing beneath the clods of the valley? And his children!—If living, they must have long since entered upon the busy scenes of life. Will they take the weary pilgrim to their homes and to their bosoms? A thousand overpowering emotions must rush upon the old man's heart, as his weary footstep approaches the spot that was once his home!—Fancy cannot fill the picture. May He who 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' support the aged wanderer in that eventful moment, which is soon to witness, either the extacy of his happiness, or the utter desolation of his hopes.

From the Southern Rose.

THE MAN OF LEISURE AND THE PRETTY GIRL.

The man of leisure called on Monday on Miss Emma Roberts, a blooming girl of seventeen. Emma was clear starching. Talk about trials of men! What have they to annoy them in comparison with the mysteries of clear-starching; alas, how seldom *clear!* Emma was going on in the full tide of success, indulging in the buoyant thoughts of her age; there was a soft light about her eye, as she drew out the edge of a *fichu*, or clapped it with her small hands as if they felt the impulse of young hopes.

"I am sure Harry Bertram looked at this collar last Sunday; I wonder if he liked it," thought she, and a gentle sigh rustled the folds of her morning robe on her bosom. Just then the door bell sounded, and the man of leisure walked into the setting room, where Emma, with a nice establishment of smoothing irons, etc., had ensconced herself for the morning.

"You won't mind a friend's looking in upon you," said Mr. Inklin, with an at home sir.

Esmma blushed, loosened the strings of her apron, gave a glance at her starched fingers, and saying, "take a seat sir." suspended her work with a grace of natural politeness. In the meanwhile, the starch grew cold, and the irons were overheated. Emma was not loquacious, and the dead pauses were neither few nor far between. Emma rendered desperate, renewed her operations, but with diminished ardor, her clapping was feeble like the applause to an unpopular orator; she burnt her fingers, her face became flushed, and by the time the man of leisure had sitten out his hour, a grey hue, and an indelible smutch disfigured Henry Bertram's collar.

Mr. Inklin soon called again, and met Henry Bertram. It was not the influence of coquetry, but she talked more to Mr. Inklin than to Harry, a modest youth, thrown somewhat in the shade by the veteran visitor who outstayed him. Harry, who was not a man of leisure, could not call again for several days; when he did, Mr. Inklin dropped in before him, and was twirling his watch-key with his cold wandering eyes, and the everlasting affirmatives. Emma sewed industriously, and her lashes concealed her eyes. Her cheeks were beautifully flushed—but for whom? Mr. Inklin toyed with her work-box, without seeming to know that he was touching what Harry thought a shrine.

Harry looked a little fierce, and bade good night abruptly. Emma raised her soft eyes with a look that ought to detain a reasonable man, but he was prepossessed and the kind glance was lost. Emma wished Mr. Inklin at the bottom of the sea; but there he sat, looking privileged becuuse he was a man of leisure.

The fastening of the window reminded him that he must go, for he did not limit his calls to an hour. Emma went to her bed room. She was just ready to cry, but a glance at the mirror showed such bright cheeks that it stopped the tears, and she fell into a passion. She tied her night cap into a hard knot, and broke the string in a pet.

"Harry Bertram is a fool," said she, "to let that stick of a man keep him from me. I wish I could change places with him,"—and sitting down on a low seat, she trotted her foot and heaved some deep sighs.

The man of Leisure, "just called in" twice a week for three months. Report was busy; Harry's pride was roused. He offered himself to an other pretty girl and was not refused.—Emma's bright cheek faded, her step grew slow, and her voice was no longer to be heard in its gay carol from star to star. She was never talkative, but now she was sad. Mr. Inklin continued to 'drop in,' his heart was a little love-touched, but then there was time enough. One evening he came with a look of news.

"I have brought you a bit of Harry Bertram's wedding cake," said he to Emma.

Emma turned pale and then red, and burst into tears: The man of Leisure was concerned. Emma looked very pretty as she struggled with her feelings, while the tears dried away; and he offered her his heart and hand.

"I would sooner lie down in my grave, than marry you!" said the gentle Emma, in a voice so loud that Mr. Inklin started, and rushing to her apartment, the china rang in the closet as she slammed the door. Mr. Inklin was astonished. Poor Emma covered up her heart and smiled again, but she never married, nor even destroyed a flower that Harry Bertram gave her when it was right for her love and hope. The Man of Leisure bore her refusal with philosophy, and continued to "drop in."

Rubies and Emeralds.—We shall have scores of Rubies and Emeralds, cheap and as good as new. Professor Ellett, of the South Carolina College, has successfully repeated the experiment of a French chemist for the production of them artificially, and Professor Cooper vouches for their excellence. The basis is pure alumine, and the coloring matter bichromat of potash. They are so hard as to scratch Agate. If the specimen be taken as soon as fused, it is a ruby; if the heat be continued, the chromic acid is converted into oxyde of chrome and an emerald is the result. The specimens were of fine color, transparent, and the experiment unobjectionable and satisfactory.

Curious.—The experiment has lately been performed in Philadelphia, by Dr. J. K. Mitchell, of reducing carbonic acid gas to the *soild state.* It is stated that the gas requires a pressure of 36 atmospheres to reduce it to the liquid form.—When the pressure was removed, by opening a small cock in the condensing apparatus, the cold, produced by the rapid evaporation of the liquid, was so great that the whole mass was almost instantly reduced to the solid state; and in this condition, although the temperature could not have been less than 180 degrees below zero of Fahrenheit, it was handled and tasted by many of the gentlemen present.

'Mr L——why have you so many enemies?
'Can you not guess?'
'It is because you are too independent.'
'No.'
'You have slandered some influential party leader.'
'No.'
'You have committed some rash act.'
'Not that either.'
'What then, pray?'
'I have been successful.'

A man was telling Bass of a young lady—noted for her coldness of temperament—that had lately died of an affection of the vitals.—'Affection of what?' cried the old man. 'Affection of the lungs,' was the reply. 'Very like,' said Bass, 'I was sure it could not have been an *affection of the heart.*'

Wedding Night of George the IV.—In the "Life and Times of George IV," is this paragraph: "Judge," said his much abused wife, "what it was to have a drunken husband on one's wedding day, and one who passed the greater part of the bridal night under the grate where he fell, and where I left him."

"They have got a splendid omnibus in the Roxbury line of stages, called the '*Regulator.*' This reminds us of an English pun: one coachy asked another, 'Jim, why is your team called the Regulator? Give it up? Because all the other coaches go *by it.*'"

An Irishman, on being asked after the health of his children, replied, "They are all well, but one born in this country. I must take him to the green isle; for, by my soul, I believe he is languishing for his *native* air, that he never smelt at all."

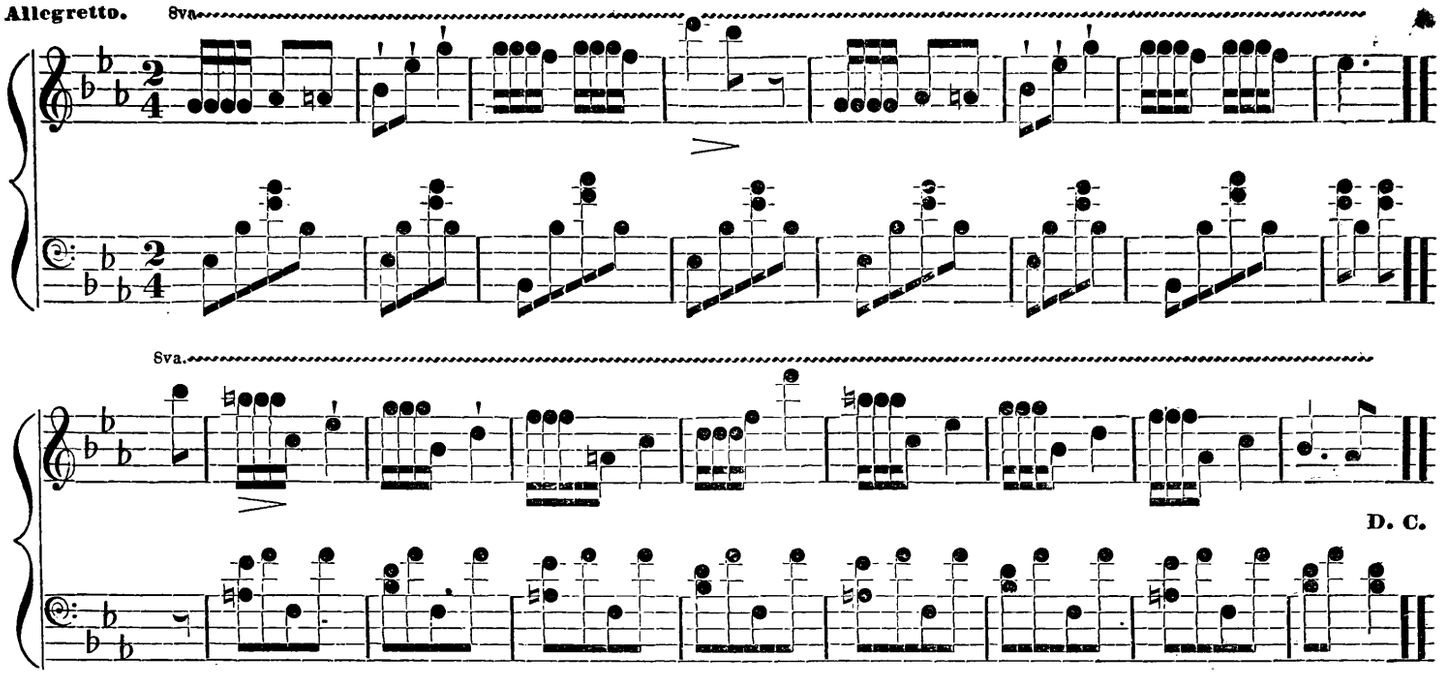
A Valuable Privilege.—A wife in Maine can, by a law of that State, divorse herself from a common drunkard.

A Houshold Establishment.—A wife, two children,—a good fire in a cold day— a rocking chair,—and a newspaper.

Rather Tall.—There is a man in Vermont so tall that he cannot tell when his toes are cold.

THE ROCHESTER GALLOPADE.

Composed and dedicated to Miss MARY L. CHILD, by E. L. WALKER. Introduced at the last Concert of the Rochester Academy of Sacred Music. April 21, 1838.



THE MUSICAL AND UNMUSICAL EAR;

Or, How to Enjoy Music.

A curious case, which recently occurred in Germany, has excited a considerable degree of interest among men of science who direct attention to the theory of sounds. It may also tend to afford some explanation of that peculiar structure of the organ of hearing on which depends the capability of enjoying music.—The facts of the case are as follow:

Baron Groll, a wealthy landed proprietor of Nuremberg, was remarkable for his dislike of music. His antipathy to that delightful art was such as to render him a sort of phenomenon in harmonious Germany. This peculiarity in the taste of the Baron was the more singular, inasmuch as his lady was a most accomplished musician. The Baroness and her friends sought by every possible argument to overcome the Baron's inconceivable antipathy; but their effects were useless—he continued deaf alike to their reasoning and to the charms of harmony.

The Baron and Baroness Gooll lived in splendid affluence and their house in Nurrumburg was the frequent resort of a vast circle of elegant company. At the numerous parties which they were accustomed to give, the Baron did the honor with delightful amenity. His conversation was animated and witty, and he was always the gayest of the gay until the first note of music was heard. A feeling of uneasiness then took posession of him, a convulsive movement was observable on his countenance, and he was often obliged to withdraw from the presence of the company to conceal feelings which he could not control.

This strange peculiarity proved a source of considerable annoyance to Baron Groll, and not a little puzzled the Doctors of Nuremberg. One of the medical professors of that city, Doctor Schrœder, at length succeeded in ascertaining its cause. In the first place he observed, that one of the Baron's ears was somewhat longer than the other. This circumstance suggested to the Doctor the possibility of both ears not being at the same dispason, and that thus might each be differently affected by the vibration of sonorous bodies. There might consequently be transmitted to the brain merely a confused, obscure sensation, similar to that which would be caused by two instruments playing in two different keys. Every melody, every harmony produced on the Baron the same impression. All appeared a jumble of discord. Was it to be wondered at that he disliked music?

A very simple experiment served to confirn the accuracy of Dr. Schrœder's observation and opinion. He requested the Baron to stop one of his ears, then going to the piano, he played in C major the graceful *allegro* from the overture to the *Freischutz*. "How do you like that?" said he: "do you find it discordant?"—"Oh no," replied the baron, "it is delightful; pray continue."—"Now stop your other ear," said the Doctor," again playing the *allegro* from the *Freischutz*, and still in C major—"What do you think of that?"—"It is exquisite," replied the baron.—"Was it the same piece as that which I first played?"—"It appeared to me to be the same piece, only played in a different key. You are playing it higher now." And the Baron began to hum the subject in D major.

Thus was solved the mystery of Baron Groll's profound dislike of music. How could he possibly derive pleasure from any performance, vocal or instrumental, which had, to him, the effect of being sung or played in two different keys simultaneously.

Fortunately, Doctor Schrœder's experiment whilst it developed the cause of the phenomenon, at the same time pointed out the remedy for the evil. Baron Groll is now an enthusiastic lover of Music. In order to enjoy it, he has only to take the precausion of putting a little cotton into one of his ears.

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE.

Some days ago a young man of a village near L'Orient, France, who had engaged himself as a substitute in the army, gave one half the sum he received to his only relation, a sister, and having embraced her took his departure to join his regiment. Another man, who was present at the parting scene, and afterwards accompained the recruit to Vannes, returned about 8 o'clock to the abode of the forlorn girl, and knocked at the door. Recognising his voice she let him in. He immediately demanded the money she had received in the morning. The poor creature, knowing she had no means of escape or rescue, immediately complied; but he insisted that she should give him the whole, which she did, and on her protesting that she had given him the last sous told her she must die; but gave her the choice of having her throat cut, or being shot with a pistol, which he produced, or being hung. The natural horror of blood induced her to choose the last mode of death. The villian hereupon searched the house; and finding two ropes, he bound the poor girl hand and foot with one, whilst he formed a slip-knot with the other, and endeavored to fasten it to a beam in the room. To accomplish this it was necessary for him to get upon the table. He had just finished his task when his foot slipped, the table fell from under him, and he was caught by both the wrists in the noose he had made for his victim. As he was unable to extricate himself, and had firmly bound his victim, he remained suspended, and she in the position in which he had left her for two nights and a day. On the second morning the neighbors, finding the house still shut up, knocked at the door, and being answered by the low moaning of the girl, forced their way in, and found her and the faithless friend of her brother in the situation above described. The poor girl was released, and received every assistance her condition required. The man was taken down, secured, and conducted to prison.

Disposal of the Dead.—Different nations have had different modes of disposing of their dead, but whatever mode keeps their ashes near to us must preserve bright and obvious the links that bind us to the past, and suggest us to the future. I have sometimes regretted the manner in which the Romans preserved their dead was not in use among us, and have fancied an apartment in our dwellings where the ashes of our friends, saved from the corrupting process of the grave, should be cherished in monumental urns. I have imagined what, in this domestic cemetery, would be the effect on our spirits of the solemn hour of twilight, of prayer, of mid night meditation, of sacred music, of any of those holy influences that seem to raise our souls above the world, or to bring back the spirits of the departed to mingle with ours here. I have fancied the pleasure of pursuing our daily employments with these hallowed memorials before us—of sewing, reading, and writing in their presence, as if they were still alive among us. I have calculated the power of appeals to the living, in the presence of their dead—to the impatient under the load of life—to the sordid—to those eaten up with the cares of the world—to the flippant and the viscious. But this is idle. The customs of every age and country spring from its actual condition, and in our country, most especially, where nothing is stationary upon its surface, the dead should rest beneath it. What would become of our domestic cemetery in dwellings rarely tenanted by the same family for two successive generations? What would become of the ashes of the fathers who have died in Massachusetts, when their children move to the valley of the Mississippi, and their grand-children perchance to the Oregon!—*Miss Sedgwick.*

MARRIED.

On the 15th inst., by Rev. P. Church, Mr. CORNELIUS AUSTIN to Miss MARY WINTERS, both of this city.

On the 31st March, by Rev. C. Dewey, Seneca S. Spencer, to Caroline Loomis, all of this city.

On the 30th ult., by the Rev. C. E. Furman, Mr. Wm. Dryer, to Miss Phebe Ball, all of Victor.

At Nunda Valley, on the 6th inst., by Rev. Mr. Tylerston, Mr. CHARLES DANFORTH, of this city, to Miss JULIA F. WARD, of Milford, Mass.

In Riga, on the 10th instant, by Rev. D. N. Merritt, Mr Melzor Turner, to Miss Julia Kelley, all of Riga.

In Wheatland, on the 10th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Bartlett, the Rev. Mr. Simonds, of Vermont, to Miss Eliza Peabody, of the former place.

In Alabama, Genesee county, N. Y., on the 10th inst., by the Rev. R. Whiting, of Elba, Mr. Russell Cheney, late of Thetford, Vt., to Miss Martha Forde, of Alab'a.

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MISCELLANY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TERRIBLE BATTLE OF EYLAU, Feb. 1806.

Never in the history of war did two armies pass a night under more awful and impressive circumstances than the rival hosts who now lay, without tent or covering, on the snowy expanse of the field of Eylau. The close vicinity of the two armies, the vast multitude assembled in so narrow a space, intent only on mutual destruction, the vital interests to the lives and fortunes of all which were at stake; the wintry wilderness of the scene cheered only by the watch-fires, which threw only a partial glow on the snow clad heights around: the shivering groupes, who in either army lay around the blazing fires, chilled by the girdles of impenetrable ice; the stern resolution of the soldiers in one army, and the enthusiastic ardor of those in the other; the liberty of Europe now brought to the issue of one dread combat; the glory of Russia and France dependent on the efforts of the mightiest armament that either had yet sent forth, all contributed to impress a feeling of solemnity, which reached the most inconsiderate breast, oppressed the mind with a feeling of anxious thought and kept unclosed many a wearied eyelid in both camps, notwithstanding the extraordinary fatigues of the preceding days.

The battle began at daylight on the 8th of February, in the midst of a snow storm. At an early hour of the day, Augerau's column of 16,000 men, was enveloped by the Russian masses, and with the exception of 1500 men, was entirely destroyed. Napoleon himself was in the most imminent hazard of being taken prisoner. He had slept at Eylau on the night before, and was now in the church yard, when the crash of the enemy's balls on the steeple, showed how nearly danger was approaching. Presently one of the Russian divisions following rapidly after the fugitives, entered Eylau by the western street, and charged with loud hurras, to the foot of the mount where the emperor was placed with a battery of the imperial guard and a personal escort of a hundred men. Had a regiment of horse been at hand to support the attack, Napoleon must have been made prisoner; for though the last reserve consisting of six battalions of the old guard, were at a short distance, he might have been enveloped before they could get to his rescue. The fate of Europe then hung upon a thread, but in that terrible moment, the Emperor's presence of mind did not forsake him; he instantly ordered this little body guard, hardly more than a company, to form a line, in order to check the enemy's advance, and despatched orders to the old guard to attack the column on one flank, while a brigade of Murat's horse charged it on the other.

The Russians, disordered by success, and ignorant of the inestimable prize which was almost within their grasp, were arrested by the firm countenance of the little band of heroes who formed Napoleon's last resource; and before they could reform their ranks for a regular conflict, the enemy was upon them on either flank, and almost the whole division was cut to pieces. This dreadful slaughter continued through the day, the Russians and the French alternately repulsing each other, both sides fighting with the most desperate intrepidity, and every charge leaving the ground covered with carnage. Towards evening the Prussians, under Lestocq, advanced against the division of Friant. The French were driven before them. Marshal Davoust in vain attempted to withstand the torrent. 'Here,' he cried, 'is the place where the brave should find a glorious death, the cowards will perish in the deserts of Siberia.'—Still the French were driven on with the loss of 3000 men, and the whole Russian line were pressing on to victory, when the rapid night of the north fell and the battle was at an end.

This was the first heavy blow which Napoleon had received in European war. He had once before been on the point of ruin, but it was at Syria, and a British officer had the honor of making the conqueror of Italy recoil. It is now unquestionable that at Eylau he was defeated. At 10 at night he gave orders for his artillery and baggage to defile to the rear, and the advanced post to retreat. He was on the point of being disgraced in the eyes of Europe, when he was saved that disgrace by the indecision of the Russian General. A council of war was held by the Russian leaders on horseback, to decide on their future course. Count Osterman Tolstoy, the second in command, with Generals Knoring and Lestocq, urged strongly that retreat was not to be thought of—that Napoleon was beaten in a pitched battle—that which ever army gained ground would be reputed victor, and that the true policy was to throw their whole force upon him without delay. But Bennington, unluckily satisfied with his triumph, past the vigor of youth, unacquainted with the enormous losses of the French army, and exhausted by 36 hours on horseback, directed the march on Koningsberg. Such was the terrible battle of Eylau, fought in the depth of winter amidst ice and snow, under circumstances of unexampled horror; the most bloody and obstinately contested that had yet occurred during the war—and in which, if Napoleon did not sustain a positive defeat, he underwent a disaster which had well nigh proved his ruin. The loss on both sides was immense, and never, in modern times has a field of battle been strewed with such a multitude of slain.

On the side of the Russians twenty-five thousand had fallen, of whom about seven thousand were already no more; on that of the French upwards of thirty thousand were killed or wounded, and nearly ten thousand had left their colors, under pretence of attending to the wounded, and did not make their appearance for several days. The other trophies of victory were nearly equally balanced—the Russians had to boast of the unusual spectacle of twelve eagles taken from their antagonists—while they had made spoil of sixteen of the Russian guns and fourteen standards. Hardly any prisoners were made on either side during the action; but six thousand of the wounded, most of them in a hopeless state. were left in the field of battle, and fell into the hands of the French. Never was a spectacle so dreadful as the field of battle presented on the following morning. About fifty thousand men lay in the space of two leagues weltering in blood. The wounds were for the most part of the severest kind, from the extraordinary quantity of cannon balls that had been discharged during the battle, and the close proximity of the contending masses, to the deadly batteries, which spread grape at half musket shot, through their ranks.

Though stretched on the cold snow, and exposed to the severity of an arctic winter, they were burning with thirst, and piteous cries were heard on all sides for water, or assistance to extricate the wounded men from beneath the heaps of slain or load of horses by which they were crushed. Six thousand of these noble animals encumbered the field, or maddened with pain, were shrieking aloud amidst the stifled groans of the wounded. Subdued by the loss of blood, tamed by cold, exhausted by hunger, the foemen lay side by side amidst the general wreck.—The Cossack was to be seen beside the Italian; the gay vine dresser, from the banks of the Gayonne lay athwart the stern peasant from the plains of the Ukraine. The extremity of suffering had extinguished alike the fiercest and most generous passions. After his usual custom, Napoleon in the afternoon rode through this dreadful field, accompanied by his generals and staff, while the still burning piles of Serpallen and Saussgarten sent volumes of black smoke over the scene of death—but the men exhibited none of their wonted enthusiasm—no cries of Vive l'Emperor were heard.

Affecting Anecdote.—An affecting spectacle of insanity, followed by a melancholy result, was witnessed a few days ago, at the lunatic hospital at Saumer. A lady and gentleman went to visit the establishment, accompanied by their child, a little girl five or six years old. As they passed one of the cells, the wretched inmate, an interesting young woman of about twenty-five, who had irrecoverably lost her reason, through the desertion of a seducer and the death of her illegitimate offspring, made a spring at the little girl, who had approached within her reach. In the height of her delirium the poor creature fancied the stranger's child her own long lost darling: devouring it with kisses, she bore it in triumph to the farther end of her cell. Entreaties and menaces having proved ineffectual to induce her to restore the child to its terrified mother, the director of the establishment was sent for, and at his suggestion the maniac was allowed to retain peaceable possession of her prize, under the impression, that, exhausted with her own frantic violence, she would fall asleep, when the child might be liberated from her grasp without difficulty or the employment of harsh means. This calculation was not erroneous, in a few minutes the poor sufferer's eyes closed in slumber, and one of the keeper's watching the opportunity, snatched the child from her arms and restored it to its mother. The shriek of delight uttered by the latter, on recovering her treasure, awakened the poor maniac, who perceiving the child gone, actually howled with despair in a paroxism of ungovernable phrenzy, fell to the ground—to rise no more. Death had released her suffering.—*Guligнani's Messenger.*

The Parks and Squares of London.—But what distinguishes London above all the cities that I am acquainted with, is the parks. Only fancy, in the midst of the town, the most verdant lawns, of very considerable extent, here and there adorned with picturesque groups of trees, broken by large pieces of water, and, to complete the rural appearance, numbers of sheep and cows feeding on them; then fancy the striking effect of the great masses of architecture, such as the venerable Westminster Abbey, for instance, rising in the distance, above this verdant world, and you will have some idea of the charm of these parks. Two of them, St. James' and the Green Park, are for pedestrians only; but in the two larger ones, Hyde Park and Regent's Park, there are, every afternoon in the season, hundreds of the most brilliant equipages, and troops of ladies and gentlemen on horses, many of which would perhaps, delight the eye of the sculptor of the celebrated horse's head of the Parthonon, and these, with the crowd of pedestrians, afford a most gay and varied spectacle.—The squares are another peculiarity of London. These are large open spaces, surrounded with houses, the centre being laid out as a garden, with grass-plots and parterres of flowers, shrubs, &c. These gardens, inclosed by iron railings, are kept in perfect order at the expense of the inhabitants of the squares, who alone have the use of them. Two of the principal, both for extent and the surrounding houses, are Grosvenor Square and Belgrave Square, the last of which has been but lately built.—*Arts and Artists in London, by Dr. Waagen.*

THE BEAUTY OF NATIONS.

The comparative beauty of nations will probably be a matter of dispute until the world's end. Custom, taste, circumstances, and necessities for the standard of national beauty. It is notorious that the African admires thick lips, corpulence, oily skins, and deems black the perfection of colour, if colour it can be called! The Chinese, whose eyes are formed in his Tartar state, into two slits, by gazing on the alternate frosts and fire of the Tartarian sands, thinks the large European eye detestable. The Frenchman worships a drum-shaped forehead, a turned-up nose, and a pair of eyes the colour of rappee. With every foreigner, brown, varying from the colour of tobacco-water to coffee grounds, is the original colour of Eve in Paradise, and is indispensable to all living loveliness. With the Englishman the combination of the lily and the rose, the red and white, by nature's pure and cunning hand laid on, are essential to beauty. It is fortunate that diversity of taste exists, and that each man most values the beauty of his own country; because it is obvious that this diversity of hue and colour is the necessary result of time and climate. The burning sun of Africa and India, by a natural process, blackens every complexion. Even the more temperate glare of southern Europe necessarily embrowns the cheek; the features, too, are the formation of circumstance; the bending of the African brow, the deep-sunk eye, the projecting lips, and the high cheek bones, are the palpable result of the natural effort to escape the glare of a fierce sunshine. The eye, equally delicate, perhaps, in all countries, is in all the chief object of protection; the whole contraction of the features seems to exist solely for the purpose of protecting the eye. It is remarkable that the same effect is produced in cold countries, in tempestuous countries, and in countries broiling under the tropical noon.—The Tartar, the Laplander, and the Esquimaux, have all the same height of cheekbone, projection of brow, and narrowness of eye In every country of the earth, the man of the highlands, the mountaineer, exposed to storms, is narrow-eyed and high-cheek-boned. There are, of course, exceptions; for there are African tribes with European features. Some of the East Indians have features formed on classic models; but we speak only of the great classes of mankind. In every instance the more temperate the climate, the less exposed the national physiognomy is, by dress or circumstances, to the influence of sun and air; and the less glaring the sky, the more perfect is the development of the human countenance. All those advantages are palpably in favour of England; the temperate climate, the clouded sky, the general absence of harsh winds, and even the habitual hat or bonnet which shades the eyes, are all in favour of the softness, shapeliness, and bloom of the English physiognomy. The French peasantry have no protection for their female head in general, except the little twisted handkerchief, which leaves the eyes and the whole face exposed to the burning sun, and in the course of a few years makes the skin the colour of Russia leather. Thus English beauty has the natural right, at least, to be the loveliest of the European world. It is true that beauty, even in England, is rare; but this is evidently owing, in a great degree, to the extraordinary mixture of the English blood during the last century. Our colonies have spoiled our national features; the population is mingled hourly with the sunburnt physiognomy of the Canadian.—We have kept ourselves clear of the negro blood, but the progeny of the half-caste and the creole made fearful inroads on the national countenance. It is chiefly in the retired districts of England that the original beauty of the English countenance is discoverable.

Cooper, in his book on England, partly claims the pre-eminence for his countrywomen. 'The English female face,' says he, 'is essentially the same as the American,' (he means, we presume, the American of the United States,) 'though national peculiarities are to be observed in both. There is a softness, an innocence, a feminine sweetness, an expression of the womanly virtues in the Anglo-Saxon female countenance that is met with only as an exception in the rest of christendom. Between the English and American divisions of this common race, I think one may trace a few general points of difference.—The English female has the advantage in the bust, shoulders, and throat; she has usually more colour, more delicacy of complexion.—The American is superior in general delicacy of outline; she has a better person, bust and shoulders excepted,' [we should conceive that this exception proves the rule,] 'and smaller hands and feet. Those who pretend to make critical comparisons say, that it is usual to see more beautiful women in England, and more pretty women in America. Of one thing I am certain, disagreeable features are less frequently met among the females of America than among any other people I have visited. The English women appear better in high dress, the Americans in *demi-toilete*. One other distinction. I have remarked that faces in England often fail in some necessary finish or delicacy, when viewed closer; and I should say, as a rule, that the American female, certainly the American girl bears the test of examination better than her European rival.'

Mr. Cooper, however, with all his apparent fairness, omits one other distinction, which, in our idea, is the most important of all, the rapid fading of transatlantic beauty. In America, from fifteen to twenty is the age of perfection; at five-and-twenty beauty has, in general, fled; but in England, the permanency of beauty is a natural characteristic. From fifteen to twenty is little more than girlhood, five-and twenty may be conceived the consummate period of loveliness, which loveliness, however, unless impaired by personal illness, accidents, or the cares of life, continues for many a long year. In fact, there are palpably three stages of beauty in the Englishwoman, all excellent and unequalled in their kind; the budding bloom of girlhood; the perfect formation of the face and figure of the woman; and the third stage, combining the maturity of form and mind, utterly untouched by decay in either, and forming what we may term the magnificence of female beauty: a period whose characteristics are more distinct than either of the former, and less touching, not less surrounded by attraction, and questionably of fering a finer combination of all that constitutes the perfection of a human being. This period seems to be but little known in other countries, yet of this period are the women who have inspired the most powerful and permanent feelings; have exhibited the noblest faculties of their species; and have taken the largest share in impressing the character of purity, wisdom, and dignity on the national mind.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

From the Knickerbocker.

THE MAN WITHOUT A CHARACTER.

"I have just been thinking what a privilege it is to be poor and unknown, and what a blessing it is to be without a character. Nine-tenths of my enjoyments are such as are not attainable by the wealthy or great. They are such as are not permitted to those who have character, and reputation, and station, to sustain. The great pass through life on a high horse. They sit erect. Their heads are elevated, and they move proudly on to their graves, without knowing or feeling a thousandth part of the beauties of the world in which they have lived. I, on the other hand, with my characterless, poverty-stricken brethren, make the journey of life on foot.—We hasten not on our way; we take it easy; we cull the flowers which grow along our path; we avoid the briars and thorns which obstruct it; and when we come to a sunny or pleasant spot, we sit down and enjoy its beauties and take the refreshment and rest that our necessities may require.

"Oftentimes when I have taken my station in front of Colman's window, with my elbows resting on the iron bar that projects before it, for the purpose of examining at my leisure the various specimens of the arts which he daily displays for the gratification of the public—oftentimes, I say, when I have been so stationed, have I seen the man of consequence, as he wended his way slowly down to his office in Wall or Pearl street, turn his eyes wishfully toward the splendid display with which I was gratifying my senses, look cautiously around to see if any of his acquaintances were near, stop for a moment, and before he had half gratified his curiosity, start suddenly and guiltily away, and pass on. 'Pass on,' I have said to myself, 'thou slave of custom—thou victim of pride—pass on, and leave the pearls that are scattered in thy path to those who have the good sense to appreciate them.' And then, after such a mental address, I have crowded into my place among the motely and ragged group of amateurs, and with them I have admired the taper legs of the sylph like Taglioni, the graceful ringlets of Mrs. Wood, have expressed my astonishment at the sublime conception of Martin and pointed out to my less informed neighbors the faults in his Belshazaar's Feast'—have laughed at the comic power of Cruikshank, examined the gorgeous binding of the books, the wonderful chess-men, the racing scenes, and the views of the North River. After a critical dispute with some hatess *cognoscenti*, about the merits of a favorite artist, I move slowly and leisurely along, finding at every step food for my eyes and ears, and not unfrequently, through the kindness of the apple woman, food for my stomach.

"If at the next corner I discover a fight, I join the ring, and take upon myself the duties of master of ceremonies. I hold the hats and coats of the combatants, (for I am sorry to say that some of my fellow citizens are not to be trusted with such articles, they having the unworthy habit of abstracting from them handkerchiefs and pocket-books, and sometimes even disappearing with the articles themselves,) keep the circle wide and roomy, pull a man off when he has got his adversary down, see that there is no gouging, and in general way conduct the affair in such a manner that each party has fair play.

"I am always on hand when a man is run over, or falls from a building, help carry him to the nearest apothecary's shop, and am always one of those who are inside when the door is closed. By these means, I have an opportunity of seeing where the man is hurt, and what are his prospects of recovery, what remedies are applied, how he bears his misfortunes, and thus gain a great deal of useful information.

"I attend the parades of the 'Light Guards,' and the 'Tompkins Blues,' see them go thro' with their manœuvers and drills, and thus pick up a little knowledge of the art of war, to place at the service of my country, in time of need. When the 'Brass Band' comes out with either of the above mentioned companies, I am not too proud to march along with the boys on the side-walk, and keep step with the music. It does me good. It excites my martial spirit; it arouses my 'American feeling;' it causes me to think of the revolution; it calls to mind 'the times that tried men's souls;' in short, it makes me a more patriotic citizen, and a greater lover of my country.

"I attend all the fires—am a great admirer of Engine No. 14, and Mr. Gulick. I am an honorary member of the company No. 14, and in favor of retaining Mr. Gulick in his office of chief engineer. I only work at the engine when there is a lack of hands, my general occupation at fires being of a superintending character. I help females and small children to escape from the flames, take care of valuable packages that are thrown into the street, pick up pieces of china and looking-glasses that are cast down for preservation from the upper stories, and see how a stop is finally put to the flames.

"I go very frequently to funerals—particularly if there are carriages in attendance. When I see an invitation in the newspapers closing thus, '☞ Carriages in front of St. Paul's at precisely 4 P. M. ☜,' I am punctual to the minute, select a good hack, and oftentimes mourn as sincerely for a man I never saw, as those whom he loved when living and *remembered* when dying. There is nothing improbable in this avowal. I mourn for each and every one who dies, for I am sorry that they are obliged to leave this pleasant world of ours, the pursuits which engrossed them, the pleasures which occupied them, and all the thousand endearing ties which draw upon the hearts even of the most lonely and desolate.

"These are a few of my occupations and amusements; and they are such as the man of character or the proud man knows not. They are engrossed with themselves, and see not and care not, what the world is doing, farther than it affects their immediate interests. Their natural tastes are curbed, their impulses are restrained, and their real feelings concealed. Their whole life is a mask. They are 'star'-actors on the world's stage, while we poor, unwashed, unvaccinated gentlemen are the 'supernumeraries.' They have an arduous and difficult character to sustain, while we have only to hear their ranting, and sing a chorus to their songs. They are obliged continually to look and act their parts, while we can crack a joke with the pit, ogle the side-boxes, and ever have a little fun among ourselves."

DR. BEECHER ON ATHEISM.

Dr. Beecher has commenced a course of lectures to the mechanics of Cincinnati. From the report of the first, in the Cincinnati Journal, we copy some characteristic passages.

Political Bearings.

How to *preserve* liberty, "there's the rub."—Other nations have made themselves free; but their light of life has been like the meteor's glow, flashing athwart the horizon, and going down in endless night. Shall it be thus with ours? Have we been called into the light of liberty and shown what we may be, only to be thrust back into more terrible darkness? I trust not. I trust we shall shine brighter and brighter, till the nations, encouraged by our success, shall break their chains and walk erect and free upon the fair earth which God has given them.

When at first we set up for independence, kings, nobles and priesthood stood aghast!—They pitied us, poor orphans, who had no 'church and state' to take care of us. They feared that we should all go back again to *skins and acorns;* but we have kept along for fifty years or more, and we have in that time made some bread stuff, some cloth, and *considerable* pork. We have thoughts of trying it fifty years more—and if we stick to the good old way of "God and Liberty," I think we shall succeed.

Thus far we have done pretty well; but there are some—not many, I hope,—though I *fear* there be those, who are not willing to let pretty well alone, and are anxious to try some experiments to make more free and happy than we have yet been. They have discovered, they think, that there is no God! That the Bible is a fable! And they think that civil government is an usurpation, and separate families and separate property are a curse; that it is a vile monopoly for a man to have any wife in particular, or for a son to know his own father; that *liberty* is the right of every man to do as he pleases, and *equality* the right of every man to be as handsome, wise, and witty as his neighbor—the right to live in as fine a house, to dress as well, and eat and drink as much by *weight* and *measure.*

You all remember the fable of the dog, who by grasping at the shadow of his marrow bone, lost what he had, and gained nothing. Let us be careful, lest by grasping at a shadow, we lose our marrow bone. Let us wait until some other nation has made an experiment, and by the principles of atheism—by the overthrow of civil institutions and in the abandonment of all sacred and social ties—has made itself freer and happier than we now are. Let us not, therefore, abandon them for any mere experiment.

If any thing can destroy our nation, it is such fanatical and profligate opinions as I have mentioned; and were they not printed and circulated, I could not believe they are entertained.—It is true, that while Atheism has corrupted kings and nobles, it has served to overthrow despotism and exalt the people; and after all the convulsions which France has undergone, there is, on the whole, an increase of liberty.

But put these Atheistic principles under a republic and set the match to them, and the people, as well as the rulers, will be blown to atoms. Let opposition to authority and law obtain here, and we are lost—our constitution will be but a rope of sand.

Ever since the apostles of Infidelity have turned their mission to the laborers and artizans, I have trembled for my country. My own ancestors were artizans. My father was a worker in iron. He was well read in history, intelligent and virtuous. He was industrious and patriotic, and had respect and influence in the community in which he lived. Until I was sixteen, I worked on the farm, or with him wielded the hammer in making hoes and other implements of husbandry. I glory in my ancestry. 'Tis to my habitual muscular action that I owe the measure of health and endurance which have attended me through life, and which has enabled me to breast storms and exposure to east winds without quailing.

I know that the heart and bone and sinew of liberty are with the agriculturalists and artizans, and that with them is the last citadel of liberty. And I know who has carried among them lying sophistries and corrupting principles. And I have looked on and wept; and I would fain come to the rescue of this best hope of my country. If ever I longed for the power of ubiquity, it was that I might go to every artizan and counteract the poison that infidelity had mingled in his cup.

A government of God desirable.

It seems very desirable to have a God, provided we might have one all-wise, all-powerful, and perfectly benevolent, who should make us the subjects of his perfect government forever. In attempting, therefore, to prove the being of such a God, do I attempt to prove any thing against your wishes? Who could wish the argument to fail? Who wishes to have it proved to him that he is a mere animal, and that there is nothing beyond this life but eternal night? Who deprecates immortality, unless he feels himself to be so wicked and so determined to continue thus, that it would be better for him to be annihilated than to come into the presence of a God who is holy, just and good?

The argument all on one side.

You cannot prove that there is no God. No one attempts to do so. The most which is advanced is, that we cannot prove there *is* one. So far, then, we are even; but we shall soon see that there are some probabilities, at least, that there *is* a God. And if we believe there is one, it can do us no harm even if we be mistaken; but if we disbelieve, and act as if there *were* none, and it should be found afterward that there *is* a God, it will indeed be terrible.

The proof is the best possible.

The evidence of the being of a God is exactly what it *would* be if there was a God. The evidence is from *design*—the wise adaptation of means to ends. Every effect, we say, must have a cause. *Design* is an effect. Our bodies, the plants, and the heavenly orbs, we call effects. But to say that such effects as these—such designs—had not an intelligent designer, is as absurd as to say that there can be an effect without a cause.

If there be a God, an Almighty mind, that did create this universe, there could be no higher evidence of design than we now behold. All is now as if there was a God, and there is no evidence to the contrary. And what better evidence than this would any jury wish to a point alleged, that all the circumstances in the case are as they would be if the thing supposed was true, and there is no contrary evidence to show it is not? Would they hesitate how to decide?

No evidence for Atheism.

There is no evidence that the indications above and around us are the results of accident. There is no historical evidence of men ever coming out from mud and water. There is no evidence that when the earth was soft, they began to crawl out of the slime like locusts, and, as it began to harden, that they managed to get on their legs and run about.

But if such were the sport of nature, we should expect to find fragments, such as bodies without heads and legs, legs without bodies and heads and arms! For why should chance happen always to *finish* a thing? Even a designer may make some things by mistake, and you have scattered through your shops various fragments of design. But nature's workmanship is perfect. And how happens it that she always works as *if* by design?

All the indications of design in the arts of life are traceable to intelligent minds. No one for a moment believes that saw mills and steamboats were ever made by chance and had no designer. The man who should wait for his bed and chairs to happen, and should stir up the mud and water to produce them, would have to wait a great while. *Such* accidents do not happen now-a-days.

God's existence and man's proved by the same arguments.

We prove, then, the existence of the eternal mind, just as we prove that of the human mind. As you prove yourself a rational being, so do I prove the being of God. Give me now the arguments by which you will prove to me that you are a rational creature, and I will take those same arguments and prove an intelligent Creator. Do you say we cannot see God? I say, neither can I see you; I cannot look into your mind; but if you speak and write intelligently, or do any thing that indicates design, then I will believe you have a mind.

But if you deny that design proves a designer, then may I deny your rationality. But if you admit the argument as it regards yourself, you can't stop there with it, but it must go up with accumulating force. It is short but glorious; for it proves a God, a God over all, blessed forever!

Suppose now you should send out a committee to see if there were any intelligent minds in Cincinnati, and they should return and report that they could find no evidence of it. What! you would say; did you go into the stores? Did you not see any goods, or any thing? "Oh, yes, we saw a good many such things, some cloths, &c., but these might all come by chance." Well, but did you go into the jeweler's stores and into the toy shops? "Yes, yes, we went every where, and didn't see any thing but what might have come by chance." Why! didn't you see any men, nor women, nor any children? "Oh, yes, we saw plenty of those automatons going about, but there is no evidence they had any minds. *They* might have come by chance as well as the other things." And *such* a committee might turn the telescope towards heaven, and say they could see no evidence *there* of an intelligent Creator.

VOLTAIRE'S LAST HOURS.

The following is from 'Letters on Female Character, addressed to a young lady on the death of her mother, by Mrs, Virginia Carey.'

The enemies of religon are indeed the enemies of the whole race of men. They would take from their fellow beings the sole remedy provided by omnipotent mercy for the variety of ills which constitute the inheritance of men.—They would shut out the healing stream. from the diseased and dying in this world, and close forever the golden gates of heaven upon the toil-worn pilgrims who have faltered through their appointed course of earthly trials and might be entitled to a blessed inheritance above.

There is something appaling to the imagination in the contemplation of Voltaire's last moments. Yet it is a picture which should be hung up for exhibition before the congregated world.

What unutterable horrors prevaded his soul when it received its final summons to appear before its Maker and its Judge! He was discovered by his attendants with a book of prayers in his hand, endeavoring with a faltering tongue to repeat some of the petitions for mercy addressed to that Being whose name he had blasphemed. He had fallen from his bed in convulsive agonies, and lay foaming with impotent despair on the floor exclaiming 'Will not this God whom I have denied save me too? Cannot infinite mercy extend to me!' Awful spectacle! Where was then the fame for which he had labored! the applause which had been the breath of his nostrils? Where were the hollow hearted flatterers, whose faithless professions of friendship had deceived him in prosperity? Alas, they were the first to forsake him in the hour of misery! His last moments were attended solely by a hired menial, who is said to have inquired, when next applied to in her professional capacity, whether the gentleman who wanted her services was a *philosopher;* for she declared herself unable to stand the horror of another scene like the death bed of Voltaire; and would rather forego the emolument than engage in such an arduous and soul appaling duty.

What must have been the condition of that departed spirit, when the dread realiti of the future burst upon its unobstructed vision?—When the awful frown of an insulted Sovereign rose in sublime majesty before the immortal soul, on its entrance into eternity! when the first object it beheld, in dread realms of futurity, was the Being whose existence he had denied, whose cause he had persecuted! and that Being enthroned in omnipotence as a final Judge! Let us draw a veil over the terrific spectacle.

☞ It is very prevalent here for young men to hire sleeping rooms and eat their meals any where, as it may happen. One morning, rather late, one of these youngsters was returning home with six raw eggs in his hat. He had just purchased them for his breakfast, when accidentally, he met in Broadway a female acquaintance, and being rather flustrated, all thoughts of his "marketing" were driven out of his mind. He very politely doffed his *chapeau* to the lady. What was the consequence? Why, as his hat came off, out rolled the eggs, to his utter dismay, and to the astonishment of the lady. He was off in the twinkling of a case knife. The lady's dress was most wofully bespattered.—*N. Y. Whig.*

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1838.

Something New.—M. LAUGIER, a French engraver of great eminence, is now engaged on a full length Portrait of WASHINGTON, which, for richness and beauty, is to excell all the engravings of the kind extant. A specimen of the *style* of the engraving may be seen at ALLING'S Book-store, in Laugier's NAPOLEON. It is worth looking at.

☞ The Buffalo Commercial proposes the establishment of a Horticultural Society in that city. The question should be pushed, for no city can be a city of taste, where the culture of Flowers is disregarded. To a refined stranger, the silent beauty of the well-arranged garden, gracefully interspersed with rich Geraniums, Pinks and Daisies, is a far more eloquent commendation of the character of the people of a place, than any other argument which can be presented.

BEAUTIES OF MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY.

FRIEND DAWSON—It is true, as you stated on Thursday, "that a trip to the Mount Hope Cemetery, is, just now one of the most delightful equestrian excursions imaginable." It is indeed a "well arranged and romantic locality," and you might well admire "its broad avenues, its magnificent shade-trees, and its sunny slopes." But why did you not advise such of your readers as had not sufficiently "spice of imagination" to hear the dashing waves of the far off "bonny blue lake," to direct their attention to the numerous and beautiful vernal Flowers which ornament these "sunny slopes, and shady vales," a boquet of which I send you as a specimen?

In my numerous botanical rambles in this vicinity I have never discovered in as small a territory, so great a variety of interesting objects of contemplation, for the admirer of nature's scenery, the lover of Flora, or the disciple of Linnæus, as are found within the bounds of Mount Hope Cemetery—although the cold breath of winter has been but few days withdrawn, and the trees have not yet put on their "livery of green," I yesterday discovered more than twenty species of beautiful flowers in bloom while passing over but a small portion of this interesting region.

The study of Botany is deservedly becoming very popular in this country; and as many of your readers are disciples of Flora, as well as of Linnæus, I will enumerate, for their benefit some of the most interesting flowers now in bloom, in order to induce those who take pleasure in these innocent and delightful pursuits, to embrace an early opportunity for a ramble over Mount Hope Cemetery.

Epigea repens.—Ground Laurel, or Trailing Arbutus. A trailing plant, growing on dry sandy hills, with oval evergreen leaves, and beautiful clusters of fragrant white or pink flowers, which appear very early in the spring. It began to flower this season about the 1st of April, and is now beginning to fade.

Hepatica triloba.—Early Anemone, or Liver Leaf. This, like the preceding, is one of the first flowers to greet returning spring. I found it in blossom this spring on the south side of a hill, while the north side was still covered with snow. It is an elegant little flower, with colors varying from light blue to purple, and sometimes white or pink. It has now nearly disappoared.

Erythronium americanum.—Dog-toothed Violet. This is another of the earliest and most interesting vernal flowers of our country, but not so plenty as the two preceding. It grows in damp places; has shining green leaves, beautifully clouded with brown; flowers 5 or 6 inches high, liliaceous, nodding; color reddish yellow.

Sanguinaria canadensis.—Blood Root. This plant when cut or broken at the root, emits red drops of blood, as if to excite our sympathies for the injury inflicted. It has a beautiful white flower, and the root forms a valuable medicine.

Calthra palustris.—American Cowslip. A large bright yellow flower, growing in wet places, with broad heart-shaped leaves.

Trollius americanus.—Globe Flower. Flowers similar to the preceding, but of a paler greenish yellow color, fragrant, with a circular row of bright yellow nectaries inside of the corolla; leaves palmate.

Uvularia perfoliate.—Bellwort. A handsome plant growing about one foot high, with nodding flowers of a pale yellow color.

Saxifraga virginiensis.—A small plant, with clusters of white flowers, growing in great abundance on some of the highest hills.

Gnaphalium plantagineum.—Early Life Everlasting. This also is a small plant growing in abundance on dry sandy hills. Flowers in clusters, compound, sub-dicœcious, white, downy.

Aronia botryapium.—June Berry, or Shad Bush. This is a large shrub, or dwarf tree, now covered with a profusion of beautiful white flowers—very ornamental.

Trillium grandiflorum.—This magnificent white flower is universally admired; and from its great abundance it is more generally known than most of our native plants. Its regular and peculiar structure renders this an interesting flower to the botanist: it has *three* leaves, a *three* parted calyx, *three* large petals, six stamens, and *three* pistils. The prevalence of the number *three* gives it the name of *Trillium.*

Trillium purpureum.—This species is not so common as the preceding, and differs from it by the flower being of a deep red or purple color.

Claytonia virginica—Spring Beauty. An elegant little flower, named in honor of John Clayton, author of Flora Virginica. It grows in damp shady places; with slender shining leaves; stem 6 or 8 inches high, with from 10 to 15 delicate pink blossoms.

Dentaria diphylla, laciniata and *heterophylla.*—Pepper Root. These three species of *Dentaria* are pretty flowers, growing in damp ground, about one foot high; color pink or white.

Pedicularis canadensis.—Louse Wort. This is a pretty plant with pinnatified leaves, and a large tufted head of curious yellow flowers.

Thalictrum purpurascens.—A handsome plant with fine large compound leaves and curious filliform dicœcious flowers, of a greenish purple color.

Mitella diphylla.—A small plant, with a slender stem 8 or 10 inches high, bearing from 15 to 20 delicate white flowers, beautifully fimbricated.

Viola cucullata.—Dark Blue Violet. This is the most common native Violet of this country.

Viola pubescens.—Yellow Violet.

Viola amœna.—White Violet.

Viola? A small light blue caulescent Violet—species undetermined.

In addition to the above list, I discovered many less interesting kinds; besides several species that are entirely new to me, and which I have not yet found time to analyze. M. B. B.

Rochester, May 18.

NEW BOOKS.—We have only time to-day, to notice the arrival of two or three interesting works at the bookstore of Messrs. NICHOLS & WILSON, viz:—

"*Dr. Humphrey's Foreign Tour, 2 vols.,*"—a portion of the contents of which is already well known to the public, they having appeared in a succession of letters in the New York Observer. The Doctor, while in Europe, looked upon things with the eye of a Christian Philosopher, and his work breathes the spirit of a disciple of Christ. It is filled with most interesting statistical matter. Every one who wishes to obtain a correct knowledge of the moral and physical condition of Great Britain, France and Belgium should possess himself of these interesting volumes.

"*The Robber, by the Author of "Richelieu,"*" "*The Gipsey,*" "*Attella,*" *&c. &c. &c.*—We have heard this work well spoken of, and, we doubt not, its author has sutained his well earned reputation. Indeed, G. P. R. James, less frequently than any of the other authors of the day, fails to secure the admiration of his readers.

"*The Lady of Lyons, by Bulwer.*"—This is a play in five acts, thrillingly interesting and beautifully written. Many of its passages are very fine, and the whole plot is admirably managed. Every one will read it, who can admire fine wrought dramatics.

All these works are from the press of the HARPER'S, who are gradually emerging from the clogging cloud of the pressure, and who will soon again have their hundred presses under a full head of steam.

Musical Taste.—A concert recently given in Cleveland by 64 of Mrs. WEBSTER'S scholars, is highly spoken of. It is the first experiment of introducing the science of music in public schools at the West, and from the success which has attended it, it is probable that the experiment will be generally followed.

"*The Musical Review.*"—This new and valuable work, is published weekly in New York, by FRITH & HALL, at $2 per annum. Should not our musical friends in this city support it? It contains a good deal of matter that is interesting and instructive; and many facts that will make a *modern* musician appear awkward if he do not know.

The Newspaper Press.—Those unacquainted with the vast amount of labor consequent upon the publication of an Atlantic city newspaper, can form no idea of the enormous expense of these establishments. Aside from the great number of compositors and pressmen necessary, there are very few daily papers which have not from four to ten editors constantly employed. The Boston Herald has *eight* editors—all men of talent; and few New York establishments have a less number. With so great an army of writers, whose daily labors are read by hundreds of thousands, in all parts of the Union and world, it would be strange, indeed, if, as a People, we did not advance in knowledge and wisdom.

☞The life of WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, by his son, is about to be published in Philadelphia. The general distribution of the memoirs of such men, is well calculated to make the world better and happier.

☞The ordinary grave-yard *cures* dyspepsia; but a ride through the broad and well-arranged avenues of *our* cemetery, will *prevent* it—and a hundred other diseases besides, particularly if you ride up to its summit to see the sun rise.

"*A Key to Daboll's Arithmetic.*"—This is a very useful work for the beginner in Mathematical Science. It has been generally introduced into the schools at the East, where the *utility* of works of this kind are scanned closely. The Booksellers have them on sale.

☞ "*The whole world*" are visiting the New Cemetery! And no marvel; for it is *already* one of the most delightfully romantic localities imaginable; but it will *soon* be a perfect paradise. [A *cemetery* a *paradise!* Rather a paradox.] No stranger of taste should suppose he has seen the wonders of Rochester, until he has visited *our* "*Mount Auburn.*"

"On Monday last, Mr. Robinson, a citizen of Jeffersonville, Indiana, was thrown from his horse and so severely injured *that he had to be shot* on the next day to be *put out of his misery.* The Courier says his remains were brought to town on Wednesday, and followed to the grave by many citizens."—*Louisville City Gaz.*

Who, after this specimen of civilization, will deny that we are progressing in wisdom? Hitherto this practice of putting people "*out of misery,*" was confined to the nations of the East; but it is so *very* humane, that it would have been contrary to the Yankee spirit for improvement, not to have introduced it here! We hope, however, that it may keep south of the Potomac, and west of the great lakes! It smacks too much of the Lynch school to be *appreciated* here!

THE SCIENCE OF BOTANY.

There are many persons in community who look upon Botany as a science of names, a dry study of perplexing technicalities, which wearies and distracts the mind, while it imparts but little pleasure, and is of but little benefit. But such opinions are founded on entire ignorance of the modern science of Botany, and a little attention to the subject, as it is now taught will convince any one of their fallacy.

To the medical profession, the agriculturist, and the gardener, a knowledge of Botany is obviously of the utmost importance. But it is to the Ladies that this interesting science seems the most peculiarly adapted. Their acute sensibilities give a more intense relish to the beautiful and delicate objects which it contemplates. The fine perception of beauty, and the universal love of flowers which exist in the female mind, are nicely adapted to the study of the delicate structure, the exquisite coloring and the graceful forms of the vegetable creation. The objects of this science are scattered over the hills and fields, in the woods and by the streams; therefore it cannot well be studied by the fireside or in the library. It leads to exercise in the open air, which is eminently conducive to health and cheerfulness.

The study of nature, and a cultivation of a taste for the beauties of creation, cannot fail to exert a happy influence upon the mind. It lays a broad foundation for innocent and healthful pleasures. It leads man at times away from the wasting cares and perplexities of life, to contemplate the lovely objects around him. And while the eye is filled with pleasure by the beauties of creation, it leads the mind to HIM 'whose hand has formed them, and whose pencil paints,' and like the christian poet in grateful adoration he exclaims "My father made them all." B.

Oaks for the Parlour.—If you hang an acorn by a string about half an inch above the surface of some water contained in a hyacinth glass, it will throw down long white roots, while its stem will rise upwards and become decorated with bright green and delicate leaves. When it grows over the top of the hyacinth glass, it becomes a very pretty object.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

ROCHESTER.

We have before us, in a splendid volume of more than 400 pages, the History of Rochester!—of that magic city where, in the poetic language of one of her enterprising and cherished citizens—

"Scarce thrice five suns have roll'd their yearly round,
Since o'er this spot a dreary forest frown'd;
When none had dar'd with impious foot intrude
On nature's vast unbroken solitude;
When its rude beauties were unmark'd by man,
And yon dark stream in unknown grandeur ran;
When e'en those deaf'ning falls dash'd all unheard
Save by the timid deer and startled bird."

Rochester is peopled with a noble race of men. They combine industry and enterprise with intelligence and munificence, to an eminent degree. The triumphant results of all their energies and liberality, are presented in this volume. The great mechanical wealth, the prodigious manufacturing capacity, and the vast agricultural resources of Rochester, here pass in magnificent review.

The Book contains, in successive Chapters, a History of Rochester, its Soil, Productions, Geology, Statistics, Religious and Social Institutions, Seminaries, Schools, Courts, Newspapers, Medical, Military and Fire Departments, Banking, Canal Trade, Lake Trade, Public Works, Manufactures, Flouring, Hotels, Markets, &c., together with a brief history of Western New-York. It is embellished with numerous engravings, which illustrate very forcibly, the beauty of the public edifices and the magnitude of the manufacturing establishments which adorn and endow that rising City. The frontispiece presents a view of Rochester as it was in 1812, with just clearing enough for two shantees. It contains a portrait of Col. NATHANIEL ROCHESTER, the original owner of the wild land which now, as a proud City, bears his honored name, and another of the venerable Gen. VINCENT MATHEWS, the Father of the Western Bar, whose useful life is still spared. Gen. Mathews has lived to see the entire West converted from a wilderness into what it is—the garden and flower of our country. Having finished his law studies in Orange County, in 1789, he went to Newtown, Tioga (then Montgomery) County. There he commenced riding the Western Circuits, and was the first lawyer admitted to the Ontario bar. He was at Bath, Steuben County, before a house was built there. In 1792, he celebrated the 4th of July with Maj. Hardenberg and Moses De Witt, (who were then surveying the Military Tract,) at what is now the village of Aurora. In 1790, he was elected to the Assembly from Montgomery (which included Tioga) County, and in 1796 to the Senate from the old Western District. In 1809 he was elected to Congress. In 1827, thirty-seven years after his first election, Gen. MATHEWS consented, for one year, to represent Monroe County in the Assembly.

The Book is full of engraved views of Public Edifices, Flouring Mills, Manufactories, Hotels, Aqueducts, Falls, &c., which cannot fail to impress the public with just impressions of the extent of the business, resources and enterprise of that youthful city.

This work is from the pen of HENRY O'REILLY, Esq., who has displayed much talent, research and good taste in its preparation and arrangement. It was published by WILLIAM ALLING, and reflects great credit upon all who are interested in presenting a history of their city to the public in a form so attractive and interesting. The Book is for sale at our Book-stores.

A Thief caught in his own Trap.—A gang of barefooted burglars early on the morning of the 16th, made an attempt to rob the house of Dr. Wood of Cincinnati, but were frustrated by one of them pitching head foremost from an elevation of 12 feet down upon the brick pavement, from the shock of which he shortly after recovered, and mingled in the crowd, but was immediately recognized by his wounds and the blood on the pavement.—*Star.*

Sir Walter Scott's monument at Edinburgh, will be a splendid Gothic Tower, composed entirely of the choicest beauties of Melrose Abbey, and containing a marble statue of the mighty magician.

A Hint for Florists.—The Pennsylvanian says: It is stated as a singular fact, that if a plant is drooping or dying in a hot house, it is almost sure of recovery if you place a plant of chamomile near it.

THE MISSIONAY HERALD.

The following well merited tribute to the literary and philosophical merits of the Missionary Herald is from the pen of Prof. Bonfils, of Cincinnati College. Rev. A. Bullard, in communicating it to the Cincinnati Journal, says incidentally, that Prof. B. "belongs to no denomination of Christians." His judgment, therefore, is not biased in favor of the work by religious considerations:—

"There are several literary publications at the West; but one will particularly attract the attention of the philanthropist and the intellectual philosopher. I allude to the Missionary Herald, a monthly journal, simultaneously published in Cincinnati and in Boston. The Herald is an aggregate narrative, or a faithful representation, of Christian efforts and Christian progress throughout the world. It is a periodical of great merit, and very useful to those who wish to keep pace with the progress of civilization and the spread of Christianity, among the heathen as well as civilized nations.

"The missionary, being permanently stationed among the most savage as well as the most ancient and classic, but fallen nations, has uncommon opportunities for observation; his writings and descriptions must be more interesting to the philanthropist and antiquarian than those of travellers whose transient residence, to say the least, may and often does lead them to erroneous conclusions.

"The names, under whose auspices the Herald makes its appearance, are a sufficient pledge of the scrupulous exactitude of truth and of those grave subjects of which it treats. And the exclusion from its pages of that light and miserable literature, which in a great measure, distinguishes our age, and which is so detrimental to manners and morals, is a guarantee both of its moral and literary excellence.

"It would be a mistake to judge the Herald by its title, or to suppose that this periodical is made up from subjects already exhausted. A periodical which treats on various subjects, possessing a great variety of style and offering communications full of interest in science, literature, morals, and religion, cannot be so judged by the sound scholar or the enlightened politician.

"It seems to me, that the result of a faithful and extraordinary labor of talented and self-denying men, who have left their homes and sacrificed the world to proclaim that Christ is the Lord; and who teach at the peril of their lives, what man is, under the influence of divine light, and what he is to expect if he be guided by enternal truth; and who endeavor to place all men in the full enjoyment of those natural and sacred rights which bind them to their fellow-men, to their families, and to society, and God, should be fully appreciated and encouraged by all Christian communities, as well as by those who make grave literature and sound morals their study; and by that class of society who find pleasure in the study of the political and moral condition of distant nations."

Pennsylvania.—The following account of the origin of the name Pennsylvania, is extracted from a letter written by William Penn, its founder, dated January 5, 1681:

"This day, after many waitings, watchings, solicitings, and disputes in council, my country was confirmed to me under the great seal of England, with large powers and privileges, by the name of Pennsylvania—a name the King would give it in favor of my father. I chose New Wales, being a hilly country; and when the Secretary, a Welshman, refused to call it New Wales, I proposed Sylvania, and they added Penn to it; though I was much opposed to it, and went to the King to have it struck out.—He said it was past, and he would take it upon him; nor could twenty guineas move the under secretary to vary the name; for I feared it might be looked on as a vanity in me, and not as a respect in the King to my father as it really was."

Justice.—A man is taken up by the watchmen for beating his wife. The husband is fined ten dollars and costs. In consequence, the abused wife has the satisfaction of seeing her children go supperless to bed, and of being turned into the street in mid-winter, because her husband is deprived of the money which he had laid by to pay his rent.—*Boston Galaxy.*

THE ORATORIO—On the 31st May.

To the editor of the Gem :

Sir—I attended the last Oratorio given by the Academy of Sacred Music. The large and fashionable assembly which thronged the Bethel Church with the beauty and refinement of the city, showed in a very flattering manner, that the musical taste of the Academy is held in proper estimation.

The Oratorio commenced with an Overture from Boildieu. "*The Heavens are telling*," followed; and the choir never gave that most admired chorus with a more delightful effect.—Young singers often imagine, that in a full *chorus* they can commit the most sparkling *cadenzas*, by wandering into as many of *their own* fanciful variations as they please, without being noticed. But these *graceful* faults do not belong exclusively to young singers. There are many artists, who keep to their lesson in a *solo*, but cannot refrain from their ideal flights and "thick-coming fancies" in a *chorus*. Like the lonely mariner chaunting a *barcarolle* amid the roar of waves, and tempests; the louder sounds seem to obscure their own voices—they think they are not heard, and therefore it is not necessary to study precision.

The Trio, by Messr. Warren, Child and Amsden, was played very prettily. It contained several light and airy melodies, well constructed for displaying the more delicate and languishing tones of the flute. Mr. Warren was, of course, all *excellentia*.

The "*Song of the winds*" was done extremely well. Why is Mr. Walker heard so seldom in *solo?* He has all the jewels of the musical casket at his command, with the exception of the baritone or heavy bass voice; but his modest and finished style, is a full compensation for this defect. If he does not care about the plaudits which some "*sensation*" singers receive for producing wild and senseless mutterings (which no one can understand,) with such an air of tragedy, as to remind you of King Lear's "blow winds and crack your cheeks," he will acquire what is far more complimentary—the approval of those who can distinguish the difference between *noise* and melody.

Miss Horton in "*I know that my Redeemer liveth*," and several of the after pieces—(the first time she ever appeared in *solo*, in public) —done herself lasting credit. A fine natural musical voice, with a transparent clearness of intonation, has made her a handsome singer; and time and study will make her an accomplished one.

The first part concluded with Haydn's divine chorus, "*Worthy is the Lamb*." This chorus, blending the grand, the beautiful, and gay, in its perfect harmonies, is "forever charming and for ever new." Every repetition brightens its effect, and discloses beauties that were before undiscovered.

The second part opened with an overture, which was succeeded by the new pieces from Mr. Walker's Oratorio. The *Double Chorus* was universally admired. A modern chorus that can be performed in the very midst of the great master-pieces of Handel and Haydn, without being darkened by such a contrast, must be an extraordinary composition. This chorus is written in what may be termed the brilliant style; and is not marked, and disfigured, by those unmeaning decorations which are so often pressed into service, to please vulgar taste.—Some late composers (if we may judge from their works,) seem to suppose, that if a certain number of uncertainly variegated notes, are crowded into *one* bar of music; and that single bar is embellished with the whole chromatic scale—interspersed with as many slurs, shakes, and swells as Rossini, or Auber, would employ in garnishing an entire opera; if they can do all this, they suppose that their "music" will (to express it in classical language) "*take;*" and sometimes they are not mistaken. Such dissonance might do to accompany what Milton represents in his description of Chaos as

——"Stunning sounds, and voices all confused,
Borne through the hollow dark,—

but it will never be heard with a very lofty pleasure by the refined and intellectual. There are very few modern compositions that become permanent favorites with the musical public. In some instances this can be plainly accounted for. New music is doomed to silence by *appearing* so miserable at its first rehearsal, that its author afterwards despairs of attaining that success to which it is entitled. The fate of any piece depends more upon the manner of its *execution*, than the merit of its composition. An old familiar song, *butchered* by an ugly singer, is not near as painful and offensive, as a new song in the same situation. We know the old song to be a good one; and the temporary injury it receives, does not affect its reputation. When a song is badly given, it is difficult to conceive what it might be when it is done well.

Like poetry and painting,—music is adorned with a mysterious grandeur by the traces of departed time. Old songs, like ruined palaces, and mouldering castles, are veiled with a strange enchantment; a magical charm is thrown around them, that grows brighter and brighter as they sink into the darkness of the past.

The "*Pastoral Symphony*" was a very good specimen of that character of composition. It has an air of sprightly cheerfulness, which we are accustomed to associate with the "*wood notes wild*" of the artless and happy shepherds.

The Trio "*Thou Lovely*," &c. was sung gracefully, and is a pretty melody in itself.—Miss Brown is an improving singer. She always understands her subject, and is never—as the poet has drawn the untamed passions, "possessed beyond the Muse's painting." She has a fine conception of sentimental beauty, and her tones are marked by that melancholy sweetness of expression which steals into the heart

——"like sounds that rise
Far off in moonlight evenings on the shore
Of the wide ocean resting after storms."

Her *Pastoral Recitative*, and Solo "*Glad Angels*" was given in her best manner—a manner that will always please. The *Semi Chorus* was faultless in every part, but the *last;* its *finale* is rather too heavy. If these pieces of Mr. Walker's Oratorio are a proper test of the entire composition, it cannot fail to be successful. His *Piano* accompaniments are beyond all eulogy. The keys were never dashed into more flashing transitions, with more rapid ease and elegance.

Miss Abbott sung, as usual, with extreme good taste and judgment. In her higher modulations she is sometimes faulty, but in her native soprano, she is ever delightful.

The Oratorio concluded with the Chorus "*For unto us a child is born*." The most perfect Oratorio—no matter how much care and study is devoted to it—will have some faults.—I leave these faults to be noted by more fastidious criticism. A. B. C.

A Genus.—Bulwer, in his new play, "The Lady of Lyons," gives the following definition of a *genus:* "A man who can do every thing in life except any thing that's useful."

☞ There were two cases of small pox on board the bark Nashua, arrived at Boston a few days since from Amsterdam, with a cargo of RYE. The sufferers were removed for medical treatment. The Boston Advocate says, "Tho authorities, we presume, will prevent this cargo of rye getting into domestic circulation." Almost all the imported rye is turned into WHISKEY. A little small pox with it, will serve as a relish."

☞ James's "*Robber*" is a capital work. We are not surprised at the eulogiums it every where receives.

The last Jonathan.—I'll tell you an almighty strange thing of how that gal (Ellen Tree) works on the feelings of critters. When she was a acting *Julia* in our parts the door-keepers came away in, for it was tarnation cold, and no one took no notice of the doors, cos no more could well get in; when an old bear sniffed his way into the town and finding no one astir, for they were all at the play, what does the critter do but sniffs his way there too, and crawls up behind the boxes. I guess he ment to sup off some of us chaps; but however, he listened, and listened, till he got *quite affected*, and so mollified, that he vowed he would never go man-eating any more; next night he came agin and brought his wife, and the thing was only discovered on the third night when he was seen coming down to the box-office along with an alligator.—*London Sunday Times.*

"Aye—*this* is Love, the steadfast and the true."

Married.—On Thursday, the 19th inst. by the Rev. Joel Anderson, Mr. Robert Parks, of Indiana, to Miss Celia Dial, of Williamson Co.

Twenty-five years ago, Mr. P. courted the lady to whom he is now married, and was accepted by her. Parental interference broke off the match and prevented their union at that time. Twelve years afterwards he saw her and renewed their engagement. Circumstances prevented the meeting until very recently, but true to their engagement, neither party ever married—until last night, when was consummated in happiness, the early pledge of their youthful hearts. We give them our best wishes for a pleasant and prosperous pilgrimage through life.—*Franklin Repository.*

Independence.—Dialogue of a Lowell girl with the overseer of a Factory.—"Well, Mr. ——, I am informed that you intend to cut down my wages." "Yes." "Do you suppose I would go to work again in that room, at lower prices than I have received before?" "It is no more than fair, under the circumstances." "Well, all I have to say is, that before I'll do it, I will see you in Tophet, pumping thunder at three cents a clap." She was finally invited to resume work at the old prices.

Extraordinary Eyes and Ears.—A Gascon happened to be at Paris, in the Rue Notre Dame close to a citizen, to whom he boasted of the goodness of his eye-sight.

"Zounds!" said he to him, "from this very place I see a mouse running at the top of this tower."

"I do not see it," said the citizen, "*but I hear it trot!*"

A Cheerful Companion.—A gentleman who lately built a house, was showing it to a friend, and with great glee was pointing out all its various accommodations. "My dear sir," interrupted the other, "have you made the staircase wide enough to bring down your coffin?"

In the window of a shop in a country town is a jar, labelled "The Tailor's Delight" A knight of the thimble, anxious to know of what the contents consisted, on inquiry found it to be pickled *cabbage.*

Five Reasons.—'Mistress Grimes, lend me your tub? 'Can't do it—all the hoops are off—it's full of suds—besides I never had one—because I washes in a barrel."

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong; which is but saying, in other words, that he is *wiser* to-day than he was yesterday.

To be angry is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

Outraged Nature Avenged.—In Queen Ann's reign, a soldier belonging to a marching regiment that was quartered in the city of W———, was taken up for desertion and being tried by a court martial, was sentenced to be shot. The Colonel and Lieutenant Colonel being in London the command of the regiment had devolved in course to the major, who was accounted a very cruel and obdurate man. The day of execution being come, the regiment, as usual upon these occasions, was drawn up to witness it; but when every one present who knew the custom at these executions, expected to see the corporals cast lots for the ungracious office, they were suprised to find it fixed by the Major upon the prisoner's own brother, who was a soldier in the regiment, and was at the moment taking leave of the unfortunate culprit.

On this inhuman order, being announced to the brothers, they both fell upon their knees; the one suplicating in the most affecting terms that he might be spared the horror of shedding a brother's blood; and the other that he might receive his doom from any other hand than his.

But all tears and supplications were in vain; the major was not to be moved. He swore that the brother and the brother only should be the man, that the example might be the stronger, and the execution the more horrible. Several of the officers attempted to remonstrate with him, but to no purpose.

The prisoner having gone through the usual services with the minister, kneeled down at the place appointed to receive the fatal shot.

The major stood by, saw the afflicted brother load his instrument of death, and this being done, ordered him to observe the third signal with his cane and at that instant to do his office, and dispatch the prisoner.

But behold the justice of providence. When the major was detailing his fatal signals for the prisoner's death, at the last movement of his cane, the soldier, inspired by some superior power, suddenly turned about his piece, and shot the tyrant in a moment through the head.

Then, throwing down his piece, he exclaimed—"He that can show no mercy no mercy let him receive. Now I submit, I had rather die this hour, for this death, than live a hundred years, and give my brother his." At this unexpected event nobody seemed to be sorry; and some of the chief citizens, who came to see the execution, and were winesses of all that passed, prevailed with the next commanding officer to carry both the brothers back to prison, and not execute the first prisoner until farther orders, promising to indemnify him for the consequence, as far as their interest could possibly go with the Queen. This request being complied with, the city corporation that very night drew up a very pathetic and moving address to their sovereign, humbly setting forth the cruelty of the deceased and praying her majesty's clemency towards the prisoners. The Queen, upon the perusal of this petition, which was presented to her majesty by one of the city representatives, was pleased to promise that she would inquire a little farther into the matter. On doing so she found the truth of the petition confirmed in all its particulars; and was graciously pleased to pardon both the offending brothers and discharge them from her service. "For which good mercy in the Queen, says a chronicler of that period," she received the very grateful and most dutiful address of thanks to her loyal city."

A Western Widow.—One of the finest steamboats on the Western waters is the Ellen Kirkman, so named in compliment to a lady of Nashville, Tenn. She was built at New Albany (Ia) and is five hundred and seventy tons burthen—propelled by two engines of immense power. The Nashville Whig speaking of this noble boat, says—

Ellen Kirkman is the name of a wealthy and highly respected widow of this city, whose enterprise and success in business is only excelled by her intimate and extraordinary acquaintance with commercial affairs. 12 years ago Mrs. Kirkman was left with a care of a large estate, since which she has erected on our public square a pile of magnificent stores (not exceeded by any in the city,) and is still as active and shrewd in trade as the most accomplished merchant of the East at forty. Who then will pretend to say that Ellen Kirkman is undeserving the compliment paid by the captain and owners of the steamer?

AN INCIDENT.

From the Illinois Republican of May 8.

The young lady charged with being accessory to the murder of Dr. Dalton, in Knoxville, Illinois, was tried by virtue of a writ of habeas corpus, before Judge Thomas, in Springfield on Saturday last, in the court room and discharged. The circumstances that led to the murder of Dalton, and the appearance of the young, beautiful and interesting prisoner, excited a deep interest on the part of the people in her behalf. We have been informed that Dr. Dalton, some time last winter, called on this young lady, and informed her that one of her female acquaintances, in the country, was sick and was anxious to see her, and said, as he was compelled to visit her friend, he being her physician, he would give her a seat in his sleigh if she wished to go. The doctor being a man of a family, and good character, she accepted of the offer.—The doctor, after driving a few miles, informed the young lady that her friend was not sick, and then attempted to commit a rape; with a drawn dagger he threatened her life, unless she would submit to his brutal proposition. Her screams freightened the horses; he sprung out of the sleigh for the purpose of tieing the horses, but they were unmanageable, she quit the sleigh, and run a considerable distance through the snow to the nearest house, and thus made her escape. The doctor was arrested and bound over in the sum of $3,000 for his appearance at court. This done, he endeavored to create the impression that the girl did not possess a good character; this caused her brother, it is said, to utter threats against him. And shortly after, Dr. Dalton, whilst standing opposite to the young lady's father's house, was shot in the back from a window. Her brother, Silas A. Rude, was apprehended on suspicion, and is now in custody awaiting his trial. His sister was also arrested, and her case disposed of as above stated.

The discharge of the young lady brought forth, from spectators, an involuntary shout of joy. But, to add to the interest of all these circumstances, a few hours after her release she was united by the bands of matrimony to a gentleman to whom she had been engaged for a year or more. "All's well that ends well."

The Monkey and Bull Dog.—A furious battle took place some time back, at Worcester, between those two animals, on a wager of three guineas to one, that the dog would kill the monkey in six minutes. The owner of the dog agreed to permit the monkey to use a stick about a foot long. Hundreds of spectators assembled to witness the fight, and bets ran eight, nine and ten to one in favor of the dog, which could hardly be held in. The owner of the monkey taking from his pocket a thick round rule about a foot long, threw it into the hand of the monkey, saying, 'Now look sharp—mind that dog.' 'Then here goes for your monkey.' cried the butcher, letting the dog loose, which flew with a tiger like fierceness at him. The monkey with astonishing agility, sprang at least a yard high, and falling on the dog, laid fast hold of the back of his neck with his teeth, seizing one ear with his left paw, so as to prevent his turning to bite. In this unexpected situation, Jack fell to work with his rule upon the head of the dog, which he beat so forcibly and rapidly, that the creature cried out most eloquently. In a short time the dog was carried off in nearly a lifeless state with his scull fractured. The monkey was of the middle size.—*English Paper.*

One day Mr. Curran said to Father O'Leary, the well known Roman Catholic priest, "Reverend Father, I wish that you were St. Peter." "And why, Counsellor, would you wish that I was St. Peter?" asked O'Leary. "Because, Reverend Father, in that case you would have the keys of Heaven, and you could let me in." "By my honour and conscience, Counsellor," replied the divine, "it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out." Curran enjoyed the joke which he admitted had a good deal of reason in it.

☞We find the following original but just remark, in the Wilhelm Meister of Goethe:—"There are moments in life when past events, like winged shuttles, dart to and fro before us, and by their incessant movements weave a web, which we ourselves in a greater or less degree, have spun and put upon the loom."

The Barber's Pole, which is the symbol of the mystery of shaving by a razor, has been used for many years. Its origin is thus related in Pulleyn's Etymological Compendium:

The origin of the barber's pole is to be traced to the period when the barbers were also surgeons, under the denomination of Barber Surgeons, or Barber-Chirurgeons, none other in former times being allowed to let blood.' To assist this operation, it being necessary for the patient to grasp a staff, a stick or pole was always kept by the Barber-Surgeon, together with the fillet or bandaging used for tying the patient's arm. When the pole was not in use the tape was tied to it that they both might be forthcoming when wanted. On a person coming to be bled, the tape was disengaged from the pole and bound round the arm, and the pole was put into the person's hand; after it was done it was again tied on, and in this state the pole and tape were often hung at the door, for a sign or notice to passengers that they might there be bled. At length, instead of hanging out the identical pole used in the operation, a pole was painted with stripes round it, in imitation of the real pole and its bandagings, and thus came the sign.'

Ornithology.—On Saturday last, 12th May, as a youth of this village was shooting near the outlet of Seneca Lake, he discovered a beautiful bird, about the size of a pigeon, which ran, and (Ostrich like,) hid its head amongst the reeds, allowing itself to be taken without resistance. On showing the bird to President HALE, of the College, he pronounced it to be the *Martinico Gallinule.* The plumage of the head, neck, throat and breast, are a rich violent purple, the back an olive green, sides of the neck and wings, ultramarine; bill, vermillion. According to Wilson's Ornithology, where the bird is delineated, it is rarely seen even in summer, north of Georgia, where it appears in the latter part of the month of April. A specimen was once in Peale's museum, New York, and another in the Philadelphia museum; both had taken their refuge on board of ships bound to Philadelphia, during their migration from Mexico. How this beautiful stranger found its way so far north as Geneva, during so cold and backward a season, seems rather curious. The bird is alive and healthy.—*Geneva Gaz.*

Ugliness.—It is curious to observe that an ugly face is generally the indication of a humerous and witty mind. It suggests innumerable exhilerating witticisms in the wearer himself, and is the cause of wit to others. There is scarcely a merry, shrewd, witty fellow in fictitious history, but has the honor of ugliness attributed to him. Æsop was a very ugly little hunchback: uglier still was Socrates, no less a man of wit and humor, than a philosopher. The heroes of Rabelais were famous for personal deformity.—Sancho Panza, Don Quixotte, and Rosinante, were in their several conditions absolute patterns of this interesting qualification. Hudibras and Ralpho were still more conspicuously ugly.—Scarron, the favorite wit of France, was the most deformed little creature a lovely woman ever allowed herself to be coupled to.

From the New-York American.

AN ORDINANCE OF CROMWELL AGAINST DUELLING.

Cromwell, Protector.

"It is enacted, That if any person should challenge, or cause to be challenged, or accept, or knowingly carry a challenge to fight a duel, he shall be committed to prison without bail for six months, and find security for his good behaviour for one whole year after. Persons challenged, not discovering it in twenty-four hours afterwards, to be deemed acceptors. Fighting a duel, if death shall ensue, to be adjudged murder. The seconds, in the last case, to be deemed principals, and in every other to be banished from the Commonwealth for life, and to suffer death in case of return. CROMWELL."

Whitehall, 1654. A. S.

A good story is related of President Humphrey, of Amherst College. One morning, before recitations, some of the students fastened a live goose to the President's chair. When the President entered the room, and discovered the new occupant of his seat, he turned on his heel and coolly observing 'Gentlemen, I perceive you have a competent instructor, and I will therefore leave you to your studies.'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.

THE LOST RING.

A Ring! it is a talisman,
For what else can it be?
A pledge from fond affection's hand,
It says, 'oh! think of me'—
* * * * *

Lellia had a plain Gold Ring,—
And graven in her heart
Were the last words and offering,
"Keep faith, for I depart:—

"Though others may around thee press,
And whisper words of art,
Think on mine, absent tenderness,
Leilia! pledge thy heart!

Ah! be not thou another's love,—
Forsake not thou that faith;
This ring shall seal the holy vow,
And thou art mine till death,"
* * * * *

He's gone—And will the maiden heed
The "plighted troth" she's given?
For with the lightning's flash of speed
Her vow was writ in heaven!
* * * * *

Why doth the 'bright-eyed Leilia' grieve?
Why droops her darkly-flowing hair?
Ah! see the youthful bosom heave;
A deep, deep wo is prisoned there.

But view that hand—that little hand,—
It wears not now the circling-gold;
A few short words exp'ain the rest—
The 'Ring is lost!'—her love grew cold?

To Edwin now the story tell?
He'll think perchance some rival one
Has gained a pledge, I could not keep;
When he, was from my presence gone;

Ah! no, 'my Edwin,' truth wi'l tell,—
That she you loved could ne'er deceive;
My soul is true—my heart your own,—
You cannot pause—you must believe!

THERESA CL***.

Springfield, Massachusetts.

The following "Coronation Ode" sung by the Young Ladies at the Female Seminary in this city, last May day, to the tune of "The origin of the Harp," was written by one of their number, and produced a fine effect when "warbled" by them "in full chorus" on that occasion, as all will well remember who were fortunate enough to be present. At the conclusion of the song, the coronal of Spring's earliest flowers was placed by free hearts and willing hands on as fair a brow as will receive the crown of the British Isles at the coming coronation.

We have come, lovely lady, our homage to pay
To the fairest of maidens, our young Queen of May;
Like loyal true subjects allegiance we owe,
Like true loyal subjects before thee we bow;
We pledge thee our faith, we here swear to obey,
Each word and each wish of our young Queen of May.

Then smile, gentle fair, on your subjects to-night,
And wear the gay flowers in this coronal bright,
Accept, gracious Queen, of the tribute we bring,
'Tis wreathed of the earliest blossoms of Spring,
We've cull'd them and twin'd them on this festal day—
To grace the fair brows of our young Queen of May.

Bright emblems they are of thy beauty and youth,
Bright tokens are they of our love and our truth—
Though time should breathe o'er them the blight of decay;
And their rich blushing tints fade for ever away,
Their fragrance shall live until life's latest day,
And with them we'll crown thee our young Queen of May.

DIED.

In this city, on the 18th inst., of consumption, Mrs. ELIZA, wife of Mr. SILAS BALL, and daughter of Doct. Samuel Hamilton, aged 41 years.

In Hamilton, Madison county, on the 11th instant, Mrs. Margaret Hemmenway, formerly of Brighton, in her 82d year.

At Honeoye Falls, on the 18th instant, Mrs. Elizabeth Preston, aged 42 years.

At Darien, Genesee county, on the 13th instant, Mr. Henry Barthoff, aged 37 years.

At Warsaw, Genesee county, on the 20th inst., Mr. Samuel Munger, aged 63 years.

At Mount Morris, on the 16th inst., Gen. R. M. Curtiss, aged 41 years.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, of this city, in her 90th year.

At West Bloomfield, on the 10th instant, of Consumption, after a protracted and painful illness, Mr. R. A. Parmele, in the 29th year of his age.

GIVE ME THE WILD WOOD.

"There is a serene and settled majesty in Woodland Scenery, that enters into the soul, and dilates and elevates it, and fills it with noble inclinations."

W. IRVING.

Give me the wild wood dark and gray,
And call it not a solitude;
Give me the free wind's wholesome play;
Kissing the mountain, field and flood.
I'd not live where the thousand things,
That cause poetic imaginings,
Are known but by the whispers dear,
That in the wild wood greet the ear.

Each bough that waves its foliage green,
Sings of manhood's glowing prime,
Whilst gnarled limbs above them see,
Tell stories of departed time;
Soon on these chroniclers of years,
A moral in the moss appears,
That fluants its tresses in the sky,
And saps the arms that lift it high.

There's not a wind but has its tone,
Waking up some treasured thoughts,
Whether it come from frozen zone,
Or from the burning south is brought,
The zephyr's soft and soothing breath,
The east wind, with its damps and death,
Each is a herald trumping plain,
A host of spirit in its train.

There's not o'er head a rushing wing,
When fog sits on the frozen rills,
But breathe glad tidings of the Spring,
Fast hurrying, to the northern hills,
But tells that she, with songs and flowers,
Will cheer once more the leafless bowers,
And round each trace of wintry death,
Shed warm again her quick'ning breath.

There's not, when Sabbath morn is flush,
With summer brightness, and the grove
Is sounding with the tuneful thrash,
A heart but thrills with holy love;
And when the blue bird's parting note,
In the full breeze is heard to float,
It is a sound that plainly tells,
Of climes where sunshine ever dwells.

There's not a bird, that wings the air,
Nor wind, that lifts the curling cloud,
Nor tree, that spreads its foliage fair,
Nor flood, nor field, nor mountain proud,
But tells the wanderer wild and free,
Of Him, who caused these things to be,
But has a voice, where'er he roam,
Such as ne'er came from fretted dome.

Give me the wild wood—I can bow,
With reverent heart, in house of prayer,
Can hear the organ breathing low,
And feel high thoughts when mingling there,
Yet still I love the untamed scene,
Where nought but God's own hand has been,
Where every thing can make us feel,
And mocking pride ne'er come to kneel.

J. B. C.

THE LAPSE OF TIME.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

Lament who will, in fruitless tears,
The speed with which our moments fly;
I sit not over vanished years—
But watch the years that hasten by.

Look, how they come!—a mingled crowd
Of bright and dark, but rapid days;
Beneath them, like a summer cloud,
The wide world changes as I gaze.

What! grieve that time has brought so soon
The sober age of manhood on?
As idly might I weep, at noon,
To see the blush of morning gone.

Could I give up the hopes that glow
In prospect like Elysian isles;
And let the charming future go
With all her promises and smiles?

The Future!—cruel were the power
Whose doom would tear thee from my heart;
Thou sweet'ner of the present hour;
We cannot—no, we will not part.

Oh, leave me still the rapid flight
That makes the changing seasons gay,
The grateful speed that brings the night,
The swift and glad return of day.

The months that touch with added grace,
This little prattler at my knee,
In whose arch eye, and speaking face,
New meaning every hour I see.

The years that o'er each sister land,
Shall lift the country of my birth,
And nurse her strength till she shall stand
The prike and pattern of the earth.

Till younger commonwealths, for aid,
Shall cling about her ample robe,
And from her frown shall shrink afraid
The crowned oppressors of the globe.

True, time will sear my brow and blanch my brow;
Well, I shall sit with aged men,
And my good glass will tell me how
A grizzly beard becomes me then.

And should no foul dishonor lie
Upon my head, when I am gray,
Love yet shall watch my fading eye,
And smooth the path of my decay.

Then haste thee Time, 'tis kindness all
That speeds thy winged feet so fast;
Thy pleasures stay not till they pall,
And all thy pains are quickly past.

Thou flest and bear'st away our woes.
And as thy shadowy train depart,
The memory of sorrow grows
A lighter burden on the heart.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

The following beautiful verses are from the pen of a noble Spanish poet, Angel de Saavedra, Duke of Rivas. The subject is one which, like that of "The Storm Painter in his Dungeon," by another high spirit of modern days,—awakens lofty thoughts, and demands expressive language.

ODE TO THE LIGHTHOUSE AT MALTA.

The world in dreary darkness sleeps profound—
The storm clouds hurry on, by hoarse winds driven,
And night's dull shades and spectral mists confound
Earth, sea, and heaven!

King of surrounding Chaos! thy dim form
Rises with fiery crown upon thy brow,
To scatter light and peace amid the storm,
And life bestow.

In vain the sea with thundering waves may peal
And burst beneath thy feet in giant sport,
Till the white foam in snowy clouds conceal
The sheltering port.

Thy flaming tongue proclaims—"Behold the shore!"
And voiceless hails the weary pilot back,
Whose watchful eyes, like worshippers, explore
The shining track.

Now silent night a gorgeous mantle wears—
By sportive winds the clouds are scatter'd far,
And lo! with starry train the moon appears
In circling car.

While the pale mist that thy tall brow enshrouds,
In vain would veil thy diadem from sight,
Whose form colossal seem to touch the clouds
With starlike light.

Ocean's perfidious waves may calmly sleep
Yet hide sharp rocks—the cliff, false signs display:
And luring lights, far-flashing o'er the deep,
The ship betray.

But thou, whose splendor dims each lesser beam—
Whose firm, unmoved position might declare
Thy throne a monarch's—like the north star's gleam,
Reveal's each snare.

So reason's steady torch, with light as pure,
Dispels the gloom when stormy passions rise;
Or Fortune's cheating phantoms would obscure
The soul's dim eyes!

Since I am cast by adverse fortunes here,
Where thou presidest o'er this scanty soil,
And bounteous heaven a shelter grants to cheer
My spirit's toil;

Frequent I turn to thee, with homage mute,
Ere yet each troubled thought is calm'd in sleep,
And still thy gem-like brow my eyes salute
Above the deep.

How many now may gaze on this sea-shore,
Alas! like me, as exiles doom'd to roam!
Some who perchance would greet a wife once more,
Or children's home!

Wanderers, by poverty or despots driven
To seek a refuge, as I do, afar,
Here find at last, the sign of welcome given—
A hospitable star!

And still to guide the barque it calmly shines—
The barque that from my native land oft bears
Tidings of bitter griefs, and mournful lines
Written with tears.

When first thy vision flashed upon my eyes,
And all its dazzling glory I beheld,
Oh! how my heart, long used to miseries
With rapture swell'd!

Inhospitable Latium's shores were lost,
And, as amid the threatening waves we steer'd,
When near to dangerous shoals, by tempests tost,
Thy light appear'd.

No saints the ficle mariners then praised,
But vows and prayers forgotten with the night;
While from the silent gloom the cry was raised—
"Malta in sight!"

And thou wert like a sainted Image crown'd,
Whose forehead bears a shower of golden rays,
Which pilgrims, seeking health and peace, surround
With holy praise.

Never may I forget thee. One alone
Of cheris'd objects shall with thee aspire,
King of the Night! to match thy lofty throne
And friendly fire.

That vision still with sparkling light appears
In the sun's dazzling beams at matin hour,
And is the golden angel memory rears
On Cordova's proud tower!

MARRIED.

On the 28th instant, in Grace Church, by the Rev. Mr. Clark, FREDERICK C WILSON, of the firm of Frink & Wilson, to Miss LUCRETIA HOWE, only daughter of the late Jacob Howe, all of this city.

In Monroe, Michigan, on the 21st instant, by the Rev. J O'Brien, Mr. WILLIAM SEELY, of Rochester, N. Y., to Miss CATHARINE MONROE.

On Thursday morning, 21th instant, at St. Paul's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. THOMAS W. WATSON, to Miss DELIA JANE BISSELL, all of this City.

At Greece, on the 9th instant, by Esq. Warner, Mr. JOHN L HOPE, to Miss MARGARET CALDWELL, both of Rochester, and formerly of Scotland.

At Scottsvill, on the 22d instant, by the Rev. Doctor Hunter, Mr. H. H. Hulin, of Niles, Michigan, to Miss Mary Parks, of Scottsville.

At the Rapids, on the 7th instant, by S. A. Yerkes, Esq. Mr. Geo. Brown, of Rochester, to Miss Angeline Ostrum, formerly of Philadelphia.

By the same, and at the same place, on the 16th inst., Mr. Sylvanus H. Oakley, of Gates, to Mrs. Hannah Brooks, of the same place.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson.

$1 mail, $1,50 city, in advance.

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, TALES, AND MISCELLANY.

VOL. X. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1838. No. 12.

MISCELLANY.

☞ The following tale relates to a period rather barbarous; but it is nevertheless interesting as a narrative: and the moral it conveys is, that Providence watches over the innocent; while the cruel and the treacherous rarely fail to meet with the punishment due to their turpitude and perfidy. Hence we conceive it a proper article for a family circle.—*Family Newspaper.*

From the Casket.

ELLEN OF ARGYLE.

The little story that I am about to relate is handed to us from among the legends of antiquity, with which Scotland abounds. Although these stories of "olden time" convey but little moral applicability to the purposes of modern life, yet they bring to view many obsolete traits in the Scottish character, which are the foundations of its present reputation. The constitution of feuds, which had its origin from the military policy of those northern nations, the Goths, the Huns, the Lombards, &c. prevailed at the time of which we are speaking, in almost all the nations of Europe, and in Scotland it flourished in the highest vigor. Numerous clans, each governed by a hereditary chieftain, composed the nation. Homage and fealty were due from the nobility to the King, and these received the like pledges of attachment and service from inferior chiefs and tenantry. Under a government too loosely connected for any other than military purposes, it is not surprising that intestine commotions were frequent—when clan was arrayed against clan, with all the bitterness which local prejudices engender.

Among the chiefs thus arrayed against each other, were those of Argyle and the Island of Mull. In numerical strength the clan of Argyle or the Campbells, was much superior to that of Mull, or the Maclains, for so were they severally distinguished. The Maclains were, nevertheless, brave and hardy, and at all times a troublesome enemy. The Island of Mull is situated off the western coast of Scotland, and is one of the principal of the Hebrides, being 28 miles in length, and 18 in breadth.

The lengthened hostilities of these clans became irksome to them both, and both were anxious to establish a lasting truce, through motives of policy more than friendship. Experience had, however, taught them that treaties were unavailing; and there were always some malicious individuals of either clan, especially among the fishermen of the different coasts, who were sure to commit almost daily acts of violence, producing perplexing disputes that always ended in bloodshed.

Argyle was at this time a widower, with one son, the heir to his dukedom, and a daughter, Ellen, a maiden of extraordinary beauty and intelligence. Maclain was young, and unmarried, and a union between him and Ellen of Argyle seemed to promise a permanent repose to the contending parties. A mutual attachment existed between Ellen and an English knight—but she did not hesitate to sacrifice inclination to patriotism. The marriage accordingly took place in the castle of Argyle, attended with the pomp and ceremony suited to the rank of the parties, and the importance of the occasion.

The intercourse between the clans was marked, for some time, with the strictest cordiality; and the Duke congratulated himself upon the happy consummation of a plan which had originated with himself. But the birth of a son and heir to the chieftainship of Mull gave rise to new feelings among the kindred of the present chief. The collateral relations found themselves excluded to make way for a detested Campbell—murmurs and complaints were carried to the castle, and soon assumed the forms of menace and rebellion. The few domestics that attended Ellen of Argyle from the paternal roof, were, one by one, on some pretence, removed from about her person, and she was left friendless amidst a host of enemies, who no longer concealed their hatred. In this dilemma she was without resource and without consolation—honor forbade an appeal to her father, and consequently to a renewal of those hostilities which she had for a time the means of allaying. Her husband, imbecile and irresolute, afforded but a feeble promise of protection against the ungovernable resentment of his kindred. At length a body of inferior chiefs waited on their leader, and demanded that his wife and child should be delivered into their possession, declaring, in case of refusal, that Benlona, a popular and designing man, and near kinsman to the chief of Mull, should be their leader. It was in vain that Maclain opposed argument and entreaty to the cruel determination of the chiefs of his clan; they knew his character, and felt satisfied that resolution was only necessary to compel him to yield to their purpose. Having extorted permission from their chief, Benlona, with two others, entered the apartment of Ellen at midnight, and ordered her to prepare herself on the instant to return to her father; informing her that the Maclains would not submit to a mistress of the house of Argyle, nor a chieftain of the blood of the Campbells.

Ellen could not believe that these men of blood intended to convey her to her father. She informed them that, as the mother of her child, she could not but feel some degree of maternal anguish at this unseasonable visit; but as the daughter of Argyle she could meet their menaces without dismay, and their insults with scorn. She was soon prepared, and with her infant, only a few months old, followed them to the sea-shore. She was there delivered into the hands of two ruffians, who received her in a boat, for the purpose apparently of conveying her and her child to the coast of Argyle. After rowing several hours the boat was stopped at an isolated rock, embracing but a few feet above the level of the ocean. The idea of being thus left with her child, with no companion but despair and famine, overcame the resolution of Ellen of Argyle. She implored the pity of her murderers—but she implored in vain—the only reply she received was, that "her time would be short"—with which the men departed and left her to her fate. As she reflected on the answer of the ruffians, the fatal truth rushed upon her mind—the returning tide would overwhelm the rock, and speedy and certain destruction awaited her infant and herself. Few situations more heart-rending and deplorable can well be imagined than that of Ellen; her enemy was the unstayed swell of the mighty ocean—her fate lay in the pathway of omnipotent power.

The death of Ellen and her infant by a malignant disorder, was announced from the castle of Mull, and a grand and solemn funeral gave credence to the deception. A messenger was despatched to Argyle to inform him of the melancholy event, and to advise him that the chief of Mull with a splendid retinue, would pay a visit to his afflicted father-in-law. Maclain arrived with his friends, clothed in the deepest mourning—he was met by Argyle and his followers, clad also in sable, and conducted to the ducal hall, where refreshments were prepared for the visitors. The Duke informed Maclain that he should presently invite him to the feast; but that a guest would soon join them whose company would be particularly agreeable, at least to himself—that his house had been too long without a mistress, and the new comer was to occupy that station.

"What! a bridal and a funeral feast!" cried Maclain.

"Aye," quoth John of Lorn, "a bridal and a funeral feast! here is a step-dame for an unruly son—but even her authority will hardly keep me calm to-day."

"Methinks that joy makes you forget that sorrow too is blended with this occasion," said Maclain.

"True," replied Argyle, "but John of Lorn is ever thoughtless—but you, brave sir, shall judge if the lady deserves not our kindest feelings"

The lady now made her appearance, and was no other than Ellen of Argyle, with her infant son. She had been rescued from her perilous situation by some fishermen, shortly after day break on the same morning she was left upon the rock, and at a moment of the greatest peril.

Surprise and shame kept the treacherous chieftain and his followers silent. "Maclains—if the entertainment is displeasing, you are at liberty to depart—but the threshhold of hospitality once passed, your recreant chieftain shall answer for his insult to my house, and his perfidy to my daughter."

The Maclains hastened from the hall of Argyle, pursued by the Campbells. The chief of Mull stopped not at the threshhold, but was pursued by John of Lorn, who slew him as he fled.

But few escaped—and the treacherous Benlona was among the number who paid the forfeit of their crimes.

THE STOLEN KEY-HOLE.

A FRAGMENT.

"Past twelve o'clock, and—oh! shame to the ripe manhood of fifty—Jeremy Dunbrown, his senses muffled in strong drink, sought his home. Let the truth be said, though the shame fall upon Jeremy Dunbrown, was drunk; yes, so drunk, that unassisted he could not that night approached his household gods, at the hour we write of, fast asleep—for Jeremy having the street door key in his pocket, kept not the *lares* sitting up. Dunbrown was a bachelor; hence it was his peculiar boast at the club, that he kept nobody waiting for him save the flees.

We have inferred that Jeremy wound not his way down Bishopsgate alone. No: great is the beneficence of Bacchus, who numbers in his thousands of little laqueys, to sober eyes invisible, whose duty it is to lead the voteries of their purple master safely home. The water drinker could not see the jolly little satyr with its small kid hoofs clattering along the stones of Bishopsgate, keeping Jeremy Dunbrown from posts and gutters,—now steadying his right leg, now the left—now flinging a vine or hop-plant over him, pulling him back lest he fall upon his nose—Jeremy all the while smiling, and uttering half-words from the corner of his mouth, in acknowledgment of the benevolence. These bacchanal fairies, thousands though there be—for were they not, how would frail mortals find the door?—are not distinguishable by the profane sober; nor are they to be seen by the small drinker, by the petty rascal who simpers over a gill and thinks himself Silenus. No, no; a man must labor in many vintages to be worthy of such a body guard.—Happy are we to assure the world that Jeremy Dunbrown was that man!

Jeremy, aided by his good genius, shuffled down the empty street, the wind blowing and the rain falling. At lenght Jeremy reached the iron rail that skirted his ancient home. "All's right!" said Jeremy; and as he spoke, the vinous fairy quitted its charge (leaving it in order to see safely to his door the Rev. Doctor Magnum, at that moment much debilitated by a recent argument at Alderman Bung's on Hebrew roots.)

"All's right!" repeated Jeremy, and he laid his flattened palm against that consecrated piece of wood, his own house door. "All's right!" and Jeremy, with a smile sent from his very heart, a smile flickering in his saddened face, drew from his right hand breeches pocket the street-door key. Ten minutes more, and Jeremy Dunbrown would be stretched between his houshold sheets!

Jeremy, with the key in his hand, sought to turn the lock: it was very old—very strange—rather annoying, but Jeremy could not find the key-hole. Jeremy smiled, growled with fixed teeth, scratched with the key all over the door, still where was the key-hole? Then Jeremy stood as upright as circumstances would permit—coughed—and, grasping the key anew, made a reckless dash at the door, as if—trusting to the guidance of his good genius, he hoped to find the aperture; when the key, struck by the violence from his hand, rang upon the door-step, and Jeremy, muttered objectionable oaths, dropped upon his knees and groped about the wet mud for the lost treasure. "It's all right!" said Jeremy, when, having searched for ten minutes, he again rose upon his legs with the recovered key, which—so great was his presence of mind—he carefully cleaned with the tail of his coat. "Mud may clog the wards," said Jeremy, with, all things considered, superhuman sagacity. "Now then—very droll—very odd,"—and Jeremy continued to scrape the key, as he thought, over every inch of the door,—"exceeding odd—never knew such thing in born days—remarkable—strange to a degree—ha! ha! capital joke—capid—d—n the key!"

Such was the broken soliloquy of Dunbrown, as he stood perspiring at his own door. Again he paused from his toil—looked up the street, down it, and again resolved by one vigorous effort to turn the lock. Again in silence did he run the key over the door; breathlessly he searched for the desired opening; then his hand fell to his side, and on a sudden he stood convinced for once and for ever.

"I see it,"—cried Jeremy Dunbrown,—"I see it—the dishonesty of the times!—some thief has stolen the key-hole!"

As Jeremy said this, his legs slid from under him, and he came—as good luck would have it—softly down upon the door-step. He was scarcely well down ere his eyes were closed; and snoring hard, with the unappropriated key gripped in his right hand, Jeremy Dunbrown sat in the shadow of his own doubled-locked door—sat and slept!"

COOPER'S NEW WORK ON AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.

We extract at random, various passages:

Picture of a Demagogue.

The demagogue is usually sly, a detractor of others, a professor of humility and disinterestedness, a great stickler for equality as respects all above him, a man who acts in corners, and avoids open and manly expositions of his course, calls blackguards gentlemen folks, appeals to passions and prejudices rather than to reason, and is in all respects a man of intrigue and deception, of sly cunning and management, instead of manifesting the frank, fearless qualities of the democracy he so prodigally professes.

The man who maintains the rights of the people on pure grounds, may be distinguished from the demagogue by the reverse of all these qualities. He does not flatter the people, even while he defends them, for he knows that flattery is a corrupting and dangerous poison. Having nothing to conceal, he is frank and fearless, as are all men with the consciousness of right motives. He oftener chides than commends, for power needs reproof & can dispense with praise.

He who would be a courtier under a king, is almost certain to be a demagogue in a democracy. The elements are the same, though, brought into action under different circumstances, ordinary observers are apt to fancy them the extremes of opposite moral castes. Travellers have often remarked, that Americans, who have made themselves conspicuous abroad for their adulation of rank and power, have become zealous advocates of popular supremacy, on returning home. Several men of this stamp are, at this moment, in conspicuous political stations in the country, having succeeded by the commonest arts of courtiers.

Argument against the Right of Instruction.

Upon the whole, when we take into consideration the received signification of terms, as they were understood when the constitution was framed; the legal effect of legislative acts, which are binding though the entire constituency instruct to the contrary; the omission in the constitution to point out any legal means of instructing, and the practical difficulties in obtaining instructions that shall be above the reproach of being *ex parte* and insufficient; the permanent obligation of the constitution; the doubt and indecision instructions would introduce into a government, that was expressly framed to obviate these weaknesses; the dangers that constantly arise from the activity of the designing, and the supineness of the well meaning; the want of unity, and of fixed principles, it might give to a legislation that controls peace and war, and the foreign relations, as well as the exposure to foreign influence directly exercised over irresponsible men; and the general character of deliberation and examination which is secured to Congress, which may be called on to act on information known only to itself; we are led to conclude that the doctrine of instruction is unconstitutional, whether as applied to the Senate or to the House of Representatives, and that so far from being a doctrine that is adapted to secure the domination of real majorities, it is rather an invention of intrigueing politicians to effect their own wishes, in opposition to those of the nation. Exceptions may occur, but governing principles are to be settled on general rules and by general effects.

Candor not an American Virtue.

Foreigners reproach the American with a want of directness and candor, in conducting their ordinary intercourse. It is said that they dissemble thoughts that might properly be expressed, in the presence of the parties interested, to express them openly and in a way to insinuate more than is asserted, behind their backs. It is to be feared that this is a vice of humanity, but, still, one people may be more under its influence than another. It would be a singular and a false effect of freedom, to destroy a nation's character for candor; but we are not to be deceived by names, it being quite possible that a tyranny of opinion should produce such results, even in a democracy.

America is under many powerful influences, that have little connection with the institutions. The want of large towns, the scattered population, and the absence of much marked inequality of condition, necessarily lend a provincial character to the population, a character that every where favors the natural propensity of man to bring all his fellows within the control of his own strictures. The religionists who first settled the country, too, have aided in bringing individual opinion in subjection to public opinion, and, as the latter is always controled by combinations and design, consequently more or less to error. There is no doubt that these combined causes have had the effect to make a large portion of the population less direct, frank, candid and simple in the expression of their honest sentiments, and even in the relation of facts, than the laws of God and the social duties require. It is to this feeling that the habit has arisen of making cautious and evasive answers, such as "I guess," "I conclude," "I some think," "I shouldn't wonder, if such a man had said so and so," when the speaker is the whole time confident of the fact. This practice has the reproach of insincerity and equivocation, is discreditable, makes intercourse treacherous and unsafe, and is beneath the frankness of freemen. In all these respects, a majority of the American people might take a useful lesson from the habits of England, a country which though remarkable for servility to superiors, can boast of more frankness in ordinary life than our own.

A Discovery.—The Boston Transcript says "there is much difference between *personal* regard and *purse-onal* attachment, if you ever noticed it."

A Quaker invited a tradesman to dine with him, whom he treated with an excellent dinner, a bottle of wine and a pipe of tobacco. His guest, after drinking pretty freely, became extremely rude and abusive to his host, insomuch that the Quaker's patience was at length quite exhausted, and he rose up and addressed him in the following words:—

"Friend, I have given thee meat offering, and drink offering, and burnt offering, and for thy misconduct I will give thee a heave offering;" and immediately threw him into the street out of the parlor window.

Mr. Buffon Bub's lament on the death of Nero one of the lions long kept in the collection of wildbeasts at the tower of London.

From Douglas Jerrold's "Men of Character."

'I don't wonder at your grief, Mr. Bub; no doubt the animal was attached to you,' remarked John. 'Attached! I believe he was: he'd roar when I came within a mile of him; my own wife din't know my step better than he did; and now he's gone. Poor dear Nero's dead!' 'What—what was his complaint?' asked John. 'I can't say for certain, but I think his death lays at the door of a d-d stockbroker," exclaimed Bub. 'What could a lion have to do with such a person?' inquired Applejohn. 'You see, the old stockbroker, after he'd had h s belly-full watching the bears get up the the pole, wanted what you call excitement, and would teaze Nero—would poke him about to get up a roar.—Well, one day the old fellow somehow or another steals in a big blue cotton umbrella; and there he stood, as I heard, laughing away as if he was winning upon 'Change, and poking the royal animal under the right shoulder. For a time, the lion treated the old fool with proper contempt; but at last, Nero pounced upon the umbrella, dragged it through the bars and afore you could say 'stop,' swallowed it complete.' 'What! the umbrella?' cried Applejohn. 'I come just in time to see the handle disappear down his throat; I could swear to it—round wooden handle, with five bits of mother-o'-pearl like shirt buttons.' 'And did the umbrella kill the lion?' asked John. 'Why, some of our people said he'd digest it—but all I know is this: after that, whether the disease arose from sympathy, or whether it were something in the nerves, I can't rightly say; but this I know, from the time that Nero swallowed the umbrella, it never came on to rain that the poor animal did't swell three times his proper size.' And Mr. Buffon Bub narrated this extraordinary event with a gravity which left nothing for Applejohn to hazard even as a doubt. 'And was he the last of the lions?' inquired John. 'The last and the best,' answered Bub. 'Poor dear fellow! how he used to love me! Ha! Mr. Applejohn, it would have done your heart good to have seen him and me play together with a shin of beef: how I'd just grease his whiskers with it, and then take it away to tease him; and then how he he'd jam his nose between the bars, and loop up his lip o' each side, and drop his under jaw, and push his paw sideways out, fishing after my jacket; how he'd keep up a rattling growl, and I talking and chatting to him all the while—and the ladies and gen'lmen, countesses, and dukes and lords among 'em, perhaps, looking on, and all more delighted then if they was at a rational play. And then, when I throwed him the bone, to see him drop down upon it like a thunderbolt, and pull it with his two paws like any Christian under his breast, with his eyes looking murder at any body as should touch it! Ha! that was a brute—and he's dead.'"

"How vain is the pride of ancestry! We are all descended from one parent, and that parent was a working gardner."

The boast of such an ancestry would have been very tolerable, if it were not susceptible of proof that the working gardner was only a tenant, and neglected his duty so much that a writ of ejectment was served upon him.—*U. S. Gaz.*

The Musical World mentions a most extraordinary pianoforte-player, of the name of Dœhler, who has recently arrived at Paris from Italy, and who the editor denominates "the double of Thalberg." His performance has created quite a sensation: and it is said that he executes such wonders with his left hand as were never dreamt of before—in short, that he is a combination of steam and railroad on the instrument. He is expected to pay London a visit early next month.

Choice in Matrimony.—The secret in choosing well in matrimony may be taught in three words—explore the character. A violent love fit is always the result of ignorance; for there is not a daughter of Eve that has merit enough to justify romantic love, though thousands and thousands may reasonably inspire gentle esteem, which is infinitely better. A woman worshipper, and a woman hater both derive their mistakes from ignorance of the female world, for if the characters of women were thoroughly understood, they would be too good to be hated, and not good enough to be idolized.

GASPER RESSELING.

THE TRANSYLVANIA ROBBER.

I never saw so lovely a morning. Every object was tinted with a clear yellow light; the thousand pinnacles and buttresses of the cathedral were sparking with a peculiar lustre; and the partisans of the old fortress seemed to loose their harsh, grim outlines, in most holy illumination. On the one hand, rose the ponderous masses of the ancient city, with here and there, the tower of a monastery, or a church, rearing its battlements amidst the confusion of uncouth chimnies and fantastic smoke wreaths. On the other, the giant oaks were casting long streaks of shade over the yellow corn fields, and the winding river was seen at intervals, till it was lost in the dark masses of wood that skirted the distance. Oh! all was fragrant and refreshing; it was like that blessed morn when the voice of the angels proclaimed to St. Magdalene that the Lord had arisen from the sepulchre.

The bells were tolling dismally in their turrets, and I could hear the chaunt of the monks rising at times from the neighboring minister. Those bells were tolling to announce my execution—that chaunt was raised to speed my soul on its long—long journey!

But I was not allowed to enjoy this fair prospect in peace. They spoke, but I did not hear what they said; they pointed to the car that stood ready to drag me round the ramparts to the gibbet; I comprehended their meaning, and mechanically obeyed them. The priest took his place beside me; and the executioner masked and muffled, sat in the back part of the vehicle. The car rolled slowly along, when the bells chimed and tinkled in unison with the dead sound of the drums; and the song of the monks rose into a fuller dispason as we approached nearer and nearer. The father confessor prayed long and fervently; with streaming eyes and tremulous voice he implored me to give but one sign of repentance; he told me of heaven; he told me of hell; he reminded me of Him who had died by a more shameful death than mine, that I might be saved.—In vain—his words fell upon my ear, but I sat in almost idiotic stupor. I bowed and crossed myself in imitation of his action, but I was gazing on the gilded towers, so fearfully contrasted with the ghastly implements of death and the solemn pageantry of the procession—alas heaven and earth were smiling in mockery of my sin and its punishment. The swallow twittered carelessly over our heads, the very dog snarled in derision and laid himself down to bask in the sunshine, in undisturbed felicity.

The priest guessed my thoughts; he foretold the time when the gigantic battlement should crumble into dust—when not one stone of the proud temple should remain upon another—when the sun himself should wax dim and be extinguished; but I should remain eternal, immortal. How I was to exist depended upon this moment. Alas! conviction came too late.

We had now reached the termination of our fatal journey; we descended from our vehicle, and advanced to the scaffold, which was erected upon the ramparts, and commanded an extensive view of the plain below. I looked down on the almost numberless multitude of heads. At my appearance they rose and fell like the waves of a troubled sea—they shrunk backward in loathing abhorrence, as if from some hideous reptile that was about to dart amongst them. I remembered many a face that I had known in better days. I looked steadfastly at them—they buzzed like a swarm of hornets—a smothered groan spread from man to man—they moved, nodded, grinned at me. Oh! as I live, every lip in that vast multitude was curled in scorn—every eye was glaring with a horrible defiance!—I now experienced that dreadful thirst which is said to indicate approaching death. Thirst can I call it? My very vitals were scorched and withered. Water! water!—Oh, what is the wealth of the Indies compared with one cup of the pure cold element! I retain a painful distinct recollection of the whole scene—the executioner, the platform, the ladder, the gibbet, and the noosed halter—the solitary raven that had perched on the gallows—the despairing countenance of the confessor, and the pale and lived faces of the spectators—that dark wilderness of eyes, all concentrating on me!

Slowly and sullenly I allowed them to conduct me to the foot of a ladder. The executioner stripped me of the upper part of my clothing, bound my passive hands behind me, and clipped off my long curling hair of which I was once so vain. Fool! fool!—I was angry with him—even at that horrid moment I was weak enough to be angry with him.

Slowly and suddenly we reached the top of the ladder. I felt them fasten the fatal noose about my neck, which had so often been fondly encircled by the small slender finger of beauty! O, God! I was horridly sick at that moment.—What followed I know not. I only remember unconsciously, giving the appointed signal. I fell some feet perpendicularly, and at the same time the executioner fell upon my shoulders to tighten the noose with his additional weight.—A flash of fire, brighter than the glare of a thousands suns, danced before my eyes; my ears rang with a tumultuous mixture of sounds, in which my own gaspings for breath, the shuddering groans of the spectators, and the cry of the boding bird that sat above me, were joined by the roar of a thousand cataracts, and the harsh yelp of a thousands wolves. I writhed in my agony to free my arms from the cords that bound them, and my shoulders from the wretch that still clung to them. The lights danced, and flickered, and multiplied: the sounds increased tenfold in loudness and discordance. I felt as if I were red hot, my blood boiled in my veins, my pulses throbbed and fluttered—and were still. I grew as cold as ice—darkness and silence, insensibility succeeded. * * * * *

I started from the bed on which I lay. The apartment was large and gloomy, and instruments, whose use I could not comprehend, were ranged in shelves along the walls. Am I in the region of the King of Terrors? was my first inquiry. Ah, no!—for the good priest is seated beside the bed, in company with a venerable man, and pronounces his emphatic blessing. The story was short and simple.—The priest had obtained my body from the magistrates, under pretence of burying it privately; but with the intention of conveying it to the chamber of a friend—a learned alchemist, whose labors had been rewarded by the discovery of a powerful elixir. The panacea had been applied to me while I was yet warm, and succeeded in restoring me to this life.—Under the instructions of the good father, I had leisure to repent of my sins, and from his friend, I learned the secrets of his heart.

I have now attained an extreme old age, and I wander in safety through the streets of Wirtemburg, in the midst of those who have heard their grandsires tell of the daring deeds of the noted Gaspar Resseling—the Transylvanian Robber.

From the Cincinnati Daily Express.

SCENE IN A SCHOOL ROOM.

Master.—Class in history, step up. Are you ready on the questions? Yeth sir! Billy, who was the first hunter? Noah! Why? 'Cause he collected all the beasts of the field, and the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea into the ark, and saved 'em from being drownded. Not exactly; but that will do. Dick, I will ask you some questions about government. All American boys should understand it. What do we call that in which one man rules? Donno sir! Next? That's an empire! Not precisely; it is a monarchy. Go up. Tell me, Jake, what's that in which many men rule? That's a-a—Next? That's loco-foco. Come here sir: what do you mean? Well sir—I seed it. You saw what? Why, at the meeting t'other night, where they was all presidents, and vice presidents, and hardly nobody else, 'cept me and our black Sam. Sit down sir. Next. What government is that in which the people rule themselves? Why, that's a federalism! Next? That's a-a—Congress! Next? I know it. That's an anarchy! Go to your places and look over that again. Harvey Diggs! Yeth 'ir. Bring up your composition. What subject did I give you? Here it ith 'ir. "Composition on wales and whale Fisheries: wales are a mountaneous Country in the Continent of england. Whale fisheries principally goes out from new bedford and nantucket round Cape Horn, which is very crooked and hard to navigate; the people of wales is called welshmen and toasted Cheese is called Welsh Rabbit. Permicity candles is got from whales. There is no more about wales except Wailbone——" Sir! go to your seat or I'll whale you. Silence! Begin writing class. May I get a drink sir? No sir! Well sir, I can't write 'cause my mouth's so dry. Silence!

A Female Martyr.—Among the articles of late intelligence from England, is an account of the death of a woman of the island of Madagascar, under circumstances which places her name high in the rank of christian martyrs. It appears that the London Missionary Society had been successful in establishing the means of religious instruction in Madagascar, and that a number of the natives had embraced christianity. In 1835, the Queen issued an edict forbidding public worship under the heaviest penalties, and in consequence some of the converts were in the habit of meeting on a retired mountain, for the performance of the duties of the Sabbath, which they felt themselves conscientiously bound not to intermit. The retreat of this little band was not long since discovered, and fifteen persons were apprehended, and condemned to perpetual slavery, and their property was confiscated. Their families were involved in the same sentence, excepting that they had the privilege of redemption. A conspicuous individual among these native christians, was a woman named Rafaravay, well known to the government as an inflexible christian from the time she abandoned idolatry, which was about seven years before her death. In the summer of 1826 she was informed against as an observer of the Sabbath and a reader of the bible. She was then condemned to a fine equivalent to half her value if sold into slavery, and gave on that occasion a striking example of meekness, combined with immoveable principle. In the summer of last year, a box of religious books was found near her house, and she was again apprehended and imprisoned. Her property was immediately confiscated, and she was loaded with irons and kept for several days, in the hope that threats and violence would induce her to give up the names of her companions. The attempt was vain. She continued faithful, firm, and composed, and was employed until the moment of execution, in praying for all around her, and exhorting them to embrace the true faith. She was put to death by the spear.

A Short Sermon.—'A word spoken in season, how good it is,' and never perhaps was this proverb more fully verified than by the opportunity improved, as all opportunities should be, by the late Rev. Rowland Hill. He was once walking in Cheapside, on a Sabbath afternoon, when he overheard the following conversation between two young men of gay appearance who were close behind him: 'Where shall we go this evening?' asked one. 'Wherever we can have a bit of fun,' replied the other. 'Then let us go to Old Rowley's chapel,' said his companion, 'there will be some fun there.' It was accordingly agreed upon, and while the worthy divine was reading the lesson in the evening, his eyes discerned in the gallery near him, the very two persons whom he had beheld in the street, but a few hours before, making the above remark. His text was taken from Psalm ix. 17. 'The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forgot God.' For a moment the minister paused, and then looking them both full in the face, and pointing to them with all the dignity of his calling, repeated to them the awful denunciation of scripture, adding at the same time, 'There's *fun* for ye, my boys!'

Steaming Extraordinary.—Yesterday afternoon, Mr. Walter Hancock, the steam-carriage engineer, accompanied by two friends, rode from Stratford, and through the principal streets of the city, in a steam-gig! Mr. Hancock remained a considerable time in front of Guildhall, now and then guiding his gig adroitly round the open space. A great number of persons were present. A notice was painted on the back of the gig, stating that Mr. Hancock had no connection with the "Steam Carriage and Wagon Company." Every one seemed surprised at the ease with which he threaded his way through the crowd of vehicles in Cheapside, Leadenhall-street, and other crowded thoroughfares. The gig stopped opposite the Bank for a few minutes, when the machinery was inspected by Mr. Oldham, the engineer of the Bank. During Mr. Hancock's temporary absence, much amusement was caused by one of the Bank porters pompously ordering the gentleman left in the gig to "move on," the latter declaring that he *could not*. Mr. Hancock, however, soon returned, when the machine, obedient to the guidance of its master, moved on in fine style, and returned without accident to Stratford.—*London Herald.*

OUTLAW OF SHERWOOD FOREST.

The sun was fast sinking in the embrace of the western wave, and the sable clouds of night slowly spreading their gloom over earth, when an archer, clad in Lincoln green, with a horn of silver suspended from his neck, was seen to approach the easternmost turret of Sherwood Castle.

The form of the archer was symmetrical, nay, almost faultless; and though in these days of slender striplings, such shaped archers may be thought too robust to lay claim to the title of beautiful, yet in those times, when so much depended upon personal strength, he was accounted one of the *chef d'œuvre* of nature. The stranger lifted the bugle to his lips and blew a blast; a fair form appeared at a window of the turret, and a white silken scarf fluttered in the air for a moment, and fell at the feet of the archer.—Few words passed between the lovers; entreaty on the part of one, and a half yielding refusal on the part of the other.

"One wind of this horn, fair lady, brings three score archers to my call; twice blown, and a hundred answer unto my summons. All pursuit would be vain. Doubt, then, no more, but away with me, love, and to the merry green wood."

The lady hesitated no longer, but leaping from the small aperture which might be used either as a window to admit the light and air, or as a position of defence, was soon seated on a swift footed palfrey, and with one look to the home of her infancy, left it for a time, perhaps for ever. The band, that had been concealed beneath some clustering thorn bushes, from which in consequence of the color of their dress, they could scarcely be distinguished, now slowly d sappeared, with the exception of a few who remained behind for his lady's escort. The deepening shades of night began to close round, and Elgitha and her outlaw lover were soon lost to sight in the depths of the forest.

Great was the outcry on the following morning in the castle, when it was ascertained that the lady Elgitha had disappeared. The warder was questioned, but averred that the lady had not passed the gate. The butler, Ralph de Gurgh, who had delighted his heart with Burgundy the night before, declared, on his hopes of salvation, that he saw his mistress leap from the eastern turret into the arms of an angel, who carried her off in a flood of celestial light. The story, despite its improbability, gained credence, with the vassals, and their faces betokened terror and dismay. The warder ventured in consequence of the red nose of the relator, and his well known devotion to the bottle, to disbelieve the whole story, but was only pitied by the rest for his incredulity. As for the Baron, her father, he was inconsolable. The sudden and mysterious disappearance of his child, affected him visibly, and he pined away gradually, yet surely, as does the oak of the forest when stricken by the red bolt of heaven.

* * * * *

Richard I. had returned from Palestine, bringing with him, however, but a small portion of the host he had led thither. The plague had made sad havoc with the pride of England.—Many of those whom the plague had spared, fell from the effects of the burning heat, and thirst; whilst the major part of those who had escaped these evils seemed spared that they might fall before the lance of the Saracen.

On their arrival at home, Cœur de Lion found the affairs of his kingdom in almost inextricable confusion. Insurrections were common in every part of the realm; laws were evaded or set at open defiance, while robbery and murder were of every day occurrence. But this state of affairs could not daunt the soul of Richard, and he commenced reforming all abuses which had crept into the state during his absence, making new laws and enforcing old ones, suppressing insurrections, and punishing murderers and thieves, in such a prompt and vigorous manner as to present qualities to our admiration, not only as a soldier, but as a civilian.

Amongst other outlaws whom the King's absence had caused to rise and flourish, Robin Hood, or the "Archer Outlaw," as he was sometimes called, stood pre-eminent. Skilful in the use of the long and cross-bows, of immense strength, and possessing a power to wield the minds of the most desperate, these qualities, conjoined with his handsome and commanding figure, procured him immense popularity. He had associated with him the most skilful archers of his time, the sureness of whose aim and whose desperate habits had not only become a by-word to all, but had so intimidated the hearts of their enemies that they reigned monarchs of the green wood without fear of molestation. They destroyed the deer in the King's forest as a means of support, the meat not only giving them food, but the sale of the choicest portions affording them clothing, from the neighboring yeomanry; nay, even the Barons, whose castles edged on the forest, did not scruple to purchase a haunch of venison from the foresters, without inquiring as to the manner in which it was obtained.

Richard set about the matter zealously, and after selecting the choicest of his knights and bowmen, journeyed down to Sherwood forest to find, and if possible, to drive away these rude and hardy outlaws. This was more easily conceived than put in execution; some time had passed, and Richard and his band had lingered till weary in the forest, without encountering aught save green oaks and a few wild deer.

It was about noon, and one of those sultry, loitering days that Richard was roaming about the forest, with no companion save the good Gothic war sword which was buckled to his side, as a whizzing noise attracted his attention, and he raised his head in time to behold an arrow enter the body of a buck, which was bounding lightly past him at the distance of a few paces. The noble animal gave a leap, one bound, and as the blood gushed in torrents from his breast, staggered and fell. Full of rage at this encroachment of his prerogative, for the right of killing deer in the royal forests belonged exclusively to the monarch, he cast his eyes around him in search of the offender, and beheld a knave clad in a simple garb of green, advancing with a loosened bow. He, he doubted not, was the aggressor, and he was accosted accordingly by the monarch.

"How now, fellow, durst ye kill the deer in the royal forest? By whose authority do you act?"

"By that of Robin Hood, the merry monarch of the green wood," replied the varlet, as he restrung his bow.

Richard would have seized the outlaw, but he, as if aware of the prodigious strength of his antagonist, eluded the grasp, fitted an arrow to his bow, and directed his aim at the monarch. Neither the light breast-plate of the King, nor the steel-linked coat of mail which he had habitually wore, would have saved his life, had not at that moment a tall figure sprang forward, and dashed the half-bended bow from the hands of the archer.

The new comer was also clad in a suit of green, but it wore an air of costliness by no means discernable in that of the varlet, who, at a motion made by the other, gathered up his bow and arrows and retired. The hair of the intruder, which was jetty black, and fell over his neck and shoulders in unbounded ringlets, contrasted strangely with his fair complexion, and eyes of the most intense azure. A silver bugle horn which hung from his belt, and a sword buckled to his side, together with a highly ornamented bow and quiver, proclaimed him to be a person of rank among the outlaws.

There was a moment's pause, and each gazed for a time in admiration on the vigorous form of the other.

"Thou seemest well built for manly sport, friend," said Richard, "and by the ornaments lavished on thy weapons, art doubtless skilled in archery. Canst try a bout with me?"

"If it pleases you," replied the other, as he drew the bow and quiver from his back, and gave them to the monarch.

The Lion Hearted was skilled in all the warlike sports of the day, but especially in that of archery. Fitting an arrow to the bow he shot at a twig of oak a great distance off, which the arrow struck and nailed to the trunk of the tree. Elated at his feat, he returned the weapon to the archer, who smiled gravely, and placing an arrow aright he drew the string to the length of the bark. The string gave a shrill twang; and the arrow, whistling as it flew, struck in the extremity of the preceding one, which it split in fragments. Richard was astonished at the skill shown by the archer, and requested his name.

The outlaw gave no reply, but lifting his horn to his lips, blew a blast that sounded shrilly thro' the forest. Scarce had the lingering echoes died upon the air, when a hundred archers, arrayed in green, with quivers filled and bows bended, were seen to gather round.

"These," said the commander, "are my merry men, the archers of the forest, and I am Robin Hood. And now, I prithee, gentle knight, what name dost *thou* bear," at the same time he waved his hand, and the band disappeared behind the oak and lindens of the wood.

"Richard of England," was the reply.

At the announcement of that name, the outlaw bent his knee to his sovereign, and cried,

"A boon, your majesty?"

"Name it, and be it what it may, the King will grant it to the man who has surpassed him in archery. Arise and name it."

"'Tis mercy for myself and followers."

"Thou hast it, but tell me, truly, art thou not of gentle blood? Rumors are rife that once the *outlaw*, Robin Hood, had graced a lordly hall.—Then tell me, are they true or false."

"The outlaw dashed the false tresses from his brow, and uttered the name of "Charles of Huntington."

* * * * * * *

There was a feasting and revelry in the lofty halls of Richard, and many a lady bright was there, and many a courtly dame; but the fairest gem in all the glittering array of beauty, and the brightest star in the galaxy of loveliness, was she whom an outlaw had won for his bride—Elgitha, Countess of Huntington.

From the Boston Evening Transcript.

LAURA BRIDGEMAN.

There are few persons, at least in our community, who have not read or heard the story of Julia Brace, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, of the Hartford Asylum for deaf mutes, but there are probably very few who have yet heard of a still more pitiful case of deprivation, in the person of Laura Bridgeman, a very pretty, intelligent and sprightly girl, of eight years of age, a pupil of the Institution for the Blind in Pearl-street, who is entirely blind, deaf, dumb, *and almost entirely deprived of the sense of smell,** and has been so from her infancy! An account of this interesting child is published in the sixth Annual Report of the Institution, recently printed, and cannot fail to excite the most lively emotions.

The report informs us that the child is constantly active; she runs about the house, and up and down stairs; she frolics with the other children, or plays with her toys; she dresses and undresses herself with great quickness and precision, and behaves with propriety at the table and every where. She knows every inmate of the house by the touch, and is very affectionate to them. She can sew, and knit, and braid, and is quite as active and expert as any of the rest of the children. But all this, interesting as it is, is nothing compared to the mental phenomena which she presented. She has a quick sense of propriety, a sense of property, a love of approbation; a desire to appear neatly and smoothly dressed, and to make others notice that she is so, a strong tendency to imitation, insomuch that she will sit and hold a book steadily before her face in imitation of persons reading. It is difficult to say whether she has any sense of right or wrong disconnected with the feeling that such an action will be reproved, and such a one approved by those about her, but certain it is, she will retain nothing belonging to another; she will not eat an apple or piece of cake which she may find, unless signs are made that she may do so. She has an evident pleasure in playfully teazing or puzzling others. The different states of her mind are clearly marked upon her countenance, which varies with hope and fear, pleasure and pain, self approbation and regret, and which, when she is trying to study out any thing, assumes an expression of intense attention and thought.

It was considered doubtful when she came whether it would be possible to teach her any regular system of signs by which she could express her thoughts or understand those of others; it was deemed highly desirable, however, to make the experiment, and thus far it has been successful. Common articles, such as a knife, a spoon, a book, &c., were first taken, and labelled with their names in raised letters; she was made to feel carefully of the article with the name pasted upon it, then the name was given her on another piece of paper, and she quickly learned to associate it with the thing.—Then the name of the thing being given on a separate label, she was requred to select the thing from a number of other articles, or to find the article; for instance the word key was given her, or a bit of paper in raised letters; she would at once feel for a key on the table, and, not finding it, would rise and grope her way to

the door, and place the paper upon the key with an expression of peculiar gratification. Thus far no attention was paid to the component letters of the word; the next step was to ascertain the correctness of the notion, by giving her metal types with the separate letters on their ends; these she soon learned to arrange and spell the word; for instance, the teacher would touch the child's ear, or put her hand on a book, then to the letters, and she would instantly begin to select the types and to set them in order in a little frame used for the purpose, and when she had spelt the word correctly, she would show her satisfaction and assure her teacher that she understood, by taking all the letters of the word and putting them to her ear or a book.

She then learned the arrangement of the letters in the alphabet, and is now occupied in increasing her vocabulary of words. Having learned the alphabet and the arrangement of letters into words, she was next taught the manual alphabet, as used by the deaf mutes, and it is a subject of delight and wonder to see how rapidly, correctly, and eagerly she goes on with her labors. Her teacher gives her a new subject, for instance a pencil, first lets her examine it and get an idea of its use, then teaches her how to spell it by making the signs for the letters with her own fingers; the child grasps her hand and feels of her fingers, as the different letters are formed—she turns her head a little one side, like a person listening closely—her lips are apart—she seems scarcely to breathe—and her countenance, at first anxious, gradually changes to a smile, as she comprehends the lesson. She then holds up her little fingers and spells the word in the manual alphabet; next takes her types and arranges her letters: and last, to make sure that she is right, she takes the whole of the types composing the word, and places them upon or in contact with the pencil, or whatever the object may be. The process of teaching her is of course slow and tedious; the different steps to it must be suggested by her successive attainments, for there are no precedents to go by;† but thus far the results have been most gratifying. She has not been long enough under instruction (four months only) to have got beyond the names of substances; the more difficult task of giving her a knowledge of names, expressive of qualities, feelings, &c. remains yet to be accomplished. No sure prognostic can be made, but much is to be hoped from the intelligence of the child and the eager delight with which she lends all her attention, and the strong effort she evidently makes to gain new ideas; not from fear of punishment, or hope of reward but from the pleasure which the exercise of the faculties confers upon her. No pains or expense will be spared in efforts to develope the moral and intellectual nature of this interesting child, and no opportunity lost, of gathering for science whatever phenomena her singular case may furnish."

* For all the purposes of use she is without smell, and takes no notice of the odor of a rose. or the smell of cologne water when held quite near her, though acid and pungent odors seem to effect the olfactory.

† Julia Brace did not succeed in attaining a knowledge of the written signs significative of objects. She possessed her senses until the age of four years, and is aided by a sense of smell sharpened by practice, to the acuteness of the vulture, while Laura has it so imperfectly that she may be said to be without smell.

Self. Torment.—More than half of the suffering in this world is self-inflicted. People raise evils, until they lash themselves into bona fide despair.

Of this class of self-tormentors was the good honest kitchen maid, whom her visiters surprised weeping bitterly in the kitchen—The heated oven had cooled, the batch of bread already for baking was falling in the pans from the 'high estate' to which the yeast had raised it, & Betty was sobbing as if her heart would break.

'What is the matter?"

'Why (sobs) just as I had got the oven nice and hot'—(sobs again.

'Well,' said the mistress frightened' 'did you burn yourself?'

'No ma'am, I happened to think'—sobs.

'Well, Betty;'

'That if I should ever get married'—

'You would'nt cry at that, certainly?"

'And should have a nice little baby'—

'Well, well'—

'And it should go alone; and I should get the oven hot, and should go and leave it; and the baby should crawl in—(boo-o-o-o-o!) it would burn itself to death!'

ESSAY UPON LOVERS.

BY A LADY.

In an enlarged and strong mind love does not make such havoc as in a week one; not that it is less capable of loving, but because it has more resources. It certainly is the most powerful passion of the mind; and when there is not the capability of other pursuits, it often engrosses and destroys. To die for love is no proof of tenderness, but of stupidity of mind and obstinacy of temper. The narrower the mind, the more it is liable to be devoured by whatever predominates over it. If there was such a superabundance of tenderness that life itself must be the forfeit of its wounds, it would appear also on other occasions; but you may see people dying for love who have not docility enough to give up a common argument. And why do they die? because they have not docility enough to submit to the correction of disappointment. In violent minds, love will be a violent passion, like the rest. Violent unconquerable love shews the fury, not the tenderness of the disposition.

A furious man loves furiously; he can scacrely bear the object out of his sight; and is mad when he sees another enjoy that attention which he would himself engross. But in the midst of all his passion, he thinks less of cherishing the object of it, than of gratifying himself. He would not forego his love, though the misery of its object should ensue; nor has he any idea of giving a happiness in which he must not participate.

The Phlegmagtic love very rationally, and take plenty of time to consider whether very thing is proper and advisiable. before they allow themselves to feel the warm emotion; and when at length they have gently and duly made up their minds to be in love, it is always with such prudent reserve, that in case of any mishap, they soon recover, and are ready to love again as rationally and as cooly as ever.

The Selfish and Mean have their loves; and love with a thousand subterfuges and stratagems. It may readily be supposed, that those people would be soon appeased by a good jointure, for the loss of a beloved object.

The Volatile and Fickle will love most merrily a thousand times, and laugh themselves out of it, without remembering one for whom they have sighed. The sensual love a great many, but soon forget; they have no friendship in their love, because they hold no mental intercourse.

The Morose love, and sometimes (for man is exquisitely various,) forget all their natural gloom, and become harmonized and tame, nay, sometimes ridiculously elated; but nature generally returns, and after marriage the gay plumage fades.

When a Man of Dissipation loves, it is often with more than ordinary truth, tenderness, and delicacy; becuase it must be something very exalted that can recall home his wild imagination, and concentrate those feelings so much accustomed to wander. And this is the reason for which a reformed rake is said to make the best husband.

Men of Business have generaly little sentiment in love; they too often marry to make their homes comfortable and secure, and therefore the mind of the lady is sometimes not sufficiently considered. If she has a tolerable person, and especially if she has a tolerable fortune, they fancy they have made just such a bargain as they wished for, and consider it with nearly the same emotion they consider any other bargain in the way of trade.

The Melancholy make the most romantic lovers, and use all quaint conceits of valuing trifles belonging to the object of their love, and are tediously interested about the smallest concern relative to the said divinity; which is alway insipid and ridiculous to others. They love and despair of love, till they love despair itself; and fancy themselves ten times more in love than they really are. But this is an error comman to all lovers.

The Sanguine love very bountifully; they are not only liberal of their affection, but they generally ascribe perfections to the selected object. There is a continual animation in their passion, and those are the people who will quarrel, and forgive a thousand and a thousand times. The impetuosity of their emotions, however renders them the victims of jealously; and though they bless largely, they are apt to be troublesome, unless they meet with a mind as impassioned as their own. Yet they beautify their tenderness with much sentiment, for they have so high an opinion of the object they love, or rather adore, that they think they never can address them too highly, or shew them too much observance.

The Grave tumble deeply in love, and love with all possibly solemnity, except—for love is a curious touchstone of the character—except the inspiring passion awakens dormant faculties, and brings forth animation unknown before; then the formal lover is sometimes the most antic monkey in society.

The Bashful lover sighs till he almost sighs himself away, before he resolves with a prodigious effort to disburthen his mind; and when he does summon up resolution, it is with such steril conciseness, and with so bad a grace, that he does not much recommend his suit. Upon these men, refusals sink very deep, and often deter them from any further application to others.

THE INTERESTING YOUNG LADY.

BY QUIZ.

Whoever is at all in the habit of going to evening parties, must have frequently observed, sitting on the sofa by the fire side, with an air of the most profound melancholy, the interesting young lady. She is generally jammed in between two fat old ladies, who talk across her, but in whose conversation she never bears a part. Her face is unusually long; something between tallow and spermaceti in complexion. A long corkscrew ringlet dangles down at each side, round which she occasionally twists her fore-finger in a solemn melo-dramatic style.—Evidently her thoughts are "far away." She never utters a syllable to any one. Now and then she wrinkles her forehead, just to denote the intense misery that is passing within. Her posture, so far as can be contrived between two fat old ladies, is essentially picturesque; her head thrown back in a delightfully negligent manner; her eyes turned up to the ceiling; her legs crossed, with the toe slanting downwards, as straight as a ruler, and one of her hands thrown carelessly on her lap, upside down.

At each introduction she bows in the most elegant style imaginable. A gracious smile lights up her features for a moment; after which she relapses into her former unconscious state of profound thoughtfulness. Blue, diversified with white, is her constant dress; not an ornament is to be seen, except that simple little black cross, which gives the final touch to her interesting appearance, making her look like the most touching of all beings, a persecuted Roman Catholic young lady.

"What an interesting young creature," says every one to every one. Poor thing! how melancholy she looks! What can be her name?" "Eliza de Lacy," replies the lady of the house, highly delighted. "Eliza de Lacy. What a pretty name!" says each young lady who hears the disclosure, and straightway retires into a corner with some other young lady, to talk over the interesting pale unknown.

At an early hour the interesting young lady's papa comes from his rubber, puts a shawl of some unusual pattern round her very carefully, and marches her away. Every one feels relieved at her departure, and yet the interesting young lady has gained her end. She has produced a sensation. No sooner is she outside the door, than she becomes perfectly natural and merry again—satirizes the two fat old ladeis most unmercifully—retails all their scandal in the most piquant manner—quizzes the mistress of the house till her father splits his sides—and, finally, goes to bed with the delightful conviction that all the neighborhood will be talking of her, more or less, for the next week to come.

When the great Kepler had at length discovered the harmonic laws that regulate the motions of the heavenly bodies, he exclaimed, "whether my discoveries will be read by posterity, or by my cotemporaries, is a matter which concerns *them* more than *me*. I may well be contented to wait one century for a reader, when God himself has waited so many years for an observer.

The state of Ireland never was known to be so tranquil and orderly as at the present; the calenders at the assizes are remarkably light.—At Galway there has not been a single offence for the investigation of the judge, very few in Roscommon, and at Leitrim, not a single capital conviction.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1838.

☞ The June No. of "*The Ladies' Companion*" is unusually interesting. Under the supervision of the talented Mrs. STEVENS, this periodical is acquiring a deserved popularity among the Ladies. We wonder there are no more of them taken in this city.

☞ The Agricultural and Horticultural Society of Michigan, hold their first meeting in October. A large number of premiums are to be awarded.

Ornamental Trees.—Mr. Timothy Walker, late of Charlestown, Mass., left in his last will the sum of five hundred dollars, to be appropriated to the planting of ornamental trees in the public streets, and the town appropriated an additional sum for the same praiseworthy purpose.—*Eastern paper.*

This man was a public benefactor. His grave deserves to be shaded, forever, with the lovely foliage of summer.

TO MAKE GOOD BREAD.—The meal or flour should be made of the best of [Genesee] wheat, ground as usual, or a little coarser, taking it from the cooling room, *before bolting*, or from the stone as soon as it is ground; and it should never be sifted. When used in the form of bread, it should (with a suitable quantity of yeast to ferment it) be moulded or wet up soft and put into the pans *immediately*, (in about one half the quantity you wish the loaf when baked.) As soon as it is put into the pans, put it in a place of moderate heat, and let it stand *undisturbed* until raised sufficiently to bake—then put it in an oven of more intense heat than is usual for superfine flour bread, until well baked. Many fail in making *good* bread, because they *raise* and then *mould* it; moulding after it is raised is a sure way of spoiling it. If the oven be not sufficiently hot, the bread will not be as good as it would otherwise be. Like all other bread, if *health* is worth preserving, it should not be eaten until twenty-four hours old.

This kind of bread, when rightly made, is so much more *palateable*, (aside from its being more healthy) than that made from superfine flour, that if it should only become FASHIONABLE, bolting cloths would soon become a useless appendage to a flouring mill. Try it.

A GOOD LIVER.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST—NO. 13.

"Ways and Means" in Politics—Honorary Titles—Nicknames—Emigration, and about Emigration—A Good Story—The End of the whole Matter.

C———N, Mo., June 24, 1837.

In political manœuvring, you find some peculiarities here. No caucusses are held—no cabal can pretend to represent the people. The candidates are self-nominated. They issue their own handbills, in which they recite their political creed—make a profession of their party faith, and pledge themselves to certain measures. They then attend public barbecues, make stump speeches, and electioneer for themselves openly and ostensibly. At the polls they are voted for, not by ballot, but *viva voce*.

There is a great propensity in the community to the giving of military titles. Every considerable man, who has not an actual title, has awarded to him the honorary one of Colonel, Major or Captain. Military expeditions have been very frequent in the early settlement of every part of the West—sometimes got up by the government—oftener by the citizens themselves. Temporary officers were elected on every new occasion; and whether they ever saw savages and service or not, they always retained the "blushing honors" of a name afterwards, till it has become as natural to manufacture nominal glories as "wooden nutmegs."

Sectional soubriquets are very much in vogue. They were probably first given in freak or ridicule, till custom has sanctioned and made them respectable. Thus the New-Englander is proud of the nickname of Yankee, and the Ohioan of Buckeye. Here our own State is frequently called the "Puke State," from the general prevalence of sickness in the first settlement of the State, around Galena. Indiana is generally spoken of as the "Hooshier State."* And Illinois is designated by both of her neighbors, as the "Sucker State." The inhabitants of one section of this country are honorably known as the "Forkites"—of another, as the "Break tribe"—and of another, as the "Heel-string nation."

The tide of emigration this year is setting in for Missouri more overflowing than ever. The hard times, and the deranged state of the country at the south-west, have temporarily checked farther settlement in that quarter. Indiana and Illinois are already culled over—the best locations selected—and now the whole cry is regularly "Westward Ho!" The Platte country is the present mania. This territorry lies on both sides of La Platte river, and has recently been annexed to this State. The Indians have not all left, and the land has not yet come into market; but squatters are entering it at all quarters, heping for pre-emption rights, and determined at any rate to hold on to their improvements. It is spoken of as the best part of Missouri. But fast as the State is filling up, there is an abundance of very choice land in all the new counties, at the government price of a dollar and a quarter per acre. It is very easily cleared and cultivated, and frequently rises in value 100 per cent annually, making one of the most safe and honest speculations to the agriculturist that can well be conceived of.

You must not think, after all, that I would advise every body to come to the West. Those who are comfortably and happily situated among their friends—those who are surrounded by the conveniences and the luxuries of their own native land—those who have grown old in the habits and the prejudices of the Eastern States, let them remain where they are. But the young, and the ambitious, and the adventurous, who love the excitement of speculation, and who determine in their own strength to build their own fortunes; who can accommodate themselves to circumstances, and endure privations composedly and unshrinkingly, will find the rich lands of Missouri gold mines, and any branch of honorable business as certain a fund of profit as the stock in any branch bank of the United States. And their daughters and sisters—"the booty and beauty" of the East—the fair and blooming Yankee girls will secure large funds here in the bank of matrimony. The whole stock will go off readily!

I cannot better conclude these letters than by presenting you with a genuine, original western character. The incident occurred about the year 1818. The story is authentic. It is selected from Maj. Wetmore's newly published "Gazetteer of the State of Missouri." "At the period to which reference is now made, *Palmer* had been elected representative from a frontier county of Missouri. When the time approached for the meeting of the Legislature, he loaded a small keel boat with salt, on the Missouri, above Hardeman's plantation, and having taken the helm himself, manned the vessel with his son and a negro. Uniting, as he did, business and politics, while afloat on the river he stood astride of the tiller, with a newspaper in hand, (not more than six weeks old,) out of which he was spelling, with all his might, some of the leading points of a political essay. At this critical period the assemblyman was reminded by his vigilant son in the bow, of the break of a 'sawyer ahead.' 'Wait a minute,' said he, 'till I spell out this other crack-jaw; it's longer than the barrel of my gun;' but the current of the Missouri was no respecter of persons or words—the river 'went ahead,' and the boat ran foul of the nodding obstruction, and was thrown on her beam-ends. The next whirlpool turned her bottom uppermost. The cargo was discharged into the bowels of the deep, and there his salt 'lost its savor.' The negro, in a desperate struggle for life, swam for the shore; but the steersman, who, like a true politician, determined to stick to the ship as he would to his party, as long as a timber or a fish floated, continued to keep uppermost. Having divested themselves of their apparel, to be in readiness for swimming, the father and son continued astride of the keel, until the wreck was landed at the town of Old Franklin. Here the old hunter, who was a lean citizen, was kindly supplied by a stout gentleman with a suit of his own clothes, which hung, like the morals of the politician, rather loosely about him. The sufferers by shipwreck were invited into the habitation of a gentleman who dwelt near the shore on which they had been cast. While recounting their perils, at the breakfast table, the lady, who was administering coffee, inquired of the politician if 'his little son had not been greatly alarmed.' 'No, madam,' said he, 'I am a raal ring-tail painter, and I feed all my children on rattlesnakes' hearts, fried in painters' grease. There are a heap of people that I wouldn't wear crape for if they was to die before their time; but your husband, *marm*, I allow, has a soul as big as a *court-house*. When we *war* floating, bottom uppermost, (a bad situation for the people's representative,) past Hardeman's garden, we raised the yell, like a whole team of bar (bear) dogs on a wild cat's trail, and the black rascals on the shore, instead of coming to our assistance, only grinned up the nearest saplin, as if a buck possum had treed. Now, madam, I wish God Almighty's *yearthquakes* would sink Hardeman's d—ned plantation—begging your pardon for swearing, madam, with my feet on your beautiful kivarlid here; may be you wouldn't like me to spit on this kivarlid you have spread on the floor to keep it clean: I'll go to the door—we don't mind putting any thing over our puncheon floors.'

"'The river, marm,' continued the guest, 'I find is no respecter of persons; for I was cast away with as little ceremony, notwithstanding I am the people's representative, as a stray bar dog would be turned out of a city church; and upon this principle of democratic liberty and equality, it was that I told M'Nair, when I collared him and backed him out of the gathering, at a shooting match, where he was likely to spoil the prettiest sort of a fight; 'A governor,' said I, 'is no more in a fight than any other man.' I slept with Mac once, just to have it to say to my friends on Fishing river that I had slept with the governor.'

* This appellation is thus accounted for. The governmental lands were already scattered over with the cabins of the squatters, ere they were surveyed out, and brought into the market in the regular form. Whenever the surveyors came across any of these backwoods cabins, they made the inquiry, "Who's here?" From the multiplicity of the cabins, and the frequency of the inquiry, they finally called it the Hooshier (Who'-here?) State—a very natural conceit, but a bad orthography.

"This gentleman, being too old for war, is now high in the Texan councils."

My dear sir, there remains now only to take my leave of you. What I have written I have written. I regret not the time which I have devoted to these imperfect papers—it was the tribute due to friendships past. What is before me I know not—"incertum quo fata ferant." Should the hand which now traces these lines become palsied in death, you will preserve these letters as a memento mori. Should I live on, through the strife of coming years, I may forget as I shall be forgotten; hill-encircled Ithaca may fade from my memory, and the long cherished name of my own native Dryden may cease to raise an emotion; but I shall never forget my "earliest friend." And when finally I sit down amid the shadows of "dim, declining age," there shall be one oasis, one green spot in the desert of the mind—the remembrance of the *one man* who never deceived me—the remembrance of the happy hours I once spent with him, my "earliest friend."

Farewell, my dear sir. I embrace you—Farewell. J. H. B.

A Yankee boy and a Dutch boy went to school to a Yankee school-master, who according to usage, enquired "what is your name?" "My name is *Aaron*." "Spell it." "Great A, little a-r-o-n." "*That's a man, take your seat.*"—Next came the Dutch boy—"What is your name?" "My name is Hauns." "Spell it."—"Great Hauns, little Hauns, r-o-n." "That's a man, sit down."

Unknown Talent.—When we reckon up how many talented children we find in country towns and schools, and twenty years after see how few of them become heads of colleges, general officers and the like, we shall be astonished. There is none of God's demesnes so slightly cultivated as that of genius. Heaven sows every year the seed of a rich harvest, but we care not to water or transplant them. A country boy of talent, left to himself reminds one of a pound of iron, which in its rough state, is worth one *sous*; but when made up into watch springs, fetches sixteen millions of *sous*. How many springs might be made out of these neglected geniuses?

Irish Economy.—At the late Assize in Ireland, two men were condemned to be hanged.—On receiving their sentence one of them addressed the Judge, and said he had two favors to ask of him.

'What are they?, said his lordship. 'Plase your honor,' said Pat, 'will you let me hang this man before I am hanged myself?' 'What is the other request?' said the Judge. 'Why plase your honor,' continued Pat, 'Will you let my wife hang me, for she will do it more tenderly than the hangman—and then what she will receive for the jobs will help the poor creature to pay her rent.'

Longevity in Rhode Island.—That the times of the Revolution produced a more robust and hardy race than the present, seems natural to infer by the following table of venerable widows of revolutionary soldiers, deceased, now residing in the small state of Rhode Island, and receiving pensions from the U. States. We find it in the Providence Courier.

Abigail Salisbury, aged 100, widow of George a sergeant of guard, married March 1761.—Molly Bowets, aged 97, widow of Asa a private, married Oct. 1771. Susanah Smith aged 94, widow of Stukely, private married March, 1776. Sarah Dyer, aged 93, widow of Anthony, a private, married Dec. 1763. Susanah Mann, aged 89, widow of George, a sergeant, married August, 1776. Jemima Tucker, aged 89, widow of Nathan, a seaman on board the frigate Alfred, Paul Joses, Captain, married several years before the war. Susanah Arnold, aged 80. widow of Oliver, a Lieu. married July, 1763. Martha Cook, aged 90, widow of Silvanus, a private, married June, 1768. Sarah Potter, aged 88, of Ichabod, a private, married Nov. 1771. Molly Earthforth, 88, widow of John, a sergeant, married Dec. 1777.

The Lowell Courier expresses a belief that the population of that city has increased during the past year, notwithstanding the hard times, and that it now numbers at least 20,000,

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Absence of Mind.—A tall man having held a conversation with another person of inferior dimensions, made a low bow to his cane which stood in one corner, and seizing his freind by the scalp, walked off with him.

Origin of Slander.—Mother Jasper told me, that she heard Greatwood's wife say, that John Hardstone's aunt mentioned to her, that Mrs. Trusty was present when the widow Parkman said, Capt. Hartwell's cousin thought Ensign Doolittle's sister believed, that Old Miss Oxly reckoned, that Sam Triffe's better half had told Mrs. Spaulding, that she heard John Brimmer's woman say—that Mrs. Garden had two husbands!!!

Anecdote of the Big Dog Pomp.—As dogs have become a great nuisance in some of our cities, we will relate a trifling anecdote of one which attracted our notice a few days since.—Strolling, as we do occasionally about town, we observed in a basement room, a machine which appeared to be kept in motion by a large dog; the novelty of the thing made us stop for a moment, and we were invited by a lad, apparently about fourteen years old, to examine it. We walked down the steps and stood for a while somewhat astonished. The lad's father, who kept a grocery shop, sold large quantities of ground coffee, and had employed a stout, active man to grind it, until the boy, thinking it would be a source of amusement to himself and Pomp, hit upon a new plan to grind the coffee. He procured a simple machine, constructed similar to the propelling power of the horse ferry boat, a sort of treadmill, and harnessing in the big dog, Pomp, it was set in motion, not only to his own astonishment, but that of his economical and thriving father. Pomp did very well for a time, but had not served a regular apprenticeship, and having previously led an idle and fashionable sort of life, he did not like his present drudgery; but the boy, to make Pomp do his duty without continual watching, placed a fine cut of tender-loin steak immediately before his nose to entice him the harder and keep hard at it; this might appear to some persons cruel, but it had the desired effect; the tantalizing appearance of the steak, which Pomp tried in vain to reach, made him lick his chops and pull from morning till night; every two hours, the boy states, he gives Pomp a lunch, and he has got him "broken to the harness" so well at the present time that he grinds all the coffee his father can sell; the man has been discharged, and Pomp not only earns his own living, but the boy saves a handsome sum from the wages which would have been paid to the man.—*Bost. Post.*

One thing cetain.—Death is the theme of universal interest! The lightest heart, the least thoughtful mind, has no disbelief of death.—The distance of the dark cloud in which he comes, sailing through the bosom of futurity may be miscalculated; but the world unhesitatingly owns that he is coming, and will at last be here. In almost every particular of existence the fortunes of men differ; but to die is common to all. The stream of life runs in a thousand various channels; but run where it will—brightly or darkly, smoothly or languidly—it is stopped by death. The trees drop their leaves at the approach of the winter's frost; man falls at the presence of death. Every successive generation he claims for his own, and his claim is never denied. To die is the condition on which we hold life; rebellion sickens with hopelessness at the thought of resisting death; the very hope of the desperate is not that death may be escaped, but that he is eternal; and all that the young, the careless, and the dissipated attempt, is to think of him as seldom as they can. No man therefore, will deny that whatever can be said of death is applicable to himself. The bell that he hears tolled may never toll for him; there may never be friend or children left to lament him, he may not have to live through long and anxious days looking for the coming of the unexpected terror; but he knows that he must die; he knows that in whatever quarter of the world he abides—whatever be his circumstances—however strong his present hold of life—however unlike the prey of death he looks—that it is his doom beyond reverse.—*Stebbing's discourse on Death.*

Good sense is far different from genius, as perception is from invention; yet, though distinct qualities, they frequently subsist together. It is altogether opposite to wit, but by no means inconsistent with it. It is not science, for there is such a thing as unlettered good sense; yet though it is neither wit, learning, nor genius, it is a substitute for each, where they do not exist, and the perfection of all where they do.—*H. Moore.*

To Make Home Happy.—Nature is adorning her dominions, and man, to whom this beauty is addressed, should feel and obey the lessons. Let him, too, be industrious in adorning his domain—in making his home, the dwelling of his wife and children, not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him, as far as circumstances will permit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasant objects, in decorating it, within and without, with things that tend to make it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make home the abode of neatness and order—a place which brings satisfaction to every inmate, and which in absence draws back the heart by the fond association of comfort and content. Let this be done and this sacred spot will more surely become the scene of cheerfulness and peace. Ye parents who would have your children happy, be industrious to bring them up in the midst of a pleasant, a cheerful, and a happy home. Waste not your time in accumulating wealth, for the end proposed; but plant in the mind the seeds for the souls prosperity.

The Battle of Eleven Hundred Horses.—"Two of the [Spanish] regiments which had been quartered in Funen were cavalry, mounted on fine black long-tailed Andalusian horses. It was impracticable to bring off these horses, about 1100 in number—and Romana was not a man who could order them to be destroyed; he was fond of horses himself, and knew that every man was attached to the beast which had carried him so far and so faithfully. Their bridles therefore were taken off, and they were turned loose upon the beach. A scene ensued such as probably never before was witnessed. They were sensible that they were no longer under any restraint of human power. A general conflict ensued, in which, retaining the disipline they had learnt, they charged each other in squadrons of ten or twenty together, then closely engaged, striking their fore feet, and biting and tearing each other with the most ferocious rage, and trampling over those who had been beaten down, till the shore in the course of a quarter of an hour was strewn with the dead and disabled. Part of them had been set free on a rising ground at a distance; they no sooner heard the roar of battle, than they came thundering down over the intermediate hedges, and catching the contagious madness, plunged into the fight with equal fury. Sublime as the scene was, it was too horrible to be long contemplated; and Romana, in mercy, gave orders for destroying them; and after the last boats quitted the beach, the few horses that remained were seen still engaged in the dreadful war of mutual destruction."—*Southey.*

MARRIED.

On Wednesday at St. Luke's Church, by the Rev Dr. Whitehouse, Dr. O. M. Clark, to Miss Jane E. Keith, all of this city.

At the same time and place, by the Rev. Mr. Prevost, Mr. H. G. Wolcott of Canandaigua, to Mrs. Martha A Sibley, daughter of Gen. A. Hubbard.

In Mendon, on the 24th inst. by Rev. H. Roberts, Mr. Remson Vanderhoff to Miss Henrietta Hughes.

In this city, on the 29th instant, by Rev. John Parker, Mr. Hiram Davis, of Rochester, to Miss Harriet F. Wilson, of Brighton.

In West Bloomfield, on the 31st ult., by the Rev. Mr. Segur, (Principal of the Lima Seminary,) Mr. Joel B. Marsh, of Marshall, Michigan, (formerly of Victor, Ontario county, N. Y.,) to Miss Eliza Ingersol, of the former place.

In Gettysburg, Pa., on the 29th of May, by the Rev. Mr. Watson, M. E. A. Sage, of this city, to Miss Susan Williams, of the former place, late of this city.

On the 2nd instant, by the Rev. E. Tucker, Mr. Wm. Dutcher, of Saratoga co., to Miss Catharine Traves, of this city.

Yesterday morning in St. Luke's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, Mr. CARLOS COBB, Attorney at Law, to Miss EMELINE, daughter of Joseph Field, Esq, all of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. Charles E. McCanty, to Miss Mary Darling, all of city.

In Chili, on the 10th instant, by Caleb Allen, Esq. Mr. James Lewis, of Clarence, Erie co., to Miss Lucinda T. Franklin, of Chili.

On the 9th instant, by Ariel Wenthworth, Esqr. Mr. Thomas Kinsman, of Knowsville, to Mrs. Sarah L. Thompson, of Canandaigua.

At New Orleans, on the 10th ult., by the Rev. Abbe Mainhait, L. A. Besancon, Esq., editor of the Natchez Free Trader, formerly of Lockport, N. Y., to Miss Mary Octania Woodruff, only daughter of Judge Clark Woodruff, of New Orleans.

Written for the Gem.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE TIDINGS THAT BARON WAS CONVICTED.

'Tis past! the last frail thread is sever'd, and he bears
A murderer's signet! ah! what sick'ning thoughts—
What dread emotions crowd upon the soul!
A fellow-being—an immortal man:
Made in the glorious image of his God,
With power to grasp an universe in thought,
And soar to heights by angel hosts untrod,
Has stooped to deed, black as the deepest night,
And linked his high-born spirit with a fiend!
Earth, yea, with all its guilt, is yet too pure
For his abode, and he is sent away,
Into the presence of that mighty Judge
Before whom hearts are manifest, to hear
His final, and irrevocable doom.
Oh, who can gaze upon that youthful brow,
That eye, enkindled with the noble spark,
That raises man to be 'creation's lord,'
Without a sense of deep, and sad regret,
A heart-felt bitterness! There is a chord,
Fixed by high Heaven within the human breast,
That wakes to such a scene, and throws a shade
Of sadness o'er the spirit; e'en the proud,
And stout of heart, will melt beneath its touch.
Young, thoughtless men! who on the giddy height
Of Vice are standing, reckless of the deep,
Dark precipice below, and how a step,
A single step, may prove your dreadful fall;
Go, gaze on Baron! 'twas the self-same path
You are pursuing now, that brought him there;
The same unguarded steps, that shut the door
To life, and happiness; that robes his name
In infamy, and lays him low within
A murderer's grave! Take warning then, and fly,
While yet hope lingers; list to Virtue's call,
And turn your feet to tread her narrow path;
Remember, Sin no wages gives, but *Death!*

VARIETY.

Consumption.—This is known to be a fatal disease of our clime—to be arrested if taken in times, but generally fatal if allowed to run to a second stage. Regular and well educated Physicians are opposed to all experiments known as quackery, and allow a case to become hopeless rather than yield to such inroads on well authenticated facts and scientific practice, and yet there may be in simples the healing balm to many serious attacks, and we should not allow our prejudice to interefree with the probable safety of friends. We have noticed the public declaration of Doctors Kelley & King, that they have discovered a positive cure for Consumption, and among the certificates in their pamphlet, we extract the following:

[illegible]ristopher Gardner, about 45 years of age, residing on the Bloomingdale road, between 46 and 47th streets, was attacked about 18 months ago with Consumption; and altho' he continually and rigidly pursued the advice of his Physicians, the disease increased rapidly with incessant cough, spitting of blood, cold clammy night sweats, excessive debility, emaciation, pain and soreness in the breast, hectic fever, shortness of breath, expectoration of enormous quantities of pus, or matter, from the which way very offensive, and sunk immediately in water, dropsical swellings of the feet and soreness of the throat, supervened. His four attending physicians, (whose names are now in our possession) gave him up as incurable, and one who could not survive but a few days.

In this state, he made use of the Native Pulmonicon, and in six weeks, was perfectly restored to health. This case was peculiarly difficult, as the patient labored under Scrotal Hernia, with which he is still affected."

The man thus cured called down to our office and confirmed in person every part of the above, with strong corroborative additional facts.

He looks well and says he is perfectly well—that he was assured by his physician that he could not live nine days longer when Doctors Kelley & King took him in hand—that he could not drag his emaciated form the length of the room, and was utterly prostrate. He is a hard working plain man, who originally caught cold from his occupation as a milkman, and is a German by birth. It is difficult to resist such personal declarations and demonstrations of the efficacy of such cures, besides he had with him a young man, who assured us that his case, nearly as desperate, had also been cured.—Where the remedy proposed is entirely simple and harmless, there should be no objection to trying it in such cases of this frightful disease —*N. Y. Star.*

Loss of Life by War.—It is estimated that *thirty thousand millions of human beings* have perished to satisfy the insatiable maw of war. Among the most disastrous of battles upon record, and the numbers slain, are—Austerlitz, 20,000; Dresden, 30,000; Waterloo, 40,000;—Eylau, 50,000; Boredina, 80,000; Isus, 110,000, Arabela, 300,000; in two of the battles of Cæsar, 700,000; in the siege of Jerusalem more than a million; and at the taking of Troy more than two millions. The New York Observer says that in the Russian campaign there perished in six months more than half a million; during twelve years of the recent wars in Europe, no less than 5,800,000! The army of Xerxes, probably more than 5,000,000, was reduced in less than two years, to a few thousand. Jenghis Khan butchered in the single district of Herat, 1,600,000, and in two cities with their dependencies, 1,700,000; and the Chinese historians assure us that during the last 26 years of his reign, he massacred an average of half a million every year, and in the first 14 years no less than 18,000,000; 31,500,000 in forty-one years by a single hand! Grecian wars sacrificed 12,000,000; those of the twelve Cæsars, 30,000,000; those of the Crusades, 40,000,000; those of the Saracens and Turks, 60,000 000; those of the Tartars, 80,000,000.

Communing with One's Self.—A person of a truly superior and philosophic mind, would seldom wish to forego the inestimable privilege of communing with himself. Sir Walter Scott says in his diary—'from the earliest time I can remember, I preferred the pleasure of being alone to wishing for visitors, and have often taken a bannock or a bit of cheese to the wood or hill, to avoid dining with company. As I grew from boyhood to manhood I saw this would not do, and that to gain a place in men's esteem, I must mix and bustle with them. Pride and exaltations of spirits often supplied the real pleasure which others seem to feel in society; yet mine certainly upon many occasions was real. Still, if the question was, eternal company, without the power of retiring within yourself, or solitary confinement for life, I should say, 'Turnkey lock the cell.'

Young Women.—There is nearly always something of nature's own gentility in every young women (except indeed when they get together and fall a giggling;) it shames us men to see how much sooner they are polished into conventional shape, than our rough, masculine angles. A vulgar boy requires great assiduity, to move three steps—I do not say like a gentleman, but like a body that has a soul in it; but give the least advantage of society or tuition to a peasant girl, and a hundred to one but she will glide into refinement, before the boy can make a bow without upsetting the table. There is a sentiment in all women, and sentiment gives delicacy to thought, and tact of manner. But sentiment with men is generally acquired, an offspring of the intellectual quality, not, as with the other sex, of the moral.—*Earnest Maltravers.*

Presence of Mind.—When Lee, the poet, was confined in Bedlam, a friend went to visit him, and finding that he could converse reasonably *for a poet*, imagined he was cured. Lee offered to show him Bedlam. They went over this melancholy medical prison, the poet moralizing very philosophically all the while. At last they ascended the top of the building, and as they were both looking down from the perilous height, Lee took his friend by the arm and exclaimed "let us take this leap and immortalize ourselves this instant." "Any man could jump down," replied his friend coolly; "we should not immortalize ourselves that way. Let us go down and try if we can jump up again." The madman struck with the idea, willingly descended, and his friend was saved. [Old but good.]

Meteorology.—Professor Espy, of Philadelphia, has been lecturing on Meteorology in the Hall of Representatives at Washington. His theory is that wherever a storm commenced soon after, within a given period, according to distance, the wind blows from every point of the compass, towards the storm. He remarked that the columns of air which rise from the earth, become colder one degree from every hundred yards of elevation, and that when at a certain height the column expands.

Fatal Coincidence.—The following are the particulars of the very singular but fatal accident which happened recently at a village near Murdock's Creek, Jackson co, Ohio. A young lady, who kept a school on the opposite side of the creek, had gone over after her labors of the day had closed, to pay a visit to her mother, and take back five pupils, whose parents were anxious to place their children under her tuition for the summer term. While Miss. M. was at her breakfast, the mother of one of the girls came in to say that in consequence of her having dreamed that the canoe was upset in crossing the creek, and her child drowned, she had determined not to let her go that day, and in the most pressing manner entreated Miss M. to defer her return for twenty-four hours at least.—She laughed at the fear of the mother, and with her other four pupils, two about 9 or 10 years, and two about 15 years of age, (twin sisters) embarked in a canoe, which the lady had often gone safely over in; but before it was half across the creek, one of the girls turned round quickly to wave her hankerchief to those watching them on the brink, lost her balance, and fell into the stream. Her companions immediately rushed to the side of the canoe to prevent her from sinking until they could paddle into shallow water, when the frail bark instantly filled, and all the five perished in the sight of some twenty women, most of whom were relations, and all intimate acquaintances.

Theodore S. Fay Esq. American Secretary of Legation at Berlin, has completed his new novel of "Andre"—the subject being the unfortunate officer of that name, hung as a spy in the revolutionary war.—*Star.*

A Dandy Jack.—One of our Jack tars in Ardent Square, was amusing himself with remarks on passors-by, lately, when a dandy came tripping along with his short legged unmentionable lashed rather tight at the bottom. "I say, friend," said Jack, "aint you got on your breeches wrong end up?" "No fellow, why do you ask?" said the dandy with dignity. "Why," replied Jack, "you have got the gallowses on the wrong end of your trowsers."

A Printer's Anecdote.—It used to be related of Corporal Nymn, a Printer, well known for many years in this town as being more remarkable for his odd humor than the length of his purse, that while he was travelling from Lowell to Boston, he was met by a highwayman who politely, (as is the custom of those gentry) demanded his purse.

"My dear sir," quoth Corporal Nymn, "I perceive you don't know me!"

"That is nothing to the purpose, sir, give up your purse immediately," demanded the highwayman.

The Corporal repeated with earnestness which could not be misunderstood, "positively you don't know me."

"Well," said the highwaymen, somewhat surprised at the manner of the Corporal, "who the devil are you."

"Why, I am a printer,"

"A printer did you say? Whew!—I am off—*d———d dry picking.*"—*Lowell paper.*

The Newport Mercury of Saturday announces that *that* number completes *eighty years* since the said paper was first published by *James*, elder brother of *Dr. Benjamin Franklin.*

Con.—Why is a lady who does *not* paint like the Wandering Jew?

Because she is the *un-dying one.*—*Montreal Herald.*

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

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MISCELLANY.

From the Journal of Commerce.

THE PULASKI.

Mr. B. W. Fosdick, of Boston, one of the survivors from the wreck of the Pulaski, arrived here this morning from the South, and proceeds on to Boston this afternoon. He is in a good measure recovered from the wear and tear of body and mind occasioned by the horrid scene through which he was called to pass; some particulars of which, at our solicitation, he has committed to paper, and permitted us to insert in our columns.

MR. FOSDICK'S STATEMENT.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 13th June, at about 8 o'clock, I left Savannah in company with about 70 others, ladies and gentlemen, most of whom were residents of that place, in the steamboat Pulaski, Capt. Dubois, for Baltimore, via Charleston,—at which latter place we arrived the same afternoon about 6 o'clock. It was a beautiful day, and all on board were in high spirits, enjoyed the sail very much, and were delighted with the boat, which seemed to possess every thing calculated to make one comfortable at sea.

At Charleston we remained all night, and on Thursday morning at 6 o'clock left that place with an addition of about 80 more passengers—numbering, with the officers and crew of the boat, nearly 200 souls. The weather was pleasant all day, with a fresh breeze and some sea;—and, as is usual on the first day out, the greater part of the passengers were a little sea-sick, and some retired to their berths, or lay listlessly about on the settees upon deck;—and when evening came, most of them had retired. I was one of the number that did not feel *exactly well*, and went to bed in the after cabin about 8 o'clock;—and had slept for some hours, when I was awakened about 11 o'clock by a loud report, followed by a tremendous *crash*. My first impression was, that we had gone ashore, or had run into some vessel. It did not occur to me that the boiler had burst,—and finding myself uninjured, I dressed myself entirely, putting my watch in my pocket, and taking my hat, and from the pocket of my cloak a light cap, which I put into my hat, thinking it would be of use in case I could not keep my hat upon my head. Before I had finished dressing, a person ran down into the cabin, exclaiming, "The boat is on fire—come up and bring buckets, to extinguish it." This person, I believe, was Mr. Sherman Miller. I never saw him afterwards. I immediately started for the deck, and as I approached the cabin stairs, found that a number of the planks of the cabin floor had been torn up,—and as it was quite dark in the cabin, there being but on or two candles burning, I came near falling through into the hold.

When I reached the deck, I found that the boiler had burst. The confusion was very great—men and women were running from one part to the other—some calling for their wives, others for their husbands. On going forward, I found I could get no further than the shaft.—Beyond that, as far as the wheel house, all appeared to be in ruins and in darkness,—and at every roll of the boat the water would rush in. There was one solitary lantern near me, and this I lashed to the ceiling. In doing so, I saw a person among the ruins of the engine, trying to get out, and moaning and crying aloud,—"gone—gone—gone—firemen help me—firemen help." In a few minutes some one came to his assistance, and extricated him. This person, I afterwards learned, was one of the firemen. I then went aft again, and with some others assisted in removing some of the rubbish in the gangway, for at this time, I think, no one supposed the boat would sink, and we thought it best to have as clear a place as possible on deck. But we soon found this of no avail,—for the water was rushing in rapidly, and every one began to turn his attention to preparing something to support himself upon the water,—such as lashing settees together, and tables, &c. &c. A negro was discovered preparing something of this kind, and on being asked what he was going to do, said, "*I am going to try to save my master;*" appearing perfectly regardless of himself.

The 2 quarter boats were lowered into the water—but *when*, I do not recollect, though I have an indistinct remembrance of seeing one of them lowered by two or three persons. The boat now appeared to be sinking pretty fast, and and I *climbed* to the promenade deck, (the only way to get there, for the stairs were at the forward part of the boat,) and there I found some 40 or 50 persons, many of whom were ladies.—There was also a yawl boat which was filled with women and children,—and among them the family of G. B. Lamar, of Savannah.—Himself and two or three other gentlemen were standing near the boat to keep it in an upright position when the promenade deck of the steamboat should sink, which, *as the boat had broken in two in the middle*, it had begun to do,—and one end was already immersed in the water.—For the purpose of assisting in keeping the boat upright, I took hold of the bows. The water was now rushing on deck rapidly,—and the forward part of the promenade deck sank so fast that the bows of the yawl boat filled with water—and a wave washed me from my hold and I sunk. When I rose, I found myself near a piece of plank to which I clung; but this not being large enough to support me, I left it—and after getting from one fragment of the wreck to another (and the water all around me was filled with fragments,) I succeeded in finding a piece large enough to support me sitting,—and upon this I remained some ten minutes,—and took off my boots and loosened my dress—for my clothes were so full of water that I could scarcely move.

While upon this piece, I saw near me Mr. Geo. Huntington of Savannah. Here I will mention what was told me by a person (Mr. Eldridge of Syracuse, N. Y.,) who was upon the promenade deck after I was washed from it. He says that nearly all the females in the yawl boat were drowned at the time it filled, and that as the hull of the steamboat towards the engine began to sink, the promenade deck gradually separated, and when the whole had sunk to an angle of nearly 40 degs., leaving the stem high above water, the promenade deck broke off a few feet forward of the wheel, and the hull completely turned over and came *keel* up,—throwing those persons upon it (many of whom were females) into the water. A number of them regained the promenade deck, which afterwards served them as a raft, and upon which twenty-four persons found themselves the next morning—6 of whom succeeded in getting ashore in a boat which was picked up, and 7 were taken off by the schooner Henry Camerdon. The remainder are said to have died from exhaustion.

After removing my boots, I remained quiet some 10 or 15 minutes, when I heard some persons calling out not far from me—and concluded they were in one of the boats; but upon inquiring found it was a part of the ladies' cabin, (the side,) and that there were two persons upon it, (Andrew Stewart and Owen Gallagher, deck-hands,) and that there was room enough for another, and that they would take me upon it if I could get to it—but that they had no means of coming to me.

I knew the only chance of safety was to reach it—and I made a desperate effort, and succeeded, by swimming, and by getting from plank to plank, which were scattered all around me, in reaching it, and was pulled upon it almost exhausted. This piece of the ladies' cabin was then about 10 feet wide by 45 feet long; but in the course of the night we lost 10 or 15 feet of it—leaving us a piece of 30 feet in length. Upon this we sat all night, with the water about a foot deep.

The wind was blowing quite fresh in a direction towards the land, and our raft being long and narrow, made very good progress—and in the course of two hours after the bursting of the boiler, we were out of sight of the wreck. About this time we discovered approaching near us a portion of the deck of the steam boat, with an upright post near the centre of it—and upon it were Mr. Geo. Huntington and two other persons. They said they were all from Savannah.

We lashed the two rafts together with a rope which they threw to us—but finding that the sea dashed our rafts together with considerable violence, we concluded it would be better to separate again—and we did so. Mr. H. wished me to take a passage with them—but I concluded to remain where I was. I saw them no more.

Friday morning came—and discovered to us our situation. We were out of sight of land. Three rafts we saw at a distance. They were too far for us to discern the persons upon them, but they all had signals flying. Upon our little raft we found a small chest,—(belonging to one of the firemen, and which afterwards served us as a seat,)—two mattrasses—a sheet—a blanket—and some female wearing apparel.

The mattrasses we emptied of their contents, and with the covering of one of them we made a sail, which, with a good deal of difficulty, we succeeded in putting up, but which did us much service, for by noon we had almost entirely lost aight of the other rafts; and in the afternoon nothing was seen, as far as the eye could reach, but sky and water.

But our spirits did not flag—for we thought that by the morning we must certainly fall in with some fishing boats. We had also found on the raft a tin box—the cover gone—containing some *cake*, wrapped up in a cloth. This was completely satutated with salt water, but we took a mouthful of it in the course of the day, and found it pretty good. There was also a keg—which floated on to the raft, containing a little gin—but this was of little service—for by some means or other it became mixed with salt water. The night came—the wind and sea increased—and we were obliged to take down our little sail. During the night the waves were constantly washing over our raft, and the water at all times stood a foot deep upon it.

We sat close together upon the chest—which we lashed as well as we could to the raft—and wrapped ourselves up in the wet blanket and clothes—for the night air felt very cold, after having been exposed, as we were, all day, to the broiling sun.

We were much fatigued, and once during the night we fell asleep, and were awakened by the upsetting of our seat, which nearly threw us overboard. Anxiously we watched the rising of the moon, which rose some hours after midnight; and still more anxiously the break of day and the rising of the sun, which we hoped would disclose to our weary eyes the sight of some distant sail.

The sun at last *did* arise—*but there was nothing in sight.* For the first time we began to feel a little discouraged—still the hope that we should soon see land impressed itself forcibly

upon us—and eagerly we cast our eyes *landward*, every now and then, as the sun continued to rise. And, joyful sight! about 6 o'clock, we *thought* we did see land—and in another half hour were *sure* of it.

Now we redoubled our exertions—we paddled—we held up in our hands pieces of cloth—we did every thing to propel our little craft—for we feared the wind might change and blow off shore—and then all hope would be lost; for our raft, we felt sure, could not hold together another day. As we neared the land, we found the surf was running pretty high—but there was a sandy shore, and we felt no fear of this—for we *saw the land*, and we knew that soon our suspense would be at an end.

About 4 o'clock, P. M. on Saturday, we reached the breakers. The first breaker came over us with great violence.—and so did the second—the third broke the raft into pieces—but we clung to the fragments—and soon found we could touch the bottom with our feet; and in a few minutes we were safe upon *terra-firma*, considerably bruised and sun-burnt, but with our lives. And grateful did we feel to that Almighty Arm which in the hour of danger was stretched over us to save and protect! And it was only by the mercy of a Divine Providence that we were thus saved from a watery grave.

I forgot to mention that on Saturday a *shark* was following us nearly all the morning, but we frightened it away.

Near the shore, which was at New River Inlet, N. C., we found the house of Mr. Henderson, who received us in the kindest manner, and did all in his power for us.

And from every one we met we have received the utmost hospitality, especially from some gentlemen of Newbern, who furnished us with money to pay our way home. But we found that it was not much needed, for neither the conductors of the rail road cars, nor the captains of the steam boats, would receive any thing for our passage.

I have thus, in a very hasty manner, drawn up a statement of a part of what I saw on the dreadful night when the Pulaski was destroyed. *All* that I saw and heard, neither language can paint, nor tongue utter. The thought of it makes me shudder.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,
B. W. FOSDICK.

From the Philadelphia Herald.

AN INCIDENT, OR A BIT OF ROMANCE.

A few days ago, when but a single steamboat made its semi-monthly voyage upon Lake Erie, from Buffalo to Detroit, touching at Erie, Cleveland, Sandusky, &c., and when its arrival and departure at either place was an incident that created no little bustle, we were standing among the crowd upon the wharf at Buffalo, watching the passengers hurrying on board the Superior, Capt. Sherman, which was in a few minutes to take its departure for Detroit. There was a large number of passengers, mostly consisting of emigrants to the then latest-found land of promise, Michigan. Among the different groups upon the deck were a couple somewhat past the meridian of life, who were in earnest conversation with a young man, while a female of "blooming seventeen," their daughter, stood listening to the discussion with a look of deep absorbtion, which betrayed the intense interest she felt in the subject.

We learned afterwards that the couple had been long attached to each other, but the young man had been unable to obtain the consent of the parents to marry their daughter. She was an only child, and the circumstances of her lover were not such as answered the views they had for her. Business had called the young man from home for several weeks, and on his return, to his great surprise and chagrin he found that Mr. S., the father of his beloved, had sold his farm, and with his wife and daughter had departed for Michigan. James thought he saw through the motive of this movement, and, learning that he had gone but a few days, his resolution was at once taken to follow, unprepared as he was for the journey, either with ready money or change of apparel. He gave no sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eye lids, till he was on the way, and lessening, as he hoped, the distance between himself and the object of his affections. As the departure of the boat did not take place till two days after the arrival of the parents and daughter at Buffalo, fortunately for the young man, he arrived before they had placed the Lake between the two lovers; and when the dejected maiden stepped upon the boat she was more surprised and overjoyed to behold him, than her parents were vexed. The latter testified their displeasure at his thus following them, in terms little calculated to strengthen his hopes of final success, and though he urged his suit with all the eloquence he could command, he still found them inflexible.

At length the moment of parting arrived—"the last bell" was rung—the word was given for these who were not going with the boat to leave, and the order to "cast off" from the Captain was heard. With a mingled look of affection and regret James extended his hand to Mary, from whose eyes streamed the fast falling drops. What was the whole world to them at that moment?—they forgot the gaping multitude and every thing but each other—there hearts now about to be sundered clung the closer. As the "farewell" was uttered, Mary held his hand with a nervous grasp, while quick as thought she threw her disengaged arm first round her mother's neck and then her father's imprinting a burning kiss upon the cheek of each, and ejaculating—" farewell father, farewell mother—come James"—ere her parents could find time to remonstrate, sprung with her lover from the boat to the wharf. The boat moved majestically on her way, while a shout of delight burst from the surrounding crowd who had witnessed the whole scene and had warmly sympathized with the lovers. The conflict between filial duty and affection, and love, had been a violent struggle in the breast of the maiden, but love triumphed;—father and mother were forsaken, and now went on their way lonely; while the lover bore back to his humble dwelling, in triumph, the joy of his heart, and the sharer of his future prosperity or adversity.

COURTSHIP vs. MARRIAGE.

The difference between courtship and marriage was never more forcibly explained than in the following *Charcoal Sketch*:—

"What made you get married if you don't like it?"

"Why, I was deluded into it—fairly deluded. I had nothing to do of evenings, so I went a courting. Now courting's fun enough—I havn't got a word to say agin courting. It's about as good a way of killing an evening as I know of. Wash your face, put on a clean dicky, and go and talk as sweet as sugar or molasses candy for an hour or two—to say nothing of a few kisses behind the door, as your sweetheart goes to the step with you.

"When I was a single man, the world wagged on well enough. It was just like an omnibus. I was a passenger, paid my levy, and hadn't nothing more to do with it but set down and not care a button for anything. S'posing the omnibus got upsot—well, I walks off, and leaves the man to pick up the pieces. But then I must take a wife, and be hanged to me. It's all very well for a time; but afterwards it's plaguy like owning an upsot omnibus?"

"Nan," queried Montezuma, "what's all that about omnibusses?"

"What did I get by it?" continued Gamaliel, regardless of the interruption. "How much fun? Why, a jawing old woman and three squallers. Mighty different from courting that is. What's the fun of buying things to eat and things to wear for them, and wasting all good spreeing money on such nonsense, for other people? And then as for doing what you like; there's no such thing. You can't clear out; when people's owing you so much money you can't stay convenient. No.—the nabbers must have you. You can't go on a spree: for when you come home missus kicks up the devil's delight. You can't teach her better manners—for constables are as thick as blackberries. In short, you can do nothing. Instead of 'Yes, my duck,' and 'No, my dear,'—'As you please, honey,' and 'When you like, lovey,' like it was in courting times, it's darning and mending, and nothing ever darned and mended.

"If it wasn't that I am particularly sober, I'd be inclined to drink—it's excuse enough. It's heart-breaking, and it's all owing to that I've such a pain in my gizzard of mornings. I'm so miserable I must stop and sit on these steps."

"What's the matter now?"

"I'm getting aggrawated. My wife's a savin critter—a sword of sharpness—she cuts the throat of my felicity, stabs my happiness, chops up my comforts, and snips up all my Sunday go to meetings to make jackets for the boys—she gives all the wittless to the children, to make me spry and jump about like a lamp-lighter—I can't stand it—my troubles are overpowering when I come to think of 'em and add 'em up."

"Oh, nonsense! behave nice—don't make a noise in the street—be a man."

"How can I be a man when I belong to somebody else? My hours ain't my own—my money ain't my own—I belong to four people besides myself—the old woman and them three children. I'm a partnership concern, and so many has got their fingers in the till, that I must bust up. I'll break and sign over the stock in trade to you."

JAMES LOMAX, OR A MOTHER'S CRIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF BRAMBLETYE HOUSE.

In this work Mr. Horace Smith seems to be trading upon the capital of his former reputation, for with an admirable plot and groundwork for a novel, he seems to have been driven to the necessity of blending two distinct sets of characters together to make out his complement of volumes. The "Mother's Crime," the forging of a will, and that the will of a benefactor, for the benefit of her children, to whom she is devotedly attached, invests the character of Jane Lomax with great interest. The details of the commission of the act, the craven terrors of the husband, who is not opposed from principle, contrasted with the bold and persevering determination of the wife, present a striking picture. The other characters are commonplace enough. We give extracts showing the hand of the author. Here is the proposal:—*Amer.*

'See you this paper? It is Hoffman's will: I have just drawn it from beneath his pillow. By this instrument, which he purposes to execute to-morrow, he has left his entire fortune to his nephew Ruddock.'

'I am not surprised at it; some expressions, that dropped from him at Cheltenham, prepared me for this disposition of his property; but how are your wild reveries to be accomplished by the enrichment of Edward Ruddock?'

'More than twenty times, Joel, have I heard you boast that from long practice you can so correctly imitate any law hand-writing, as to deceive even the original penman. Now tell me, and before you answer, well weigh all the incalculable blessings and advantages of the measure, weigh well its glorious results, as you are a man, a husband, and a father, and tell me why you should not sit up to night and make an exact *fac-simile* of this will, only substituting for the name of Edward Ruddock that of our darling Benjamin!'

'Good God!' ejaculated Lomax, as he started back, with a look of amazement and dismay, 'forge a will! Why, it is a felony—a capital offence—a hanging—'

'Hush!' interposed the wife, placing her hand upon his mouth; 'speak not so loud—utter not a word, except in a whisper, I conjure, I command you!' and her features assumed that authoritative expression to which her pliable spouse had been accustomed to defer.

'Are you aware,' resumed Lomax, in an agitated whisper, "that what you are proposing to me is a hanging matter, and that you, yourself, as a counsellor and accessory, would be perhaps incurring a similar penalty?'

'There is no risk, and consequently no penalty for either of us, unless we are detected, and of that, as I will presently convince you, there is not a possibility.'

'Indeed! how can that be? Satisfy me upon this point, and I may listen to you with less alarm and repugnance than I now feel.'

'Where there is discovery, it proceeds almost invariably from the treachery of some confederate. Now, in this case, we have no accomplices. You and I are identical; we are one. We cannot betray one another without receiving and entailing indelible infamy both upon ourselves and our children—a potent security for our mutual silence and good faith.'

'But without any perfidy or indiscretion on our parts we may be detected by others, by circumstances, by a thousand unforseen accidents.'

'Not a single one. Hoffman is known to be an eccentric being, an oddity, a humorist, who,

having announced that he had disinherited his nephew, is as likely to select a street pauper as any other for his heir.'

'But will Hoffman execute it without again examining or reading it over?'

'Yes; for he particularly wishes its contents to be kept a profound secret from all.'

Slowly unfolding the paper, Lomax sat with his eyes fixed upon it; but his bosom was too much agitated by contending emotions to allow him to peruse it with any degree of comprehension. Before his mental eye floated, in gorgeous and seductive array, all the allurements of wealth, so glowingly painted by his wife, the homage that it invariably extorts from the myriad worshippers of Mammon, the fascinations of an honorable station in society, the witchery, the enchantment, to a poor dependent drudge, of perpetual freedom from care and toil, the delights of a handsome establishment, of luxury, amusement, and indulgence in all his favorite pursuits and appetites. But, on the other hand, his thronging fears conjured up before him the grisly phantom of detection, infamy, imprisonment, and the final expiation of his crime by a public execution on the gallows! His mind which had only partially recoiled from the commission of the meditated offence, shrunk in dismay from the contemplation of its consequences; his terrors predominated over his hopes and yearnings; a shudder ran through his whole frame; and, letting the paper fall upon the table, he exclaimed with a faltering voice and averted eyes, for he was afraid to look his wife in the face, 'Jane, let us go no farther in this dreadful business; take away the will and replace it!—for Heaven's sake, replace it where you found it! Some devil must have tempted you: the consequences are too frightful—a horrible abyss is yawning at our feet.—The gallows! the gallows! My blood runs cold at the very thought. I tremble all over.'

'Shadows have often made you tremble, while I have stood undaunted in the midst of real dangers. Are you not ashamed of yourself?'

A look of involuntary contempt passed over the features of the speaker, and she was on the point of sharply upbraiding her husband with his misgivings and irresolution, when approaching footsteps were heard; some one tried the handle of the locked door; and immediately afterwards three gentle taps were given on the panel. Had Lomax been detected in the very perpetration of the suggested crime, his countenance could scarcely have assumed an aspect of greater horror.

The party by whom they had been thus startled in the midst of their guilty consultation, proved to be their son, a youth of about fifteen years of age, whose singular beauty, irradiated by an incipient consumption, of which his parents did not yet suspect the existence, almost justified the fond averment of the mother, when, in answer to her husband's occasional observation that Benjamin was more like a girl than a boy, she would rejoin—'And more like an angel than either.'

A soft and exquisitely delicate bloom, destined, ere long, to deepen and concentrate into a fixed hectic flush, heightened, by its roseate tint, the fairness of his alabaster skin, which was so transparent that every minute ramification of the blue veins was discernible beneath it. His blue eyes, mild in their expression as those of the dove, had already acquired the pearly hue and liquid lustre, symptomatic of the insidious complaint lurking in his system, although they did not yet blaze with any of that preternatural and fearful brilliancy which generally characterizes its later stages. In compliance with his mother's wish, he wore his auburn hair parted on the forehead, and falling down in wavy lines on either side—a peculiarity which, in conjunction with his delicate beauty and winning countenance, completed the seraphic character of his head.

'I have not forgotten your kind injunction that I should go to bed at an early hour,' said the son, as he turned his love-beaming looks upon his parents; 'but I should have had little chance of sleeping, unless I had previously wished you good night, and received your usual blessing.'

'God bless you, my dear boy!' murmured the father, whose voice still trembled from the agitation into which he had been thrown.

'God bless you, my beloved Benjamin!' ejaculated the mother, as she threw her arms around his neck, and impressed a kiss upon either cheek.

'I believe that your blessings and prayers have already done me good,' said the youth, 'for I feel much better within these few days, and I hope I shall now soon be quite well. Very, very grateful am I to Heaven for this little improvement, and I pray that I may never forget the mercies vouchsafed to me! 'Tis on your account rather than my own that I am so anxious to recover, for I long to make a return, however inadequate, for all your kindness, and to contribute in some way to your comfort. Dear father, do not you think I am now strong enough to take a situation in some counting-house?'

'No, no, my blessed boy!' cried the mother 'not yet awhile, not yet awhile. We must completely establish your health before we suffer you to be immured in a close, perhaps an unhealthy counting-house, and tied down to a desk. A burden to us, Benjamin! You are our joy, our glory, our consolation, our chief blessing; and, besides, you must recollect that we are no longer in so narrow an abode, or in quite such necessitous circumstances as formerly.'

'Thanks to worthy Mr. Hoffman for all his goodness to us. How is he to-night, dear mother?'

'He fancies himself better, but he is in reality worse—much worse.'

'Poor man! I am sorry for his sad condition; it quite makes my heart throb to think of him. I always pray for him before I go to sleep, and this night I will be more urgent than ever in my prayers.'

'Leave him to the care of Heaven, and get to sleep as soon as you can,' said Mrs. Lomax, as if she feared some efficacy in her son's intercessions 'Good night, my dear boy! your father and I have important business to transact, and, besides, it is time you were a-bed.' So saying, she again embraced him, accompanied him to the door, locked it when he passed out of hearing, returned to the place where her husband was sitting, and drawing the will from her pocket, spread it out on the table beside him, while she looked inquiringly in his face, as if awaiting his decision.

The Dead Dancers.—A paragraph copied from a French Journal, describing the death of a gentleman while waltzing, is going the rounds of the newspapers. The incident reminds us of another which is said to have occurred in this city many years since, which might furnish the groundwork of a fashionable tale of horror. Miss ——, a young lady of beauty and accomplishments, but of a disposition singularly perverse and exacting, was betrothed to a French officer who had been placed upon the half pay list from being incapaciated for service by a musket ball which he received in his breast, and which had not been extracted.—Captain —— was an elegant waltzer, but owing to the state of his health he could never take more than one or two turns upon the floor without being overcome by exhaustion, and indeed his physician had expressly forbidden him to share in that exciting dance. Waltzing, though subsequently written out of fashion by the authors of Salmagundi, was at that time nearly as much in vogue as at present, and Miss ——, who affected to be a leader of ton, was one of the first always to join in the graceful whirl.—Partners, however, were not easy to be obtained unless when foreigners were present, and it chanced one evening that Miss ——, entered a ball-room just when Captain —— had waltzed a few turns and overcome with the exercise, was about retiring from the room. The lady was provoked at having arrived too late to secure her lover for the first dance, and with a want of consideration truly unfemenine, laid her hand upon his arm to detain him in passing. Poor Monsieur ——, though pale and sinking, had too much of the Frenchman about him to resist the appeal. He begged a short respite however, which was granted, while the careless girl rattled away with the beaux who had clustered around her as she leaned upon the arm of her silent lover.

After a very brief time, a single quadrille only having intervened, the waltzing couple were called to the floor, and the thoughtless Miss ——hurried her partner into the gayest circle. The band struck up. The dancers moved, and the slow time enabled the invalid Captain to get through the first round with apparent ease.—He seemed, too, to gather life as the time of the music quickened, and the waltzers moved faster and faster,; nay, his strength was so renewed, that he soon tired out the other couples. The floor was left to this single pair; and now so, swiftly did they whirl around, that the musicians had to follow them with the most rapid exeeution. The gaze of the whole company was fixed upon this eccentric pair, when suddenly the face of the lady was seen to turn almost of a purple colour, while the features of her partner *worked* as if affected by some hideous spasm. Her eyes rolled with an anxious appealing look, while his became fixed with the stare of a maniac. Her arms fell listlessly by her side—his seemed to contract like hinges of iron about her person; and she folded in his embrace, was flung—with the last move of the delirious and dying man—a corpse upon the floor. The horror-struck spectators sprang to the assistance of the unfortunate lady, but the was already gone, and her lover expired before she could be released from his arm. An examnation of the officer's body proved that his death ensued from the dropping inwardly, upon a mortal part, of the bullet he had so long carried about him; and, in the sudden delirium of his death agony, he had wrought some fatal injury to the lady by the horrible compression in which he held her.—*New York Mirror.*

A SAILOR IN WOMAN'S CLOTHES.

But I warn't safe yet; so I claps on a suit of Suke's duds over my own gear, and being but a little chap, with some slutching, and letting out a reef or two here and there, I got my sail all snugly bent, and clapped a cap with a thousand little frills round my face and a straw hurricane-house of a bonnet as big as a Guineaman's Caboose over all, with a large black wail hanging in the brails down afore, and my shoes scandaled up my legs, so that I made a good looking wench. Well, I bid all hands good bye. Suke piped her eye a bit; but, Lord love you! we'd made our calculations 'o matrimony, and she was to join me at Portsmouth, and we were to make a long splice of it off hand; but then, poor thing! she thought, mayhap, I might be grabbed and punished. Up comes the coach—but the fellow would'nt heave to directly, and 'Yoho!' says I, giving him a hail—'Going to Portsmouth, ma'am?' says he, throwing all aback, and coming ashore from his craft. 'To be sure I am,' says I. 'What made you carry on in that fashion, be d—d to you!—is that all the regard you have for the sex?' says I.—'Would you like to go inside, ma'am?' says he opening the gangway port. 'Not a bit of it,' says I: 'stow away your damaged slops below, but give me a berth pon deck.' 'Werry good, ma'am, 'says he, shutting the gangway port again: 'will you allow me to assist you up?'—'Not by no manner 'o means,' says I. 'Why, who the devil do you take me for! to think the captain of a frigate's maintop can't find his way aloft?' 'You mean the captain of the maintop's wife,' says Susan, paying me back the pinch I gave her. 'Ay. ay, my precious,' says I; 'so I do to be sure. God bless you? good bye! Here I go like seven bells half struck! carry on, my boy, and I'm blessed if it shan't be a shiner in your way!' And so we took our berths, and away we made sail, happy-go-lucky, heaving to now and then just to take in a sea-stock; and the governor had two eyes in his head, and so he finds out the latitude of the thing, but he says nothing; and we got safe through the barrier and into Portsmouth, and I lands in the street before they reaches the inn,—for, thinks I to myself, I'd better get berthed for to-night and go abroad in the morning.

SAMMY DARBY'S COURTSHIP.

'Good afternoon, Squire Jones!' 'Good afternoon, friend Darby; come walk in.' 'Well, Squire, how is your lovely darter, Sal, to-day, and the rest of the family?' 'Why they are all up and about, particularly Sal, she is very hearty, has a good appetite, and eats a right smart chance, and the way she smokes her old pipe is the right way, and sings—lord man, she sings like a martingale,—she is a buster!'—'Well, Squire, I'm glad to hear so much praise of Sal, for I love her mightily, and mean to court her too.' 'Why that's plain, honest and clever. I'll go and call Sal.' Sure enough he did, and she soon made her appearance. 'How are you, Sal?' says I. 'Oh sorter midlin, how do you feel, Mr. Darby?' 'Why, Sal, I aint well, I'm love sick.' 'O hush; you don't say so—well do tell me who she is?' With that I sorter slided up to Sal, and Sal she kinder

slided off—Says I, Sal, 'don't be so darnation skittish, for you are the very gal I'm arter.'—'Geet out, you don't say,' 'Yes, I do, and I'm in as hard earnest as ever my dog Lion was at a coon.' That pleased Sal mightily, and she kinder tossed her head and looked as proud as some of your town gals do when they get into a ball room. Says I, 'Sal, will you have me?' "I reckon as how I will, you don't catch this child refusing to do that thing when she has so good a chance.' So off we went to the parson's, and Sal and I got married; and now we live as kinder happy together as can be, only sometimes she bawls out to me, 'Mr. Darby, don't be a spitting your tobacco juice on the fire dogs, and sticking your feet on the fender; may I be burnt if I can keep any thing decent for you, plauge on all tobacco chawers, I say, that are as nasty about it as you are.' And the way she raps my toes with the tongs when she sees my feet on the fender, is no ways common, I tell you; however, I live as happy as I can expect with a woman—that's a fact.'—*Post.*

Manners in Missouri.—A member elect of the lower chamber of the Legislature of this State, was last year persuaded by some wags of his neighborhood, that if he did not reach the State House at 10 o'clock on the day of Assembly, he could not be sworn, and would loose his seat. He immediately mounted with hunting frock, rifle and bowie knife, and spurred till he got to the door of the State House where he kicked his nag. A crowd were in the lower house on the floor, walking about with their hats on and smoking cigars. Those he passed, ran up stairs into the Senate chamber, set his rifle against the wall, and bawled out, "Strangers, whars the man that swore me in!" at the same time taking out his credentials. "Walk this way," said the clerk, who was at that moment igniting a real Principe, and he was sworn without inquiry. When the Teller came to count noses he found that there was one Senator too many present; the mistake was soon discovered, and the huntsman was informed that he did not belong there. "Fool *who!* with your corn bread", he roared. "You can't flunk this child no how you can fix it. I'm elected to this here Legislature, and I'll go agin all banks and intarnal improvements, and if there's any of your oratory gentleman wants to get skinned, jest say the word, and I'll light upon you as a nigger on a wood-chuck. My constituents sent me here, and if you want to floor this two legged animal, hop on, jest as soon as you like, for though I'm from the back country I'm a little smarter than any other quadruped you can turn out of this drove."—After this admirable harrangue he put his bowie knife between his teeth, and took up his rifle with "come here, old Suke, stand by me!" at the same time presenting it to the chairman, who, however, had seen such people before.—After some expostulation, the man was persuaded that he belonged to the lower chamber, upon which he sheathed his knife, flung his gun on his shoulder, and with a profound congee, remarked "Gentleman, I beg your pardon, but if I did'nt think that ar lower room was the grogery, may I be shot."

Keen Retort.—Miss Martineau, in her late work, has a chapter therein on "originals." In her peregrinations, she stopped a short time at Brattleboro', Vt. During her stay there, her female companion was taken ill, and the village doctor was called. She found him a fine specimen of the Originals. With all her ingenuity in varying her questions, she could not ascertain, from the doctor, the nature of the disease which afflicted her friend. All his answers were evasive. The physician alluded to is Dr. Gilbert. The Dr. has published the reply in which he says:

"It's true, I didn't tell her, although she almost pestered my life out to be informed. I bore it all, and equivocated and evaded, and all from motives of delicacy, to spare the woman's feelings. If she has been so very much concerned to know, and is yet in the dark, I will enlighten her darkness. Her friend was in the *first stages of delirium tremens!*"—*Hampshire Gazette.*

A schoolmaster, who was as fond of the use of his grog as the use of his globes, was asked the difference between gravity and gravitation. "When I've drank five glasses of grog," replied the pedagogue, "my gravity vanishes, and my gravitation begins to operate."

THE POWER OF ADVERSITY.

Before the hand of republican power had levelled all distinction in France, and sunk the proudest families to the humiliating condition of the meanest peasant, in the gay neighborhood of Versailles, the Marquis d'Embleville owned a splendid Hotel, where he lived in epicurean luxury and princely splendor. His mind possessed all the imperious vanity of the ancient *regime;* and placed by fortune at an awful distance, he looked down upon the *canaille* as unworthy to hold with qim a rank in the same scale of being. His only son, Lewis, in the prime of youth, had made the tour of Switzerland; he had visited every part of those wondrous regions, where nature reigns in all her grandeur, and displays to the enthusiastic mind that sublime and majestic scenery, which attracts and gratifies the most unbounded curiosity. So remote from the haunts of courtly pleasure—so distant from the giddy circle of high life—he felt the impression of that tender passion beneath whose controlling power mortals of all degrees are indiscriminately doomed to bow.

The object of his admiration was a lovely Swiss, fresh from the hand of nature, in all the bloom of youth and beauty, like the mother of mankind in the state of primeval innocence; honesty was the only wealth her friends possessed: her charms and virtue were her only portion. With this lovely maid, Lewis had sought and cultivated an acquaintance. He weighed her mental graces against the frippery of Parisian belles, and with pleasure saw them greatly preponderate. She felt the congenial passion, but from disparity of circumstances, suppressed kindling hope. The shaft was fixed too deep in his bosom to be eradicated without lacerating his vitals. Although despairing of success, he returned to his father, and on his knee besought him to confirm his happiness by an assent to this unequal union.

Degrading information! Should the honorary tide of princely love, long flowing down the channel of an illustrious ancestry, be contaminated by mingling with plebeian streams? No! he spurned him from his feet, and, with a niggard hand, reluctantly conferring a scanty annuity, bade him again retire to ignominious exile, and see his face no more. He was too well acquainted with the inflexibility of his father's temper, when once arrived at a certain point; he knew the moment of expostulation was forever past.

He was forbidden to return to seek a pardon, even by the narrow path of duty; he therefore felt himself not unhappy, that, without a direct breach of paternal obligation, he could, by the trivial sacrifice of his fortune, obtain the object of his desires. He bade adieu to the scenes of departed affluence, and flew to repose himself on the faithful bosom of domestic affection. The inhabitants of the happy valley celebrated their nuptials with the usual ceremonies, and Lewis soon forgot that he was born to higher expectations.

The storm which had long been gathering over devoted France, at length descended, involving in one general ruin all the pride of prerogative, title, and family. The sanguinary streams that flowed from the throne, swollen by a thousand rills, had deluged the nation, and the horrid engine of death—the guilotine—still frowned over its innumerable victims. Not with less terror than the trembling traveller, when he sees the accumulating avalanche thundering from Alpine precipices, in its progress tearing up towering pines and crushing into atoms the obstructing cottages, the Marquis d'Embleville beheld the approaching desolation. His lady died of a broken heart to observe the splendor of her family eclipsed; and rescuing a comparative trifle from the wreck of affluence he hastily left his proscribed country in disguise and fled towards the regions of ancient Helvetic liberty; where after long and weary wandering among those eternal mountains, which form the barrier of nations—whose heads, crowned with snows as old as the creation, view the turgid clouds rolling round their base amid the wildest scenes of nature, he experienced the bitter pangs of reflection, without a beam of distant hope to cheer him in his exile. In order to divert the cares that wrung his bosom, he had visited the stupendous cataract of the Rhine, had marked the wanderings of the Emmin and the Reuss, and arrived at length at a charming romantic valley in the neighborhood of Lugano. The evening sun shot his yellow rays over orange and citron groves, which clothed the sides of the far-stretched mountains, when he reached a neat little cottage, seated on a gentle declivity, which terminated in the tranquil waters of an extensive lake, over which gentle zephyrs wafted the softened notes of rustic joy—the villagers were returning from the labors of the day, and here and there appeared in distant groups winding down the vineclad hills. At the cottage door he was met by two buxom little girls, on whose cheeks bloomed the roses of health; and their dress was such as served not to decorate, but to display the fine symmetry of their figures. They made a low and graceful courtesy, and then ran in to announce the approach of a stranger.

The charming mother came out and modestly welcomed him to her cottage, where she set before him the best her simple larder afforded, together with the choisest fruits the children could procure. He took the children on his knee and encouraged their artless prattle by familiar questions and endearments, and from them he learnt that pa was gone to take a long walk on the mountains, on which account they were unable to accompany him as usual. Their pleasures, their pastimes, and their mode of education, became the general topic of conversation; and the Marquis discovered in this little group more natural ability and good sense, than he had frequently found in the most polished circles.—The mother was an intelligent, liberal minded woman, and delivered her sentiments with the most agreeable and unaffected simplicity—her whole deportment and conduct evinced the most secret attachment to the maternal and conjugal duties, and she spoke with enthusiasm of the enjoyments of retirement and domestic life.—The mind of the Marquis was much affected, and it was with apparent difficulty he could conceal the various emotions which struggled in his bosom.

The little mountaineers, who had been on the 'tip-toe of expectation' for the arrival of their father, now recognized his footsteps as he approached the door; and running out to welcome him, hung around his knees and glanced with excess of rapture, while he distributed between them some flowers and other natural curiosities indigenous of the soil which he had picked up in his way. A sudden pleasure seemed to irradiate the lovely countenance of the mother, as she introduced her consort to her guest. Had a clap of thunder at that moment torn from the summit of the neighboring mountain the eternal rock, which then cast a length of shade across the lake, and hurled it into the vale below, a greater degree of astonishment could not have been depicted on the faces of both at this unexpected recontre.

A momentary silence prevailed; conscious remorse touched the heart of the Marquis at the appearance of a son whom he had so deeply injured, while Lewis stood awed beneath the hitherto authoritative eye of a disobliged parent.—The roses fled the cheek of the amiable Maria, while the husband on his knees implored the forgiveness of that father of whose displeasure she had formerly heard with so much emotion, and who, she now fully expected was come to destroy her happiness forever. He perceived their agitation; adversity had softened his heart and all the father returned; for a while he could not speak, but took their hands and joined them together, and lifted his eyes to heaven as if in the act of imploring blessings on them both.—He then snatched the wandering infants to his bosom, and shed over them involuntary tears.

The first tumult this interview had occasioned subsiding, a calmer but more solemn scene ensued. The death of Lady Embleville, and the family misfortunes, engaged all their attention; and while they listened to the 'tale of woe,' they mutually paid the tribute due to human calamity. The Marquis having now experienced the vicissitudes and fallacy of fortune, acknowledged the superior prudence of his son in making so judicious a choice, and blessed the power that so mysteriously disposed him to provide this calm retreat and those domestic comforts, midst which he resolved to spend the evening of his days.

Latest Absence of Mind Cases.—We have been told that a lady dropped herself into the post office instead of the letter, and did not discover the mistake until the clerk asked her whether she was *single* or not.

It is said that an absent minded husband recently put the stepping-stone into the carriage, and stepping upon his wife, took his seat, and ordered coachee to drive on!—*Boston Herald.*

THE ROSE OF LANGOLLEN.

The evening air blew chilling cold; Gwinneth threw her apron over her shoulders, and went to the wood house for faggots. Ellen was left alone; her eyes fell upon the stump of the withered rose tree; 'That was Edward's gift,' said she, mournfully. 'Peace is now restored, he will return—he will think I have neglected it, for, alas, it has withered. But no, Edward must come no more to our cottage.'

Hearing the returning step of Gwinneth, she wiped away the starting tear, for she well knew that her good mother would chide. Gwinneth entered trembling: 'Mercy! my child, come and listen; surely I heard the Abbey bell toll.' Ellen turned pale; she listened with breathless agitation: again the heavy bell struck with awful reverberation. 'Oh!' cried Ellen, clasping her hands together, 'the news has arrived that Edward is killed.'

Vainly now did Gwinneth call upon the name of her child, who lay senseless on the cold earth.

Ellen was the lovely, virtuous child of honest peasants; and she was tenderly beloved by the son of the wealthy Sir Owen Fitzmorris. In the rustic sports of the lawn before the abbey, Edward had often gladly joined, often pressed the fair hand of Ellen with rapture to his lips; and breathed in her ear accents of pure unchangeable love. But parental authority interposed; Edward was ordered to accept the hand of the rich and haughty Lady Hester. His heart proudly revolted; yet to disobey a father, hitherto fond and tender, was death. He implored a respite; Sir Owen granted his petition, and the regiment in which Edward served was ordered to Egypt; yet his departing words breathed fervent, constant affection to his Ellen, and his parting gift was the rose tree which she now bewailed.

'For Heaven's sake! my child,' said Gwinneth, 'be composed; I will step to the gate, and see if any one passes from the abbey. Dear, now be comforted.' Gwinneth now stepped to the gate.

'Bless me! as I live, here comes a soldier down the hill!' The word revived Ellen; she flew to her mother's side. The soldier descended the hill; he seemed to walk feebly and leaned on the shoulder of a boy. 'Sure,' thought Ellen, 'that is Edward's form,' but as he approached nearer her conjecture changed; his dress was shabby and disordered, his hair uncombed; and a bandage passed across his eyes, marked the sufferings he had endured in the dreadful climate—for Edward it was; and love soon revealed him to the wonder-struck Ellen. In a moment, each of his hands were seized by Gwinneth and her child, who forgetting, in first joy at sight of him, the shocking change of his appearance, led him in triumph to the cottage; but inquiry soon succeeded, and while Ellen fixed her eyes upon her withered rose tree, in anguish she exclaimed, 'Alas! he cannot see it now.' Edward began his recital.

'When I left you, my dear friends, in compliance with a father's command, I embarked with my regiment for Egypt. Our troops were successful in all their undertakings; I alone seemed doomed to feel the pangs of disappointment and sorrow. An enterprise in which I was engaged required despatch and caution; when in a moment of general attack, my dearest friend and earliest companion of my happy days, fell, covered with wounds. Disobeying the strict orders of our commander, not to quit our posts, I bore him in my arms from the scene of horror; for this I was broke, and discharged in ignominy.' Ellen wept; her heart was too full for utterance; the poor old woman sobbed aloud.

'I returned,' said Edward, 'in the first vessel that sailed, and returned but to see my father breathe his last. Even he too conspired against my happiness; for, would you believe it, Ellen? he has disinherited me.'

'How!' exclaimed Ellen, 'is it in nature to be so wicked? A child he once loved so dearly!'

'True,' returned Edward, 'but you now see me in sickness and sorrow, without a friend to comfort, or a home to shelter me.'

'Never, never, my dear young master,' cried Gwinneth, 'while the sticks of this poor cot hang together.'

Ellen clasped his hand closer between hers, but spoke not. On a sudden some recollection darted across her mind; she let his hand fall, and sighed deeply.

'What ails my Ellen?' asked Edward; 'will she not confirm the words of her mother?'

'Ah, me!' said Ellen, 'I am thinking how happy the Lady Hester will be, to have the power of restoring you to wealth and comfort. She can do all that our wishes dictate.'

'But if my Ellen gives me her love,' replied Edward, 'I will not seek the favor of Lady Hester.'

'And will you stay with us?' answered the enraptured Ellen; 'Oh, we shall be happy enough in that case, and our debt of gratitude will be in part discharged; for, to you, Edward, we owe all. Your instructive care first raised my mind from ignorance, and if a virtuous sentiment animates this breast, from you it derived its source.'

'You are unjust to yourself, Ellen; instruction bestowed where there is not innate virtue, is like a vain attempt at cultivating a rocky soil. But how, my love, can you think of supporting an idle intruder? Your means are but scant though your heart is ample.'

'We will work the harder,' said Gwinneth; 'we knit and spin, and have a thousand ways of getting a penny; and when you get strong and healthy, you can work.'

'Mr. Fitzmorris work!' exclaimed the indignant Ellen.

'And why not, my child?' rejoined Gwinneth. 'Is there any disgrace in honest industry? Mr. Fitzmorris is not proud, and when, with some juice of simples, which you, Ellen, shall gather, we have bathed his eyes, who knows but, by the favor of Heaven, his sight may be restored? Thus, Ellen, he will assist our labors, see our cheerful endeavors to make him forget all past misfortunes, and we shall be the happiest peasants in Langollen.'

'Excellent creature!' cried Edward; 'my whole life shall pass in active gratitude. But I must away—on the brow of the hill I left a weary traveller; I will bring him to taste a cup of your beer, and speed him on his journey.'

Ellen was unwilling that he should leave her so soon, though but for a few minutes; but when Edward continued absent about two hours, her terror was inexpressible. The night closed in and Edward did not return. Ellen's couch was wetted with tears, and morning found her pale and sad. She waited at the door in anxious expectation, and with a scream of wild joy exclaimed, 'He is coming.'

He was supported by an elderly man, and Ellen hastened forward to lend her assistance also, while Gwinneth prepared their homely breakfast. Edward seemed breathless with fatigue, and the stranger accounted for this delay, saying that he had wandered up the country, fearing his companion had forgotten him.

'Ah! you are cold and wet,' said Ellen.

'No, my love; you see I have a great coat. I found my little parcel at the lodge where I rested last night.'

'And that lodge, which was once your cruel father's, should be yours,' said Ellen. 'But no; he was not cruel, Edward; for he has given you to us.'

'Come, come, this is fine talking,' cried Gwinneth, 'while the poor youth is cold and hungry; and see the tears how they roll down his cheeks.'

'Do your eyes pain you, Edward?' inquired Ellen: 'let me wash them with spring water.'

'They do, indeed,' said he.

In the gentlest manner possible, Ellen removed the bandage, and his full, expressive, hazel eye met hers, beaming joy and love. She receded with a scream of surprise. He threw off his coat and discovered his dress decorated with every military honor.

'Ellen, forgive this deception—it was my father's stratagem—and here is a witness of your disinterested affection. I am not dishonored, but promoted by my noble commander, to military rank.' 'It is true, indeed,' said the old gentleman. 'I suspected my son of an unworthy choice, and dictated this stratagem as the means of confirmation. The Lady Hester disdains a poor soldier, and now my Edward has to sue for your acceptance.'

Dumb gratitude seized the trembling Ellen; she fell at the feet of Owen, bathed his hand with her tears, and vainly tried to express the feelings of her heart. The rustic meal passed sometime unregarded, till composure was restored, and the benevolence of the intention rendered it a repast palatable even to the Baronet.

'Your rose tree is withered,' said Ellen. 'Indeed, I could not preserve it.'

'Heed it not,' returned Edward; 'it was a hot house plant, and could ill endure the slightest breeze of mischance. You, Ellen, are the blooming Wild Rose of Langollen, whose native sweetness is but increased by the homeliness of the culture it received.'

Ellen, blushing with joy, gave her hand to her lover, who that day led her to the Abbey, where the delighted peasantry came to make them their heart-felt gratulations; and, in the happiness of his children, Sir Owen found his cure; and the aged Gwinneth sunk into a peaceful grave, beloved and revered by her dutiful child; and to the arms of Sir Owen Fitzmorris, is now added with proud triumph, the blooming Wild Rose of Langollen.

I don't like to see—A dirty shirt covered with a clean dickey; a working man who has two hats wearing the best every day; windows patched with paper, rags, or turf; a hearse standing at a landlord's door; a sweep passing through a crowd; a woman's boot lace dangling loose; orange peels thrown on the foot-path;—good meat thrown to dogs; a woman beating her child because it had nearly been run over; two men fighting a pitched battle on Sunday afternoon; a man after breaking a square of glass in a window, running away to escape detection; a child crying for hours together in a cradle;—a poor lad going to the factory very much out of health; a man stuffed with rich food until his legs are obliged to be tied up; a bed-room comb left full of hair; a servant waiting at the table with dirty hands; a woman slipping in at the back door of a public house, with a little jug at teatime; a justice fining persons for getting drunk, who frequently gets fresh himself; a Catholic priest with a smart young lady on his arm; a beggar exhibiting his wounds and deformations by the road side; an old man of 70 and a girl of 17 going to the church to be married; a drunken coachman driving his horses at full gallop through the street; obscene and immoral prints in a bookseller's shop window;—poor men pressing into the shop where the most violent newspaper is to be sold; clothes lying to be moth eaten; while there are so many backs without covering; a coach-horse with bleeding shoulders; children's shoes unbuttoned, and stockings out at the heels; an umbrella on a windy day with two broken bones; a shop with dirty windows; a poor ragged wife seeking her husband at twelve on a Saturday night.—*Education Magazine.*

A Western Hunter's Idea of Love.—"I say, Earthquake, were you ever in love?" "Ah! Rolfe, there you are too hard for me; I hardly know what to say about that. I have sometimes felt queer. Wen I've seen some of your Kentucky gals, I've felt quite funny—felt as if some one was drawing a briar over me. Now if you call that love, I have been in love."—"Well, I think you have. Do you know any body that you would marry?" "I marry?—What for? To be always toating a wife thro' the woods, or across the swamps, to keep some red skin from taking her hair off?—Fool, who? She'll be all sorts of a gall who catches me," said Earthquake; "a wife is a queer thing, and getting one is like taking a varmint out of a hollow; you don't know until you've got it in your hand, what sort sort of a thing it is."

Counting Among the Faculty.—A young physician, while on a friendly visit to a family in this city, with whom he was intimate, said to a young lady, a member of it,

"You seem unwell, Miss. What is the matter?"

"Are you a Doctor and cannot tell? Feel my pulse," replied the lady.

"I do."

"What do you prescribe?"

"A husband."

"Where shall I find him?"

"Here, if you will accept me," exclaimed the son of Galen, with an enthusiasm worthy a *poet.*

The two are now one. The lady is called Mrs. Doctor———. What would you give me now?.

"Won't you write some lines on me?" said a scoffer to a roguish young poet. "Certainly, sir," answered the other with a polite bow.—As soon as the other's back was turned, he chalked the word "sheep-stealer" between his shoulders.

Absence of Mind.—A tall man having held a conversation with another person of inferior dimensions, made a low bow to his cane which stood in one corner, and seizing his friend by the scalp, walked off with him.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1838.

Lake Horicon.—This is the Indian name for Lake George, and signifies, THE LAKE OF SILVER WATERS. It is proposed, and we think with propriety, to restore it whenever speaking of that beautiful sheet of water. The Buffalo Journal proposes also that the sonorous Indian pronunciation be restored—the word "Ni.a.ga.ra," instead of the short pronunciation of the whites.

The Indian name is far the best. The French were the first to change it. The purity of its waters was so remarkable, that they procured it for the church service, as holy water—for which purpose it was conveyed to France. The name they gave it was *Lac Saint Sacrement.* After the accession of the house of Brunswick to the British throne, the name was changed by the English to *Lake George.* Henceforward, then, let it be called "HORICON."

Eclipse of the Sun.—There will be almost a total eclipse of the sun on the 18th September next in the United States. It will be the last central eclipse of the sun visible in the United States, until that of May 26th, 1854; which will be also annular. The next total eclipse of the sun will be August 7th 1864.

Extra Pianos.—Our friend WARREN, over the way, has some of the richest finished, and finest toned Pianos, ever brought to our market.—When Orpheus made dame Nature dance he had no such music as these emit.

☞ The only indigenous fruits at the Cape of Good Hope, are the wild plumb, the chesnut, and the wild almond. All the others have been introduced at different times by different persons.

Cincinnati is without any public library. It is thought such an agreeable and instructive lounge, would draw off from the Coffee houses (read *tipling* shops) so much complained of in that city.

☞ "*Secret Instructions of the Society of Jesuits,*" is very curious, and we have reason to suppose, an authentic little work, which protestants, every where, will read with avidity. It is for sale by NICHOLS & WILSON.

The same gentlemen have an exceedingly choice variety of music. Some of the newer pieces are exquisite—as our ladies will acknowledge when they have consulted their pianos.

MATHEMATICAL.

The following Problem was recently sent to Miss SEWARD'S School for solution, and was admirably worked out and proved, by one of the young ladies. It has been examined by a number of persons, but I have never seen a solution of it before. It will doubtless interest some of your readers, especially those who have a taste for Mathematics, and would like to try their skill upon it—and for that purpose I submit it to you for publication.

Three circles are drawn touching each other, the curvilinear triangle included contains one acre—required, the diameter of the circles.

An aged woman, on crutches, stopped in front of Brandreth's office in this city, to read the sign, and, *presto change!* was immediately converted into "a blooming girl of sixteen."—*Spirit of the Times.*

The Times tells but half the story; as we are informed that the blooming damsel afterwards unwittingly purchased some of the conterfeit pills, and, lamentable to relate, upon taking the first dose, was immediately metamorphosed "bock gen," crutches and all.—*Ledger.*

EDUCATION.

Absorbed as this nation has been for years in the feverish excitement of leaping at once into the possesion of wealth, it is not strange, but only a matter of mortification to the philanthropist, that so distinguished for energy of character, we should have so lamentably neglected the proper moral, intellectual and physical education of the great body of the American people. There are a few among the better order of spirits who deeply reflect upon the inevitable consequences of the wide-spread ignorance which so fearfully prevails among nearly nineteen-twentieths of our countrymen, and they sincerely lament that so much bitter political wrangling, so many unfortunate religious dissensions, and so much crime, misery and wretchedness should be the natural offspring of the beggarly education of the great body of our people. Perhaps we may be met here by the assertion, that very often, even among the class we call the better educated, there are found the same vicious indulgences as among the unenlightened. We can only reply to this, that education in *its proper sense* is even now but imperfectly enjoyed by the thousands who profess to be educated, utterly withheld from the multitude, and not yet systematized either in principle or plan. Detached portions of the sciences and arts have been taught to but few individuals, comparatively speaking, when we consider the whole human family. And what design has this small number had in this superficial cultivation but to acquire wealth and fame? The sciences have no where been taught with direct reference to the promotion of human enjoyment, and in no instance has the intelleet been especially directed to the natural laws as the great sources of happiness and misery to the human race, and trained to observe and obey them as the institutions of the Creator. Millions are annually expended in different portions of the Union for the promotion of general education. Converse with whom you please on this subject, and there seems but one opinion—that universal intelligence is the corner stone of our Republic, and that unless an enlightened suffrage be exercised by the mass, and they better understand their own rights and common duties to their country and fellow men, we cannot reasonably expect to see the noble shaft which sustains the proud American eagle long withstand the rude shocks of mobs and popular violence. Large sums of money, it is true, have been expended both by the different States and by individuals to diffuse knowledge through the different classes; but as is well known, much of it has been utterly thrown away. Persons totally unqualified in intellectual and moral attainments are too frequently employed as teachers, and as a consequence our children early acquire a disrelish for mental improvement, and only associate the school with ideas of lassitude, uneasiness and anxiety, and a thousand evils arising from infringement of institutions which, when observed and obeyed, lead to delight and happiness. But, enough of this.

Amidst the almost universal apathy on the subject of making our schools what they should be, happily there are *some* who feel the importance, nay, the *absolute necessity* of making our elementary schools efficient seminaries of sound and thorough mental, moral and physical instruction. A tribute of public notice and respect is eminently due those who are benefactors of their race, and more particularly those who have assiduously toiled in the morning and noon of life to acquire wealth, that they may spend the evening of their days in bettering the condition of our youth by spreading the benefits of education. A conspicuous example of the latter character is exhibited in the person of ISAAC MOORE, of Brighton, to whose goodness in this matter, we are most happy to bear testimony, however anxious he may be to avoid it. The writer of this became acquainted with him in the fall of 1836, at the time an effort was making in this county to elevate the character of common schools. He cordially united in the undertaking, and rendered very efficient aid in getting together an audience of his townsmen. As is common in many of our common school districts, there was a want of unanimity of feeling in the one to which he belonged. This did not deter him from making a vigorous effort to establish and sustain a good school in his neighborhood. He rallied his friends on the subject, and ultimately accomplished his object by making himself responsible to the teacher for his salary and board. During the winter a proposal was made by the teacher to establish a "District School Library," agreeably to an act of the Legislature of 1835. This he readily embraced and gave it his influence and support most cheerfully. He also advanced the money for the purchase of books. The good effects of this Library will be readily observed by any person visiting the young people in the vicinity. At the close of this school, finding it impossible longer to sustain a good, thorough school, he was compelled to sustain one by his individual bounty and enterprise. This he has accomplished most admirably the past year. He has recently erected in a most eligible spot, an elegant building for a school house, where I aver without fear of contradiction, that he has one of the best schools in the county of Monroe. May God speed his efforts to do good, and when his last earthly summons shall come,

> "May he go not like the quarry slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon—but soothed by
> An unfaltering trust, approach his grave—
> Wrap the drapery of his couch about him,
> And lay down to pleasant dreams."—*Bryant.*

C.

Sussex ahead of Kent.—Mr. Thomas Coleman, of Lewiston, has a bull calf which, at five months old, weighed 545 pounds! This goes ahead of Mr. Raymond's young Durham at Smyrna, of which we copied a notice from the Gazette, on the 5th instant, and which at one year old, weighed 720 pounds. This is a species of competition which, of all things, we are pleased to see going on in our state.—*Deleware State Journal.*

We learn from the National Gazette of Philadelphia, that "a large and elegant fountain has been erected in Franklin Square, at a cost it is mentioned of ten thousand dollars. The basin seems some sixty feet in diameter. It has forty jets, which cast the water to a considerable height. Such things are not only luxurious, but healthful, and Philadelphia, not blessed with a sea breeze, should possess a fountain in every public square. The children by all means should be suffered to sport in the water, and no grim gardener, acting under orders of council, should prevent them."

☞ Mr. Clayton made his fifteenth baloon ascension, from Cincinnati, on the 13th inst. with entire success. There being no wind stirring, he remained twenty minutes hovering over the city, when he descended, and landed safely in the suburbs of the town.

The city of Lowell proposes to have a large reservoir on a high part of the town plot, and supply themselves with water by pumping it up from works to be erected at the Pawtucket Falls, after the manner of Fair Mount at Philadelphia.

An interesting work entitled "Evenings at Home," contains the following beautiful apologue:

A gentleman and his son were walking in a village one Sunday, as the church bells were ringing. The various societies of worshippers were going to their respective houses of worship. "Father," said the little boy, "why do not all those people worship God in the same manner?" "And why should they agree?—They were not made to agree in this, I suppose," said his father. Just then a poor man fell down in the street in a fit. Numbers instantly hastened to aid him.—A Presbyterian sat down and made his lap a pillow for the sick man's head; a Baptist chafed his temples; a Roman Catholic lady held her smelling bottle to his nose; a Unitarian untied his neck-cloth, and unbuttened his colar, to let him breathe more freely; a Methodist ran for a doctor; an Episcopalian soothed the poor man's crying children; and a Quaker held his wide umbrella over him to keep off the burning sun. "Arthur," said the gentleman, pointing to the scene, "this is what men were made to agree in."

A Self-Made Man.—A Mr. M'Bowall, a native of Scotland, who has resided several years in Liberia, gives the following description of a self-taught inhabitant of that Colony:

Among the entirely uneducated men, there is one who deserves special notice. He was, before emigrating, a barber in Norfolk, Virginia, and has been in the Colony some years. During more prosperous days, when commercial speculation were very profitable, he carried on at the same time the trades of blacksmith, baker, merchant and hotel keeper. But more than all these, he practises as an attorney, and although he can neither read nor write, there are few of his more learned brethren of the faculty, who like to enter the lists against him. He carefully and accurately commits to memory those clauses in his books bearing on the case of his client, by having them read over to him by his clerk—so that in the course of his pleading, when called for his authority, he at once refers the honorable court to the page, chapter, section, &c. of Blackstone, or the Revised Statutes of Virginia, opens the book at the place marked, and appears to read accurately the quotations referred to. His eloquence, although setting all the rules of grammer and rhetoric, (as might be expected) at defiance, still being characterized by strong good sense and shrewd logic, adding to these a portly figure, somewhat digniged mien, and a pair of green spectacles, makes him no despicable opponent. He is, to boot a staunch friend of the oppressed, and has often rescued their rights from within the grasp of the learned sophistry of his fellow practitioners—and is always to be found a strong advocate in favor of the government. Those who have been in the habit of visiting Monrovia, will at once recognize the individual alluded to.

To prevent Tooth Ache, Ague and Sore Throat.—Wash the back part of your head and neck every morning in cold water—the colder the better, and afterwards rub them dry with a towel, and you will seldom, perhaps never, be troubled with a painful affection of the teeth or throat.

[What would be the effect upon the system, if the washing and rubbing process should be extended over the whole body? Try it.]

A Newspaper is a *bill of fare*, containing a variety of dishes, suited to the different tastes and appetites of those who sit down to the entertainment.

Politics are *beef stakes*, palatable to almost every one. Congress and Legislative news are *stuffed meats*. Electioneering is *venison*. Essays, humorous, speculative, moral and divine, are a fine boiled *dish*, which, by a happy commixture in the use of meat and vegetables, a diet is obtained, nutritious, agreeable and healthy. Poetry is *custard*. Marriages are *sweet meats*. Ballads and love ditties are *plum puddings*. Ancedotes, conundrums and epigrams, are *spice mustard*. Sometimes there comes along a printer's dun—that is *sour crout* and *cranberry tart*.

Dry Times.—"John, go to the pump and get me a can of water—I am as dry as a fish."

"So is the pump, father."

From the U. S. Gazette.

The English travellers complain that there are no longer any women in the United States—they have all come to be ladies. We are afraid that this is t o much the case, and the evil is increasing. Our friend Holbrook, one of the plainest men in the world, and one, moreover, who goes about doing good, has addressed a letter to the editors of the New York Journal of Commerce, in which he says:—

"Junior, and even juvenile members of families, both misses and lads, provided for in these domestic schools of science, sound morals and elevated enjoyment."

Now, if there had been any women for mothers, the "juvenile members of families" would have been *boys* and *girls* instead of misses and lads.

A Singular Accident.—On the 20th of May, a child three years old, residing in this city, swallowed an open tortoise-shell handled penknife, with a steel blade—in the whole measuring two inches and five eights in length, which passed safely through the intestinal tube in fifty one hours. The child was not, to the knowledge of the family, in the least degree disturbed by the presence of the instrument, nor is there any reason for supposing that the stomach or bowels have been injured in any manner whatever, by the rapid progress of an open blade through a track of eight times the length of the child's body.—*Boston Med. & Surg. Journal.*

An Ensign Elected.—The Chauncy Place Guards yesterday elected Geo. R. Wells, Esq., Ensign. A committee was appointed to notify him of his election, and he immediately returned to the scene of action, and delivered the following sensible and patriotic address:—

"*Gentlemen*—the honor which you have just conferred on me is so unexpected, that I cannot, on the sudden emergency, find words adequate for the expression of my gratitude—but one thing I can say, and that is, I accept the office, and if YOU have a mind to *treat*, we'll all go up to Mr. Meyer's French Coffee House, and take a drink."—*Boston Post.*

Something New.—A writer in the United States Gazette says, that *Cayenne Pepper*, mixed with Indian meal, is excellent food for turkies. The Turkies raised by this procees are more hardy, less liable to perish from the cold storms and wet weather, and acquire their growth at an earlier period, than those that are reared upon the ordinary food.

"Molly," said a lady to her servant, who was not remarkable for her quick conception or general industry, "I think you'll never set the river on fire." "No, ma'am," was the reply; "I would be sorry to do any thing so wicked."

A "Prolific" Hen.—John W. Riley, constable of this city, has a hen which at one sitting, brought forth twenty-four little 'responsibilities!' This hen beats all the hens we ever heard of.—Poultry will be very cheap next Christmas.—*Cincinatian.*

Great Egg.—We have in our office a hen's egg, brought in by a citizen of this township, measuring lengthwise in circumference 8½ inches and round 6 5-8 inches; weighing 4¼ ounces.—*Huron Reflector.*

Temperance Secieties have certainly effected some good in Boston. The quantity of wine and ardent spirits imported there in 1827, was near a million and a half of gallons, but in 1837, only 675,140 galls.

The Silk Mulberry.—It is stated that silk from mulberry trees grown in a light airy soil, is much finer and more glossy than silk from mulberries grown in a rich soil.

A man in Grief—A man in grief is like a wood piler in a cellar—mind how you chuck, or you'l crack his calabash.—*Nearl's Charcoal Sketches.*

The number of children in the United States is estimated at 4,000,000—of this number, it is stated that 1,000,000 are growing up without being instructed in reading or writing.

A Climber.—There is a youth living down East who is said to be so tall that he is obliged to ascend a ladder to scratch his head.

A Man of enlarged Ideas.—'Mister, where your house?" asked a curious traveller of a 'half horse half alligator' squatter.

'House? eh? do you think I'm one of them sort? stranger? I sleep in the Government purchase—I eat raw bear and buffalo, and drinks out of the Mississippi.'

Shakespeare Modernized.—Two loafers were spouting the other day, in front of "the Bank," when one drew a wallet from his pocket, and said: "He who steals my purse, steals trash." "Yes," replied the other, "and he who filches from you your good name, takes from you *what you never had!*"

The Dutchman's Horse.—Dere's te horse vrow! He'll travel te hill up, an te road down better as any oder horse never did. Oder day I was riding been, and haf come to Rip Van Winkle's house up; my watch was youst 4 on te clock—when I was come to Hans Van Waggance's it was vaunting 2 minutes to 4—Mein Gott! he beat de time dat much.

Speech of a Prosecuting Attorney in Indiana.—"Now, gentlemen of the jury, this are a case. But I'll first tell you one thing. Ever since I have been prosecuting attorney, there is certain big bugs of the law that has tried to ride over me roughshod; but, thank heaven, I have risen triumphantly over the rights and liberties of the law! yes, I rise indignantly above the jurisdiction of civility, in a blaze of glory."

Anecdote.—'Friend Franklin,' said Elijah Tate, a celebrated Quaker Lawyer, of Philadelphia, one day, 'thee knows almost every thing; can thee tell me how I am to preserve my small beer in the back yard? my neighbors are often tapping it of nights.' 'Put a barrel of old Madeira by the side of it,' replied the Doctor; 'let them but get a taste of the Maderia, and I'll engage they never will trouble thy small beer any more.'

A Soliloquising Judge.—A learned Judge, whose religious bias is notoriously strong, was presiding in the trial of a man charged with stealing a "faggot." The case was as clear as day; more than one witness had seen the prisoner enter certain premises and carry therefrom certain property that was not his own; but this was not enough for lawyers. They must of course bring forward a faggot, and call upon the witness to prove its identity. The faggot was unscrupulously identified, upon which the learned Judge, while making his note of the circumstance, said (as he thought to *himself*—but he has a habit occasionally of soliloquising in rather too loud a key) "Why, how can he swear that's the same faggot—one faggot's as much like another as one egg's like another."

This was heard by Mr. C. P——, the counsel for the prisoner, who was seated just below his lordship; he instantly started up, and, recalling the witness said, "You have sworn that this is the same faggot you saw the prisoner take. Why how can you swear that it's the same? One faggot's as much like another as one egg's like another."

The learned Judge dropped his pen, and fixed his eyes expressively upon the counsel. Mr. P. I see the finger of God in this case; that very reflection, in the very form of words you employed, was passing through my mind at the moment it occurred to yours, I certainly shall not let this case go to the Jury upon such evidence;" and the case, as our informant saith, was stopped.

MARRIED.

On the morning of the 2d instant, by the Rev. E. Tucker, Mr. J HENRY TUCKER, to Miss JANE A. BARKER, daughter of P Barker, Esq. all of this city.

On Sunday evening, the 17th inst., by the Rev. Mr. PARKER, Mr. CHARLES B. FELT, to Miss MARGARET MARSH, all of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, Mr. Daniel S. Wilder, of Singapore, Mich., to Miss Mary Eliza, daughter of the late Harvy Goodman, Esq., of this city.

On the 18th inst., by the Rev. Elisha Tucker, Wm. Carey Crane, of Georgia, to Miss Alcasta Flora Galusha, daughter of Martin Galusha, Esq., of this city.

On the 17th inst, by C. D. Hagaman, Esq. Mr. Horatio P. Norton, to Miss Sariah A. Pearsall, all of Brighton.

In Riga, on the 14th instant, by the Rev. D. N. Merritt, Mr. Julius Adams, to Miss E. C. Sheldon, all of Riga.

☞ New subscribers can be furnished with the back numbers of this volume. A few copies of previous volumes, bound, for sale.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.

STANZAS.—SUMMER MORNING.

The stars are fading on the veil of night,
With their last gleam, the blooming day is born;
Far in the shining blue, their melting light,
Has kiss'd away the rosy tears of morn.
Still faintly glittering in the blush of day,
They sink amid the azure depths afar;
Thus may life's moments sweetly fade away,
And die in brightness, like the fading star.

The stars are fading, and the morning hours,
Are flying in the light, and singing, gale:—
All fragrant with the early breath of flowers—
Flinging their brightness over hill, and vale.
The last pale stars of lingering night are gone,
The sky is spangled with the sun's first rays;
And merry birds are greeting the fair dawn,
And singing—"welcome to the summer days."

They come in beauty—the bright summer days,
Leading a throng of gay, and happy hours;—
Flushing the soft, blue skies with rosy rays,
And weaving verdure o'er the woods and bowers.
They come in beauty, and awaken hours
That long have slumber'd with departed years;—
O'er which sad memory casts a pall of flowers,—
Kept green and sparkling by her falling tears,

Bright summer days! With them my dearest dreams
Of hope, and pleasure, faded like the light
That hung around their fainting sunset gleams,
To die away in sorrow's gloomy night.
Like them my dreams of happiness are o'er—
Like them hope's sweet illusions pass away;
Their cheerful moments may return no more—
Their pleasures vanish with the summer day.

Yet like blighted rose's wither'd leaf—
Still shedding odor tho' its bloom has fled;—
There lonely beauty charms the mourner's grief,
Tho' all their early hopes and joys are dead.
They come like angel-spirits of the past,
And point where Hope's unfading splendors dawn;
O'er which no dark, despairing cloud is cast—
Still shining on when Time and Death are gone.

And when the summer hours have pass'd away,
And all their brightness sinks in winter's gloom;
When wither'd flowers are drooping in decay,
And sad winds murmur o'er their dreary tomb;—
Oh! then may memory—tho' their charms depart,
Still keep them sacred in her bosom-shrine;—
Leaving their brighter traces on the heart,
Along life's darker hours to live and shine.

W.

Written for the Gem.

THE DOOMED ONE.

BY C. THERESA CLARK.

They tell me that mine eye is bright,
That youth's fresh roses deck my cheek,
That hope, and love, with young delight,
To see me smile await, and speak
Of pleasures which surround my path,
Of odorous wreaths of summer flowers,
Of joys which radiant Flora hath
To crown her favorite's laughing hours.

But none do tell of stern decay,
Of lights which glimmer o'er the dead,
Of midnight meteors streaming gay,
Of "Beauty when the soul hath fled"!
Save one Old Seer who knows me well,
Who marks the lustre of mine eye,
Who notes the plague-spot and doth tell
My fondest friends that I must die.

Yes, die! It is a fearful doom;
I feel it so, for few my years:
Oh! holy resignation, come,
To calm my woes and dry my tears:
"Earth is a wilderness," they say,
"Through which her children sadly roam,
While wrapt in sin and suffering clay,
They're exil'd from a happy home."

It may be so—but I have loved
This lovely earth, her fruits and flowers,
When filled with gratitude I roved,
And sang, with birds in woodland bowers;
And I may live to prove how vain
The Aged Prophet—but, "ah! me!"
I feel again, the fatal pain,
That gnaws my heart-strings,—agony!

It is Consumption! (withering word!)
Which saps my life, and shows how near
Eternity—the unexplored—
Unto her victims doth appear:
Sing me some soft and soothing strain,
Sweet friends; and wherefore do ye weep?
I long have sought for rest in vain,
There, close the curtains,—"Let me sleep!"

Springfield, Mass., June 16, 1838.

Written for the Gem.

TO SADNESS.

Sadness! how strangely doth thy spirit steal
In upon the frail human heart, and seal
Up its many bright, pearly founts of bliss,
And darkly shade its hoped-for happiness.

O, I have felt thy desolating power—
Thou hast been near me in Joy's sunny hour;
And like the passing cloud before the sun,
Thy shadowings and gloom have sat upon
My heart—my thoughts, feelings, affections, all
Have bowed beneath thy mysterious thrall,
And thy magic wand relentlessly swayed,
Angel Hope's genial current hath stayed.

O, how long shall man's heart thy presence merit?
When will thy sick'ning visits cease, dim spirit?
Never, while Joy and Love together roam
Upon the changing earth, a fragile home;
Not while Death and the Tomb are closely by
To call thee forth on thy sad ministry.

But far away from this shadowy sphere,
There beams a country which thou canst not sear;
And that land is all pure, cloudless and fair,
And Joy e'er reigns unmingled with thee there.

ALOAP.

Rochester, June, 1838.

DIED—At Beebe's Grove, Will county, Ill., April 26, of consumption, SARAH B. KILE, youngest daughter of the late John Kile, Esq. formerly of Greece, Monroe county, N. Y., aged 18 years.

Farewell, beloved sister,
Above thy youthful grave
Feeling's deep fount is broken up,
And our cheeks its torrents lave!
How all in vain is proffered,
The sympathy of friends—
Reason in vain in such an hour,
Her soothing hand extends.

Thou'rt called before existence
Has proved a path of pain—
Before thy young and spotless soul
Imbibed an earthly stain.
Care had not set upon thy brow
Its deep and blighting seal,
Nor affection unrequited
Hadst thou been doomed to feel.

We trust that thou art happy,
Arrayed as angels are—
That glory crowns thy youthful brow,
Which here it might not wear—
That sickness, pain and sorrow,
No more shall dim thine eye—
Thou'lt weep no more at friendship's bier,
Nor heave the parting sigh.

But though we know thou'rt happier
Than we who linger here,
The rending of such tender ties,
Oh! how can nature bear?
Farewell, farewell, beloved,
We may ne'er see THEE again;
But the loss that rends our bleeding hearts-
Is thine eternal gain!

H.

Juliet, Ill., May 15, 1838.

From the Madisonian.

A Massachusetts vessel from Charleston, bound to Norfolk, when a short time out, was capsized; but upon cutting the lanyards, the masts went by the board, and she righted. Six days afterwards she was fallen in with by a Russian vessel, the crew taken off and carried to Europe. The friends of the crew had long given them up as lost, when lo! a letter arrived informing them of their safety.

The Poet has seized the moment when the supposed widow in her weeds, while telling her son the cause of her grief, receives the joyful news of her long mourned husband's safety.

THE WRECKED MARINER RESTORED.

"Mother, oh, tell me why you weep—
Why watch you when all others sleep—
Why turn your eye tow'rds yonder sea,
When tempests shroud the rocky lea—
Why start you at the postman's bell—
Why heave that sigh? Dear mother, tell."

"I weep for one you never knew;
For one whose love was great for you—
For one who mid the ocean wave,
Uncoffin'd found an early grave:
And when the tempest whistles wild,
I think I hear him shriek, my child.

"'Twas on a lovely eve, when high
The moon rode up the star-gemm'd sky,
While all around was calm and still,
Save the love-making whip-poor-will;
He kissed us both, my darling son,
And bade farewell, and swift was gone.

"Soon to the breeze his sail he spread,
And seaward turn'd his vessel's head;
I look'd, and lo, a speck of white
Gemm'd the far verge of human sight;
I look'd again, and saw, my child,
Nought but a waste of waters wild.

"Long have I watch'd with aching breast
Yon heaving ocean's foaming crest—
Long has my midnight taper gleam'd;
And when morn's earliest brightness beam'd,
I've stood alone in anguish wild,
And watch'd, and wept in vain, my child.

"Deep wrapt within his sea-weed shroud,
In ocean's caves he coldly sleeps;
Above him tempests thunder loud,
And round him many a monster leaps—
The fierce wind's wail and sea bird's scream
Chant sadly his wild requiem."

"But, mother, do not weep so now;
He may have 'scap'd the ocean's foam,
Health may be beaming from his brow,
And he may now be wending home.
Oh, wait, dear mother, till you hear;
You're not alone, for I am near."

"Yes, you are left, my lovely boy—
Oh, how he lov'd to press thy form—
How bright his dark eye beam'd with joy,
When nestling in his bosom warm,
Thou listen'd to the tempest wild,
And laugh'd in infant glee, my child!

"But ah! vain hope—What's that I hear!
Is it the postman's bell, my dear?
It is! it is! go down, my boy—
He comes—a letter! grief? or joy!"
She breaks the seal—one look she gives:—
"God's name be prais'd!—he lives!—he lives!"

J. E. D.

Washington, May, 1838.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

THE LOSS OF THE PULASKI.

In the lone hush of midnight, when the seal
Of slumber pressed on every wearied eye,
And none were conscious of the dangerous flood
Which rolled beneath them—many human hearts,
Beating just now with joyousness and hope,
Were stilled forever.

How the mind recoils
From contemplation of the awful scene!
Calm was the deep below, the heaven above.
Blithely and safely moved the fragile bark—
As unresisted by the wafting waves
As the light gull that skims along their tops.
Propelled by that great force, which skillful man
Has conquered and subdued to serve his will,
She speeded on her way—while from her prow
The foam fell dazzling like a rain of gems—
And in the track, through which her untired wheels
Had whirled and dashed, the tumbling billows played.
It seemed the time for sleep—such quiet reigned
Between the ocean and the favoring sky—
—What means that dreadful clang? Why through the air
Hurtle those scattered fragments? No swift flash
Leaped from the upper void—no sword of flame
Clove the blue heavens in twain,—and yet the noise
Of crashing thunder boomed upon mine ears
Across these waves, whereon I now behold
Masses in motion, and dark, struggling shapes,
Like living creatures in the coils of death.
Oh, sound and sight of horror! How she heaves
And wrestles with the billows—that torn bark!
Where, now, her mighty power, her noble mien,
Her pride, her matchless speed? Unstirred she lies,
Save by the swell of the perturbed sea.
Lo! how she bends and writhes, as if in torture—
She breaks—she severs—down she sinks! A moan
Floats o'er the waters; then shrill cries succeed,
And voices in the agony of fear
And supplication: there is none to help:

The wail has ceased; the winds again resume
Their concert with the waves, so rudely broken.
Naught is seen, save the dismantled wreck—
Yes! look once more—a boat is on the sea:
It nears the coast, and human shapes, though few,
Attain the rocky strand—saved! they are saved!
Oh, joy for those to whom the rescued ones
Are dear! Oh, sorrow for the expectant hearts
Of those whose best beloved are gone forever!
Amid the spared ones, see the tender forms
Of women and of children—spared, when strong
And manly beings perished, like the trees
Swept by a tempest from their steadfast homes.

Oh God! Preserver! hear our prayerful thanks
That thou did'st from the dire destruction save
More than we dared to hope—that thou did'st keep
Safe in the hollow of thy hand the lives
Of some, who, clinging to the shattered wreck,
Looked only unto thee! And oh, incline,
God of the desolate! thy gracious ear,
And hear us while we pray, that, to the lambs
Shorn of thy blessings, thou will temper well
This gale of cold affliction, and diffuse
The rainbow hues of resignation o'er
The clouds of sorrow, so that peace once more,
The peace of Heaven, may glow within their souls.

June 24 P. B.

O! ROSY TWILIGHT STAR.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

O! rosy twilight star,
I behold thee shine afar.
Now clouds near the sun are crimson and yellow:
And the golden autumn light,
With the shadows of the night,
Is blent, and with the sounds of eve soft and mellow.

O! bliss diffusing star,
O! memory-hallowed bar,
'Twixt the night and the day sweet division!
Thou art purpling all about,
Thou art wooing lovers out;
And the world, in thy smile, grows Elysian.

Now quiet, with spread wings,
Is descending on all things,
And dews, blent with sleep, are wept from the willow;
And the sun has bade "good night,"
With a trail of glorious light,
As he sank from the sight to sleep in the billow.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson. $1 mail, $1,5[illegible]

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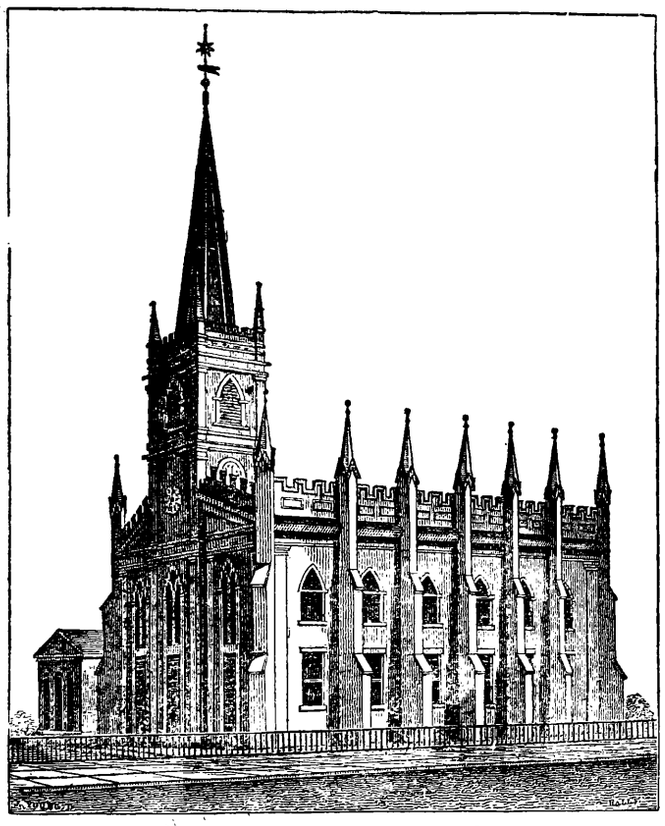

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ROCHESTER.

☞ The following statistics of the society and description of the above plate, is copied from "*Sketches of Rochester*," &c. by HENRY O'REILLY, Esq.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

This is the oldest religious society in Rochester. It was organized in August, 1815, with sixteen members, by a committee of the Presbytery of Geneva, when Oliver Gibbs, Daniel West, Warren Brown, and Henry Donnelly were chosen elders, and Elisha Ely clerk.

In January, 1816, the Rev. Comfort Williams was installed as bishop and pastor of the church by the Presbytery of Geneva, and retired from the station in June, 1821.

In April, 1822, the Rev, Joseph Penney, D. D., was installed as the successor of Mr. Williams by the Presbytery of Rochester, which presbytery was organized in 1819. Dr. Penney resigned the charge of this church in April 1833; and, after having spent two years as pastor of the First Congregational Church in Northampton, Mass., was elected to his present station of President of Hamilton College. It may be here mentioned, that the first organized effort in the cause of temperance in Ireland, if not in Great Britain, was made through the instrumentality of Mr. Penney, while on a visit to his native land on leave of absence from this church. It may be also mentioned, as equally creditable to the citizens of Rochester and to the object of their partiality, that a sum equal to the interest of $20,000 is annually paid by some liberal residents of Rochester to sustain Hamilton College in supporting the president.

In 1834, the Rev. Tryon Edwards was ordained and installed as bishop and pastor of this church.

The progress of improvement in this quarter may be inferred from some facts mentioned by the Rev. Mr. Edwards in his thanksgiving discourse. "In 1815, when his congregation was organized, it was the only church in a tract of about 400 square miles! the second meeting of its session was held on Brighton Ridge; and no church meeting was legally called, unless notice had been sent to the settlements on the Ridge in Gates, and in the east part of the town of Brighton!"

It is worthy of note, that, in the year 1828, no one of the members of this congregation died at Rochester, though their number was between 400 and 500."

The church edifice, of which a representation is herewith presented, is a massive structure of stone, with buttresses rising between the windows and above the eaves, surmounted with spires, giving to the building an unique appearance. These buttresses were added to strengthen the walls, after an alarm occasioned by some imaginary insecurity of the building, owing to the large concurse which thronged to hear the Rev. Mr. Finney during a revival a few years ago. Although the church edifice is one of the largest in the city, the engraving might occasion a contrary belief from the fact that, owing to a desire to have a view of the session-room included, the main edifice was necessarily drawn upon a smaller scale than that allowed for other representations.

[*From Bently's Miscellany.*]

THE WIDOW CURED, OR MORE THAN THE DOCTOR AT FAULT.

It was in the year—, but no matter, I have the most treacherous memory imaginable for dates; when Quarz was at Berlin,—you of course know who Quarz was,—if you do not, I'll tell you. He was the celebrated musical composer and musician at the court of Frederick the Great, and, by the way, taught him the flute. Quarz was the pupil of the famous counterpointist, Gasperina. Quarz, in short, was the man, who, as he was leaving the orchestra one night, heard a ball whistle in his ear, ticketed for him by the Spanish Ambassador, who was in love with a certain marchioness. I can assure you the aim was a good one, and the maestro might well bob his head, and wink his eyes.

At the time of which I was speaking before I got into these parentheses, Quarz was forty-one; tall, and well made in his person, and of a noble and characteristic countenance, which, joined to a talent, whose superiority no one could dispute, gave him free access to all societies, and caused him to be well received every where. He was, among others, particularly intimate with one Schindler, a friend of his youth, who had followed the same studies—almost with the same success—what a blessing was such a friend! In his house, after the fatigues and adulations that every coming day brought with it, Quarz passed his evenings. At Schindler's he saught for a balm to the wounds of envy and jealousy, fortified his mind against the caprices of the great, and, above all, from Schindler he was sure to meet with a tribute due to his genius, and praises that came from his heart.

But death laid his cold and pitiless hand on Schindler, and with his terrible scythe cut that knot, which only he could sever.

No record of the time remains to tell us whether Madame Schindler "lamented him sore?"—There are some sorrows over which we are forced to throw a veil. Perhaps she did, perhaps she did not shed a tear—perhaps a flood of tears. Habit and long intimacy are mighty and powerful things.

Yet though Schindler was no more, Quarz still continued his visits: whether from long custom, or particular affection for his lost friend, does not appear, and the young widow continued to receive him with her accustomed welcome.

For a considerable time no particular occurrence happened to interrupt their interviews the motive of which seemed to be a mutual consolation. It is only by looking closely and examing events with attention, that we can discover any diminution of their affections for poor Schindler, but by degrees he faded from their momory. They now and then spoke him of him, it is true, but less and less, till at last they ceased to speak of him at all. Schindler was allowed to slumber peaceably in his case of wood, was quietly inurned, "*requiescat in pace.*"

For myself, I can perfectly understand all this. I can see no necessity for remaining inconsolable at an irreparable loss, and [illegible] receive no folly greater than his or hers, [illegible] bound themselves to eternal regrets.

Whilst the lamp burns, if ever so [illegible]

nourish the flame by all means; but when once it is extinguished, it is a waste of time and common sense to trim it or supply it with oil.—There is an old French song that runs thus:—

"Quand on est mort, c'est pour long temps."

Thus as I said, Madame Schindler had given up weeping, and as every one should have some occupation or other, she bethought herself of getting a new husband in lieu of the old. The idea was not a bad one. Is it not so! With this view she employed herself in repairing the disorder of her toilet—in smiling on her visitors—in coqueting with them a little. And who can blame her? If you know mankind as well as I do, you must be aware that these things, much as we may despise them, go a great way in the world. Depend on it, that if a woman is simple in her manners, and plain in her dress, and without what most people term affectation or coquetry no one will take the trouble of looking at her twice.

Madame Schindler's house underwent a similar metamorphosis to her own. The venetians, that had for a whole year been carefully closed, began to let in the day, and were draperied with more care and elegance than ever. The very furniture seemed to assume a new life. Her doors opened almost of themselves to her former friends or new acquaintences, and more than one guest at a time took his seat at her dinner table.

Quarz was, as may be supposed, always welcome; and he had this advantage, that come when he might, she was at home to him.

Nothing less could be expected from so old a friend, and no one could possibly find fault with her for that, you will allow.

To-day, in the midst of an animated conversation with her amiable favorite, Madame Schindler all at once burst into tears, complaining of a pain in her side, and a violent headache. Quarz was "*aux petit soins*," and did and said all that might have been expected of him in such a case.

Madame Schindler went to bed and sent for a physician.

Well, you will say what is there extraordinary in that? Yesterday I had a stitch in my side and a headache, and what can they have to do with your anecdote?

Don't be impatient—much—as you shall hear.

Quarz was seated by her bedside when the doctor entered. He felt her pulse, and his lips expressed by a slight but significant contraction, that he entertained no very favorable opinion of her symptoms; whilst Quarz kept his eye constantly fixed on her pale countenance, where the finger of death seemed to have set his fatal seal. He was sad and motionless, and awaited in silence the stern decrees of Heaven. But the patient had perceived the evil augury of the physician's eye.

'I see,' said she with a feeble voice, 'I see, alas! that I am doomed to die. I had rather know the worst than flatter myself with a vain delusion.'

'Well,' said he, 'since I must—since all the aid of medicine is vain, I leave you madame.' He cast a melancholy glance at Quarz, who was now really affected.

The patient expressed a wish to be alone, and Quarz and the doctor retired to an adjoining chamber.

Some minntes afterword they were again summoned.

'Joachim,' said the dying lady, addressing Quarz: 'you perceive that I am about to leave you. But before I quit this world—before I take my eternal rest, I have one favor to beg of you—one only—say, will you refuse it on my death-bed?"

You may imagine the reply; Quarz did what you or I would have done in his place.—He promised, whatever it might be, to comply with it.

'I hope you will do so,' said the widow, with a voice still feebler; 'but dared not rely on it. It is—that before I die, you should make me yours. Call me but your wife. I shall then be the happiest of women, and have nothing further to wish for.'

The request was a singular one, but Quarz had promised, and really the engagement bound to nothing, for, in a few moments, the tie would be broken by the divorce of death.

He therefore consented with a good grace, and sent for a notary public. The deed was drawn in due form. He signed it. The doctor signed it as a witness. The widow with a trembling hand, affixed her signature to the paper, and all was over.

'Doctor!' cried Mrs. Quarz, jumping nimbly and completely dressed, out of bed; 'I am not so near the point of death as you imagine, and have every inclination to live long for my husband.'

Now look upon the *tableau*. The astonishment of the two witnesses—the notary wiping his spectacles, thinking his eyes deceived him—the doctor biting his nails at being deceived as well as the rest. Only think of a doctor being taken in!

Quarz, who was well pleased with the adventure, and said smilingly aside, 'a good actress, faith! If I were an author I would write a part for her.'

The curtain fell. Madame Schindler was young and pretty and rich besides.

From the Boston Post.

'*I met a Veteran.*'—Crossing the Common the other morning at sunrise, I met an old gentleman 'whose head was silvered o'er with age,' pacing slowly along with the aid of a huge hickory stick, aad thus speaking aloud his thoughts: 'How changed! how changed! This old train-field where the cattle, the sheep and the horses used to feed in common, is now a Paradise. These great trunks were little sap lings then. This spot was not so much as 'yarded in.' On the spot where stands that row of splendid dwellings, then stood a little lone shantee with one window in front—from which I have many and many a time brought away my canteen full of '*the courage.*'' In this stage of the old man's colloquy with his younger self, I quickened my step, approached him, and bade him 'good morning.'

'How dee—how dee, youth,' said he, 'there don't seem to be many a-stirring yet. They don't get up so early here as we do in the country.'

'Nor do they enjoy that degree of health, my dear sir, that you do in the country.'

'Right, young man, right. Early rising is the price of health. I was eighty-nine years old last May. I have never had a sick day in the course of my eventful life—nor have I allowed the sun of the morning to rise before me, except when I was in the army, and then only when I was taking relief-rest from guard duty.'

'Indeed, sir! And have I the pleasure of conversing with one of the few surviving patriots of the American Revolution?'

'Ay—I was in the revolutionary war. I am a resident of Berkshire. I have come to this town to spend the last Fourth of July I ever expect to see. I have come to spend it on the hallowed spots where, when I was of your age, I fought for my country. I have come to take a last farewell of Bunker Hill. I visited it yesterday—to-day I shall visit it again—and to-morrow, I shall go and hear Mr. Everett's Oration, at the Odeon.'

'Did you recognize any of the landmarks of olden time on Bunker Hill?'

'Few—*very* few. Almost every thing has changed. There were but few houses in that neighborhood, then—and where all was pasture there are now streets and stores; and where nobody lived then, a thick population are now constantly moving about their business. * * * * Speaking of landmarks, (continued the old man with a slight blush,) there is one *new* landmark there of which I feel both proud and ashamed. It is the unfinished monument. Proud that there was enough of *the old spirit* to commence it—but ashamed that there is not enough left to finish it. Yes.....that was a hard battle.'

'You were in that engagement, my venerable friend, were you?'

'I was—and a bloody one it was too. I was dressed in a suit of leather that I made on purpose to fight in. I raised the cow, tanned the hide, and made the suit, all with my own hands. That was a hot battle. I stood within six feet of the brave Warren when he fell. I remember the moment a good deal better than I do any thing that took place the day before yesterday. Yes—I saw Warren fall—God bless him.'

And as the old gentleman wiped away a tear that trickled in the furrow of his check, I offered him my arm by way of supporting his walk. Discovering this to be a painful point of reflection, I endeavored to turn the conversation, and said—

'Since that time there have been great changes in men and things throughout the world.'

'O yes—boy—you've no idea of it. When you overtook me I was going down to the foot of this old train-field to see if there remained any trace of the division line, run along by the British when they had possesion here. I s'pose it's all gone.'

'Gone—all. Nothing of the kind remains.—Do you intend to visit the old fortification at South Boston?'

'South Boston—where's that?'

'Away yonder upon the hill.'

'Dorchester Heights, you mean, young man, don't you?'

'The same—now within the limits of Boston.'

'Yes—I must go there—I helped throw up that fortification. It came up like Jonah's gourd, in one night. I worked till morning—part of the night I went with a team after screwed hay to cross the marshes on, and part of the time filled casks of dirt with which to break the enemy's legs in case they undertook to ascend the hill. Yes, I must go there before I return; but then I suppose that every thing is so changed that I shall be unable to persuade myself it is the same place.

'You walk as if you were tired, my good friend.'

'I *am* tired—I've walked three or four miles this morning, and am very leg weary. I don't know as I shall be able to reach my son's house.'

'What's the street and number, sir?'

'B—— st. No. ——.'

'Be seated on this bench a moment, my old veteran, and I will call a carriage.'

[The old man sat down. The coach arrived—I aided him in, gave him my blessing—put a few shillings into the driver's hand, and directed him where to drop his venerable passenger. The current of that day's reflection was retrospective.]

A YOUNG MAN.

Hail Columbia.—This popular song was as we learn from the Journal of Belles Lettres, written hastily during an evening in the year 1798, by Judge Hopkinson, of Pennsylvania, to help out the benefit of a theatrical friend, who was rather low spirited, having been unsuccessful in his engagement. It was announced the next morning that a new patriotic song would be sung, and the theatre was crowded; the song was sung and received with rapture; it was repeated eight times, and again *encored*, and when sung the whole audience stood up and joined in the chorus. Night after night Hail Columbia cheered the visiters of the theatre, and in a very few days it was the universal song of the boys in the streets from one end of the city to the other. Nor was the distinguished author of this truly national song—a song which met the entire approbation of all parties of the d forgotton. The street in which he resided was at one time crowded, and Hail Columbia broke on the stillness of midnight from five hundred patriotic voices.—*Newburyport Herald.*

Bathing.—Dr. Combe, in his work on health, shows that perspiration leaves saline and mineral matter on the surface of the body; and this, unless regularly removed by ablution, chokes up the pores, and induces disease. We know, says the reader, that frequent washings promote one's comfort as well as health: yet when he thus says, he alludes only to the daily ablution of the face and hands. But this is doing things by halves. The whole body requires the cleansing process. Dr. C. remarks:—

"For general use the tepid or warm bath seems to me much more suitable than the cold bath: especially in winter, and for those who are not robust and full of animal heat. Where the health is good and the bodily powers are sufficiently vigorous, the cold bath during the summer and the shower bath in winter, may serve every purpose required from them. Many imagine the tepid or warm bath too weakening, but experience shows that it is only so when abused. When not too warm, and not prolonged beyond fifteen or twenty minutes, the tepid bath may be employed daily with perfect safety and advantage by persons in health: while invalids, whose condition requires its use, are often strengthened by a much longer and equally frequent immersion. If the bath cannot be obtained at all places, soap and water may be obtained every where. A rough towel is very a useful auxiliary in such abductions. *If one tenth of the persevering attention and labor bestowed to so much purpose in rubbing down and currying the skin of horses*, was bestowed by the human race in keeping themselves in good condition, and a little attention paid to diet and clothing, colds, nervous diseases, and stomach complaints would cease to form so large an item in the catalogue of human miser s.

Worth makes the Man!—An eloquent writer in the Knickerbocker, upon the "Power of the Mind," has the following remarks in relation to the strength which the mind acquires from impediments:

Reserved for the last of the means by which strength of mind may be increased, is a consoling consideration, though it may appear a paradox.—The mind is strengthened by impediments. Too often is it found inactive, while surrounded by advantages, and needing to be awakened by its fears. It has indeed been said,

"Slow rises worth by poverty distressed"

Still facts would lead us to conclude that poverty is more propitious to the first expansion of the mind than affluence. Necessity will best prompt to those first efforts, many times painful, which the mind, in order to become vigorous, must exert. Such is the love of ease and indulgence, that most men would doubtless choose to recline, if possible, upon the lap of wealth. Had such men as Clay, Ewing, and Webster, been cradled in opulence, they probably would never have called into exercise that mental power which has so raised them to that proud eminence where they now fill the eyes of so many millions of freemen. Franklin might never have arisen from the drudgery of mechanical labor, to the courts of the most illustrious nations, if the severity of an elder brother had not early alienated him from the paternal roof. Rittenhouse might not have left following the plough, to walk among the stars, nor Fulton, a poor unfriended youth, have revolved and applied a new magnificent power, which will hereafter mark an era in the world, had not each of them struggled with difficulties in the outset, and overcame them, thereby straining confidence for loftier attempts. Defects in personal appearance have often led to superior mental attainments. Pope probably strove to gain advantages from his mind, which the plainness and inferiority of his person denied him; and to the deformity of his figure we may be, in some measure, indebted for the surpassing beauty and grace of his poetical numbers. The coldness of neglect, the frown of superiority, the opposition of rivals and enemies, endeavoring to depress the mind, have, in many instances, only demonstrated most clearly its elasticity and reaction. It is the effect of such obstacles, to raise the stream they are intended to impede.—Such defects and obstructions, while they produce diffidence, also inspire resolution, and that mysterious combination of humility to distrust, and confidence to attempt which are at once the characteristics, and most effectual aid of genius.

If any youthful mind thirsting for improvement, yet depressed and almost desponding from want of leisure and other facilities, will procure the first part of the 'Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties,' one of the publications of the British Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, or 'Edward's Biography of Self-made Men,' he will in the perusal, find his heart lifted up, and his way cheered by the companionship of a goodly number of choice spirits who have travelled the same path, and whose success will not fail to kindle in his bosom a more intense ardor in the same pursuit.

Family Affection.—A short Sermon.—In some families there appears to exist but little natural feelings among members for one another. We often see a brother successful in business, surrounded by every comfort and luxury, while a sister who may have married injudiciously, is pining unnoticed in suffering and want. The brother's name may often be found heading a subscription list for some splendid charity; and yet he has no dollar to spare for the playmate of his early years who has been overtaken by poverty. And sisters whose lots in life were cast so unequally—how often do they forget the sweet intercourse of childhood, and meet as unsympathizingly as strangers. The one, perchance who was the fondest and most beloved in early days, is she whose lot is cast in the low vale of want in after life, and whom the most fortunate sisters regard with indifference, or shun from motives of false pride.—*Baltimore Visitor.*

Granite.—A block of granite, of the best quality, was last week split from the Big Berry quarry, at Fall River, which measured 56 feet in length, 14 in width, and 19 feet in depth.

Insanity brought on persons in the water from cannon being fired over them.—At an early hour on the morning of the 4th of July, two young men went into the river at Castle Garden, to swim, and at the very moment they leaped in the water, a salute was fired from some heavy pieces of cannon, which were contiguous. When the two young men leaped in, they remained under the water for some seconds, and on rising to the surface, were observed by some bystanders to act in so fantastic a manner, that it was evident something of an unusual nature had occurred to them. A boat was therefore immediately procured, and the two young men taken out of the water and brought to the shore, when it was found that both of them had lost their senses; and so totally and entirely, as to be unable to give any explanation how they had been affected, or what sensations they felt at the moment. Their insanity was not of a violent kind, but rather what may be termed idiotic; or a total prostration of every intellectual attribute.

In this melancholy condition they were conveyed home to their friends, and remained nearly in the same state for two days, at the end of which, one of them partially recovered his reason, but the other still remains without any symptoms of amendments.

This fatal result of cannon being fired over persons in the water, will cease to appear very extraordinary to any person who has, when a boy, experienced the almost terrific sensation produced on him when under water in a narrow stream, by a common trick, practised by boys, of taking two large stones and striking them forcibly together on the water's edge, immediately over where the swimmer has dived down. A gentleman who witnessed the present occurrence, told us that on one occasion he himself suffered a sort of electric shock, which almost deprived him momentarily of his reason, from a common musket being fired over him while he was under the water.—*Journal of Commerce.*

The Jewesses.—Fontanes asked Chautabriand if he could assign a reason why the women of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men? To which Chautabriand gave the following truly poetical and Christain one: "The Jewesses," he said, "have escaped the curses which alighted upon their fathers, husbands and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the Son of God, scourged him, crowned him with thorns and subjected him to the ignominy and the agony of the cross. The women of Judea believed in the Savior; they assisted and soothed him under his afflictions. A woman of Bethany poured on his head the precious ointment which she kept in a vase of alabaster; the sinner anointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ on his part, extended his mercy to the Jewesses; he raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother, Lazarus; he cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate Judge to the woman in adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy women accompanied him to Calvary, brought balm and spices, and weeping sought him at the sepulchre. 'Woman, why weepest thou?' His first appearance after his resurrection was to Mary Magdalene. He said to her, 'Mary?' At the sound of his voice Mary Magdalene's eyes were opened, and she answered, 'Master.' The reflection of some very beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewesses."

Cheese from Potatoes.—Cheese, it is said of extremely fine quality, is made from potatoes, in Thuringia and part of Saxony, in the following manner:—After having selected a quantity of potatoes of good quality, giving the preference to the large white kind, they are boiled in a large cauldron, and after becoming cool, they are pulled and reduced to a pulp either by means of a grate or mortar. To five pounds of this pulp, which ought to be as equal as possible, is added a pound of sour milk, and the necessary quantity of salt. The whole is kneaded together and the mixture covered up and allowed to remain for three or four hours (days?) according to the season. At the end of this time it is kneaded anew, and the cheeses are placed in little baskets, where the superfluous moisture is allowed to evaporate.

What mother's heart, however cold to others, does not warm to her child's praises?

Newspaper Borrowers.—Within a very short time we have lost two subscribers who gave up the paper unwillingly, not because it did not meet their views, but because them were so pestered by newspaper borrowers, that they were obliged to abridge their means of information for the benefit of their comfort, or in other words, to get rid of the annoyance and its cause by a single motion. "The truth is," said one gentleman, "I like the Pennsylvanian very much—its sentiments are generally such as meet my cordial approbation, and I look for it as regularly as I do for my breakfast; but the continued interruptions of my neighbors, with their eternal "please to lend me your paper," have become such a nuisance, that I must give it up. Not content with obtaining the paper for themselves, they frequently pass it from one to another, and it is therefore a mere chance if it returns to the starting place."

The troubles of our friend in this instance, no doubt, are shared to a certain extent by every one who takes a newspaper; but we cannot say that the remedy which he adopted is one that should be generally followed. To do so is to punish yourself for the faults of others. The true cure is to be found in having recourse to the *fortiter intre*, and to put an end to all such solicitations as those referred to above, by a direct refusal. There are guns that won't go off—why should there not be "newspapers that won't lend?"—*Pennsylvanian.*

Pownal, Vermont.—There is a curious anecdote told about the first settling of Pownal and some of the adjoining towns, which is worth relating, as it goes to show how the character of a place is often formed by its first settlers. It is as follows: Mr. Robertson, who superintended the settling of the country, was a Presbyterian, and resided in Bennington. He was always sure to ascertain of what religion his purchaser was. If a Presbyterian he would show him a farm in Bennington, if a Baptist, in Shaftsbury, if an Episcopalian, in Arlington; but if no religion, Pownal was his place. These towns have now been settled from sixty to seventy-five years, and yet the general character of each shows most clearly the original stamp fixed upon it by Mr. Robertson, the land holder.—*Auburn Banner.*

The Curse of Ignorance.—The town of Taunton, Mass, was indicted at the last term of their court of Common Pleas, for *not* supporting a high school within its limits, agreeably to the provisions of the statute. The town is liable to a heavy fine, which it must pay, and establish the school in question or be liable to another indictment. This is an expese not very creditable to Old Taunton. Every one of her numerous sons now scattered over the broad West, will blush for her degeneracy.—*Alb. Adv.*

Singular Cat-*astrophe.*—We witnessed this morning a singular sight at the west part of the city. A hen having hatched out a part of her eggs, was sitting upon the remainder. A cat belonging to the house, of her own accord and free-will, took charge of the chickens, and brooded them with all the tenderness of a mother. One of them having fallen down from its resting place, the cat jumped down also, took it in her mouth and replaced it. Let no one after this, say that cats have no hearts.—*Bost. Exam.*

Home Scenes.—All men come home *sometimes*. Many men find their chief delight there—even those who do not lead the most regular lives, still seek for repose and refuge, under their own roof; and if they find intelligence, good temper, and graceful demeanor, adorning the home-scenes of existence, they will gradually be drawn to their firesides, not merely as a refuge from trouble and care, but as a delightful arena for the enjoyment of those virtuous pleasures which at once embellish and sweeten life.

Sphere of Women.—There is a peculiar beauty and fitness in women's applying themselves to lend a charm to all the common comforts of life. They know not what power they lose by despising these offices of homespun texture, but which may, nevertheless, be wove into a web of beauty, and of priceless value to their own best interests.

Erskine, in 1786, the height of his career, told Wilberforce that he had then had thirty-six retainers of his circuit at three hundred guineas each.—*English paper.*

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1838.

Hospitality of the Mayor.—Hospitality is becoming the order of the day; and every good citizen should rejoice; because hospitality is the key to friendship, and friendship is the bond of social enjoyment. Hence we love to see men of different nations reciprocating civilities—citizens of different towns, commingling in convivialities—and neighbors of the same cities gathering together for purposes of sociality.—It is good to do so. The God of Nature constituted us social beings for that object. It makes a brotherhood of society, and touches a spring tenfold more powerful than treaties, conventions, forms or compacts. It is the millenial angel which will hush the din of war, and make the discordant elements of the human passions, slumber in each others embrace. But we are moralising.

Our object, just now, is to notice a most agreeable entertainment furnished by the Mayor to the Firemen on Monday evening. His Honor took them by surprise. The invitation was unexpected, but, as are all calls upon the Firemen, whether to feast or to labor, it was promptly answered. Nearly every member of the Department—with their "*better halfs*" in fact, and in expectancy—called upon his Honor, and spent a most agreeable evening in the beautiful bowers of the Garden attached to the Mayor's mansion.

The Garden was tastefully illuminated—a fine Band was in attendance—and sparkling soda danced from different fountains in most gorgeous splendor. It was a fairy scene, and it only required a small spice of the poetic, to fancy yourself among the Nymphs and Niads of the enchanted groves of romance.

We hope his Honor enjoyed the scene—nay, we know he did; for he appeared the happiest of the gay. It appears part of his nature to rejoice in the enjoyments of others, and to seek the double blessing of THE GIVER. His fair daughters, too, by their fine, rich voices, and their full toned pianos, contributed greatly to the hilarity of the pleasant interview. May they never be less happy, or have less occasion to be satisfied with the world!

Long life to his Honor, as the Hibernian would say, for this most agreeable *soiree*! May it prove but the opening of a custom, which we are ready to hail as a golden link in the great chain of the social compact.

Common Schools.—Than these intellectual nurseries of future generations, there is no subject of deeper interest to the American or the Christian. They are to mould the minds of those to whom will very soon be entrusted the destinies of this Republic, and, so far as human agency is concerned, the destinies of the Church. It is no marvel, therefore, that so many are deeply interested in every question agitated which has a bearing upon Common Schools. The only wonder is that no more feel interested—that every citizen in every state—does not throw his whole influence, zealously and vigorously, into the cause; and, by a mighty combination of effort, place the institution of Common Schools in this state and country, upon an elevated, firm, immutable basis.

Frequent efforts have been made to attract public attention to this cause; but uniform supineness has too frequently followed these efforts, and in that way retrograded rather than advanced the work. An effort, however, is now making, which, we think, cannot fail to be attended with success.

In 1836, an Association called the Society for the Diffusion of Useful knowledge, was organized in New York, at the head of which stands General STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER, of Albany. The object of this Society is to collect and print a series of useful books, at a cheap rate, for the benefit of the young. Fifty volumes have been already printed, and they are of a character so excellent—so well adapted to the accomplishment of the end designed—that, by the efforts of the Agents of the Society, the zeal of a *few* in each county, and the munificence of our State Legislature, there is but little doubt that, before the expiration of many months, these fifty volumes, at least, will be placed in every school district in the state. AND what a glorious achievement this would be! How worthy the labers of an enlightened community! How emphatically would it tell upon the future happiness of our People!

But the influence which will secure *this* desirable result, will not cease with its accomplishment. It will be but the stepping-stone to ten fold more extensive achievements—the opening of a window through which an ocean of light will be poured.

It is true, the object of this society is not to *directly* promote the cause of Common Schools; but it will as most assuredly do so, as that Christianity will promote temperance, or temperance virtue. Disseminate cheap intelligence among the mass of mankind, and a desire for knowledge, and a sense of the importance of it, will follow as certainly as that vegetation will succeed the sun-shine and showers of summer.

Hence we connect the two causes, and hail the budding prosperity of the one, as the precurser of the success of the other. If one flourishes, both must. They are twin-sisters.

It is known to our citizens generally, that the Agent of the Society (Mr. PAGE) is now in the city. On Thursday evening he addressed a meeting of our citizens, and stated a number of facts, which dissipated any doubts which might have existed in the minds of any, as to the utility and importance of the Society.

The result of his address, was the organization of a meeting, of which Dr. MALTBY STRONG, was appointed Chairman, and ELIHU F. MARSHALL, Secretary. After some preliminary remarks,

The Rev. T. EDWARDS offered the following resolution, which, after some pertinent remarks from the mover, the Rev. P. CHURCH, E. D. SMITH and others, was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That we cordially approve the objects of the Society which has been, this evening, brought before us, and that we feel bound, as Republicans, Citizens, Philanthropists and Christains, to further the great ends which it aims to compass.

After some further dissultory business, the meeting adjourned to the Court House the next (last) evening. The result of that meeting we shall give hereafter.

Hot Weather.—The thermometer has stood in New York as high as 92. In Albany 97.—In New Bedford 92. In Troy 95. In Philadelphia 101. In New Orleans 108; and here at 97. The *political* thermometer ranges at 110 During the next three months it will vary from 120 to 150—the greatest height it has been known to reach for a great many years.

☞ One hundred deaths were reported in New York, in four days, last week, from the excessive heat of the weather. July, thus far, is said to be the warmest we have had for 14 years.

Rochester Female Academy.—There is no city in the State, we venture to assert, where there are better Common Schools or better Academies than in Rochester. And among them all, none are more deserving of the support of the public—none more creditable to its Trustees and Teachers—than the Female Academy, in Fitzhugh street, under the supervision of Miss J. H. JONES, and the Misses DOOLITTLE. The examination, which came on last week, gave abundant and most satisfactory evidence of the abilities of the teachers, and of the proficiency of the scholars. The exercises were profoundly interesting, and exhibited an efficiency of discipline, a depth of thought, and a clear comprehension of the studies engaged in, which could not fail to leave most favorable impressions upon the minds of the numerous auditory who attended the examination.

The auspices of the Institution, we are happy to learn, are good. The locality, edifice and teachers, are well calculated to attract pupils, and we trust it will be long before any of our excellent schools will be obliged to complain of the want of support.

"*Parker's Exploring Tour beyond the Rocky Mountains, with a Map.*"—It is characteristic of our countrymen to seize, with avidity, every thing which opens new sources of enterprise, or marks out the path by which wealth or fame may be most certainly secured. Hence the rapidity with which every work which treats of new discoveries has been disposed of. They are bought up, and made charts of, to lead the adventurer to the hidden treasures of hidden worlds.

The work before us, is partially of this character. For while we are aware that the "*Rocky Mountains*" have formed the theme of several interesting works, none have been so full or so minute as this. Its author, Mr. PARKER, devoted three years to the exploration of the interesting Regions which skirt these mighty Mountains of the West, and the facts which he records are many of them new, and all of them novel and interesting.

In addition to the mere record of facts, the work is interspersed with very many philosophic and scientific reflections, upon Geology, &c., which cannot fail to amuse and instruct every one.

The Book is for sale at NICHOLS & WILLSON's, to whom we are indebted for a copy. It may also be had, of Messrs. STANWOOD & Co. We hope it will meet with the very prompt sale which its merits deserve.

☞ The REV. HOWARD MALCOM, of Boston, is about publishing his recent Travels in the East. It will be recollected that Mr. Malcom, under the direction of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, visited Burmah, and the neighboring countries, three or four years since; and as he had every opportunity to procure the essentials of an interesting work, his well known talent is a sufficient guarantee that the work will be interesting.

Sudden Death.—Tobias Cook, of Clarkson, aged 23, while mowing, on the 11th inst., fell down and died instantly, and without a struggle. Appoplexy, or the bursting of a blood vessel, is supposed to have been the cause. He was recently from Bellville, U. C.

☞ The Journal of Commerce has the names of 17 persons who died from heat and drinking cold water, in that city, in the two days!

☞ A thermometer ranged as high as—the third story window, in this city, yesterday!

☞ An *infidel* paper at Cleavcland advertiess for an apprentice, and remarks that it does not want an irresponsible one, as it has had "*irresponsible ones enough.*" There is no doubt of that. But the worst of it is, that you will never have any other than "*irresponsible ones*" so long as you imbue their minds with the corrupt and soul-destoying doctrines which you promulgate. Infidelity is the prime minister of dishonesty, fraud and licentiousness; and if its doctrines were generally adopted, all mankind would be "*irresponsible.*" A contempt for the Religion of Jesus Christ, and a disposition to ridicule the pure and holy morality of the Word of God, is generally an index of a corrupt and dishonest mind. If the publisher of the paper in question really wishes to obtain an honest boy, he may accomplish his end by going into the bosom of some pious family, or selecting from among the flowers cultured in those nurseries of piety, the Sabbath School; but he will never find one in the bacchanalian haunts which infidelity create and sanction.

☞ We are wont to boast of the general dissemination of intelligence among our citizens, and perhaps not a few of us would deem it an insult to be told that there were any *Americans* within the borders of our city who could not read. But there are; and let the confession incite us to greater zeal in the cause of Education. The Rev. Mr. EDWARDS remarked, the other evening, that there was a school district in the city, which not only had no school house, but which contained a family of ten persons, the youngest of whom was *seven* years old, who could not read—and they were Americans! Ought not something to be done?

☞There are over 4,000 children in this city, between the ages of 4 and 16. The Legislature have appropriated 110,000 per annum to the purchase of School District libraries. This is about 20 cents for every child in the State. So that the annual appropriation to this city will not be far from $800! What an immense mass of useful matter can be purchased for $8,-00! Fellow citizens, it is your solemn duty to attend to this business.

The Rochester House.—We are right glad to find that the exertions of our worthy friend MORTON, of the Rochester House, are appreciated by our citizens at home, and by strangers abroad. He is a King among "Hosts," and, what with the excellencies of his house, and the delicacies, luxuries and substantials of his table, it would be difficult, aye, impossible, to find a more comfortable retreat from a burning sum or a craving appetite.

The Vernon Courier states, that Mr. Owen, State Geologist, has recently discovered in Posey county, Indiana, an extensive bed of excellent marble, handsomely shaded with beautiful variegated veins running through it. It is said to be fully equal to that used in the Eastern States for mantels.

Is it true?—We have been assured, by eminent professional gentlemen, that they never knew a person who abstained entirely from the use of ardent spirits, die from drinking cold water. If this is true, it is an important fact. Will some person qualified give us their opinion, and their reasons for it?

☞ *Torp*, the wretch who assaulted a young girl in his store in Broadway, New York, has been punished under a civil suit, and is now threatened with a criminal prosecution. He deserves to be visited with the utmost rigor of the law.

☞ We were unable to attend Mr. and Miss BROWN'S Concert, but believing it to be true, we cheerfully admit the following well written communication:—

MR. & MISS BROWN'S SOIREE MUSICALE.

To the Editor of the Democrat:—

Has our musical taste retrograded? Surely to this cause and no other is to be attributed the mere sprinkling at Concert Hall last evening. Rochester, so celebrated for its love of the "divine science," showed not its usual alacrity in support of an estimable young lady, the frequent contributer to the pleasures of previous evenings. The expenses of the night, we are confident, were barely covered by the receipts.

The Overture by Getry, (a Duett by the Misses BROWN) with violin accompaniment, was well worth listening to, and would have done honor to far larger cities than ours. But the prime attractions of the evening were the Quartetts. Of these, Calcot's Glee of "Once upon my Cheek," was most smoothly and skilfully executed. Miss BROWN sang also, "I'll be no Submissive Wife," with great spirit, as well as the concluding Duett with her Father, "When a Little Farm we keep,"—both were deservedly encored.

There are no methods of passing the evening so calmly and soothingly as those offered by such occasions. And in this weather, when the "dolce far niante" necessarily prevails too, to win it with smiling faces around, and lullaby of sweet sounds throbbing on the ears, is a pleasure to be desired above all others. Listlessness becomes piquant—if we may be allowed the expression—under such happy influences, and harmonizes with the spirit of the hour.

The Sonnet below, exemplifies the idea we entertain of these celestial breathings:—

SONNET ON MUSIC.

Sweet art! sweet mocker of the silver tones
In which our common mother, Nature speaks;
The passing breeze, that fans our fever'd cheeks,
The falling rain, the brook amid the stones
Chafed into foam, the river, the deep sea
Have voices—earth's pure melodies;
And these have been as studies unto thee;
And there, the mystery of thy power lies.
Thy breathings are but echoes—a mere part
Of that pervading harmony, which fills
All space—the poetry of sound that thrills;
The accents of the Eternal—its veil'd heart,
And thee I love—all love thee—since thy flow
Is in that language which all feel and know.

Miss ABBOTT sung with her usual good taste. Mr. WARREN was absent on account of sickness. Take this Concert entire, it was unusually interesting, and we hope it may be repeated to a larger audience upon some future occasion.

FLORIO.

☞Madam Caradori Allen, whose vocal powers are so highly and deservedly spoken of, proposes, we are happy to learn, a tour to Canada and the western cities of this and the neighboring States. She must not forget Rochester in her tour. She would be appreciated here, for we are a wonderful People for music.

☞A huge tusk of a mastodon was found Monroeville, Ohio, a week or two since. It was five feet beneath the surface. Some bones were near it.

☞A bell has been cast, in Springfield, Mass., for the City Hall, New-York, weighing 8,000 lbs. This is the largest bell, by 3,000 lbs. ever cast in this country.

☞ Clayton, the æronaut, made a successful ascension, with a lady, from Cincinnati, some days since.

Gallantry.—While the Brady Guards were encamped at Buffalo, a gentleman and two ladies approached one of the sentinels on duty.—I have not the countersign, said he, and presume I cannot pass. You have a countersign upon each arm, was the gallant reply, and the gentlemen and ladies were permitted to pass.—*Detroit Adv.*

From Dr. Alcott's Library of Health.

THOUGHTS FOR JULY.

As fruit becomes plenty, children become victims of diseases of the bowels—but not so frequently in consequence of using it too liberally, as from being permitted to indulge their appetites with it when in a crude state. Ripe fruit seldom injures anybody; it was made for man, and a kind Providence has bestowed it upon us at that peculiar season, when, in fact, it is not only necessary, but when it is in its greatest perfection; and those who use it freely—if only ripened well—will generally enjoy the best health. Eastern nations have no such erroneous notions about fruit, as have crept into the pericraniums of our mothers and nurses; nor is there any evidence of its injurious effects on the health of individuals of any grade, in the West Indies, where the inhabitants could not subsist without it.

Apples, pears, peaches, melons, &c., should be served up on the table every day, while they are good; and whenever, in our climate, they are no longer suitable, and would prove detrimental to the health be interrupting the ordinary functions of the system, nature invariably admonishes us of the danger, not only by lessening the abundance, but also by the diseases which are resulting from a continued use of them at improper times.

The sub-acid fruits, during the present and the ensuing months, are the real sanatives of health, and no prejudice should prevent their use. They should not be denied to children, when their appetite craves and their nature requires that which nature ordained for their consumption. EAT OR BE EATEN is one of the first laws of animal life;—eat those things which were designed for food—but be temperate; and health will be promoted, strength will be accumulated, and a long and comfortable life may reasonably be anticipated.

Pulmonary consumption, that insidious disease, which is continually sweeping from existence the fairest flowers of earth, those interesting objects of our care, those solaces of man in weal and wo—women—and often in the very morning of their days, when youth and beauty heighten all their innate charms, has often had an origin in some false management in diet. To be well, eat well—but still remember TEMPERANCE.

We have said "to be well, eat well;" and also, "eat those things which were designed for food." But there is another injunction which should be coupled with these. It is, eat the best things, so far as you know what the best things are. To aid you in settling this question is one object of this journal: hence the reason why so many rules, maxims and hints on that subject, are scattered up and down its pages.

The Height of Impertinence.—Telling a man to keep *cool* when the thermometer stands at 94.

Leigh Hunt was asked by a lady, at dessert, if he would venture on an orange? "Madam, I should be happy to do so, but I am afraid I should tumble off."

"*Lost, Lost, Lost!*"—We are told that it is so hot in New Orleans, that standing at any corner you can see whole suits of clothes walking along the occupants having melted away. What a country!—*N. Y. Whig.*

Rats.—It is said that tar put in and around a rat hole, so that the gentleman cant get in or out without soiling his best coat, will soon make him seek better quarters; as nothing is more dreaded by a rat, or any other rogue, than a coat of tar. This is a little singular if true—the three letters that compose either words are the same.—*Del. Gaz.*

MARRIED.

In Brockport, on the 25th June, by the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, Mr. M. O. Randall, to Miss Lucy Malvina Kingsbury, all of Brockport.

In Geneva, on the 3rd inst., by the Rev. P. C. Hay, William Janes, Esq., of Burlington city, Wisconsin, (formerly of Pittsford, Monroe co.,) to Miss Experience O. Warner, of the former place.

At Allegan, Michigan, June 27th, by the Rev. L. Lyons, Mr. Elisha D. Ely, to Miss Lydia B. Weaver, all of Allegan.

In Chittenango, on the 5th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Abell, Mr. HENRY T. HOOKER, of the firm of Hooker & Bunnell, of this city, to Miss MARY B. COBB, of the former place

In this city on the morning of the 18th instant, at the house of Mr. George A. Hollister, by the Rev. Mr. Beecher, Professor Samuel N. Sweet, and Miss Emeline McKee, daughter of Francis McKee, Esq., of Ottawa, Illinois.

Mr. Walker.—We regret to learn that ill health has compelled Mr. WALKER to resign the Professorship in the Academy of Sacred Music in this city. During the brief period he has been with us, he has earned a most excellent reputation, and attached to him a large circle of friends, who admire him not less for his gentlemanly deportment and his attractive disposition, than for his refined musical taste and accomplished talents. His absence will be felt and deprecated. A void will be left in the musical circle of this city, which, we fear, will not soon be filled. We have this consolation, however, that ill health alone could have induced him to leave a city where he has formed so many agreeable connections, and where he has had so many evidences of personal and collective attachments. Happiness and health attend him wherever he journeys!

The following deserved tribute was paid Mr. WALKER by those who know him best, and best appreciated his excellent qualities as a man and a musician :—

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Rochester Academy of Sacred Music, held on the 29th June, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted :—

Whereas this Board deeply regret the cause which requires Mr. E. L. WALKER to retire from the Professorship of the Rochester Academy of Sacred Music, and his removal from the city, thereby depriving its members of the advantages of further instruction from him, and this community of a valuable citizen, and a gentleman of whose talents we entertain the highest regard; therefore,

Resolved, That the thanks of this Board be presented to him for his indefatigable exertions in promoting the objects of the Academy, and for the able manner in which he has discharged his duty as Professor, and that, as a trifling testimonial of personal friendship and regard, a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions be furnished him, signed by the President and Secretary and entered upon the minutes.

FREDERICK F. BACKUS,
President.

C. T. AMSDEN, Secretary.

From the Boston Pearl and Galaxy.

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

THE ENVOY.

Before Jacques had gone many paces, he was met by his master, Squire Hauptmartin, who called out—

'Hey! Jacques, what have you there?'

'A box for Mistress Manon; but I dare not tell you from whom.'

'Why not?'

'Oh, because Colin would never forgive me for it.'

'Ha! it's a fine thing you can keep so still, but it is now late—give me the box; I am going to Mistress Manon's; I will convey it and not mention that it comes from Colin. It will spare you some steps, and me a good excuse.'

Jacques immediately acceded to his master's proposition—never in his life having dreamed of opposing him. The squire carried the box to his room; approached the light with the greatest curiosity. On the cover was written 'for the lovely and beloved Mariette.' Squire Hauptmartin was well aware that this was some piece of roguery Colin intended; thereupon he very carefully opened the box, to see if there was not some rat or mouse in it; but nothing could exceed his surprise when he beheld the same beautiful pitcher which had attracted so much attention at the fair. And it was from Colin, his heart died within him. But Squire Hauptmartin was a man well versed in wrong and right; he knew well the treachery of men's hearts, he saw clearly that Colin wished to bring Mariette in trouble with his pitcher. It might appear as a present from some favored lover in the city: and coming in such a manner, would oblige all the good people to slight her. Thereupon Squire Hauptmartin kindly determined to bring this treachery to naught, by becoming himself the donor of this beautiful pitcher. Besides, he loved Mariette, and wished to see if she obeyed the command of father Jerome, 'Little children, love one another.'—To be sure, Squire Hauptmartin was a child of fifty years old, and Mariette had made up her mind that the text did not apply to him.—On the contrary, Mother Manon found the Squire to be a judicious, fine child, with gold reputation, and first in La Napoule; and when he spoke of marriage, the trembling Mariette left the room; but Mother Manon remained sitting—fearing nothing from the tall, decent man.

Though we say of Colin, that in his whole person, there was no fault, still the squire had the advantage of him in two things—namely; in years, and in a great nose. This nose the squire always bore before him like a herald to announce his coming. He was a true elephant behind his trunk of a nose.

With his famous proboscis, his good intentions, and the pitcher, he repaired the next morning to the house among the olive trees and African acacias.

'For the beautiful Mariette!' said he, 'it is not too costly for me. You admired the pitcher yesterday; permit me, charming Mariette, to lay it and my heart at your feet.'

Manon and Mariette were delighted and astonished when they saw the pitcher. Manon's eye sparkled with joy; but Mariette's countenance fell, and she replied—

'I cannot accept neither your pitcher nor your heart.'

Then rushed the blood to Mother Manon's pale cheek, and she cried out—

'But I accept both heart and pitcher. Oh, you fool! how long will you spoil your own good luck? Hey! and what do you want? Do you expect the Count of Provence to come and ask you in marriage, that you refuse the squire of La Napoule? I know much better than you what is for your own good. Squire, I admire your worth; depend upon me, I shall soon call you son-in-law.'

Mariette went out, weeping bitterly, and she hated the pitcher from the bottom of her heart.

However, the squire, clapping his finger on his nose, said, 'Dont trouble yourself, Mother Manon, the dove will yield as soon as she knows me a little better. I am not rash. I understand women very well, and before three months shall have passed, I will find the way into Mariette's heart.'

THE FLOWERS.

During this three months, Mariette's pitcher gave her a world of trouble and vexation. For a fortnight nothing else was spoken of in La Napoule but the pitcher; and every one said, —'It is a present from the squire, and the wedding is soon to take place.' But Mariette had declared to her friends that she would sooner lie down in the sea than wed with Squire Hauptmartin. The girls, however, winked at each other, and said, 'How happily she will rest in the shade of his nose!' This was her first vexation.

Then Manon had made the cruel rule that Mariette should go every day to the spring, rinse the pitcher and fill it with fresh flowers.—Thus she hoped to win Mariette's heart to the donor—but it only increased her hatred to gift and giver; and the duty at the spring was only a punishment. Second vexation.

But twice a week, when she went to the spring, she found on the rock, a bouquet of the most beautiful flowers, arranged with the greatest taste, just the size of the pitcher, and round the stems was rolled a paper, bearing these words, "Beloved Mariette!" Now, Mariette was not a strong believer in enchanters or fairies; and she naturally supposed that the flowers and papers came from squire Hauptmartin—and she would not even smell them, lest she should encounter the breath of the old man.—She tore the paper to shreds, but kept the flowers as they were handsomer than those she could find in the fields. In the meantime, the squire was unremitting in his attentions—his love was as great, in his kind, as his nose.—Third vexation.

But, at last, she discovered, in conversation, that the squire was not the giver of the flowers. Who then could it be? Mariette was surprised as well as pleased at this unhoped-for discovery—and from that time, she took the flowers more willingly from the rock. But who laid them there? Mariette was, like some few of her sex, somewhat curious. She guessed every man in La Napoule; but none were ever discovered. She watched late and early; she watched in vain. Still twice a week there lay the flowers, and the paper, breathing the soft sigh, "Beloved Mariette." This was enough to excite the curiosity of the most indifferent; but unsatisfied curiosity gives pain. Fourth pain.

MISCHIEF UPON MISCHIEF.

Father Jerome had preached from the text "The Providence of Heaven is wonderful;" and Mariette thought it might be, that by some unforeseen circumstance, the flower sender might be discovered. Father Jerome was right. On one summer night, when the weather was too warm for sleep, Mariette arose and waiting only for the first ray of dawn to steal over the charming little islet, and thence to her chamber window. She went out stealthily to bathe her arms and face in the clear stream behind the cliff—for there she could be perfectly retired. She took her hat, and tripped softly over the green to the palm grove—it was impossible to reach the spot without passing these trees. Under one of these trees she was surprised to find a young man, who appeared to be lying in a quiet sleep. Near him lay a bouquet of matchless flowers; and, also, she could see a paper! What could be more welcome to Mariette?

She remained standing trembling with fright in all her limbs. Then she turned toward the house. Hardly had she gone two steps, when she again found herself nearer the sleeper—she stood still. His face was turned from her—how could she lose the opportunity? She stepped nearer the tree—but he appeared to move, and she again retreated towards the cottage. But now Mariette's motion had lost much of its terror. She approached the tree. 'Perhaps he only feigned sleep. But how foolish to fly from imaginary danger. What is he to me? My way happens to lie near him—sleeping or awake, I shall pass.'

So thought Manon's daughter; but she remained standing. Now she was certain to look full in the face of the flower sender. He slept as if he had not closed his eyes before in four weeks; and who was it? Who could it be but that arrant villain, Colin!

He it was who had ever seemed most interested in the business of Squire Hauptmartin; and he had delighted to send flowers to her for the hated pitcher, merely to excite curiosity! And wherefore? He detested Mariette. He took pleasure in thwarting the poor child in every undertaking. Toward every other maiden in La Napoule he was friendly and pleasant. He had never once asked her to dance, though she danced so charmingly!

Now, there he lay—betrayed! caught! Revenge was kindled in Mariette's breast. What trick might she play on him? She untied the flowers, and scattered them over the sleeper; the paper however she put in her bosom, that the hand writing might be witness against him. Mariette was cunning. Her revenge was not yet satisfied. She could not leave the place without punishing Colin in some more signal manner. She tore from her hat the violet ribband, and, passing it softly around his arm, tied him to the tree. When he wakes how astonished he will be! Who will satisfy his curiosity as to the author of this cunning trick? This he could never guess—so much the better; it served him right. Mariette still was merciful toward him. No sooner was her work finished, than she seemed to repent. Her bosom heaved; and, I believe, tears came in her eyes. She was a long time returning home. She lingered near the cliff, until the voice of Mother Manon called her away.

THE HATBAND.

Who would believe it? That same day Colin practised a new trick. He wished to shame Mariette, openly. He little thought that the whole of La Napoule would recognize her violet hatband. He wore it in his hat—showing it, before the whole world, as a trophy: and every one cried out, "He has it from Mariette;" and every maiden cried, 'The villain' and every young man turned contemptuously from her, and said 'the jade!'

'How!' Mother Manon, exclaimed Squire Hauptmartin, and he spoke so loud that his nose echoed his words, 'how do you suffer this, my bride, to present the young farmer, Colin, with her hatband? It is high time that our nuptials be celebrated. It is all settled, and I have a right to speak!'

'You have a right,' answered Mother Manon; 'when the case so stands, the wedding should immediately take place. Certainly, it is settled—all settled.'

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson. $1 mail, $1,50 city, in advance.

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MISCELLANY.

REMARKABLE CASE OF MONOMANIA.

I was alone in the shop one day when a beautiful female dressed in the richest manner, came in, accompanied by a couple of small boys, her sons, for each of whom she wanted to get a suit of clothes. I was now old enough to take charge of the shop, and sell in Mr. Williams' absence, and therefore threw down several pieces of fine cloth for her to examine, naming to her enquiries, the price of suits for her sons from either. With her white, taper fingers, sparkling with jewels, she tried the texture of various pieces of goods, finding in each some objection, until I threw down for her examination a roll of fine, blue cloth, of light body, and remarkably soft and glossy surface. It was a new style of cloth then, and was finished in the richest manner.

'Beautiful!—beautiful!' said she, as I displayed it, in the soft light that came through a shaded window, 'what will each suit cost of this?'

'We could not make suits from this cloth for less than $25 apiece.'

'That seems high,' she remarked, musingly. 'Twenty-five dollars apiece?'

'It may seem high, madam—but that cloth is worth twelve dollars a yard, and we should loose on the clothes if we made them for less.'

'Wont you make the suits for $45?' she said, after a moment's thought, turning upon me a pair of the brightest eyes I ever saw in woman's head, a sweet smile playing about her lips and just disclosing glimpses of a set of teeth white as the mountain snow.

'Indeed, madam,' said I, half subdued, 'I cannot possibly say less than fifty dollars. It is a beautiful piece of cloth, and very costly.'

'Oh, I am sure you can say forty-five—come, now, just say forty-five, and as soon as they are done, send your bill down to Mr.—, and you will have the money in hand.' And she looked at me with such a coaxing and winning smile, that to resist were next to impossible, even though my master should cut his cloth without profit.

'Well, madam,' said I, 'as long as the terms are to be cash, and Mr.— is to pay the bill, (he was one of the wealthiest and most punctual men in the city) I will say forty-five dollars, but we shall make nothing on the clothes.'

She now wanted a choice of buttons, and I placed a box before her containing a great variety. She looked them over and over again, and after choosing and refusing half a dozen patterns, seemed as far from meeting with any thing to suit her taste as at first. Meanwhile a customer came in, whom she requested I should wait upon while she made her selection. I did so, and was occupied some ten minutes, during which time she was looking over the buttons—amusing herself with examining the many beautiful patterns. As soon as the last customer went out, she made the choice, and also left the shop.

When Mr. Williams came in, I told him of the sale which I had made, and the reasons, which were odd enough, for my selling the suits at such a reduction. He laughed at my susceptibility to beauty and winning grace, and said that the clothes could barely be afforded at forty-five dollars, but as the terms were cash, and he wanted money the next week, badly, he should have consented to make them at that price himself.

The clothes were cut out and made,—sent home and the cash paid on the presentation of the bill to Mr.—.

We had a boy whose great propensity to steal every thing he could lay his hands on, was a source of much vexation to Mr. Williams. Several times he had been detected in carrying off and selling trifles from the shop, and had as frequently been severely punished. A few days after Mrs.— had been at the shop, a package of buttons of a peculiar and choice pattern were missed, and search made for them in every box and drawer. Tom, the boy alluded to, was finally called up and charged with having taken them. He looked much confused on the accusation, but stoutly denied the charge. But as the buttons were certainly gone, and as they could not go, as Mr. Williams alleged, without hands, and as Tom was the only one about the place who had ever been known to take what was not his own, he must produce the buttons or be flogged. Poor Tom cried bitterly, protesting his innocence, but Mr. Williams had suffered himself to get into a passion, and would listen to none of his earnest denials.—He was hurried off into the garret, and cowhided severely. The poor fellow's cries were heard down in the shop, and for once we could not help thinking him punished unjustly. He continued, after his punishment, to deny having had any thing to do with the buttons, and even Mr. Williams began to regret that he had whipped him so severely.

Nothing more was heard of the buttons, until about four months after, when the two little suits of clothes we had made for Mrs.— were sent back for repair, with setts of beautiful buttons to replace the old ones, which Mr. Williams at once recognized as precisely similar to those lost. I mentioned to him the fact of Mrs.— having handled our buttons, but he repudiated the inference my allusion drew, and said that others had buttons of the same pattern as well as he. The confidence seemed to me a little strange, and, considering her peculiar manner, I could not divert my mind of the idea that Mrs— had carried off the package of buttons. In a few minutes after the servant had left the clothes, Mrs.— herself came in to give some directions about them. Her sweet face, winning and amiable manners, and perfect self-possession, at once dispelled the foul suspicion I had entertained almost involuntarily, and I censured myself for the singular halucination that but a moment before possessed me.

'These are the most beautiful buttons, Mr. Williams, I have ever seen,' said she, picking up one from the counter, where they lay in the open paper.

'Wont they look charming on the children's clothes. They are far prettier than the old ones. Really, Mr. Williams, I dont think you displayed much taste in your selection.'

'Why, madam, I put on the ones you chose.'

'Did you, indeed? then I must have been in one of my absent moods, for surely if I had been in my right senses I never would have chosen these ugly things. Let me look at some of yours, and see if you have any that I might be tempted to buy, for I have a singular passion for beautiful buttons.'

The box of choice buttons was instantly thrown open for her inspection, and after admiring some of the neatest patterns, she concluded that none were so pretty as the ones she had, and went out.

In a day or two after in looking for a peculiar pattern of buttons for a gentleman's coat, they were missed from the box. 'This is strange,' muttered my master to himself, 'can it be possible that Mrs.— took them! Certainly not!—What on earth could she want with them? She is under no necessity to steal.'

The mere entertainment of suspicion gives it strength, and soon the question of Mrs.—'s honesty began to trouble the mind of Mr. Williams. He could not dismiss the subject, much as he felt inclined to do so. One day a neighbor happened in the shop, and Mr. Williams from some cause alluded to the subject of the lost buttons, and mentioned the singular coincidence in relation to them and the visits of Mrs.—.

'I suppose then;' was his reply, 'that the madam has got at some of her slipery tricks again.'

'What do you mean?' said Mr. Williams.

'Mean? why have you not heard that Mrs.— is naturally light fingered?'

'No, indeed, I have never heard of any such thing.'

'Then you have never heard half of the strange things that happen in this world. Why there are more than twenty dry goods store keepers in Market street, who have their instructions from her husband to say nothing about any goods she may be seen carrying off from their stores, but to send in their bills to him and get the money. He has tried almost every means to break her of her strange propensity to steal, but all to no purpose. He is said to have kept her on bread and water for weeks and weeks at a time. To have confined her to the house for months together, but all to no purpose. The very first time she could get out, she would pick up cheap or costly things, as they came in her way—as it seemed for the excitement of stealing. She once stole a diamond breast pin worth a hundred dollars from a jeweller's store on Market street, when no one was in attendance but a clerk, who did not detect her, and was not aware of her propensity. The pin was missed by the owner very shortly after and learning who had been in the store, immediately suspected the truth. He went forthwith to her husband, and apologizing for the nature of his visit, told him his loss and his suspicions. Mr.— leaned his head upon his hands at the desk where he sat for some moments, and then heaving a long sigh, mildly requested the jeweller to take a seat, and wait a few moments. He left his counting-room, and was gone nearly half an hour. When he returned he made no remark, but drew a check for a hundred dollars, and handing it to the jeweller, politely bowed him out.'

'Can this be possible?'

'Indeed, it is true every word. And Mrs.— is not the only person in high life in Baltimore who is addicted to such things. It is a strange kind of monomania, so it is called when the wealthy engage in it; but a poor woman caught in such acts would be sent to the Penitentiary. In the case of the beautiful and accomplished Mrs.— I am at a loss to understand its nature. She has as much money as she wants for every thing, and yet she is said to set no value upon any thing which she does not steal. At fashionable parties she will steal dessert spoons, and silver knives, and from her friend's dressing rooms carry off fine laces, or collars, or any little trifle that comes in her way.'

I certainly was never more astonished in my life than I was at the relation of the moral obliquity of this lady. I had never heard of an instance of the kind then, though many have come to my knowledge since. It was melancholy indeed to think that one so beautiful, so amiable in all her social relations, so intelligent and so accomplished, should by some perversion of the moral powers of her mind, be utterly incapable of appreciating the spirit of that commandment, which says, 'Thou shalt not steal.'

I have thus far introduced this lady to the reader for the purpose of relating a circumstance which may still be remembered by some

of the older inhabitants of this city—a circumstance which thrilled with astonishment all classes of society, and awoke an interest and excitement which was not allayed for years.

Unfortunately for Mrs. —, she attempted to practice these unlawful acts on a low bred, vindictive fellow, who kept a dry goods store in Ward street. He saw the theft and pointed it out to his clerk, that he might be a witness against her. The article stolen was a small piece of fine thread lace, worth, probably, ten dollars.

The moment Mrs. — left the store he went to a magistrate's and made oath of the theft.—An officer was immediately despatched with a warrant, and the distressed lady torn by force from her family and confronted with her accuser at the Police Office. Unable to deny the charge, for the officer had found the piece of lace on her table and brought it with him, she begged, with tears, the merchant to pass by the offence. But, hard of heart, he would listen to no palliation and requested the magistrate to make out a commitment unless bail were obtained, as he was determined that the whole affair should be made the subject of legal investigation.

An officer was depatched to the counting-room of Mr. — who appeared at the magistrate's office, greatly agitated. The meeting between himself and his guilty wife was affecting in the extreme. She flung herself, trembling and weeping into his arms, and hiding her head in his bosom, begged him to save her from persecutors. With all the tenderness of a parent for his child, he soothed and comforted her, assuring her that he would satisfy all demands against her and save her from the consequences of her indiscretion. The security offered was of course accepted. He entered into recognizance in the sum of one thousand dollars, for her appearance at the June term of the criminal court, which would set in about six weeks. A carriage was then called, and the beautiful, accomplished, and intelligent, but unhappy lady, was driven off to the house whence but a short time before she had been torn from amid her children, and brought to the bar of justice as a felon.

Supposing that all proceedings could be easily stayed, Mr. — waited immediately upon the store keeper who had caused her to be arrested. But he positively refused to stop the course of justice.

'But, my dear sir,' urged the heart-stricken man, 'no possible good can grow out of this prosecution. I will willingly make you restitution ten, twenty, an hundred fold. Mrs. — laborcs under a strange and painful monomania. She has money for whatever she desires, and yet she sets no value upon any thing that she does not take secretly. At all times I am willing, and hold myself in readiness to pay for whatever she may take. Name the amount that will satisfy you.'

'There is no use in your talking to me any further on the subject,' said the unfeeling and evil minded dealer, 'you rich people call stealing 'monomania' when the thief is among yourselves. But I know no distinctions, and will make none. Mrs. — must stand her trial, and take the penitentiary for her abiding place if there is any justice to be had in this city. I have heard of her tricks before, and in charity will put a stop to her light fingered pleasantries.'

'But, my dear sir—'

'But me no buts,' said the wretch, and turned abruptly from the pleading husband.

The long dreaded blow had at length fallen on Mr. ———, and he felt stunned and sick at heart. In his wife to whom he was sincerely attached, he found every thing amiable, forbearing and intelligent, but there was one dreadful infatuation which he could not break. There was one dim spot in her moral perceptions, which cast a shadow upon every other virtue. He had remonstrated and pleaded with her time after time about her unaccountable propensity. But all in vain. Sometimes she would confess with tears of grief at her own conduct; and at other times manifest the coldest indifference.—To all her friends her conduct was a painful mystery. No article that she purchased seemed to please her fancy. But one that she adroitly purloined would be exhibited as that with which above all others she was most delighted. She was never known to secrete any article after she had brought it home—nor did she appear conscious of the fact that she had obtained it unlawfully. Her husband under all the circumstances, could come to no other conclusion than that she was a monomaniac on that particular subject. She was never known to be guilty of any similar indiscretion until after she was married—nor then, until she had been at death's door for days with a severe attack of typhus fever. As she slowly recovered from this illness there was evidence that some change had taken place in her mind. She did not appear perfectly rational until some months after her convalescence—then she suddenly recovered her vivacity and wit, and was intelligent as before.—The only change that had been wrought was the strange obliquity before mentioned.

As a parent loves more tenderly a wayward child, that by its disobedience or errors causes him frequent and anxious concern, so did Mr. ——— love with an increasing and tender regard the wife of his bosom, who occupied his thoughts through the day, and his dreams at night. He had long feared some afflicting termination of her indiscretion, and often when looking at his sweet, innocent children, and their beatiful mother, would he turn away to hide the tear that started to his eye. To have those children publicly disgraced, and by that mother—oh, the thought was agony.

After many ineffectual attempts both by himself and her friends to obtain a compromise, he was reluctantly compelled to get able counsel and prepare for the coming trial. On the part of the prosecution, every nerve was strained to procure the most extensive and explicit testimony, in order to prove that she was known as a "common thief" Very many from whom she had at different times taken articles, and for which her husband had paid, were summoned to bear reluctant testimony to facts which they never had the most distant idea of exposing—facts which had transpired through the indiscretion of clerks, or probably the principals themselves.

As the day of trial approached great anxiety prevailed in all classes of society—and opinions as to the nature of her guilt, and moral responsibility, were many and various. Among the lower and middle classes, there was but little difference of opinion. They estimated guilt by action alone—nor stopped a moment (having no sympathies with the more weathy portion of society) to draw nice distinctions between monomania and moral action. They knew that theft was punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary whenever it occurred among themselves—and they always considered the penalty a just one. Now that a lady in high life was caught in the same guilt, they saw no reason why she should be saved from the prison. As her husband was very wealthy, they hesitated not to affirm, that she would be cleared—and that in consequence of liberal bribes to Judges and Jurymen.

A dense crowd filled all the avenues to the court house on the morning of the trial, and the court room was at an early hour crowded almost to suffocation. Feeling a strong interest in the case, I obtained permission from my master to be present, and was so fortunate as to get a position in which I could both see and hear all the proceedings. I waited nearly an hour before the opening of the court, with an anxious and beating heart, I dreaded the moment when I should first set my eyes upon the beautiful prisoner. I knew that the first sight of her, in all her shame and misery, would cause a shock of feeling that I by no means desired to experience. Among those present, were many ladies belonging to the highest circles—such as had been on terms of the closest intimacy with the culprit. There was concern and sorrow upon each fair face.

The court opened, and just as her name was called a slight movement near the door indicated her entrance, and in a moment after Mrs. ——— appeared closely veiled, and leaning upon the arm of her husband, who looked pale and haggard. She took her seat a little to the left of the Bench, and half drew aside her veil, evidently for the purpose of getting a little air, which exposed her face enough for me to get a perfect view of its predominant expression and character from where I stood. Oh, how pale and wan, and wretched she looked. She seemed older by twenty years, than she did when I last saw her in my master's shop. Her eyes were red with weeping, and her whole frame trembled with half subdued, but strong agitation.

After the witnesses were all sworn, the principal witnesses, being the retailer and his clerk, gave in their testimony. It was clear and explicit as regarded the stealing of the lace, the testimony of the one not varying in a single shade from the other. When the first, and principal of the two witnesses took the stand, the judge regarded him with a look half contemptuous and half forbidding, but when both master and man had closed their evidence, a cloud fell upon his countenance, that showed how much he regretted and feared the consequences of this distinct and unvarying testimony.—The lace was produced, as found by the officer, and was sworn to before the court, by the retailer and his clerk.

Other witnesses were now brought forward by the prosecution, who, though with evident reluctance, testified distinctly to the fact of Mrs. ——— having frequently taken things from their stores in an improper manner. An examination of two eminent physicians then took place who were summoned by the defence in order, if possible, to break the force of strong testimony against Mrs. ——— by the witnesses on the part of the State. The fact was stated to the court, that Mrs. ——— before her marriage, or rather before having suffered with a violent attack of typhus fever, was never known to have been guilty of theft. From the time of her recovery from that sickness she has shown a strange propensity to take what was not her own. In reference to this fact, both physicians stated, that, although no instance had come under their notice before, yet in reports of medical cases many remarkable instances were recorded of persons having become addicted to stealing on recovery from typhus fever, who were, previous to their sickness, never known to purloin the smallest article. They had not the slightest doubt but that the case now under consideration by the court was a similar one and called for particular leniency.

The prosecuting attorney now made a short but distinct and weighty speech on the question, which sent the blood from many a fair cheek. Mrs. ——— listened to it with lips apart, and eager eyes, and when he sat down shuddered as with an ague fit. Her husband who sat by her side, covered his face with his hands and leaned his head on the bench before him, as if sick at heart. And I doubt not but that he was.

The argument on the defence was a noble effort. Every point in the testimony of the physicians was brought out so favorable to the prisoners, that hope sat on every countenance. The witness for the state, was handled with a severity that made him cringe where he sat, and shrink into himself, as if he felt that he was utterly contemptible. The trial lasted through the whole day, and late in the afternoon the Judge summed up the evidence, and gave an able charge to the Jury, leaning evidently in favor of the prisoner. The twelve men who were to utterly destroy or restore, by their decision, hope to a stricken family, retired at six o'clock to deliberate upon the agitating question of the day. An hour passed away in fearful suspense, but they had come to no decision, and at last those most deeply interested retired to their homes to wait in an agony of suspense for the light of another day.

It was nearly twelve o'clock on the following day, when the jury came into court, prepared to render a verdict. Mrs. ——— was of course present, together with her friends. The foreman in a husky voice, and with evident reluctance read a verdict of "*Guilty*" to the indictment, which was for larceny. Poor Mrs. ——— fainted away to all appearance, dead, at the fearful annunciation, so different from what almost every one present expected. Mr. ——— clasped his hands together, and lifting his eyes above, exclaimed half audibly, 'My poor wife! my poor children!' It was fully an hour before Mrs. ——— was sufficiently recovered to hear her sentence, which was finally read. It was imprisonment, at hard labor, in the Penitentiary for two years! My feeble powers of description are utterly inadequate to the task of presenting vividly the picture of desolation of heart, and deep agony that were exhibited by the principal actors in this scene of woe. Even the Judge on his bench was moved to tears.

Sueh a sentence is speedily executed. The half senseless prisoner was soon in the custody of an officer, and accompanied by her husband was conveyed to that receptacle of crime and misery where the sentence had consigned her.

My heart beats quick, and I pause oppressed and with a feeling of suffocation as memory vir-

idly recalls this harrowing scene, and with the memory is awakened old sensations that have long been at rest. Can imagination picture a deeper domestic sorrow—combining disgrace with separation?

A petition was instantly drawn up, and before three days had elapsed, Mr. ——— was at Annapolis with an appeal to the Governor, signed by two thousand of the most respectable and wealthy ladies and gentlemen of Baltimore. It required no great stretch of the pardoning power to reach this case, and before a week had elapsed, Mrs. ——— was at liberty and restored to her family. But she never held up her head again. Deep melancholy settled upon her heart, nor could all the affectionate attempts of her husband or innocent prattle of her sweet children rouse her from her settled gloom. She went no more into society. Within the chambers of her own dwelling she retired and shut out the world. No friend, not even the most intimate, was admitted, and besides her husband and children, but a single old servant was allowed to come into her presence.

About one year after the melancholy trial, Mr. ——— removed from this city with his family, and since I have heard nothing of them. Perhaps in some pleasant village, far retired from the bustle and agitation of a city life, his unfortunate wife, found that repose of mind which with any touches of sensibility, she could never have experienced in Baltimore.

Then, every transaction in private life was not, as now hurried into the newspapers, to gratify a putrid desire for scandal. Every conductor of a paper in Baltimore respected the lacerated feeling of the husband and father, and refused to expose to public gaze what was already too notorious. The prosecutor, who had then a brother in the State's prison, was shortly after detected in unlawful practices. He escaped justice by flight.—*Baltimore Viseter.*

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS, FOR JUNE.

Flounces and full sleeves are in the majority; this fact is obvious. For long sleeves no other form is seen than the *manchi jardiniore.*—

The only variety observable consists in the style of the ornaments on the shoulder, and the greater or lesser degree of fulness at the lower part of the arm. Some have the narrow bands, others have a broad flat cuff. *Manchettes* of lace or embroidered muslin are universally worn; they are fastened by a ribbon of a color harmonising with the dress.

Bonnets of silk and *paille de-riz* have now shrunk to such moderate dimensions, that they may be said to be decidedly small, in comparison with those worn last summer. Leghorn hats, however, continue to be worn large, and are turned up behind in two or even three folds.

The passion for lace was perhaps never carried to a greater extreme than it is at the present moment in Paris. A profusion of costly lace is an indispensable adjunct to dresses of white muslin, which the Parisian ladies have taken into especial farvor for demi-toilette.—Lace is worn in double mantillas, *fichus* ruffles, flounces, scarfs, &c. Muslin scarfs and mantelets, trimmed with lace, are likewise in great favor. Dresses of clear white muslin, over colored slips, are beginning to show themselves in considerable numbers.

The hair continues to be dressed very low at the back of the head; the plait, or *chou*, sometimes almost touching the nape of the neck.—Bows of ribbon are frequently placed on either side, with long flowing ends. Amidst the curls of hair on each temple, a single cameiia is occasionally placed, a red one on the one side, and a white one on the other. The same arrangement of colors may be observed with regard to roses. Small demi-caps of blonde or lace are much worn, even in evening costume. They are cut in the form of a half-handkerchief, merely covering the top of the head, and showing the plate of hair at the back. They are trimmed with ribbon or bouquets of flowers on each temple, and descending very low on the cheeks.

The twenty-four letters of the alphabet may be transposed 620,448,401,733,439,360,000 times. All the inhabitants of the globe, on a rough calculation, could not, in a thousand millions of years, writ out all the transpositions of the twenty-four letters, even supposing that each wrote 40 pages daily, each of which pages contained 40 different transpositions of the letters.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1838.

☞ A company has been formed in London for the purpose of supplying the U. S. with a paving stone called the Mastic of Scssel. It is procured from the district of Piedmont, in Switzerland, and is said to be very valuable for the object proposed. It is said that the average price of pavement in American cities is 3s. 6d. per foot. This company can afford to reduce the price to 1s. 4d. This will be quite a saving.

The cultivation of tobacco in China, has been checked by royal edict, on the plea that it is not necessary to human life.—*Boston Pearl.*

Who, hereafter, will accuse the Chinese of the want of sound common sense? This "*royal edict*" of the Emperor evinces a wisdom which should make Kings, Princes, Congressmen and tobacco chewers blush.

Cold Water.—We remarked, the other day, that a gentleman of extensive experience, had assured us that he never knew of an instance where a strictly temperate person had received injury from drinking cold water, in either the hotest or coldest of weather. Eight years of close observation and enquiry, has satisfied us, personally, of the truth of this remark; but in repeating it, men, whose profession and experience entitle their opinions to great weight, have sometimes, unequivocally denied its truth. During the extreme heat of the past and present months, we have taken particular pains to ascertain, more satisfactorily, the truth of this theory, and have, in every instance in which we have been able to obtain minute information, found it fully substantiated.

And our opinion, we are happy to find, is most fully confirmed by "*a Physician,*" in the New York Journal of Commerce. In reprobating the vulgar opinion that ardent spirits mixed with water is the only safety in hot weather, he says:—

All who are acquainted with the subject, know that children and females, and multitudes of men are in the daily habit of drinking largely of cold and even iced water, when over-heated by exercise or labor, not only with impunity, but with advantage. *And facts will show that this is the case with all who abstain entirely from intoxicating drinks.* NOR CAN AN INSTANCE BE PRODUCED OF EITHER DANGEROUS OR FATAL SYMPTOMS FOLLOWING THE USE OF COLD WATER IN WARM WEATHER, IN PERSONS OF SOUND CONSTITUTION AND TEMPERATE HABITS. The stomach may indeed be impaired in its vitality by disease, to an extent analagous to the morbid condition resulting from habitual intemperance, but *in such examples, only,* does drinking cold water in warm weather produce either disease or death.

The recent Roman Catholic Clergymen in Albany, once assured us of the same facts, and remarked positively, that of the thirty or forty whose death-beds he had attended, and who were brought there by the too abundant use of cold water while excessively heated, not one of them but had been in the habit of drinking ardent spirits.

If these *are* facts, they are *important* facts, and should be understood by every one—and by no one sooner than by the unfortunate tippler, whose habits produce an unnatural thirst, the gratification of which so often leads to an untimely and sudden death.

Conundrum.—Why is a newspaper like a tooth brush? D'ye give it up? Because every body should have one of his own, and not borrow his neighbor's.

☞ Some of the New York daily journals justify the publication of Sunday Newspapers.—This is a matter of regret. The tendency of Sunday newspapers, however unexceptionable may be their contents, is exceedingly demoralizing. They engender a disrespect and contempt for that portion of time which the Almighty has hallowed, and which it is but reasonable mankind should devote to his praise and worship. Annihilate a reverence for the Sabbath, and a primary pillar in the temple of social happiness and rational freedom, would be destroyed.

"*A young gentleman of respectability*" advertises for a wife in the Newark Standard. The fellow says she "must not be under 16 nor above 22 years of age." He says he possesses a competency, and is at present in "*the pursuit of professional business.*" We hope his effort to get a wife is not a "*professional business,*" and we hope, further, that the editor is not himself the "*longing swain.*"

☞ Married, in Porking, Ohio, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Shoat, Mr. Hog, to Miss Bacon.

A momument is to be raised over the remains of Curran, in Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin.—Cost £300.

A monument is to be erected at Rockaway, to the memory of the crew and passengers lost on board the Mexico.

Naples is to be entirely lighted with gas.—The contractor is M. Bodin, of Paris, who procures the gas from olives, leaving a combustible material as the residuum.

Snake Story.—A rattle snake was killed in Perry county, Alabama, which measured thirteen feet five inches in length, three feet ten and a half inches in circumferance, and weighed seventy-three pounds.

Mary.—Is a name which is as common as a white violet, and one that has something sweet and simple, and fit for all wear, high or low, suits the cottage or the palace, the garden or the field, the pretty or the ugly, the old or the young.

One gloomy day in the month of December, a good humored Irishman applied to a merchant to discount a bill of exchange for him at rather a long, though not unusual date; and the merchant having casually remarked that the bill had a great many days to run, "That's true," replied he, "but then, my honey, you don't consider how short the days are at this time of the year."

The River of Intemperance.—An English paper calculates that the quantity of liquor, alias poison, drank in England and Ireland every year would be sufficient to form a river 60 feet wide, 3 feet deep, and 8 miles long. A more frightful calculation would be one showing the miseries that are occasioned by intemperance; the number of men whom the waves of this modern Styx bear into prisons, madhouses and the grave—of children who perish of hunger while their parents wallow in drunkenness, and of wives who pass their nights in anguish lamenting the intemperance of their husbands.

A cure for the sting of a Wasp or Bee.—A Liverpool paper states as follows:

A few days ago happening to be in the country, we witnessed the efficacy of the remedy for the sting of a wasp mentioned in one of our late papers. A little boy was stung severely and was in great torture, until an onion was applied to the part affected; when the cure was instantaneous. This important and simple remedy cannot be too generally known, and we pledge ourselves to the fact above stated.

MARRIED.

On the morning of the 18th inst., by Rev. P. Church, Mr. JAMES P. BICKFORD, of the firm of Billings & Bickford, to Miss JULIA E. SHERMAN. Also, by the same and at the same time Mr. SAMUEL M. SHERMAN, to Miss ZERUIAH L. BICKFORD, all of this city.

On the 14th inst., by Rev. P. Church, Mr. George Green, of Michigan, to Miss Nancy McCain, of this city.

THE DIAMOND RING.

In a populous town, in one of the midland counties in England, a stranger of agreeable manners and fashionable exterior, frequently made his appearance. He gradually obtained the acquaintance of some of the most respectable inhabitants; among the rest, of a jeweller, a man of considerable wealth, and reputed to be very knowing in his profession.

One day, while sitting after dinner over a bottle of wine, our friend of the precious stone department, whose eyes were never idle in the way of business, espied, on the little finger of his new acquaintance, a richly chased gold ring, set (apparently) with a brilliant of great size and of the first water. He begged to be permitted a nearer view, which was accorded with much politeness by the stranger.

'A magnificent stone, sir,' said the jeweller, returning the ring; 'it is but seldom we see a brilliant of that size so perfectly free from flaw or blemish.'

'You mistake, sir,' said the stranger, smiling. 'It is but an imitation stone; yet so excellent a one, that the best judges have been deceived by its appearance.'

'How!' returned the other; 'a false brilliant? It cannot be. I have followed my profession for thirty years, and I never yet have been so deceived. Permit me a second inspection.'

But this only served to confirm his first impression. 'It cannot be,' he repeated to himself. 'I know a good stone when I see it, as well as any man in England; and if that be not one, may I never sell watch or diamond again!' Then aloud to the stranger: 'May I ask if you are inclined to dispose of this ring?'

'No. It was the gift of a valued friend to me on his death bed. I esteem it almost as highly as if it were, as you suppose, a genuine brilliant. And in truth,' he added, with a smile, 'as such articles obtain their artificial value, merely from their appearance, this ring, being so admirable an imitation as to deceive even a connoisseur, answers the same purpose as the purest diamond ring in the world.'

'Admirable indeed!' echoed he of the silver trade. 'It is a treasure. Why, Rundell himself might swear to its being a true stone.'

'The best judges,' said the stranger, 'are at times deceived. I can have no possible motive to mislead you in this matter; and I assure you, on my word of honor, that this is a false brilliant.'

The jeweller knew not what to make of it. There seemed, indeed, no possible motive to deceive him. He looked first at the stranger and then at his ring; but the former only smiled good-temperedly at the jeweller's incredulity; and, as for the ring, it still gave the lie to its owner's words.

'I will stake my life on it,' thought the merchant of precious stones—'I will stake my life on it, that he is himself deceived as to the value of the stone, or else that, for some reason or other, he does not wish others to know it.'

Some days past, and the stranger did not recur to the subject. But the lapidary's thoughts ran continually on the brilliant, and every time they met, the temptation became stronger. At last he summoned courage, and asked him of the ring if he were willing to entrust it to his care for a single day, that he might test its purity to his own satisfaction. To this request the stranger at once assented, and the ring was placed in the jeweller's hands.

But all the usual tests only strengthened his original opinion. He showed it to several of his brother lapidaries, and they were in ecstacies at the sight; declaring it one of the most perfect brilliants they had ever seen.

'Well,' thought he at last, 'even if it be not a diamond, the best judges think it is; and it is the same to me as if it were. I can sell it as a diamond, and that is enough.'

In returning it, therefore, next day, he asked its owner what sum would tempt him to part with it.

'I have told you,' he replied, 'that I value the ring much above its real value. I do not wish to part with it.'

'I will give much more than its value as a false brilliant,' said the jeweller. 'I will give you two thousand five hundred pounds for it.'

'That is ten times its value,' said the other, 'but I cannot part with it, I cannot sell the gift of a departed friend.'

'I may venture another offer,' thought the merchant; 'I can sell it for five thousand;' then aloud: 'I will give three thousand pounds for it, and that is my last offer.'

'I will tell you, candidly,' rejoined the other, after a pause, playing with the ring and drawing it several times off and on his finger: 'I do not think it right to sell it; but you seem so very anxious to possess it, that I know not how to refuse you. And yet—to take three thousand pounds for what is not worth three hundred—I can hardly reconcile it to my conscience. Will you give me,' he added at last, 'a certificate from under your hand that you purchase this stone from me, not as a diamond, but (as in truth it is) as a false brilliant?'

'With pleasure,' said the other, eager to close the bargain.

'Then the ring is yours.'

The merchant immediately wrote out the certificate, and a check on his banker of three thousand pounds; and the stranger, drawing his ring from his finger, presented it, and received the papers.

The same evening the jeweller took out his treasure from one of the innermost drawers of his secret cabinet, to admire its lustre at his leisure. It seemed to him less bright than before. He rubbed first the stone and then his eyes. Could he have been deceived? It certainly *was* less bright. He held it in a stronger light—his suspicions increased—he applied his highest magnifier—alas! alas! the fraud was too evident. This was *not* the ring he had so much admired. The stranger had adroitly substituted another at the moment the bargain was closed; and the lapidary had given three thousand pounds for a bit of paste.

But remedy there was none. There were witnesses enough to prove the stranger's repeated assertion that the diamond was a false one, and even his own certificate would testify to the same effect.

So he smothered his bitter disappointment as well as he might, tossed the treacherous bauble into a corner, and never again boasted to his brother lapidaries of his bargain in purchasing the diamond ring.

ESCAPE OF A CONVICT.

An accomplished rascal named Underwood, escaped from the Louisiana Penitentiary, at Baton Rouge, on the 24th ult. He was imprisoned for highway robbery, and sentenced for fourteen years, two of which had expired. He had made preparations some time previous for his departure on the first favorable opportunity, by filing off his chains and so fastening them as to avoid detection—fabricating also a pair of whiskers for the purpose of disguise. At the hour of dinner for the convicts, on the day above mentioned, and while the wardens were engaged in attending to several visiters, thinking the proper moment had arrived, he determined to execute his long devised scheme of escape. The Baton Rouge Gazette thus humorously gives the particulars:

In walking to his cell, scheming and resolving, he accidentally stumbled over a trunk in his way. "D—n the [illegible]k!" said he, grasping his toe and dancing with pain. But a bright idea dawned upon his mind and a triumphant smile lighted up his countenance. He caught the trunk in his arms and carefully peering along the dark passages, he carried it into one of the back cells. There he opened it and extracted an elegant suit of new clothes, a pair of green spectacles, a polished pair of boots, a fashionable black hat, a pair of soft kid gloves, a bundle of cigars, and a pocket book containing money.

He had no water to make his ablutions, but he found a substitute, or perhaps, thought the matter beneath his notice. In a few minutes he had conned his apparel, whiskers and all, and taking a coquetish peep in a pocket glass, he surveyed—a real dandy. With a smirk of vanity on his countenance, he sat down and indited an affectionate valedictory letter to his comrades. He then sallied forth into the yard and most foppishly swaggered round, combing his whiskers and contemplating the building with marks of astonishment in his countenance. After showing off for a while, he thought it was time to snuff the free breeze, and placing a cigar in his mouth, he swung himself most languidly into a blacksmith's shop and asked permission to get a light. His fellow convicts bowed politely to the dashing dandy, who drew the manuscript of an old song from his coat pocket (left there accidentally by the former owner of the garment) and used it to light his cigar. 'Poor Betsey!' said he, sighing as he put it in the fire—'how cruel I am to burn your letter—but necessity orders it—there is nothing else *clean at hand*.'

He walked leisurely to the gate and entered into conversation with one of the guards.—"How many miserable guilty mortals have you in this gloomy retreat of crime?"

'There are about 120 convicts here now sir.'

'How my blood thrills when I think of the degraded state of mankind, when I view so much wretchedness and suffering. Have they no chance of escape?'

The guard clashed his arms significantly.

'Ah! you keep a strict watch!—well—but I can't conceive how you can endure the sight of so much suffering. I have always disliked to be *where crimes are punished*—my nerves are weak: I feel for my fellow creatures however abandoned. Good evening sir.' And he extended a paw wrapped up in glove leather, which the guard respectfully touched.

The gate wrs opened, he entered the passage that leads to the street, met the Warden, touched his hat and made a polite bow, which was no less courteously returned—and behold Underwood in the street chuckling at his success and free as the wind.

The whiskers were instantly removed, the barber received a visit, and Underwood, now *alias* Selville, was shaved, brushed, perfumed and completely *Adonized*. He then visited a store, bought a suit of new clothes and a cane, changed his appearance once more, and like a perfect loafer, commenced to lounge round the corners and discuss politics.

'What a handsome man!' whispered a pretty young lady passing.

'Yes,' said her companion—''Tis a pity his hair is shaved so close—it makes him look as if he had just come out from the Penitentiary.'

'O fie! don't you know that it is the fashion?'

Mr. *Selville* smiled graciously at the fluttering notice of the beautiful ladies. At length he got into a quarrel about the election, received a challenge, agreed to meet his antagonist the next morning, got a second, and, matters being thus arranged, he invited the company into a coffee-house and treated like a gentleman. A few minutes after he departed—whither—none can tell.

Dr. Channing on Music.—This distinguished writer lately delivered an address on the subject of intemperance, in which he maintains, that if sources of pure and ennobling enjoyment were every where made free of access, the temptations to evil would be less frequent and less powerful. The following beautiful extract on the enjoyment derived from music, we recommend to our readers:

I have said, a people should be guarded against temptation to unlawful pleasures by furnishing the means of innocent ones. By innocent pleasures I mean such as excite moderately; such as produce a cheerful frame of mind, not boisterous mirth; such as recur frequently, rather than continue long; such as send us back to our daily duties refreshed in body and in spirit; such as we can partake in the presence and society of respectable friends; such as consist with and are favorable to a grateful piety; such as are chastened by self-respect and are accompanied with the consciousness, that life has a higher end than to be amused. In every community there must be pleasures, relaxations, and means of agreeable excitement; if innocent ones are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal.—Man was made to enjoy as well as to labor; and the state of society should be adequate to this principle of human nature.

France, especially before the Revolution, has been represented as a singularly temperate country: a fact to be explained, at least in part, by the constitutional cheerfulness of that people, and by the prevalence of simple and innocent gratifications, especially among the peasantry. Men drink to excess very often to shake off depression, or to satisfy the restless thirst for agreeable excitement, and these motives are excluded in a cheerful community.

A gloomy state of society, in which there are few innocent recreations, may be expected to abound in drunkenness, if opportunities are afforded. The savage drinks to excess, because his hours of sobriety are dull and unvaried—because, in losing the consciousness of his condition and existence, he loses little which he wishes to retain. The laboring classes are most exposed to intemperance, because they have at

present few other pleasurable excitements. A man, who, after toil, has resources of blameless recreation, is less tempted than other men to seek self-oblivion. He has, to many of the pleasures of a man, to take up with those of a brute. Thus, the encouragement of simple, innocent enjoyments, is an important mean of temperance.

These remarks show the importance of encouraging the efforts, which have commenced among us, for spreading the accomplishment of music through our whole community. It is now proposed that this shall be made a regular branch in our schools; and every friend of the people must wish success to the experiment. I am not now called to speak of all the good influences of music, particularly of the strength which it may and ought to give to the religous sentiment, and to all pure and generous emotions. Regarded merely as a refined pleasure, it has a favorable bearing on public morals.—Let taste and skill in this beautiful art be spread among us, and every family will have a new resource. Home will gain a new attraction.—Social intercourse will be more cheerful, and innocent public amusement will be furnished to the community.

Public amusements, bringing multitudes together to kindle with one emotion, to share the same innocen. joy, having a humanizing influence—and among these bonds of society, perhaps no one produces so much unmixed good as music. What a fulness of enjoyments has our Creator placed in our reach, by surrounding us with an atmosphere which may be shaped into sweet sounds? And yet this goodness is almost lost upon us, through want of culture of the organ by which this provision is to be enjoyed."

From the Philadelphia Gazett.

A SAD INCIDENT.

The subject of the coroner's inquest, mentioned yesterday, was a young woman in the employ of Mr. Levy, a merchant, in Chestnut, street. She was of English parentage, we learn, and crossed the Atlantic to this city, about eighteen months or two years ago. Pleasant in disposition and ways, and attractive in person, she was addressed by the mate of the vessel in which she came, and a mutual engagement of marriage followed. The mate was to return to England, and then re-cross the ocean, to add another claim to his companionable. The character the young woman sustained to her death, was irreproachable and pure in everyrespect. Industrious and prudent, she had saved a considerable amount of money from her honest earnings, which had been deposited for her in a Savings Fund Institution. When the appointed period some time since arrived, for the return of her affianced husband, he came not. Week after week passed by—but no tidings of the mate arrived.

At last, sickened at heart with hopes deferred, and darkened in spirit with unfilled expectancy, she sank under her disappointment, and settled into a subdued but fatal melancholy. The observation of the family for several days before her death, led them to experience many apprehensions; but nothing could be done in mitigation of her sorrows, and her purposes of self-destruction could of course be known only to herself.

On the day of the suicide, late in the afternoon, she asked for a pen and ink, after which it is believed she wrote a letter, though it has not since been found. The rest is known. The poor girl, unable to bear the heavy burden of life, destroyed herself in the Delaware—leaving behind her the memory of her certain innocence, and pitiable misfortunes—proving too truly the force of the tuneful adage:

"Parting from those we love is but sweet sorrow,
When some few weeks may bring the wanderer home;
How different, when to morrow,
Steals slowly onward, and they never come!"

A backwoodsman, in undertaking to describe the habits of the gentry, said:—

'They eat so late that they must always be hungry. They have their dinner at 8 o'clock in the evening, and don't eat their supper till after breakfast in the morning.'

Never marry a widow, unless her first husband was hung, or she will always be drawing unpleasant comparisons.

Why are ladies like Stage Coaches? D'ye give it up? Because they transport the mails.

THE CASHMERE.

BY DR. RUSCHENBURGER.

At our request the shawl merchants and venders of Persian rugs were sent for, and in a few minutes twenty coolies, bearing on their heads great bundles done up in white muslin, passed into an adjoining room, followed by half a dozen brokers, or appraisers. The bundles were speedily untied, and a thousand shawls from Cashmere were revealed to our inspection, each merchant drawing forth and exhibiting his goods, lauding their beauties and qualities in the Hindoostance, no matter whether understood or not. The scene is an exciting one, for they all talk at once. One throws a splendid shawl over his shoulders, and struts to the light to show it off, at the same time looking backwards, and calling attention to its merits; while another, holding a shawl upon his outstreatched hands, leans forward over his pack, looking you in the face, beseeching you to feel how soft its texture, to examine the border and the beauty of its colors. One is bewildered with such a display, and I can imagine that a young lady might be crazed at the sight. Here were long shawls, square shawls, large and small, of pure white, green, blue, yellow, orange, red, and black, some having four colors so nicely quartered, that, by care in folding, they might be made to show for many different shawls. All were brilliant in color, and beautifully embroidered.

The prices of the shawls vary from one hundred to six thousand repees, and of the scarfs, three yards long by a quarter wide, from six to twenty rupees, according to quality. The merchants always demand two or three times these prices, but to adjust all differences on this subject, it is referred to a broker or appraiser, whose opinion is received as final. When the matter is about being decided, the merchant and broker take each other by the hand, beneath the shawl under consideration, and for a few moments look each other in the face, the former with an inquiring gaze, the latter with an air of indifference. In this manner intelligence is mutually conveyed in silence. Sometimes the broker ends the communication by tossing the shawl to the merchant with a gesture of contemptuous derision; or, by literally forcing it into your hands, announcing the price to be paid, while the merchant, as if unwilling to part with it on such terms, still retains his hold upon it, but almost always yielding to the appraisers' decision in the course of a few moments. In our case, Monockjee, whose word seemed to be law, very kindly told us to select whatever suited our fancies, and he "would settle the price."

Cashmere shawls are manufactured in the valley of Cashmere alone, whence they are sent to Surat, Bengal or other parts of India, and find their way through these channels all over the world. The manufacture gives employment to 50,000 men, and ac[illegible] to 16,000 looms. The wool of which is not produced in the country, but is brought from Thibet, where it is an article of extensive traffic, regulated with great jealousy; it is originally of a dark gray color, and bleached in Cashmere. The yarn of this wool is stained with such colors as may be deemed best suited for sale; after being woven the piece is once washed. The borders, which usually display a variety of figures and colors, are attached to the shawls after fabrication, but in so nice a manner that the junction is not discernable. The shawls usually consist of three sizes, two of which, the long and small square, which are in common use in India, are the sorts usually sent to England; the other, long and very narrow, with a large mixture of black in them, are worn as a girdle by many of the Asiatics.—They are generally sold in pairs; the price varies according to the quality, and is considerably enhanced by the introduction of flower-work. For the English market, those with colored grounds and handsome rich borders and flowers are most esteemed; the plain white shawls being closely imitated in England, are seldom in demand. According to Mr. Starchey, not more than 80,000 shawls are made, on an average, at Cashmere, in one year. From the 1st of January to the 17th of October, 1835, the number exported from Bombay was 3419.

Realities.—A person being asked what was meant by the "realities of life," answered—real estate, real money, and a real good dinner, none of which could be realized without real hard work.

That was a beautiful picture, which we recently heard painted by an eloquent clergyman, of the revelation of God in childhood. 'Look, said he, in substance, 'at that revelation, in the first opening form of humanity; at that infant being—that child-angel, all innocency, gladness, loveliness. There it is, quite helpless, and almost unconscious; and yet it filleth the whole dwelling, to the very roof-tree, with music and joy. No toy for childhood like that; no treasure for parental affection—no treasure of wishes like that. There it lies, in the narrow space of an infant's cradle, and yet it filleth the whole house with its presence. There is resort to it from time to time, as if it were something enshrined. Childhood and age, and manly hope, and matronly beauty, bend over it. I could almost fancy,' added the speaker, 'it were in worship at that fair, pure shrine of the all-creating goodness.' We could not but think, as we heard these admirable and touching sentences, and saw the warm tear start to the eye of the bereaved young mother who sat near us, of the Roman line, '*Quam deus amat, moritur adolescens;*' and of that kindred thought of Bulwer: 'Why mourn for the young? Better that the light cloud should fade away in the morning's breath, than travel through the weary day, to gather in darkness and end in storm.' Who should lament, when 'child-angels' are taken from the evil to come,' and translated from their infant cradles to heaven?

'Where, with day-dreams round them playing,
They their Father's face shall see,
And shall hear him gently saying,
'Little children, come to me.'

The toils, the trials, the pains, of a long life, often find their end only in a larger coffin—that cradle in which our second childhoood are rocked to sleep. How much truth is conveyed in that simple stanza, carved by a fond parent upon the humble headstone of his child's grave:

'He tasted of life's bitter cup,
Refused to drink the portion up;
But turned its little head aside,
Disgusted with the taste, and died.'

Origin of the Glour.—Lord Byron's well known poem, by this title, was suggested by a romantic incident, of which the following, as gathered from Moore's Life of the noble poet, is the substance. When he was in Athens, as he was one day returning from bathing in the Piræus, he met a procession going down to execute the cruel sentence of the Mahommedan law on a Turkish female who had violated one of its precepts—which sentence was, that she should be sewed up in a sack, and thrown alive into the sea. He interfered to prevent its execution—and as some hesitated at obeying his orders, he drew a pistol and threatened to shoot the leader of the escort, unless he suspended his cruel purpose and went with him immediately to the house of the Aga. On this the man complied, and Lord Byron succeeded, partly by bribery and entreaty, in procuring the girl's pardon, on condition of her leaving Athens. He then conveyed her in safety to the convent, and despatched her off at night to Thebes, where she found a safe asylum.

Tender mercies of War.—At the battle of Austerlitz, a division of the Russian army which fought in alliance with the Austrians, in retreating mistook its way, and was gradually forced by Soult's advance, on a large extent of smooth space covered with snow. The space was found to be a frozen lake. The French halted at its edge, and commenced a heavy fire of cannon, not on the unfortunate Russians, but on the lake. The ice, loaded with men, horses, and guns, at last gave way under the cannon balls, and in another moment the whole division was engulphed.

Electricity.—Why is the fireside an unsafe place in a thunder storm? Because the carbonaceous matter, or soot, with which the chimney is lined, acts as a conductor for the lightning. Why is the middle of an apartment the safest place during a thunder storm? Because, should a flash of lightning strike a building, or enter at any of the windows, it will take its direction along the walls, without injuring the centre of the room.

A writer in the Logansport, Indiana, Telegraph, concludes a "fatal battle" thus:

"She kicked my shins with her pretty foot,
And she likewise bunged my eye,
And she tore my hair by the handful out,
And I thought it was time to die."

A FEW HINTS ON AMUSEMENTS AT PARTIES.

It is difficult to define the exact character of amusements which are common at parties, but it is enough to say, that they are very silly. It is really disgusting, to a man of sense, to sit in the company of a party of pleasure, and carefully notice the conduct and conversation of those who are called most agreeable and intelligent. But who are these very agreeable and intelligent Ladies and Gentlemen, and why are they so called? Why, Mr. W****** can very agreeably entertain some eight or ten Ladies and Gentlemen, or perhaps the whole company, for the space of half an hour, in relating his misfortunes. Misfortunes! what misfortunes? He, at the instance of Miss M*****, took from the waiter a heart, and now, for the gratification of the company, orders it to be passed around, that each may examine it. However, it now falls into the hands of Miss H***** who is so cruel as to break it. Oh horror! The thought renders him desperate. Yes, now he weeps. He charges Miss H***** before the whole company, with having broken his heart. Miss H***** thinks it now her turn and time, and denies it most resolutely. Mr. W****** supposes he has offended Miss H***** and must retract what he has said. He commences by pronouncing a beautiful eulogy on Miss H*****. in the course of which he calls her his angel, his fair, &c. This is an age of improvement, and of refinement also. Every Gentleman and Lady, at the present day, who moves in the first circle or society, is supposed to be well educated; indeed, it is indispensably necessary that they should be liberally educated. But again, I ask, who are these very agreeable and intelligent Gentlemen and Ladies, and why are they so called? Is it because they show their own nothingness, in discussing that admirable subject, of nothing itself? Is it because they can agreeably entertain their hearers in descanting upon the merits of a pin? Yes, reader, they will perhaps give you a beautiful desertation upon the utility of a pin, (or something equally trivial,) or do they throw the whole company into shouts of laughter, by relating stale anecdotes, or as Byron says—

> Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote.
> With just enough of learning to misquote.

If we examine these chatterers and babblers I think we shall find the majority of them are far from being intelligent or agreeable, upon many of the useful and necessary branches of education.

> Some birds there are who, prone to noise,
> Are hir'd to silence wisdom's voice;
> And, skill'd to chatter out the hour,
> Rise by their emptiness to power.

Would it not be infinitely better, for young people who assemble at parties to spend an evening, to select some instructive topic, and converse rationally upon the subject. What is more amusing to an intelligent mind, than to hear a number of able persons discussing an important subject with energy; where each advances some new ideas, and builds upon the previous remarks, if any are dissatisfied with these remarks. I have only to say, that the satisfaction of such, and for their amusement, I should like to place before such persons a true memorandum of all the expressions, actions, and gestures, of the whole company, at any party. Would they not blush to see such a memorandum in your paper, Mr. Editor?

WHEATLAND, E. C. H.

Fate.—Yield to fate to-day, and you may grasp her proudest awards to-morrow. To succumb is not to be subdued.

From the Keepsake.

THE SHOOTING STAR.

BY LORD NUGENT.

It was my meaning to return, late as it was, across the bog, over by 'Phelim's Rest,' and so reach home before my mother should wake.—And what was 'Phelim's Rest,' and who was I, and my mother at home and alone, and I out still and so late?—And is there another bog in the whole south, be it where it may, from Wexford and the golden vale of Kilkenny, to the westernmost extremity of Ireland and of Europe entirely, that it wouldn't be better crossing on a dark November's night, than exactly that which lay convenient to my poor mother's bit of a farm? And 'Phelim's Rest,' in the middle of it, had been, many's the long day since, the strong place of some old chieftain, (or worse may be,) where he used to hold himself secure from all comers, save and except them he'd like, by reason there was only one path, none of the widest, and not much of a path neither, leading from the 'Rest' both ways out to the edge of the bog. The path was crooked and broke, with big stones here and there, a sort of causeway like; and you'd sometimes seem to yourself to be rather going backward than forward, seeing the turns of it, and each side brown shaking bog, and big holes of water; and worse luck's his who would get into them. It's my opinion that, in his day, and before the stone causeway was there, it was all brown together, only patches of green or of water, and that none but he and his men would know the firm ground at all to go across. And the 'Rest' is but a small little place, on which once stood a grand tower, or such as that, the old stone wall of which is still in parts five or six feet above the heap, and on one side a little gable for his bell; and the stones of the upper part of the tower, such as hadn't gone to make the causeway, had tumbled round the foot, and made it almost a sort of island of natural rock, to look at it, standing up gray in the dark and watery flat. And there it was, as a boy, I'd be mightily given to sit of a morning, and through the day too, and a good bit of the evening, by reason it was the shortest way to the town, when I'd go for my mother of an errand. And there I'd lie in the sun on the stones and soft moss, or sit dabbling my heels in the squares of pools that the turf-cutters made, with my bit of whatever it was that I'd to eat; and I'd glory in a throw at the wild fowl, who'd come (bold birds as they were) to quarrel with me for my seat and bit: and it was by my staying out so late, (and because when the water lay high on the bog, and the evenings were dark and dirty, and seeing it was not always a sure thing to find the path rightly,) that my poor mother would be uneasy, and sometimes when I'd come home, wet and cold, she'd be very mad with me, poor soul! God rest her!—for she loved me greatly. And often, when she'd fault me for leaving her to go sit alone among the stones and the wild birds, she'd talk of my father, who had left her alone with me in the world, and she'd cry over me, graceless as I was. For I was the only son of my mother—and she was a widow! Oh, my poor mother! and I loved you too! And I believe at times you knew it!—And, oh that I had you with me now, old as you would be, and helpless, but for me, and all the dearer too for that, and I would tell you that indeed I loved you all along, and that your care of me should never make a sore heart between us again; and I'd never cause you uneasiness, but sit by you, and comfort and cherish you.—But that is past and gone now.

Well, and I grew up to be a clean proper fellow, and it was my own birthday, and there was a wedding in the town, and I wished greatly to be there, and my poor mother knew it right well; and, the why I didn't know, but she was more than ever eager with me that night to stay with her, though I told her I'd pass my birthday night with her until she'd be going to bed; but that the boys would be wanting me at the town, and that there'd be grand doings long after that. And true for me it was: the bridegroom had been, many's the day, my fishing companion, and, besides, the bride's mother was her own gossip, and the piper was her own foster-brother; and why wouldn't she let me go?—And there was Anty Dooley too—and I knew she'd be there, the creature—and I'd be making sweet eyes at Anty. But it was all one! my poor mother, besides a wish expressed faintly and mildly enough, when she went to bed left her command and her blessing on me that I wouldn't go. But how could my going hurt my poor mother? So I sees her to bed, and the light well out, and off I slinks out of the window, not to be heard like a bold undutiful blackguard, and across the bog by the sweet moon, meaning to be back before my mother was up.—Well, all this was very well, and though the rains had made the water lie high in places on the turf, and over some parts of the causeway too, I knew the track, and the sky was bright altogether; and I spent my hour or two just as I'd wish, and no much harm neither; only I was disobeying and deceiving my poor mother.

It was a good two in the morning when I put forward to come back. Alone I was; for nobody's way but mine lay over the bog. The morning had set in cloudy and dark, and not a blink in the whole heavens, but a small rain in my face; and I was thinking more of Anty than should be, seeing the danger was all before me, and nothing to be discerned at the nose's length of me, any more than if I had been stark natural blind. I missed the track that led to the causeway. Young I was, and because nothing could hurt the like of me, I pushed on over the quaking scraw-lugger, thinking sure enough, I should, by and by, come to the hard. Every step took me deeper into the mischief: and out of my knowledge, and among appearances new and strange to me. I was bothered among bog holes, I tumbled over turf-clumps, till at last all grew soft, and it was enough for me to keep this side smothering depth, by reason, I was fairly bogged. I sunk if I stood still; I was more lost if I tried to get on: I knew no more than the dead where I was, or how to return. My limbs ached with the labor, and I cried piteously—the wind blustered and howled mournfully round me—the green plovers, blown from the roost, were borne before it off their wings, gibbering and squeaking across my very face—and the black clouds were driving, as it seemed to me, close over my head. A few moments more and I was throat deep in water. I thought of my mother!—of her strong love for me—and a mischief on me—and the many proofs I'd be daily receiving of it; I knew her agony if I'd never return, or be again heard of—and, oh! I hated myself, and was in despair, I looked wildly up to heaven, and prayed: "Oh Lord, I know I am a sinner! But my mother, my poor mother!" I paused, holding on by my hands to the edge of the hole where I was, and a shooting star darted across; and, oh! its ever blessed gleam lighted up for a moment one big white stone, which I could not mistake; it was not above twenty good paces from me—I struggled towards it—the ground grew firmer, long life to it—it was one of the causeway—and I reached 'Phelim's Rest.' But the clouds were as dark again as ever! and here I could but sit till first day-dawn, two, three, cold wretched hours, giving God thanks; but my heart breaking to think if my mother should wake and call me.

I reached home, oh! strongly hoping that she had been spared all. But I was soon sensible the house-door was open, and a light in the bit of a kitchen. I saw through the window my mother up and drest, sure enough, and boiling the milk, at that unreasonable hour, and a suit of my clothes warming at the fire. Her eye was often turned towards the door, and then upwards; and then she'd droop her head again, and turn my clothes; and then bend her eyes to the fire, and clasp her hands for me. Hard enough it was to bear to see that! I was soon with my arms round her neck: "My child—my pet—my darling——" she paused, "be comforted, all's right now—I'.e been very anxious—I guessed where you were, and how it would be; it was very dark for you, and, helpless as I am, I once thought to go out to you; but I did a better part—I prayed; for without Him there is no help, and with Him there is no danger. I watched at the door till near three, and the wind blew cold upon my heart, and I could see nothing, and hear nothing, but the blast and dashing rain; and it was that night, sixteen years ago, you first drew breath, and God knows how it might then be with you. I knelt on the ground in my agony, and said, "Lord, who gaved'st him life, spare him, and he will be thy servant!" Oh, my boy, I am not presumptuous! but just then a bright shooting star streamed across, and it almost seemed to tell me that there was hope, and that heaven was not shut to my prayers, or to my child!"

I'll not take it on me to say whether myself grew better or wiser for that, but I am sure I

ought to;—or whether I was more dutiful to my mother;—alas! I hope so, for a sadder night it was mine to see within three years after. But *that* night her son never can describe no, nor think of—except to my own self.

Shortly after my poor mother's death I had offers from a commercial house in Cork to which my father had been well known; and before the year came round it was determined to send me out on business to their correspondents at Lisbon. I took my passage in a small merchant brig that had been built for privateering on the Spanish Main, going out in ballast, ill appointed enough, and mighty short-handed—the captain, three men, and a boy, over and above myself. But what of that? Fresh to the world, and moreover proud, to be sure, and thinking greatly of what I'd got on hand, and I so young, what could a wild Irish boy feel but a bounding heart, on the bold wide ocean for the first time? I set to work to take my place in the ship—I took my watch, and went aloft, and kept a dead reckoning, and took daily a bit of an observation too for my own self. Well, all went mighty well, and we made the Rock, and were well off the Tagus before sun-down on the fourteenth day. The wind being fair, and plenty of it, the captain was anxious to save his tide up that night: but not knowing the river, and wanting a pilot in, we borne up to a sail that was coming closehauled from the southward, and apparently standing in. The stranger, a Portuguese ships heavy laden, seemed not to like our cut, and went about, carrying on, and putting herself before the wind. Well, we knew we could go two to her one; and it was taking us mighty little out of our course, and we could not get in without a pilot at any rate, and so we only luffed a point or two, not to fall to leward of our chase, and hand over hand we were coming up with her. In less then two hours we were within hail, and so near into the land too, and it being a shoal coast, and the wind coming strong from the north-west, and it growing very dark, it was only having her—and a large ship she was too—within us, that gave us confidence to stand on. Suddenly she luffed up, nearly across our bows, as if going about; but she merely braced her head-yards round, then took in top-gallant sails, and, keeping her main topsail back to the mast, lay at our mercy. We hailed her as we passed, but no answer we got but a dead silence. So, bringing the brig up to the wind as soon as we could, to heave her to, convenient to the Portugee, we held a council what was to be done. We had but one boat, and she was on deck, and a nasty, little, round, short, crazy jolly-boat she was as you'd wish to see. So we lowered her, and by reason we were short-handed and it blowing strong, the captain wouldn't spare only a man, and the small boy and me that wasn't good for much. So shoving off I steered for the Portuguese, whom we could now see but mighty little of, for the distance had increased greatly between the two vessels since we first hove to. Well, we had got a musket in the bottom of the boat for a signal in case of accident, and then the brig was to hoist a light. By the time we had pulled fairly out of sight of her, and the night now pitch dark, it was our opinion we could not catch a wink of the other, and it was a bare chance where she might be.—Then, for the first time, spoke the small boy. "And may be," said he, "the Portuguee guessed we were lowering away our boat, and thinking after we had shoved off, that the captain with his boat adrift could hardly do less than to wait to pick her up, may be the Portuguese has made all sail again." And faith this sounded reasonable too. And, furthermore, and besides that, it being at best beyond our knowledge where the Portuguese was, we thought we might as well pull back. At this time, I felt the cold greatly about the legs of me, and putting my hand down, oh murder! if the boat wasn't half way up to the thwarts in water. "Why, what on earth is this?" cried I. "May be," says the small boy, "your honor, and the captain, and Pat, and Flinn, and myself, and Ben that's here, orgot to ship the plug and may be it's out." And sure enough it was. And, because I was sensible of a hole as big as my thump through the boat's bottom, it stood to reason that she should be filling. "Short time for thinking," said I; "it's my opinion it's a good season for making a bit of a signal. But, worse and worse, there was the musket where we'd put it, over head and ears, lock and all, poor things, in good blue water on the boat's floor. Nothing remained but to pull for bare life; and what if I'd bale with my hat, and may be they's be thinking on board something's wrong, and they'll show a light, and then," says I, "I'll see them." Well, by the very reason of the boat's pulling heavy, and a swell, and Ben catching a crab too, crack goes the grummet his oar pulled against, short off in the mortice! and there we were, one oar, and we spinning around, and filling, and nothing else! Now, to be sure, all seemed as over with us at any rate. And is there any one, with only nineteen years upon him, with death, inevitable, imminent death, staring him in the face, every moment nearer and more grim, but would feel it hard to have lived to be thus lost in his youth, with all his hopes before him? So thought the poor small boy in the bows, for he wept aloud, and called on his mother. Poor boy! she was far away. But had nobody a mother but he? Oh yes! Though mine was dead and gone, she'd be with me still: often in my joy, when I'd wish for her to share it; and always in pain and sorrow, for they were a-kin to the thoughts of having lost her. And, oh! that night, when I was alone on the wide, tumbling, unrllenting swell, in a round, short, crazy jolly-boat, with one oar, and no plug to bless ourselves, and two poor wretches whose company would be no comfort in drowning, and the more I bailed the more I couldn't keep her from filling—it was just that night twelvemonth—but why did I remember that it was just a year ago that night that I lost her, when I thought to be sure we were soon to meet again? Oh, it was that I was thankful she was dead and gone, not to mourn for me! But I said nothing, for I would not have considered that handsome by any means to the rest of us; but I looked once around before I'd give all up.—Was that the brig's light? Oh no! it was a shooting star! and I dont know what it was, or why, but I felt something glance warm across my heart. It was but a foolish shooting-star, after all; but I set the spot where it fell. And, hurrah! if Ben, who had been working all along with his knife, like a heathen who never thought of death, hadn't got the mortice-hole clear and new shipped the grummet. So we cheered to keep our hearts up, and got something like steerage-way on the boat once more. But seeing it was all one which way we put her head, I steered her a stright course for where the star had shot into the wave—I don't know why—and baled double tides. And, poor comfort though this was, I tho't I'd see what would come of it, and hurrahed them to give way stoutly, for we might at least be pulling in towards shore.

Two dreary hours more, and still working hard, when a streak of gray morning light began to dawn narrow and cheerless on the horizon. Was it cheerless, I said? Oh no, blessings on it! for as the dark curtain drew up whice for hours had been closed on the very souls of us, I thought I could see a sail on the black heaving horizon, against the opening sky, right a-head. My eyes ached, being fixed so long; I closed them for a wink, and then, clear and plain, there was the brig, hove to as we had left her, and not a lantern had the thief shown all the time. Well, we cheered again, loud and lustily. And now it was indeed I wept amain; and the poor boy shrieked like a young thing catching life again. Even Ben, the creature, dropped his head as if he felt more than he'd be speaking of.

It was long, long before we could be seen pulling over the swell, though often I'd wave my handkerchief high. But, at last, oh glory! we saw her fill her sails and come right down to us.

And she picked us up just as the jolly boat's ugly gunnel was down to the water's edge.

And here I am, five years after. I have led a rough life since, and am like to do—for I'm captain's clerk to a West-Indiaman. But never, never from that hour, have I seen a shooting-star but I'm the better for it, for then I bless heaven for my life, and my poor mother for her prayer when I was struggling in the bog-hole near "Phelim's Rest." Am I superstitious?—I believe not.——

To kiss ladies' hands after their lips as some do, is like little boys, who, after they eat the apple, fall to the paring, out of love they have to the apple.

From the Philadelphia Commercial Herald.

"The man who takes no papers,
Or taking, pays not when they're read,
Would sell his corn to buy a 'horn,'
And live on borrowed bread."

Happiness.—That all who are happy are equally happy, is not true. A peasant and a philosopher may be equally satisfied, but not equally happy. Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher. This question was very happily illustrated by the Rev. Robert Brown:—"A small drinking glass and a large one may be equally full, but the large one holds more than the small."

The Irreligious Lawyer.—If it is true that an "undevout astronomer is mad," the lawyer who does not love and advocate the religion of the Bible, is utterly at variance with his own science. However imperfect and unjust is human legislation, in many respects, yet the great principles of human law are intimately connected with the fundamental truths of Divine government. A lawyer well learned in his own science, will scarcely ever be found denying a future state of rewards and punishments.

Farewell!—How many of the dark and solemn scenes of life arises with that word. The tearful eye, the bloodless cheek, the nerveless arm, and throbbing heart, are all linked around it. "*Father Farewell*" has closed full many a scene where youth with spirits buoyant and with hearts of hope, bade adieu to home, to kindred and to friends, to seek his fortune in a strange land; has left the scenes where every pang of sorrow, found respondent grief, to sicken, to die amid another race, who knew him not. "Mother, fare thee well!" with joyous face, but watery eye—speaks the young, the bright, the beautiful, as she leaves her parents' hearts, to be for lifetime a dweller in a foreign land, to yield and trust her all in the hands of him who but one year ago was naught to her—bids farewell to every scene enlinked to memory's strongest links, affection's dearest ties, perchance to dwell alone, to pine neglected in another's halls, with naught to fill the dreary voids of life, save thoughts of home, of that once parting scene, the last and solemn words 'Farewell,' till death shall still the heart that has long been broken. Sisters, brethren, wife, and children, fare ye well: so says the world-worn sufferer, as he yields his breath to Him who gave it and leaves his kindred circle here below, a void that here will never again be filled. How awful that magic word "FAREWELL!"

Working Dress for Farmers.—Every person should be clad in a dress adapted to his occupation or calling; this indicates saund judgment and good taste, and enables a family to save a good many stray dollars in the course of the year. In our country but little attention has been paid to this important matter, and much unnecessary expense is annually incurred for want of adopting a cheap and simple costume for a working dress, which we should not be afraid of having dirtied or injured by the business we are engaged in, and which can be quickly put on or off, as occasion may require. In France, where convenience and economy has been studied by the agriculturist, there is a particular dress worn, which contributes much to comfort, and has a very neat and pleasing appearance. It much resembles what is called the "hunting shirt" in this country, is made for summer wear of unbleached linen, comes half way down to the knees, has a breast pocket on each side with buttons, and an open slit in the seam on each side of the pantaloon pockets, to give ready access to them; the collar fastens with a hook and eye, and two buttons close the bosom slit. Around the waist is a belt either of the same material or of leather, buckled in front.

This dress, which in France is called '*Blouse.*' is cheap, light, cool, convenient, tidy, good looking and tasty, and consequently every way adapted to the every day business of the farmer gardener, and ought to be worn by men and boys when engaged in their daily work, to the exclusion of the inappropriate and inconvenient dresses with which many are attired.

Singular Death.—In Northport very suddenly on Monday morning last, Miss Betsey Lear, aged 27. A physician was called to make a *post mortem* examination, when he found the heart badly lacerated, against the point of a darning-needle sticking between the ribs. She had a playful scuffle with a small boy about twenty-four hours before her death, when the needle was probably forced into her side.—*Belfast Democrat.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.

GENEVIEVE.

I love the gentle violet
The best of all the flowers,
Or kissed to blushes by the morn,
Or weeping midst night showers;
For still she seems the maiden queen
Of morn or spicy eve;
Yet brighter than her tear and blush,
Are tear and blush of Genevieve.

Of all fresh leaves, her downy cheek
Is freshest far to see,
When idling winds are wooing her
Their fairy queen to be;
A witching mood is that of hers,
A smile that shine to grieve—
Yet lovelier are the mood and smile
That flit the cheek of Genevieve.

There's beauty in her tiny bell
When star-lit dews are out,
And nimble odors trimly float
Her velvet dome about:
The sweetness of that breath, that heart,
With wiles may well deceive,
Yet sweeter is the breath that leaves
The dimpling lips of Genevieve.

And when the primest airs of day
With bloom and warmth are rife
Pure are her bursting leaflets then
That mantle into life,
Those infant leaves as maid'nliest thoughts
Neath her soft bosom heave,
Yet purer are the thoughts that swell
The love-warm breast of Genevieve.

Oh then I love the violet
The best of all the flowers,
Or kissed to blushes by the morn
Or weeping midst night-showers!
Her hues, her bloom around my heart
A winsome spell may weave,
Yet more than all her hues and bloom
I love that witch—sweet Genevieve.

Elizabethtown, N. J. B. ——

Written for the Gem.

THINK OF ME.

What hour belov'd one shall I name,
When this fond heart of mine,
Can urge its dearest gentle claim,
Upon that life of thine.
'Tis at the calm and languid night
Sweet mem'ry rests with thee—
Oh! in that lone and mystic hour,
Wilt thou not think of me?
Think of me, when the sunset sky—
Is melting into ev'n
When all around bespeaks the peace,
Of your celestial Heav'n.
'Tis in that hush'd and holy hour,
My sweetest mem'ries blend—
For then before my heart is brought,
My dearest earthly friend.
When the rose hues are on the sky,
And nature bids thee smile,
In that sweet hour, so fair and gay—
Oh! think of me, the while
Give me but one, one brief sweet thought—
Amid each hour of care,
And let my heart be ever brought
With all thy fears to share.
When thy rich, silver chorded lute,
Sends forth its thrilling lays—
And each deep tone wafts thy full heart,
To scenes of other days.
Ah! yes at such an hour as this,
With spirit wing'd and free,
Then turn them to thy heart's first love,
And give one thought to me,

Hudson, May, 1838. INOZ.

From the Providence Journal.

BENNINGTON.

When I about those Vineyards girls
Breathed forth a simple strain,
Last summer you may recollect
You made me sing again.
I take the harp—it is not mine
To "build the lofty rime;"
But I would tell, in simple phrase,
A tale of olden time.

Up through a cloudy sky, the sun
Was buffeting his way,
On such a morn as ushers in
A sultry August day.
Hot was the air, and hotter yet
Men's hearts within them grew:
They Britons, Hessians, Tories saw—
They saw their homesteads too.

They thought of all their country's wrongs,
They thought of noble lives,
Poured out in battle with her foes,
They thought upon their wives,
Their children and their aged sires—
Their firesides,—churches,—God;
And the deep thought made hallowed ground,
Each foot of soil they trod.

Their leader was a brave, bold man,—
A man of earnest will,—
His very presence was a host,
He'd fought at Bunker Hill.
A living monument he stood
Of stirring deeds of fame—
Of deeds that shed a fadeless night
On his own deathless name.

Of Charlestown's flames—of Warren's blood,
His presence told the tale,—
It made the heroes' heart beat high
Though lips and cheeks grew pale.
It spoke of Princeton, Morristown—
Told Trenton's noble story;
It lit futurity with hope
And on the past shed glory.

Who were those men—their leaders, who?
Where stood they on that morn?
The men were Berkshire yeomanry,
Brave men as e'er were born;
Who in the reapers' merry row,
Or warrior rank could stand;
Right worthy such a gallant troop,
John Stark led on the band.

Wollamsac wanders by the spot
Where they that morning stood;
Then rolled the war-cloud o'er the stream,
The waves were tinged with blood;
And the near hills that dark cloud girt,
And fires like lightning flashed;
And shrieks and groans, like howling blasts,
Rose as the bayonets clashed.

The night before the Yankee host
Came gathering from afar,
And in each belted bosom glowed
The spirit of the war;
All full of fight, through rainy storm,
Night cloudy, starless, dark,
They came, and gathered as they came
Around the valiant Stark.

There was a Berkshire parson—he
And all his flock was there,
And like true churchmen militant
The arm of flesh made bare.
Out Spake the Dominie and said,
"For battle have we come,
These many times, and after this
We mean to stay at home."

"If we are come in vain;"—said Stark,*
What! will you go to night
To battle it with yonder troops?
God send us morning light,
And we will give you work enough;
Let but the morning come,
And, if you hear no voice of war,
Go back and stay at home.

The morning came,—there stood the foe,—
Stark eyed them as they stood;
Few words he spoke, 'twas not a time
For moralising mood.
See there the enemy, my boys!
Now, strong in valor's might,
Beat them, or Molly Stark must sleep
In widowhood to-night.

Each soldier there had left a home
A sweetheart, wife or mother,
A blooming sister, or perchance
A fair-haired, blue-eyed brother.
Each from a fireside came, and thoughts
Those simple words awoke;
That nerved up every hero's arm
And guided every stroke.

Oh! fearful wantonness of war!
It mocks at widows' tears,
Frowns on the orphaned infant's wail
And mocks at mortal fears.
It is the tyrant's minister—
The robbers of the world
Have done their deeds of darkness where
The war-cloud thickest curled.

But, where the invader's tramp is heard
When, rushing on the gale,
The slogan of defiance comes,
Shall freemen's spirits quail?
No,—rank to rank, and hand to hand,
Quick let them meet the foe,
And to the God of battles trust
Their country's weal and woe.

Thus did the Berkshire men that day;
Scarce had he spoke the words,
When burst the muskets' rattling peal,
Out leaped the flashing swords;
And when brave Stark in after time,
Told the proud tale of wonder,
He said the battle-din was "one
Continual clap of thunder."*

Two hours they strove;—then victory crowned
The gallant Yankee boys;
Nought but the memory of the dead
Bedimmed their glorious joys.
Aye! "there's the rub"—the hour of strife,
Though follow years of fame,
Is still in mournful memory linked
With some death-hallowed name.

The cypress with the laurel twines,
The pœan sounds a knell,
The trophied column marks the spot
Where friends and brothers fell.
Fame's mantle, a funereal pall,
Seems to the grief dimmed eye,—
For, ever, where the bravest fall,
The best loved die.

* * * * * *

* I have taken the words of the Parson, and the words of Stark in the other parts of the story, with scarcely any variation, from Sparks' Biography.

Wollamsac's waves are bloodless now,
The hills no war cloud girds,
No death shriek now the echo wakes,
But screams of startled birds
Break on the sportsman's ear,—the sights,
The sounds are all of peace:
Soon may her gentle reign o'er earth
Extend and never cease.

RAMOND.

Providence, January 10, 1838.

THE DYING MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

BY MISS CAROLINE BOWLES.

My babe! my poor little one!—thou'st come, a winter flower,
A pale and tender blossom, in a cold, unkindly hour;
Thou com'st with the snowdrop,—and like that pretty thing,
The power that call'd my bud to life, will shield its blossoming,

The snowdrop hath no guardian leaves, to fold her safe and warm;
Yet well she bears the bitter blast, and weathers out the storm:
I shall not, long, enfold thee thus—not long, but well I know
The Everlasting Arms, my babe, will never let thee go!

The snowdrop—how it haunts me still—hangs down her fair young head,
So thine may droop, in days to come, when I have long been dead!
And yet the little snowdrop safe—from her instruction seek,
For who would crush the motherless, the lowly, and the meek?

Yet motherless thou'lt not be, long—not long, in *name*, my life;
Thy father soon will bring him home another fairer wife,
Be loving, dutiful, to her; find favor in her sight:
But never, oh, my child! forget thine own poor mother quite!

But who will speak to thee of her?—the grave stone at her head,
Will only tell the name, and age, and lineage, of the dead:
But not one word of all the love—the mighty love of thee.
That crowded years into an hour of brief maternity.

They'll put my picture from its place, to fix another there—
That picture which was call'd so like, and yet so passing fair!
Some chamber in thy father's house they'll let thee call thine own,
Oh, take it there, to look upon, when thou art all alone,—

To breathe thine early griefs unto, if such assail my child;
To turn to from less loving looks—from faces not so mild.
Alas! unconscious little one, thou'lt never know that best,
That holiest home of all the earth—a living mother's breast!

I do repent me now, too late, of each impatient thought,
That would not let me tarry out God's leisure, as I ought:
I've been too hasty, peevish, proud—I long'd to go away,
And now I'd fain live on, for thee, God will not let me stay.

Oh! when I think of what I was, and what I might have been;
A bride last year—and now to die—and I am scarce nineteen—
And just, just op'ning in my heart, a fount of love so new,
So deep!—could that have run to waste—could that have failed me, too?

The bliss it would have been to see my daughter at my side,
My pride of life scarce overblown, and her's in all its pride!
To deck her with my fairest things—with all I'v rich or rare,
To hear it said, "How beautiful! and good as she is fair!"

And then to place the marriage crown upon that bright, young brow!
Oh, no! not that—'tis full of thorns—alas! I'm wandering now!
This weak, weak head! this foolish heart!—they'll cheat me to the last—
I've been dreaming all my life, and now that life is past!

Thou'lt have thy father's eyes, my child. Oh! once how kind they were!
His long black lashes—his own smile, and just such raven hair;
But here's a mark, poor innocent, he'll love thee for't the less—
Like that upon thy mother's cheek, his lips were wont to press.

And yet, perhaps, I do him wrong—perhaps when all's forgot
But our young loves, in memory's mood, he'll kiss this very spot.
Oh! then, my dearest! clasp thine arms about his neck full fast,
And whisper that I blessed him now, and loved him to the last.

I've heard that little infants converse, by smiles and signs,
With the guardian band of angels, that round about them shines,
Unseen by the grosser senses; beloved one, dost thou
Smile so upon thy heavenly friends, and commune with them now?

And hast thou not one look for me? Those restless little eyes,
Are wandering, wondering every where, the while thy mother dies!
And yet, perhaps, thou'rt seeking me, expecting me, mine own!
Come Death! and make me to my child, at least in spirit, known!

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MISCELLANY.

THE CONSCRIPT BROTHERS.

It was in the dark and smoky room of an ale-house, the walls stained by the dirt of years, that three young men were seated at a table. Their coarse and scanty meal stood untasted before them. Their muskets rested against the wall and their knapsacks lay on the floor. The storm beat furiously against the window. The rain had penetrated through the dilapidated building, and gave a still more desolate appearance to the miserable apartment.

It was the evening before the battle of Waterloo. A terrible conflict was expected. Many a soldier of Bonaparte's army was fired by the prospect, and waiting with all the impatience of military ardor for morning to arrive.

Not so our young conscripts. They had been torn by the imperial mandate from the bosom of their family, from the culture of the sunny vineyard, from the tranquil and simple pleasures that the *paysans* of France enjoy, and forced into military duty. There was no struggle for freedom to animate them; no anticipation of better days. Their little village had been desolated by their own countrymen, and their father robbed of his three sons by the most cruel despotism. They could not join in the shout of 'Vive l'Empereur!' for they felt only the effects of his blasting and selfish ambition.

'Our poor father!' said Conrad, striking his hand on the table.

'Our poor sister!' said Philip, while Edward, the youngest, who yet retained the slight form and fair complexion of boyhood, uttered a convulsive sob.

'Cheer up, my boy,' said Conrad. 'if we must fight, let us fight like men, and die like Christians.'

At that moment the landlord entered, conducting a soldier.

'Who talks of dying?' exclaimed he, as, full of animation and gaiety, he seated himself at the table; then casting his eyes around, 'for shame, landlord,' said he, 'can you give the defenders of your country no better rations than these? Do you not boast of your generous wines? Bring them forth! Don't stint us of Burgundy and Champaigne. Well may these poor fellows talk of dying, when famine and thirst stare them in the face.'

The landlord, who had long groaned under the heavy demands of those who had been quartered upon him, muttered his dissatisfaction.

'Away!' exclaimed the soldier, 'do you not know you have the honor of entertaining Fortunatus himself? Now look! whenever I take off my cap and shake it thus, wealth pours from it;' and several pieces of money actually fell upon the table.

'God bless your honor,' exclaimed the landlord; 'may you often take it off in my house.'

'Go, then, poor devil,' said the soldier, throwing him a few francs, 'and bring us the best you can find.'

The landlord bowed low and disappeared.

'I do in my very soul pity these poor fellows,' said the soldier, turning to his comrades; 'they are oppressed by the soldiery, and obliged to entertain and feed them without recompense, and get nothing but curses in return, which it must be acknowledged,' said he, again surveying the table, 'such fare deserves.'

It was not long before things wore a different aspect. The bright and sunny hue of the stranger's mind began to illumine even the dismal hue of the ale-house. The landlord spread a much better repast upon the table, and, in honor of Fortunatus, placed a second smoky lamp directly before him. As the light glared upon his youthful and manly countenance, Edward suddenly rose and seized his hand.

'Brothers,' said he, 'this is the very soldier who saved me from disgrace yesterday, when the dragoon stood over me.'

'Ah! is it you, my brave fellow?' exclaimed his protector; 'it was your mettle that saved you, for if you had not shown that honor was dearer than life, you might have been thrashed like a poltroon for all me. But come!' added he, filling the glasses round, and not forgetting the obsequious landlord, 'we are all a peg too low!'

Glass after glass exhilarated the company, and the eyes of the young Conscripts began to sparkle.

'I wish,' said Conrad, as he felt his blood warm, 'that I went heart and hand in this cause'

'Poh!' said the new comer, 'it is not for us to reason. We have nothing to do but fight. Let us drink "Vive l'Empereur!"'

'I cannot,' said Conrad; 'my father is a royalist.'

'Well, then,' exclaimed the good natured soldier, 'let us drink to the girl we love best! Come!' said he to Edward, who had filled his glass, 'give us her name.'

'My sister Alice,' replied Edward, with animation.

A shout of laughter from the soldier abashed the youth. 'I don't care for any other girl,' said he, coloring deeply.

'It is true,' said Conrad; 'he is a mere boy. He has always been brought up with his twin sister Alice.'

'But come, Philip,' said he, turning with an arch expression to his second brother, 'you can help us out.'

The blushes of Philip were of a still deeper hue than Edward's. At length, however, in a low voice he said, 'Lucile.'

The soldier had narrowly observed him. 'By my soul,' exclaimed he. 'I believe you have all lived upon mother's milk, and just escaped from the nursery.'

'I hope,' said Conrad, proudly, 'you will see that we do not shrink from our duty to-morrow.'

'In the mean time,' said the soldier, 'let us all drink a bumper to our sister Alice.'

The brothers smiled. There was something in the light-hearted, fearless gaiety of the new comer that animated their own spirits. They soon lost the reserve and awkwardness of strangers, and conversed with ease and freedom.

The father of the Conscripts, Jean de Castellon, inhabited a cottage that had descended from sire to son on the mother's side. It was one of those luxuriant spots cultured by the breath of heaven. Yet Jean's labor was not spared. All that patient industry requires to give affluence and utility to natural beauty, he had done. His barns opened their vast folding doors to receive the harvest of autumn: his agricultural utensils were of the best kind, and in the finest order, and no traveller passed without remarking on the taste and neatness of his dwelling.

The death of Jean's wife was the first calamity he had experienced. He was several years older than she, and had been a husband rather after the patriarchal order than that of modern French gallantry. But though he required great deference, it was willingly paid, and nothing disturbed the harmony of their union. At her death Jean had exercised the paternal care of father and mother in an exemplary manner. His two oldest boys were already able to assist his labors, and Edward and Alice were his constant companions.

Years had passed in this tranquil state, and the father daily felt his cares lightened by the aid of his sons. It was at this period that a detachment of soldiers entered the village for Conscripts. Their short stay was marked by plunder, and they bore away in triumph Jean's eldest born, Conrad. The succeeding year Philip was marked out and enlisted as a soldier. Edward still remained, nor did it enter the old man's head that they could rob him of all; but when the decisive battle was to be fought, when the best blood of France was to be spilt like water, and Napoleon gleaned, for the last desperate effort of his ambition, the hope of the nation, then the father was deprived of all. Yet still some form was preserved. No youth under sixteen was to be forced into the service—Edward had passed that age a few days before. The kind-hearted villagers exhorted Jean to make use of evasion. They promised to stand by him; but when he was put upon oath, he not only told the day, but the very hour of his son's birth, and the only favor he could obtain, was, that his two boys might fight side by side.

Such was the history of the Conscripts, nor was it uncommon. A late historian says, 'no distinction was made. The son of the widow, the child of the decrepit and helpless, had no right to claim exemption. Three sons might be carried off in three successive years from the same desolate parents. There was no allowance made for having already supplied a recruit.'

Fortunatus, now the companion of the brothers, was no Conscript. He had voluntarily enlisted in the French army, and he believed their arms invincible. He was full of amusing anecdotes, and assured them that he had fought in several battles.

'I don't know how it is,' said he, 'I don't like to fight in cool blood; but when I hear the sound of the trumpet and the drum, and the music of the cannon, it is a different thing. I have never yet lost life or limb. From my childhood I was called Fortunatus, because I have been remarkable for my good luck; but my real name is Frederick de Lancey.'

'I wish,' said Philip, thoughtfully, 'I felt as secure as you do, that only one of us would escape to-morrow with life; but when I think of our poor father and sister Alice, my heart dies within me.'

'If that is all, my dear boy,' said the soldier, 'give yourself no uneasiness. I never knew more than two of a family shot in one battle; and the other may return to comfort his aged father.'

A sudden thought seemed to strike Conrad. 'Have you a father?' said he to the soldier.

'No,' replied he, the expression of his countenance suddenly changing; 'my father died in my arms, and left me without a relative in the world.'

'And yet you call yourself Fortunatus?' said Edward.

'And why not?' replied he; 'was I not on the spot when my dear father breathed his last? Oh, it was the most fortunate moment of my life. I have no one now to mourn for me, and if I die to-morrow I shall not draw a tear from a human eye. I am without kindred, a citizen of the world, and may, possibly, as I pass along, administer to the enjoyment of my fellow beings, but I cannot diminish their happiness.'

'I am thinking,' said Conrad, 'if we three should fall, you might be a son to our father.'

'And a brother to Alice,' added Edward.

'Most willingly would I,' said the soldier; 'but would they receive me? Who will vouch for my character?'

'I will,' said Edward, with animation; 'you stood my friend because I was oppressed. I had no other claim upon you. I will write an account of the whole affair to my father. He is generous and will confide in you.'

'And I,' said Conrad, 'have a commission that will prove you are no impostor. Look,' said he, 'it is the picture of my mother. I al-

ways wear it next my heart. She was as good as an angel, and I feel as if no evil could come where she is. You shall deliver this to Alice and tell her I sent it.'

'Be it so!' exclaimed De Lancey. 'If I survive you, I will seek out your father and offer my services. If I die, I bequeath to the survivors my knapsack and its contents. You will find a hundred Napoleons in it. It is all I am worth, and now let's to bed and sleep till morning.'

'Not yet,' said Conrad; 'we must do all that is to be done this evening. Good landlord! bring me pen and ink, and you shall be our witness. He then wrote—

'Dear and Honored Father!—When you receive this letter, your three sons will be no more. Frederick De Lancey is the bearer of it. He has done our dear Edward a signal service, and I have thought him trustworthy to convey to Alice the picture of my mother. My heart bleeds when I think of you, without one prop for your old age, save our innocent and helpless sister. We are all satisfied De Lancey would be a faithful son to you if you will permit him to be. In case of his death to-morrow—and the chances of war are alike to all—he has bequeathed to us all he is worth, and it is the earnest wish of my brothers as well as myself, that if he should be the only survivor, you would adopt him; and if he and sister Alice should fancy each other, that he may become a son in reality.

'In case he is the sole survivor, I bequeath him all my part of the inheritance, and my brothers do the same—always in deference to you—entreating you will consider this as our last will and testament.

CONRAD DE CASTELLON,
PHILIP DE CASTELLON,
EDWARD DE CASTELLON.

Witness, JEAN PIPON,
Landlord of the Plucked Hen.'

The letter was sealed and directed to the father. Then Conrad taking the miniature, which was fastened to his neck by a black ribbon, pressed it to his lips, and his brothers did the same.

De Lancey was lodged in the room with the Conscripts. In a few moments his breathing denoted that he had sunk into that calm and tranquil sleep that belongs to health of body and mind. Philip and Edward, too, forgot for a while their gloomy presentiments, and slept quietly. But not so Conrad. He felt a responsibleness pressing upon him that he could neither avert or control. The rain continued to pour in torrents, and the wind shook the miserable dwelling to its foundation. Amid the tumult of the elements, the clattering of horses' hoofs, the shrill notes of the trumpet, and the heavy roll of the drum, might be distinguished. New companies were entering the village, and shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur!' still resounded in his ear. Conrad gazed upon his sleeping brothers, and his soul melted as he thought of them on the field of battle.

The morning dawned upon his unclosed eyes, when, with that weariness, which seems almost like perverseness, nature could resist no longer, and he fell into a slumber. He was awakened by the voice of his brothers, and, starting up, found De Lancey already gone. The brothers gave each other a long and close embrace, and hastened to their ranks.

The weather was yet unsettled. A thick mist enveloped the country around, and as the armies approached each other, neither friends nor foes could be distinguished. It was not till late in the morning that the clouds dispersed, and the sun broke forth in all its splendor. The dense and heavy vapors separated, and the clear blue sky was seen in distant perspective. At length even the fleecy clouds rolled away, and all was calm and tranquil in the heavens, forming a striking contrast to the scene below. The once fertile valley and vine-covered hills lay blended by the smoke of the cannon, and confused shouts rent the air.

How many mothers, widows, and orphans, have wept for that day! How many beheld the 'brave and beautiful' go forth to battle! Years have passed away, and memory still asks—'Where are they?' Amidst the tumult of war one scene of private distress was passing. Seated on a little hillock, and supporting his youngest brother's head upon his lap, sat Conrad de Castellon. His pale face and knit brow discovered the agony of his feelings. Nor was it wholly mental. His leg had been shattered by a cannon ball, but it was only of Edward he thought.

'Oh, for a drop of water,' he exclaimed, 'one draught might save him!' But who would stop in the full career of victory to administer to the wants of one dying man, when thousands lay around!

The French army were in the full career of victory. 'On, on, to Brussels!' rung on every side.

'Is there no human aid?' said Conrad, and he rested his brother's head against a prostrate soldier, and strove to rise; but it was impossible, and he fell back with a groan and fainted.

He was roused by the voice of De Lancey. 'Up, comrade!' said he, 'the horse are advancing; you will be trampled under foot.'

Conrad pointed to his disabled leg, and the lifeless boy that lay before him. He was indeed lifeless. The spirit had passed away, and the stiffness of death had succeeded to the last pressure of his brother's hand.

'We can do nothing for him,' said De Lancey; 'he is gone. But I may save you,' and, taking the soldier in his arms, he bore him to a place of safety, and laid him on the turf.

'My brother! my poor Edward!' exclaimed Conrad, 'must he be trampled under foot?, Once more De Lancey rushed back, seized the slight form of the Conscript, and placed it by the side of his brother, then joining in the shout of 'On to Brussels! Vive l'Empereur!' mingled in the battle.

It was late at night when the soldier cautiously sought the spot where he had left Conrad. He found him still watching by his brother.

'I have secured a place for you in a wagon,' said De Lancey. 'You must go to the Hospital of St. Catharine. You will be taken good care of.'

'I cannot leave him,' said Conrad, still clinging to his brother; 'my poor Edward!'

'He is better off than we are,' said the soldier, 'for he does not live to see the disgrace of our army. All is lost! And well it might be,' continued he, indignantly, 'when they forced boys like this from the arms of their mothers;' and he parted the curls of his hair, and the moon shone on his white forehead. 'I pledge you my honor,' he continued, 'that I will see him buried where vultures cannot reach him. I will convey you to the wagon, and return to this spot again. To-morrow I will see you at the hospital, where I hope to find you doing well.'

Faithful to his promise, De Lancey joined him in the morning. The surgeon had already passed judgment on the wounded soldier. A violent fever had set in, and amputation of the limb, which would have been his only chance, would now hasten his end—he must die.

'Let it be so,' said Conrad, 'my father will yet have a staff for his age if Philip lives; if not remember your promise.'

De Lancey staid with his friend until he breathed his last, and then took every means to ascertain whether Philip had survived the battle. His inquiries proved fruitless, but from several circumstances he felt confirmed in the belief that he was not among the slain, and naturally concluded he must have returned to his father. He regretted that he could not have restored the picture to him. 'It will cost me a journey, now,' said he, 'but I will wait till Philip has been at home a few weeks.'

As time weakened his impressions, his resolution grew fainter; for, it must be confessed, Fortunatus was not one of those that thought it good to go to 'the house of mourning.' He had from his youth upward, been the subject of perpetual change, and had seen death in too many forms to be startled at it—but the tears of a father and a sister he knew not how to encounter. A cloud had obscured his brow for a few days after this event, but it was soon dissipated, and he again became the happy, light-hearted Fortunatus.

With the gay and thoughtless, time passes unmarked. It was nearly a year after the battle of Waterloo, when De Lancey was travelling through the little village in which he had been introduced to the Landlord of 'The Plucked Hen.' He stopped to pay him a visit, but the host was changed. The room, the table, the seats, all remained the same, and so forcibly called up the recollection of his promise to the brothers, that his conscience smote him for the delay. He went immediately to visit the grave of Edward. He had taken the precaution to identify it by two Lombardy poplars which he had planted opposite, and twisted into an arch over the grave. They were twigs that he had cut from a neighboring tree, but they had taken root, and were now covered with foliage. The grass had grown over the grave with a luxuriance that made the spot striking, from the desolation that still remained around it.

By sunrise De Lancey had proceeded many miles on his way to Patiere, where Jean de Castellon resided. It would have been a long and weary foot journey for one with less health and muscular strength; but it was his favorite way of travelling, and, he was fully of opinion, much less fatiguing than riding. And then too, he could stop when he pleased, and converse with all the good humored peasant people he met, and make acquaintances where he thought they were worth making. Nothing, in fact, could be pleasanter than De Lancey's mode of travelling. He was too much accustomed to his knapsack to find it any burthen, and he had provident virtue enough to secure himself means for every comfort a foot traveller might desire. His little modicum had increased during the past year, and though in the thoughtless benevolence of his heart, he sometimes gave a few francs injudiciously, yet he had always said, in some way or other, they brought back their full interest.

When he entered Patiere, he enquired for the house of Castellon, and was directed to a white-washed cottage, surrounded by venerable trees. It was in the month of June, and every shrub and flower was in its first fragrance. An old man was sitting on a bench before the door. De Lancey approached him with a respectful air, and, taking off his hat, said, 'Monsieur de Castellon?'

'The same,' he replied.

'I would ask,' said the soldier, hesitatingly, 'for Philip.'

'And why for Philip?' said the old man, sternly, 'why not for Conrad, my eldest born, and Edward, my younger?'

De Lancey made no reply.

'Come,' said the old man, 'with me, and I will show you all I know of them.'

He arose from his seat and walked slowly to a little wicket gate. He entered it, and proceeded by a footpath to a hillock planted with trees. The soldier followed in silence. It was the family burying-ground. Three simple gravestones, with the names of the brothers inscribed on each, were placed side by side. De Lancey's question was answered. Philip had never returned from the memorable battle of Waterloo.

'I knew,' said he with emotion, 'the fate of Conrad and Edward, but I had hoped Philip had escaped.'

'Not one,' said the father, clasping his hands, 'not a remnant was left.'

'I was a fellow soldier,' said De Lancey. 'I was quartered with them the evening before the battle.'

'A soldier in Bonaparte's army?' said the old man, extending his hand. 'Then you too, are a Conscript?'

'No,' said De Lancey. 'I was no Conscript. I enlisted voluntarily.'

The father withdrew his hand and turned coldly away.

'I have a commission from your son Conrad,' said De Lancey, 'but it is to your daughter, and I must deliver it to her.'

As they approached the house Alice met them at the door. The sight of a soldier revived painful recollections, and a cloud came over her bright and blooming countenance.

De Lancey started at the strong resemblance she bore to her twin brother. There was the same tranquil expression of sweetness and innocence that had lingered on his face, even after death.

He put his hand into his bosom and withdrew the miniature. 'This,' said he, 'I promised your brother Conrad to deliver to you if I was a survivor.'

Alice took it, gazed upon it a moment, and rushed into the house.

The father with an air of authority, desired De Lancey to come in. The soldier proceeded to inform him of all the circumstances which related to the death of his two sons.

'Of Philip,' said he, 'I know nothing.—When I last saw him he had received no injury, but he was in the heat of the battle and fighting with a bravery worthy of Napoleon himself.'

'No more of that,' said the old man with bitterness. 'You say,' continued he, 'Conrad died in your arms?'

He did—and he had every comfort, and the best of medical advice; and as for attendance, it would not be becoming for me to say much about that, but I never left him night nor day as long as he lived. I could not have done more for him had it been the Emperor himself.'

The last words were uttered in a low voice, and seemed to have escaped him without his consent. The father, however, did not remark them.

'I hope,' said he, 'my son died like a good Protestant.'

'I don't know any thing about that,' replied De Lancey, 'but I am sure he died like a Christian.'

'This is a Popish country,' said the old man; 'I hope he had no father confessors about his bed.'

'Not one—not a limb of them,' said the young soldier.

De Castellon was a Swiss, and entertained a horror of the Roman Catholic religion.

'You say,' said he, 'that my poor Conrad died like a Christian. Then he confessed his sins to his Maker, and died in the fear of his God?'

'I don't know.' said De Lancey, 'what he might confess, for that was an affair between his Maker and himself; but as to fear, I saw nothing that looked like it, for when he was dying, he said, "I did not expect to meet my dear Edward so soon, but I am going home after all."'

'You must stay with us a few days,' said the old man, his heart melting at the thoughts of his sons.

'Most willingly,' said De Lancey, 'if you will give me some employment. I don't love idleness, and about a place like this, a pair of hands can never come amiss.'

It was amusing to see with what facility the soldier adopted the habits and employments of the farmer. His services grew every day more and more important to De Castellon. A treaty of amity seemed to be formed between them, and Bonaparte was never alluded to on either side.

A sentiment of delicacy had prevented De Lancey from delivering the letter of the brothers, for he knew their contents, and they related wholly to himself.

The intercourse between Alice and the soldier was friendly and confiding. And when he felt for the first time the power of woman, her innocent and affectionate smile, the sanctity of her virtue, her habitual sacrifices in the arrangements of domestic life, and her habits of temperance, of order, and of purity, he shrunk from the recollection of past scenes. This feeling he expressed to Alice, whom he sportively called his pet lamb, with his usual frankness.

'What a forlorn creature,' said he, 'I have hitherto been! I have had nothing to love or to watch over—I can but just remember my mother—and yet, when my head has been throbbing with pain, I have sometimes wished I could lay it in her lap, as I used to do when I was a child. But this was only the thought of a moment, and I banished it as unmanly, for I only considered myself ennobled by the ferociousness with which I fought for my country.'

'Well,' said Alice, smiling, 'I suppose that you would fight again if you could find a leader.'

'No,' replied he, 'not if I can find employment any other way. My views are changed. I have a thousand associations which are new to me. I think I am going back to childhood again. The flowers have the same fragrance that they used to have, when I was a boy, and the world seems to me to be just created. I desire no greater happiness than to live with you and your father as I do now, and you have only to say the word, and I will turn my sword into a pruning hook.'

It was by such language, uttered almost without thought, that the young couple began to promise endless faith to each other.

'But I am afraid,' said Alice, after an impassioned burst of feeling from her lover, 'that my father would never consent to our being married.'

'And why not?' said the sanguine Fortunatus. 'Where can he find a more devoted son-in-law, one that will do a harder day's work, or raise a finer crop of wheat? Besides, Alice,' said he, smiling affectionately, 'you have been bequeathed to me. I never would have told you about the thing, if you had not voluntarily given me your heart, but now you shall know the whole.' It was the first time that he alluded to the letter. Alice listened to the explanation, without participating in his sanguine expectations. She knew her father was tenacious of his projects, and that he favored the suit of her cousin Pierre.

With the confidence of a warm and generous heart, De Lancey repaired to De Castellon with the sealed letter in his hand. He took it and read it through, then turned a steady eye on the soldier.

'Why have you not delivered it before?'

'My motives may not have justified this delay, but I knew the contents of the letter, and I knew, also, that I had no right to expect from you the same confidence in a stranger that your sons had felt.'

'And what now has altered the case?' said the father.

The soldier blushed deeply; 'I don't know why I should hesitate to speak,' said he. 'It is the confidence your daughter has placed in me. She has permitted me to ask your consent to our union. I have something to begin the world with. I have health and activity. I will serve you with the fidelity and affection of a son, and if, as it may be the common course of nature, Alice should be left alone with me, I will shield her from every evil.

The eagerness with which he spoke had prevented him from attending the emotions that were struggling in the old man's countenance.

'At length he exclaimed, "I see it all. I am no longer dupe. My poor boys were victims to this fatal legacy. Out of my sight! Away, wretch!"

'What does all this mean?' exclaimed the soldier with astonishment.

'Ask your own heart!' replied De Castellon. It seemed beyond the usual chances of war that three sons should fall in one battle. But you could tell us how it was; you could describe their last agonies, and have now come to reap the reward of your base treachery.'

De Lancey stood for a moment petrified. It was but a moment.

'Old man,' said he, 'were you my equal in age, or were you any other than you are—but I do wrong to reply. Farewell! we meet no more.'

Alice had repaired to a little arbor that her lover had reared for her, and that was already covered with the quick springing vines of a luxuriant climate, to wait the success of his communication. Many a foreboding doubt assailed her mind, when she cast her eye on his agitated countenance.

'I come,' said he, 'to take leave of you for ever.'

It was in vain that Alice entreated him to delay his departure from the village.

'My father may relent,' said she. But he was resolute.

'Had it been common reluctance,' he replied, 'I would have borne with it. I would have crouched like a slave for your sake; but to be suspected of the basest of crimes!—Alice I wish not to shock you by repeating what has passed. If your father tells you, I shall be justified in your opinion. Farewell! dearest and best;—henceforth this world is a wilderness to me. I care not which way I steer my course. With anguish I speak it—we can meet no more.'

Bitter, indeed was the parting. For the first time, the hitherto happy Fortunatus felt the true pang of sorrow. The tenderness of friendship had refined and softened his heart, and given it an unwonted susceptibility. Till now, he had met the ills of life with an unsubdued spirit.—He had faced danger and death in every form; but the tears that he drew from Alice, and the affection he had awakened in her bosom were spells that changed the life current of his heart.

* * * * * * *

It was a cold evening in November that Alice and her father were seated by the fire. There was an air of comfort in the little apartment that female ingenuity knows well how to give. The floor was covered with a carpet of her own manufacture; and her father's arm chair had been stuffed and rendered commodious by her own contrivance. There was the debility of age and sickness in his appearance, and a crutch lay beside him. Alice read aloud or worked, alternately, as best suited her father. She had just taken her book when the sound of wheels stopping at the door arrested their attention. A man hastily entered, and stood for a moment gazing at the inhabitants; then rushing forward, he knelt before the old man, exclaiming, 'My father! my father!'

De Castellon was bewildered, but not so Alice. 'It is my brother!' she exclaimed, and hung upon his neck. When the father began to comprehend the scene—that it was, indeed, Philip restored to him, he enquired for Conrad and Edward.

The countenance of Philip changed, and he said, 'I am alone left to tell you.'

In the same expressive language the father replied 'Now, then, let me die, since I have seen the face of my son!'

Providence had wisely decreed that the sensibilities of life should be blunted by age, and the effervescence of feeling pass away. The old man became calm, and at his usual hour desired Alice to read a chapter in the Bible. Amid tears and sobs she read aloud, but every word called forth the bursting emotions of her heart, and her soul was kindled by living fire from the altar. When she ceased, a low, fervent prayer from the lips of the father followed; and then Alice performed her usual office of putting him to bed, and was again at liberty to throw herself into the arms of her brother. Their conversation was long and deeply interesting. He told her that after the battle of Waterloo he was conveyed, among the wounded, to a small farm house, and found that his life was considered worth preserving by the English, among whom he now was; that when sufficiently recovered, he was put on board a small vessel bound for the West Indies; that they were taken by Spanish pirates, and himself with three others put ashore on the coast of South America; that he had earned, by daily labor, a pittance that kept him from starving, but he had still to contend with weakness and depression. 'But now,' continued he, 'Alice, comes the best part of my story. I was one day working on the wharf, when a vessel arrived, a young man sprung on shore that I immediately recognized as a fellow-soldier at the battle of Waterloo.'

He stopped and looked earnestly at her—the blood rushed to her cheeks.

'Yes, sister,' said he, fully comprending her emotion, 'it was our friend Fortunatus. I learnt from him all that had passed. From this moment I felt new energy; my whole nature was changed. He loaded me with kindness.—You know his happy faculty of making friends. Several of the officers, who had quitted France and repaired to this country, recognized the brave and warm hearted soldier. Fortune showered her gifts upon him, and at the end of three years after our first meeting, we have returned once more; I, with little more than I carried away with me; but my companion rich enough to buy our whole estate, which, as it has proved, we unfortunately bequeathed to him.'

'Then he is in France?' said Alice, faintly.'

'He is,' replied Philip, 'and he loves you as well as I can see you do him; but he will not come here. He cannot forgive my father for his horrible suspicion.'

'Then he does not love as I do,' said Alice, ingeniously, 'or all would be forgiven.'

'No, Alice,' replied Philip, 'men never love as women do. They have various motives which operate; but next to his country and his honor a man may love his mistress.'

'I am afraid you have forgotten poor Lucile,' said Alice, reproachfully.

'Perhaps she has forgotten me,' replied Philip.

'Oh, no,' said Alice, 'It was but the other day she came up here and sat down by your grave stone, and wept bitterly, and said she should never forget you.'

'Well,' replied Philip, 'I have returned the visit, for I called to see her on my way here, and informed her that I was alive and well.'

'I see,' said Alice, smiling, 'you were right. A man may love his mistress next to his country, and his honor before father or sister. But tell me, my dear brother, how could you remain so long in a strange country, away from us, and not send us word you were living.'

'As to remaining there,' said Philip, 'there was not much choice in the business. I was taken up on suspicion, and had to work with a chain round my leg; and what good would it have done you to know the miserable condition of your brother? After the arrival of De Lancey, his plan was best—that we should return together, as soon as he had accomplished the object of his voyage.'

It was not difficult for the young people to

persuade the father, humbled as he was, by years, infirmities and sorrows, how much he had mistaken the character of the soldier. An acknowledgement was all De Lancey asked, and it was no sooner sent than he hastened to the spot. There is a little more to add. He purchased a neat cottage, about half a mile from the family mansion. The same marriage ceremony united Lucile and Philip, and De Lancey and Alice; but their residence was changed.—Alice resigned her station to Lucile, and removed to the home her husband had prepared for her.

The two cottages may yet be seen embowered in honeysuckle and grape vines. Before the doors are often sporting rosy-faced children; and Alice had given to her two oldest boys, Conrad and Edward, the names of her Conscript Brothers.

The Motherless.—How interesting he appears to every feeling mind! A child robbed of his mother excites universal commisseration and affection from every human bosom—we look forward with anxiety to every future period of his life, and our hopes attend every step of his journey. We mingle our tears with his on the grave of her whose maternal heart has ceased to beat; for we feel that he is bereaved of the friend and guide of his youth. His father would, but cannot supply the loss. In vain the whole circle of his friends blend their efforts to alleviate his sorrows, and to fill the place occupied by departed worth; a mother must be missed every moment, by a child who has ever known and rightly valued one, when she sleeps in the grave. No hand feels so soft as hers—no voice sounds so sweet—no smiles so pleasant! Never shall he find again in this wilderness, such sympathy, such fondness, such fidelity, such tenderness as he received from his mother! The world is moved with compassion for that motherless child, but the world cannot supply her place to him.

Life too short, yet wasted.—Pliny makes a striking computation in regard to the shortness of life. I never recall it without being powerfully impressed by its truth. "Consider," he says, "the time spent in sleep, and you will find that a man actually lives only half his space. The other half passes in a state resembling death. You do not take into the acconnt the years of infancy, which are destitute of reason, nor of longevity, which is second childishness. The sense grows dull, the limbs are racked, the sight, the hearing, the power of walking, the teeth also, die before us, and yet all this time is reckoned in the period of life." But, short as life is at the best, those who complain of its brevity let it slide by them without wishing to seize and make the most of its golden moments.

How much time do we waste in indecision, in vain regrets, delusive hopes, and ungrounded fears! What a vast portion of our precious existence is wasted in mere waiting—"waiting for something that seems necessary for our happiness, and the want of which prevents us from enjoying the present hour."

The Moral influence of Taste.—Every man ought to have his house painted,—the door yard fence kept in good repair,—a number of beautiful trees set around it,—a few pleasant walks laid out around his dwelling,—the lanes leading from his house to distant fields, shaded with ornamental and useful trees, and the general air of neatness and comfort universally preserved.—However small may be his farm he can have all these. However poor, he can still have something like this. A little diligence, contrivance and improvement of leisure hours, will give him all these.

The moral effect of these things, on his wife and children will be delightful. They will contribute to make a contented and happy home.—The child may be taught to love the young tree, whose roots he has watered, and which is growing up by his side. The family will be pleased with their home; and the love of home, and its pleasant localities, will have a healthy influence on the soul.

The library within, and the neatness and taste which surrounds, will be successful rivals to the tavern, and to wild and ruinous companionships. Who knows but that these few suggestions may make some farm houses, which we have seen, look a little more comfortable and attractive.—If they should—if they make one little tree grow, we shall be paid well for writing them.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1838.

Business Hours.—Regularity is the great conservator of health. More of earthly comfort than we are wont to suppose, depends upon its strict observance. Yet how very few are regular. The professional man, eager for fame and funds, wastes his health and his life, by dancing perpetual attendance upon his thousand clients, who consider him equally obliged to answer his calls whether made at the meredian of day, or at the noon of night. And for this he has no one to blame but himself. If (as we are glad to learn they intend to do) the lawyers of this city would define their business hours, their clients would soon learn to accommodate their calls *to* those hours.

But it is different with the merchants' clerks. They are *obliged* to sacrifice their health upon the altar of pelf. They must hug the counter from sunrise to the hour of slumber, or starve. *Their* hours are regular, it is true, but it is the regularity of the culprit, whose manacies are locked at every going down of the sun. "*Reform,*" in this particular, is demanded equally by justice and philanthropy.

The editor and the printer are the only beings on earth who may not have regular business hours. It is not strange, therefore, that we should think so highly of what it is impossible for us to enjoy.

Education.—The Committee of thirty-five, appointed at a late meeting to examine into the condition of the Common Schools in this city, are hard at work. A luminous and eloquent report is being prepared, and we are sure that the facts which it will develope, cannot fail to astonish and arouse our citizens. It will conclusively prove, that after all our boastings, our Common Schools are in a most beggerly condition, and that education among us, is infinitely below par. What will our citizens think if it be shown that while there are over 4000 children in the city, between the ages of 4 and 16 not 2000 attend school? Yet they may prepare for such developements. The Report will very soon be made to a public meeting—which every man in the city should attend.

"*The Family Newspaper.*"—Mr. Southwick is making this journal invaluable. It comes to us every week, full of the very gems of moral literature. Its merits will be properly appreciated, when every Father in the land decms it, as it is, a most efficient auxiliary in the proper education of his children. A portion of its pages are now occupied with "*Luther's Familiar Conversations,*" selected from the original, and now first published. These papers, alone, to those who admire the character and writings of the eminent Reformer, (and who does not?) will be aten-fold remuneration for the very moderate price of subscription.

☞ The Geneva Gazette speaks very highly of the Poem recently delivered before the Societies of Geneva College, by W. H. C. Hosmer, Esq., of Avon; and a Committe of citizens, and those connected with the Faculty, have solicited a copy for publication. The high opinion entertained of it, is deserved. We have had the pleasure of its perusal, and so far as our poor judgment is capable of deciding, we think it contains very many passages which would reflect honor upon the best Poets of the age.

☞ The degree of D.D. was conferred upon Professor Dewey, of this city, at the late Commencement of Union College.

Public Library at New York.—The Boston Daily Advertiser stat s upon authority, "that Mr. John Jacob Astor, with an enlightened and liberal spirit, which does him immortal honor, has made to the corporation of the city of New-York, a donation amounting to $350,000, for the establishment of a Public Library, including a lot of land, most eligibly situated, for the erection of a building for the accommodation of the institution. We could state some other particulars, but we deem it proper to wait, until they shall reach us from some other source."

Mechanic Industry in the Bay State.—The Boston Mercantile says, one hundred thousand axes, besides hammers and other articles, are annually manufactured in the little village of East Douglas, Massachusetts.

☞ Energy of character is the canvass which propels the individual who possesses it, onward and onward, to undefinable triumphs. Without it, a man is like a ship sailing under bare poles.

Caution.—A fly entered the ear of a harvest hand while at work in a field in Miama county, and although the insect was soon extracted, the ear continued painful for several days. The person called upon a physicain, who on an examination found the fly had left some of her progeny in his ear, which were grown to medium size, from ¼ to ½ inch. The physician succeeded in dislodging 35, which proved to be all that were in the ear.—*Columbus (O) Register.*

The best application is at once to fill the ear with laudanum or brandy, and let it remain in for a short time. It kills the insect nearly as soon as oil, but what is better allays the spasmodic excitement of the tympaunm or drum of the ear, which seems to the patient like the fluttering of the insect, and is worse than the insect's motion itself.—*Star.*

The rapidity of traveling to which we moderns have attianed, is well illustrated by the fact that a gentleman whoarrived at New York in the Royal William, steamship, left Trieste on the 15th June, and after passing through Italy, Switzerlaud, France and England, visiting four of the European capitals, and spending twelve complete days at different places on his route, reached New York on the 24th July, making 39 days in all, 27 days actual traveling.

Yet our posterity who may chance to flourish in the year 1999 will doubtless recur back to the ancient records of these days, and marvel at the snail's pace of our crach steamboats, and our whizzing locomotives.

Mrs. Graham's Ascent in the Balloon—Sudden Remedy for Excessive Heat.—Mrs. Graham went up on Coronation day in a magnificent balloon of great size from Green Park, at the request of the government: The thermometer was 84, but in a few moments, while sailing round and round over London, that was sweltering in heat, she was in a temperature of 63 degrees, in a fur tippit to keep her comfortable. The gas was so condensed by the cold that the augmented specific gravity of the balloon prevented her going higher. She came down in the street, and the multitude in their curiosity trampled on the silk and much injured it.

Mr. Zotell, a Frenchman by birth, who resides in Denmark, in this county, was supposed to be dead on Sunday morning last; and his neighbors, as all good men should do when a neighbor dies, performed the duty incumbent upon them, of shaving and dressing him in his grave-clothes, when he was left in a room by himself. But what was their surprise, on re-entering the room, to find that the corpse had taken upon itself the responsibility of leaving its station, and had gone into the room above. We have the above fact, from a gentleman of Denmark, who is entitled to credit.—*Louisville Jour.*

"Why, Tom, my dear fellow, how old you look!" "Dare say, Bob, for the fact is, I never was so old in all my life."

EX-PRESIDENT ADAMS.

Few men in this, or any other country, possess the same noble traits of character which distinguish this extraordinary man. Blest with sound health, a sound constitution, a vigorous, capacious, and highly cultivated mind, stored with an immense amount of knowledge, which has been acquired by experience, and unexampled industry, during nearly three-fourths of a century—still he makes no display in equipage, or attire, but moves from place to place, with as much simplicity and unostentation as the plainest cultivator of the soil. From youth to the present period, his whole life has been devoted to the service of his country. Although elevated to the highest post of honor known to the Constitution, with his great intellect, and vast acquirements, yet this man readily attends to the smallest matters, with the utmost precision, regardless of his own comfort or convinience.

A few days ago, a gentleman from the South, travelling to the Eastward, on entering the cars at the lower depot in Baltimore, missed his pocketbook, containing money and valuable papers. Subsequently the pocket-book was found —the facts were stated to ex President Adams, who happened to be in the following train of cars (which left three hours later) who kindly offered to take possession of the package, and endeavor to find the owner.

Punctual to his engagement, on his arrival in Philadelphia, without a moment's loss of time, he left the cars, and under the rays of a burning and withering sun, with the thermometer at 95, he sought and found the owner, and delivered the package without seeking lodging for himself. Such acts of pure benevolence and kindness, are small indeed, but they are characteristic of one of the greatest among living men.—*Baltimore Pat.*

Power of resistance in the Living Skull.—A boy five years old, a son of Mr. Marston, a farmer on Long Island, in the harbor of Boston, fell accidently in following his father by the side of an ox team, with his head exactly in the rut of the forward part of the wheel. Before Mr. Marston could snatch the child from the dreadfully impending danger, a heavy hay cart wheel, having a thick, broad iron tire rolled directly over his child's head—rising up over the space between the crown and the ear, and down to the ground again from the temple.—The agonized father ran with the supposed mutilated, if not dead, body to the house. On examination by the mother, the scalp was found to be cut by the edge of the tire, as though a knife had been drawn over it, yet little or no blood flowed—showing the white bone below.—As no injury of the skull could be detected, she closed the external wound with a simple dressing, which kept the edges in juxtaposition.—The boy exhibited considerable confusion, but it could hardly be called a delirium, and occasionally vomited blood for about a week. He also bled at the mouth and nose. It is plain therefore, that the blood thrown from the stomache, was swallowed from time to time. At the end of six days the little fellow was quite restored, and we rarely see a finer specimen of robust, juvenile health and happiness, than in the person of this hard-headed boy. A wheel of half the weight, rooled over a dry skull, would have ground it to powder. To the admirable carpentry of the bones of the head, presenting inimitable strength in every direction, together with the resistance of the living principle, vitality, which is only known by its name, are we to look for the preservation of this child.—*Boston Med. & Surgical Journal.*

National Characteristics.—"England," the Temps (Paris paper) observes, "is a vast manufactory, a great laboratory, universal counting house. France is a rich farm, tending to turn itself to a manufactory. Germany is an uncultivated field, because they are philosophers and not peasants who till it. Southern Italy is a village in ruins. Belgium is a forge. Holland is a canal. Sweden and Denmark are carpenters' yards. Poland is a sand heath. Russia is an ice house. Switzerland is a chalet. Greece is a field in the state of nature. Turkey is a field fallow. India is a gold mine. Egypt is a workshop for apprentices. Africa is a furnace. Algiers is a nursery-ground. South America is a store. North America is a till full. Spain is a till empty.

A Royal Example.—A noble lord not particularly remarkable for his observance of holy ordinances, arrived at Windsor, not a month ago, late one Saturday night. 'I have brought down for your Majesty's inspection,' he said, some papers of importance, but as they must be gone into at length, I will not trouble your majesty with them to night—but request your attention to them to-morrow morning.' 'To morrow morning!' repeated the Queen, to-morrow is Sunday, my Lord!'—'But business of state, please your majesty!'—'Must be attended to, I know,' replied the Queen: 'and as of course you could not come down earlier to-night, I will, if those papers are of such vital importance, attend to them after we come from church to-morrow morning.'

To church went the Royal party; to church went the noble Lord—and, much to his surprise the sermon was on 'the duties of the Sabbath!'—'How did your Lordship like the sermon?' inquired the young Queen. 'Very much, your majesty,' replied the nobleman, with the best grace he could. 'I will not conceal from you,' said the Queen,' that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we all shall be the better for it. The day passed without a single word 'on the subject of the 'papers of importance'—'which must be gone into at length.' His Lordship was—as he always is—graceful and entertaining, and at night, when her majesty was about to withdraw, 'To-morrow morning, my Lord,' she said, at any hour you please—as early as seven if you like—we will go into these papers. His Lordship could not think of intruding at so early an hour on her Majesty—'nine would be quite time enough.'—'As they are of importance,' said the Queen, 'my Lord, I would have attended to them earlier, but at nine be it.' And at nine her Majesty was seated to receive the nobleman, who had been taught a lesson on the duties of the Sabbath, it is to be hoped, he will not quickly forget.—*Court Journal.*

Religion.—We pity the man who has no religion in his heart—no high and irresistible yearning after a better and holier existence—who is contented with the sensuality and grossness of earth—whose spirit never revolts at the darkness of its prison house, nor exults at the thought of its final emancipation. We pity him because he affords no evidence of his high origin no manifestation of that prerogative, which render him the delegate lord of the visible creation. He can rank no higher than animal nature—the *spiritual* could never stoop so low. To seek for beastly excitements—to minister with a bountiful hand to depraved and strange appetites—are the attributes of the animal alone.—To limit our hopes and aspirations to this life, and the world, is like remaining forever in the place of our birth without ever lifting the veil of the visible horizon which bent over our infancy.

There is religion in every thing around us; a calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of nature, which man would do well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influence stealing in as it were, upon the heart. It comes quietly and without excitement. It has no terror—no gloom in its approaches. It does not rouse up the passions; it is untrammeled by the creeds and unshadowed by the superstitions of men. It is from the hands of the Author, and growing from the immediate presence of the great spirit which pervades and quickens it. It is written on the arched sky. It looks out from every star. It is on the sailing clouds and in the invisible wind. It is among the hills and valleys of the earth—where the shrubless mountain pierces the thin atmosphere of eternal winter—or where the mighty forest fluctuates before the strong wind, with its dark waves of green foliage. It is spread out like a legible language upon the broad face of the unsleeping ocean. It is the poetry of nature. It is this which lifts the spirit within us, until it is tall enough to overlook the shadows of our place of probation—which breaks, link after link, the chains which bind to materiality, and opens to our imagination a world of spirtual beauty and holiness.—*J. G. Whittier.*

Communication of Contagion from the Brute to the Human Race.—A poor man at Franklin, Ky., lost a cow with a tumor in the throat, skinned it and took it on his horse to the tanner.—The horse died of the same disease and the dogs that ate of the carcase, finally the poor man himself from an ulcer received in his hand.

A Toper's Idea of Temperance.—Temperance is a great virtue, therefore always be moderate in the use of ardent spirits. Six glasses of sling before breakfast are as good as a thousand.

To Housekeepers.—Dip your pudding, as soon as it comes out of the pot, into cold water, and it will not adhere to the bag. It is so stated in one of our exchange papers.

A negro being asked how late it was by his watch, replied, "Sixty-three minits pass hal'f arter twelve; why you no keep a watch you'self?"

A Prodogy.—An honest Hibernian, recommending an excellent milch cow, said that she would give milk year after year without having calves; because it run in the breed, as she came of a cow that *never had a calf!*

Reading.—Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man. You place him in contrrct with the best society in every period of history. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages.—*Sir J. Herschell.*

Tight Lacing.—Mrs. Sigourney thus speaks of the practice—"Our sons hold themselves erect without busk, or corset, or frame work of whale bone. Why should not our daughters also?—Did not God make them equally upright? Yes.—But they have 'sought out many new inventions.'"

Black Marble.—The Utica Observer says some specimens of black marble, bearing a fine polish, and appearing to be quite equal to the best Irish marble, have been found at Oriskany Falls, on the Chenango canal. It is not yet ascertained whether the quarry is extensive, but appearances are favorable.

Black and Blue.—A pretty little brunette of 14, was passing along the streets a few days since, when she was accosted by a strange man, rather worse for liquor, who inquired if her mother was as black as she was. "I believe not," was the reply: "but pray tell me if your father is as blue as you are."

A county apothecary being out for a days shooting, took his errand-boy to carry the game bag. Entering a field of turnips, the dog pointed, and the boy, overjoyed at the prospect of his master's success, exclaimed, "Lor, master, there's a covey; if you get near 'em, won't you *physic em?*" "Physic them! you young rascal, what do you mean?" said the doctor. "Why, kill 'em. to be sure," replied the lad.

Scarcity of Birds.—It has been remarked by those who live in the country and observe the signs of the times, that never in any season have so few birds been about. We have remark the same fact ourselves in riding within a dozen miles of the city, and the probable cause of the decrease is owing to the death-searching spirit of the sportsman who spares neither chipbird nor robin redbreast. The orchard birds are of great value to the farmers, in destroying insects, but are of little or no use to the sportsman and to kill a bird for mere idle sport is indeed cruel.—*Boston Post.*

The Gazette of Arch, of the 15th of June, published the following singular fact, which may interests our students in Physiology:—"Dommic Balas, an unfortunate inmate of the Alms House, has neither drunk nor eaten for seventy days. He received yesterday the visit of all the physicians of the town. He does not speak, but answers properly, by gestures, all the questions put to him. His pulse is very weak, but he walks with a steady pace, and there is every reason to suppose, that, even if he should continue his absolute abstinence, he may yet live a long time."—*Amide la Religion.*

MARRIED,

At Paisley, Renhew Shire, Scotland, on the 4th June last, by the Rev. J. McNaughtan, Mr. Andrew Weddell, of Govard, to Martha, second daughter of Mr. James Hope, Paisley.

In this city, on the evening of the 30th ult., by the Rev. Mr. O'Reilly, Mr. Edward Jennings, to Miss Rosanna, eldest daughter of James O'Reilly; all of this city.

In Mendon, on Thursday, the 2d inst., by the Rev, Mr. Stone, Mr. George B. McBride, to Miss Elma A. Burt, all of Mendon.

In Penfield, on the 7th. instant, by Rev. H. R. Carpenter, Mr. William Shoger, to Miss Mary Leonard, all of Penfield.

In this city, on Thursday Morning, by the Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. Henry Stanton, to Miss Susan Walker.

TRUTH MORE STARTLING THAN FICTION.

In New Orleans crime has stalked abroad unpunished, more than in most cities of our Union. Cool murder committed in duels, of course is never enquired after, and assassinations have been repeated, and with peculiar impudence and carelessness of detection, for detection has seldom terminated in merited punishment. There are two classes of persons who may more especially get wisdom from the following story, and the general history of crime in New Orleans. First, the advocates of duelling, who say that duelling is the only preventive of assassination. It seems here that the rule fails, and it fails every where, for duelling and assassination will always flourish together, and neither of them can be effectually suppressed without suppressing both. The other class is those who think that life is never to be taken for life. Who consider the declaration of the author of life as superannuated from its great age, or from its having been altered without the benefit of modern discoveries in moral philosophy, and that now it should read, whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man his blood shall not be shed. What code of kindness can soften such hearts as are described below? It is the hope of immunity from the halter which emboldens and congregates them in New Orleans.—*Jour. Com.*

From the N. O. Bee, July 21.

MURDER OF GESPI BARBA.

A few days since, a crime as atrocious in its conception as it was revolting in its execution, was perpetrated in the parish of St. Bernard. The mere outlines of this horrible murder have been previously given, but diligent enquiry having since put us in possession of all the circumstances connected with the affair, we hasten to lay them before our readers.

Fifteen days before the commission of the murder, one of the accused, named John O'Niell, repaired to the house of one Welsh, who is likewise an accomplice, and asked for lodgings.—Some days after, he returned to Welsh's accompanied by Michael Tolls, who had arrived recently from Mobile, and requested Welsh to accommodate him. Two days subsequently Tobin, one of the accused, passed opposite Welsh's house, in which O'Niell, Welsh and Tolls were at the time. One of them exclaimed "here is Tobin," and Tolls crossed the street and followed him.

Soon after this occurrence, Tobin presented himself to Welsh, and after taking a glass of grog, requested him also to furnish him with lodgings, declaring that he did not wish to live any longer with O'Niell. Welsh wished to know the reason. Tobin replied that O'Neill had purchased twenty-five calves' heads from a man whom he had induced to bring them to the Port of Orleans, and that he after selling them, had run away without paying for them. He, Tobin, did not wish to be implicated in this business.

In fine, Tobin, O'Neill and Tolls resided together at the deponent's during some days O'Neill and Tolls went out every evening. One night Welsh saw them enter with a white jacket, hat and other articles of clothing. He asked them how they had been obtained? The reply was, that they had lost $300 by their negligence, but that meeting an individual on the road, they had vented their anger on him and had *flaxed him.* Tobin, it must be observed, never left the house without *a bar of iron,* which he carefully hid within his sleeve.

Eight days before the murder, Welsh, Tobin, O'Neill and Tolls were seated on the staircase in the house. They complained of business, and O'Neill observed that *times were so hard that he was then worth less then on his arrival in New Orleans.* He then continued as follows:

"Some time ago, I went with Adams to a Spaniard's house; the negro who waited on us with something to drink, informed us that there was *a trunk* under his master's bed, so heavy that it required three men like himself to raise it, when the floor was scoured. Adams told me that he knew the negro, as he had concealed him in his house at one time during three successive days.

"The best means of doing the business," continued O'Neill, "will be to visit the spot in a carriage, and there to take all the necessary steps."

After some deliberation, it was decided that O'Neill should go and hire a carriage. This was done. He returned to Welsh's house at 8 o'clock in the morning, and the four accomplices repaired to Barba's. Welsh and Tolls left the carriage and went into the Spaniard's house, while O'Neill and Tobin entered the neighboring plantation, and interrogated the inhabitants as to whether they were acquainted with a certain Wilkinson, who, as they pretended, owed them money. On the return of the others, they declared that they had not been enabled to find the individual whom they sought. They then began drinking, and asked the clerk if he could provide dinner for them.—This was done; Welsh paid for their repast. O'Neill then asked for the *old man.* The reply was that he was in bed. "I ask you this question," said O'Neill, "because I have lately arrived on board a flat boat, and have some whiskey for sale." "How do you sell it?" "Forty-five cents a gallon." "I have some cheaper than that," was the answer and there the affair ended. They offered a dollar to the coachman to drive them to the English Turn, but he replied that his horses were too much fatigued. They therefore entered the carriage, and returned immediately to Welsh's.—It was then that they commenced elaborating their infernal project. One of them asured the other that the night was most propitious period for its execution. O'Neall observed, however, that he had already been twice at Barba's, in company with Adams, in a yawl which they had stolen from a ship in New Orleans, but they had invariably found too many people there to enable them to strike the blow. A discussion arose on the subject between the four. O'Neill then proposed a game of cards, saying that the winner would determine whether night or day should be selected. This singular proposal was accepted. Tolls was O'Neill's associate, while Welsh was Tobin's partner. O'Neill was the winner, and the expedition was fixed for the next day; but this time it failed, as the wretches had not yet completed all their preparations, and had not obtained fire arms and other weapons.

On Thursday they had arranged their schemes somewhat better: arms were procured and distributed among them, with the exception of Tolls, who had left them in the morning after an altercation which had occurred between him and O'Neill. The expedition then was composed of five men, to wit, O'Neill, Welsh, Tobin, Adams, and an individual named James Waters The day preceding the perpetration of the crime, Welsh repaired to a stable situated in Girod street between Carondelet and Baronne, and hired a wagon and a saddle horse for the following day.

The next morning Tobin rose at an early hour, purchased some brandy, and declared that it was time to prepare every thing. Six o'clock had just struck. O'Neill next made his appearance, went in search of Adams, and soon returned with him. Tobin was sent for the wagon, but it was refused without previous payment. Welsh gave him 4 dollars, and the wagon was finally obtained. When they had breakfasted, the arms being wrapped up in a cloth, were deposited in the wagon. Welsh alone entered the wagon and drove to the establishment called the Union House in Camp street. The others were already there with a person who proved to be the man called Waters. Welsh was invited to descend and take a drink, after which he re-entered the wagon, and repaired to a stable in St. Charles street. The band were there already. Two horses more were hired, and Welsh left in company with Tobin as far as the rail road. They all met once more at the cotton press, and stopped again near the Barracks to drink. At about half a mile from Barba's house, they once more halted and divided the arms. They left one horseman's pistol in the wagon which was too large for convenience. They then started, leaving Tobin and Welsh only in the wagon. At a small distance from Barba's house, Tobin descended.

Having arrived opposite the Spaniard's dwelling, Tobin, Adams, Waters and O'Neill entered immediately. Welsh dismounted from the wagon at about the distance of a quarter of a mile, and went towards the house. He ordered the negro to bring him something to drink, went and lay down awhile beneath the shade of some trees, then arose and drank a second time. At this moment O'Neill entered Barba's room: Welsh heard the report of a fire arm, while at the same time Adams pushed the negro by the shoulders towards Welsh, crying out, "do you take care of him." Welsh, however, refused, and Adams replied that the death of two persons only was necessary. (He probably alluded to Barba and the young man, as they could have felt but little anxiety with regard to the negro man and woman, knowing their testimony to be valueless.) Waters was then appointed to take care of the negro. The latter, however, escaped almost immediately, and was pursued by Welsh as far as the spot where stood the wagon; Welsh fired at him with a pistol, but missed his aim.

During these events, the clerk, who was behind the counter, attempted to escape, but stumbled and fell near the door. One of the assassins seized him, passed one hand round his throat, and with the other adjusted the muzzle of the pistol on his temples so as to be certain of his aim. At the very instant that he was about to fire, the negro woman, who, hearing the noise, had run forward, armed with an axe, or a shovel, pushed the door violently, which, on opening, struck the villain, and made him stagger back. The young man, who had already escaped one shot, and who was spared so fortunately a second time, profited by the momentary confusion, and fled to the dwelling house of Mr. Ducros. Adams fired at the negro woman, and wounded her slightly.

In the meanwhile the murderers commenced the work of plunder, and secured the *trunk,* which was the object of their cupidity, and the inducement to their crime. They forced it open, but found to their inexpressible disappointment, that it was divided into two compartments, one containing clothing, two dollars, and various objects of little value; the other was carefully closed. They had no time to lose in opening it. The negro and young man had probably given the alarm, and their immediate departure was necessary. They accordingly took to the wagon, but after proceeding some distance, the horse fell from fatigue, and they were obliged to abandon it. Having encountered a negro man who was driving a carriage, they entered it, and were conducted into town as far as the second municipality. But they were not thus destined to evade the stern retribution of offended justice—the police had already received notice of their misdeed, and were on the track of the assassins.

The Captain of the Guard of the Third Municipality, having been informed that the wagon had been left on the road, caused it to be removed and restored to the proprietor, Mr. Hill. The latter, assisted by the guard, repaired the next morning to Welsh's house, and there arrested Tobin. It is somewhat curious that Mr. Hill was ignorant of the murder, and of the supposed connexion of Tobin with its commission. The Captain of the Guard had deemed it more prudent to say nothing on the subject, and Mr. Hill while apprehending an assassin, thought only that he was arresting a debtor. The next day, the Captain of the Guard being told that O'Neill was at Welsh's, went there immediately and had him seized. Welsh himself had been taken previously. A few days after, traces of Adams were discovered, and by dint of constant and active pursuit, this miscreant was arrested in a street in the Lower Fauxbourg, between Morales and Urquhart.

Waters alone escaped. He had obtained possession of two watches, the only articles of which Barba's house was rifled. The sale of these objects will, doubtless, procure him the means of evasion. Such is a simple statement of facts in this atrocious affair. The *sang froid* and habitual ferocity of the assassins were such, that on the very evening of their abortive attempt at robbery and too successful murder, they contemplated the assassination of the Port Warden, who resides at Lake Pontchartrain. Some days before this, they had conceived the design of destroying the Toll keeper, of the Shell road, that leads to the Lake. The citizens are eternally indebted to the sleepless vigilance of the police, which has at length been rewarded by the successful capture of four out of five of these detestable villains. Chance certainly effected much in unveiling misdeeds, for had their horse not fallen through fatigue, they might probably have escaped. They would have returned the horse and wagon to the owner, and the first great link in the chain of circumstantial evidence by which the crime has been traced to

their doors, would have been wanting. Is this, however, chance? We think not. It is rather the special contrivance of an overruling and all-wise Providence, by whose decrees it happens, that guilt, however crafty it may be, usually perpetrates blunders, and exposes itself to detection by its clumsy attempts to escape suspicion. Let no one be fool hardy and impious enough to imagine that the resources of mere human ingenuity will baffle the Divine determination to unmask and punish crime. The history of guilt is but the uninterrupted record of the impotence of all efforts permanently to conceal a violation of that great human and divine enactment—"Thou shalt not kill."

In the present instance facts are encountered which denote a degree of cool audacity and hardened indifference truly demoniacal. The criminals tranquilly make the hour of their victim's assassination depend upon the turn of the card. Their preparations were made with the most wonderful calmness, foresight and premeditation; and on the very evening of the crime, while yet red and reeking with the blood of Barba, they project another scheme of murder, and gloat over the prospect of another victim. Their career of infamy will now, however, be cut short, and sickened humanity will, we trust, soon be rid of the monsters.

We understand the criminals have been claimed by the parish of St. Bernard, that they may be tried in the parish in which the deed was committed.

ANECDOTES OF REV. ZABDIEL ADAMS.

He had attended a funeral one afternoon, and was following the corpse, in rear of the procession to the grave-yard. All of a sudden the procession came to a stand. After a considerable pause, Mr. Adams got impatient, and walked to the bier to know the cause thereof. The pall bearers informed him that a Sheriff from Leominster had attached the body for debt.—This practice was legal at this period. "Attached the body?" exclaimed Mr. A. thumping his cane down with vehemence. "Move on," said he, "and bury the man. I hava made a prayer at a funeral, and somebody must be buried. If the sheriff objects, take *him* up and bury him." The bier was raised without delay, the procession moved on, and the sheriff thought best to molest them no farther; or, in vulgar parlance, made himself scarce.

A parishioner brought a child to him to be baptised. The old parson leaned forward and asked him the name. "Ichabod," says he.—Now Mr. A. had a strong prejudice against this name. "Poh—poh!" says he, "John you mean. John, I baptize thee in the name of," &c.

One Sabbath afternoon, his people were expecting a stranger to preach, whom they were all anxious to hear, and a much more numerous congregation than usual had assembled. The stranger did not come, and of course the people were disappointed. Mr. Adams found himself obliged to officiate, and in the course of his devotional exercise he spoke to this effect. "We beseech thee, oh Lord! for this people, who have come up with itching ears to the sanctuary, that their severe affliction may be sanctified to them for their moral and spiritual good, and that the humble efforts of thy servant may be made, through thy grace, in some measure effectual to their edification," &c.

A parishioner—one who did not sit down and count the cost—undertook to build a house, and invited his friends and neighbors to have a frolic with him in digging the cellar. After the work was finished, Mr. Adams happened to pass by, and stopping addressed him thus:—"Mr. Ritter, you have had a frolic, and digged your cellar. You had better have another frolic, and fill it up again." Had he heeded the old man's advice, he would have escaped the misery of pursuit from hungry creditors, and the necessity of resort to a more humble dwelling.

A neighboring minister—a mild, inoffensive man—with whom he was about to exchange, said to him, knowing the peculiar bluntness of his character—"You will find some panes of glass broken in the pulpit window, and possibly you may suffer from the cold. The cushion, too is in a bad condition; but I beg of you not to say any thing to my people on the subject: they are poor," &c. "Oh no!—oh no!" said Mr. Adams. But ere he left home he filled a bag with rags, and took it with him. When he had been in the pulpit a short time, feeling somewhat incommoded by the too free circulation of air, he deliberately took from the bag a handful or two of rags, and stuffed them into the window. Towards the close of the discourse, which was more or less upon the duties of a people toward their clergyman, he became very animated, and purposely brought down both fists with a tremendous force upon the pulpit cushion. The feathers flew in all directions, and the cushion was pretty much used up. He instantly checked the current of his thought, and simply exclaiming—"Why, how these feathers fly!"—proceeded. He had fulfilled his premise of not addressing the society on the subject, but had taught them a lesson not to be misunderstood. On the next Sabbath the window and cushion were found in excellent repair.

The foregoing anecdotes illustrate the remarkable independence and fearlessness of Mr. Adams and the degree of influence which the clergy exerted in his day. The following anecdote is characteristic of the man, but is of a different stamp:

One night he put up at the house of Mr. Emerson, the minister of Hollis. Now his host, as was the general custom, took a glass of bitters every morning; and it so happened that they were in the closet of the chamber where Mr. Adams slept. With the morning came his craving for his bitters. He did not wish to disturb Mr. A., but he was very anxious to get his bitters, and try he must—so he opened the door softly, and crept slyly to the said closet. Mr. Adams heard him, but wishing to know what he would be at, pretended to be asleep. As soon as he had secured the prize and was about making his escape, Mr. A. broke the profound silence of the apartment with this exclamation: "Brother Emerson, I have always heard you was a very pious man—much given to your *closet* devotions—but I never caught you at them before." "Pshaw—pshaw!" replied his friend, who made for the door and shut it as soon as he cleverly could.—*Christian Register.*

MOST EXCELLENT.

We lately came across, says the Boston Journal, the following account, in an old paper, of a "domestic celebration" of the 4th of July.

My Celebration.—Conformably to the custom of the country, we celebrated the *Fourth of July* at our house with every possible demonstration of joy; an account of which I beg you to publish in the following words:

At 12 o'clock at noon my wife and I assembled in the drawing room, and she commenced the ceremonies of the day by reading the "Declaration of Independence," which was allowed by all present to have been done with due "emphasis and discretion." I then, agreeably to appointment, proceeded to deliver "an oration," suited to the occasion, which, altho' my wife did not, as is usual in such cases, request a copy for the press, I will send you for publication, as soon as I can prepare a copy. After the oration, we moved in procession to the dining room, where we set down to a dinner served up by our cook in the handsomest style. I took the head of the table, as president, and was assisted by my wife as vice president, where mid the luxuries of the season and flowing cups, we enjoyed "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," in the following sentiments, while "the scene was enlivened by the music" of my wife's tongue.

1. Our Union—esto prepetua respublica matrimoniae—and my it never be embittered by "party spirit." Music—Begone dull care.

2. The State we live in—may it be blessed with a numerous and virtuous population.—Music—Lullaby.

3. Domestic Manufactures—music—song, "My spinning wheel."

4. The HEROES who died—*for love.* Music—Yankee Doodle.'

VOLUNTEERS.

By me.—Good memories to all married ladies.

By my wife.—Good manners to all married gentlemen. Music—song—"Come, come, a truce to jealousness."

By me.—Our honey-moon—a boisterous morning is often succeeded by a pleasant evening.—Music—'Smiles and tears.'

By my wife.—A health to all indulgent husbands—(to which I added) and *obedient wives.* Music—song—"Was ever such vexations."

After my wife had withdrawn, I gave:—My Wife—the fairest of the 'American fair." Music—song—'The home of my heart.'

Duration of the Life of Man.—The Times gives the following translation of an article on this subject, taken by Le Courier, des Etats Unis, from the Revue Britannique:

In the many articles that we have devoted to this interesting question, we have demonstrated that the mean life of man is greater now than formerly. In France, it is 32 years; in England it is 32 for the men and 34 for the women; in Belgium it is 32; but this number varies greatly according to locality. In cities or large towns the mean life of man is from 29 to 24; whilst in the country, this number reaches to 31, 97. The life of women is subject to the same accidents.

In cities or towns, the mean term 20 to 28, whilst in the country, this number reaches to 32, 95. Long life in man depends as will be seen, in part upon the nature of the places that he inhabits; it also depends upon the nature of their professions or business. An individual whose profession, business or employment is painful or fatiguing to excess, will sooner arrive at the last term than he who does not abuse his constitution. Thus, the mortality of the negroes of the English colonies, relatively to the negroes who serve in the English army, is in the proportion of 5 or 6 black slaves over every one free man. But let us see by the following table what are the professions most proper to conduce longevity in man:

Professions.	Number of persons, 100 of whom attained their 70th year in the professions opposite.
Theologians	42
Agriculturlists	40
Traders, Manufacturers	36
Soldiers	32
Clerks	32
Lawyers	29
Artists	28
Professors	27
Doctors	24

According to this table it will be seen that the most favorable profession to longevity, is a sedentary life, which is not exposed to any excess.

Another writer prepared a European table, in which is found the names of 1,000 individuals, men and women, who lived from 100 to 110 years.

227	from	110	to	120	years
81	"	120	"	130	do
36	"	130	"	140	do
7	"	140	"	150	do
3	"	150	"	160	do
2	"	163	"	170	do
2	"	170	"	175	do
1	"		"	180	do

These examples of longevity are not confined to Europe. The Cenobities of Mount Sinai frequently attain the age of 110 to 120 years.* In Syria, in Barbary, in Arabia and Persia, we find that a great number of the natives have exceeded their 100th year. At Philadelphia, M. C. Colleret died at the age of 120, leaving a widow aged 115, with whom he had lived 99 years. In South Carolina, M. Solomon Scricel, who emigrated thither in 1596, at the age of 18, died at the age of 143. Mrs. Judith Crawford died at Jamaica, at the age of 150, in the most perfect possession of her intellectual faculties! and at St. Helena, under a burning tropical sun, Mrs. Elizabeth Honorio Frances Lamb, died lately at the age of 110, leaving 160 children and grand children—she had been married 8 times.

* They live almost entirely upon plainly cooked vegetables.

Boasting.—A man boasting of his honesty, is generally a rogue—of his courage, generally a coward—of his riches, generally not wealthy—of his democracy, generally an aristocrat—of his intimacy with great men, generally despised by those who may chance to know him—of his wit, popularity and high standing, always a fool.

The Widows of Sailors.—The number of women now living, left widows by sailors in Barnstable, Mass. is 941. Such are the dangers of those who go upon the "deep, deep, sea," for a living.

Elder Isaac M. Walter, of this city, has in the last three years, united in the holy bands of matrimony, *six hundred and thirty-five couple!* This is doing much for the happiness of man.—*N. Y. Whig.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.

EVENING MUSINGS.

" Blind fortune you know is a niggardly dame,
Except where she just takes a notion."

Why should we complain of dame fortune's decrees,
And murmur and fret and repine?
I'll not be unhappy nor murmur in vain,
While health, peace and plenty, are mine.

What though I'm not blest with profusion of wealth,
Nor am ranked by the vain, with the great,
Though I wear not the warrior's laureate crown,
Nor share in the honors of state?

Is wealth the kind giver of happiness pure,
The Alchymist's stone so long sought?
Are peace and contentment, and freedom from care,
By silver and gold to be bought?

Can riches, or honors protect us from ill,
From envy, from calumny's blight?
Do always the wealthy misfortunes pass by,
And all things but give them delight?

If I've but enough of the goods of this life,
To secure me with prudence from want,
Why should I repine or admit discontent,
And say that my pleasures are scant?

If honor is mine, and pure virtue of heart,
And innocence dwells in my breast;
Why should not content make my bosom her home,
And freedom from care give me rest?

If I can but share the esteem of the good,
Who surround me, and best can bestow,
The tribute of praise, if I merit the boon,
Or soften the moments of wo.

Why should I e'er strive for the trumpet of fame,
A bubble which bursts and is gone?
Or suppose we retain the applause of the crowd,
It ceases to please us anon.

I'll seek my contentment from goodness above,
The affection of friends to possess
(I'll strive to obtain it) shall be my delight,
These only can give us true bliss.

And those who may seek it in wealth or renown,
Can never their wishes obtain.
Then let desire to have happiness ours,
And seek it no longer in vain.

And since on ourselves our whole fortune depends,
To make our life happy or not;
Let peace, love, and virtue, be ever our aim,
Contentment will then be our lot.

RINALDO.

Written for the Gem.

THE DESERTED BRIDE.

I knew her in her early youth,
The bright, the beautiful, the gay,
With heart all love, and hope, and truth,
And cheek like blooming flowers of May,
When happy bosoms gaily met,
And sported in youth's sunny hour,
That blooming cheek, that eye of jet—
Could ought resist their matchless power?

I saw her in the bridal hall,
Fresh roses wreath'd upon her brow,
And murm'ring came glad sounds from all,
" She will—she will be happy now!"
And hearts were plighted, vows were given,
And hope sat smiling on each mien,
And streaming eyes looked up to Heaven,
And prayed for that young bride, Aileen!

But think you when short years were flown,
He could forget that gentle bride,
That truth and feeling all were gone,
And thrown those solemn vows aside?
Go mark her in her lonely cot,
Where sorrow broods, and pleasure flies,
Go ask her of her hapless lot,
And hear the answer in her sighs.

Go tell her of her brighter days,
When joy with flowerets strewed her way,
And see the tears each other chase,
On cheeks that shall no more be gay.
She had not wrong'd in word or thought,
Nor breath'd complaint against him even—
But mourned alone her widow'd lot,
And ceas'd to love him never—never!

Is there in man a faith like this?
Is ought so pure below, above,
In hours of sadness or of bliss,
As woman's heart, and woman's love?
No—when deserted, sad, and drear,
When starts unask'd the deep drawn sigh,
When all are false and faithless here,
Her task is yet to *love*—and *die!*

E. W. H. E.

Written for the Gem.

SONG FOR CUPID.

Oh Cupid's the waywardest boy below!—
Sweet maiden why rushes
That softest of blushes
To dance o'er that cheek and that brow of snow?
I know—I know.
But Cupid—young Cupid has a prank to play—
Thy lover shall whisper another—to-day
Who shall list to his wild
With an answering smile,
So blush no more maiden, blush no more so
For Cupid's the waywardest boy below.

Oh Cupid's the waywardest boy below!
Say, minstrel, why chanting,
That happy fond ranting
To the rocks ever wearied with love long ago?
I know—I know.
But Cupid, young Cupid shall play thee a trick,
Thy love for another lies now fancy sick,
And cares not a wit
For thy verse moving fit.
So chant no more, minstrel, chant no more so,
For Cupid's the waywardest boy below.

H. L. B.

Elizabethtown, 1838.

THE DAUGHTER'S REQUEST.

My father, thou hast not the tale denied—
They say that ere noon to-morrow,
Thou wilt bring back a radiant and smiling bride
To our lonely house of sorrow.
I should wish thee joy of thy coming bliss,
But tears are my words suppressing;
I think on my mother's dying kiss,
And my mother's parting blessing.

Yet to-morrow I hope to hide my care,
I will still my bosom's beating,
And strive to give to thy chosen fair
A kind and courteous greeting.
She will heed me not, in the joyous pride
Of her pomp, and friends, and beauty;
Ah! little need has a new-made bride
Of a daughter's quiet duty.

Thou gavest her costly gems, they say,
When thy heart first fondly sought her;
Dear father, one nuptial gift I pray,
Bestow on thy weeping daughter,
My eye even now on the treasure falls,
I covet and ask no other,
It has hung for years on our ancient walls—
'Tis the portrait of my mother.

To-morrow, when all is in festal guise,
And the guests our rooms are filling,
The calm meek gaze of those hazel eyes
Might thy soul with grief be thrilling,
And a gloom on thy marriage banquet cast,
Sad thoughts of their owner given,
For a fleeting twelve-month scarce has passed,
Since she mingled with the living.

If thy bride should weary or offend,
That portrait might awaken feelings
Of the love of thy fond departed friend,
And its sweet and kind revealings;
Of her mind's commanding force unchecked
By feeble or selfish weakness,
Of her speech, where dazzling intellect
Was softened by christian meekness.

Then, father, grant that at once to-night,
Ere the bridal crowd's intrusion,
I remove this portrait from thy sight
To my chamber's still seclusion;
It will nerve me to-morrow's dawn to bear,
It will beam on me protection,
When I ask of Heaven, in my faltering prayer,
To hallow thy new connexion.

Thou wilt waken, father, in pride and glee,
To renew the ties once broken,
But naught upon earth remains to me,
Save this sad and silent token.
The husband's tears may be few and brief,
He may woo and win another,
But the daughter clings, in unchanging grief,
To the image of her mother!

From the Baltimore Transcript.

CITY LYRICS.

AIR—" Some love to Roam."

Some love strong rum or the ale's white foam,
When the bung-hole whistles free;
And for right good cheer some tipple beer,
But the limped stream for me.
To the forest shade or the mountain glade,
So cheerily forth I go,
To drink my fill at the gurgling rill,
When the sun is sinking low.

In the stream I dip my glowing lip,
And the cooling draught pours in;
I ask no spring of brandy sling,
Or toddy made of gin.
For what Nature gave I only crave,
The fount that gurgles free;
The greenwood trees, a cooling breeze,
And a limped stream for me.

BENEDICK.

A STRING OF PEARLS.

The following lines to " Memory" are exquisite.—They are by Miss Landon:

Oh, Memory! thou murmurer
Within Joy's broken shell:
Why have I not, in losing all,
Lost thee as well?

Pinckney, the American poet, speaking of the never-forgotten image of his mistress, says:

Still sweet it looks, as when the hours
Went by like flights of singing birds,
Or that soft chain of spoken-flowers
And airy-gems, thy words!

Some lines are going the rounds of the newspapers, addressed " To a lovely false woman," which are very pretty:

A woman, with a beaming face,
But with a heart untrue,
Though beautiful, is valueless
As diamonds form'd of dew!

Halleck has spoken very sweetly of Burns, in the annexed lines:

Praise to the bard—his words are driven
Like flower-seeds by the far wind sown,
Where'er beneath the sky of heaven
The birds of Fame have flown!

In the beautiful " Song of Time," may be found the four lines that follow. They are full of meaning:

Where commenced my wanderings?
Memory cannot say;
Where shall rest my weary wings?
Science turns away.

McDonald Clarke has four lines of great beauty that are well worth remembering. They run thus:

And then her little pouting lips,
Two roses on a maiden stem;
How many sad and secret trips
Will memory take to visit them?

We shall conclude this little string of pearls by selecting one more, not exceeded in beauty by any of the foregoing. It is as delicate a compliment as ever was paid " to a poet:"

A nameless grace is round thee,
A something, too refined
To be described, yet must be felt
By all of human kind.
Thine is the rainbow of the heart
That cannot be defined.

THE DANCING GIRL REPOSING.

On one of three Statues of Dancing Girls, by Canova.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

From the Forget Me Not, for 1836.

There is a shadow in her eye,
A languor on her frame:
The spirit that, so bright and high,
Shot upward—like the flame
Which withers in its wild caress,
And dies amid its own excess—
Has wearied with its full delight,
And fallen from its fiery flight;
And she is still a bird-like thing—
A bird, but with a broken wing!

And thus—oh! thus it still must be
With human hopes and wings,
That leave too far and soaringly,
Their own allotted springs—
That—like the boy of Greece—lure on
The trusting hearts that wear them,
And melt before the very sun
To which their feathers bear them!
Oh! thus with human feelings all!—
The song that saddens while we sing,*
The censers in the festive hall—
That darken, from the light they fling,
That waste the more, the more they warm,
And perish of their perfumed charm
Are types of earth's each frail delight,—
That cast their feathers in their flight—
Or on their own sweet substance prey,
And burn their precious selves away!

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* No singer need be told how surely—if the chord be struck, before commencing a song, for the purpose of pitching the voice, and again touched at the close—the voice will be found to have drooped; or, at all events, how difficult it is to keep it up to the same pitch for any length of time.

SONG.—BY A DIFFIDENT MAN.

Oh, 'tis a fact, I'm a diffident man,
For I start at the sight of a belt or a curl,
And I stammer as badly as any one can
When I try to converse with a g—g—g—

Give me a sight of a damsel afar,
And I wish that I could just handle her glove,
But when I come near so bewitching girls are,
I never can talk about—l—l—l—

Love I would talk, the next time we should meet,
And a thousand most excellent things I have planned;
But my awe-stricken eye would drop down to her feet,
And I dared not touch her lovely white h—h—h—

Honest I was and most ardent no doubt,
And my face must have imaged it well;
For somehow or other she found it all out,
The thing which I never could t—t—t—!

CHORUS—Then here's to our diffident friend who has sung,
And let every suitor, moreover,
Put as much of a clog on his t—t—t—
'Twill make him a fortunate lover.

LINES TO MISS ELLEN TREE.

BY J. Q. ADAMS.

'Tis Nature's witchery attracts the smile;
'Tis her soft sorrows that our tears beguile;
Nature to thee her fairest gift imparts:
She bids thee facinate, to win all hearts—
The wife, the queen, the wayward child we see,
And fair perfection, all abide with thee.

Washington, 22d June, 1838.

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MISCELLANY.

CHARLOTTE MARGUERITTE DE MONTMORENCI,

Princess of Conde, and sister of the Great Conde.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH CHRONICLES, FOUNDED ON FACT. BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

'I fear,' said he, in a low voice, 'that you have been compelled to do violence to your feelings in signing that contract.'

These were the first words that Conde had ever addressed to his beautiful *fiancee*, and there was a deep and tender melody in the rich but melancholy tones of of his voice, that thrilled to her heart not less strangely than the penetrating glances of his fine dark eyes had previously done.

'I shall not hate him quite so much as I thought I should,' was her mental response to this considerate question; but instead of answering the prince with reciprocal frankness, she replied with some *hauteur*,

'I am not accustomed to do any thing on compulsion, Monsieur.'

It was now Conde's turn to sigh—he did so from the bottom of his heart; and Charlotte felt angry with herself for the perverseness which had prompted her to repel his first advances towards a confidential understanding.

A ball succeeded the banquet. The Prince de Conde did not dance, though reminded that courtly etiquette required that he should at least tread one measure with his bride elect; and Charlotte found a more gallant if not a more suitable partner, in her admiring sovereign, with whom she once more danced the graceful *pavon*, and bounded, with flying feet, through the light *courant*, heedless of the grave looks of disapprobation with which her vivacious enjoyment of her favorite amusement was regarded by him to whom her hand was now plighted.

An early day had been fixed by the king for the nuptials of Bassompiere and Mademoiselle d'Aumale. Charlotte expressed a wish that her marriage should precede theirs, and, in the mean time, the Prince de Conde availed himself of the privilege of a betrothed lover, in passing much of his time at the hotel de Montmorenci; but when there, his attention appeared more engrossed by the parents and the youthful brother of his fiancee, than by herself. In conversation with them, the 'shy reserved boy of Conde,' as Henri Quatre was accustomed to call his studious cousin, could be eloquent, graceful, and even witty. He possessed talents of the finest order; his mind had been highly cultivated, and there was sound sense and beautiful morality in every thing he said. Charlotte, seated at her tapestry frame, beside her mother, could not help listening, at first with girlish curiosity, but, by degrees, with profound attention, to the observations which he addressed to her brother on the course of history he was reading; and when she saw his pale cheek kindling with the bloom of virtuous and heroic feeling, and his dark penetrating eyes beaming with intellectual brightness, she blushed at the thought that those eyes should have witnessed so much vanity and frivolity in herself.

Sometimes she felt mortified that he addressed so little of his conversation to her; and then without reflecting that she had chilled and repelled him in the first instance, she was piqued into haughty imitation of his reserve, when alone with him; and when surrounded by the gay crowd of her courtly admirers, she endeavored, by the exercise of coquetry, to shake his equanimity, and provoke him either into a quarrel, or an acknowledgment of love.

She was convinced that he had ceased to regard her with indifference; for she had more than once detected his lustrous dark eyes fixed upon her with that intense expression of passionate feeling, which can never be mistaken by its object: yet he had resolutely refrained from giving to that feeling words; and it seemed hard to the most beautiful girl in France, that she should be wedded, unwooed by him of all others, from whom she most desired to hear the language of love.

'If I could but once see this youthful stoic at my feet, I should feel prouder of that triumph, than of all the homage that has been offered to me this night by "him of the white plume," and his gallant peers,' sighed Charlotte to herself, as she was returning from the last ball at the Louvre at which she was to appear as Mademoiselle de Montmorenci. It was the most brilliant she had ever attended, and though on the eve of her bridal, Charlotte ventured on the hazardous experiment of exciting the jealousy of her betrothed. She succeeded only too well, and Conde, unable to conceal his emotion, quitted the royal saloon at an early hour. All the interest that the beautiful and admired Mademoiselle de Montmorenci had taken in the gay scene, departed with the pale agitated stripling, whom every one present suspected of being the object of her aversion; and pleading a headach to excuse her from fulfilling her engagement of dancing a second time with the king, she retired almost immediately afterward.

On entering her own apartment her [illegible]ndant presented her with a billet. It was from the Prince de Conde—the first he had ever addressed to her.

To every woman of sensibility it is delightful to see her name traced, for the first time, by the object of her secret regard. Who can describe the sweet suspense of that agitating moment which must intervene ere the seal can be broken, and the thrilling mystery unfolded? Alas! for Charlotte de Montmorenci! Her recent conduct rendered her feelings on this occasion the very reverse of those blissful emotions. Her color faded, her knees shook, and it was with difficulty that her agitated hand could open the letter. It contained only these words;—

'CHARLOTTE DE MONTMORENCI,

'Late as it may be when you receive this, I must see you before you retire to rest. You will find me in the east saloon.

'HENRI DE CONDE.'

'Not even the common forms, unmeaning though they be, which courtesy requires, observed in this his first, his only communication to me!' thought Mademoiselle de Montmorenci, as she crushed the paper together in her hand. She turned her eyes upon the dial that surmounted her tall dressing glass—it still wanted five minutes to midnight. Those five minutes decided her destiny. She took the silver lamp from the toilet, and dismissing her damsel, repaired to the appointed trysting-place; then unclosing the door with a tremulous hand, she stood before Conde so pale, that when he caught the first glimpse of her deeply-shadowed reflection in the cold glossy surface of the mirrored panel, opposite to which he was standing, he absolutely started; so different did she look from the sparkling animated beauty whom he had left, scarcely an hour ago, leading off the dance with royalty in the glittering saloons of the Louvre. Conde had, in fact, neither anticipated her early return home, nor the prompt attention she had paid to his somewhat uncourteous summons; far less was he prepared for indications of softness and sensibility, where he had expected to encounter only coldness and pride. He advanced a step—one step only—to meet her; then paused, and silently awaited her approach. The glance which Charlotte ventured to steal as she placed her lamp on the marble table at which he stood, revealed to her the air of stern resolve with which his lofty brow was compressed; the only trace of the passionate emotion that had so recently shaken his firm spirit, was a slight redness about his eyes.

'Charlotte de Montmorenci,' said he, addressing her in a low deep voice, 'I hold in my hand the contract of our betrothment. That contract was signed by you with evident reluctance, and it will cost you no pain to cancel it.' He paused, and fixed his dark penetrating eyes on her face as if to demand an answer.

Charlotte tried to speak, but there was a convulsive rising in her throat that prevented articulation. The glittering carcanet that encircled her fair neck appeared at that moment to oppress her with an insufferable weight, and to have suddenly tightened almost to suffocation. She drew a deep inspiration, and raising her trembling hands, essayed to unloose the clasp, but in vain. It seemed to her that the hysterical emotion that oppressed her was occasioned by the weight of this costly ornament and its rich appendages, and that her life depended on her instant release from their pressure; and after a second ineffectual attempt to unclasp the jewelled circlet, she actually turned an imploring glance for help upon the real cause of her distress. Conde's assistance was promptly accorded; but either through the intricacy of the spring, or his inexperience in all matters relating to female decorations, or, it might be, that he was at that moment not less agitated than his pale and trembling *fiancee*, his attempts to unclasp the carcanet were as unsuccessful as her own. When thus employed, her silken ringlets were unavoidably mingled with his dark locks; and more than once his brow came in contact with her polished cheek: and when at last, by an effort of main strength, he succeeded in bursting the fastening of the jewelled collar, she sank with a convulsive sob into the arms that were involuntarily extended to receive her. For the first time, Conde held that form of perfect loveliness to his bosom, and forgetful of all the stern resolves that had, for the last few hours, determined him to part with her forever—forgetful of pride, anger, jealousy, and reason itself, he covered her cold forehead with passionate kisses, and implored her, by every title of fond endearment, to revive. Those soothing words, those tender caresses, recalled her to a sweet but agitating consciousness; and when she perceived on whose breast she was supported, a burst of tears relieved her full heart, and she sobbed with the vehemence of a child that cannot cease to weep even when the cause of its distress has been removed.

'Speak but one word,' cried Conde. 'Have I occasioned this emotion—these tears?'

Charlotte could not speak, but her silence was eloquent.

'Nay, I must be told, in explicit terms, that you love me,' cried Conde; 'it is a point on which I dare not suffer myself to be deceived.'

'Mighty fine!' said the fair Montmorenci, suddenly recovering her vivacity, and smiling through her tears; 'and so you have the vanity to expect that I am to reverse the order of things, and play the wooer to you, for your more perfect satisfaction, after you have informed me of your obliging intention of cancelling our contract of betrothment.'

'Ah, Charlotte!' if you did but know how much I have suffered before I could resolve to resign the happiness of calling you mine!'

'Well, if you are resolved, I have no more to say,' rejoined Charlotte proudly, extricating herself from his arms.

'But I have,' said Conde, taking her by both

her hands, which he retained in spite of one or two perverse attempts to withdraw them. 'Fie, this is childish petulance!' cried he, pressing them to his lips; 'but my sweet Charlotte, the moment is passed for trifling on either side. These coquetries might have cost us both only too dear.' His lip quivered with strong emotion as he spoke, and the large tears stole from under the downcast lashes of Mademoiselle de Montmorenci. 'We have caused each other much pain for the want of a little candor,' pursued he.

'Why, then, did you not tell me that you loved me?' whispered Charlotte.

'Because I dared not resign my heart into your keeping before I was assured that I might trust you with my honor.'

'Oh, heavens!' exclaimed Charlotte, becoming very pale; 'and is it possible that you could doubt?'

'Charlotte, I was too well acquainted with the king's character to behold the undisguised manifestations of his passion for my affianced bride with indifference. The attentions of a royal lover were flattering, I perceived, to the vanity of a young and beautiful woman. The complacency with which they were at times received, and my knowledge of the motives which induced the king to break your first engagement with Bassompierre, were sufficient to alarm a man of honor,' said Conde, with a darkening brow.

'You are talkng in enigmas, Henri de Conde,' rejoined Mademoiselle de Montmorenci.

'If you are ignorant of the fact, that Henri of France separated you from his handsome favorite because he feared that such a husband would be a formidable rival to himself, no one else is; for Bassompierre has made the particulars of his sovereign's conversation with him on that subject too public for it to remain a matter of doubt. You look incredulous, Charlotte, but you shall hear the very words in which the king made this audacious declaration—"I am myself," said he to Bassompierre, "madly in love with your beautiful Montmorenci."'

'Ha! did he, a married man, dare to make such an acknowledgment?'

'Yes, Charlotte; and, moreover, impudently added: "If she loves you, I shall detest you. You must give up either her or me. You will not of course risk the loss of my favor. I shall marry her to my cousin Conde." Yes, Charlotte, the plain "shy boy of Conde," as he generally styles me, was designed for the honor of being this husband of convenience; but had I known his guileful project at the time when he required me to sign the contract, not all the power of France, nor even the influence of your charms, should have bribed me to subscribe that paper.'

'It is not now irrevocable,' said Charlotte, proudly.

'It is if you are willing to accede to the conditions on which I am ready to join in its fulfilment.'

'Name them.'

'You must see the king no more after our marriage.'

'That will be no sacrifice; and after your communication, I could not look upon him without indignation. How little did I imagine that such baseness could sully the glory of him of whom fame has spoken such bright things!'

'Charlotte, it is his prevailing foible. The sin that was unchecked in his youth, gained strength in middle age, and now amounts to madness. There will be no security to our wedded happiness if we remain in his dominions; but can I ask you to forsake friends and country for me?' said Conde.

'Shall I not find all these things and more also, in the husband of my heart?' returned Charlotte, tenderly.'

'Ah, Charlotte! can you forgive my ungentle doubts?' throwing himself at her feet.

'Yes, for they are proofs of the sincerity of your affection; and had you been less jealous of my honor, I should not have loved you so well,' said she. 'From this hour we are as one; and it will be the happiness of my life to resign myself to your guidance.'

'Then, my sweet Charlotte, I must for the sake of the fading roses on these fair cheeks, dismiss you to your pillow, without further parlance,' returned Conde.

They exchanged a mute caress, and parted. The marriage was celebrated with royal pomp on the following day, at high noon, in the church of Notre Dame. Conde received his lovely bride from the hand of his royal rival; but the king's exultation in the success of his deep-laid scheme, by which he had separated the object of his lawless passion from her first lover, to unite her with one from whom he vainly imagined he should have little to fear, was of brief duration. The nuptial festivities received a sudden interruption on the following morning, in consequence of the disappearance of both bride and bridegroom; and what was stranger still, it was soon discovered that they had eloped together. The good people of Paris were thrown into the most vivacious amazement at an event so entirely without parallel, either in history, poetry, or romance, as the first prince of the blood running away with his own wife; and their astonishment increased when the circumstances of this lawful abduction transpired, by which it appeared that the Prince de Conde, accompanied by his illustrious bride, quitted their chamber an hour before dawn, and that he had actually carried her off, riding behind him on a pillion, disguised in the gray frieze cloak and hood of a farmer's wife.

The enamored king, transported with rage at having been thus outwitted by the boy-bridegroom, gave orders for an immediate pursuit. The wedded lovers were, however, beyond his reach. They had crossed the Spanish frontier before their route was traced, and Philip III. afforded them a refuge in his dominions.

The refusal of that monarch to give up these illustrious fugitives produced a declaration of war from Henri. He was, in fact, so pertinacious in his attempts to obtain possession of the object of his lawless passion, that it was not till after his death that Conde ventured to return with his lovely wife, from the voluntary exile to which they had devoted themselves as a refuge from dishonor. The splendid talents and noble qualities of Henri de Conde obtained for him so distinguished a place in the annals of his country, that the title of the 'Great Conde' would undoubtedly have pertained to him, if the renown of his illustrious son, by Charlotte de Montmorenci, had not, in after years, transcended his own.

History has, with her usual partiality, passed lightly over this dark spot in the character of the gay, the gallant, the chivalric Henri Quatre, and without bestowing a single comment on the lofty spirit of honorable independence that characterized the conduct of his youthful kinsman on this trying occasion; and has left wholly unnoticed the virtue and conjugal heroism of the high born beauty, who nobly preferred sharing the poverty and exile of her husband to all the pomp and distinctions that were in the gift of a royal lover.

From the National Republican.

FEMALE FIDELITY.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

"*Being passages from the Diary of a Country Physician.*"

'Twas on a Sabbath morning in the month of June, 1828; I was summoned to visit a young lady, residing about —— miles distant from the beautiful village of Port E******** in which I then resided.

She was one I had known from infancy, and had long been intimately acquainted with her family.

She was her father's only child, the idol of his aged heart, and the hope and solace of his latter days.

Just entering the seventeenth year, with a mind highly cultivated, and a sensibility alive to every amiable impression; she became a fit object to love and be beloved. Her youth had been past in quietness and seclusion, in a celebrated female seminary at Burlington. Grief and sorrow were unknown to her, and she knew not of the troubles and trials of this weary world of woe. Because Mary was innocent.

The communication I received strongly excited my apprehension; that is without immediate haste, my presence or services would be entirely unavailible.

Accordingly without delay, I was soon approaching the object of my visit.

The light of another day had just begun to dawn upon the world. The calm and quiet hour of morning twilight, when the dark shadows of night are fast mingling with the rays of approaching day. It was that bewitching and enchanting period of time, when all creation seems to feel and acknowledge the supreme and overwhelming power of Omnipotence. All nature smiled in reanimated beauty, paying homage and adoration to Him who is its Divine Creator. Whether the high mountain peak that mingles with the clouds, clothed with eternal snows, or the low sequestered glen beneath carpeted with the verdure of nature; whether the tall sturdy towering oak that decks the forest, or the tiny bird which warbles among its branches; all eloquently proclaim the wisdom and power of that hand, which has been the Author of them all.

A thousand reflections hurried through my mind, as I travelled along the lonely road, which led to the abode of Mary and her aged parents.

Can it be possible thought I again and again, that she whom I had seen so recently, flushed with health and beauty—the charm of cheerfulness upon her family, was now the victim of disease, and probably of Death?

Relentless, cruel Spoiler! how dost thou love to revel and riot among the charms of female loveliness, withering like an early blight the rose that blooms on beauty's cheek; dashing at one fell blow to the grave, all their hopes and expectations here, there to lie, and fade, and perish? How dost thou with thy sturdy foot, love to trample over the fragile forms of those we once loved, but now we can love no more forever.

Indulging in this sad train of melancholy musings, I found I had approached the house without being conscious of the distance passed over. I was soon ushered into the chamber of the sick. There lay the wreck of one, who but a short time since was glowing with health and vigor, exulting in the buoyancy of youth, and the consciousness of existence. Death's dark doings were depicted on her countenance. I advanced to the bed,—she seized my hand with a convulsive grasp (which I can never forget) pressing it with a power as if all her expiring energies at that moment, were concentrated in her fingers; she exclaimed 'Doctor, am I not dying?'

I have not sent for you professionally. I well know it is now too late to derive any benefit from your skill. I have sent for you as an acquaintance, as a friend, and especially so as the esteemed friend of *Frank Woodville*.

You know him, Doctor?

Intimately well, Mary. He is now, I remarked, absent on a visit to his friends in Massachusetts.

Yes, she replied, I know it, and immediately after his return, we were to be united in marriage. 'He is making preparatory arrangements for that joyful event—and I, must make prepation for the sad solemnities of death and the grave, with all their dreary appendages!'

I endeavored to soothe her by stating she might not be so near her end as she apprehended. But if she believed life to be so nearly at its close, her mind and all her affections should be directed and fixed on Him only, who is able and willing to support and sustain you in the hour of affliction and distress.

She bestowed on me an inexpressible look of calmness and composure—a faint smile playing round her mouth—remarking, Doctor, this have I attended to, long before sickness brought my head to this pillow. And I can now say with the Psalmist of old, 'though I walk through the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'

Doctor, I have a few words to say to you, and I feel by increasing weakness that they must be said soon.

Listen carefully and attentively.

With an earnestness of expression which I shall ever remember, she said, you will see Frank Woodville again—I never shall! Tell him I love him dearly and sincerely. *He* has made that avowal times without number. *I* never have.—This has not arisen from a want of affection—but from my youth and the natural diffidence and timidity of my sex.

* * * * * * *

Doctor please to remove this lock of hair.

I immediately separated the large black ringlet which she held in her hand, overshadowing her brow and contrasting beautifully with the marble whiteness of its surface.

Give this to Frank Woodville, and tell him 'a gift from Mary! ** Tell him *I love him!* ** Oh! could I only sound these few short words in his hearing, I would leave the world contentedly, yea, triumphantly. Tell him the last words his dear Mary ever uttered—the last ac-

cent that quivered upon the cold, pulseless lip of Mary, was the endeared name of Frank Woodville!

My feelings had now completely overcome me. I sat beside her with my face concealed with my handkerchief.

She seized my hand again and with a death like grasp, uttered in a feeble indistinct tone, tell F r a n k W o o d——

A momentary pause ensued, I looked around—one short suppressed spasmodic gasp, terminated the struggles of the lovely Mary. All was over. The spirit had fled, and in its flight had left impressed upon her face a beautiful serenity of countenance, a placidness of expression, as if the soul had begun to taste the joys of Heaven, before it had left the clay tenement of earth. * * * *

Should this painful narrative ever meet the eye of Frank Woodville, I fear it will open wounds afresh, which have long been closed, by the soft plastic hand of time, but which never can be cured.

In the course of a fortnight Frank returned, but not to his Mary. His soul was congealed in agony. The preparations for the nuptial knot were thrown aside, for the sad "habiliments of woe." All was sorrow, sadness and distress.—The hand that was to unite him to one, whom he regarded more than all the world beside, was now motionless in the grave; that voice which he had listened to with ecstacy and delight, was now choked in dust. The glowing cheek on which he had so lately imprinted the parting kiss, was now mouldering and mingling with its kindred dust.

All the sad memorial left him in this general wreck of all—was the sacred lock of hair—a mound of earth—and a modest stone; which told him where his Mary lay. L. F. F.

Camden, June, 1838.

MANAGEMENT.

A YANKEE LOVE STORY.

I've hearn folks say that the wimin was contrairy, well they is a leetle so, but if you manage 'em right, hawl in here, and let 'em out there, you can drive 'em along without whip or spur, jest in which way you want 'em to go.

When I lived down at Elton, there was a good many fust rate gals down there, but I didn't take a likin to any on 'em, till squire Cummins cum down there to live. The squire had an almity puty darter. I sed some of the gals was fust rate, but Nancy Cummins was fust rate, and a *leetle* more. There was many dressed finer and looked grander, but there was somethin jam about Nance, that they couldn't hold a candle to. If a feller seed her once, he couldn't look at another gal for a week. I tuk a likin to her right off, and we got as thick as theeves. We used to go to the same meetin and sot in the same pew. It tuk me to find the sarms and hims for her, and we'd swell em out in a manner shockin to hardened sinners; then we'd mosey hum together, while the gals and fellers kept a lookin on as though they'd like to mix in. I'd always stay to supper, and the way she *cood* make injun cakes, and the way I *wood* slick em over with molasses and put em away was nuthin to nobody. She was dreadful civil tew, always gettin sumethin nice for me. I was up to the hub in love, and was goin in for her like a locomotive. Well, things went on in this way for a spell, till she thot she had me tite enuf—then she begun to show off kinder independent like. When I'd go to meetin, there was no room for me in the pew; when she'd cum out she'd streake off with another chap, an leave me suckin my fingers at the door. Insted of sticken to me as she used to do, she got cutten around with the fellers jest as if she cared nuthin about me no more, none whatsumever. I got considerably riled, and thot I mout as well cum to the end of it at wunce; so I went down to have it out with her; but there was a hull grist of fellers there.

They seemed mity quiet till I went in, then she got talkin all manner of nonsence, sed nothin to me, and darned little of that. I tried to keep my dander down, but it twarnt no use. I kept movin about as if I had a pin in my trowsers. I sweat as if I had been thrashin. My collar hung down as if it had been hung over to dry. I could'nt stand it, so cleared out as soon as I cood, for I seed 'twas no use tryin to say nothin to her. I went strate to bed and thot the matter over for a spell: thinks I that gal is jest tryin of me, taint no use of her playin possum: I'll take the kink out of her: if I don't fetch her out of that high grass use me for sassage meat.

I hearn tell of a boy wunce, that got to scewl late one Sunday morning. The master ses, you tarnel sleepin critter, what kept you so late? why, ses the boy, its so everslastin slippy out, I cood'nt get along no how—every step I took forward, I went tew steps backward, and I cood'nt have got here at all, if I had'nt turned back to go tuther way. Now that's jest my case; I have been puttin after that gal considerable time.—Now thinks I, I'll go tuther way—she's been slitin of me, now I'll slite her—what's sass for the goose is sass for the gander. Well, I went no more to Nanc's. Next Sabbath I slicked myself up, and I dew say, when I got my fixins on, I took the shirt tail clean off human natur about our parts. About meetin time off I put for Eltham Dodge's—Patience Dodge was as nice a gal as you'd see twixt here and yonder any more than she was'nt jest like Nancy Cummins. Ephraim Massey had used to go to see her; he was a clever feller, but he was dreadful jelus. Well I went to meetin with Patience and sot right afore Nance; I did'nt set my eyes on her till arter meetin—she had a feller with her who had a blazin red hed, and legs like a pair of compasses; she had a face as long as a grace afore a thanksgivin dinner. I knowed who she was thinkin about, and twarnt the chap with the red head nuther. Well I kept bowing Patience about a spell. Kept my eye on Nance, seed how the cat was jumpin, she did'nt cut about like she did, and looked rather solemnly; she'd gin her tew eyes to kiss and make up. I kept it up till I like to have got into a mess about Patience. The critter thought I was goin arter her for good, and got as proud as a tame turkey. Wun day Ephe come down to our place, looking as rathy as a malishy ossifer on a trainin day; look here, says, he, Seth Stokes, as loud as a small thunder clap, I'll be darned——Hallo! ses I, what's broke? Why, ses he, I cum down to have satisfaction about Patience Dodge. Here I've been a coretin her ever since last grass a year, an she was just as good as mine till you cum a goin arter her, and now I cant tuch her with a forty foot pole.

She aint like the same gal, and I'm darned if I'm goin for to stand it. Why, ses I, what on airth air you talkin about, I aint got nothin to do with your gal, but spose I had, there's nothin for you to get wolfy about. If the gal has taken a likin to me, taint my fault; if I've taken to her taint her fault, and if we've taken a likin to one another taint your fault; but I aint so almity taken with her, and you may have her for all of me, so you had'nt ought to get savage about nothing. Well says he, (rather cooled down) I am the unluckiest thing in creation. I went tuther day to a place where there was an old woman died of the bots or some sich disease, and they were sellin out her things. Well says he, there was a thundering big chist of drawers full of all sort of truck, so I bot it, thot I made a speck, when I cum to look at em, there warnt nothin in it worth a cent cept an old silver thimble, and that was all busted up—so I sold the consarn for less than I gin for it; well then the chap that bot it tuck it hum, heerd sumthin rattle, broke the old chist up, and found lots of gold and silver in it, in a false bottom I had'nt seen. Now if I'd tuck that chist hum I'd never found that munny, or if I did they'd been all counterfeit, and I'd been tuck up for passing on em. Well I jest told Patience about it, when she rite up and called me a darned fool. Well ses I Ephe that *is* hard, but never you mind that—jest go on, you can get her, and when you *dew* get her, you can file the ruff edges off jest as you please. That teekled him it did, and away he went a leetle better pleased. Now thinks I, its time to look after Nance. Next day down I went. Nancy was all alone. I axed her if the squire was in; she sed he warnt. Cause ses I (makin bleeve I wanted him) our colt sprained his foot, an I cum to see if the squire wont lend me his mare to go to town.—She sed she gessed he would—I'd better sit down till the squire comed in.

Down I sot; she looked sort a strange, and my heart felt queer all round the edges. Arter a wile ses I, are you goin down to Betsy Martin's quiltin? sed she didn't know for sartin, are you a goin? sed I recond I wood; ses she, I spose you take Patience Dodge; sed I mought, and agin I mout not; ses she, I hearn youre a goin to get married; I shoodn't wonder a bit. Patience is a nice gal. I looked at her, I seed the tears a cummin; says I, may be she'll ax you to be bridesmaid. She ris rite up, she did, her face as red as a biled beet; Seth Stokes! ses she;—and she couldn't say any more, she was so full. Won't you be bridesmaid ses I; no! ses she;—and she bust rite out. Well then, ses I, if you won't be bridesmaid will you be the bride? She looked rite up at me; I swan to man I never seed anything so awful puty; I tuk right hold of her hand, yes or no, ses I, right off. Yes ses she; that's your sort, ses I, as I gin her a buss and a hug. I soon fixed matters with the squire. We soon hitched traces to trot in double harness for life, and I never had cause to repent of my bargain.

From the Family Newspaper.

Miss Jane Howard was the daughter of a very wealthy merchant residing in the city of Baltimore.

Her personal appearance was truly prepossessing; but the graces of her mind, polished as it was by a superior education, and the benevolence of her naturally warm and virtuous heart, rendered her an object of universal esteem and admiration, among all with whom she was acquainted. At a very early age she embraced the Christian religion, and much of her time was spent in promoting religious and benevolent objects.

In the fall of 1828, Jane, with her elder brother, embarked on board a packet for Charleston, South Carolina, for the purpose of visiting their friends. The captain of the packet was a man about twenty-five years of age. His person was comely and his manners agreeable, with the exception of one fault, too common among sailors—he was profane. The modesty of Jane's appearance attracted his attention; he gained an introduction to her by means of her brother, and was still more charmed by the sweetness of her conversation than he had been by the graces of her person.

It was not long, however, before an oath escaped his lips, which shocked the delicate sensibility of Jane.

She politely requested that he would desist from such language while she was on board; to which he immediately assented with a deep blush of chagrin. During the remainder of the voyage the captain's attentions to Jane were rather increased than diminished.

He spent much of his time in her company, charmed and delighted with the modesty of her deportment, and the fascinating spell of her instructive conversation; but not another oath was he heard to utter, until they arrived at Charleston. They were now about to part; but Jane, feeling no small interest in the future welfare of one, whose unremitted attentions more than indicated his solicitude for her own, ventured to ask if he would grant her one request. The captain, with all the enthusiasm of an infatuated lover, replied that, whatever request she was pleased to make, if possibly within his power, it certainly should be granted.

'Then,' said she, 'accept this *Bible*, and my request is, that you will read a portion of it every day.'

'He felt surprised, (or if you please, *taken in*,) but considering that he had given his promise, he felt himself bound to fulfil it. In the fall of 1833, Jane went to spend the winter with her uncle who resided in New Orleans. The first Sabbath after she arrived there she accompanied her uncle and his family to church, and heard a sermon of uncommon interest, delivered with eloquence, and religious pathos.

The minister was evidently a man of superior talents; his manner was unaffected, but impressive: his voice deep toned and agreeable. His figures were applicable, though high wrought and beautiful.

He possessed, in fine, the rare faculty of chaining an audience in almost breathless silence from the commencement to the close of his discourse. But Jane, whose tender heart was so exquisitely susceptible upon the subject of religion, entered so deeply into the spirit of the sermon that she entirely forgot for the time, the distance which separated her from her friends, and all the circumstance by whice she was surrounded, with the exception of the rolling sentences as they flowed from the lips of the speaker. The meeting closed; and while Jane and her friends were waiting in their pew for the asile to be cleared, the preacher came down from the pulpit, advanced towards them, addressed Jane as follows; 'if I mistake not I am addressing Miss Howard." A confused succession of ideas flitted for an instant across the

mind of Jane:—But recollecting herself, she politely replied; 'That is my name, sir, but I do not recollect to have had the pleasure of seeing you before.'

'Perhaps you recollect having sailed from Baltimore to Charleston about five years ago in the Packet Thomas Jefferson, and of having given a Bible to the Captain.' 'I do,' she replied, 'I recollect it *well*,—and if I mistake not, I recognise the Captain in the person before me! But can it be possible? 'It is possible,' he replied, 'it is so—I am the man!—and I shall ever feel the deepest gratitude to you, Miss Howard, for the interest you manifested for my welfare. That Bible and the reading of it, has made me what I am!'

I will not attempt to describe the feelings produced by this unexpected meeting. Suffice it to say, that the minister was invited home with them, and during the winter his visits were neither few or far between. In the spring, he married Miss Jane, and they are now on a missionary tour among the dark benighted sons of India, where the blessings of Heaven is attending their labors in a wonderful manner, and many souls are brought to a saving knowledge of the truth through their instrumentality.

F. F. E.

From the Cincinnati Chronicle.

A RUN-AWAY MATCH.

We chanced, two or three weeks since, to be descending the Miami Canal, from Dayton to this city, in the packet 'Clarion,' Captain Brockway, commander. The boat had overcome 25 or 30 miles of this distance, when the tramp of a horseman was heard upon the towpath. In a minute a gallant steed was beside us, covered with foam and panting with the heat. On his back was a surly looking Dutchman, in years some forty five or fifty, of middle stature, with short legs and still shorter stirrups, and sitting in his saddle very much as Sir Monkey rides his poney in the menagerie. His appearance quickly attracted the eyes of the crew and passengers especially as his throat well lined with dust and dried by the heat, gave utterance to sundry violent incoherent sounds, which were ever and anon accompanied by a threatening flourish of a stout whip which he held in his right hand. At length we caught the words, 'Mine dawter—Captain, give me back mine dawter.' The passengers began to look at the captain of the 'Clarion,' who by the way is a modest looking, gentlemanly sort of a bachelor, to know what all this meant. The captain protested he knew nothing of the Dutchman's 'dawter." The old man kept bawling, most vehemently, 'mine dawter, give me mine dawter.' The captain now stopped his boat, and called to the enraged horseman to come on board and take his 'dawter.' In an instant, he had dismounted, tied his jaded steed to the fence and was in the cabin of the boat. With a quick step and a hurried eye, he looked round—she was not there. He passed on to the ladies cabin, searched it, but with no better success. He returned to the main cabin, and his eye rested upon a young German, asleep on a settee, who had probably escaped his notice as he passed through. 'Love's young dream' was most unceremoniously disturbed, for the old man sprang at him like a tiger, caught him by the collar, and cried out, 'you dam rascal, where's mine dawter?' The sleeping bridegroom stood upon his feet in utter amazement and affright, and instantly pointed to the ladies' cabin. The old man released him, again rushed to the ladies cabin, searched it a second time, but without success. By this time the captain of the Clarion, having become impatient, ordered the boat to start, and the old 'dawter'-hunter jumped on shore, and mounting his horse, kept by the side of the boat, calling out for his 'dawter,' and threatening to pursue the captain to Cincinnati and there reclaim his runaway child, when he would give her Garmany,' shaking his rod most significantly towards the boat. We now learned that the fair runaway, was a sober looking little Dutch girl, in a pink dress, who had eat her dinner in silence, and who, upon hearing her father's voice, had, by the aid of the ladies, concealed herself, so effectually in the cabin, that her father, even by the aid of the craven lover, could not find her. We further learned that her parents were opposed to her marrying this young man, and that they had that morning eloped, from Dayton, and having taken the canal boat, for greater speed, were on their way to some Gretna Green, in order to have the knot matrimonial, duly tied. Presently, the old man resolved upon a new course of action, and set off full speed for Hamilton to invoke the aid of the Sheriff in searching the boat for 'mine dawter.' The bridegroom, who had been 'mightily scared' by the violence of the old man, now became more composed. He asserted that the young lady was nineteen years old, and enquired, with considerable anxiety, whether her father could take her back, even if he got the Sheriff. One of the passengers observing that his nervous system was a good deal disturbed, and desirous of having some sport, remarked in a suppressed tone, but so as to be heard by the groom, 'It's a pity the old man has brought them big pistols with him—I fear there will be blood-shed.' 'Has he pistols?' inquired the groom in utter consternation, and passing quickly from the bow of the boat to the ladies cabin, with his bundle of clothes in his hand, proposed to his lady-love, that he should jump on shore, escape to the woods and leave her to the tender mercies of her father, to be taken back to Dayton. But his lady-love had no idea of losing a husband and gaining the parental rod. She quietly put her foot upon the floor with much significancy and said, 'No, you shall do no such thing.' Here was a pretty quandary for a nervous lover to be in—pistols on one side and a resolute young lady on the other. Flight was impossible, death seemed almost certain. The groom stood motionless and speechless. Some of the ladies in the cabin proposed that they should both leave the boat and take to the woods. This proposition suited the young lady exactly, and her gallant lover was ready for any expedient that would carry him speedily from the aforesaid pistols. The boat was stopped, the lovers jumped on shore, the groom leading the way with one, the bride following with two bundles, in which were no doubt the bridal dress and its necessary appurtenances. They crossed a bridge in hot haste, to get on the opposite side of the canal from the pistol-bearer, and made for the woods at the top of their speed, the groom leading the bride some twenty paces. The passengers rushed to the deck of the boat and make the welkin ring with their shouts. One of them called out, 'You craven loon! carry your sweet-heart's bundles, or we'll come and Lynch you.' The flying lover took the hint, ran back, seized the largest of the young lady's brace of bundles, and again set off, full speed, for the woods. The bride pursued with all becoming alacrity, and just as they reached the edge of a copse, their speed was very considerably quickened by one of the passengers crying out—'haste, haste, the old one is coming.',

The boat had proceeded but a few hundred yards before we met the old man. The idea of such a flight as we had just witnessed, had occurred to him, and he had turned round to watch the packet down to Hamilton. Upon being assured that his 'dawter' and her lover had escaped from the boat, he put whip to his horse and set off in pursuit of them, to the great amusement of the passengers, who united in opinion that they had now seen a *real runaway match*.

As yet we have been unable to learn the result of this youthful and loving flight. It proves once again, that the 'course of true love never did run *smooth*,' albeit, it now and then runneth very *fast*.

INTERVIEW WITH A SHARK.

Being in La Guayra during the month of June, I was tempted by the heat of the lowland to bathe in the sea: I swam out to some rocks, which lay a quarter of a mile from the shore, and there dived to pick up some beautiful shells. As I got near the bottom, I balanced myself in mid-water, to observe a most beautiful phenomenon. It being noon, and the sun crossing the equator, near which stands La Guayra, his beams were reflected with surpassing splendor on the surface of the water, which was agitated into rippling waves by the mid-day breeze—these little waves were reflected on the sandy bed of the sea, which reflection showed like a waving and shifting net of burnished silver. I saw the net, with pleasure, stretched as far as my eye could reach, save where my own shadow, as it were, intercepted it. Suddenly this was overshadowed by the most terrific object. I instantly cast my eyes upwards, and gracious Heavens! I beheld right above me, one of the most terrible monsters in nature, known to the English in these seas under the appellation of shovel-nosed shark (*Squalius Tigrinius* of Linnæus.) I cast a few glances aloft, and perceived [illegible] eyes, that looked at once stupidly dull and frightfully malignant. Their savage ken was directed towards me. I cast a glance at my limbs and over my body, and mentally asked my Creator, (may he forgive an involuntary thought) if he intended that his image into which he had breathed the breath of life, should become the prey of such a marine demon as floated above. This singular idea passed through my mind with the speed of reflection. I swam, still under water, to another place; but I could observe by the shadow of the monster that he still followed me. Upwards I dared not look; in vain I tried to dodge my tormentor; where I stopped, he stopped; and, go where I would, still his shadow fell upon me. What was to be done? My strength and breath were fast going: to remain much longer under water was impossible, and to rise was to make for the jaws of perdition.—I sank to the bed of the bay to arm myself with some conch shells; these might have been of some use, could I have gained the surface of the water unharmed, in which case I might have hurled them at his enormous head. But no, the shark seemed aware that I could not remain long below, and he determined to catch me as I rose. Suddenly a ray of blessed hope shot across my benighted mind. I was beside a rock that had a small cleft through its centre, which near the head of the bay had a horizotal passage; down this cleft I had often gone out of mere boyish desire for adventure; and to this chasm I swam, and in an instant darted in this horizontal part of it. Ere I did this, the hideous fish became, too late, aware of my manœuvre; and from the pressure of the water, I became aware that he sunk down towards me; but the love of life made me too quick for him even in his own element. I passed through the horizontal passage, and in an instant I was buoyed up through the vertical cavity of the rock, and rose to the surface of the water, all but suffocated, to inhale the blessed air. Still the persevering sea devil followed; it had also forced itself through the aperture of the rock, and whether this was too small to admit its enormous head I know not—certain I am that the shark did not pass the cleft for some minutes after me. By this time I stood upright on the top of the rock, on which there were two or three feet of water, and a few rapid steps brought me out of immediate danger. I had gained a part of the rock which was out of the water, although it afforded but bad footing, it being as sharp as the blade of a boat oar. On this I however got, as the monster emerged from the passage, still pursuing me; it made a rush toward where I stood, but I was out of its element; it raised its huge head, as if to ascertain where I was, and, in this instant, I hurled one of the conch shells, which I still held in my hand, with such effect as to stun the fish. It now lay motionless for some seconds, while I, to prevent the sharp edges of the rocks from cutting my feet, was obliged to kneel, and partly to support myself with my hands. I now perceived the fish splashing the waters upon the rocks till they were in foam; the fact was it was high tide when we both came up, and as the water was fast receding, it could not get off for want of depth. Some minutes had elapsed ere I perceived its predicament, for my attention was directed towards the shore, to which place I called for succor, using every exclamation of distress that I recollected; at length the fish became completely high and dry, and I perceived the danger of my late mortal foe, but felt no pity for him. I now fearlessly changed my position, and stood upright on the flat part of the rock. I was too much exhausted by my late adventure to essay swimming ashore, and saw with joy a canoe approaching me; one of the three men in her proved to be my old friend Jose Garcia; who, being informed of my late escape, called out, "Santa Maria! it is the harbor master that is on the rock!" I must inform the reader that I had heard of a large and well known shovel-nosed shark called the harbor master, who, in the bay of La Guayra, was as well known as Fort Royal Tom was in Jamaica. Whether my late friend was the identical harbor master I cannot take upon myself to say, but Jose and the two men in the canoe treated him with little ceremony; they beat the helpless shark's head with their paddles until he was again stunned, and finished him by cutting off his tail and running a matcheti through his brain. W. A.

The way to live well, is, to learn to live right.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1838.

☞ We give two very pretty paragraphs from the Knickerbocker—one, a notice of "Mount Hope," the other, of the city generally. He of the Knickerbocker holds a poetic pen.

The Female Seminary.—We take the occasion of the publication of the advertisement in another column, to remark, that this institution is becoming deservedly popular in Western New York. The teachers are eminently qualified, and the location of the school is very pleasant. We commend to our readers the notice of the Trustees.

THE HIGH SCHOOL.

I had the pleasure, Mr. Editor, of attending the exhibition of that flourishing institution, on Thursday evening last, and of listening to the specimens of oratory, both selected and original, which were presented by the young gentlemen, and the compositions from two of the young ladies. I cannot refrain from sending you a few remarks upon the exercises of the evening. They were, as a whole, of high order for such an institution.

The style of delivery was more free and energetic and practical, than is often to be seen in our collegiate institutions. In almost all rehearsals of selected speeches, there is so much of the appearances of declamation, as to destroy our interest in them; but there was more speaking as if the thoughts were their own, more sincerity and earnestness of manners than usual. The selection from Webster's speech in answer to Calhoun, was most admirably delivered. I have rarely ever heard a young speaker, who had more of the points of a finished orator, than were exhibited in that speech. The speech of Prentiss, of Mississippi, delivered in Fanuiel Hall at the dinner given to Webster, was pronounced with great energy, and a natural feeling that excited the whole audience, and called forth the spontaneous expressions of approbation.

The character of the original pieces was very good, and were better adapted to public speaking, than the productions of our college and academy students generally. They were direct, practical addresses to the audience, designed to make them feel, and the speakers seemed to consider that they had some object to accomplish in addressing them. It is one great obstacle to public speaking in schools, that the speakers have no definite object which they wish to attain, and must speak merely for the sake of speaking; which has been not inaptly compared to setting men to hoe dry bean poles instead of corn. It is impossible for a speaker, under such circumstances, to exhibit the sincerity and earnestness of feeling which give to oratory its chief power. There was, however, in the original pieces spoken, more of that matter of fact, oratory, which it is desirable to cultivate in our young men, than might have been expected. From the style of oratory, I was led to suppose that there must have been long and careful drilling, and was surprised to learn that little had been done by the teachers in forming their manner, though it had been made an object of more attention during the last term. I understand that the examination, which I had not the pleasure of attending, was equally creditable to the teachers and pupils. The citizens of Rochester have great reason to congratulate themselves upon possessing a school of such a character and teachers, who are disposed to elevate its reputation to the highest point of excellence. It was gratifying to see from the crowded audience in attendance, that a deep interest is felt by the citizens generally, in the prosperity of this school. It needs only their continued and increasing interest and patronage, to raise it to the highest elevation, as the high school at Rochester. I have forgotten to allude to the compositions read by two of the young ladies. The first was a sprightly description of the various criticisms usually made at public examinations. The petty scandal often uttered on such occasions, was hit off in a very pretty style of pleasant humor. The second composition was founded on the interesting event which occurred two or three years since, when three of the Nes Perses tribe of Indians crossed the Rocky Mountains and visited St. Louis, to learn the white man's religion. The language was bold and vigorous, and many of the descriptions very vivid and picturesque. It was scarcely proper to call it poetry, though the style and the thoughts were highly poetical and did credit to the writer. There was such a deficiency in the structure of the cadences as to give it more the sound of elevated prose, than of the harmonious numbers of blank verse. On the whole the exhibition was such as might well gratify the teachers with the evidences of their success, in training minds up for practical usefulness in life. One thing is peculiarly gratifying in the pieces, both original and select, was the high moral character which they exhibited. It was evident that the institution is under an elevated and pure moral influence. This the most important part of all systems of education, seems to have been appreciated by the teachers, and to have exerted a salutary influence on the scholars. May the tone of moral and religious feeling, be more and more elevated, till the waters of life shall flow forth from this institution to gladden the city of our God.

AMICUS SCIENTIAL.

Written for the Gem.

FROM A YOUNG RAMBLER'S JOURNAL.

SKETCHES OF WESTERN SCENERY, CHARACTER, AND INCIDENT.--NO. 3.

Round scenes like these, doth warm remembrance glide,
Where emigration rolls its ceaseless tide.—
Mrs. Sigourney.

There is a very perceptible sameness in the appearance of the country, bordering on the Mississippi, extending from New Orleans to Baton Rouge, on the east side, a distance of a hundred and forty miles, and on the west to Point Coupee, some fifteen miles above. At these respective places commence the eastern and western shore Levees, which are artificial mounds of earth, from twenty-five to thirty feet in breadth, with an elevation of from six to eight feet, furnishing a fine highway. These embankments secure the cultivation of a beautiful and productive strip of country, each side of the river, from one to two miles in width,—denominated "the coast." Were it not for these artificial preventions, this rich tract would be overflowed no small portion of the year. When the river is swollen, or, as the phrase goes, is full, its surface is four feet higher than that of the surrounding country. The embankments are seldom known to break away; but when "crevaces" do occur, through which the waters rush over the plantations, inundating the sugar fields, cotton grounds, or rice lots, and winding their way to the neighboring marshes; the alarm is quickly given by the plantation bells, and but a short time is suffered to elapse, before several hundred negroes, with their masters, hasten to the spot and repair the breach; and the mighty 'Monarch of Rivers' being discomfited rolls on in its sullen yet majestic course to the ocean.

Without fear of contradiction, I may say that there cannot probably be found on the face of the globe, a richer tract of land of the same extent. Plantation touches plantation the whole distance; and, indeed, each with its shaded mansion, sugar houses, and negro cabins, is in itself a village; so that for one hundred and fifty miles, one almost unbroken chain of little rural villages, is presented to the view of the admiring tourist. Among the noblest of these plantations, is that of the late General Wade Hampton; which in a single year, if my memory serves me right, has produced fifteen hundred hogsheads of sugar. This gentleman, by-the-way, whose decease occurred some three years since, was one of the *questionable* heroes of the late war. In the summer and autumn of 1813, an army of twelve thousand men was placed under the command of Generals Wilkinson and Hampton, intended for the invasion of Canada; but the expedition wholly failed, and much censure was heaped upon the commanders, particularly the latter, who was charged with making more frequent and successful attacks upon the *brandy-bottle*, than upon the red-coated enemies of his country.

At this season of the year, the close of May, the fields present a beautiful aspect of the two great staples of export, the sugar cane and cotton plant. Respecting the culture of the former, I may briefly remark, that it is propagated by placing cuttlings of slips of the cane in furrows, about six feet apart, in much the same way as grape cutlings at the north. This is done the latter part of February, or early in March. From the eyes or joints of these slips start forth shoots. When fully grown, the cane somewhat resembles rank broom-corn; and cultivated very similarly to northern maize. When harvested for the mill, slips are cut off from the top, some fifteen inches long, for planting the following season. The saccharine matter is pressed from the cane, by being crushed between two cylinders; the sap flowing into kettles, is soon converted into sugar, by the simple process of evaporation, by boiling. When properly tended, the common yield to the acre may be estimated at a hogshead of twelve hundred pounds, which will realize not far from six dollars a hundred in the southern market. The average crop raised annually, in Louisiana, exceeds one hundred thousand hogsheads of sugar, and five million gallons of molasses, producing a yearly income of near eight and a half millions of dollars. On the southern frontier of Mississippi, the sugar cane has been successfully cultivated; and attempts are making for its introduction into Alabama, Georgia, and Florida. Doubtless the experiment will prove successful, as the Riband specie—so called from its perpendicular and parallel stripes—can probably be raised at least one hundred and fifty miles farther north than any other kind yet attempted; and, moreover, it ripens some weeks earlier than any other variety. The only disadvantage of the Riband cane seems to be, that having a harder bark than the other kinds, rollers driven by steam power are required for grinding it.

When I saw it the latter part of May, the cotton plant was about four inches high, very thrifty, planted in rows from six to eight feet apart, and the stalks in those rows from ten to twenty inches distant—the richer the soil, the wider the space between the stalks. On the low land it frequently attains the height of six and eight

feet, so as to interlock with the adjoining parallel rows. From June until October, the flowers exhibit a most gaudy and brilliant spectacle. At first, they somewhat resemble the white hollyhock, though smaller; but the intense heat of the sun changes their hue toward night to a delicate rose, and at the close of the second day to a deep crimson, when they drop off. For four months one crop of blossoms succeeds another; thus, while one has about reached its maturity, another has but just burst into brilliancy. These flowers are followed by pods containing the cotton. The earliest of these pods commence bursting open in August, which renders the cotton fit for picking. The gathering season continues till about the first of December, and some years even a month later. Then the cotton is *ginned*—that is, the seed separated from the lint; pressed into bales of four or five hundred pounds each, and finally sent to market. Good cotton lands may be said to produce from a bale to a bale and a half to the acre, worth, perhaps in ordinary years, from fifty to sixty dollars a bale.

Comparatively but a few are aware of the wonderful increase of this great American staple. South Carolina is entitled to the credit of the first introduction of cotton, as early as 1785 or '86; but Mr. Teake, of Savannah, was the first planter who cultivated it upon a large scale, as it was then called. In 1788 his crop was about twelve hundred pounds of clean cotton; which, valued at eighteen cents a pound, would amount to two hundred and sixteen dollars. The entire crop of 1836 was near five hundred and fifty millions of pounds—of which something over four hundred and twenty three millions were exported—which, estimated at the average high price of that year, eighteen cents a pound, would fall but a little short of the enormous sum of one hundred millions of dollars! All the cotton exported in 1790, '91, and '92—perhaps fifteen or eighteen hundred bales—would hardly suffice for the cargo of a single ship of the size usually employed in this trade; while, in 1836, the quantity exported added to that used in our extensive domestic manufactures, would well nigh freight a thousand such ships! Such an astonishing increase in the culture of a single article, may be attributed to the invention of the *saw-gin* in '93, by which the fibres of cotton are so rapidly separated from the seeds. For this invaluable discovery, our country,—aye, the whole world—is indebted to the inventive genius of ELI WHITNEY, a young man from Massachusetts, who was at that time engaged in Georgia, in the capacity of a family tutor. L. C. D.

Alexander, N. Y.

Written for the Gem.

JULIET—But yesterday an infant—to-day a dashing belle! *Fourth of July Toast.*

Among the towns which have sprung up like magic among the beautiful groves and fertile prairies of the west, none have advanced with a more rapid and healthy growth, than the lovely village whose name stands at the head of this article. Situated on the river Des Plaines, and on the route of the great Illinois River & Lake Michigan Canal, and surrounded by one of the most beautiful and fertile regions of the great valley, we look forward to no distant day, when she will take an exalted station among the CITIES of the west.

But little more than three years have elapsed, since the first framed buildings were erected, and we now number nearly 1500 souls.

Nor is this population made up of speculators, loafers and gamblers, as is often supposed at the east, (though to use a *Hoosier* phrase, we have a *sprinkling* of them, as what village has not?) but I venture to assert that a more respectable, intelligent and enterprising community can be found in few villages in the state of New York, than in this, or most villages and settlements in this state. You need no other proof of our enterprize, than the way we build up Cities. It took about 20 years, with all her advantages, to make one of Rochester; while here, as has been the case with Chicago, Alton, &c., 5 or 6 years is ample time, and the advancement of the state at large, in internal improvement, commerce and population has not been behind that of Cities above named.

Indeed we knew nothing here of the snail like pace, with which you advance at the east, but our course, in comparison with yours, is like the modern rail road car, compared with the first steam-boat launched by Fulton. So much for enterprize. Now for a more serious theme. There are three Churches organized here—a Presbyterian, a Methodist and Baptist. The three have regular preaching every Sabbath, with large and respectable congregations—the latter is but lately established, but is in a flourishing condition.

A Jail has been built here this season at an expense of $5,000, and two bridges which cost upwards of $3,000, and private improvements have more than kept pace with those of a public nature, notwithstanding the pressure of the times. Our most pressing want now is a Printing Office, as there is none in the county, nor within 40 miles of us. And one would meet here with most ample support, as aside from the circulation of a paper and private advertisements, those of a public nature, as this is the county seat, would form no inconsiderable item towards a support. I hope this will meet the eye of some of your eastern printers, who are sighing over a "beggarly" list of non-paying subscribers, and turn his thoughts where,

"Westward the star" *of fortune* "points his way."

H.

Cricket.—This manly and interesting game is fast obtaining favor in this country. A match recently came off between the players of Albany and Schenectady and Troy. There were eleven on each side. The eleven from Troy and Schenectady, obtained, at two innings, 79 tallies.—The eleven from Albany, were beaten, they having obtained but 68.

Rochester.—Through a country of unsurpassed fertility, past hundreds of wheat-fields of from two to three hundred acres—green grain-prairies without a solitary stump' or obstruction—to Rochester. It was dim twilight, as we rolled over the upper bridge that crossed the Genesee and entered the city. The streets through which we had already passed, and others stretching outward around us the dimly descried steeples, the lights moving across the acqueduct, and gleaming from the bridge beyond, and the hum and bustle on every hand, all conspired to impress a stranger with the extent and importance of the town. Yet did this, di obscure' view awaken no expectations which the daylight was to dissipate. As we stood on the roof of the Eagle House on the following morning, and surveyed the town, with scores of noble stone mills skirting the river on either hand; its broad and handsome streets, and the crowds who thronged them: its beautiful churches and public buildings, we could scarcely realize that twenty years ago, not a single building reared its head within all this crowded metropolis! Yet such is the astonishing fact.—*Knickerbocker.*

A young spark, who is courting a respectable young lady in Royal street, sat so late a few evenings since, that the servants were all the forenoon of the next day in whitewashing his shadow off the wall.—*Vermont Mercury.*

ROCHESTER.

Extract from a letter Published in the Express:—From Utica I will make a long jump to ROCHESTER, and here end my first chapter. If my *harem scarem* description of men and things do not please you, reader, figures may. The statistics of a country are so many eulogies to its praise or to its disgrace. In almost every nook and corner of our own country a comparison of the past with the present, redounds to our honor as a country. From a race of pigmies we have become a nation of giants—from three millions of people sixteen millions—from thirteen States twenty six States. In the age of youth, we have reached the stature and strength of manhood, and now inferior to none, we claim at least an equality with the most favored nations upon the earth, and but a just and expected superiority over the mass.

Rochester, as well, perhaps, as every other place in the Union, illustrates our present strength, and our speedy advancement from nothingness to greatness.

Twenty-eight years gone by, the now City was then a wilderness. Twelve years from the time of her first settlement gave her more than 5,000 inhabitants, and twelve more increased her population to more than 14,000, and at this moment the population probably exceeds 18,000. Abusier or happier multitude of men never walked the earth. The State improvements here are many and stupendous. A single Aqueduct here cost more than $80,000,—another, built of limestone, $500,000! The Canal waters here are raised five hundred feet above the level of the Hudson. About 20 costly and beautiful Churches have been erected, where the worshippers of God, of all denominations, may sit under their own vine and fig tree. Banks, Hotels, Museums, Seminaries, Public Buildings, all are numerous!

You may judge something of the public business, when told that the capital invested in Mills alone, is $350,000, and the amount paid for wheat here not less than $1,500,000 a year.—The Canal business here amounts to a million a year. The Manufacturing business to another million. The Mercantile business $3,000,000. More than a million of barrels of flour are manufactured here each year, and Rochester alone has paid one sixth of all the tolls of the Erie Canal. I read these statistics, which I have taken some pains to have correct with wonder and astonishment, especially where I am told in addition that the water power of the Great Falls in Rochester, in almost constant operation, are equal to 1920 steam engines of 20 horse power each, and which, according to the cost of steam horse power in England, would amount to more than $10,000,000 as an annual value or annual cost. The wheat manufactured and sold here, amounts to near ten millions a year! These facts to the unacquainted, seem, as they actually are, astounding, and no men, therefore, will wonder at any thing he sees around him after reading this simple record of the history, enterprize and industry of this city. The logic of figures solves all problems, and if we are left to wonder at all, it is not at things as they are, but to the more important questions—How came they so, and to whom belongs the honor of first discovering and making active and useful, the means which have wrought such results?

Yours &c., E. B.

"Mount Auburn" of the West.—"The Falls of the Genesee, however, are not the only scenic attractions in the vicinity of Rochester.—There is one, of such singular and various beauty, as to warrant especial mention. We allude to the suberban cemetery of 'Mount Hope,' which has recently been purchased by the city corporation, laid out and intersected with excellent paths and carriage roads. It is a succession of gracefully rounded hills, and gradual hollows, raised and scooped by the hand of nature, on a wood eminence some two or three miles from the town. You wind along its avenues, more deeply impressed, at every turn, with the manifold beauties of the the spot, and the good taste which selected and appropriated it. Here flashes upon the eye a glimpse of the river, lapsing along its green shores, and there an opening discloses a meadow-field below; while farther onward sparkles a clear spring, that will hereafter feed the brooks which will 'run among the hills.' From the summit, you look, on one hand, far over umbrageous woods, to the blue Ontario; the city, with its steeples and urrets, lies in the foreground, softened by dis-

t

tance, the blue vapor of the falls rising slowly beyond, and like the 'vain shadow' of human life, soon vanishing away; and on the other, a long stretch of verdant landscape, terminating in an undulating range of pale blue mountains, bounds the view. One can imagine no lovelier burial place than this must become, when garnished by the hand of taste and affection. Such repositories of the dead exercise a benevolent and salutary influence among the living; and when

'Here the long concourse from the murmuring town,
With funeral pace and slow, shall enter in,
To lay the loved in tranquil silence down,
No more to suffer and no more to sin."

it will beguile death of half its terrors, to reflect that the beauties of nature are scattered with such liberal hand about the graves of the departed.—*Knickerbocker.*

OUR JAIL.

The following is the account of the Editor of the Knickerbocker's visit to our jail:—

"Through the considerate attention of an obliging friend, we visited the notorious Baron, in the city prison, together with the spot where his cold-blooded crime was perpetrated. It is a singular coincidence, that at the time we are transcribing these hurried memoranda, the murderer is standing in the immediate conflux of two eternities, and Time is shaking his almost exhausted hour-glass before his startled eye. He has not an hour to live! So young, and yet already at the bottom of the down-hill of life! We were admitted to the prison through the courtesy of the jailer, and after passing the lower ranges of cells, ascending a flight of staire, to another tier, in which were confined Baron's two accomplices, whose trials are yet to take place. Ascending still higher, we arrived at an iron door, which opened to a large and well-lighted apartment, in the centre of which chained to the floor, sat the murderer, on a rude bench, with another before him, on which lay a few books. His countenance was youthful, fresh and smiling; but his eye had the gleam of a genuine devil in it, and sufficiently evinced, that under the roses of youth may flourish the thorns and briers of sin and crime. He was slowly notching his few days of life, yet he was fully unconcerned. The bloom flourished on his cheek, for there was as yet no canker at his heart. Still, it was thought as he gradually drew near the gallows, a tree on which desperate courage sometimes hideously blossoms, his spirit would melt, and his demeanor undergo a change.

"As one of our party passed behind the victim, to see how the organs of his skull had been tuned by the hand of Providence, we glanced at a volume he had laid down as we entered. It was a light French work, in the original, and, if we remember rightly, a play of Moliere. These evidences of his stolidity, in connection with a manner and conversation, thoughtless, indifferent, and even gay, prepared us for the report of our phrenological amateur, who pronounced him a perfect negation of all goodness. He had never before encountered such hillocks of iniquity. No wonder he has overleaped the highest moral fences. His head would outrival the cast of Fieschi, the infernal machine maker to his Majesty Louis Phillippe.

"We bade the murderer a last farewell, and pausing a moment in the female department, a perfect '*hærem* scarem,' at times, if we may judge from its two or three occupants on this occasion, we descended to where minor offenders against the pockets of society obtain their boarding and lodging at the town's expense. As we walked leisurely by a grated door, a flushed countenance and unquiet eye flashed suddenly upon us, through the iron bars. It was a face to be remembered, for it had 'a smack of Tartarus and the souls in bale.' It was a man in confinement for shooting his wife, in cold blood. She was still lingering upon the borders of the grave, and, woman-like, refused to criminate, by her testimony, her brutal husband. As we were emerging from the prison, a representative from those conclaves of miscreancy in which crime is concocted, accumulations of humanity which ferment and reek like compost, in all large cities, was pointed out, leisurely engaged in carrying out the plan of Mr. McAdam, with a long handled hammer. He was a bit of a wag, we were informed, whose wit had often stood him in good stead. He had been repeatedly before the city authorities, for divers misdemeanors, and each time promised well for the future; but although he always kept his countenance, he never kept his word. On one occasion, he was just about to be sentenced, with other sanculottists, as a common vagrant, when with the most imperturbable *sang froid*, having suddenly harpooned a good idea, he pulled from a capacious pocket of his tattered coat a loaf of bread, and half of a dried codfish, and holding them up, with triumphant look and gesture, to the magistrate, exclaimed: 'You don't ketch him *that* way! I'm no wagrant. An't them 'wisible means of support,' I should like to know?' The argument was a *non sequiter.*"

Statistics of Education.—The Portland Transcript contains the following interesting statistics of the means of education throughout the United States:

About one-third of the population of the country are between the ages of 3 and 16 and 18; and of course are the proper subjects for school education.

In the United States more than four millions of children ought to be under the influence of schools.

In Maine, the law requires that the inhabitants of every town pay anually for the support of schools a sum equal at least to every person living in it. That amount to about $120,000. Their expenditures are more than $140,000.

In New Hampshire, a separate tax of $90,000 is raised for schools, besides an annual appropriation from a tax on bank stock of $10,000.

In Vermont, more than $50,000 are raised for schools from a third per cent tax on the grand list, and as much more from district taxes, besides an income of nearly $1000 from banks.

In Massachusetts, there are nearly 3000 schools surported by public taxes and private subscriptions.

In Boston, the schools contain more than 12,000 children at an expense of $200,000.

In Rhode Island are about seven hundred schools, supported by a legislative appropriation of $10,000 annually, by taxes and private subscriptions.

The Connecticut fund is about $2,000,000, but fails of its desired object. Children in the state 85,000—schools about 1500.

In New York are more than 9,000 schools, and over 500,000 children taught in them.—School fund $1,700,000. Distributed annually, $100,000, but on the condition that each town raise by tax or otherwise, as much as they receive from the fund.

New Jersey has a fund of $253,000, and an annual income of 22,000.

In Pennsylvania, during the last year more, than 250,000 children out of 4000,000, were destitute of school instruction.

Delaware has a school fund of 70,000.

Maryland has a fund of $75,000 and an income for schools from the banks, which is divided between the several counties.

Virginia has a fund of $1,633,000, the income divided among the counties according to the white population, and appropriated to paying the tuition of poor children attending private schools.

North Carolina has a fund of $70,000, designed for common schools.

South Carolina appropriates $44,000 annually to free schools.

Alabama and most of all the western and south-western states, are divided into townships, six miles square, and each town into sections one mile square, with one section, the sixteenth appropriated to education.

Mississippi has a fund of 28,000 but it is not available until it amounts to $500,000.

The Legislature of Louisiana grants to each parish or county, in that state, $2 62½ for each voter.

Maxims for Boys.—Be vicious and you cannot be happy; be virtuous and you cannot be miserable.

All good and great men in the world have been boys, and why should not all boys become good and great men?

Never go to bed till you are wiser than when you arose, for observation, experience and reflection, the elements of wisdom, are the property of all who like to enjoy them.

Read good books, seek out good companions, attend to good counsel, and imitate good examples.

The man depends on the boy; the peace of *to-morrow* on the actions *to-day.*

A Keen Retort.—"You had better ask for manners than money," said a finely dressed gentleman to a beggar boy who asked him for alms. "I asked for what I thought you had the most of," was the reply of the little mendicant.

A luner Iris.—The Easton (Pa.) sentinel of the 10th instant says:

On Monday evening last, our citizens were attracted by the very rare and singular phenomenon of a splended rainbow by moonlight.—The moon had just fairly risen above the eastern horizon, which was free from clouds, whilst the west was heavily overcast with dark clouds and a coming shower, and the bow extended from north-east to south-west, and contrasted brilliantly with the gloom against which it was thrown, and towards the North-east, showing strongly the prismatic colors, except when the fierce gleams of the vivid lightning destroyed for a moment its milder light. It was a rare and beautiful sight.

Anecdote.—The Mount Vernon Watchman relates an odd incident which happened not long since in Western Virginia. An old lady from the country purchased several articles in a dry goods shop, and at last seeing a neatly painted and varnished bellows hanging by a post, inquired the name and use of the article. The clerk told her that it was a new fashioned fan, and regaled her with several puffs of the bellows in her face, at which she expressed her satisfaction, and purchased the new invention. The Mount Vernon print thus proceeds with the story:

"On the next day our informant, the minister, had an appointment to preach at a school-house in a neighboring county. The congregation being assembled, while the minister was in the act of reading the hymn, who should pop in but the old woman with her new fashioned fan, and, having taken her seat, immediately commenced puffing away in good earnest. The congregation knew not what to make of it; some smiled and some looked astonished, but the Ludicrous prevailed over every thing else, and to such an extent, that the minister himself was obliged to stop reading, and to hand the book to his brother in the desk. After the usual preliminary services he rose to preach, but there sat conpicuously the old lady with the bellows in front, a hand hold of each handle, the nose turned up towards her face, and, with much self complacency, puffing the gentle breeze into her face. What to do or how to proceed he knew not, for he could not cast his eyes over the congregation without meeting with the old lady. At length, summoning resolution, and trying to feel the solemnity of the duty imposed upon him, he proceeded. He finished his discourse, but it cost him more effort than any before or since."

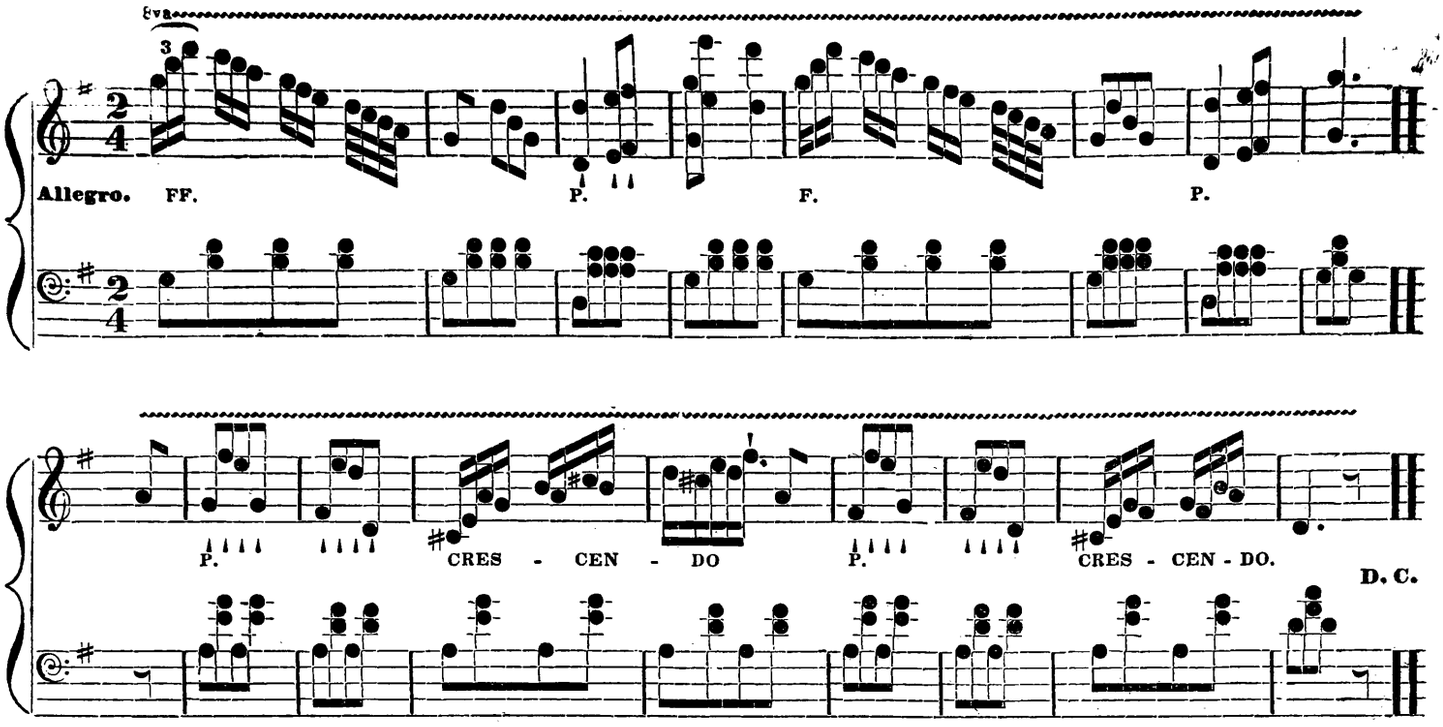
Religion essential to Liberty.—As a preservative of our freedom, I recommend the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. In its purity, I urge it upon the attention of our countrymen. Not for the connecting of church and state, not for the building up of one sect, not for the crushing of free thought, not for the increase of intolerance, bigotry and fanaticism; but for the prevention of these and of other evils. I commend it, that its mild and benevolent spirit may pervade the hearts of the people; that its wisdom may direct our statesmen, our legislators, and all to whom are entrusted the destinies of our country; that its loveliness and its power may be known in all the extent of our vast territory: that the fountains of principle may be purified by it, and all our actions correspond to its precepts; that surrounded with the atmosphere of moral purity, which it is able to impart, our land may shine forth to the nations, beautiful and fadeless,

"While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls in waves."

The darkest realms of earth are those where the gospel is not. How they succeed who reject and trample it, read in the history of the French people. The contemned itsy authority, invoked Liberty, and Anarchy came. In storm, and darkness, and blood it came! Yes, it was Anarchy that obeyed the call, for they had contemned and thrust by the very dignity of Liberty! With this chart of history before our eyes, let us avoid the rock upon which they split! Guided by the blessed light of heavenly truth and obeying the dictates of unerring wisdom, we will hope for the preservation of our freedom. God was with our fathers in the hour of peril; let Him be our stay and worship in the hour of prosperity!—*Chapin.*

THE GENESEE GALLOPADE.

FOR THE PIANO FORTE. COMPOSED FOR THE GEM. **BY E. L. WALKER, ESQ.**



ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO NIAGARA.

Written at the first sight of its Falls—August 13, 1838.

BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

Hail, Sovereign of the World of Floods! whose majesty and might
First dazzles—then enraptures—then o'erawes the aching sight:
The pomp of Kings and Emperors, in every clime and zone,
Grow dim beneath the splendor of thy glorious watery throne.

No fleets can stop thy progress—no armies bid thee stay—
But onward—onward—onward—thy march still holds its way;
The rising mist that veils thee, as thy herald goes before,
And the music that proclaims thee is the thundering Cataract's roar.

Thy diadem is an emerald green—of the clearest, purest hue,
Set around with waves of snowy foam, in spray of feathery dew;
While tresses of the brightest pearls float o'er thine ample sheet,
And the rainbow lays its gorgeous gems in tribute at thy feet.

Thy reign is of the ancient days—thy sceptre from on high—
Thy birth was when the distant stars first lit the glowing sky:
The sun, the moon, and all the orbs that shine upon thee now,
Beheld the wreath of glory that first bound thy infant brow.

And from that hour to this in which I gaze upon thy stream,
From age to age, in winter's frost, or summer's sultry beam,
By day, by night, without a pause, thy waves, with loud acclaim,
In ceaseless sounds have still proclaimed the GREAT ETERNAL'S name!

For whether, on thy forest banks, the Indian of the wood,
Or, since his day, the Red Man's foe, on his Father land hath stood;
Whoe'er has seen thine incense rise or heard thy torrent's roar,
Must have knelt before the GOD OF ALL, to worship and adore.

Accept, then, O Supremely Great! O Infinite! O God!
From this primeval altar, the green and virgin sod,
The humble homage that my soul in gratitude would pay
To THEE, whose shield has guarded me in all my wandering way.

For, if the Ocean be as nought in the hollow of thine hand,
And all the Rivers of the globe in thy balance but a sand;
If Niagara's mighty flood seem great, to us who lowly bow,
O great Creator of the Whole! how passing great art THOU!

Yet, though thy power is far more vast than finite mind can scan,
Thy Mercy is e'en greater still, to weak dependent man:
For him thou fill'st the teeming earth with abundance-yielding seed—
For him the woods, the lakes, the seas, supply his hourly need.

Around—on high—or far or near—the Universal Whole,
Proclaims thy glory, as the orbs in their fixed courses roll;
And from Creation's grateful voice, the Hymn ascends above,
While Heaven re-echoes back to Earth, this truth, that "GOD IS LOVE."

From the National Gazette.

LINES TO POESY.

Beautiful vision! I kneel no more
At thy radiant throne—
The dreams of a world I loved are o'er,
And I am alone—
Alone: for the world of beautiful things,
Where fancy flutters on rainbow wings,
And Hope with her lute of silver wings,
Her warbling song,
Is passed away like a pleasing thought;
Or a midnight dream that come unsought,
And soon is gone!

Beautiful vision! when scarce a boy,
Untamed and free,
One day I wandered with heedless joy
In search of thee:
I well remember the time—'twas spring—
The new-born winds were abroad on the wing,
And the azure of heaven did tremble and ring,
With the lark's sweet note;
I followed him upwards with straining eyes,
And panted for pinions with him to rise,
And heavenward float!

Beautiful vision! I wandered on
By a soft toned stream,
That leaped with joy and laughed at the sun,
As it drank his beam;
And soon, like a child fatigued from play
Who wanders from blossom to blossom all day,
I laid me down in the noon-tide ray
And softly slept—
When a spirit in form and shape like thine,
Kissed me in sleep with her lips divine—
I woke and wept!

Beautiful vision! full many a day
Since that sweet dream,
I've seen thy form of glory play
In blossom and beam,—
At morn, when glittered the diamond dew—
At noon, when the soft winds warmly blew—
At eve, when the mountains their tall shades threw
Away from the sun—
At night, when the young moon rose from the main,
And far over forest and fountain her chain
Of silver span,

Beautiful vision! a change comes o'er
My dreams of thee—
I turn to commune with thee no more,
Loved Poesy!
With tears I abandon my own sweet lute,
My heart is sick, and my lips are mute,
As I yield up to silence the friend of my youth
Whose warblings brought
Seadows of beauty to whisper with me—
Love, Hope, Feeling and Fantasy,
From the realms of thought!

THE GREAT FIRST CAUSE.—John Mason Goode, author of the Studies of Nature, and the Translation of the Book of Jobe, has, in four stanzas, stated the argument in favor of an intelligent first cause—the wise contriver of all the arrangements of this material world, as strikingly as it could be stated in a whole volume.

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
Need we to teel a God is here:
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

What power, but his who arched the skies,
And poured the day spring's purple flood,
Wondrous alike in all it tries,
Could rear the daisy's curious bud;

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold embossed gem,
That set in silver gleams within;

And fling it with a hand so free,
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see,
In every step, the stamp of God?

Tears shed for the departed, seem to relieve the heart: thus widows, like frogs, are most lively after a shower.—*Boston Post.*

'Tom, do you know French?' 'Yes, very well, by sight—but have no *speaking* acquaintance with it.'

Extract.—He builds too low, who builds his hopes beneath the skies. Let us then be chiefly anxious respecting the present that we may know how to profit best by it, and respecting the future only as it is connected with our interest in another world. Behold the various exquisite scenes which open before our eyes as we proceed in our walk. Look at that path which winds before us until it is lost in shade. See how beautiful its borders are diversified with plants of every tint and every form. Mark how the light breaks in from above, and how it trembles among the leaves. Listen to the note of the wood pigeon, the distant lowing of the cattle, and the barking of the watch dog. How beautiful, how delightful is this scene and all its attendant circumstances.

Yet all on earth is changeable. The yellow tints of Autumn have already begun to discolor the leaves; the winds will speedily lay those leaves in the dust; and the whole face of nature will soon be veiled in the snowy mantle of winter. All these circumstances, therefore, even to the falling of a leaf, ought to be received by us as so many warnings not to rest in present scenes, but to press forward towards those which are eternal. And although there is nothing in this sentiment which has not been repeated a thousand times, yet I believe it cannot be too often repeated or too deeply felt.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson.

$1 mail, $1,50 city, in advance.

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, TALES, AND MISCELLANY.

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MISCELLANY.

DANGEROUS ADVENTURE.

The annexed extract is taken from a paper in Blackwood's Edinburg Magazine, entitled "Adventure in the North-West Territory." It is a graphic description of a most thrilling scene :—

After residing nearly a year in one of the most distant posts of the North-West Company, and conducting the trade there, I began to look forward to my return to Montreal. I waited with the greatest impatience for the arrival of that period which was to terminate banishment and restore me to society. I was nearly three thousand miles distant from any settlements, and my only companions were two young men, clerks in the establishment, whose characters and limited acquirements rendered them very uninteresting associates. This lake discharged itself by means of a river into another of much greater dimensions, and thick forests covered every part of the neighboring country.

One afternoon, I took my gun, and strolled out in search of game. Though it was now in the beginning of spring, the lake was completely frozen across, the cold of the preceding winter having been very intense. I soon fell in with a flock of wild ducks, but before I got a shot at them, they began to fly towards the middle of the lake ; however, I followed them fearlessly over the ice, in the expectation that they would soon alight. The weather was mild, though rather blowy. Detached black clouds moved rapidly along the face of Heaven in immense masses, and the sun blazed forth in unobscured splendor at one moment, and was completely shrouded from my view the next. I was so intent on the pursuit of my game, that I hastened forwards almost unconsciously, my progress being much facilitated by a thin layer of snow, which covered the ice and rendered the footing tolerably secure. At last I fired at the ducks, and killed one and wounded another. I immediately picked up the first, but its companion having only been winged, began to leap away before I caught hold of it. I followed, but had not advanced more than twenty yards, when to my astonishment, I found that the ice was in many places covered with water to the depth of several inches. I stopped short, full of alarm, and irresolute what to do. It was evident that a thaw had commenced, and as I well knew with what rapidity the ice broke up when once affected by a change of temperature, became alive to the dangers of my situation and almost lost thought of moving from the spot on which I stood.

The weather had grown calm and hazy, and the sky was very black and lowering. Large flakes of snow soon began to fall languidly and perpendicularly through the air : and in a little time, these were accompanied by a thick shower of sleety rain, which gradually became so dense that I could not discern the shore. I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of some living object, but a dreary and motionless expanse stretched on every side, and the appalling silence that prevailed was sometimes interrupted by the receding cries of the wounded bird. All nature seemed to be fearfully awaiting some terrible event. I listened in fearful suspense to her. I soon distinguished a distant thundering noise, which gradually became stronger, and appeared to approach the place where I stood. Repeated explosions and hollow murmurs of irregular loudness, were succeded by a tremendous sound like that of rocks bursting asunder. The ice trembled beneath my feet, and the next moment it was disunited by a vast chasm, which opened itself within a few yards of me. The water of the lake rushed upwards through the gap with foaming fury, and began to flood the surface of all around.

I started backwards, and ran, as I conceived, towards the shore ; but my progress was stopped by one of those weak parts of the ice called air-holes. While walking cautiously around it, my mind grew somewhat composed, and I resolved not to advance any farther, until I had fixed upon some way of regulating my course, but I found this to be impossible. I vainly endeavoured to discern land, and the moaning of the wind among the distant forests alone indicated that there was any at all near me. Strong and irregular blasts, loaded with snow and sleet, swept wild along, involving every thing in obscurity, and bewildering my steps with malignant influence. I sometimes fancied I saw the spot where our post was situated, and even the trees and houses upon it ; but the next moment a gust of wind would whirl away the fantastic shaped fogs that had produced the agreeable illusion, and reduce me to actionless despair. I fired my gun repeatedly, in the hope that the report would bring some one to my assistance ; however, the shores alone acknowledged, by feeble echoes, that the sound had reached them.

The storm increased in violenee, and at intervals the sound of the ice breaking up, rolled upon my ear like distant thunder, and seemed to mutter appalling threats. Alarm and fatigue made me dizzy, and I threw down my gun, and rushing forwards in the face of the drifting showers, which were now so thick as to affect my respiration. I soon lost all my sense of fear, and began to feel a sort of frantic delight in struggling against the careering blasts. I hurried on, sometimes running along the brink of a circular opening in the ice, and sometimes leaping across frightful chasms—all the while unconscious of having any object in view. The ice every where cracked under my feet, and I knew that death awaited me, whether I fled away or remained on the spot. I felt as one would do, if forced by some persecuting fiend to range over the surface of a black and shoreless ocean ; and aware, that whenever his tormentor withdrew his sustaining power, he would sink down and be suffocated among the billows that struggled beneath him.

At last, night came on, and exhausted by fatigue and mental excitement, I wrapped myself in my cloak, and lay down upon the ice. It was so dark, I could not have moved one step, without running the risk of falling into the lake. I almost wished that the drowsiness, produced by intense cold, would begin to affect me ; but I did not feel in the slightest degree chilled, and the temperature of the air was in reality above freezing. I had lain only a few minutes when I heard the howl of a wolf. The sound was indescribably delightful to my ear, and I started up with the intention of hastening to the spot from whence it seemed to proceed ; but hopeless as my situation then was, my heart shrunk within me when I contemplated the dangers I would encounter in making such an attempt. My courage failed, and I resumed my former position, and listened to the undulations of the waters as they undermined and beat against the lower part of the ice on which I lay.

About midnight, the storm ceased, and most of the clouds gradually forsook the sky, while the rising moon dispelled the darkness that had previously prevailed. However, a thick haze covered the heavens, and rendered her light dim and ghastly, and similar to that shed during an eclipse. A succession of noises had continued with little interruption for several hours, and at last the ice beneath me began to move. I started up, and, on looking around, saw that the whole surface of the lake was in a state of agitation. My eye became dim, and I stretched out my arms to catch hold of some object, and felt as if all created things were passing away.

The hissing, grinding and crushing, produced by the different masses of ice coming into collision, were tremendous. Large fragments sometimes got wedged together, and impeded the progress of those behind them, which, being pushed forward by others still further back, were forced upon the top of the first, and fantastic-shaped pyramids and towers could be indistinctly seen rising among the mists of night, and momentarily changing their forms, and finally disorganizing themselves with magical rapidity and fearful tumult. At other times, an immense mass of ice would start up into a perpendicular position and continue gleaming in the moonshine for a little period, and then vanish like a spectre among the abyss of waters beneath it. The piece of ice, on which I had first taken my position, happened to be very large and thick, but other fragments were soon forced above it, and formed a mound six or seven feet high, on the top of which I stood, contemplating the awful scene about me, and feeling as if I no longer had the least connexion with the world, or retained anything human or earthly in my composition.

The wind, which was pretty strong, drove the ice down the lake very fast. My alarms and anxieties had gradually become less intense, and I was several times overcome by a sort of stupor ; during the continuance of which imagination and reality combined their destracting influences. At one time I fancied that the snow still drifted as violently as ever, and that I distinguished through its hazy medium, a band of Indian chiefs walking past me upon the surface of the lake. Their steps were noiseless, and they went along with a warne and dejected look and downcast eyes, and paid no attention to my exclamations and entreaties for relief.—At another, I thought I was floating in the middle of the ocean, and that a blazing sun flamed in the cloudless sky, and made the ice which supported me melt so fast, that I heard streams of water pouring from its sides, and felt myself every moment descending towards the surface of the billows. I was usually wakened from such dreams by some noise or violent concussion but always relapsed into them whenever the cause of disturbance ceased to operate.

The longest and last of these slumbers, was broken by a terrible shock, which my ice island received and which threw me from my seat, and nearly precipitated me into the lake. On regaining my former position and looking round, I perceived to my joy and astonishment, that I was in a river. The water between me and the shore was still frozen over, and was about thirty yards wide, consequently the fragment on which I stood, could not approach any nearer than this. After a moment of irresolution, I leaped upon the frozen surface, and began to row towards the bank of the river. My feet seemed scarcely to touch the ice. so great was my terror lest it should give way beneath me ; but I reached the shore in safety and dropped down completely exhausted by fatigue.

THE SCHOOL MASTER SCHOOLED.

"Smike," a poor, jaded, spiritless boy, is dragged into the school room, to be flogged for having attempted to run away from the cruel oppressions to which he had been subjected. Mr. Squeers, armed with "a strong, supple, wax-ended, and new instrument of torture," inquires of the culprit if he has any thing to say for himself. The scene which ensues, is not exceeded by the kindred one in Roderick Random, wherein a tyrannical schoolmaster is visited with similar punishment:]

'Nothing, I suppose?' said Squeers, with a diabolical grin.

Smike looked round, and his eye rested for an instant on Nicholas, as if he had expected him to intercede; but his look was rivited on his desk.

'Have you any thing to say?' demanded S. again, giving his right arm two or three flourishes, to try its power and suppleness. 'Stand a little out of the way, Mrs. Squeers, my dear; I've hardly got room enough.'

'Spare me, sir?' cried Smike.

'Oh! that's all, is it?' said Squeers. 'Yes, I'll flog you within an inch of your life, and spare you that.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed Mrs. Squeers, 'that's a good 'un.'

'I was driven to it.' said Smike, faintly; and casting another imploring look about him.

'Driven to do it, were you?' said Squeers—'Oh! it wasn't your fault; it was mine, I suppose—eh?'

'A nasty, ungrateful, pig-headed, brutish, obstinate, sneaking dog,' exclaimed Mrs. Squeers, taking Smike's head under her arm, and administering a cuff at every epithet; 'what does he mean by that?'

'Stand aside, my dear,' replied Squeers—'We'll try and find out.'

Mrs. Squeers, being out of breath with her exertions, complied. Squeers caught the boy firmly in his grip; one desperate cut had fallen on his body—he was wincing from the lash and uttering a scream of pain—it was raised again, and again about to fall—when Nicholas Nickleby suddenly starting up, cried 'Stop!' in a voice that made the rafters ring.

'Who cried stop?' said Squeers, turning savagely round.

'I,' said Nicholas, stepping forward. 'This must not go on.'

'Must not go on! cried Squeers, almost in a shriek.

'No!' thundered Nicholas.

Aghast and stupified by the boldness of the interference, Squeers released his hold of Smike and falling back a pace or two, gazed upon Nicholas with looks that were positively frightful.

'I say must not,' repeated Nicholas, nothing daunted; '*shall* not. I will prevent it.'

Squeers continued to gaze upon him with his eyes startling out of his head; but astonishment had actually for the moment bereft him of speech.

'You have disregarded all my quiet interference in the miserable lad's behalf,' said Nicholas; 'returned no answer to the letter in which I begged forgiveness for him, and offered to be responsible that he would remain quietly here. Don't blame me for this public interference. You have brought it upon yourself; not I.'

'Sit down, beggar?' screamed Squeers, almost beside himself with rage, and seizing Smike as he spoke.

'Wretch,' replied Nicholas, fiercely, 'touch him at your peril! I will not stand by and see it done; my blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. Look to yourself, for by Heaven, I will not spare you, if you drive me on.'

'Stand back?' cried Squeers, brandishing his weapon.

'I have a long series of insults to avenge, said Nicholas, flushed with passion; 'and my indignation is aggravated by the dastardly cruelties practised on helpless infancy in this foul den. Have a care; for if you raise the devil in me, the consequences shall fall heavily upon your own head.'

'He had scarcely spoken, when Squeers in a violent outbreak of wrath, and with a cry like the howl of a wild beast, spat upon him, and struck him a blow across the face with his instrument of torture, which raised up a bar of livid flesh as it was inflicted. Smarting with the agony of the blow, and concentrating into that moment all his feelings of rage, scorn and indignation, Nicholas sprang upon him, wrested the weapon from his hand, and pinning him by the throat, beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy.

'The boys, with the exception of Master Squeers, who, coming to his father's assistance harrassed the enemy in the rear—moved not hand or foot; but Mrs. Squeers, with many shrieks for aid, hung on to the tail of her partner's coat, and endeavored to drag him from his infuriated adversary. * * *

Becoming tired of the noise and uproar, and feeling that his arm grew weak beside, he threw all his remaining strength into half a dozen finishing cuts, and flung Squeers from him, with all the force he could muster. The violence of his fall precipitated Mrs. Squeers completely over an adjacent form, and Squeers, striking his head against it in his descent, lay at his full length on the ground, stunned and motionless.'

—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

From the Western Messenger for June, 1838.

INTERESTING INCIDENT IN KENTUCKY HISTORY.

At the first meeting of the Kentucky Historical Society, the following anecdote of Indian generosity and magnanimity, was related by a gentleman distinguished in the annals of Kentucky, with whose permission we give it to the public through our paper:

About the year 1784 or 1785, Mr. Andrew Rowan* embarked in a barge at the Falls of the Ohio, where Louisville now stands, with a party, to descend the river. The boat having stopped at the Yellow Banks, on the Indian side, some distance below, Mr. Rowan borrowed a rifle of one of the company, stepped on shore and strolled into the bottom, probably rather in pursuit of amusement than of game; for, from always having been of a feeble constitution and averse to action, he knew not how to use a rifle, and besides had with him but the single charge of ammunition which was in the gun. He unconsciously protracted his stay beyond what he intended; and returning to the spot where he had landed, saw nothing of the boat nor the company he had left. It being a time of hostility with the Indians, and suspicions of their approach having alarmed the party, they had put off and made down the stream with all possible haste, not daring to linger for their companion on shore.

Mr. R. now found himself alone on the banks of the Ohio, a vast and trackless forest stretching around him, with but one charge of powder, and himself too unskilled in the use of the rifle to profit even by that, and liable at any moment to fall into the hands of the savages. The nearest settlement of the whites was Vincennes, (now in Indiana,) distant probably about one hundred miles. Shaping his course as nearly as he could calculate for this, he commenced his perilous and hopeless journey. Unaccustomed to travelling in the forest, he soon lost all reckoning of his way, and wandered about at venture. Impelled by the gnawings of hunger, he discharged his rifle at a deer that happened to pass near him, but missed it. The third day found him still wandering, whether toward Vincennes or from it, he know not—exhausted, famished and despairing. Several times had he laid down, as he thought, to die. Roused by the sound of a gun not far distant, betokening, as he well knew, the presence of the Indians, he proceeded toward the spot whence the report had proceeded, resolved as a last hope of life, to surrender himself to those whose tender mercies he knew to be cruel.

Advancing a short distance he saw an Indian approaching, who, on discovering him—as the first impulse was on any alarm, with both the whites and Indians on the frontiers, in time of hostilities—drew up his rifle to his shoulder, in readiness to fire. Mr. R. turned the butt of his, and the Indian, with French politeness, turned the butt of his also. They approached each other. The Indian, seeing his pale and emaciated appearance, and understanding the cause, took him to his wigwam, a few miles distant, where he cooked for him for several days, and treated him with the greatest hospitality. Then learning from him by signs that he wished to go to Vincennes, the Indian immediately left his hunting, took his rifle and a small stock of provisions, and conducted him in safety to the settlement, a distance from his cabin of about eighty miles.

Having arrived there, and wishing to reward well the generous Indian, to whom he owed his life, Mr. R. made arrangements with a merchant of the settlement, to whom he made himself known, to give him three hundred dollars. But the Indian would not receive a farthing. When made to understand by Mr. R. through an interpreter, that he could not be happy unless he would accept something, he replied, pointing to a new blanket near him, that he would take that; and added, wrapping his own blanket around his shoulders, "When I wrap myself in it, I will think of you."

Where was there ever a white man, that even in a time of peace, would have so befriended an Indian? L. B.

* Uncle of the present Hon. John Rowan, of Louisville.

From the Express.

"THE LAST BELL."

It was in May, in the year 18—(I remember it as distinctly as if it was but yesterday) that I sat beside Lucy Maria dreading the departure of the boat I was to leave in. She was a good girl, and the only one that ever loved me, at least she was the only one that ever told me so. Vowing and being vowed to, of the strong affection that bound our hearts together, the time passed rapidly on. The bell of the boat sounded, I rose to take a reluctant leave. "Oh! that is but the first bell, do not go till the next bell, the distance is short and there will be plenty of time." The desire on my part to stay as long as possible, readily acquiesced in her wish, and I again quietly seated myself, but I had no sooner done this than her father, a venerable old man, looked into the room and said, "No, William, wait not, and take this advice and carry it through life with you, 'never wait for the last bell.' After a hasty parting, I soon found myself hurrying to the boat, when, out of breath, I arrived just in season to get on board. We were soon under way, and I sat down to reflect on the old man's advice, and soon came to the determination never again to wait for the "last bell." We soon arrived at New York, where I was going to get a "little of the world's gear" to be in a situation to consummate my anticipated marriage with Lucy Maria. I took lodgings at a public house, and after going through the ordeal of the toilet, walked a short distance before dinner. The attractions in the street were so great that the time passed faster than I was aware. The dinner bell rung, and I was not there, I waited for the "last bell" and the consequence was I lost my dinner. If my resolution was not firm enough before, this fixed it immoveably in my mind, to never again, wait for the "last bell."

The next morning I saw a notice for a clerk. I applied immediately, but found that the salary was very small—so much so that the situation had been refused by a great number of young men, applicants before me. But I was determined not to wait for the "last bell"—so I accepted the place, went to work, and by close application and good conduct soon won the confidence of my employers, and in a few years was taken into the concern as a partner.

I observed the future life of many of these young men that had refused the situation before me, and without one exception they were unsuccessful in business—they were waiting for the "last bell;" while with me our business soon increased, and in a short time I was able to accomplish the desirable union with the girl of my heart. We were married, took a comfortable house, and always have, do now, and expect always to live happy.

In close, one word to the ladies. In the street in which I live there is a lady, that, presuming too much upon the attractions of youth, has refused a number of good offers in marriage. Time has passed on, and she has lived in hopes of doing better. She has now arrived at an uncertain age. She has been waiting for the 'last bell,' and I think she will wait until the *last*, a Belle.

CONDITION OF WOMEN IN FRANCE,

NEXT DOOR TO THOSE IN INDIA.

We extract from a late number of the Journal des Debats, a notice of a new edition of a work which has attracted some attention in that country. The extract contains some facts which seem almost incredible, as relating to the fairer portion of creation in civilized France, at the present day.

The second edition of the Treatise of M. Aime Martin on the Education of mothers of families, is about to appear from the Paris press. He is the first, perhaps, among our moralists, who has shown the deplorable situation of women in the country, and called the attention of government to the painful pictures which are all round us, and where we are unwilling to see. The two chapters he has published on the subject, have struck us as remarkable. One of them is entitled "The civilization of the rural districts

by women." We shall make quotations from this chapter.

"The great misfortune of our villages is the degradation of women by the labors which belong to men. In their early infancy they drive the flocks and gather the harvest.—While young girls, and instinct of coquetry and the foresight of their mothers, banish them from the ruder fatigues of agriculture; but, as soon as they are married, every thing is changed; they abandon the house and follow their husbands into the fields. You see them bent to the earth like machinery; or loaded with enormous burdens like beasts. There are countries in France, (I do not mean Africa,) where they are attached to the plough like the ox and the ass. Then their skin becomes wrinkled, their features become masculine, and they fall in to a premature decrepitude, more hideous than that of old age. But while they are performing the labour of the women, (those labours which soften all others,) they remain unknown or neglected. Nothing can be more dirty and more unhealthy than the interior of a cottage. Often hens, ducks, and hogs, dispute the possession of its damp soil. The door opens into the mud, and the windows, when there are any, open upon the dung heap.

"Here it is, however, in a mud hole like that of a savage; in the midst of the grunting of animals and their offensive exhalations, that every evening, two human beings, a male and a female, come to rest themselves from their fatigues. There no one welcomes them, nothing agreeable meets their eye, the table is empty and the hearth is cold. And here too other labors await the woman, and before thinking of her husband's supper, and the care of her children, she must take care of the stable, and give food to the beasts.

"What a difference would there be, if, abandoning to man the rude labors of the earth, and confining her own to the interior of the house, the woman, by her graceful foresight, had prepared every thing for the hour of return. The flames would shine upon the hearth—on the table, polished by her hand, would smoke the nutritious soup, and the high pyramids of chesnuts or potatoes, bursting invitingly from their skins. The good housewife would then never be seen by her husband but in the midst of abundance, and surrounded by the smiling flock of her children. Thus a genteel and easy life would become the life of a villager.

But nothing gives him the idea of such happiness; he is ignorant of comfort, the charms of caresses, and even the power of love. His children tremble before him—his wife dreads the vigor of his arm. The adversary and not the protector of these feeble beings, he knows no law but force. The last reason of the peasant in his cabin, as well as in the fields, is generally the weight of his fist.

"If we are asked for examples, we will cite whole provinces, the richest as well as the poorest of France. Perigord, where the women grovel in a state of dirt and degradation which re-acts upon the whole family—Picardy, and Limousin, where, repulsed to the last point as an inferior race, they serve their husbands at the table without ever placing themselves by their sides—Crisse, where they are mere machines, beasts of burden and lobour—Basse Bretague, finally, where the men, women, and children, reduced to an almost savage state, pell-mell in the same mud, eat the same black corn, in the same manger with their sheep and swine. Every where the degradation of the woman is the proof of the brutality of the man. And every where the brutalization of the man is the re-action of the degradation of the woman.

"Such is the situation of the peasantry in almost the whole of civilized Europe."

WEEPING.

Young women are full of tears. They will weep as bitterly for the loss of a new dress as the loss of an old lover. They will weep for anything or for nothing. They will scold you to death for accidentally tearing a new gown, and weep for spite that they cannot be revenged on you. They will play the coquette in your presence, and weep when you are absent. They will weep because they cannot go to a ball or a tea party, or because their parents will not permit them to run away with a blackguard; and they will weep because they cannot have every thing their own way,

Married women weep to conquer. Tears are the most potent arms of matrimonial warfare.—If a gruff husband has abused his wife, she weeps and he repents and promises better behaviour. How many men have gone to bed in wrath, and risen in the morning quite subdued with tears and a curtain lecture! Women weep to get at their husband's secrets, and they also weep when their own secrets have been revealed.—They weep through pride, through vanity, through folly, through cunning, and through weakness. They will weep for a husband's misfortunes, while they scold him. A woman will weep over the dead body of her husband, while her vanity will ask her neighbor how she is fitted with her mournings. The 'Widow of Ephesus bedewed the grave of her spouse with one eye, while she squinted love to a young soldier with the other.'

Drunkards are much given to weeping. They will shed tears of bitter repentance this moment, and sin the next. It is no uncommon thing to hear them cursing the effects of intemperance, while they are poising the cup of indulgence, and grasping to gulp down its contents.

The beggar and the tragedian weep for a livelihood; they can coin tears and make them pass for the current money of the realm. The one weeps you in a charitable humor, and the other makes you forced to weep along with him. Sympathy bids us believe the one, and curiosity prompts us to support the other. We relieve the beggar when he prefers his claim, and we pay the tragedian before hand. The one weeps only when he is well paid for it.

Poets are a weeping tribe. They are social in their tears; they would have a whole world to weep along with them.—Their sensibility is so exquisite, and their imagination so fantastic, that they make even the material world to sympathise with their sorrows.

The dew on the cheek of the lilly is compared to tears on the cheek of a disconsolate maiden: when it glitters on the herbage at twilight, it is called the tears of the evening, and when the sun rises and exhales the dew drops from the flowers, it is said to wipe away the tears of the morning. Thus we have a weeping day, and a weeping night. We have weeping rocks, weeping willows, weeping waterfalls, weeping skies, and, if any signal calamity has befallen a great man, we have, to finish the climax, a weeping world!

From the New York Whig.

MARRIAGE EXTRAORDINARY.

We learn from a correspondent, that a very interesting marriage is on the tapis in this city, and will come off next week. It appears that a young gentleman from the state of Ohio, who comes frequently to New York to purchase goods, has for several years been quite attentive to the daughter of the lady at whose house he has boarded when here. The attentions were mere civilities, and such as any man would be likely to pay to any lady in a friendly way. She is beautiful as a sylph, and of a sweet and most amiable disposition. He is equally amiable, intelligent, and just such a man as a discriminating widow would choose for the husband of a beloved daughter. He made his appearance in the city about a week since; called, as usual, to see his old friends, the mother and daughter.—He found the latter had grown remarkably fond of him in his absence, and he grew uneasy lest she should suffer from neglect. Who can behold a young and beautiful creature in distress, and not fly to her relief? No matter what the uffesring may be—want, trouble or disease, the heart will then beat loudly, and the eye will rest with anxiety upon the lovely complainer. The manliest soul will find its hardened nature yielding to the softer and sweeter influence of the picture before it; for he who can openly brave his direst foe, and smile as he meets a noble death, will be subdued, weakened and conquered, by even the uncomplaining eye of suffering woman.

What then must be the feelings of a genuine, warm hearted young gentleman, when he finds a splendid being, enduring a world of care and doubt and hope, for himself? Our hero is such an one. He saw through the sheltered eye and half constrained tear, that his image had been present with the maid, and as soon as he made the discovery, cupid threw a tremendous flambeau into the very centre of the youth's heart.—The blood boiled to a phrensy of hope, and amid his sighs and her own, she bid him ask her mother. He did—it was all settled, and the happy pair are to be made bone of one bone and flesh of one flesh early next week, and the same day set out for Ohio. Farewell to the Barclay street beauty. She has found a rich and excellent husband. May they both be happy.

ROMANTIC ADVENTURE.

A few days since, the family of a merchant, residing in one of the great commercial towns of the north, was thrown into a state of confusion by the unexpected disappearance of the youngest daughter. It appears that the young lady had, on the morning of the 2d instant, left home at an early hour, intending to visit some friends who resided on the side of the river opposite to that on which the town stands. Hastening toward the pier to take passage on board one of the steamers which constantly ply to and fro, she was delayed on her way, the lock gates of the dock (forming the bridge) having been opened to afford egress to an American vessel outword bound. The ship being at length towed into the basin, the gates were closed, and the crowd pressed forward to cross the bridge. A rope, which had been attached to the side of the vessel, and likewise fastened to a post on the pier head, being at this moment suddenly jerked, came with such violence against the ancles of many of the crowd as to cause their instant submersion; the lady being on the edge of the pier was unfortunately precipitated into the water.—A Rush was made to the spot from whence she had fallen; a rope was thrown up, but a gentleman with extraordinary presence of mind, unmindful of the fearful leap accoutred as he was, plunged in, and managed with great difficulty, to keep the lady above water until the arrival of a boat. Landed at the pier stairs, a coach was procured, and in a short time the gentleman set down his dripping charge at the door of her father's domicil. In the evening he called to enquire after her health, next day repeated his visits, and procured a private interview, the parents being out. The following morning came, but no lady appeared at the breakfast table—the bird had flown, and as might have been expected father and mother were inconsolable. Things remained in this state until the evening of the 16th, when the arrival of a letter informed the family that the lady was quite safe, she having, in token of gratitude, surrendered her hand and fortune to her deliverer. The worthy merchant, displeased at this step, was satisfied to find that his daughter's husband was no needy adventurer but the possessor of tolerable income. This novel and speedy mode of obtaining a partner for life, it is reported, has caused so great a sensation among the spinsters of the town, that many who have long languished in vain, have fully determined, when warm weather may coma to try the efficacy of a bath, but have also taken the precaution to order cork jackets to be made, the use of which might prevent fearful consequences, should no knight deliverer appear.—*Eng. Paper.*

Lacing.—The most mistaken and pernicious practice in the world is tight lacing; it distorts the 'human form divine,' and causes destructive organic diseases which never can be removed, thus curtailing life and disfiguring beauty. All the statues and paintings the Romans and Grecks have left us of Venus, the ideal mode of female perfection of figure, represents her with a full round waist, as nature makes the most finished workmanship of her hands. We hope the barbarous custom of mudering these fair proportions will ultimately and soon be heard of no more. We are certain it is getting much into disuse.—There may be cases in which lacing is required to brace the enfeebled chest and limbs, but never to the degree of the fashionable system of excruciating the body into an hour glass, practiced by some young ladies under the mistaken notion that they render themselves more fascinating, or that they may hear the marvelous exclamation uttered frequently by some, would be exquisite, that he can span round her waist.—*N. Y. Sun.*

☞The sale of Talleyrand's library was lately announced in Paris, and produced quite a sensation. It turned out, however, on the day of sale, that there were but little over 3000 volumes, and those not of extraordinary value.—The veteran diplomatist had too much to do with men of the world to hold frequent converse with the mighty dead. A Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Star says the greater part of the library was purchased by Mr. White of Florida. —*Alb. Adv.*

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1838.

"*Incidents of travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia and Poland.*"—The HARPERS have seldom rendered greater service to the reading public, than when they sent out these interesting volumes, from the pen of Mr. STEVENS, the excellent author of "*Arabia, Petreæa,*" *&c.* Every one may travel; but every one cannot write their travels. The ripest scholars—who flourish amid the classics; and enrich the world with their chaste essays upon the sciences and philosophy—often fail when they attempt to minute down passing scenes and passing events. It requires a mind of a peculiar structure to record "Incidents of Travel"—a mind observing, patient, shrewd, poetic. Such a mind is that of Mr. STEVENS. He is at home when on the wing—in his study when surrounded by the mighty works of Nature—or thrown into association with the Prince or the Peasant. From this study, in the volumes before us, he has sent out a rich feast for the intellectual.

The volumes may be had at the bookstore of Messrs. NICHOLS & WILSON.

NEW WORK—*American Scenery, or Land, Lake and River Illustrations.*

This is one of those beautiful productions from the pencil of Mr. BARTLETT, whose labors have already illustrated Palestine, the Holy Land, Scotland, Switzerland, &c. We have examined the 11th No. of this work, and pronounce it to rank amongst the finest specimens of the Arts ever introduced to the notice of an American public. The present No. contains views of some of the wildest and softest scenes on the Hudson, the Mohawk, and Lake George; the Trenton and Niagara Falls, from every point of interest; the Lake Scenery of New Hampshire, Campbell's Valley of Wyoming, Harper's Ferry, (of which President Jefferson said "It alone was worth a voyage across the Atlantic,") the cities of Boston, Albany, Baltimore, &c. with several other beautiful scenes.

The volume will be finished in 15 parts, each containing four exquisite engravings, at 75 cents each part. It is enough to say the descriptions are from the pen of N. P. WILLIS, Esq.. It is a work which ought to be on the table of every American.

The agent from New York, is now in this city, and will wait with the work, on the citizens generally. *

A veteran Fireman.—Mr. ZEPHANIAH COFFIN, who first enrolled his name with the Hudson Fire Co. No. 1, in 1769, was out, in full uniform, with the company, the other day, on the occasion of a visit from an Albany Fire and Military company. Mr. C. is probably the oldest fireman in the State. He has been enrolled and active 69 years.

The Knickerbocker.—We acknowledge the receipt of the July and August numbers of this favorite magazine. It will take us just three days to digest the rich food they furnish us; and until that time we will, of course, be unable to say whether they are *more* than perfect or not.

A western editor, learning that Talleyrand died at his own hotel, inferred from thence that he was a *tavern keeper.*

Deferred Sensibility.—A client once burst into a flood of tears after he had heard the statement of his counsul, exclaiming, "I did not think I suffered half as much till I heard it this day."

Correspondence of the Rochester Daily Democrat.

A MILITARY EXCURSION.

ALBANY, AUGUST 23, 1838.

FRIEND DAWSON:—Having just awakened from a *lengthened sleep*, of a day and night, I purpose giving you an account, or outline, of the events of the first twenty-four of the last forty-eight hours, as they occurred to me; being an excursion to Poughkeepsie, by the Albany Burgesses Corps.

This spirited association of citizen-soldiers being famed for the splendor with which they have heretofore produced their balls, and pageants of every kind, I determined to accompany them on this occasion, down the noble Hudson. I did so; and, although fatigued and almost worn out on our return, I do not regret that I did. It will long be remembered as one of the most pleasing events I have ever experienced.

The A. B. C's since their first parade, (July 4th, 1834,) have justly been considered the best drilled Corps in Albany, if not in the state. Their excursions are always first in design and execution. Since their formation they have visited Troy several times,-where there is now a splendid Corps, organized upon the same principle with themselves. They have visited Hudson and Cattskill; and, on the 21st inst. Poughkeepsie. At the latter place I was gratified to see out to receive them, an elegant company, (organized on a similar plan.) In 1836, the A. B. C's visited Philadelphia. This latter and most deserving of the name of an excursion, I am told, was most spiritedly carried through. The members were ever on the alert—no lagging in their duty. They received high encomiums from the press, their military entertainers, and citizens generally, of the different places they visited, during that excursion. The New York papers spoke in terms of unbounded praise of them. The Gazette pronounced them to be next to no other Corps in the Union, and all but equal to the Cadets at West Point! The Journal of Commerce paid them the highest compliment, in speaking of their marching in the Navy Yard at Brooklyn. There were several Bands playing at the same time; and, while the other Corps' step was *broken up*, by the babel like confusion of music, the A. B. C's reached out their regular twenty-eight inch step—loosing no time—amid the din around them. This was the proudest moment of their military experience; and as they marched, each soldier's step grew firmer. In Philadelphia every public place, and many private dwellings, were thrown open for their reception and entertainment. The citizens of A. took the highest interest in this excursion of their sons, brothers and friends; and, upon their return well conditioned, they were greeted with marks of the highest approbation, for the gentlemanly and soldierly-like manner in which they had demeaned themselves.

I believe the Corps' organized upon the plan of the A. B. C's, to be the most perfect of any of our Independent Companies. And, as there is a Corps of this kind now in full tide of successful experiment in Utica, I not only hope, e're long, to hear that you have one in your city, but that there may be similar ones throughout the state. But for the excursion.

The Corps had chartered a Steam Boat and Barge, which they decorated with much care, and seven and a half o'clock A. M. was the hour appointed for leaving the dock; still the Corps did not arrive till about eight. "All ashore that's going," was several times repeated, when the boats 'swung from the shore,' passing up stream a short distance. Putting about, they fired a gun, received and returned the salutes of the various boats lying at the wharves—the music playing, and the company returning the cheers and waving of handkerchiefs of the thousands who lined the piers and docks.

After leaving the city, the promenade began; an examination of the ornaments and decorations took place. They were tasteful and rich, not gaudy. The barge was literally lined with banners, military prints, paintings, engravings, mottoes, chandeliers, &c. presenting the appearance of some splendid Hall—and, as they would return by night, the following was not an inapt motto—

"Blame cynic, if you can, quadrille or ball,
The snug, close party, or the splendid Hall,
Where night down drooping from her ebon throne,
Views constellations brighter than her own!"

The party was not large, but most respectable. Both boats were also covered with colors and streamers. And from the bow of the Steam Boat floated in graceful folds, a gorgeous banner with the words—"Our country ever free!"

The "sky was overcast," and it blew a smart breeze from the South, when we had fairly passed the "overslaugh." We very soon found that it would be late before we reached the place of destination, as the boats only moved at about the rate of 8 miles the hour. Still the hilarous spirit of the company was not to be repressed. As we neared the successive landings a gun was fired in salute; and, occasionally, a like report "came booming o'er the wave," in token of greeting from those on shore. The efficient orderly of Corps drilled them, as I should think, to their heart's content. Arrived at Cattskill, the Corps cheered the Editor of the Recorder, one of their original members, as I learned, who was waiting at the Point to see them pass. After steaming below Cattskill a short distance, the Corps was dismissed to enjoy, if they chose, the "evolutions" of the "labyrinthan reel!" The ladies pointed to where hung the following beautiful lines from Moore—

"Sound the merry viol, and day light or not.
Be all for one hour in the sweet dance forgot;
While thus all creation,—earth, heaven, and sea,
Are dancing around us, O why should not we?"

"Take partners for a Quadrille," and the dance began—when, after a few figures, the floor was cleared, and tables set with a sumptuous dinner, to which ample justice was done. Here again the members of the Corps displayed their wonted politeness and attention. The first tables were exclusively appropriated to the company who participated with them; the committee, and many of the members attending upon the ladies, seeing that they were properly supplied with the delicacies of which the tables were loaded.

After dinner, dancing and promenading was resumed. And thus glided the bonny boats; when about six o'clock we hove in sight of Poughkeepsie. It now betokened a storm from the northwest; the wind had changed, and blew a gale from that direction. Many of the colors had to be taken down, which marred the beauty of this floating pageant. The canvass of the barge was unrolled, on all sides, which made it quite comfortable. Arrived at the dock, the Corps was received by the POUGHKEEPSIE GUARDS and escorted through the principal streets, while the rest of the company took carriages and enjoyed a drive through this pretty village. The Corps was most hospitably entertained by the Guards at one of the principal Hotels—where, owing to the "double duty" the Corps was subjected to, few were the words spoken, and brief the sentiments of reciprocation, friendship and esteem on either side—both Corps' repining at

the lateness of the arrival, and the necessity there was of the Corps' not prolonging their stay —all hoping for a meeting at a future day—the A. B. C's inviting the Guards to meet them on their "own ground," the hills of Albany. After a short two hours absence from the boats, and but brief time taken to grasp the hand of their new made friends, and partake of hospitalities tendered them, the orderly's whistle of the A. B. C's was heard, calling them to form again, to return under escort to the boats—but before this was accomplished, the rain came down in torrents—aye, while marching down Poughkeepsie Hill, on either side, the waters rushed in "bounding floods." Arrived at the boats the Corps and their entertainers separated with regret. "All ready," was the word and the boats were again in motion—both Corps cheering—and the Bands on shore and boats playing, until we were far out "upon the deep dark wave and rushing river!"

The arms were now "piled away," and plumed caps disposed of, when the leaders began to laugh at them, hoping they would not give out! "Give out! No! This has been but a sprinkling—we're old campaigners—besides, *we know our duty better!*" and each Burgess pointed to these lines of Byron—

"On with the dance! let joy be unconfined:
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet!"

Dancing was resumed till 10 o'clock, when Tea was served. After which as many as could get berths did so, and were fortunate. The rest of us had to dance and promenade—promenade and dance—counting the hours as they passed 1—2—3, when the fog was so dense that the boats could not proceed, and the anchor dropped and steam blown off. Here we lay till "day light did appear." An occasional figure was called during the "serious long hours" we had to lay by. As morning broke, the A. B. C's cried—

"But see; we have danced out the night; and day
With fresh and flushy rigor, cometh on!"

But the smile was forced—the eyelids of all hung heavy. The fog rolling off, the anchor was weighed—steam up—and towards home we were once more moving. At the sound of the drum the A. B. C's equipped and went thro' a mornings drill. Nearing Albany, dancing was again resumed. To every fair one who declined the *last figures*, the soldiers pointed to their last remaining motto—

"Then tell me no more, with a tear and a sigh,
That our dance will be censured by many;
All have their follies, and who can deny,
That our's is the sweetest of any?"

Passed the city, dancing the *last figure!*—fired a gun—put about, passing down to the landing where they started from—receiving and returning salutes as on the day before. We are at the dock! The company separated for their homes, whilst the corps marched in order to their Armory.

Thus ended the Excursion—and although all were more or less worn out—yet, after a good rest, I venture to predict that but few can be found who will say they were not pleased with their visit to Poughkeepse, in company with the A. B. C's.

'*A Century too soon.*"—When the New York Grand Canal was begun, Mr. Clinton, in a letter to Mr. Jefferson asked his opinion of the undertaking. 'Tis a noble project," replied Jefferson, "but you are a century too soon." A few years passed, and a second letter from the same gentleman, announced its completion, with a query: "What do you think of it now?" His reply was, "I now perceive, that in regard to your resources and energies, I committed an error of one century in my calculation."

Eclipse.—There will be a remarkable eclipse of the sun on the afternoon of the 18th of this month which, according to the American Almanac, will be annular in the territory of Wisconsin, in the District of Columbia, and throughout or in some parts of thirteen States, viz:—throughout Michigan, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland—throughout Ohio and Virginia, with the exception of the Southwest part of each—in the Western and Southern parts of New York—in the Northeastern part of Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky and in the county of Fairfield in the Southwest part of Connecticut.

☞ A newspaper is now published on the site of ancient Carthage, in the Italian language. It has given some interesting notices of that part of the world. Intelligence and commerce at least are beginning to visit the barbarous regions along the Mediterranean. Commerce is at length discovered to be a better means of conquest than war—a better civilizer, and a better way to levy tribute, because it is a tribute that reciprocally benefits both parties by the friendly interchange of commodities.

An idea of a family.—A correspondent of Poulson's (Phila) Advertiser, speaking of a certain work says "If I had a thousand sons and a thousands daughters I would put a copy into the hands of each on their marriage."

What a nice little domestic circle this individual might have, and how cosily they might gather round the paternal hearth, "if" he could only number such a respectable list of sons and daughters. He is evidently a person who does not make his calculation on a small scale.

☞ A new romance, entitled "Richard Hurdis, a Tale of Alabama," will soon be published by Messrs. Carey & Hart of Philadelphia. The editor of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, whose opinions in literary matters we think worthy of all acceptation, however heterodox he may be politically, says the work "is destined to make a sensation in the 'literary circles.' Nay, we will go farther, and confess that we have read the first volume; and we do not hesitate to say that it deserves to make a sensation.

"Who the author is we do not know; but he is a strong man, although somewhat rude and unpolished. With practice he will stand up boldly by the side of our best novelists. As it is he has no favor to ask from any of them, in point of vigor, spirit, and familiar acquaintance with the deeps of passion and the springs of action."

LETTER FROM INDIA.

We have received the following Letter from our friend, the Rev. Grover S. Comstock, formerly of this city, and now Missionary in Burmah. Its facts are interesting and important. They show with what rapidity intelligence is spreading itself over the world, and how uniformly the pillars of paganism and superstition fall before the battering-rams of education:—

Calcutta, March 6, 1838.

Friend Dawson—I write you on this sheet, as it clearly shows what some of the missionaries here are doing for the education of the natives. The school taught by the missionaries of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland is the most flourishing in India. Two well educated missionaries are at the head of it, and a good deal of assistance is afforded in instruction by others. The building expressly for the purpose would not disgrace one of the best of our academies, and indeed every thing is on so extensive and liberal a scale that the natives are really proud of the institution, and many of great respectability send their sons to it. I attended the examination mentioned below, and was much pleased with the attainments of the scholars. An essay on the importance of a knowledge of grammar was very amusing and clever. "As you cannot form a syllable without the aid of a vowel," said the writer, "so you cannot write composition without the aid of Mr. Murray"—"As the sun causes flowers to spring up in the garden, so a knowledge o grammar causes the flowers of correct writing to abound in your compositions," &c. &c. I am well persuaded that the natives of this country are not ignorant and degraded for want of intellect. It is the baleful influence of superstition and idolatry that has so debased them. Thousands are now receiving a Christian education, and not long hence, I imagine, the light of science will be too bright to allow the dark doings of Hindooism. I do not now speak of conversion to God; that can be effected only by the Holy Spirit; but of a renunciation of idolatry, which may be induced by instructions, showing that the fables of the religious books of the Hindoos are at variance with the established deductions of science. For instance, the false and absurd system of astronomy which obtains here is sustained by the same authority as the idolatry of the country. Show the former to be utterly unworthy of credit, and confidence in the latter is also impaired. Nearly all of the educated youth of Calcutta have renounced Hindooism; but alas! too few have embraced Christianity.

I have not time, however, to dwell on this subject, or indeed on any other. We are in the midst of a hurried preparation to sail in a few days for Maulmein. We were driven from Arracan by ill health, and are not yet sufficiently restored to return.

In this "city of palaces" are at least 5 daily papers, besides tri-weekly, weekly and monthly publications in abundance. The natives are beginning to acquire a considerable taste for news, literature, &c., and in many important respects India is improving.

The following is the order of the *Seventh Annual Examination* of the

General Assembly's School.

Classes.	*Books read.*
14th & 15th.	Instructor No. I. 2 pp.
13th.	——————— 24 pp.
12th.	Instructor No. II.—English Grammar—Parts of Speech.
11th.	Instructor No. III. 24 pp.—Woollaston's Grammar.
10th.	48 pp.—McCulloch's 26 pp.
9th.	160 pp.—Lennie 52 pp.—Geography—Europe, Asia and Africa.
4th.	Euclid Book I.—Brief Survey of History Part II. 97 pp.—New Testament—The Four Gospels—Arithmetic—Fractions.

Essay by Mohesh C. Bannergea.

Monitorial Class. Whately's Rhetoric—Sir Jas. McIntosh—Ancient and Scholastic Ethics—Paley's Evidences of Christianity.

Essay by Khetur M. Chattergea.

1st Class. Wilne's Astronomy—Leechman's Logic—Clift's Political Economy—Horne's Evidences pp.—History of England—Conic Sections—Parabola and Ellipse—Spherical Trigonometry.

Essay by Behary L. Singh.

2d Class. Horne's Evidences—History of India—New Testament—Euclid 6 Books—Plane Trigonometry—Algebra—Quadratic Equations.

Examination in Bengale.

3d Class. History of India 7½ pp.—Euclid 4 Books—Horne 40 pp.—New Testament—4 Gospels—Physical Geography pp.

5th & 6th. " Brief Survey Part I. 140 pp.—Use of the Globes—Arithmetic—Fractions—Geography—4 Quarters and India.

7th & 8th. " Brief Survey Part I. 24 pp.—Geography—the 4 Quarters—Arithmetic—Reduction—Lennie's Grammar.

The number on the list is 740: The greatest number present at once 645.

General Assembly's Institution, Cornwallis Square, Jan., 1838.

In haste, affectionately yours,

G. S. COMSTOCK.

Water Spout.—This interesting and somewhat unfrequent phenomenon, was witnessed on Canadaigua lake on Saturday afternoon the 25th ult. by a spectator who thus describes the sublime spectacle:

"At the time, a sudden squall from the northwest swept across the lake, which till then, had been calm and unruffled. While watching the altered appearance of the lake, one portion of its surface, nearly opposite, was tossed by the action of the wind into a white spray which kept moving along in a south easterly direction. As it approached the eastern shore a thin white column of vapor rose into the air, waving to and fro, like a huge serpent in a perpendicular position. Directly above this column, though apparently unconnected with it, was a much larger column of spray, performing rapid evolutions in the air—increasing in dimensions as it rose into the clouds to the height of between 200 and 300 feet, add thus amusing very much the appearance presented by the volume of smoke which issues from the funnel of a steamboat. This appearance was maintained without much change, for the space of perhaps 10 or 12 minutes, during which the white spray on the lake, (forming the base from which the column of vapor arose,) gradually contracted contracted in circumference, and at last disappeared altogether. A few seconds after, the two pillars also disappeared, gradually merging, as it appeared into the heavy clouds which obscured the sky."

Some of our old residents may recollect a similar phenomenon which occurred in the bay near this city, some nineteen or twenty years ago.—*Buff. Adv.*

SINGULAR LOVE AFFAIR.—The Delaware Gazette tells a good story of two persons saved from the wreck of the Pulaski, which we wil endeavor to repeat in a few words:

Among the passengers was Mr. Ridge a young man of wealth and standing, from New Orleans, who being a stranger to all on board, and feeling quite as much interest in his own safety as in that of any other person, was, in the midst of the confusion which followed the dreadful catastrophe, about helping himself to a place in one of the boats, when a young lady who had frequently elicited his admiration during the voyage, but with whom he was totally unacquainted, attracted his attention, and he immediately stepped forward to offer his services, and to assist her on board the boat; but in his generous attempt not only lost sight of the young lady, but also lost his place in the boat. Afterwards, when he discovered that the part of the wreck on which he floated would soon go down, he cast about for means of preservation, and lashing together a couple of settees and an empty cask, he sprang upon it and launched himself upon the wide ocean.

His vessel proved better than he expected, and amidst the shrieks, groans and death struggles which were every where uttered around him, he began to feel that his lot was fortunate, and was consoling himself upon his escape, such as it was, when a person struggling in the waves very near him, caught his eye. It was a woman—and without taking the second thought, he plunged into the water, and brought her safely to his little raft, which was barely sufficient to keep their heads and shoulders above water.—She was the same young lady for whom he had lost his chance in the boat, and for a while he felt pleased at having effected her rescue; but a moment's reflection convinced him that her rescue was no rescue, and that unless he could find some more substantial vessel, both must perish.

Under these circumstances he proposed making an effort to get his companion in one of the boats which was still hovering near the wreck, but the proposition offered so little chance of success that she declined, expressing her willingness at the same time to take her chance with him either for life or death. Fortunately they drifted upon a part of the wreck which furnished them with materials for strengthening their vessel, and which were turned to such good account that they soon sat upon a float sufficiently buoyant to keep them above the water, and when the morning dawned they found themselves upon the broad surface of the "vasty deep," without land or sail or human being in sight—without a morsel to eat or drink—almost without clothes, exposed to the burning heat of a tropical sun.

In the course of the next day they came in sight of land, and for a time had strong hopes of reaching it, but during the succeeding night the wind drove them back upon the ocean. On the third day a sail was seen in the distance, but they had no means of making themselves discovered. They were, however, at length picked up by a vessel after several days of intense suffering, starved and exhausted, but still in possession of all their faculties, which it seems had been employed to some purpose during their solitary and dangerous voyage.

We have heard of love in a cottage—love in the deep green woods—nay even love on the wild unfurrowed prairie; but love upon a plank in the midst of old ocean with a dozen frightful deaths in view, is something still more uncommon. And yet it would seem that love, thus born upon the bosom of the deep—cradled by the ocean wave—and refined under the fierce beams of an almost vertical sun—is, after all, the very thing. There is about it the true spice of romance—the doubts, the hopes, the difficulties—aye and the deaths too, to say nothing of the sighs and tears. Mr. Ridge must, therefore, be acknowledged as the most romantic of lovers, for there upon the "deep, deep sea," he breathed his precocious passion, mingled his sighs with the breath of old ocean, and vowed eternal affection. Women are the best of creatures in the world, and it is not to be expected that Miss Onslow, (such was the lady's name,) could resist the substantial evidence of affection which her companion had given, and accordingly they entered into an "alliance offensive and defensive," as the statesmen say, which has since been renewed upon "terra firma," and is ere long to be signed and sealed.

After their rescue, he informed her that a sense of duty impelled him to apprize her that by the misfortune which had befallen them, he had lost every dollar he possessed on earth, (amounting to about $25,000,) that he was in "poverty to his very lips"—a beggar amongst strangers, without the means of paying for a single meal of victuals, and painful as was the thought of a separation to him, he offered to release her from her engagement, if it was her choice to leave him. She burst into tears at the very thought of a separation, and asked him if he thought it was possible for the poverty of this world to drive them to a more desperate extremity than that which they had suffered together? He assured her of his willingness to endure for her the same trial again—and of the joy, more than he could express, which he felt at finding her so willing to fulfil her engagement; which it is said is soon to be consummated. It was not till then that he was made acquainted with the fact that his lady love, who is represented to be about nineteen years of age, beautiful and accomplished, is heiress to an estate worth at least TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS. Who would not be shipwrecked? and henceforth who will say, "matches are *not* made in heaven?"

DISTINCTIONS.

To the man of sense, who views society as a necessary compact of intelligent beings, met for mutual benefit upon the broad ground of EQUALITY, those petty distinctions founded on the possession of wealth, or other extraneous appendages of character, appear ridiculous and amusing. In this country, where the boast of equality is upon every lip, there are more distinctions in society than in any other country in the world; and there are grades of aristocracy, in each of which there is more of exclusiveness manifested than among the nobility and gentry of any kingdom in Europe. There are distinctions in society which should always exist, on the perpetuity of which sound morality greatly depends. They consist in the various phrases exhibited by virtue and vice; the more vicious a member of the compact becomes, broader and more decided should the virtuous draw the line of distinction, which should never be passed except on an errand of mercy by the latter, to reclaim the former. This is a distinction of character, depending upon the volition of each, not on any fortuitous circumstances, and consequently is a legitimate distinction. But to see men building their structure of superiority upon the sandy and uncertain foundation of riches, upon the fame of some distinguished progenitor, or upon the more foolish and ridiculous idea that one employment is more *genteel* than another, excites the smile of mingled pity and contempt upon the lips of the sensible.—Yet we daily meet with those who assume superiority on these grounds, and it is to this practice, arising from the error of the judgment, or the absolute want of common sense, that we may ascribe nine-tenths of the evils with which the harmony of society is disturbed.

Several years since, we made a journey to a thriving village in a neighboring county, and while tarrying at the house of a friend, saw a practical illustration of the above remarks. A social party had gathered on the occasion of the return of another birth-day of one of our friend's daughters, and it was a congregation of pretty and cheerful faces. During the evening a cotillion was proposed, and couples immediately formed upon the floor. From a retired corner came a neatly dressed young man, with an intelligent countenance and pleasing address, and invited a gay butterfly girl, who seemed disposed to flirt with every body, to join the dance. She scarcely deigned a recognition, and coldly refused. The young man bit his lips, while the flush of offended pride mounted to his cheeks, and passing to the opposite side of the room, found his hand acceptable to a pretty, modest miss, and in a moment more were moving in the dance.

"Who was that young man?" asked a merchant's clerk, addressing the coquette first mentioned.

"He is an impudent puppy," responded the frail one, curling her pretty lip haughtily; "he is nothing but a mechanic, and I wonder at his presumption in asking me to dance."

"'Twas presumption indeed, and extraordinarily and shockingly imperlite," responded the clerk, tucking in the ruffles of his dickey, and throwing one leg over the other in an important attitude. "I wonder that Mr. ——— was not more select in choosing the members of this 'ere party. But so it is; society here is gittin' as bad as Bosting and other indurateous places, where gentlemen are continually perforated with these 'ere infernal mechanics. You done right, miss, awfully right, in scorning to accept sich like company."

"So says Miss Ann—don't you, Ann?" said the indignant coquette, addressing her butterfly companion.

"Yes, you did, Hetty—and I'll be hanged if I'd dance with one of them mechanics, if I never did. But do look! As sure as eggs, the impertinent fellow is now dancing with Judge B———'s Phillippiana. I think she ought to be ashamed of herself, for sich disgrace in open company."

"She's astoundingly foolish," said the clerk, shifting his legs importantly. "But come, Miss Hetty, will you dance?"

"With all my heart," said Miss Hetty, and they simultaneously sprang to the floor.

We listened to this colloquy with superlative contempt for the utterers, and having formed an opinion of their characters, from the index just given, resolved to discover that of the young man. We ascertained that he was a coachmaker, respectably connected, of industrious habits, possessed of a mind far above the ordinary standard, and withal well cultivated. He viewed society as a man of sense ought, and presumed that equality should or ought to exist within the circle of a social party. Courtesy prompted him to offer his hand to the haughty coquette, and the refusal wounded his fine feelings. But they were healed by the frank and courteous address of the daughter of Judge B., and in truth, a more exalted motive than courtesy actuated them both. They were betrothed, but the gossips had not yet heard the secret.—While leading the modest Emma to the cotillion ring, he looked with proper contempt upon the haughty Hester M., the misguided daughter of a broken merchant. She drew a line of distinction between herself and the honest mechanic, while he also traced a demarkation. Hers was drawn by an erroneous judgment, his by correct principles. The sequel is brief. The mechanic soon became the son-in-law of Judge B., emigrated to Indiana, and at the last election in that State, was chosen a member of the popular branch of its Legislature.

After seasons of flirtation and coquetry, Hester M. became the wife of the 'engaging' young clerk, who carrying his exclusive principles into his business relations, and endeavoring to ape his wealthy neighbors, was soon numbered with a list of bankrupts, and now gains but a scanty pittance in the metropolis as a third rate clerk. There *are* distinctions in society, but they are too often drawn by ignorance or erring judgment.—*Poughkeepsie Casket.*

The writer of the following advertisement which appears in the Richmond Whig of Saturday, has taken rather an unusual method of supplying his wants in the particular matter to which he refers. He seems to be in earnest, and for that reason one would think that he might have found time to seek for a wife in the way in which affairs of the kind are usually managed.

Wife Wanted ! !—The subscriber, from constant attention to business, and circumstances which he could not control, has been prevented from participating in the enjoyments of female society, and knowing well the difficulty and delay after a long seclusion, of overcoming confirmed habits, and forming a new circle of female acquaintances from which he might choose a suitable companion, has induced him to make use of this usual mode to effect his object. To save trouble, he would say to the ladies wanting a husband, that he is of a middle statute, about 5 feet 8 inches in height, 27 years old, healthy, easily pleased, very domestic, rather intelligent, and considered by all his friends as not bad looking, and most excellent company, in very easy circumstances, amply sufficient for the comfoatable support of a wife, who he wishes to be good looking healthy, amiable, agreeable, not too large or too small, or more than 26 years old; she must know how to make her own clothes, and be fully competent to take charge of all household matters, and the more particularly the well management of servants, as nothing is more disagreeable to the subscriber than complaints of their worthlessness and powers of teasing—accomplishments would not be made an objection, as he is very fond of music. Any lady answering the above, and in want of a good husband, will please address F. E. Z., being particular to give a correct description of herself, and also an address, so that in case the application is satisfactory, arrangements can be made to have a meeting for the application of both parties. F. E. Z.

N. B—Ladies with any property whatever, (or who have ever been married,) need not apply.

TIME.

Saturday Eve. Aug. 18.—Another week of my residence in this city—yea, of my sojourn with the living—is now near its close.

"*Another week !*"—It preaches a double sermon—one to the *worldly* man, who is projecting great schemes, to be executed only by continuous exertion, as time moves on !—to "do, with his might, whatever his hands find to do,"—lest the summer pass, and the harvest season bring him no income of all the wealth—the learning—the honor—the happiness, which he deems so abundant in the prospect outspread to the eye of his ambition; and one to the *spiritual* man, who deems that the soul's eternal destinies are to be shaped by the works of life's short span; and that a great work is to be done in order, happily, to meet the retributions of the "Great Day of Revelation."

"The clock strikes one! We take no note of time!" The last stroke of the evening bell tells that the week is ended. Still, "we take no note of time!" The gusts of December's closing night bear to our ears the sound of the midnight clock. "We take no note of time!" So pass days—weeks—years. But, ere long, the whisper of the "Terror King," audible only to the closing ear—the sinking sense—proclaims, louder than trumpet-tongued Angels, that "*Time is ended.*"—*Buffalo Commercial.*

BEST TIME FOR MENTAL EXERTION.

Nature has allotted us the darkness of the night for repose and the restoration, by sleep, of the exhausted energies of the body and mind. If study or composition be ardently engaged in, towards that period of the day, the increased action in the brain which always accompanies activity of the mind, requires a long time to subside, and if the individual be of an irritable habit, he will be sleepless for hours, or perhaps tormented by unpleasant dreams. If, nevertheless, the practice be continued, the want of refreshing repose will ultimately induce a state of irritability of the nervous system approaching to insanity. It is, therefore of great advantage to engage in severe studies early in the day, and devote the two or three hours preceding bed time, to light reading, music, or amusing conversation.—*Coomb's Physiology.*

Old *Deidrich Knickerbocker* himself, could he rise from his ashes, would rejoice in the reputation of the periodical which bears, and does honor to his illustrious name. The new volume is every where eliciting even warmer encomiums than have been bestowed, in every part of the country, upon the past volumes. All sections, all parties in politics, join in awarding a just tribute of praise to a work which has done so much to enhance the character of American periodical literature. For example: the Albany Argus says, "It is one of the most valuable Magazines of the day; it bids fair to outstrip all competition in the lighter walks of literature; and is all that can be desired in a work of this character." "The American public," adds the Baltimore American, "is greatly indebted to the editors of this periodical, for the untiring zeal and steady improvement they manifest: and we are happy to believe, give the best evidence of their high estimate of the publication, by the large patronage extended to it." The editors of the Providence Journal obesrve of the last number, that accustomed as they are to welcome each successive issue of the K., they have never enjoyed so various and rich a nnmber of the work as that for the present month.—*Star.*

☞ The beautiful residence near Hartford. Connecticut, known as the "Sigourney Place," was lately sold at auction for $9,000, to Mr. James Bunce of that city. The editor of the N. Y. Gazette in noticing the sale says:

Mr. Bunce has probably paid to the full intrinsic value of his purchase—or what the premises were really "worth in market," aside from the associations that a more poetic temperament than that of a mere merchant would throw around such a place—but he has not paid a tithe of the price of the house if it be estimated in any proportion to its poetic value. We predict that the very spot itself without any referenee to the frail wooden mansion that will soon decay will be worth a great deal more at a future day than has been given for it at anction. It has been the residence of the first and greatest of the American poetesses. The loveliest insipration of the American Muse, there first breathed into verse—ther has the female character of our country *pleaded successfully its claim to true genius.*

We copy the following specimen of punning from the Southern Literary Messenger for last month:

MR. MAURY AND MISS MARY.

Mr. Maury and Miss Mary
Of graver talk grown weary,
Essay'd to task their cunning,
In the pleasant sport of punning.
Said the former to the latter,
"Far be't from me to flatter'
But certainly 'tis true,
That if't were not for U
Most; gladly I'd be Mary:"
The ready witted fairy,
Prompt not to be outdone
In compliment or pun,
Replied, "If I had U
I would be Maury too."

Washington City.

Shoe Blacking.—Perhaps the best in the world is elder berries. Mash the berries with your hand in a large kettle of water, set them in the shade a few days, filling it up with water. After it is cool, strain and wring them through a coarse cloth, and then boil it down to the thickness of molasses. Put a small quantity with a feather on a brush, rub the shoe till there is a fine gloss. The same will made good writing ink.

When rich, faded old bachelors marry young blooming girls, the best, the cleverest, the most polite thing they can do, is to die as soon as convenient, and leave them all their money. There is not so happy, so independent, or so charming a creature in the world, as a rich, dashing widow, when it pleases God to make them so—but when they marry with that expectation, they are very apt to be disappointed.—*Buff.*

Never scold at children, if you can help it; and you can. Whip them if you please, when they deserve it; that is according to scripture, but scolding is not. Always talk mildly and pleasantly—be as despotic as you please—don't be teazed—don't give way—be firm—but don't scold. It is bad philosophy.—*Buffalanian.*

Extract.—He builds too low, who builds his hopes beneath the skies. Let us then be chiefly anxious respecting the present that we may know how to profit best by it, and respecting the future only as it is connected with our interest in another world. Behold the various exquisite scenes which open before our eyes as we proceed in our walk. Look at that path which winds before us until it is lost in shade. See how beautiful its borders are diversified with plants of every tint and every form. Mark how the light breaks in from above, and how it trembles among the leaves. Listen to the note of the wood pigeon, the distant lowing of the cattle, and the barking of the watch dog. How beautiful, how delightful is this scene and all its attendant circumstances.

Yet all on earth is changeable. The yellow tints of Autumn have already begun to discolor the leaves; the winds will speedily lay those leaves in the dust; and the whole face of nature will soon be veiled in the snowy mantle of winter. All these circumstances, therefore, even to the falling of a leaf, ought to be received by us as so many warnings not to rest in present scenes, but to press forward towards those which are eternal. And although there is nothing in this sentiment which has not been repeated a thousand times, yet I believe it cannot be too often repeated or too deeply felt.

A Good Retort.—Lyne Stephens was wending his way, some time ago, through a narrow passage, when he met a pretty modest girl:

"Pray, my dear" said he, "what do you call this passage ?"

"Balaam's passage,"—replied the girl.

"Ah, then," continued the puppy,—"I am like Balaam,—stopped by an angel."

"And I," rejoined the girl, as she pushed past him, "am like the angel, stopped by an ass !"

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

Sir Walter Scott's Notion of First Love.—Writing to a Mr. Gordon in 1829, Sir Walter says: "Assure yourself that scarce one person out of twenty marries his first love, and scarce one out of the twenty of the remainder has cause to rejoice at having done so. What we love in those early days is generally rather a fanciful creation of our own, than a reality. We build statues of snow, and weep when they melt'.'

EPIGRAM.—An old gentleman of the name of Gould married a girl of nineteen. He wrote a letter to a friend, informing him of the happy event, with this couplet:

"So you see, my dear friend, though eighty years old,
A girl of nineteen falls in love with old Gould."

He received a reply in these terms:

"A girl of nineteen may love Gould it is true,
But believe me, dear sir, it is *Gold* without U."

Compact Comfort.—A gentleman having heard that a bachelor editor of an evening paper was about to change his quarters, said to him—"Is it possible your folks think of moving ?" Our cotemporary replied—"When I move, my family moves: and when my hat is on, my house is shingled.

Sam Slick's Idea of Geology—The shrewd clock maker says, 'I never hear of 'secondary formations,' without pleasure,-that's a fact. The ladies, you know, are the secondary formation, for they were formed arter man-and as for *trap* if they an't up to it's a pity."

Cause and Effect.—Two persons meeting, one observed to the other, "So, our old friend, the counsellor, is dead; and I am surprised to hear that he has left very few *effects*." "Not at all to be wondered at," replied the other, "as I understand he had very few *causes*."

The 'Curry Comb' is the name of a paper just published in Illinois. Judging from a number before us, the editor is ass enough to need it upon his own hide.—*Cincinnatian.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. H——Y

Once more the grave is open'd, the coffin and the shroud
Prepar'd, and the dead laid out for burial. Swift
And sudden came the blow, and the freed spirit
Took its Heaven-ward flight, and rested with its God.
And who of Adam's sorrowing race is now the victim?
And could not death spare *her*, the *wife*—the *mother*—
friend?
The *wife* so tender and so kind. Oh how she watch'd
That husband's steps, and how sweet and soothingly
Her words of sympathy and love fell on his ear,
And banished sorrow from his heart. Tell us now
What hand shall smooth the pillow of his sickness, and
Woo returning health by kind attentions? Sadly
Must pass remaining years, for the loved wife is gone
And left that husband's heart all torn and bleeding. God
Comfort him—
That *mother* too—Oh, grief is dumb, and
Sympathy is silent here. None but children know—
Thy children, mother:—Their hearts alone can tell
Thy worth, thy love, thy tender watchfulness.
Long years of care, & fond endearments, & kind words
Of excellent instruction, have firm enstamp'd
On memory's tablet what no words can tell, and
What sorrow, in her silent depths, at thy sad loss
Alone can know. Oh, mother, mother, thou art gone!
The hearth, thy presence honor'd, now is lone
And desolate. Tears are here, and the sable robes
Of mourning through these halls glide gloomily, for
Those, our joy, our love, our dear, dear mother ar't not!
Oh we see thee now as in past happier times
We saw thee, as with that old worn Bible on thy knees
Thou read'st its living pages, and gather'd thence
Its truths divine, and heavenly sweets. We hear thee
Speak kind words of teaching from its pure Oracles,
And tell thy warm desire that we might find its hopes
Our hopes, its Faith, as thine, *our* chiefest stay—mother
Tell us—Do bright spirits know each face in Heaven?
Do they mingle hearts, which once on earth were join'd?
Do they speak of earthly meetings and bring past joys
To mind? Oh then we'll part from thee with chasten'd
[hearts,
For thou ar't there, and we will cherish all thy words,
And meet thee in the skies in high and heavenly
Converse, to part not, forever, ever more.
Death
Snatch'd the *Friend* away. Now language labors, and
Words are voiceless. Poverty reliev'd, and sickness
heal'd,
And dying pillows smooth'd speak loudest praise. Her
feet
Were swift to answer suffering's call. Her pattern
Jesus, and, in an humbler path, his feet she tracked.
"*The world was better for her* life." A sublimer
Eulogy earth knows not—Heaven's only son first taught
'Peace on earth good will to man.' Th' eternal anthem
Of the skies, is praise to God's beloved son.
Dead?
Ah! one so lov'd 'twould seem could hardly die so soon;
Jesus took her, and Jesus lov'd her best. She's gone.
She cannot now return to wander on with us
Through earth's dull scenes, subject to hopes and fears,
changes
Sad and sickening, and sighs and groans and death. No.
And this is joy where all beside is dark. Happy,
Happy is she now, and bright and glorious too.
It was her "gain to die." Death gave eternal life.
Her burial is over. Nothing now remains
For us, but what she taught to cherish fondly. So
Shall sorrow lighten. So shall grief depart. Honor
Thus the dead, & thus we'll meet again. One sigh more,
One pang, one heaving breath, and she will welcome us
To join her in the skies, and live, for aye, with God.

LEWELLYN.

SUMMER.

I'm coming along with a bounding pace,
To finish the work that Spring begun;
I've left them all with a brighter face;
The flowers in the vales through which I've run.

I have hung festoons from laburnum trees,
And clothed the lilac, the birch and broom;
I've wakened the sound of humming bees,
And decked all nature in brighter bloom.

I've roused the laugh of the playful child,
And 'ticed it out in the sunny noon;
All Nature at my approach hath smiled,
And I've made fond lovers seek the moon.

For this is my life, my glorious reign,
And I'll queen it well in my leafy bower,
All shall be bright in my rich domain,
I'm queen of the leaf, the bud, and flower.

And I'll reign in triumph till Autumn time
Shall conquer my green and verdant pride,
Then I'll hie me to another clime,
Till I'm called again as a Sunny Bride.

From the National Gazette.

A MOTHER'S CARE

Mother, when the summer air
Softly blow the silken hair
Back from my brow,
Why do you place your warm hand there,
And weep? as now.

Darling, do not ask me why
Tears so often fill the eye,
And wet my cheek;
Go—wait till I have wept them dry,
My love; then speak.

Childhood hath the sunny hours
Scattered through its beds of flowers,
Where clear founts spring;
Angels keep its sleeping bowers,
And sweet birds sing.

Mother, will you now attend?
Shall I, as you taught me, bend
My knees and pray,
And ask our Savior good to send
Thy pain away?

Tears not always flow from pain,
Sweet my blossom, as the rain
In sunshine falls,
Some thought returning oft again
A tear recalls.

Trembling lest a future day
Finds my jewel in the way
Of scorners cast;
So fearful lest thou go astray,
Lost, lost at last.

This the thought that will return
Oft as pleasures newly burn
Along thy cheek,
Remembring all thou yet must learn
Of Nature weak.

Hear my gently warning voice;
Pray when tempting friends rejoice
Around my boy;
Immortal trust of Heaven's own choice,
My precious joy.

Mother, do not look so sad,
I will make thy bosom glad,
And please thy heart;
And God shall save me from the bad,
Nor let us part.

From the Richmond Compiler.

LINES

Written at the Summit Rock, on the Warm Spring Mountain, Virginia, June 18, 1838.

Here on this lofty height,
Amid this purer air,
Each feeling vain and light,
Each earthborn selfish care,
Be banish'd far, and let the scene impart
A holier, healthier feeling to the heart.
See from the mountain's brow,
How fair the scene below!
An ampitheatre of rolling hills,
Which to its verge the wide horizon fills!
If thou would'st view old Ocean in his might,
When all his billowy grandeur greets the sight,
Fancy the Almighty ruler of the storm
Had check'd the motion, but retain'd the form.
And thou behold'st it here---where hills o'er hills are
spread,
Like Ocean heaving from his inmost bed,
And, whilst yet heaving, fix'd.
Oh! God! how great thy power,
In that creative hour,
When this fair world rolled from thy plastic hand!
But not thy power alone
In this bright scene is shown,
In Wisdom and in Love the mighty whole was plann'd

How pure the mountain breeze
Which gently waves the trees,
And cools my fever'd care-distempered brow!
Why to the haunts of men
Must I return again,
And quit the lovely scene which cheers me now?
The calmness and the purity
Of nature's sweet security;
The song of birds, the breath of flowers,
The rocks pil'd up like ancient towers,
The forest clad in living green,
With here and there a spot between,
Where the rich meadows and the cornfields wave;
The fertile vale below,
Where the tepid waters flow,
Which the weary one refresh, and the sick from suffering save.

No doubt, in ancient time,
Upon the height sublime,
The Indian Chief his Manitou adore'd;
And here in Christian days,
By Christian lips, they praise,
O God! from Christian hearts should be devoutly pour'd.

Oh! let me not descend
And quit this beauteous scene,
Until my feelings with its calmness blend
Pure, tranquil, and serene.
Oh! fill my heart
With love of Nature, and of Nature's God!
And let me then depart
A wiser, better man!
Prepared to enjoy thy smile, or meekly kiss the rod,
Thy chastening rod; whichever be the plan
Thy wisdom takes to school my erring wayward
heart.

THE LOVERS.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The watch light of the lovers stream'd
Forth from their lattice high,
As lost in deep discourse they sat,
While summer winds went by.

The bandog howl'd, the clouds did lower,
Winds shook the willow's stem,
The clock told out the midnight hour,
What were such sounds to them?

O, steal not on their tranced speech
Of smile, and murmered sigh,
Shake not the dew-drop from the rose,
Dim not the opal's dye;
For life hath many a path of thorne
To wound the feet that rove;
But yet no sunnier spot than this—
Break not the trance of love.

From Tait's Edingburgh Magazine, for October, 1837.

FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

BY AN ENGLISH WOMAN.

Farewell, thou land of my earliest dreams,
Where long I've delighted to rove;
Thou once wert the land of my fancy's young gleams,
But now thou'rt the land of my love.

Farewell, thou brave land of the hero and sage,
Whom in story so oft I've admired!
Farewell, thrice renown'd of bright history's page,
Where so oft I've perused thee untired.

Farewell, lovely land, where each streamlet and tree,
A charm to fond memory lends;
Thou once wert the land of the stranger to me,
But now thou'rt the land of my friends.

Farewell, splendid land of the mountain and lake!
Farewell, the blue bonnet and plaid!
Some heads do you cover, and for their dear sake,
Ye shall ne'er from my mem'ry fade.

Farewell, gorgeous land, where the cataract roars,
And the shepherd sleeps sweetly below.
Farewell, happy land, where religion still pours
The rich gifts she can amply bestow.

Farewell, glowing land of the heather and broom,
May the heaven's smile calmly above ye;
Till this sad heart is laid in the mould'ring tomb,
It will fondly and ardently love ye.

Dear land, my young thoughts were first fixed upon you;
And shall we then, must we then part?
Thou art not the home of my fathers, 'tis true;
But, still, thou'rt the home of my heart.

And for what do I quit thee? The land of my birth,
Where remembrance vividly dwell;
Yet my heart, quick repelling all feelings of mirth,
Throbs with anguish to bid the farewell.

O! would I might dwell in a sweet Highland cot,
With the mountain rills trickling round me!
My cares and my sorrows would then be forgot,
And all that in fetters has bound me.

Then, Scotia, dear Scotia, oh kindly receive,
Thine adopted one unto thy breast;
For gladly my home and my country I'd leave,
And lie down on thy bosom to rest. X. G.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Hill, Mr. Amaziah Whitney, of Rochester, to Miss Margaret S. Taylor, of this city.

In West Henrietta, on the 30th ult., by the Rev. Mr. William A. Fetter, Mr. Stephen Warren, to Miss Susan Smith, all of Rush.

At Hudson, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. J. Waterbury, Mr. HERVEY WARREN, of this city, to Miss CATALINE S. JESSUP, of Schodack Landing,

In Clarkson, Monroe county, on the 26th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Everets, Mr. Geo. Roberts, jr. of Fowlerville, Liv. co., to Miss Wealthy Shipman, of the former place

On the 23d inst., in St. John's Church, Canandaigua by the Rev. Thomas Meacham, Mr. Wm. A. Remington, of Buffalo, to Miss Elizabeth S. Jacobs, daughter of N. Jacobs, M. D. of the former place.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. D. N. Merritt, Mr. EPHRAIM GATES of Riga, to Miss SARAH SCOBY, of this city.

On Wednesday, the 5th inst, by the Rev. Mr. Prevost Mr. CHARLES COY, to Miss ELIZA J. SIBLEY, daughter of James Sibley, all of Canandaigua.

In Ogden, on the 3rd instant, by Rev. C. P. Wing, Mr. Isaac Metcalf, from Lincolnshire, England, to Miss Catharine Trawgott, from Prussia.

In Buffalo, on the 27th ult., by Rev. Mr. Choles, Mr. Thomas T. Flagler, Printer, of Lockport, to Miss Huldah Mariah Barrett, of the former place.

In Batavia, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Gillett, Mr. Benj. T. Hunt, of Brooklyn, Long Island, to Miss Eliza Bergen, of this place, daughter of John T. Bergen, Esq.

On the 22d ult, by C. M. Russell, Esq., Alonzo Shattock, to Miss Hannah M. Porter, both of Gainesville, Genesee county.

By the same, on the 26th ult., Mr. Charles Spalding to Miss Maria Warren, both of Darien.

In Troy, by the Rev. Mr. Hill, Mr. Amaziah Whitney, of Rochester, to Miss Margaret S. Taylor, of Troy.

In this city, on the 10th inst., by J. B. Clarke, Esq., Mr. Cornelius Cole, to Miss Elizabeth T. Wing.

At the same time, Mr. John Bangs, to Miss Mary Cole, all of this city.

In this city, on the 10th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Mack, Mr. William Tutile, of Michigan, to Miss Margarett Henry, of this city.

In this city, on the 10th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. Oliver F. Sweetland, to Miss Jane E. Williams, all of this city.

In this city, on the 11th inst., by the Rev. Mr Boardman, Mr. James Woodman, to Miss Mary Davis, all of this city.

In this city, on the 5th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, Mr. Thomas Harvey, to Miss Dophna Almira, eldest daughter of Benjamin M. Smith, Esq., all of this city.

In Bethany, on the 3rd inst., by Rev. H. K. Stimson, Hon. Artemas Herrick, of Mayville, Chautauque co., to Mrs. Polly Olney, of the former place.

On the 10th inst., by the Rev. G. Abeel, Mr. Daniel Owen, of Skaneateles, to Miss Margaretta Bogert, of this village.

In Canandaigua, on the 1st inst., by the Rev. Mr. Perry, Mr. Henry Taylor, of Rushville, to Miss Ann Davison, of Canandaigua.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson.

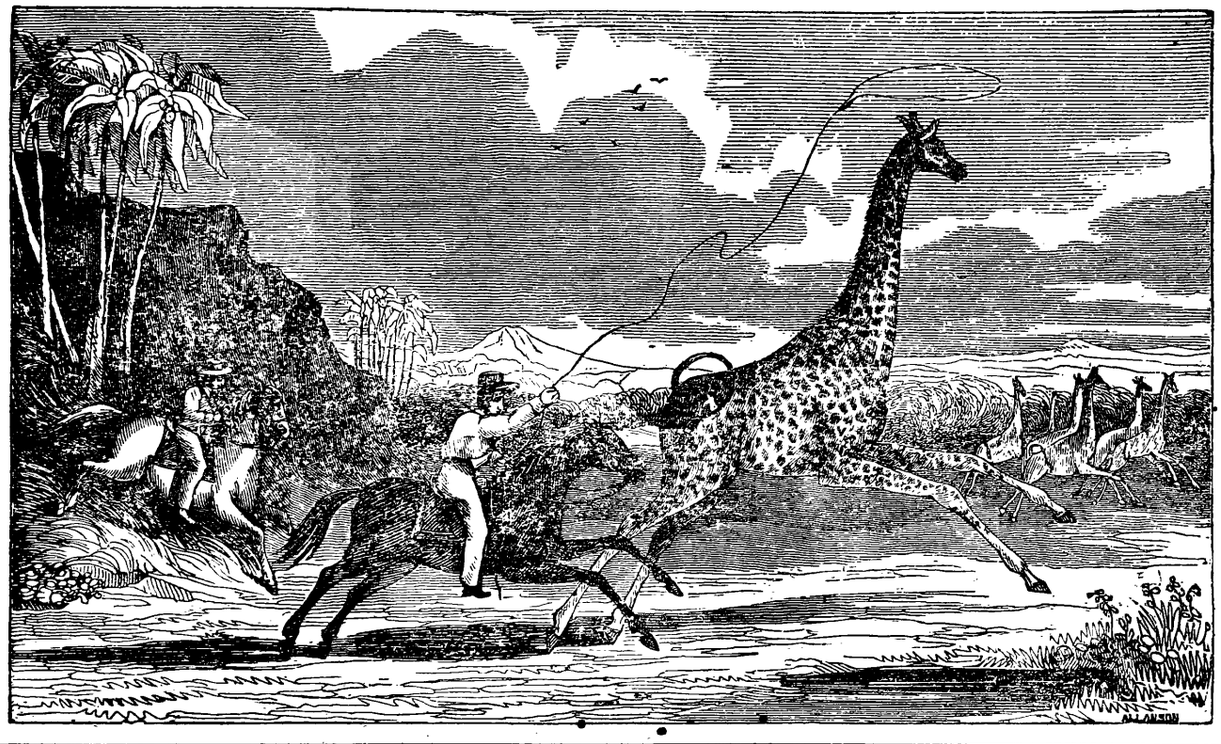
$1 mail, $1,50 city, in advance.

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, TALES, AND MISCELLANY.

VOL. X. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1838. No. 19.

METHOD OF CAPTURING THE GIRAFFE,

AS SUCCESSFULLY ADOPTED BY MR. JOHN CLAYTON, IN THE GREAT KALIHARRI DESERT.



THE GIRAFFES, OR CAMELEOPARDS.

The intense interest of the public to become acquainted with the habits and history of the wonderful Giraffe, a living specimen of which is to be exhibited in this city, has induced us to give a full and particular description of its peculiarities, habits and construction, as it appears from actual observation, together with sketches taken from the account given by ancient travellers, by way of comparison. Also, the ingenious method of capturing these animals, whose astonishing fleetness baffles every effort of the hunter to secure it alive, is given by Mr. Clayton, the enterprising gentleman represented in the cut, in the attitude of throwing his lasso over the head of a Giraffe.

Of this stupendous creature, the tallest, and, in several other respects, the most remarkable specimen of the animal creation, no accurate description has been given, in any work on natural history, whether ancient or modern. Found only in those interior regions of Africa, which to the ancients were entirely unknown, and which, even now, are but rarely visited by civilized men, it has seldom been seen in its natural state by persons capable of describing either its structure or its habits; and the reports of those few who were otherwise competent, are left defective by too cursory or too transient observation. The accounts given of it by Pliny, Oppian, Strabo, and others, who collected them from marvellous rumor, served rather to place the *Camelopordalis* among the creations of fancy—among the unicorns, griffins, and Cyclopean-anthropophagi of imaginative fable—than to render it an object of serious curiosity, as a real production of nature. Until it was seen in its native wilds, by the French naturalist, Le Vaillant, about seventy years ago, it had not been heard of in Europe for nearly three centuries, and the description of it published by this traveller, was not received by men of science with implicit credence.

One of the latest and most satisfactory describers of the Giraffe, is M. Vaillant. The discoveries of this ingenious writer, who, in the progress of his travels through Africa, had frequent opportunities of seeing them in their native haunts, has thrown new light upon their history. His observations are interesting, and he has besides rendered an important service to science, by enriching one or two of the principal Museums of Europe with specimens of the animal. No other living specimen of the animal, however, has ever reached this hemisphere, than those brought out by Messrs. Welsh, Macomber & Weeks; from whence the naturalist is enabled to form his own opinion of this remarkable animal, unbiassed by the reports of inattentive observers, or the imperfect details of former travellers.

The two beautiful specimens now exhibiting in this country, are in excellent order, and although they have not yet attained their full growth, the beholder may be capable of conceiving no very inadequate idea of the majesty of these gigantic animals, when ranging at large in the wilds of their native forests; even now one cannot contemplate them without astonishment. If height alone constituted precedency among quadrupeds, the Giraffe would undoubtedly claim the first rank, measuring when full grown nearly twenty three feet in height. Admitting the lowest calculation, the Giraffe is the tallest animal in nature, and every account we have of it tends to prove that it is as sociable and inoffensive in its manners, as it is beautiful in appearance.

According to Pliny the Giraffe was first exhibited by Cæsar, the dictator, in the Circæan games. It was afterwards more frequently introduced. We are told that in the time of the Emperor Gordian, no less than ten were shown at once. Aurelian exhibited it, among other remarkable animals, in his triumph on the conquest of Palmyra. Heliadorus speaks of its being brought, among other presents, by the Ethiopian ambassadors to Rome. It is represented among other rare animals on the Prænestine pavement, made by Sylla, and is expressed both in its grazing and brousing attitudes.

In the year 1827 the Pacha of Egypt who had procured them at immense cost, presented some specimens to the Kings of France and England, which were the first that were seen alive in Europe, and where they excited unprecedented and unbounded interest. Every journal of the day, quarterly, and record of criticism and science, was devoted to gratify that universal curiosity concerning the Giraffe. Bonnets, shawls, tapestry, and every description of goods in Paris, were either named after the popular animal, or represented it in its various postures in the fabric. It was the astonishment of all Europe.

The Giraffe is a gregarious, herbaceous, and ruminating quadruped, entirely *sui generis* in its structure and some of its habits. In its general contour, it unites several traits of the ostrich, the antelope, the camel, and the stag. The curve of its towering neck, which sometimes gives it a height of more than twenty feet, throws the grace of the swan into the disproportionate elongation of the ostrich. Its delicately moulded head, greatly improved upon that of the camel, has much of the shapely beauty of the antelope, whilst its rich and full black eye, fringed with long silky lashes, rivals that of the famed gazelle. Its fore-legs are as admirably symmetrical as those of the stag, and are as

long from the cloven hoof to the joint of the shoulder, as the neck is from its base on the shoulder to its junction with the head. The great depth of the shoulder, from the camel like pretuberance which crowns it, to the joint of the clavicle, usually creates the impression that the fore-legs of this quadruped are most disproportionably long when compared with its hind legs, especially as the line of its back descends from the neck to the tail, in an angle nearly equal to that presented by a stag thrown upon its haunches. In this peculiarity, it greatly exaggerates upon the similar trait of the hyena, and violently reverses the direction in which the vertebra is inclined in the lama. In reality, however, the fore and hind legs are of equal length.

The front aspect of this creature, presenting an orbicular, double convex chest, resting upon its long perpendicular legs, and surmounted by a soaring neck which bears the creature's gentle and vivaciously expressive head high above its wondering beholders, the privileged occupant of a loftier sphere of vision, is inique and striking. This extraordinary elevation of the neck and head, viewed in connection with the gigantic dimensions of the whole frame, produces an impression of mighty stature and agility combined, such as no other animal can convey, and which invariably exceeds expectation. The large dark spots which dapple its soft, sleek skin, are not like those of the leopard, although it is indebted to these for a moiety of its ancient and still common name of Cameleopard. They are rather square and irregularly angular than circular, and are arranged with much regularity. On the head are two small blunt horns, about six inches in length, tipt with small tufts of erect hair, and standing nearly parallel to each other. The ears, which some writers describe as constantly bent forward, are beautifully formed, and the animal having an acute sense of hearing, turns them with spirited flexibility in the direction of distant sounds. The male and female differ so little in appearance from each other that they can scarcely be distinguished at a distance of twenty paces. The prevailing color of both, when young, is that of a brownish red, which deepens with increased age. The female has four teats, bears one foal at a birth, and gestates a whole year.

The Giraffe is never seen to crop its food from the level ground, although it will browse upon the herbage which it finds upon shelving banks and other elevated positions. Its ordinary food is the foliage of trees, and particularly the leaves of a species of *mimosa*, called by the natives *kameel droon*: but it will eat those of oak, the briar, and nearly all others of an astringent flavor, showing a decided preference for those that are also aromatic. In its domesticated state it will eat hay, clover and fine straw, like the horse; but, in the absence of its natural green food, it is found necessary to supply it occasionally with esculent roots and juicy fruits. Its tongue is very long and black, coated with a hard impervious skin, and possessing a tapering contractibility, admirably adapted to its gathering its favorite food from among the involved and formidably prickly branches of the *mimosa*.

Its ordinary speed is equal to that of a high-bred horse, and the length of its majestic strides, when in full career, perhaps exceeds that of any other animal. Although timid at the approach of man, it defends itself with much valor against the attacks of inferior animals, and even of the lion, kicking powerfully with his heels, or rearing on them and striking with its fore feet with great rapidity and precision. In no known instance has the Giraffe been found slain by any beast of prey.

In the freedom of its native plains, and when roving in those splendid herds in which it is chiefly seen, with its unrestrained disposition and powers in full display, the Girafie is an animal of transcendent magnificence and interest. Exquisitely gifted with the senses of sight, scent, and hearing, the approach of animals never fails to startle the browsing groups from their woodland retreats, and to send them, with their lion like tails arched high upon their haunches, in full speed over the vast level plains in which they rove. Having acquired a distance which commands a good circuit of view, the collected herd wheel round, lifting their lofty necks to the highest stretch, until some tall and patriarchal chieftain of the group gives the signal for further retreat, or, for a dignified and more leisurely return to the clusters of trees on which they feed. If the hunter is bent upon pursuit, he will now breathe his steed awhile, knowing that its speed and bottom will soon be taxed to its utmost point. When prepared for the start, he spurs forward, with his *lasso*, or noosed rope, ready coiled in his right hand for the exercise of his skill. He soon finds that the immense strides of his noble game are leaving him far behind, and he has recourse to the stratagem which his experience has taught him is indispensable to his success. In common with all other wild and timid animals when pursued, the Giraffes directs their course to the windward. The hunter, aware of this, turns his horse three or four points from the line of their course, as if intending to pass them far ahead; and thus, whilst they keep their eye upon him has the pursued rather than the pursuer, they insensibly approach him—the diagonal line of his course converging to them; and he comes into the midst of the herd, notwithstanding their superior speed, because they have to run a distance equal to about one third of a circle more than their wily foe has to perform in the same time. If the hunter has well husbanded the strength of his horse, he now dashes toward some particular Giraffe—always selecting the smallest—which he hopes to capture; and throwing the noose of his *lasso* over its head, instantly leaps from his horse, before the Giraffe has run out the length of the long coil which he holds loosely in his hand. The first pull tension of the rope tightens the noose round the neck; every struggle increases the suffocating pressure, and the captive falls back upon his haunches and reels to the ground.

The hunter, still keeping the rope moderately strained, approaches the exhausted animal leaps astride its head, and using its long neck as a lever, for the control of the body, firmly holds the creature down until the hottentot *archter* rider comes up with a halter which is provided for the purpose, and the same is adjusted upon the head of the animal, with the lasso attached to one end of it. The noble prisoner is then allowed to get up and is gradually drawn in by the hunters and secured.

A wagon is then brought from the hunter's encampment—often six or seven hours journey distant—and water, welcome water, not often to be found in the open and arid plains, is brot' to assuage the thirst of man and beast—a thirst of which those who have not hunted the swift Giraffe, in the merciless glare of a torrid sun, can form but a slight idea.

The description Gellius affords us of the Giraffe is still more unsatisfactory. This writer saw three Camelopards at Cairo, which he thus describes: On their heads are two horns 6 inches long, and in the middle of their forehead a tubercle rises to the height of about two inches. which appears like a third horn. The animal he spoke of was sixteen feet high when it held up its head. Its neck alone was seven feet, and it was twenty two feet long from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail; its legs are nearly of an equal height, but the thighs before are so long in comparison to those behind, that its back inclines like the roof of a house. Its whole body is sprinkled with large yellow spots, which are nearly of a square form. Its feet are cloven like the ox, its upper lip hangs over the under, with hair on it to the very point; it ruminates like the ox, and, like that animal, feeds upon herbage; its mane extends from the top of the head to the back. When it walks it seems as if both sides were alternately lame, and when it grazes or drinks it is obliged to spread its forelegs prodiguously wide.

Antonius Constantius, a writer of the fifteenth century, gives an account of a Giraffe he saw at Faro, which he says was so gentle that it would eat bread, hay or fruit, out of the hand of a child, and that when led through the streets, it would take whatever fruit of this kind was offered to it by the spectators. Vaillant confirms this character of the Giraffe; he says, it is of a mild and harmless disposition, and when attacked endeavors merely to save itself by flight, running, according to this writer, with great swiftness, though in a somewhat peculiar and awkward style, on account of the length of its neck, and breadth of its fore parts compared with the hind. Vaillant chased one of these animals on full speed on horseback, but the animal on turning a small hill was soon out of sight; the dogs, however, came up with him, and he was obliged to stop and defend himself, which he endeavored to do by kicking in a forcible manner, and Vaillant was so fortunate as to kill the animal at a single shot. Mr. Gordon relates, that a Giraffe which he had wounded, suffered him to approach it as it lay on the ground, without offering to strike with its horns or showing any inclination to revenge itself; he even stroked it over its eyes several times, when it only closed them without any signs of resentment. Its throat was afterwards cut for the sake of its skin, and when in the pangs of death it struck the ground with its feet, with a force much exceeding that of any other animal; and these seem to be its principal means of defence.

All the accounts we have of the Giraffe agree in representing its hind quarters as about two feet and a half lower than its withers; but from a close inspection of the animal it will appear that naturalists have been mistaken in this particular. The height of the fore legs, however, may be rendered apparently more considerable by the obliquity of the thigh bone with respect to the tibia, when compared with that of the humerous to the radius.

The flesh of the young animals, which Mr. Clayton has frequently used as an article of food, is pronounced by him to be excellent, being an aliment resembling something between veal and venison, and it is esteemed a great luxury by the natives of the Cape, and the bones are filled with marrow, which is greatly prized by the Hottentots. Of the skins they make vessels in which to keep water; but it is chiefly for the sake of the marrow and the hides that they hunt and shoot them with poisoned arrows.

Those now in this country were taken in the great Kaliharri Desert of South Africa, in lat. 25 30 S. and lon. 25 E. by Mr. John Clayton, who has accompanied them to the United States. They are the only surviving specimens procured in three laborious and perilious expeditions made by Mr. Clayton into the interior of Africa expressly, and they have cost the proprietors more than $30,000. In the course of these journeys, this enterprising and intrepid gentleman captured upwards of fifty Giraffes, but it was not until his expedition of 1836-7, and after 18 months absence from the Cape of Good Hope, that he succeeded in bringing any of them alive to Cape Town.

Of eleven which he caught on this occasion, seven died in the course of his return, in consequence of bruises incurred in their struggles, and the long deprivation of water, which during a journey of 1200 miles could only be obtained at stages far distant from each other. Of the four which he brought to the Cape, one died from an abscess, and another from an injury received in putting it on board for exportation.—The two survivors arrived in this country from the Cape on the 7th of June, 1838, in the bark Prudent, after a voyage of fifty-one days. They are both females, they are very fine specimens for their age, and if the climate should prove favorable to their health, they will each grow several feet taller. Being natives of a very warm climate, which has no extreme variations of temperature, it will be necessary to remove them to the most southern States of the Union before the heat of summer becomes materially diminished; and so sensitive are they to all atmospheric changes, that their location must be regulated by the progress of the seasons.

The above rare specimen of Natural History is to be exhibited in Rochester, in front of the New Market, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 24th, 25th and 26th of Sept. inst. Hours of exhibition from 10 to 1 A. M., and from 2 to 6 P. M.

In an adjoining Pavilion, Mr. S. K. G. NILLIS—who was born without arms, will exhibit the astonishing feats he is enabled to perform with his toes, for the gratification of those who may think him worthy of patronage. Admittance 12½ cents. Entrance from the inside of the Giraffe exhibition.

Temperance and the Pocket. A landlord recently called to a temperance man at Blackburn, 'Why, ——, you are looking yellow with your abstinence.' 'Yes,' said the man, putting his hand in to his pocket and pulling out some sovereigns, 'and my pocket is looking yellow two.'

New Invention.—The N. Y. Whig speaks highly of Mr. Collen's art of drawing on zinc, by which a pink color is given to the paper and a deep black to the drawing.

THE DIGNITY AND IMPORTANCE OF EDUCATION.

Extracts from Everett's Address at Williams College.

"It is at once melancholy and fearful to reflect, how much intellect is daily perishing from inaction; or worse than perishing from the false direction given it in the morning of life. I fear we do not yet fully realize what is meant, when we speak of the improvement of the mind. I fear it is not yet enough considered by legislators or parents, that there dwells in every rational being, an intellect endowed with a portion of the faculties which form the glory and happiness of our nature, and which, developed and exerted, are the source of all that makes man differ essentially from the clod of the valley. Neglected and uncultivated, deprived of its appropriate nourishment, denied the discipline which is necessary to its healthy growth, this divine principle all but expires, and the man whom it was sent to enlighten, sinks down before his natural death, to his kindred dust.—Trained and instructed, strengthened by wise discipline, and guided by pure principle, it ripens into an intelligence but a little lower than the angels. This is the work of education.—The early years of life is the period when it commonly must be obtained; and, if this opportunity is lost, it is too often a loss which nothing can repair. It is usual to compare the culture of the mind to the culture of the earth. If the husbandman relax his labors, and his field be left untilled this year or the next, although a crop or two be lost, the evil may be remedied. The land with its productive qualities remains. If not ploughed and planted this year, it may be the year after. But if the mind be wholly neglected during the period most proper for its cultivation, if it be suffered to remain dark and uninformed, its vital power perishes; for all the purposes of an intellectual nature it is lost. It is as if an earthquake had swallowed up the uncultivated fallows; it is as if a swollen river had washed away, not merely the standing crop, but the bank on which it was growing When this time for education has gone by, the man must, in ordinary cases, be launched upon the world a benighted being, scarcely elevated above the beasts that perish; and all that he could have been and done for society, for himself, is wholly lost.

"Although this utter sacrifice of the intellectual nature is rarely made in this part of the country, I fear their exists even here, a woful waste of mental power through neglect of education. Taking our population as a whole, I fear that there is not nearly time enough passed at school; that many of those employed in the business of instruction, are incompetent to the work; and that our best teachers are not sufficiently furnished with literary apparatus, particularly with school libraries. If these defects could be supplied, I believe a few years would witness a wonderful effect upon the community; that an impulse not easily conceived beforehand, would be given to individual and social character."

How powerful must the subjoined passages thrill upon the sensibilites of a Massachusetts hearer or reader!

"I am strongly convinced that it behooves our ancient commonwealth to look anxiously to this subject, if she wishes to maintain her honorable standing in this Union of States. I am not grieved when I behold on the map the enormous dimensions of some of the new States of the West as contrasted with the narrow little strip which comprises the good old Bay State. They are bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh; their welfare is closely interwoven with ours in every thing that can promote their solid prosperity; I bid them God speed with all my heart. I hear without discontent the astonishing accounts of their fertility; that their vast prairies are covered with more feet of rich vegetable mould, than our soil, on an average, can boast of inches; and I can bear to heart it said, without envy, that there Missouri and Mississippi, the mighty Abana and Parphar of the West, are better than all the waters of our poor old New-England Israel.

"All this I can bear; but I cannot bear that our beloved native State, whose corner-stone was laid upon an intellectual and moral basis, should deprive itself, by its own neglect, of the great counterpoise of these physical advantages. Give me the means of educating my children, and I will not exchange its thirsty sands, nor its barest peak, for the most fertile spot on earth, deprived of those blessings. I had rather occupy the bleakest nook of the mountain that towers above us, with the wild wolf and rattle-snake for my nearest neighbors, and a snug little school-house, well kept, at the bottom of the hill, than dwell in a paradise of fertility, if I must bring up my children in lazy, pampered, selfsufficient ignorance. A man may protect himself against the rattle and the venom, but if he unnecessarily leaves the mind of his offspring a prey to ignorance and the vices that too often follow in its train, he may find too late for remedy,

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

"A thankless child? No, I will not wrong even him. He may be any thing else that's bad, but he cannot be a *thankless* child. What has he to be thankful for? No. The man who unnecessarily deprives his son of education, and thus knowingly trains him in the way he should not go, may have a perverse, an intractable, a prodigal child, one who will bring down, aye, drag down, his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, but a thankless child he cannot have."

EASILY PLEASED.

'Hallo! Sam! what are you grumbling at down here so furiously?' asked a steward of one of our public houses, of a colored servant attached to the premises.

'Grumbling at!' exclaimed Sam, by way of reply. 'Guess it is grumbling. Why case I can't get enough to eat here, nohow.'

'Can't get enough to eat?'

'No! I've had nothing but some tough steak, bread and butter, and cold coffee to-day; I havn't had much else for a week, I never get as much as I want. I'm kept too busy.'

'We wish no one to go hungry about our house, Sam. Have you not had breakfast enough this morning?'

'No.'

'Well, sir—you can have some get—what do you wish?'

'Only some hot coffee, a piece of chicken meat, some warm biscuit and butter, a slice of ham, two or three eggs, and a little corn bread. I's always satisfied with a few such things as them is, and never asks more.'

The above is from the Columbus Journal, and reminds us of an incident that occurred with an apprentice to a carpenter. He left his master and on being asked the reason, said he had no fault to find only that he wanted to be called 'Mister' when he was spoken to.—*Wheeling Times.*

A Child's Affection for a Kitten.—Under our obituary head, is recorded the death by drowning of a young child of Mr. Alexander Rice, residing at Squam. The circumstances under which this almost infant (being only four years of age) lost its life, are both singular and affecting. She had followed a small boy to the river, weeping bitterly because he was about to drown a kitten for which she had formed a strong attachment; and no sooner was it tossed into the water, than the agonized child took off its shoes, and raising its clothes walked into the river with a firm and determined step towards the object of her daring and affection, but before reaching it she suddenly sank into deep water, and her gentle spirit returned to the God who gave it. The tear will come, to think there was none near to rescue the little sufferer who so fearlessly periled and sacrificed her own life, to save that of a comparatively valueless one, but upon which she had set her young affections!—*Gloucester Telegraph.*

A Mischievous Ape.—A large ape or baboon confined in a stable in Elizabeth street, broke loose on Friday afternoon and raised the sash of a brick house in front and entered the parlour, broke a glass ship and case, valuable as a relic made in the revolutionary war, smashed the looking glass to pieces, broke considerable glass and china on the side board, and was hunted out of the room into the yard by the women with brooms. In the yard he seized hold of the hair of a child of Joel Isaacs about three years old, and nearly took his scalp off, scratched and bit a boy severely in the leg and thigh, and finally mounted a tree, with quite a mob after him with sticks and stones. We did not hear whether he was retaken or killed.—*Star.*

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1838.

BUSINESS OF THE NEW MARKET.

Some idea of the extent of our population, may be derived from the following statistics of the sales at the Center Market for *one day*, Sep. 15th, as furnished by the Clerk of the Market. There were retailed

17	hd. of Beef, estim'd at	550	lbs. each	9.350
11	Hogs,.....do.....	250..	do...do..	2.650
8	Calves,.....do.....	80..	do..do...	640
131	Sheep & Lamb,.....	30..	do..do..	3.930
	Corned Beef,.....			2.000
	Salt Pork,.....			100
	Sausage,.....			650
				19.420

Salted Beef and Pork, Ham, Sausage, &c. are also sold in large quantities, at the various grocerys and provision stores.

Assuming our population to be no more than nineteen thousand, the amount sold at the Center Market alone, gives an average of over one pound for every man, woman and child; and this, exclusive of the quantity sold at the Frankfort Market and from wagons, and the large amount of Salt Provision sold at the numerous grocery and provision stores. If, then, these statistics afford any criterion, the population of our city at this time cannot be less than twenty thousand souls.

Health of Rochester.—Two or three weeks since we contradicted a rumor which was started in Buffalo, as it was supposed, by those interested in the line of stages to Canandaigua, that this city was very sickly, and that deaths were of uncommonly frequent occurrence.—The same falsehood has been again started in Geneva and Canandaigua, probably by the same interested individuals. It is not necessary to make a formal contradiction of this mischievous calumny, for the benefit of those residing here; but it is for the benefit of strangers who are driven to the pursuit of another route, to evade what never existed. We therefore say, once for all, that Rochester was never healthier than it is at this moment, or than it has been during the entire summer. Physicians are not half employed, and the sexton has to depend upon some other personage than Death for a living.

Horrid Death from the bite of a Rattle Snake.—Mr Jacob Heaton, of Braxton county, Virginia, is stated to have been bitten by a rattlesnake, on the 6th of July last, on the skin between the knee and instep, and in a few minutes, feeling a smarting, made for his house, a fifth of a mile distant, where he fell at the porch with vomiting of blood, and died the same night with extreme agony about the heart, convulsions, &c.

A mechanic of Baton Rouge, Mr. L. A. Latil, says the Gazette of that place, has invented an ingenious method of constructing rifles, which will enable a soldier or sportsman to charge and discharge about six times while an ordinary gun would be going through the process once.

An early Spring.—During the course of a very early spring, two farmers walking together, one of them observed, that if the fine warm rains continued, every thing would peep out of the ground in a fortnight. 'God forbid,' said the other, 'for I have *two wives* buried in the church-yard.'

HANS SWARTZ.

A Marvellous Tale of Mamakating Hollow.

West of the Shawangunk mountain, lies a sweet valley, in the days of our story called "Mamakating Hollow." It diverges from the valley of the Hudson River, at Æsopus, and makes its way, like the bed of some ancient stream, in a southerly direction, until it meets the northern line of New Jersey. It requires but little fancy to conceive that the Hudson River once ploughed its course through this wonderful ravine, and mingled its waters with those of Delaware Bay. Indeed, were the barrier which fills the northern month of the Mamakating Hollow, even now, removed, it might contend with the Highland channel for the honour of conducting to the ocean the rich billows of our northern Pactolus. And magnificent as is the Highland scenery, the traveller would lose but little in exchanging it for the stern cliffs of the Shawangunk, which, like a sturdy brother, walks beside this beautiful valley, from her northern to her southern limit.

The judicious decendants of DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER were the first to discover and improve this rich alluvial valley, the natural entrance to which is from Æsopus. Their farms, some twenty years ago, before turnpike roads and a canal intersected those regions, were stretched across the Hollow from the Shawangunk to the corresponding mountain on the west. They were thus furnished, at either extremity, with woodland and pastures; while the spacious bed between the ridges, varying from two to five miles in width, was a carpeted meadow.

The traveller who sets out in the morning from the beautiful village of Bloominburgh, to pursue his journey westward, soon finds himself, by an easy ascent, on the summit of the Shawangunk. Before him will generally be spread an ocean of mist, enveloping and concealing from his view the deep valley and lovely village which lie almost beneath his feet. If he reposes here for a short time, until the vapors are attenuated and broken by the rays of the morning sun, he is astonished to see the abyss before him, deepening and opening on his vision. At length, far down in the newly revealed region, the sharp white spire of a village church is seen, piercing the incumbent cloud; and as the day advances, a village, with its ranges of bright colored houses and animated streets, is revealed to the admiring eye. So strange is the process of its development, and so much are the houses diminished by the depth of the ravine, that the traveller can scarce believe he is not beholding the phantoms of fairy land, or still ranging in those wonderful regions which are unlocked to the mind's eye by the wand of the god of dreams.

But as he descends the western declivity of the mountain, the din of real life rises to greet his ear, and he soon penetrates into the midst of the ancient settlements, of which we have before spoken. The Dutch farmers placed their flat houses near the middle of their farms, with little regard to symmetry or taste in their arrangements. Probably at the time many of these houses were erected, no roads piercing farther into the interior had been laid out. At the date of our story, some enterprising Yankees had cut a straight turnpike road across the valley, much to the annoyance of its old fashioned inhabitants; and the wandering tracks by which their farmhouses were connected with this profane channel, resembled, in their angularities and versions, the diagrams of geometry.

Well established in the fattest part of this exuberant valley, lived Hans Swartz, one of the patriarchs of the village. His ancestors had been patriarchs time out of mind, and the chimney of his paternal mansion contained certain amorphous masses, which tradition designated as the identical bricks brought by his ancestors from Holland. The house of Hans, covering an immense area, with its roof descending on each side nearly to the ground, resembling one of those homely implements in New England, 'yclept a hen coop; his barracks, made of four perpendicular timbers, surmounted by a square, thatched roof, in which he persisted to store his grain and hay, notwithstanding the modern invention of barns; the diverging corn cribs before his door; the pig pens in their neighborhood; the grindstone, aviary, and outdoor oven, scattered around in mockery of symmetry; all bespoke a man of weight and means, according to the estimation of that day.

Hans, however, had become somewhat degenerate. His wife was of mixed blood; and as a punishment for marrying out of caste, she proved to be a terrible thorn in his side. She exercised a pretty decided supremacy in all matters occurring in her personal presence, for Hans was naturally good tempered and yielding, and the habit of obedience had become a second nature.

The most severe test of his docility, was on the occasion of interruptions, from his better part, of certain patriarchal levees, which Hans had, from time immemorial, been accustomed to hold at the door of his mansion. It was his delight, as it had been that of his father's, to collect around him, on a summer's eve, those who, like himself, loved the cup and a pipe better than hard work. At such times, Hans was in his true glory. Seated in a large chair, upon the step of his door, with the above mentioned instruments of quiet enjoyment in either hand, he discussed at length the hardships of olden times, the decay of fine horses, and woful laxity of Dutch integrity, and the inroads of the bustling Yankees, to the great edification and enjoyment of his subordinate friends, who, stretched on the seats of turf or slates, on either side, quietly enjoyed the patriarch's discourse and hospitality.

The terrible inroads of Hans' wife had, however, more than once disturbed this quiet, vegetating circle of worthies; insomuch that the most urgent entreaties of Hans, backed by the potent arguments of the bowl, could seldom prevail on his faint hearted friends to retain their places after the clock had tolled nine.

One summer's eve, surrounded by his obsequious neighbors, Hans had descanted with uncommon felicity of utterance on the woful conflicts of their ancestors with the inconveniences of a new settlement, and his enthusiasm, assisted by an extra bowl, had so engrossed all attention, that the usual hour of departure passed unnoticed. The starting eyes and slobbering mouths of all around him, attested the unusual interest aroused by his narration. Mistress Sally Swartz, or 'Aunt Sorchie,' as the neighbors familiarly called her, had long since put the last child to bed, mended the last stocking, and covered the few dying coals of a summer fire, and was yawning impatiently in a window seat, for the session of social friends at her door to break up, and restore her good man to his quiet bed. But she waited in vain. To such a pitch were the feelings of all excited by the marvellous rehearsals of Hans, that, heedless of the hour, and of the thickening indignation of 'Aunt Sorchie,' they but drew nearer to the speaker, as if chained by fascination. Hans had even risen from his leather bottomed chair, having deposited his pipe on the ground, in the fervor of his discourse, and was in the midst of a thrilling narrative, of Indians and evil spirits, when Aunt Sorchie, tortured beyond endurance by this unseasonable delay, with angry visage, made her appearance on the threshhold, directly behind the elevated form of the speaker. At this alarming apparition, every Dutchman started from his seat, as if the ghost of old Wilhelmus Testy himself had grinned in their faces. Ere Hans had time to shut his capacious mouth, much less to turn a look behind him, the strong hands of Sorchie were closely placed on either side his head, somewhat more closely than was exactly comfortable for his ears, which organs, notwithstanding their duress, were made to hear the grating sounds:—'Hans! will ye never drop your short drunken speeches, and come to bed!' The sapient audience waited not for any further salutation. Each monheer was under way, as soon as the ponderous nature of his moveables permitted, and ere Hans was fairly veered around, and marched over the threshhold, not a mortal was left who had not put at least a fence, a barrack, or cornerib, between himself and the fearful apparition.

The shock was quite too much for the obtuse capacity of poor Hans; and whether the grog which had given him such a honied utterance had also, Sampson like, shaken the pillars of his understanding, or whether the sudden compression of Sorchie's hands produced a paralysis of his senses, certain it is, that he knew little of what was passing, until he had been safely lodged in bed, and had snored, for some two or three hours, like the boiler of a steamboat.

It was near the dead hour of midnight, when horror sometimes steals over the firmest breast, that Hans seemed to be disturbed from his broken slumbers by a slight rattling at the door of his apartment. The door slowly opened, and by the dim, flittering light of the embers on the hearth, he seemed clearly to distinguish the outline of a human being on the threshold. It entered, and was followed by another and another, each more horrid than his fellow. It was in vain that Hans attempted to scream, or to spring from his recumbent posture. Terror, like a nightmare, bound him down, with its indescribable yet agonizing helplessness. The ruffians cautiously approached the bedside. A dagger gleamed in the right hand of the foremost, and the dark outline of a pistol was seen in his left hand. In this moment of dreadful suspense, what would Hans have given to hear even the grating voice of Sorchie! But she was slumbering with hearty breathings by his side, unconscious of the approaching danger. Ætna's self was a light burden on Enceladus, compared with the weight at that moment on the breast of Hans. At length the haggard assassin, motioning his fellows to halt, approached the bedside, bent slowly over the trembling victim of his wrath, and in a low, distinct tone, said: '*Wretch, I come for thee! Rise, and follow me!*' As if warned by the last trump, Hans sprung, stark naked, upon the floor. The figure pointed to his under garments, and these were almost as soon in their proper places. There were no suspenders in those days, and the dimensions of this article at that period made its ready adjustment much less difficult than the lacing, and buttoning, and strapping, of degenerate modern pantaloons. The figure then led the way to the door. Hans followed like an automaton, and the two attendants brought up the rear. The night was one of those in which the spirits of a darker world appear to be revelling in the upper regions; burying the moon's face at intervals in dark clouds, and forcing the fleet winds in cross currents through the mountains and valleys.

It were tedious to describe the dark ravines and pathless summits traversed in the remainder of the night, by that triad and their obsequious prisoner. Not a word escaped them, as they proceeded on their solemn and silent march. Rivers were crossed on decayed trunks of trees, precipices were passed, and chasms leaped of such desperate width as to astonish Hans at the sudden agility of his cumbrous limbs. All the horrors of darkness enveloped the forest. Beasts of prey, startled from their lairs by this unearthly procession, howled along its flank in fearful anger. A cold clammy sweat ran down the weary limbs of the wretched Dutchman. He toiled, and puffed, and struggled, to keep the rapid gait, and each effort of his exhausted frame seemed to be the last which it was possible to make.

At length, streaks of light shot up in the eastern sky, and a ray of hope penetrated the breast of poor Hans, that he might once more see the blessed sun with living eyes. But this hope endured but for a moment. Turning suddenly from their course, the black mouth of an infernal cavern yawned fearfully upon them; a sulphurous blast issued from its jaws; and, immensely far within, flickering flames made visible hideous recesses and hanging precipices! Hans shrunk back in terror. 'Enter!' said his guide, in a voice of thunder. It was done, and the falling crash of a large rock, balanced above, shut out the miserable mortal from the light and the world forever. Fatigue and terror had done their worst; exhausted nature could no longer endure. Hans sank upon the ground, near the entrance, helpless and immoveable. Still his eyes were open, and the dark glimmerings of the vaulted caverns around him added a tenfold horror to his situation. The demons of the place seemed peeping out upon him from their dark recesses; they began to approach on every side; he saw their glaring eyes, he heard their flapping wings, he felt their hot breath upon his cheek, and their talons in his living flesh! He uttered a piercing shriek. It awakened—not the awful echoes of the cave, but the shrill voice of 'aunt Sorchie!' The fiery eyes were hers; the talons were her lank fingers in his hair. 'Wake up from your drunken nightmare! You've frightened all the dogs by your screaming!' Hans found himself in bed. Like Bunyan's pilgrim, 'he awoke, and behold it was a dream!'

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* The Delaware and Hudson.

No Danger.—The editor of the Western Post says that the horrible hot weather has shrunk his HEAD, as well as his *paper!* Reckon there is *room enough* for the *brains* yet—don't be alarmed.—*Monroe Times.*

From Waterton's Natural History.

FIGHT WITH A LION.

In the month of July, 1831, two fine lions made their appearance in a jungle some twenty miles distant from the cantonement of Rajcote, in the East Indies, where Captain Woodhouse, and his two friends, Lieutenants Delamain and Lang were stationed. An Elephant was despatched to the place in the evening on which the information arrived; and on the morrow, at the break of day, the three gentlemen set off on horseback, full of glee, and elated with the hope of a speedy engagement. On arriving at the edge of the jungle, people were ordered to ascend the neighboring trees, that they might be able to trace the route of the lions in case they left the cover. After beating about in the jungle for some time, the hunters started the two lordly strangers. The officers fired immediately, and one of the lions fell to rise no more. His companion broke cover, and took off across the country. The officers now pursued him on horseback as fast as the nature of the ground would allow, until they learned from the men who were stationed in the trees, and who held up flags by way of signal, that the lion had gone back into the thicket. Upon this the three officers returned to the edge of the jungle, and having dismounted from their horses, they got upon the elephant; Captain Woodhouse placing himself in the hindermost seat. They now proceeded towards the heart of the jungle, in expectation of rousing the royal fugitive a second time. They found him standing under a large bush, with his face directly towards them. The lion allowed them to approach within range of his spring and then he made a sudden dart at the elephant, clung on his trunk with a tremulous roar, and wounded him just above the eye. While he was in the act of doing this, the two lieutenants fired at him, but without success. The elephant now shook him off; but the fierce and sudden attack on the part of the lion seemed to have thrown him into the greatest consternation. This was the first time he had ever come in contact with so formidable an animal; and much exertion was used before his riders succeeded in urging him on again in quest of the lion. At last he became somewhat more tractable; but as he was advancing through the jungle, all of a sudden the lion, who had lain concealed in the high grass, made at him with redoubled fury. The officers now lost all hopes of keeping their elephant in order. He turned round abruptly, and was going away quite ungovernable, when the lion again sprang at him, seized his hinder parts with his teeth, and hung on him till the affrighted animal managed to shake him off by incessant kicking.

The lion retreated farther into the thicket; Capt. Woodhouse in the mean time firing a random shot at him, which proved of no avail, as the jolting of the elephant and the uproar of the moment prevented him from taking a steady aim. No exertions on the part of the officers could now force the terrified elephant to face his fierce foe, and they found themselves reduced to the necessity of dismounting. Determined, however, to come to still closer quarters with the formidable king of quadrupeds, Capt. Woodhouse took the desperate resolution to proceed on foot in quest of him, and after searching about for some time, he observed the lion indistinctly through the bushes, and discharged his rifle at him, but he was pretty well convinced that he had not hit him, for he saw the lion retire with the utmost composure into the thicker parts of the brake. The two lieutenants, who had remained at the outside of the jungle, joined their companion on hearing the report of his gun.

The weather was intolerably sultry. After vainly spending a considerable time in creeping through the grass and bushes, with the hope of discovering the place of the lion's retreat, they concluded that he had passed quite through the jungle, and gone off in an opposite direction. Resolved not to let their game escape, the lieutenants returned to the elephant, and immediately proceeded round the jungle, expecting to discover the route which they conjectured the lion had taken. Captain Woodhouse, however, remained in the thicket; and as he could discern the print of the animal's feet on the ground, he boldly resolved to follow up the track at all hazards. The Indian gamefinder, who continued with his commander, at last espied the lion in the cover, and pointed him out to the captain, who fired, but unfortunately missed his mark. There was now no alternative left but to retreat and load his rifle. Having retired to a distance, he was joined by Lieut. Delamain, who had dismounted from his elephant on hearing the report of the gun. This unexpected meeting increased the captain's hopes of ultimate success. He lost no time in pointing out to the lieutenant the place where he would probably find the lion, and said he would be up with him in a moment or two.

Lieut. Delamain, on going eight or ten paces down a sheep track, got a sight of the lion, and instantly discharged his rifle at him.

This irritated the mighty lord of the woods, and he rushed towards him, breaking through the bushes (to use the captain's own words) "in a most magnificent style." Capt. Woodhouse now found himself placed in an awkward situation. He was aware that if he retraced his steps in order to put himself in a better position for attack, he would just get to the point from which the lieutenant had fired, and to which the lion was making, wherefore he instantly resolved to stand still, in the hopes that the lion would pass by, at a distance of four yards or so, without perceiving him, as the intervening cover was thick and strong. In this, however, he was most unfortunately deceived; for the enraged lion saw him in passing, and flew at him with a dreadful roar. In an instant, as though it had been done by a stroke of lightning, the rifle was broken and thrown out of the captain's hand, his left arm at the same moment being seized by the claws, and his right by the teeth, of his desperate antagonist. While these two brave and sturdy combatants, "whose courage none could stain," were yet standing in mortal conflict, Lieut. Delamain ran up, and discharged his piece full at the lion. This caused the lion and the captain to come to the ground together, while Lieut. Delamain hastened out of the jungle to reload his gun. The lion now began to craunch the captain's arm, but as the brave fellow, notwithstanding the pain which this horrid process caused, had the cool determined resolution to lie still, the lordly savage let the arm drop out of his mouth, and quietly placed himself in a couching position, with both his paws upon the thighs of his fallen foe. While things were in this untoward situation, the captain unthinkingly raised his hand to support his head, which had got placed ill at ease in the fall. No sooner, however, had he moved it, than the lion seized the lacerated arm a second time, craunched it as before, and fractured the bone still higher up. This additional *memento mori* from the lion was not lost upon Capt. Woodhouse; it immediately put him in mind that he had committed an act of imprudence in stirring The motionless state in which he persevered after this broad hint, showed that he had learned to profit by the painful lesson.

He now lay bleeding and disabled under the foot of a mighty and irritated enemy. Death was close upon him, armed with every terror calculated to appal the heart of a prostrate and defenceless man. Just as this world, with all its flitting honors, was on the point of vanishing forever, he heard two faint reports of a gun, which he thought sounded from a distance; but he was totally at a loss to account for them. He learned, after the affair was over, that the reports were caused by his friend at the outside of the jungle, who had flashed off some powder in order to be sure that the nipples of his rifle were clean.

The two lieutenants were now hastening to his assistance, and he heard the welcome sound of feet approaching; but, unfortunately, they were in a wrong direction, as the lion was betwixt them and him. Aware that if his friends fired, the balls would hit him, after they passed through the lion's body, Capt. Woodhouse quietly pronounced, in a low and subdued tone, "to the other side! to the other side!' Hearing the voice, they looked in the direction from whence it proceeded, and to their horror saw their brave companion in his utmost need. Having made a circuit, they cautiously came up on the other side, and Lieut. Delamain, whose coolness in encounters with wild beasts had always been conspicuous, from a distance of about a dozen yards, fired at the lion over the person of the prostrate warrior.

The lion merely quivered; his head dropped upon the ground, and in an instant he lay dead on his side, close to his intended victim.

Heat lightning is the reflection of distant thunders on the clouds. Thunder can be heard twenty or thirty miles—lightning can be seen one hundred and fifty.

One thousand two hundred and fifty miles in one thousand hours.—This extraordinary undertaking was concluded on Bromley-common on Monday evening, the pedestrian starting at fifteen minutes after eight and finishing at half past. J. E. Molloy has, without any great distress, accomplished the herculean task of walking one mile and a quarter every hour for a thousand successive hours. His walking throughout was excellent, and it was the opinion of many that he could do one mile and a half in the hour. The lane he walked in was lined with carriges of all descriptions, and amongst them we noticed some of the higher class, and not less than four thousand people. The cottage was decorated with laurel boughs and a large blue bag. A volley of fire-arms was fired at starting and coming in; and the pedestrian, on entering the cottage, actually danced a sailor's hornpipe, to the no small gratification of those who happened to be near enough to get a peep at him. He is a member of the Temperance Society, and did not take any thing stronger than tea, coffee, and a little ginger beer. He wore the medal of the society; and it is understood that he will be rewarded by them—and if ever man deserved it, he does, as it shows what sobriety will do.—*London Sunday Times.*

A man named Death, still a resident of this state, formerly lived in this city. Over the door of his store, was the sign 'Rectified Whiskey,' and directly under that, his name, Absalom Death. An old lady from the country, with her son, a hearty lad, was one day winding her way through the street in a wagon, when this sign caught her eye.

'Stop! Rectified Whiskey, Absolute Death. That's a fact! Johny, let me get out, there is one honest man in Cincinnati, I want to see what he looks like.'—*Cin News.*

The Ruling Passion.—A lady in one of our villages was lately thrown from a wagon and carried home senseless, with a cut on one of her pretty cheeks. No sooner had the surgeon commenced his operation than animation returned, and opening her eyes she lisped beseechingly, "Do Doctor, sew it neatly." Of course the gallant operator ran the stitches as close as a milliner working a wristband.—*Burlington Sentinel.*

White Statuary Marble, equal to the best Italian, has been discovered in extensive deposites in the Cherokee country, by Mr. Fetherstanhaugh, the United States Geologist. He has followed an obscure ridge in the mountains six miles, consisting entirely of that valuable substance, hitherto only seen in the United States in thin beds not exceeding a few inches.

Preparing for the Worst.—Once on a time it happened that a poor wight married a *shrew*, who led him a piteous life; she fell ill, the doctor was called in, and the anxious affectionate husband inquired of him how his dear spouse was; Galen shook his head, and told him to prepare for the worst. "What," said he, "is she likely to get over it?"

The Religion of Sleep.—The Rev. Sidney Smith, one of the liveliest writers of the time, in a preface to a volume of his own sermons, speaking of sermons in general, says, "they are written as if sin was to be taken out of man, like Eve out of Adam, by putting him into a sound slumber,"

The Land of Strawberries.—A recent traveller styles Sweden "the Land of Strawberries." He says "they are offered on the road while you travel—their smell and sight greet you on every table. In fact, they are the only fruit I have noticed in the country.

A Mr. Shepherd is regaling the good people of Detroit with concerts. He is assisted by a Mr. Wind, professor of music, from Philadelphia. Shepherd holds the pipe, while Wind does the blowing.—*Prentice.*

An Editor in Vermont has married a wife named *Silver*. He undoubtedly anticipates some *small change*.

Why are ladies' gowns about the region of the waist, like a camp meeting? Because there is a *great gathering* there.

Affectionate.—Kissing a young lady with your mouth full of tobacco.

BLACK, WHITE AND BROWN.

FROM HOOD'S OWN,

All at once Miss Morbid left off sugar.

She did not resign it as some persons lay down their carriage, the full bodied family-coach dwindling down into a chariot, next into a fly, and then into a sedan-chair. She did not shade it off artistically, like certain household economists, from white to whitey brown, brown, dark-brown, and so on, to none at all. She left it off, as one might leave off walking on the top of a house, or on a slide, or on a plank with a further end to it, that is to say, slapdash, all at once, without a moment's warning. She gave it up, to speak appropriately, in the lump. She dropped it—as Corporal Trim let fall his hat—dab. It vanished, as the French say, *toot sweet*. From the 30th of November, 1830, not an ounce of sugar, to use Miss Morbid's own expression, ever 'darkened her doors.'

The truth was she had been present the day before at an Anti-Slavery Meeting, and had listened to a lecturing abolitionist who had drawn her sweet tooth, root and branch, out of her head. Thenceforth sugar, or as she called it, 'shugger,' was no longer white, or brown in her eyes, but red, blood-red—an abomination, to indulge in which would convert a professing Christian into a practical Cannibal. Accordingly she made a vow, under the influence of moist eyes and refined feelings, that the sanguinary article should never more enter her lips or her house; and this petty parody of the famous Berlin decree against our Colonial produce was rigidly enforced. However others might countenance the practice of the Slave Owners by consuming 'shugger,' she was resolved for her own part, 'no suffering sable son of Africa should ever rise up against her out of a cup of Tea!'

In the meantime the cook and housemaid grumbled in concert at the prohibition; they naturally thought it very hard to be deprived of a luxury which they enjoyed at their own proper cost; and at last only consented to remain in the service, on condition that the privation should be handsomely considered in their wages. With the hope of being similarly remembered in her will, the poor relations of Miss Morbid continued to drink the "warm without," which she administered to them every Sunday, under the name of Tea: and Hogarth would have desired no better subject for a picture than was presented by their physiognomies. Some pursed up their lips, as if resolved that the nauseous beverage should never enter them: others compressed their mouths as if to prevent it from running out again. One took it mincingly, in sips,—another gulped it down in desperation,—a third, in a fit of absence, continued to stir very superfluously with his spoon; and there was one very shrewd old gentleman, who by a little dexterous by-play, used to bestow the favor of his small souchong on a sick geranium. Now and then an astonished stranger would retain a half cupful of the black dose in his mouth, and stare round at his fellow-guests, as if tacitly putting to them the very question of Matthew's Yorkshireman in the mail coach, "Company!—oop or doon?"

The greatest sufferers, however, were Miss Morbid's two nephews, still in the morning of their youth, and boy-like, far more inclined to "sip the sweets" than to "hail the dawn."—They had formerly looked on their Aunt's house as peculiarly a Dulce Domum. Prior to her sudden conversion she had been famous for the manufacture of a sort of hard cake, commonly called Toffy or Taffy,—but now, alas! "Taffy was not at home," and there was nothing else to invite a call. Currant tart is tart indeed without sugar; and as for the green gooseberries, they always tasted, as the young gentlemen affirmed, "like a quart of berries sharpened to a pint." In short, it always required six penny-worth of lollipops and bullseyes, a lick of honey, a dip of treacle, and a pick at a grocer's hogshead, to sweeten a visit to Aunt Morbid's.

To tell the truth, her own temper soured a little under the prohibition. She could not persuade the sugar-eaters that they were Vampyres; instead of practising, or even admiring her self denial, they laughed at it; and one wicked wag even compared her, in allusion to her acerbity and her privation, to a crab without *the nippers*. She persevered, notwithstanding, in her system; and to the constancy of a martyr, added something of the wilfulness of a bigot;—indeed, it was hinted by patrons and patronesses of white charities, that European objects had not their *fair* share in her benevolence. She was pre-eminently the friend of the blacks. Howbeit, for all her sacrifices, not a lash was averted from their sable backs. She had raised discontent in the kitchen, she had disgusted her acquaintances, sickened her friends, and given her own dear little nephews the stomach-ache, without saving Quashy from one cut of the driver's whip, or diverting a single kick from the shins of Sambo. Her grocer complained loudly of being called a dealer in human gore, yet not one hogshead the less was imported from the Plantations. By an error common to all her class, she mistook a negative for a positive principle; and persuaded herself that by *not* preserving damsons, she preserved the Niggers; that by *not* sweetening her own cup, she was dulcifying the lot of all her sable brethren in bondage. She persevered accordingly, in setting her face against sugar instead of slavery: against the plant instead of the planter; and had actually abstained for six months from the forbidden article, when a circumstance occurred that roused her sympathies into more active exertions. It pleased an American lady to import with her a black female servant, whom she rather abruptly dismissed, on her arrival in England. The case was considered by the Hampshire Telegraph of that day, as one of *great hardship;* the paragraph went the round of the papers—and in due time it attracted the notice of Miss Morbid. It was precisely addressed to her sensibilities, and there was a "Try Warren" tone about it that proved irresistible. She read—and wrote,—and in the course of one little week, her domestic establishmennt was maliciously, but truly described, as consisting of "two white slaves and a black Companion."

The adopted protegee was, in reality, a strapping clumsy Negress, as ugly as sin, and with no other merit than that of being of the same color as the crow. She was artful, sullen, gluttonous, and above all so intolerably indolent, that if she had been literally "carved in ebony," as old Fuller says, she could scarcely have been of less service to her protectress. Her notions of Free Labor seemed to translate it into laziness, and taking liberties; and, as she seriously added to the work of her fellow-servants, without at all contributiug to their comfort, they soon looked upon her as a complete nuisance. The housemaid dubbed her "a divil," the cook roundly compared her to a "mischivus beast, as runs out on a herd o' black cattle;" and both concurred in the policy of laying all household sins upon her sooty shoulders—just as slatterns select a color that hides the dirt.—It is certain that shortly after the negress was installed in the family, a moral disease broke out with considerable violence, and justly or not, the odium was attributed to the new comer. Its name was theft. First, there was a shilling short in some loose change—next, a missing half-crown from the mantle-piece—then there was a stir with a tea-spoon—anon, a piece of work about a thimble. Things went, nobody knew how—the "Divil" of course excepted.—The Cook *could*, the Housemaid *would*, and Diana *should* and *ought* to take an oath declaratory of innocence, before the mayor; but as Diana did not volunteer an affidavit like the others, there was no doubt of her guilt in the kitchen.

Miss Morbid, however, came to a very different conclusion. She thought that whites who could eat sugar, were capable of any atrocity, and had not forgotten the 'stand taken by the "pale faces" in favor of the obnoxious article. The cook especially incurred suspicion; for she had been notorious aforetime for a lavish hand in sweetening, and was accordingly quite equal to the double turpitude of stealing and bearing false witness. In fact the mistress had arrived at the determination of giving both her white hussies their month's warning, when unexpectedly the thief was taken, as the lawyers say, "in the manner," and with the goods upon the person. In a word, the ungrateful black was detected in the very act of levying what might be called her "black mail."

The horror of Emilia, on discovering that the Moor had murdered her mistress was scarcely greater that of Miss Morbid. She hardly, she said, believed her her own senses. You might have knocked her down with a feather! She did not know whether she stood on her head or heels. She was rooted to the spot! and her hair, if it had been her own, would have stood upright upon her head! There was no doubt in the case. She saw the transfer of a portion of her own bank-stock, from her escrutoir to the right hand pocket of her protegee—she heard it chink as it dropped downwards—she was petrified!—dumbfounded!—thunderbolted!—'annihilated!' She was as white as a sheet, but she felt as if all the blacks in the world had just blown in her face.

Her first impulse was to rush upon the robber, and insist on restitution—her second was to sit down and weep—and her third was to talk. The opening as usual, was a mere torrent of ejaculations intermixed with vituperation—but she gradually fell into a lecture with many heads. First she described all she had done for the Blacks, and then, alas! all the Blacks had done for her. Next she insisted on the enormity of the crime, and anon, as she enlarged, on the nature of its punishment. It was here that she was most eloquent. She traced the course of human justice, from detection to conviction, and thence to execution, literally throwing dissection into the bargain: and then descending with Dante, into the unmentionable regions, she painted its terrors and tortures with all the circumstantial fidelity that certain very Old Masters have displayed on the same subject.

"And now, you black wretch," she concluded, having just given the finishing touch to a portrait of Satan himself; "and now, you black wretch, I insist on knowing what I was robbed for. Come tell me what tempted you! I'm determined to hear it! I insist, I say, on knowing what was to be done with the wages of iniquity!"

She insisted, however, in vain. The black wretch had seriously inclined her ear to the whole lecture, grinning and blubbering by turns. The judge, with his black cap, the counsel and their wigs, the twelve men in a box, and Jack Ketch himself—whom she associated with that pleasant West Indian personage, John Canoe—had amused, nay, tickled her fancy; the press-room, the irons, the rope, and the ordinary, whom she mistook for an overseer, had raised her curiosity, and excited her fears; but the spiritualities without any reference to Obeah had simply mystified and disgusted her, and she was now in a fit of the sulks. Her mistress, however, persisted in her question; and not the less pertinaciously, perhaps, from expecting a new peg whereon to hang a fresh lecture. She was determined to know the destination of the stolen money, and by dint of insisting, cajoling, and, above above all, threatening—for instance, with the whole Posse Comitatis—she finally carried her point.

"Cus him money! Here's a fuss!" exclaimed the culprit, quite worn out at last with the persecution. "Cus him money! here's a fuss!—What me 'teal him for? What me do wid him? What any body teal him for? Why, for sure, *to buy sugar!*"

From the New Yorker.

THE FATAL WAGER.

FOUNDED ON FACT—TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

'A cold, dreary night, sir students,' said the host of the Double Eagle, as he threw a faggot of wood upon the fire, around which were seated a knot of students, silently smoking their meerschaums, while upon a table near at hand stood a number of empty bottles and drinking cups, bearing evidence of their recent good cheer. The night was far advanced—it was St. Mark's eve—and they had been discussing the numerous superstitions current among the peasantry respecting this hallowed time. There was a pause in the conversation, and each sat seemingly absorbed in his own thoughts, which, to judge from the grave aspect of their countenances, were serious enough. So deeply were they buried in meditation, that they did not seem to heed the observation of the landlord. It was towards the close of Autumn, and the wind whistled shrilly as it swept past the crazy old inn, giving token of the approach of stern visaged Winter.

'Well, Herman,' said one of the students, laying aside his pipe, and moving a little from the fire, which blazed brightly—'since you have laughed at all the legends and superstitions which have been related to night, and profess not to believe in the existence of spirits, good or bad, yet there is one concerning which I would ask your opinion. It is said that on the eve of St. Mark's one may see the shades of those who are to die within a short time, pass

into the church, by watching there at the hour of midnight.'

'Mere stories to amuse children,' replied Herman.

'Yet did not Burgomeister Wagram declare that he saw, on the eve of St. Marks, as he was returning home late at night from Groshiem, a shadowy figure the exact counterpart of himself, glide into the porch of the church as he passed—and did he not die a few months afterwards?'

'Very true, Herr Rosambert; but you must recollect that old Wagram was not esteemed the most temperate in Englebeach. And it is well known, that on the occasion alluded to, he was returning from a merry-making, and it is but just to presume that his perceptive faculties could not have been in a very perfect state. It is probable that he saw but his own shadow reflected by the moon, which I remember shone brightly that night; and his disordered intellect and superstitious folly led him to imagine it a spirit. As to his death, which occurred so shortly after, it is my firm belief that it had no more connection with St. Mark's eve, than—than—' puzzled for a simile,—'than fire has with water.'

'Granting all you have said, still I think it somewhat strange. Though I do not profess to be superstitious, yet there is something beautiful in the belief that there are spirits—those of our friends and kindred—who watch over us in our sleeping hours, and hover around during the busy scenes of day, guarding us from evil—who, when the sand of life is nearly run, assume a visible shape, and beckon us from this weary world to realms of happiness and bliss.'

'All very fine, no doubt,' said Herman, smiling. 'I dare say, Rosambert, *though you do not profess to be superstitious*, yet are you not fearful, as you pass the old church to-night on your way home of seeing your shade hovering about the church?'

'It is well that your way lies not thither,' said Rosambert, rather nettled, 'for with all your smiling, I doubt whether you dare trust yourself in its vicinity at the hour of midnight. Indeed, I will wager a dozen of mine host's choicest Burgundy that you dare not.'

'Done Rosambert, done! Gentlemen,' said said Herman, addressing his brother students, 'hear you this wager. Egad, we'll make a night of it! Now Rosambert, I will do more on the faith of my Burgundy—I will enter the old miser's vault concerning which there are so many mysterious tales; and should I meet a spirit, I'll speak to it though it blast me. The tomb is in a dilapidated state, and the entrance is easy. The wager shall be decided this very night.

'Excellent! excellent!' exclaimed Rosambert' 'and that we may know you have been there, take this poinard, and stick it into a coffin.'

Placing the dagger into his bosom, he gaily turned to his friend, and said with a smile, 'Now I am ready—be sure you have the Burgundy uncorked on my return!'

He left the inn, and as he wended his way through the village, now buried in repose, the solemn silence which reigned around dissipated his gaiety, and his thoughts took a more serious turn. He felt as if he had acted wrong in having indulged in unseemingly levity on so serious a subject; and then the many terror-inspiring tales respecting the old miser, to whose tomb he was now journeying, came rushing upon his mind—causing him almost to repent his foolish hardihood; but to return without attaining his object, would occasion the ridicule of his friends, and he dreaded being stigmatized as a vain boaster and coward. He therefore pushed quickly on, and in a short time reached the old church, which stood at the extremity of the village. He clambered over the low paling which surrounded the venerable building, and stood in the 'back ground of life,' as Richter denominates the grave-yard. All was silent save the wind, which soughed mournfully thro' the lenden trees, scattering the scred leaves far and wide.

The night was dark, the sky overspread with murky clouds, which sped like giant spirits of the air, revealing here and there a twinkling star. A feeling of awe came over him as he stealthily glided along the tomb-stones: and as he neared the miser's burial-place, the hour of midnight tolled loudly from the turret-clock, breaking through the solemn stillness like the knell of death. He started at the sound, and almost quaked with fear. But as the last stroke died away, he summoned his faltering resolution and drawing forth the dagger, rushed down the steps of the vault, and with a convulsive shudder, struck it into a damp and mouldy coffin, which returned a sound as if the skeleton within it had fallen asunder, and the bones rattled against the coffin sides. Terrified and agitated, Herman attempted to rush from the vault, but he was held fast by some invisible agency, and uttering a faint cry, fell senseless to the ground.

* * * * * * *

'What can possibly detain Herman?' said Rosambert to his fellow students. 'It is now an hour since he departed, and he should have returned ere this. I hope no evil has befallen him.'

Another hour elapsed—still he came not. At last it was proposed they should seek him. A lantern was procured, and after proceeding at a rapid pace, they arrived at the church-yard, and, descending the gloomy vault, they discovered the body of the ill-fated Herman, lying upon his face, across the threshold, *the extremity of his gown fastened to the coffin by the poinard.*

It would seem that in his fear and agitation, his hand became entangled in the folds of his gown, and the dagger pinned it to the coffin, and imagining he had fallen into the power of demons or spirits, he sank lifeless to the ground. He was raised, and the expression of terror upon his countenance was truly horrible. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets—his lips were firmly compressed—and his hair stood bristling upon his head. He was conveyed to the inn with all possible despatch, where efforts were made to resuscitate him, but in vain.—The fright had been too much for him—he was dead.

Allan Cunningham with Marshal Soult.—Our good friend Mr. Allan Cunningham was introduced to Marshal Soult; and as the interview was interesting, the reader, we should suppose, will be the reverse of displeased to peruse a hurried note of it, given as nearly as possible in his own words:—"I saw him in his residence in Portland House; he received me kindly, and took me by the hand, placed me on a sofa beside him, and said he was indebted to his friend, the Baron de P., for making us acquainted. I said I had desired to see a man of great and strong talent by nature, and not by act of Parliament; that I had long admired him for his generous tribute to the memory of Sir John Moore, and looked upon him as one of the noblest minded of our foes. He smiled at this, and turning to me said—'Fee! I never was your foe, at least in the coarse sense of the word; I was taught to respect you in the sternest of all schools, the battle-field; and it was only yesterday I told your young Queen that Britain and France had tried the sword long enough to each other's harm, and should now try what friendship could do, and thus insure the peace of Europe.' I bowed, and replied—'Marshal, you are still in the field, you have won other countries by the sword, and now you are come to conquer us by courtesy.' As I said this, he pressed my knee gently with his hand, and made some allusion to poetry. He is a noble martial-featured man; tall, too, and vigorous; and I thought of Australitz, and many a bloody field as he shook hands with me at parting. But we are not parted yet; he has sent me a card for his great ball of this evening, (6th July,) when I shall again see, I feel assured, the same simple, easy, courteous man I found during the interview I have attempted to describe."—*Scotch paper.*

A girl, forced into a disagreeable match with an old man whom she detested, when the clergyman came to that part of the service where the bride is asked if she consents to take the bridegroom for her husband, said with great simplicity, "Oh dear, no, Sir: but you are the first person who has asked my opinion upon the affair."

"Jonathan where were you goin to yesterday when I saw you goin to mill?" "Why I was go-in to mill to be sure. Well, I wish I'd seen you—I'd got you to carry a grist for me." "Why you did see me, did'nt you?" "Yes, but not till you got cleyn out of sight."

The mind is like the body it inhabits—exercise can strengthen, as neglect and indolence can weaken it; they are both improved by discipline—both ruined by neglect.

WHO STOLE THE TIME PIECE?

"My dear," says Mrs. G. to her husband, "move that time piece; this room is so exposed that some person will certainly steal it."—"Don't bother me, my love, you see I'm busy, I'll move it to-morrow;" and so from day to day did Mr. G. neglect to move the time piece.—At length it was stolen—great was the lamentation thereat. "Who could have stolen it?" Nothing could console the unfortunate Mrs. G. until her nephew communicated to her the glad tidings that he "knew who stole the time piece," "Who was it? Johnny, dear, who was it?" "Procastination, aunt. Is he not the thief of time. Had uncle moved the clock, it still might have been in your possession."

An Invitation.—"Say, nigga, cum and hab de pleasure ob a dinin wid your mos humble servant, won't you, heh?"

"Why, look here, Sam—I'se not particular in sosiashuns—but I wist to know fus, before I vail myself ob your perlite imptimashun, whar you hab your lodjins?"

"No difference, nigga, whar I lodge. I don't ax you to sleep wid me, but only to eat dinner in a greeable sociumbility."

"We Will Endeavor," is the motto of a Singing Association in Newburyport, Mass.—It is a noble one. A rigid adherence to it in practice, will ensure to them, and to all who may adopt it as their principle of action, the ultimate fulfilment of their aims and wishes. "We will endeavor," is the key to success in all things.—*Phil. Ledger.*

We find the following conundrum in the last number of the New York Mirror: "When a mother puts her child to sleep, of what two places within the vicinity of New York does she remind you? Sing Sing and Rockaway."—*Alb. Adv.*

A Signature.—The infant daughter of Louis Phillippe, the French King, has been named Victoria Augusta Ludovic Lucca Isabella Amelia Filomena Helena Penelope Bourbon. It stops there.

The Spaniards, in allusion to the profusion with which *distinctions* are now conferred upon worthless persons, say that "formerly rogues were hung on crosses, but that now crosses are hung on rogues."

Abbreviations and Initials.—A. B.—Apt to a Blunder.
A. M.—Apt to Mistake.
M. D.—Maker of Dead men.
M. P.—Madness of the People.

Scene at the Boston Police.—A man named Alden Bradford was found lying in the street. "Who knocked you down?" "Squire, Rum," was the response. "Three dollars and costs," was the sentence. Short and sweet.

Cultivation of Music.—By direction of the school committee of Boston, vocal music will hereafter be taught in the high schools of that city. The directors of schools in other places might take a hint from this.

"*The Emigrating Fever*" has lately seized on the young men of the town of Haverhill, Mass., and great numbers were "going off" with it.—A trip to the West seems to be the only remedy for the disease.

A Jail to Let.—The Tolland county jail, (Conn.) is now, and has been since July 17th, entirely tenantless. The jailer wants to rent lodgings cheap. He will find few customers.

"Variety is the spice of life," thought a shoemaker as he was chewing wax, leather, and tobacco, all at once.

True philosophy can discern nothing else in a great many words and names but the letters of the alphabet which compose them.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 12th inst., by the Rev. P. Church, Mr. Andrew Harvie, to Miss Martha Jackson.

In Albion, by Rev. Mr. Copeland, of Lockport, Mr. William J. Kent, to Miss Minerva Porter.

At Lewiston, on the 13th instant, by the Rev. Mr Murray, P. C. H. Brotherson, Esq. Cashier of the Niagara Suspension Bridge Bank, to Cynthia, daughter of Seymour covill, Esq. of that place.

In Geneve, on the 13th inst., by the Rev. G. Abeel, Mr. Daniel Owen, of Skaneateles, to Miss Margaretta Bogart, of this village.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.

SUNSET

The sun was hasting in his course—to end
The labors of the day—the hour of thought
Of contemplation, bade me seek a place,
Where—far away from mortal gaze, I might
In sober mood indulge—*what hour*, like this
To inspire the soul with honest thoughts; my steps
I bent where oft the student loves to tread;
I climbed a neighboring eminence; a rock
I gained of lofty height—and quite fatigued
I sat me down; for, like an eminence
Of intellectual kind, its top was high,
Its sides were steep, and those who would
Its summit gain, with diligence must toil;
But, soon refreshed, my eyes I turned upon
The prospect—rich indeed, and full of much
To catch the eye, and fix the heart.
A beauteous vale by numerous hills embraced,
Beneath me lay. A limpid stream, winding
Its way through rich and mellow earth—its banks
With richest velvet overspread—poured its
Chrystal waters down a shelving rock—
Its ceaseless spray in wreaths of snowy whiteness,
In the sun beams played.
I looked, and saw the busy crowd of men,
And heard their noisy din. The sound of mirth
Too reached my ear, and spoke of youthful glee
And childish sports. *Alas!* thought I, all this
Must soon be past; a step they take and find
Themselves in manhood's ranks. Another still,
Their noon day's sun declined, and on the shores
Of time, the bounds of an eternal world
They stand, engaged in all the scenes *of active life*,
Some passed with eyes quick glancing round,
And hurried step, that spoke of business, care
And toil. Some walked in silent mood, and seemed
As if in revery; others there were,
(At distance)—who seemed to act *rare* wisdom's part;
But then, how many gave themselves to foul
Desires, and madly grasped destruction's
Gilded bait; none knows, but he who sees
And judges all. Full more I looked and far
Away I caught the motion slow—of age,
The man in years mature—returning home
With trembling limbs and tottering steps, which oft
Reminded him, that time is ever on the wing.
He reached his home; he leaned against
A sturdy oak, his youthful hand had planted,
Long before. He turned his eye upon the Sun,
Just then declining in the golden west,
And seemed to say—*Farewell, thou orb of day!*
My race is almost run; my sun will soon
Decline—*Oh! may my eve of life be calm*
As this impressive hour! I thought I saw
Him wipe the *tear* from off his furrowed cheek,
But now the hand of one who long had loved
Her aged father well, conducts him to
His door. Here *vision* failed me—but long
I dwelt upon the scene just past, and thought,
And thought again, upon that venerable man.—
* * * * *
Another form I saw—but not of age, the victim:
And other cheeks furrowed, but not
By time. His feet were chained indeed, but not
With chains of brass. Alas! these bands himself
Had formed, more strong than those of any other kind—
Of *Rum*—composed; formed on the anvil of
Depravity. His strength was prostrate; here
He lay a sot. His only daughter soon
Appeared, but not the claims of love to satisfy;
For oft her deeds of charity received
A drunkard's curse. But longer still, I could
Not, would not gaze on such a scene.
And now pale Cynthia, the queen of night,
Arose with modest aspect, and in mien retiring.
Now ten thousand stars shoot forth, the heavans
Appear as if lit up at once by magic
Art, with thousand times ten thousand blazing
lamps, in all their wild disorder.
My thoughts withdrawn from men and active scenes
Of life, rove o'er the field of nature, mute,
Yet speaking with a voice of trumpets loud,
And shouting forth the power, wisdom, skill,
Of Him, who with creating word brought worlds
Without number into being.
While gazing, wrapt in meditation deep,
I heard the cuckoo's voice, sweet messenger
Of Spring. I watched her motion swift and saw
Her dart from elevation high, almost to earth,
And then pour forth again her notes of melody
And love. * * * Another song
I heard, but not of melody: the din
Of endless noise, and jargon, loud and harsh:
Like competition strong, between *a score*
Of *mill-stone cranks*, and *groaning axletrees!*
What outrage! thought I, that animals
So small in size, should scream, and roar, to such
Degree, and that for days, and weeks, and months.
But they are sometimes taught their place:
A chilling frost will operate upon
This clan with wondrous power;
And bid them hide their heads—among

Enough of this. The dews were falling fast—
My hour of study, too, had come:—I to
My room repaired, and seated down, my thoughts—
—In poetry—"*run mad*"

ANONYMOUS.

Pittsford, Aug. 10th, 1837.

From the Columbus Journal.

O YES! I TAKE THE PAPERS.

By Geo. B. Wallis.

Oh yes, I take the papers—
Their trifling cost is never missed,
Although I've stood for forty years
Upon the printer's list.

Talk not of warrior's—Faust released
Earth from the terrors of her kings—
He twirled his STICK and darkness ceased,
And morning streamed along the East,
On Freedom's burnished wings.

O yes, I take the papers,
And sons and daughters—tall and small,
For they have been through thick and thin,
The pass time of us all.

'Twas nobly said that should a star,
Be stricken from the dome of Night,
A printing press—if stationed there—
Would fill the vaccuum to a hair,
And shed a broader light.

That man who takes no papers,
Or taking, pays not when they'er read,
Would sell his corn to buy a "horn,"
And live on borrowed bread.

The printer opes the wide domains
Of Science--scatters Education
All o'er the land, like April rains:
And yet his labors and his pains
Are half his compensation.

Printing Office, May, 1838.

A Reasonable request.—The editor of a 'down east' paper requests those of his subscribers who never intend to pay, to give him notice as soon as possible.

A good precedent.—The Defiance Banner says, "We charge a man five dollars for advertising his wife. Horses, Cattle, &c, will be advertised at one dollar per square, but we set a higher value upon *stray women*."

Subterranean Discovery.—Quite an excitement has been produced by a late discovery at Spockford, New Jersey, near the railroad.—Mr. George Snowhill, in digging a well, at the depth of twenty feet, encountered a log laying horizontally. It was perfectly solid, and about twenty-two inches in diameter. The workmen were obliged to cut it away before they could go on with their labor. After digging seven feet deeper, they came to a perfect bed of clam and oyster shells, of very fresh appearance, and "apparently just opened," says our informant

This discovery proves the fact which has been so frequently asserted, that New Jersey is made land, and has at one time, been entirely covered by the ocean.—*N. Y. Whig.*

Bones of a Monster.—Some workmen in digging a mill race about a mile from Bucyrus, came across nearly a perfect skeleton of the gigantic Mastodon, most of the bones in an excellent state of preservation. The skull is entire, the thinnest part without defect, the teeth enamelled, and free of decay. The tusks have not been discovered. The sockets are six inches in diameter, and more than a foot deep. The lower jaw weighs 80 lbs. The posterior surface of the occipital bone very square, measuring eighteen inches in height, and twenty-seven inches in width. Length of skull from back part to suout forty-two inches. The bones of the leg are massive, and the skeleton is on an average only about one tenth part less than the one in Peale's Museum, Philadelphia. The bones were found some five or six feet beneath the surface of the ground, in a kind of bog on morass. The Bucyrus Democrat says 'the entire skeleton would be well worthy of a place in the best museum in the world, and we hope that such arrangements may be made as well prevent its being removed out of our state.'—*Cleve. Her.*

You seldom see an old *bachelor* without a false tooth.

☞ Mr. Accum, the celebrated English chemist, died a short time since at Berlin.

"*Unfortunate Rencontre.*—is the polite term, now-a-days, for assassinations.

☞ Dr. Bowring is at Smyrna endeavoring to effect on the part of the English Government and East India Company, a project for a railroad to be constructed by them from the Red Sea to the Nile.

Hidden Treasure.—A deposite of gold coins was brought to light a few days ago by some negro laborers, while digging to graduate a street in the fields, where, in old times, had been a burying ground. They were contained in the remains of a trunk. They kept the matter a secret for some days, but anxious to know the value of the coins, they showed one of them to a gentleman for that purpose, and stated that they had found it with "a parcel" in the remains of a small trunk, in which was also something that looked like a bundle of bank notes, but on touching it, it all fell to pieces like dust. They would not reveal the number of coins in the trunk. The one which they exhibited proved to be a ducat, coined in Holland, in 1758, and is valued at $2,50. It would be a fruitless task to investigate the cause or the period of the interment of this treasure. It was a much less difficult and more pleasing one to exhume it, as the cuffies who performed the ceremony no doubt realized.—*Norfolk Herald.*

Singular Death.—The Leeds, Eng. Mercury states that a young man lost his life recently at Huddersfield, in a very strange and foolish manner. He was employed in winding up some bags of cotton to one of the higher stories of the building, and his part of the business was to attach the end of the rope to the bag intended to be wound up. On one occasion, after having fastened the bag, he made a noose of the slack part of the rope, and jokingly called upon one of the bystanders to put his head in, at the same time putting his own (deceased's) neck through, for the purpose of showing him, when the machine was unexpectedly set in motion, and the unfortunate man was in one moment suspended at the top of the building. As soon as the person above was aware of the circumstances, he threw the machine out of gearing, and the cotton and the man fell with great violence upon the ground. The poor man was in a state of insensibility, and died about an hour after.

Sunday Schools.—These nurseries of morals, number among their advocates, the good of all lands. Their influence is so benign, and their object so pure, that none who have at heart the good of the world, or the happiness of mankind, can oppose them. As the sun sheds its fertilizing influence upon the tender herb, and leads it forward to ripe maturity, so do Sabbath Schools give a proper direction to the infant intellect, and lead it on to the full strength and vigor of moral manhood. It is no marvel, therefore, that facts like the subjoined should exist:—

From the Journal of Commerce.

Messrs. Editors—Are you aware that there is great danger of a union of *Church* and *State in Connecticut?* Often has the Administration party *charged* the *Whigs* with the *intention* of such a Union, but until very recently, I have considered the assertion unworthy of notice. Allow me to state a remarkable fact, and then to request you to make such comments as the case would naturally suggest. During a recent visit to Connecticut, I spent a Sabbath in Hartford; upon entering the *Sabbath School* connected with Dr. Hawes's Church, I saw among the *teachers*, the *Chief Justice* of the state, whose class was listening with great interest to the instructions that fell from the lips of the Judge. (Said I to myself, honorable employment, privileged scholors.) At the close of the afternoon service, I had the pleasure of hearing an eloquent and instructive exposition of scripture from *Governor Ellsworth*, who meets a large Bible class comprised of both sexes, regularly every Sabbath. They deem it no ordinary privilege to have *such* an *instructor*. J. H. W.

New York, Aug. 20, 1838.

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MISCELLANY.

From Chamber's Edingburgh Journal.

THE UNKNOWN PAINTER.

One beautiful summer morning, about the year 1830, several youths of Seville approached the dwelling of the celebrated painter Murillo, where they arrived nearly at the same time.—Murillo was not yet there, and each of the pupils, walked up quickly to his easel to examine if the paint had dried, or perhaps admire his work of the previous evening.

Mendez with a careless air, approached his easel when an exclamation of astonishment escaped him, and he gazed in mute surprise on his canvass, on which was roughly sketched a most beautiful head of the Virgin; but the expression was so admirable the line so clear, the conteur so graceful, that compared with the figures by which it was encircled, it seemed as if some heavenly visitant had descended among them.

"Ah, what is the matter?" said a rough voice. The pupils turned at the sound, and all made a respectable obeisance to the great master.

"Look, Senor Murillo, look!" exclaimed the youths, as they pointed to the easel of Mendez.

"Who has painted this—who has painted this head, gentlemen?" asked Murillo, eagerly.—"Speak tell me. He who has sketched this Virgin will one day be the master of us all.—Murillo wishes he had done it. What a touch! what delicasy, what skill, Mendez my dear pupil, was it you?"

"No, senor," replied Mendez, in a sorrowful tone.

"Was it you, then, Isturitz, or Ferdinand, or Carlos?"

But they all gave the same reply as Mendez.

"It could not, however, come here without hands," said Murillo, impatiently.

"This is certainly a curious affair gentlemen," observed Murillo, "but we shall soon know who is this nightly visitant." "Sebastian, he continued, addressing a little mulatto boy about fourteen years old, who appeared at his call, "did I not desire you to sleep here, every night?"

"Yes, master," said the boy with timidity.

"And have you done so?"

"Yes, master."

"Speak, then, who was here last night and this morning before these gentlemen came?—Speak, slave, or I'll make you acquainted with my dungeon," said Murillo, angrily to the boy, who continued to twist the band of his trowsers without replying.

"Ah, you don't choose to answer," said Murillo, pulling his ear.

"No one, master, no one," replied the trembling Sabastian with eagerness.

"That is false," exclaimed Murillo.

"No one but me, I swear to you master," cried the mulatto, throwing himself on his knees, in the middle of the studio, and holding out his little hands in supplication before his master.

"Listen to me," pursued Murillo. "I wish to know who has sketched, this head of the Virgin, and all the figures which my pupils find every morning here on coming to the studio.—This night, in place of going to bed, you shall keep watch; and if by to-morrow you do not discover who the culprit is, you shall have twenty-five strokes from this lash. You hear—I have said it; now go and grind the colors; and you, gentlemen, to work."

It was night, and the studio of Murillo, the most celebrated painter in Seville—his Studio, which during the day was so cheerful and animated, was now silent as the grave. A single lamp burned upon a marble table, and a young boy, whose sable hue harmonized with the surrounding darkness, but whose eyes sparkled like diamonds at midnight, lent against an easel. "Twenty-five lashes to morrow if I do not tell who sketched these figures, and perhaps more if I do. Oh, my God, come to my aid!" and the little mulatto threw himself upon the mat which served him for a bed, where he soon fell fast asleep.

Sebastian awoke at daybreak; it was only three o'clock; any other boy would probably have gone to sleep again, not so Sebastian, who had but three hours he could call his own.

"Courage, courage, Sebastian," as he shook himself awake; "three hours are thine—only three hours; thou profit by them; the rest belong to my master—slave. Let me at least be my own master for three short hours. To begin, these figures must be effaced, "and seizing a brush, he approached the Virgin, which viewed by the soft light of the morning dawn, appeared more beautiful of than ever.

Efface this! he exclaimed, 'efface this! No; I will die first. Efface this—they dare not—neither dare I. No—that head—she breaths—she speaks—it seems as if her blood would flow if I should offer to efface it, and that I should be her murderer. No, no, no, rather let me finish it."

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when, seizing a palette, he seated himself at the easel, and was soon totally absorbed in his occupation. Hour after hour passed unheeded by Sebastian, who was too much engrossed by the beautiful creature of his pencil, which seemed bursting into life, to mark the flight of time. 'Another touch,' he exclaimed, soft shade here—now the mouth. Yes, there! it opens, those eyes, they pierce me through!—what a forehead!—what delicacy!—Oh, my beautiful———' and Sebastian forgot the hour, forgot he was a slave, forgot his dreaded punishment—all, all was obliterated from the soul of the youthful artist, who thought of nothing, but his beautiful picture.

But who can describe the horror and consternation of the unhappy slave, when on suddingly turning round, he beheld the whole pupils, with his master at their head, standing beside him?

Sebastian never once dreamed of justifying himself, and with his palette in one hand, and his brushes in the other, hung down his head, awaiting in silence, the punishment he believed he justly merited. For some moments a dead silence prevailed, for if Sebastian was confounded at being caught in the commission of such a fragrant crime, Murillo and his pupils were not less astonished at the discovery they had made.

Murillo having, with a gesture of the hand imposed silence on his pupils, who could hardly restrain themselves from giving way to their admiration, approached Sebastian, and concealing his emotion, said in a cold and severe tone while he looked alternately from the beautiful head of the Virgin to the terrified slave, who stood like a statute before him.

"Who is your master, Sebastian?"

"You," replied the boy in a voice scarcely audible.

"I mean your drawing master," said Murillo.

"You, senor;" again replied the trembling slave.

"It cannot be; I never gave you lessons," said the astonished painter.

"But you gave them to others, and I listened to them," rejoined the boy, emboldened by the kindness of his master.

"And you have done better than listen; you have profitted by them," exclaimed Meriilo, unable longer to conceil his admiration. "Gentlemen, does this boy merit punishment or reward?"

At the word punishment, Sebastian's heaat beat quick; the word reward gave him a little courage, but fearing that his ears deceived him he looked with timed and imploring eyes towards his master.

"A reward, senor," cried the pupils in a breath.

"That is well, but what shall it be?"

Sebastian began to breathe.

"Ten ducats, at least," said Mendez.

"Fifteen," cried Ferdinand.

"No," said Gonzalo, "a beautiful new dress for the next holiday."

"Speak, Sebastian," said Murillo, looking at his slave, whom none of these rewards seemed to move, "are these things not to your taste? Tell me what you wish for; I am so much pleased with your beautiful composition, that I will grant you any request you may make. Speak, then dont be afraid."

"Oh master, if I dared—" and Sebastian, clasping his hands, fell at the feet of his master. It was easy to read in the half opening lips of the boy, and his sparkling eyes, some devouring thought within, which timidity prevented him from uttering.

With the view of encouraging him, each of the pupils suggested some favor for him to demand.

"Come, take courage," said Murillo, gaily.

"The master is so kind to-day," said Ferdinand, half aloud, I would risk something; ask your freedom, Sebastian."

At these words Sebastian uttered a cry of anguish, and, raising his eyes to his master, he exclaimed, in a voice choked with sobs, "The freedom of my father!—the freedom of my father!"

"And thine also," said Murillo, who no longer able to conceal his emotion, threw his arms around Sabastian and pressed him to his breast.

"Your pencil, he continued, "shows that you have talent; your request proves that you have a heart; the artist is complete. From this day consider yourself not only as my pupil but as my son. Happy Murillo! I have done more than paint—I have made a painter."

Murillo kept his word, and Sebastian Comez, better known under the name of the Mulatto of Murillo, became one of the mose celebrated painters in Spain. There may yet be seen in the churches of Seville, the celebrated picture which he had been found painting by his master; also, at St. Ann, admirably done, a holy Joseph, which is extremely beautiful; and others of the highest merit.

Mrs. Sigourney has written a book of Advice to Mothers, a most sensible, excellent work, judging from the quotations we have seen. We commend it to every mother's perusal.

Mrs. Grove is doing what is better still. She is lecturing to the ladies of Boston, on Anatomy and Physiology, sciences upon which all advice, in regard to mental or physical education, should be founded.

At the ladies' Seminary at New Hampton, N. H., and perhaps in other similar institutions, these sciences are among the regular studies.

They should be in every school. Little reform can be expected in the world, till mankind understand better their own constitutions.—*Buff. Adv.*

Forgiveness.—Even the strongest love generally seeks to punish a fault before forgiving it.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE DEAD CLEARING.

BY W. C. HOFFMAN.

"Unapprehensive thus, at night
The wild deer, looking from the brake
To where the re gleams a fitful light
Dotted upon the rippling lake,
Sees not the silver spray drop dipping
From the lithe oar, which, softly dipping,
Impels the wily hunter's boat:
But on his ruddy torch's rays.
As nearer, clearer now they float,
The fated quarry stands to gaze;
And dreaming not of cruel sport,
Withdraws not thence his gentle eyes,
Until the rifle's sharp report
The simple creature hears, and dies."

Indian Ambuscade.

SCHROON LAKE is the largest, and perhaps the finest body of water among the myriad lakes which form the sources of the Hudson. "The Schroon," as it is called by the country people, indeed, has been likened by travellers to the celebrated lake of Como, which it is said to resmble in the configuration of its shores. It is about ten miles in length, broad, deep, and girt with mountains, which, though not so lofty as many in the northern part of the state of New-York, are still picturesque in form, while they inclose a thousand pastoral valleys and sequestered dells among their richly wooded defiles.

In one of the loveliest of those glens, near a fine spring, well known to the deer stalker, there flourished a few years since, a weeping willow, which, for aught I know, may be still gracing the spot. The existence of such an exotic in the midst of our primitive forests would excite the curiosity of the most casual observer of nature, even if other objects adjacent did not arrest his attention, as he emerged from the deep woods around, to the sunny glade where it grew. On the side of a steep bank opposite to the willow, there were the remains of an old fire-place to be seen; the blackened timbers, with indications of rough masonry, could be discovered by turning aside the wild raspberry bushes that had overgrown the farther side of the knoll. Those ruins betokened something more than the remains of a hunting camp; and the forester who should traverse an extensive thicket of young beeches and wild cherry trees, within a few hundred yards of this spot, would be at no loss to determine that he had lighted upon the deserted home of some settler of perhaps forty years back; a scene where the toil, the privations, and the dangers of of a pioneer's life had been once endured, but where the hand of improvement had wrought in vain, for the forest had already closed over the little domain that had been briefly rescued from its embrace; and the place was now what in the language of the country is called a "dead clearing."

The story of this ruined homestead is a very common one in the private family annals of the state of New-York, which has always been exposed to the perils of frontier warfare, and which, for twenty years, at the close of the seventeenth century, and throughout the whole of that which followed it, was the battle-field of the most formidable Indian confederacy that ever arrayed itself against the Christian powers on the shores of this continent. The broken remains of that confederacy still possess large tracts of valuable land in the centre of our most populous districts; while their brethren of the same color, but of a feebler lineage, have been driven westward a thousand miles from our borders. And when this remnant of the Iroquois shall have dwindled from among us, their names will still live in the majestic lakes and noble rivers that embalm the memory of their language. They will live, too, unhappily, in many a dark legend of ruthless violence, like that which I have to relate.

It was in the same year when Sullivan's army gave the finishing blow to the military power of the Six Nations, that a settler, who had come in from the New Hampshire grants to this part of Tryon County, as the northern and western region of New York was at that time called, was sitting with his wife, who held an infant to her bosom, enjoying his evening pipe beside his hearth. The blaze of the large maple wood fire spread warmly upon the unpainted beams above, and lightened up the timbers of the shanty with a mellow glow that gave an air of cheerfulness and comfort to the rudely-furnished apartment. From the gray hairs and weather-beaten features of the settler, he appeared to be a man considerably on the wrong side of forty, while the young bright-haired mother by his side had not yet passed the sunny season of early youth. The disparity of their years, however, had evidently not prevented the growth of the strongest affection between them. There was a soft and happy look of content about the girl, as she surveyed the brown woodsman, now watching the smoke-wreaths from his pipe as they curled over his head, now taking his axe upon his lap, and feeling its edge with a sort of caressing gesture, as if the inanimate thing could be conscious of the silent compliment he paid to its temper, when thinking over the enlargement of the clearing he had wrought by its aid during the day. Nor did the eye of the young mother kindle less affectionately when the brawny pioneer, carefully depositing the simple instrument, which is the pride of an American woodsman, behind the chimney, turned to take the hand of the infant, which she pressed to her bosom, and shared at the same time with her caresses which he bestowed upon the child.

'That boy's a raal credit to you, Bet. But I think, if he cries to-night, as he has for the last week, I must make a papoose-cradle for him to-morrow, and swing him somewhere outside of the shanty, where his squalling can't keep us awake. Your face is growing as white as a silver birch, from loss of sleep o' nights.'

'Why, John, how you talk! I am sure Yorpy never cries—never, I mean, worth talking of.'

As the mother spoke, she pressed the unhappy little youngster somewhat too closely to her bosom, and he awoke with one of those discordant outbreaks of infant passion with which the hopeful scions of humanity sometimes test the comforts of married life.

'Baby—why, baby—there—there now! what will it have?—does it want to see brother Ben? Hush—hush—he's coming with something for baby! Hush, now, darling!—Will it have this?'

'Why, Bet, my dear,' said the father, 'don't give the brat Ber's powder horn to play with; for tho' he does like you as much as he did my first missus, his own mother, and flesh and blood, the lad does not love to have his hunting tools discomboborated. God's weather! where can the tormented chap be staying?—he ought to be home by this time.' With these words he walked to the door, and stood for a moment commenting upon the mildness of the night, and wondering why Ben did not return. But the mother was too much engaged in soothing the infant, by rocking him to and fro in her arms, to reply.

'Now don't, don't, gal,' continued the kind-hearted woodsman, turning from the door, which he left open; 'you'll tire yourself to death. Let me take him—there, now—there,' said he, as she relinquished the child to his arms; and, addressing the last words to the poor, perverse little thing, he walked up and down the room with it, vainly trying to lull its gust of passion and peevishness.

'Hush! you little varmint, you!' said the father, at last growing impatient; 'hush! or I'll call in the Indians to carry you off—I will.'

The settler was just turning in his walk, near the open threshold, as he uttered the ill-omened words, when a swarthy hand, reaching over his shoulder, clutched the child from his arms, and brained it against the door-post, in the same moment that the tomahawk of another savage struck him to the floor. A dozen painted demons sprang over his prostrate body into the centre of the room. The simple scene of domestic joy, but a moment before so sheltered and home-like, was changed on the instant.—The mummied nurseling was flung upon the embers near the feet of its frantic mother, who slipped and fell in the blood of her husband, as she plucked her child from the coals, and sprang towards the door It was a blow of mercy, though not meant as such, which dismissed her spirit, as she struggled to rise with her lifeless burden. The embers of the fire soon strewed the apartment, while the savages danced among them with the mad glee of the devil's own children, until the smoke and blaze, ascending to the roof-tree, drove them from the scene of their infernal orgies.

The next day's sun shone upon the moulder-ing ruins as brightly as if unconscious of the horrors which his light revealed. So complete had been the devastation of the flames, that little but ashes now remained; and the blue smoke curled up amongst the embowering trees as gently as if it rose only from a cottager's hospitable fire. The oriole, perched upon a cedar top, whistled as usual, to his mate, swinging in his nest upon the pendant branches of a willow which had been planted by the ill-fated settler near a spring not far from his door; while the cat-bird, from the brier-thicket replied in mocking notes blither and clearer than those he aimed to imitate. The swallow only, driven from her nest in the eaves, and whirling in disordered flight around the place, seemed in sharp cries to sympathise with the desolation which had come over it.

There was one human mourner, however, amid the scene. A youth of sixteen sat with his head buried in his hands upon a fallen tree hard by. So still and motionless he seemed, that his form might almost have been thought to have been carved out of the grey wood, with which his faded garments assimilated in color. It would not be difficult to surmise what passed in the bosom of the young forester, as at last, after rising with an effort, he advanced to the funeral pyre of his household, and turning over the dry embers, disengaged a half-burned cloven skull from among them. He threw himself upon the grass, and bit the ground with fierce agony that showed some self-reproach must be mingled with his sorrow.

'My father! my father!' he cried, writhing in anguish, 'why did I not come home at once, when I heard that the Black Wolf had gone north with his band?' A burst of tears seemed to relieve him for a moment; and then, with greater bitterness than ever, he resumed, 'Fool—thrice accursed fool that I was—I might have known that he would have struck for these mountains, instead of taking the Sacondaga route, where the palatine yægars were out on the watch for him. To die so like a brute in the hands of the butcher—without one word of warning—to be burned like a woodchuck in his hole—stricken to death without a chance of dealing one blow for his own defence! My father! my poor father! Oh, God! I cannot bear it!'

But the youth knew not the self-renovating spirit of life's spring-time, when he thought that his first sorrow, bitter as it was, would blast his manhood forever. A first grief never blights the heart of man. The sappling hickory may be bound—may be shattered by the storm, but it has an elasticity and toughness of fibre that keeps it from perishing. It is only one long exposure to a succession of harsh and biting winds that steal away its vigor, drinks up its sap of life, and sends a chill at last to the roots which nourished its vitality.

That day of cruel woe, like all others, had an end for the young forester; and, when the waning moon rose upon the scene of his ruined home, her yellow light disclosed the boy kneeling upon the sod wherewith he had covered up the bones of his only earthly relatives. She, too, was sole witness to the vow of undying vengeance which he swore upon the spot against the whole race of red men.

There are but too many traditions surviving in this region to prove the fulfilment of this fearful vow. But I leave the dire feats of 'Bloody Ben,' by which name only the avenger is now remembered, to some annalist who finds greater pleasure than I do in such horrible details. My business, here, is only to describe the first deed by which he acquitted the too murderous act of the Indians.

The seasons had twice gone their round since destruction had come over the house of the settler, and his son had never yet revisited the spot, which, with the exuberant growth of an American soil, had partly relapsed into its native wildness, from the tangled vines and thickets which had overgrown the clearing. The strong arm of the government had for a while driven the Indians beyond the reach of private vengeance; but now they were again returning to their favorite hunting ground north of the Mohawk, and around the sources of the Hudson. Some even ventured into Albany to dispose of their packs of skins, and carry back a supply of powder and other necessaries of the hunter of the wilderness. It was two of these that the orphan youth dogged from the settlements, on their way through the northern forests, to the very spot where his oath of vengeance had been recorded. The sequel may best be told in the words of an old hunter, under whose guidance I made my first and only visit to the Dead Clearing.

"It was about two o'clock of a hot August afternoon, that Ben, after following up their trail for three days, came upon the two Injuns just where the moose-runway makes an opening in the forest, and lets the light down upon you willow that still flourishes beside the old hom-

lock. The Injuns were sitting beneath the willow, thinking themselves sheltered by the rocky bank opposite, and a mass of underwood which had shot up round the top of an oak, which had been twisted off in a tornado in some former day, and then lay imbedded in weeds beneath the knoll. But a few yards from this bank, in that thicket round the roots of yon mossy old beech, Ben found a shelter, from which at any moment, he could creep up and cover either with his fire from behind the knoll. But as he had only a one-barrel piece, it required full as cool a hand as his to wait and take both the creeturs at one shot. Bloody Ben, though was just the chap to do it. Like enough he waited there or manœuvred round for an hour to get his chance, which did come at last, howsumdever. The Injuns, who, in their own way, are mighty talkers, you must know—that is, when they have really something to talk about—got into some argement, wherein figures about which they know mighty little, were concerned.

One took out his scalping knife to make marks upon the earth to help him; while the other, trying to make matters clearer with the aid of his fingers, their heads came near each other jist as you may have seen those of white people when they get parrioching right in airnest. So they argufied and they counted, getting nearer and nearer as they became more eager, till their skulls almost touching, came with in the range of Ben's rifle; and then Ben he ups and sends the ball so clean through both, that it buried itself in a sapling behind them.—And that, I think was pretty well for the first shot of a lad of eighteen; and Bloody Ben himself never confessed to making a better one afterwards."

The tourist, who should now seek the scene of this adventure, would perhaps look in vain for the graceful exotic that once marked the spot. The weeping willow, which was only a thrifty sapling when the Indians met their death beneath its fatal shade, was changed into an old decayed trunk, with but one living branch when I beheld it; and a ponderous vine was rapidly strangling the life from this decrepid limb. The hardy growth of the native forest had nearly obliterated the improvements of the pioneer. The wild animals, in drinking from the spring hard by, had dislodged the flat stones from its brink; tall weeds waved amid the spreading pool; and the fox had made his den in the rocky knoll upon whose side once stood the settler's cabin of the DEAD CLEARING.

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.

Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments. This would look ridiculous for some of the rich old men in our city, especially if they should take it into their heads to thrum a guitar under a lady's window, which Socrates did not do, but only learned to play upon some instrument of his time—not a guitar—for the purpose of resisting the wear and tear of old age.

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Grek language. Many of our young men, at thirty and forty, have forgotten even the alphabet of a language, the knowledge of which was necessary to enter college, and which was made a daily exercise through college. A fine comment upon their love of letters, truly!

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of the Latin. Many of our young lawyers, not thirty years of age, think that *nisi prius*, *scire facias*, &c. are English expressions; and if you tell them that a knowledge of Latin would make them appear a little more respectable in their profession, they will reply that they are *too old* to think of learning Latin.

Boccacio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature. Yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two. There are many among us ten years younger than Boccacio, who are dying of *ennui*, and regret that they were not educated to a taste for literature; but now they are *too old*.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After his time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer. Our young men begin to think of laying their seniors on the shelf when they have reached sixty years of age. How different the present estimate put upon experience from that which characterized a certain period of the Grecian republic, when a man was not allowed to open his mouth in caucuses or political meetings, who was under forty years of age.

Colbert, the famous French Minister, at sixty years of age returned to his Latin and law studies. How many of our college-learned men have ever looked into their classics since their graduation?

Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. Most of our merchants and lawyers of twenty-five, thirty, and forty years of age, are obliged to apply to a teacher to translate a business letter written in the French language, which might be learned in a tenth part of the time required for the acquisition of the Dutch; and all because they are *too old to learn*.

Ludovico Monaldesco, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own times. A singular exertion, noticed by Voltaire, who was himself one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year. How many among us of thirty, forty, and fifty, who read nothing but newspapers for the want of a taste for natural philosophy! But they are *too old to learn*.

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, answered that indeed he began it late, but he should therefore master it the sooner. This agrees with our theory, that healthy old age gives a man the power of accomplishing a difficult study in much less time than would be necessary to one of half his years.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad; and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

We could go on and cite thousands of examples of men who commenced a new study and struck out into an entirely new pursuit, either for livelihood or amusement, at an advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men will recollect individual cases enough to convince him that none but the sick and indolent will ever say, "*I am too old to study.*"—*Portland Orion.*

Something New.—A very curious feat was performed on Monday evening last at the Washington race course, by a youth of 18 years of age, for a wager of fifty dollars. He was to carry a man weighing 125 pounds, around the course, measuring one mile, which he performed with the greatest ease in seventeen minutes. After performing the feat, he ran about fifty yards and back again, with his load on his shoulder, amid the huzzas of the multitude who had assembled to witness the feat.—*Georgetown Advocate.*

Antiquities at Rome.—There has been dug up at Rome a basrelief of large dimensions representing the interior of a Roman bakery, where are to be seen all the details of the making of bread. It is supposed to have decorated a monument dedicated to the Goddess Annona, protectress of wheat and food. The aqueduct of the emperor Claudius, is also being exhumed and excites great admiration by its colossal dimensions and the boldness of its style. Near the meadows of the Tiber there has been also discovered a pavement in yellow antique and other colored stones, and debris of statutes and architectural ornaments.

A REMEDY FOR SCALDS AND BURNS

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 10, 1838.

To Dr Sullivan, New Haven:

SIR—I send you a remedy for scalds and burns, which I have used in 47 cases with complete success. After an accident of the kind has happened, take the *white* of an egg or eggs and pure sweet oil equal parts, mix them well until they form a sort of paste or salve, apply it to the wound on a linnen rag. The time of action is from 10 to 40 minutes, after which there is seldom any necessity of renewing it, as all pain ceases. If you have a medical journal in New Haven, you will be kind enough to send the above remedy for insertion, as I am anxious, for the cause of suffering humanity, to make it public. It is certainly a most invaluable receipt. Respectfully yours, &c.

JNO TANNER.

An Undeveloped Genius.—The difficulties in the way of an 'undeveloped genius' are thus soliloquized in Neal's Charcoal Sketches.'

'How,' said he, 'how is it I can't level down my expressions to the comprehension of the vulgar, or level up the vulgar, to a comprehension of my expressions? How is it I can't get the spigot out so my verses will run clear? I know what I mean myself, but nobody else does, and the impudent editor say it's wasting room to print what nobody understands. I've plenty of genius—lots of it, for I often want to cut my throat and would have done it long ago, only it hurts. I'm chock full of genius and running over; for I hate all sorts of work myself, and all sorts of people mean enough to do it. I hate going to bed, and I hate getting up. My conduct is very eccentric and singular. I have the miserable melancholies all the time.—I'm pretty neatly always as cross as thunder, wsich is a sure sign. Genius is as tender as a skinned cat and flies into a passion whenever you touch it. When I condescend to unbuzzum myself, for a little sympathy to folks of orney intellect—and comparisoned to me, I know very few people that ar'nt ornery as to brains—and pour forth the feelings indignus to a poetic soul, which is always biling, they ludicrate my situation, and say they don't know what the deuse I'm driving at. Isn't genius always served o' this fashion in the earth,—Hamlet, the boy after his own heart, says? And when the slights of the world, and of the printers, set me in a fine frenzy, and my soul swells and swells, till it almost rears the shirt off my buzzum, and even fractures my dickey; when it expansuates and elevates me above the common herd, they laugh again, and tell me not to be pompious. The poor plebians are worse than Russian scurfs! It is the fate of genius; it is bis'n or rather I should say, her'n, to go through life with little sympathization and less cash.

Tomato—It is said by Mr. Jefferson, that we are indebted to Dr. Siccary, a Virginia practitioner, for the introduction of the tomato. He was of opinion that a person who would eat enough of these vegetables would never die. They failed, however to confer immortality upon their introducer.—*N. York Whig.*

A law of the last Legislature of Massachusetts, forbids the sale of ardent spirits in quantities less than 15 gallons. At a late military muster, a cute Yankee went to the select men and asked for a license to exhibit a *striped pig*, which was granted. He then took a pig, and painted some stripes on his back—erected his tent in the field, and stuck up a notice that a striped pig was to be seen within, price 6¼ cents. The price of admission being so low that he had many visiters, some a second time, who were *treated*, on going into the tent, with a glass of any kind of ardent spirits that they might wish, of course without any *extra charge*. So the cunning chap contrived to "come it over the 15 gallonlaw."—*Hartford Rev.*

A good character.—A good character to a young man, is what a firm foundation is to the artist who proposes to erect a building on it; he can build with safety, and all who behold it will have confidence in its solidity, a helping hand will never be wanted—but let a single part of this be defective, and you go on a hazard, amid doubting and distrust, and ten to one it will tumble down at last, and mingle all that was built on it in ruin. Without a good character poverty is a curse—with it, it is scarcely an evil. Happiness cannot exist where a good character is not; where it is not a frequent visiter! All that is bright in the hope of youth, all that is calm and blissful in the sober scenes of life, all that is soothing in the vale of years, centres in, and is derived from a good character. Therefore acquire this as the first and most valuable good.

Com. Elliot, says the Alexandria Gazette, is distributing the antiquities he collected in Greece, &c., to the different Universities and Colleges throughout the country. To the University of Virginia he has presented a vase, taken from the channel of Corfu, and a piece of a capital of the temple of Bacchus, at Tyre, with the appropriate devices—also a jug, found entombed in the Island of Cerigo, two large granite balls, six feet and a half in diameter, taken from the channel of the Dardanelles, and an eagle cut by an American artist, from a fragment of the Stadium at Alexandria.—*Courier.*

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1838.

☞ The "*Phrenological Journal and Miscellany*" is the title of a new work which we have just received from the press of A. WALDIE, Philadelphia. The students of phrenology should patronize this work, (as the articles in the first No. evince considerable talent,) for it cannot fail to throw out new light upon this still too dark science.

"*Fac Simile of Washington's Accounts*," &c.—This is a most interesting publication, and should be in the Library of every American, who cherishes the memory of the great WASHINGTON. It is a gratifying exhibition of the strict exactness in the financial arrangements of that good man—even in the midst of the perplexities of a too illy provided army. In addition to his "*accounts*" from 1775 to 1783, there are a number of fac similes of Letters, Circulars, Diagrams, Orders, Proclamations, &c. &c., any one of which is worth the whole price asked for the entire work.

What adds to the interest of the publication is the fact, that its proceeds are to be appropriated to the benefit of the "*Washington Manual Labor School and Male Orphan Asylum.*"—Our citizens will be called upon by Mr. Wm. MYERS, when we hope there may be but few who will refuse to purchase so interesting a memento of the "*Father of his Country.*"

THE MASTODON.

"The whole genus Mastodon has become extinct. From their bones Cuvier has discovered six distinct species. Their bones have been found in various parts of the world. The species of this animal are as follows. 1st, the Great Mastodon; 2d, the Mastodon with narrow teeth; 3d, the Mastodon of the Cordilleras; 4th, the Mastodon of Humboldt; 5th, the Tapiroid Mastadon. Mr. Clift has added two other species."—*Comstock's Geology.*

North America has hitherto furnished the only specimens of remains belonging to the great Mastodon. The second class inhabited South America. In some places they have been preserved with a superstitious reverence and exhibited as the remains of giants. The other species were inhabitants of various parts of Europe.

The first discovery of the Mastodon was made in 1705, at Albany, and an account of the bones and teeth was sent to England by Dr. Mather. Very little interest however, was felt in the remains of these ancient giants until 1768, when an article appeared in the Philosohical Trans actions, from the pen of Dr. Hunter, giving a detailed description of their bones, &c., which had been sent from America. Mr. Peale, of Philadelphia, obtained a number of bones from the valley of the Hudson, out of which by supplying the deficiencies with wood, he constructed two skeletons, one of which still remains in the Museum in that city. Great quantities of the bones of this extraordinary animal have been found in various parts of Ohio and Kentucky. The Big Bone Lick in Kentucky, derives its name from the vast quantity of mammoth bones found there.

Some very interesting specimens of the remains of the Mastodon have been found in Louisiana. The following account is given in Silliman's Journal, Vol. 34, p. 201 and 202. There is a portion of that State whose geology is distinct from the most of the State, in not belonging to Delta formation. Its line commences in Alabama and runs west to Lake Ponchartrain, follows its eastern shore, thence N. W. to Baton Rouge, thence up the river to Vicksburg, thence to Alexandria on Red River, and so on to the sea. This region abounds in fossil remains, particularly those of the Mastodon.—Some fossils of an extraordinary horse have also been found here. Those of the Mastodon are as follows: 1st, a molar tooth weighing 6½ pounds, corresponding with plate 1st, vol. I. of Cuvier's Ossimens Fossiles. Second, a part of the right jaw of a young animal. It weighed 8 pounds, and was very little worn. Thirdly, a molar weighing 12 pounds, similar to first, but much larger. And in company with this was found the third molar of the upper right jaw of a horse. Those who wish to see a fuller account can consult the Journal. But the following discovery near Bucyrus O., is the most interesting that has yet appeared:

From the Crawford Republican, Extra.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

BUCYRUS, Aug. 14, 1838.

Mr. Abraham Hahn, while engaged with his work hands in excavating a mill race, about ¼ of a mile east of Bucyrus, on yesterday, at the distance of from 5 to 7 feet below the surface of the ground, discovered the skeleton of a Mastodon, in a reclined position.

The history of this genus of animals is involved in mystery. No tradition or human record furnishes evidence of its existence at any period. But that it once lived and walked the earth, the prince of the quadruped kingdoms, is abundantly proven by the numerous and almost entire specimens of its organic remains, that have been discovered in various parts of North America; and which have excited the wonder and astonishment of the naturalist and antiquarian.

From the peculiar structure, and the immense size of its bones, it must have been an animal far exceeding in size and strength, any species of the quadruped races new in existence. The place where this skeleton was found, is very near the dividing ridge between the northern and southern waters of the State, in a wet spongy soil. The bones so far as discovered, are in a fine state of preservation.

The upper jaw and skull bones are perfect in all their parts, as formed by nature. The under jaw was accidentally divided in removing it from the earth.

This is the only instance in which the scull of the Mastodon has been found in a state of preservation; and it furnishes the only specimen from which correct ideas can be obtained respecting that massive, and singularly shaped origin.

Some idea may be formed of the rank this monster held among the beasts of the forests, when clothed with skin and flesh, and nerved with life, from the following dimensions of some portions of it, which have been rescued from oblivion:

The Scull and upper Jaw.

Horizontal length,	39 inches.
Length following curvature of scull,	42½ "
Breadth across the eyes,	26½ "
Do. at back of head,	25½ "
Vertical height,	22 "
Height occiptal bone,	16 "
Diameter of both nostrils,	11½ "
Diameter of each measuring the other way,	5 "
Diameter of Tusk sockets,	5½ to 6 "
Depth of do. do.	22 "
Diameter of eye sockets,	6 "
Weight of scull and upper jaw,	160 lbs.

The under Jaw.

Horizontal lenth following outside curvature,	31½ inches.
Height to junction with upper jaw,	16½ "
Weight,	69 pounds.
Front Molars,	6¼ inches apart.
Back do.	5¾ do.
Length Back Molar,	7½ inches.
Breadth do. do.	4 "
Length Front Molar,	4½ "

Femur or Thigh Bone.

Length,	37 inches.
Largest circumference,	30 "
Smallest do.	15½ "
Tibia, (largest bone between Thigh and Hoof.)	
Length,	22½ inches,
Largest circumference,	24½ "
Smallest do.	4½ "
Fibula, (smaller bone between Thigh and Hoof.)	
Length,	20½ inches.
Largest circumference,	12½ "
Smallest do.	4½ "
Humerus, (bone from shoulder to knee.)	
Length,	30 inches.
Largest circumference,	34½ "
Smallest do.	4½ "
Rib.	
Length outer curve,	43½ inches.
Smallest circumference,	5½ "

A. HAHN.

Written for the Gem.

THE LAST DREAM OF NAPOLEON:

BY MISS SARAH J. CLARKE.

"Wild was the storm, yet a wilder night
Hung round the soldier's pillow;
In his bosom there raged a fiercer fight,
Than the strife of the wrathful billow."

"*Tete d'armee*," were the last words of the great conqueror. He had been lying for some time as if in a trance, and soon after giving utterance to these words, his spirit took its lone departure forever from the world which so long trembled beneath his power, and which for a time, seemed made but to tremble and obey. The words seem to indicate that his spirit, ere it should pass away forever, had turned its eye back upon the scenes of the past, and was busy again with the concerns of empire and battle.

We may suppose that when the spirit of man is about departing from its tabernacle of clay—when the ties that bind it to earth are dropping asunder and it is about poising itself on the wing of its final flight, that it sometimes surveys as from an eminence the path of its earthly career; scanning as by a glance the scenes thro' which it has passed, as the traveller at the close of his journey, looks back from the mountain top over the country he has traversed.

As the veil of its humanity is dissolving away, we may suppose the mental vision endowed with keener powers of perception, and with its unclounded gaze and rapid glances, to survey the past with the clearness and rapidity with which a disembodied spirit might send its vision through its mazes;—that a brief period may be sufficient to retrace the scenes and events of a long and eventful life, and to allow the spirit to mingle again in the pursuits which have occupied it—to renew its earthly existence in the vivid recollection, and to condense the scenes and occupations of years into moments.

So we may suppose it to have been with the spirit of the great captain in the last moments of its earthly stay. The mighty array of his life is in review, and he lives again in the past; On the verdant hills of an island laved by the blue waters of the tideless Mediteranean, he roams again in the happiness and innocence of childhood! He listens again to the instructions of a Spartan mother, and learns to envy the fame of heroes and conquerors. His brothers and sisters are around him. He mingles in their amusements, striving ever to turn them into mimicries of siege and battle. A few short years have passed, and his juvenile propensities are gratified by his transfer from the peaceful pursuits of home, now become irksome to his young spirit, to a military school—a nursery of heroes. He has become an adopted son of France. Again the study of the science of arms engrosses his soul, and his young mind finds in these pursuits an assurance that his name shall one day ring from the clarion of fame. Already visions of glory, battles fought and victories won, dance before him.

He cannot wait the distant consummation; but marshals his schoolmates into battalions, and assuming the prerogative which his genius, ambition, tell him is his *own*, he heads now one mimic army, now another, and his young heart gushes with wild joy as he urges the onset or supports the repulse.

The dream passes on. His schoolboy days are finished. On the threshhold of the world, in his vision, he again looks out upon the mighty political earthquake which is shaking it to its centre. The great contest between freedom and tyranny, just closed in one hemisphere, is raging in the other, and France is rent and torn by fury. The angel of freedom there becomes a *fiend*, and gorged himself with human gore! The young soldier cannot strike for tyranny, and *will not* for a liberty which has become a bloodstained licentiousness.

At length the angry elements exhaust their rage. The demon of carnage becomes partially satiated, and French Freedom rises from her low debasement. But Europe is in arms against her. The young soldier girds on his sword and flies to her aid, and in vision again opens the mighty drama of his military career by the victorious siege of Toulon.

The vision glides on, and he leads to the altar the graceful and accomplished Josephine. And now the bridegroom, still a soldier, sweeps down upon the plains and battle fields of ancient Rome. He sees fortresses sink before him—armies vanish from his glance—renowned cities throw open their gates at his approach. Again he storms the embattled bridge of Lodi. Again he is victorious at Voltri, at Arcola, at Montua; whenever and wherever his enemies are encountered.

The vision changes, and he heads an army in an ancient land. Lofty pyramids rising one above another are before him. But not alone for the conquest of floating sands or victories over barbarian princes, has he come hither.—His eye is on the possession of British Asia, and he comes but to open his highway thither through the ancient war path of Macedonian Alexander. The wild warriors of the desert meet him at his landing. They are scattered and swept down as by the hot breath of the Simoon that burns over their native sands. He gains victories at Mt. Tabor, at Abowker, at the Pyramids.

But now in the full tide of triumph his victories are becoming valueless, for destruction and death are descending upon his hosts. But not by the prowess of human arms are his legions cloven down. He has encountered a more than mortal foe. "The pestilence that walketh in darkness and wasteth at noonday," has fallen upon his veteran ranks, and they are perishing by thousands! The destroying *plague*, more "terrible than an army with banners," is doing its office-work, and avenging the invasion of its native land! Again in imagination the conqueror becomes the nurse and sick-bed companion of his suffering soldiers; until the angel of the pestilence relieves him of his task, by bearing away the objects of his solicitude, and with them his last hopes of conquests in the east. In vision, his mind undergoes the agony of defeat when the object of his ambition seemed most distinctly in prospect. Again he abandons the conquest of British India, a lone refugee, to France, leaving the remnants of his army which the plague has spared, to perish in the desert, or be cut off by the wandering mameluke.

The scene changes, and at the head of a mighty army the dying soldier in his vision again sweeps down like an avalanche from the Alps, upon the plains of Italy, and closes a campaign of conquests by the mighty victory of Marengo.

A few months pass, and surrounded by kingly courtiers, he is standing again in the Notre Dame, the centre of a more than eastern magnificence. The insignia of royalty is a grain before him. To the *possession* of imperial power, he is about to add the *emblem* also; and declining the sacerdotal offices of his prisoner Pope, he lays his hand upon the diadem, and places it upon his own head! His eye glances over the immense crowd. Its glance is the mandate for answering expressions of approval. The loud acclamations burst up from the mighty multitude. His ear drinks in the swelling tide of a nation's plaudits, and his heart throbs high with the consciousness that the goal of his far reaching ambition is attained. He stands the crowned Emperor of France, unequalled among the monarchs of the earth!

But see! a cloud passes upon his brow! He recollects that he is but the Emperor of *France*, and not of the *world;* and the recollection alloys and poisons the proud joy of the moment. He resolves that that consummation shall be reached. The *world* like France, shall yet own him, its solitary monarch. The resolve is written on the adamant of his soul. His goal is again before him, and with giant strides of conquest, he seems sweeping on to its inevitable attainment. Again in vision the terrible battles of Ulm, of Austerlitz, of Jena, of Freidland, of Essling, of Wagram, are waged and won—unchecked conquest crowns each rapid campaign—and again he sees himself not only Emperor of France, but the master at once of Spain, of Italy, of Holland, of Germany, of Prussia, of Austria, and—*the master of their monarchs!*

Again in vision he blends the conquered States into his servile alliances; and to strengthen the ties that bind them to his war car, he ponders the thought of stooping to become a wedded son of royalty! The amiable Josephine, the wife of his youth, can no longer aid his plans of conquest; and again his iron bosom is shaken with the conflict between his love and ambition. Again he forms the stern resolve; rudely rends asunder the ties of his early attachment; abandons Josephine; restores Vienna to its conquered sovereign, and receives his daughter as the price of the ransom!

Again in vision he mingles in the gorgeous pageants that celebrate his marriage with Maria Louise. Again he leaves the altar of his second marriage for the career of conquest. Again he is marching at the head of 400,000 allied veterans for the ancient capitol of the Czars.—Again he wins the bloody battle of Borodino, enters the city in triumph, and takes possession of the Kremlin, the Palace of the Peters and Catharines, until the coming Spring shall give him possession of St. Petersburg; when his heart tells him that he shall reign the sole monarch of that vast empire, is he as now of half the rest of Europe.

But another change comes over his vision.—His eye rests on a scene of splendid and appaling terror. Looking out from the ancient palace of the Czars, he beholds the mighty city whose magnificence he has scarcely yet surveyed, wrapt in conflagration—glowing as with the fires of an hundred volcanoes, which are swelling and surging and leaping to heaven over its burnished domes, its lofty battlements, its "gorgeous palaces and cloud-capt towers!" He gazes till he sees the city a heap of smouldering ruins, and reads in its fall, the fate of himself and army.

Again, yielding to destiny, but unsubdued in spirit, he abandons his proud invasions and leads the forlorn retreat. Scenes of terror crowd upon his vision. He sees the hundreds of thousands of his army perish beneath the scimetar of the merciless Cossack, and the terrors of the more merciless elements. They have escaped the fires of Moscow's conflagration, to perish in the snows and tempests of Russia's arctic winter!

"Faint in his wounds and shivering in the blast,
The Gallic soldier sinks and groans his last!
File after file the stormy showers benumb,
Freeze every standard sheet, and hush the drum!
Horseman and horse confess the bitter pang,
And arms and warriors fall with hollow clang!"

Again in imagination he flies the thronging horrors of the Russian campaign. He that so lately led on a victorious army, is retracing his path-way over mountains of snow in a Russia sledge *alone!* At length he arrives, a worn disheartened fugitive, at Paris. France receives the imperial refugee with still unfaltering devotion, and the eye of his dying vision brightens, as it witnesses her ready rally to his call for support. Again he puts forth the mighty struggles to retrieve his destiny; and his vision again darkens as he sees them unavailing. The bitterness of defeat is made more bitter by the treachery of friends whom he had raised to power and glory. Those whom "his former bounty fed," desert his fallen fortunes, and declare for the Bourbons; and in vision he again hears Louis proclaimed the rightful sovereign of the French. Again in vision, he endures the humiliation of his first exile, and with crushed ambition and almost broken heart, takes leave of Europe for a lone island in the Mediteranean. Here, while he is engaged in the affairs of his little empire, his heart is with France. Ambition revives, and he is forming plans of future conquest and strife. In vision he again forms the bold design of returning to France. In vision he again enters Paris in triumph. Again his heart is buoyant with ambition and hope. The *legitimate* sovereign of the French flies friendless from his country, which now welcomes the exiled emperor with shouts of joy.

The vision changes to the beleagured fields of Belgium. Night draws her sable curtains round the soldier's pillow. But he sleeps not. His camp is near that of his mighty enemy, and on the morrow his fate and the fate of Europe are to be decided. The forebodings of evil distract his soul. He springs from his couch, and alone surveys the field, that, ere he shall sleep again, is to decide his destiny. At length morning rises veiled in clouds. That veil is now thickened by the smoke from the artillery of the mightiest battle that ever drenched the earth with blood. Again in vision he mingles in the din and clanguor of his last battle, and though with forces greatly inferior, is still *Napoleon*.

The great day closes, and from the heights of Mt. St. Jean, he looks out again upon the field. The broad plain is covered with carnage —"rider and horse, friend and foe, in one red burial blent." His last and grandest battle field is fought and *lost*. Allied Europe has prevailed against him, and the "death angel flaps his broad wing" over the brave thousands whom he led forth in the morning. The sun that has gone down on Waterloo, has set on the final ruin of the empire of the Emperor! He returns to Paris, resigns his crown and becomes again a private and powerless man.

The scene of his vision again changes. He is a prisoner on a lone rock amid the wastes of the Atlantic. His mind runs through again his six years of insult and suffering under the

caprices of British revenge on St. Helena—it comes down to its termination, a night of darkness and storms. The consciousness that comes at the last moment, flashes upon him and tells him there, a lone, powerless, persecuted prisoner, *he is dying*;—and *he dies*. Amid the strife of storm and darkness, his life and its retrospective vision were closed together.

Republication of British Reviews and Magazines.—We have often had occasion to speak favorably of these publications, comprising, as they do, the very best of the very excellent English periodicals. The Reviews are indispensable to the literary man, who wishes to become acquainted with the views and opinions of the learned of the age, of the works of their cotemporaries—works which treat of all the sciences and arts, as well as the thousand and one topics which have agitated the literary world thus far, and which are destined to agitate the world while time lasts.

The Magazines are the choicest of the large number daily issued from the English press, and comprise, "*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*," "*The Metropolitan Magazine*," and "*Bently's Miscellany*."

In the latter appears the inimitable "*Oliver Twist*," from the pen of the famous "*Boz*", The No. before us is full of life and humor—as, indeed, is every thing which comes from the great author of the never-to-be- forgotten "*Samuel Veller*."

"Blackwood" and the "Metropolitan" are always filled with excellent articles—their contributors being the first writers in Europe. We hope our readers will more generally become the patrons of these reprints, and thereby encourage a most excellent enterprise, while they secure to themselves an illimitable fund of amusement and instruction.

"*Religious Souvenir*."—This popular and most excellent Annual, is now under the editorial supervision of the accomplished and gifted Mrs. Sigourney. Its publishers, Messrs. Scofield & Voorhees, New-York, have secured the services of the best artists in the country, so that the embellishments should correspond with its beautiful typography, and its rich literature.

We have had the pleasure of an examination of several of the engravings designed for the Souvenir. Among them is a miniature of "*The Infant St. John*," which is exquisitely beautiful, as are also "*Agriculture*," "*A Cottage in the Marquesas*," "*Ancient Athens*," "*Lady Arabella Johnson*," "*Mrs. Stewart*," &c. &c.

The "*Souvenir*" has always been our favorite, and we are happy to find that its well earned reputation is entrusted to so able hands. Mr. Alling is the agent for this city.

Sore Throat.—The Boston Medical Journal recommends the daily use of cold water upon the neck as a security against sore throat, and quotes thus from one of Sir Walter Scott's letters: "When I was subject a little to sore throat, I cured myself of that tendency by sponging my throat, breat and shoulders, every morning with the coldest water I could get."—It may be added that this is one of the prescriptions for health of a certain lecturer, whose works will soon be published.

The wooden pavements in New York begin to rise up—the blocks in some places, says the Star, jump up and settle down again, when a cart or carriage passes over them in a very rainy day, like frogs in a mud puddle.

They are trying the wooden pavement in New Orleans.

[COMMUNICATION]

MISS SEWARD'S SEMINARY

Mr. Editor:—Being in the city, I availed myself of the opportunity of attending the last examination of this Seminary, and cannot refrain from taking this means of expressing my gratification at the result; and in doing so, I duly express the feelings of the ladies and gentlemen who witnessed the exercises with so much apparent interest. This institution needs not, perhaps, even this passing notice. Its many advantages, consisting among other things of a body of efficient and industrious teachers, an extensive and valuable chemical and philosophical apparatus, a well selected library, and a beautiful and healthy location, have brought its claims before the public, so that it has received as it deserves, the patronage of the community.

It has been a matter of no little surprise to those who attended this examination, and those which have taken place heretofore, to observe the advanced stages which many of the young ladies had attained in science. Very rare indeed is it, that you hear young ladies examined at all in the higher branches of Mathematics, such as Trigonometry, Mensuration of Heights, Distances, &c., Navigation, Surveying, Isoperimetry, &c., thus completing a course which was commenced with Arithmetic and continued with Day's Algebra, Geometry, both volumes of Olmsted's Natural Philosophy, &c., and still more rare is it, that you hear classes in those branches acquit themselves with more credit than those at this institution. And it is not a superficial or a parrot-like recitation, as those can well testify who have listened to the examination of classes in the branches just mentioned, as well as in Stewart's Intellectual Philosophy, Kames' Elements of Criticism, Geology, Botany, Chemistry, &c. Allowing this to be so, what is the practical use, is often the inquiry in a spirit which ever has on its tongues end the *cui bono* of utility of every transaction in life? what practical use can ever be made by a young lady, of all or any of the above named sciences? What practical use it might be asked in return, can ever be made by a man of Analytical Geometry or Conic Sections, with its mysteries of parabolas, hyperbolas, ordinates, abscissas, asymptotas, &c., and yet every teacher and every student in these sciences, know full well the benefit to be derived from their study. And yet not one in twenty ever has occasion to use them in the practical business of life. The simple knowledge of the truths that these sciences unfold, may never be used. The fact or proposition arrived at may be of little consequence, in most cases, when compared with the fact that by the study of these sciences we acquire a habit of fixing the attention, a habit of strict analysis, and a habit of concentrating the intellectual powers. Every man's success in life may depend very materially upon the formation of these habits. The simple truth or proposition that all the radii of a circle are equal, may never be practicably used in the affairs of life, yet the process by which this principle is made known and demonstrated may be one of a series of causes which will develope and bring into exercise, the most important of the intellectual faculties; and these faculties when thus developed, may be brought to bear most directly upon the practical concerns of life. Yet even these general principles are of more consequence, practically, than the knowledge of simple facts; as it is of more importance to know the properties of heat and fluids, than to know the price, per cord, Hannibal paid for the wood, or the place where he obtained the vinegar with which he made a passage for his army through the rock.

But these sciences are not pursued in this institution, to the exclusion of the elementary studies of Orthography, Reading, Arithmetic, Geography, English Grammar, &c. And it was exceedingly gratifying to observe the promptness and readiness with which the younger members of the school answered the questions put to them in these studies. The pure, chaste style of some of the essays, by the reading of which the exercises of the examination were varied, evinced a marked attention to the structure of power of the English language, depth of thought and strength of intellect. It afforded much pleasure to find that the Bible here is made a text book, and studied understandingly and scientifically. And why not? If Wayland's Moral Philosophy is studied as a science, the Moral Philosophy of the Bible, which as Lock says, is the true philosophy that speaks to the heart, should be studied still more; for Wayland does not pretend to go beyond the principles of this book, but professedly founds his system upon them. Here are principles in philosophy sanctioned by a greater intellect than man ever possessed.

I am not an amateur in painting, and consequently could not judge of the specimens of drawing and painting with the technical accuracy or with the discriminating eye of an artist. Yet so far as I was capable of judging, the specimens manifested original good taste and much acquired skill in this accomplishment. The kindred art of music was by no means neglected. "Sweet Home" with the variations, and "The Pilgrim Fathers" had their intrinsic merits fully brought out by the skilful manner in which they were executed.

Among the advantages which this institution possesses, its chemical and philosophical apparatus was mentioned. An apparatus as extensive as this is not often found in schools of this nature. I was told that courses of lectures on chemistry, with illustrations by experiment, are delivered to the class pursuing this science during the winter, and upon other branches of natural science, and belles letters at other seasons. This is an advantage not enjoyed by many of the higher seminaries of learning, and should be appreciated by those who may avail themselves of its benefits. The well selected library of miscellaneous books, furnishes a means of forming or gratifying a taste for reading; the value of which can be estimated only by those who are destitute, or are obliged to supply themselves from such sources alone as chance may provide.

Again, the location is such, so healthy, so beautiful, and yet so retired, that it has the pure air and other benefits of the country, while at the same time the distance secures all the advantages of a city life, without the noise and turmoil and dust. It is literally a *rus in urbe*. These circumstances are not sufficiently taken into consideration, in many cases, in deciding upon the location of a seminary of learning. It is often the case that such an institution is situated in the midst of the business part of a city or village, where a thousand sights and sounds are hourly attracting the attention, which would otherwise have been directed to books.

The number in attendance upon this examination, was not as great as usual. I was told that this was owing to the fact that the principal has for some time been out of health, and the term was, in consequence, closed some three weeks sooner than it otherwise would have been. This last circumstance was not generally known. The vacation will, however, be the same that it

has been formerly, viz: six weeks, at the expiration of which time a term of the usual length will commence. This alteration will be for the better, as it will bring the vacations in those seasons of the year, that are the most favorable for travelling, and consequently better enable the pupils to visit their friends. AN OBSERVER.

☞ "*The Bethel Flag*," is the title of a very neat little paper, published in Buffalo, and devoted to the moral and religious instruction of of sailors upon our inland waters. The experiment is worthy of the age, and should receive the support of all who can feel for the too general moral poverty of sailors and boatmen. The article headed "*A pious man in the Navy*," which we transfer to our columns, illustrates the interesting character of the paper, and the discrimination of those who are entrusted with its supervision.

Cure for Felons.—Take unslacked lime, and slack it in soap; bind on a plaster of the size of a small bean; change it every half hour for three hours; this will draw it out and leave the joint sound.

Professor Henry, of Princeton College who has had much to do with the magnet, has published an article, in which he believes he has exploded the electro-magnetic theory of Dr. Sherwood.

Awful Threat.—A lady threatens the editor of the Cincinnati News with—kissing him publicly in the street, if he does not publish a certain piece of poetry.

☞Those are fittest to rule, that have learned to obey.

Why is Fancuil Hall like a barn yard? Because there is Catl.in there (Cattle in there.)—*Boston Herald.*

Mr. Editor:—It is understood that a fugitive poem, entitled 'England,' has been sent to her Majesty Queen Victoria, from the pen of the amiable and accomplished author Wm. Marsh, Esq. and that it will be laid before the public in a few weeks.—*Boston Post.*

Bunker Hill Relic.—The human skull, recently dug by Mr. M. P. Worthen, between the two battle-hills in this town, has excited considerable interest and speculation. It is generally believed to be the skull of an American soldier, and that he was killed about the time of the retreat from Breed's to Bunker Hill, and probably fell near where the bones were dug up. But the hole through the skull is in the forward part of the head, between the ear and left temple, rather above them, and it is difficult to see how he could be shot in that part of the head if on the retreat, unless he was retreating backwards.—Some suppose the ball to have entered near the right jaw, (which is not found,) to have shattered it, and one half the ball to have passed through the skull. To confirm this supposition is the appearance of a hole having been broken outwardly. As the hole is nearly an inch in diameter, and the ball, (if it be not the half one,) a very small one, it is suggested that it might have been bruised upon a stone, and perhaps have entered the head of the soldier while behind some wall. Thus this singular relic, exhibiting at this late day the death-wound of one actually engaged in the earliest battle of the Revolution, gives rise to much speculation, while its identity and authentic history must remain forever unknown. It is nevertheless together with the bullet found with it, a relice possessing a peculiar interest. It is without the least reasonable doubt, the skull of some person engaged is the battle of Bunker Hill, and the bullet with it is as certainly the identical piece of lead, which killed that person, whether friend or foe, and they are for these reasons worthy of preservation.

It is proper for us to state, that this skull was not dug up in consequence of recent operations near the battle-ground, but was found in Mr. M. Wood's yard, corner of Bunker Hill and Elm streets, about a quarter of a mile north of the monument.—*Bunker Hill Aurora.*

Truths, like roses, have thorns.

Death is one of the first settlers in every township.

A Singular Case.—The Louisville Journal says:—"A Mr. Edmund Keene Burke, of Mobile, a most unfilial young reprobate, was recently ridden on a rail by the citizens of that place for breaking a couple of his father's ribs and running away with a third—that is to say, he ran away with his old father's young wife, his own step-mother, and married her!"

Impure Thoughts.—Give no entertainment to the beginnings, the first motions and secret whispers of the spirit of impurity. For if you totally suppress it, it dies; if you permit it to breathe its smoke and flame out of any vent, it will rage to the consumption of the whole.—This cockatrice is soonest crushed in the shell, but if it grows, it turns to a serpent, a dragon and a devil.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

In explanation of the following extract taken from the Kingston (U. C.) Spectator, I have been told by a person who was present at the time it occurred, that a Miss *Strange*, niece of the late member of Parliament of this name in the U. C. Legislature, was engaged to be married to a Mr. *Ducent*, merchant, residing at the head of Lake Ontario.

The day was fixed for the union of the happy pair. By previous arrangement, they were to be married early in the morning, and immediately take passage for New-York on their way to Scotland to visit their friends. The Scotch Minister in Kingston then being absent, Mr. Ducent brought a favorite *parson* with him, and arrived at the lady's house in the evening, anxiously waiting for the dawn of day, when he was to become the *husband* of the fair, the accomplished ISABELLA STRANGE. The trunks and band boxes were all packed and ready, in one of which was deposited by the lady's uncle, for her especial use, *five hundred pounds.*

Being thus arranged, and just before the parties retired to rest, a young gentleman of Kingston stepped up to the intended bride and bid her good bye, remarking at the same time that he "supposed this was the last time he should have an opportunity of saluting *Miss Strange!*" and immediately left the house. Morning came, and everything was in readiness for the solemnization of the nuptial vows, when it was observed that Miss Strange did not make her appearance. The servant was despatched to the lady's room, and returned with the astounding information that she was not there, and, what was still more surprising, "*her bed was not ruffled!*" A letter was found on the table which disclosed the whole mystery. She had been induced by her friends, contrary to her own free will, to engage herself in marriage to Mr. Ducent, but had given her heart to the young man above alluded to, and they, that night, with the trunks, *five hundred pounds* and all, fled to Gravelly Point, in this State, and by five o'clock in the morning, she who was to have been *Mrs. Ducent*, had become *Mrs. McLean!* D. M. K.

"STRANGE *Infatuation!*—*'Tis Strange, 'tis passing Strange!*—As I do live my honored lord 'tis true—There's many a slip between the cup and the lip!"

Rarely, if ever, has the truth of this saying been brought to our mind more forcibly than in the occurrence of a circumstance somewhat unusual among us, and from which it would seem STRANGE *things are to turn up.* It appears that a "petite affaire d'amour" has for some time past been carried on between a young heiress of this town, and a gentleman residing not a hundred miles from the head of Lake Ontario, which, to every appearance, was conducted with the most perfect good understanding between the parties. The "consummation so devoutly to be wished," was appointed to take place on Wednesday last, and the happy couple spent the preceding evening at a party in the house of a friend of the intended bride, and under the divine protection of a Reverend Gentleman who had been brought from a distance to officiate at the ceremony.

The company separated at a late hour an the intended bridegroom departed in all the eager anticipation of the joyous morn, which should make him the "happiest man alive."—But, alas! "the course of true love never did run smooth," and in this instance it was doomed to he rifled by a *Strange* impediment, the false fair one on retiring to her chamber, found her Band Boxes (without which a lady never steals a march) all packed up with surprising neatness, and having previously concerted a plan for eloping with a favorite rival, which being managed by consumate adroitness the happy couple found themselves early next morning safe in the land of liberty, *sympathising* with the unhappy, but fortunate, Gentlemen, who thus became the dupe of a *Strangely* misplaced affection. The following effusion, however, which has just been handed us for publication, portrays in just and lively colors the indignant feelings of the discarded lover. After perusing it, who is there can doubt, but "*Richard's himself again!*"

THE LOVE TOKEN.

Say Isabella, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty!
What bridal off'ring shall I make,
Expressive of my duty?

A ring, a jewel, watch or toy,
Rivals may give—and let them;
If gems of gold impart a joy
I'll give them when I get them!

I'll give thee not the full blown rose,
Or rose bud more in fashion,
Such short liv'd off'rings but disclose
A transitory passion.

I'll give thee something yet unsaid,
Not less sincere than civil,
I'll give thee,—Ah, my charming maid!
I'll give thee, to the DEVIL!

A PIOUS MAN IN THE NAVY.

Let me give you a short account of a circumstance which I witnessed a few years ago, at a Bethel meeting in Bristol, Eng. A minister of the Gospel addressed the chairman of a meeting as follows: "I am one of the instances of divine grace exhibited during the late war. I was converted from the error of my ways on board of a King's ship. In 1802, I was sent on board the Tonnant, commanded by Lord Exmouth, then Sir Ed. Pellew; as careless as ever was a sailor of my age, which was then 17, and while serving my country, it pleased God by the instrumentality of one good man whom his providence sent to the ship, to raise up some for the glory of his name there. It was in the Mediterranean, cruising off the port of Carthagena, that God was first pleased by the teaching of some of these converts, to show me that Jesus came into the world to save sinners. This was two or three months before the battle of Trafalgar, in which Nelson fell, and I proved the blessedness of religion under the horrors of war on that dreadful day. Those who have been in similar situations, know what an affecting sight it is to see the sailors shake hands with each other, when they are going to their guns at the commencement of an action; it is as much as to signify, if I fall in this action, you will have the goodness to inform my family of the circumstance. There were several of us who had formed this resolution, and I could not help adding to the one I last shook hands with, this information to be sent to my friends, "tell them their son is gone to be with God through Jesus Christ." This seemed to make a deep impression on my shipmate, "Ah," said he, "that is more than I can say, but if God spares my life I will become a different man." God did spare his life, but I am very sorry to add, the poor man *delayed his promise, and has since fallen into a watery grave!* Our persecuting shipmates on board, (for we had such) greatly opposed us; though thanks be to God, our superior officers kindly protected us, and it was not in the power of subalterns or wicked men before the mast, to do us any real injury, they could only spatter us with lingo and tongue abuse; they said while we were blockading the French and Spanish fleets at Cadiz, those Methodists will be praying when the French come out, instead of fighting; but we prayed to God to endue us with courage for the scene before us and our officers very kindly expressed their satisfaction with our conduct in the engagements.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.

THE BANDIT'S LAMENT FOR HIS BRIDE.

Sweet girl! thy tuneless lip is cold,
And still thy form of angel mould;
Thy drooping lid conceals from sight
The fix'd, calm orb no longer bright,
And thy long locks of glossy braid
A pulseless brow of marble shade.

I lov'd thee deeply, fondly, well;
Oh more than frigid words can tell,
And told thee, that my home was fair:
That bearded men my vassals were,
And high upon the scroll of Fame
Was chronicled my princely name.

One night of tempest, when the sky,
Was hung with robes of raven dye,
From kindred, clad in bridal garb,
I bore thee on my flying barb,
And hush'd thy terrors, while behind
Alarum notes came on the wind.

Poor victim! in my mountain hold
Were gleaming heaps of yellow gold,
And jewell'd vestment, rich and rare,
A king would have been proud to wear,
But round hung implements of guilt,
With slaughter red from point to hilt.

Thou knewest, Isabel, too late
That the stern outlaw was thy mate—
A hunted, lawless child of crime,
Old in transgression ere his prime;—
And madness in the deepest cell
Of thy lost soul, lit fires of hell.

The shroud that wraps thee, hides from view
The heir of thy perfections too—
An infant slumbers on that breast
Partaker of thy dreamless rest;
And soon the long wild grass will wave
O'er both consigned to one cold grave.

Though in mine eye the briny tear
Hath absent been for many a year;
The stifling sob I cannot hide,
While looking on thy corse, my bride!—
The storm of grief I cannot quell
While gazing on thee, Isabel!

Thou wert the shrine to which I knelt—
And penitential sorrow felt:
No more thy pleading glance will stay—
My ready arm when raised to slay—
The stifling sob I cannot quell
While gazing on thee, Isabel!

Proud scion of a lofty line!
Deep vaults ancestral dusts enshrine:
But on thine unrecorded tomb
The mountain flowers will ope and bloom;
And the stern robber, for the dead,
While throbs his heart, the tear will shed.

H. R.

Written for the Gem.

FORGET NOT THE DEAD.

Forget not the dead—but the memory keep
Of those who in death calm and silently sleep:
Forget not the dead—though the bright tear drop flows,
For loved ones, who now in the cold grave repose;
Forget not the dead—though the thoughts of the tomb
Our hearts fill with sorrow, and sadness, and gloom;
Forget not the dead—can the fond mother's heart
Forget the loved infant, she's forced from to part,
Which like a fair blossom has dropped from her arms,
And perished in all its young, beautiful charms?
Forget not the dead—can the child e'er forget
Or cease to embalm in the tear of regret,
The mem'ry of parents, who tender and mild,
Watched over its childhood, its sorrows beguiled?
Forget not the dead—in the hour of deep grief
Oh who would forget, though 'twould bring him relief,
The friend, true and constant, with whom blissful hours
Have often been spent, beneath friendship's bright bowers?
Forget not the dead—tell me who, when the tomb
Is receiving the loved one within its deep gloom,
When the heart's fond and pure affection is crushed,
When bright hopes are blighted and laid in the dust,
Would accept consolation and cease to regret,
If the price of receival would be to forget?
Forget not the dead—if the memory has woes,
It has likewise delights, which the feeling heart knows,
For the love which survives the sadness and gloom
Of the silent, the dreary, the mouldering tomb,
Which is cherished in secret, under reason's control,
Is one of the noblest attributes of the soul.
Forget not the dead—when the first burst of grief
To the sweet tear is calmed, that brings us relief;
When the deep, sudden anguish and agony's throe,
O'er the ruins of all we most loved here below,
Is softened away to calm thoughts of the past;
When o'er life it a brightness and loveliness cast;
Who, who then would wish from the heart to drive forth
A sadness like this which is better than mirth?
Forget not the dead—though the memory may
Throw a cloud o'er the brightness of pleasure's glad day
Or a chill o'er the warm hours of gayety's bloom,
Or spread deeper sadness o'er the dark hours of gloom,
Yet who would exchange it for pleasure's glad song,
Or the mirth that is found 'mid the reveller's throng?
Forget not the dead—from the tomb there still floats
A voice that is sweeter than song's sweetest notes,
A remembrance of those who from earth's scenes have past,
To which ever we turn, from the charms that are cast
O'er the living, the fair, and the lovely, who throw
Their sweet influence o'er us and cause life to glow.
Then forget not the dead—but bid memory keep
The remembrance of those who in death calmly sleep.

Yates co., Nov. 1837. EDGAR.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

The following verses were found on a small fragment of a newspaper, in the bar room of a tavern at the foot of the White Mountains, in New Hampshire. The paper on which they were discovered had evidently been used by some travelling dandy to light his cigar with. A considerable part of one of the stanzas was wanting, and several verses in others were so scorched and obliterated as scarcely to be legible.

I have ventured to supply by *guess work* the parts that were deficient, and have endeavored by patching and splicing, to correct the sense of the lines that were burnt or broken. The beauty of the poem is doubtless greatly impaired; but, if I am not much mistaken, there is still in it enough of the spirit of poesy to render it worthy of a place in the columns of the Evening Post. G. A. W.

MAN.

I.

The human mind—that lofty thing!
The palace and the throne,
Where reason sits, a sceptered king,
And breathes his judgment tone.
Oh! who with silent step shall trace
The borders of that haunted place,
Nor in his weakness own,
That mysterious power we find
That lofty thing—the human mind!

II.

The human heart—that restless thing!
The tempter and the tried;
The joyous, yet the suffering—
The source of pain and pride;
The gorgeous thronged—the desolate,
The seat of love, the lair of hate—
Self-stung, self-deified!
Yet do we bless thee as thou art,
Thou restless thing—the human heart!

III.

The human soul—that startling thing!
Mysterious and sublime!
The angel sleeping on the wing
Worn by the scoffs of time—
The beautiful, the veiled, the bound,
The earth enslaved, the glory-crowned,
The stricken in its prime!
From heaven in tears to earth it stole,
That startling thing—the human soul!

IV.

And this is Man—Oh! ask of him,
The gifted and forgiven—
When o'er his vision, drear and dim,
The wrecks of time are driven,
If pride or passion in their power,
Can chain the tide, or charm the hour,
Or stand in place of heaven?
He bends the brow, he bows the knee—
"Creator, Father! none but thee!"

GRAVES OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY DAVID MARTIN.

Where shall we lay the beautiful
Who've passed the sea of life—
Who sleep so calm and dreamless now,
Free from the Passion's strife:—
Where shall their heads be pillowed,
Their bed of clay be made—
Where worms shall never banquet,
Nor thunder's voice invade!

Lay them not on the mountains!
The masonry of God!
They are the homes of Savages,
By tempests fiercely trod—
Their tops e'er wear a crown of snow,
The lightning flash has rent,
The trees that gem their coronet,
With mournful music blent!

Shall they be buried by the sea—
The everlasting deep,
Upon whose bosom tempests ride,
And stalwart surges sweep!—
Where storm gods war forever
In the far down coral cell,
And the ocean dead are sleeping
Where mermaids love to dwell!—
Oh, no!—they would be washed away
Like sands from pebbled shore,
And when we wandered there to weep,
Hear naught but Ocean's roar—
Their narrow homes be companie
For the deep, untrodden caves,
And the loved ones sleeping in the sea
That swallowed up their graves!

Shall they be buried by the brook,
Old Ocean's progeny!—
In the vale we roamed in boyhood
Where bends the cyprus tree.
Oh yes!—we'll lay the beautiful
And loved ones gently there,
Plant flowers upon their charnel house,
And kneel in solemn prayer!

From the Troy Whig.

We derive the following capital hits from "*A Class Poem,*" just issued from the Boston press, without a name, "though well understood to be the Poem, which was *not* delivered to the graduating Class in Harvard College,—for reasons, with which we have no right to intermeddle, and which perhaps, it may not concern the reader to know."

Oh world, Philanthropy! Oh cant and stuff!
Of thy blest influence we've seen enough,
Whether you prove war's ills by force of fist,
Make your own ends seem public good by mist,
In zeal to spread your temperance pledges wider,
Fell apple-trees to stop the use of cider,
Or fill your purse and show your moral bravery
By suffering eggdom in abusing slavery,
Time was (dark age) ere men had oped their eyes
To see the good of being pennywise;
When women, men, yea, families might eat
Just when they pleased, or prudence thought most meet
And didn't know (poor fools!) that half the time
They swallowed poison and committed crime.
'Tis truly shocking to the feeling breast,
To think what nightmares must have broke their rest,
Turtles in aldermanic gowns and wigs
Walk side by side with ghosts of martyred pigs,
Geese—stop! humanity the list gives o'er,
For Graham nerves such thoughts can bear no more!
What constitutions those men must have had!
It well nigh drives Benevolence stark mad,
To think how long they might have stretched their span
Had they but lived on chips, or even bran;*
For as it was they often reached fourscore,
Nay, sometimes even lingered on still more,
In spite of all the meat and drink and mirth,
Which had been preying on them from their birth,
Slow poisons, it is true, but sure to send
Their victim to the graveyard in the end.
Now the philanthropists have changed all that,
No heresy's so damnable as fat.
And soon they trust no mortal will be seen
Whom decency or bran have not made lean.
Nor is the day far distant when mankind
Shall brush time's gathering cobwebs from the mind,
And, rising from above base nature's thrall,
Become too wise to eat or drink at all.
Full many men grow thin from year to year,
On sawdust puddings and imagined beer,
And one great hero, (so his brethren say,)
Lessened his useless dinner day by day,
Until at length, as every wise man ought,
He tried the plan of living upon nought.
As grew the spirit strong the flesh grew weak,
And in eight days the patriot scarce could speak.
Two more rolled on and put him on his bed,
Another,—and he scarce could raise his head.
His thin disciples thronged to see and hear
The lessening progress of a man so dear.
When, just as the attempt had met success,
And proved man thrived on nullity or less,
The skeleton turned slowly on its side,
Muttered, "I live, you see, on nought!" and—died!
The bones of this improver of our race
Were *thinly* followed to their resting place,
By *crowds* of worshippers from far and near,
Who keep the anniversary every year,
And on that day convene a general meeting
"For the suppression of superfluous eating."
(N. B. The worms, not finding aught to eat,
Vetoed the man a "most notorious cheat.")

* One who has been relieved from the horrors of dyspepsia simply by abstaning from stimulating food and drinks, (or becoming what is sneeringly termed a "Grahamite,") thinks that if the wit contained in this rare production of a *nick-nack*-loving student, can alleviate the anguish of his former fellow-sufferers, even for a moment, it should be as extensively published as possible.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 19th inst., Mr. George Stoats, to Miss Mary Goff, all of this city.

At Troy, Monday morning, by the Rev. Mr. Cox, of the Episcopal Church, Christopher C. Yates, M. D., of New York, to Mrs. Emma Willard, of the former place.

In Geneva, on the 16th instant, by the Rev. P. C. Hay, J. J. Mattison, Esq., Editor of the Ithaca Journal, to Miss Jennette Welch Bradt, of Geneva.

On the 16th inst., by the Rev. J. Scott, George W. Johnson, to Miss Maria L. Belnap, all of East Mendon.

In Lewiston, on the 13th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Murry, P. C. H. Brotherson, Esq., Cashier of the Niagara Suspension Bridge Bank, Queenston, to Miss Cynthia R., daughter of Seymour Scovell, Esq., of the former place.

On the 24th inst., by the Rev. E. Hebard, Lt. H. C. N. Hemenway, to Miss Harriet J. C. Cole, all of Geneva.

In Sparta, on the 19th inst., by the Rev. E. H. Walker, Mr. Andrew J. McNair, to Miss Hannah Whiting, all of Sparta.

In Westfield, Chautauque county, on the 17th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Huse, Mr. Horace Hollister, of Warsaw, to Miss Eleanor Caroline, daughter of the Hon. Samuel McWhorter, of the former place.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson. $1 mail, $1,50 city, in advance.

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, TALES, AND MISCELLANY.

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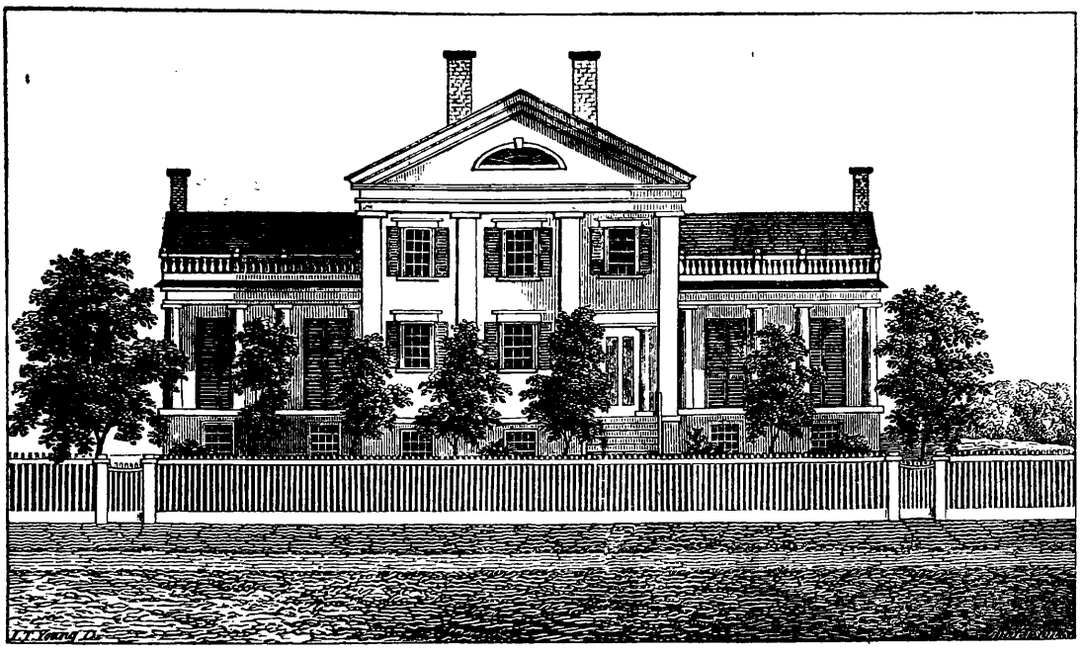

MISS SEWARD'S FEMALE SEMINARY--ROCHESTER.

[*On Alexander St., near the east line of the city.*]

Mr. O'REILLY'S "Sketches of Rochester and Western New York contains the above View of this Institution, and the following particulars respecting it:

Miss Sarah T. Seward, Principal, and Teacher of Ethics and Metaphysics. Miss Philena Fobes, Teacher in Drawing, Painting and Mathematics; Miss Martha Raymond, Teacher in the French Language; Miss Sarah C. Eaton, Teacher in Natural Science; Miss Mary A. Thorpe, Teacher in the Primary Department; Miss Julia R. Hall, is also Assistant Teacher. [The Catalogue for 1838-'39 gives the names of Misses Catharine Barker, Harriet L. Williams, Sarah C. Sprague, and Rebecca B. Long, as Teachers. Madame Walter, is now the Teacher of Instrumental and Vocal Music.] The average number of pupils is from 90 to 100, [increased to 133,] about half whom board in the Institution.

The building for this school was erected in 1835. It is 60 feet deep and 64 front, including its wings, which are 22 feet square. It is three stories high, including a spacious basement, and contains about forty rooms. It is situated on a beautiful ridge of ground, and has about five acres arranged for playground and garden, with several hundred fruit and ornamental trees.

The academic year is divided into two terms of 22 weeks each. The winter term commences on the second Wednesday in October; the summer term the last Wednesday in April.

There is an examination at the end of each term—the fall vacation lasts six weeks, and the spring two.

Lectures on history, botany, and elocution are delivered occasionally at the Institution by professional gentlemen of the city.

This valuable Seminary was erected and is sustained wholly through individual enterprise. "Our friends will recollect," says the late report, "that we have no legislative fund to aid us, nor trustees to be interested in our success—and our Institution (if it deserves the name) is simply an individual effort to be useful."

MISCELLANY.

THE JEW OF HAMAH.

Once upon a time there lived in Hamah a certain Turk called Mustapha, who having accumulated some wealth by carrying on a trade in goats' hair, determined to make a pilgrimage to Mecca. His family consisted of his wife and two slaves; and as the lady insisted on not being left behind, the good man resolved to sell off his stock of goats' hair, to take all his household with him, and to shut up his house till his return. The only difficulty that presented itself was what to do with his money. He did not like to run the risk of being robbed of it in his journey through the desert, he did not like to leave it in an empty house, and there were not any of his friends to whom he wished to trust the secrets of his wealth. After much deliberation he placed it in seperate parcels at the bottom of five large earthen jars, which he then filled up with butter, and on his departure sent them to the house of one of his neighbors, a Jew named Mousa, to keep till his return, telling him that it was a stock which he had laid in for winter consumption. The Jew, however, from the weight of the jars suspected that they contained something more valuable; and as soon as Mustapha was fairly on his way to Damascus to join the caravan, he ventured to open them; when, finding his expectations realized, he took out the gold and filled them up again with butter, so carefully, that nobody could tell they had been disturbed. The poor Turk, on his return from the pilgrimage, soon found out the trick that his neighbor had practised upon him; but as the jars were exactly in the same apparent state as when he left them, and as there was no evidence as to their contents, it was plain that no legal process could give him any redress. He therefore set about to devise some other way of punishing the Jew, and of recovering if possible, his property, and in the meantime he did not communicate his loss to any person but his wife, and enjoined on her the strictest secrecy. After long consideration a plan suggested itself. In one of his visits to the neighboring town of Homs, where he was in the habit of going to sell his goats' hair to the manufactures of the mashlakhs, for which that place is famous, he fell in with a troop of gipsies, who had with them an ape of extraordinary sagacity. He prevailed on them to sell him this animal; and conveyed it privately to his house at Hamah, shut it up in a room to which no one but himself had access. He then went to the bazaar and brought one of the dark scanty robes and the small caps or *kalpaks*, with a speckled handkerchief tied closely round it, which is the prescribed costume of the Jews throughout the Turkish empire. This dress he took care invariably to put on whenever he went to visit his ape; and as he always carried him his meals, and indeed never allowed any other person to see him, the animal in the course of a few weeks become extremely attached to him, jumping on his neck and hugging and caressing him as soon as he entered the room.

About this time, as he was walking along the street one day he met a lad, the son of the Jew Mousa, and having enticed him into his house by the promise of some figs, he shut him up a close prisoner in a detached apartment in his garden, at such a distance from the street, and from the other houses in the town, that the boy could not discover to any one the place of his confinement. The Jew, after several days search, not being able to gain any tidings of him, concluded that he had either been drowned or had strayed out of the town and fallen into

the hands of some wandering Bedouins; and as he was his only child, fell into a state of the greatest despair; till at length he heard by accident, that just about the time that the boy was missing he had been seen walking in company with Hadgi Mustapha. The truth instantly flashed on his mind, and he recognized in the loss of his son some stratagem which the Turk had planned in revenge for the affair of the butter-jars. He immediately summoned him before the cadi, accused him of having the boy in his possession, and insisted on his immediately returning him. Mustapha at first strenuously denied the fact; but when one of the witnesses positively declared that he saw the boy go into his house, and when the cadi was about to pronounce his decree that he should bring him into court dead or alive—'Yah illah, el Allah!' he exclaimed, 'there is no God but Allah, his powers infinite; he can work miracles when it seemeth good in his sight. It is true, effendi,' continued he, addressing himself to the cadi, 'that I saw the Jew Mousa's son passing by my house; and for the sake of the old friendship subsisting between his father and myself, I invited him to come in and eat some figs which I had just been gathering. The boy, however, repaid my hospitality with rudeness and abus: nay, he even blasphemed the name of our holy prophet: but scarcely had the words passed his lips, when to my surprise and horror, he was suddealy changed into a monkey. In that form I will produce him: and as a proof that what I tell you is true, you will see that he will immediately recognize his father.' At this instant a servant who was waiting on the outside let loose the ape into the divan, who seeing that the Jew was the only person present in the dress to which he was accustomed, mistook him for his master, jumped upon him, and clung round his neck with all the expression of fondness which the child might have been supposed to exhibit on being restored to his parent. Nothing more was wanting to convince the audience in the truth of Mustapha's story. 'A miracle, a real miracle!' they cried out, 'great is Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet;' and the Jew was ordered to take the monkey and retire from the court. A compromise was his only resource; and accordingly as soon as it was dark, and he could go unobserved, he repaired to Mustapha's house, and offered, if he would liberate his son, to restore all the money which he had taken from the butter-jars. The Turk having attained his object, consented to release his prisoner; but in order to keep up his own credit, he stipulated that the child should be removed privately, and that the father, with his whole family, should immediately quit the place. The popular belief in the miracle thus remained unshaken; and so great was the disrepute into which the Jews fell in consequence of this adventure, that they all departed one after another, and have never since been known to reside in Hamah.

From the Southern Gazette.

FANNON'S MARE.

The exploits of fannon, the Famous tory partizan of Randolph, would make a body of facts more interesting than any tale of fiction. He was a reckless fellow—bloodyminded as the hounds of Hayti. He sometimes slew the helpless and innocent in cold blood—the coward!—But he had that instinctive tone and bearing of authority that keeps his people within the metes and bounds of his own despotic will. He and his own party were one day resting themselves by a spring, lounging here and there on the green grass in the shade of the trees. One of his subordinates, a big strong man had got mad with him. His rage had been boiling in him for several days; and some fresh affront at the spring caused his anger to become ungovernable—he drew his sword and was resting with his elbow on the ground and his hand under his head. His devoted followers were around him, and he heard the click of their locks, as they cocked their rifles. "Let him alone!" cried Fannon, in his quick sharp tone. He laid still, calm and self possessed, with his keen dark eyes, fixed on his raging lieutenant, as he made a tremendous plunge at his breast. But when the stroke came its object swerved away like a snake, and the baffled man plunged his sword into the ground. Quick as lightning Fanon's sharp blade passed through his gigantic frame—"Thus and thus I punish those who disregard my authority!"—and his eyes glowed and sparkled like a serpent's. The man sank to the earth forever.

But Fannon's mare is written at the top of this sheet; and she is the heroine of the present writing. Achilles had his Xanthus and Balius and Podargae; Alexander had his Bucephalus; McDonald had his Selim. Fannon was a man of blood, like them, and like them he had his favorite and trusty charger; and Fannon's mare was worthy of her owner or 'even a better man.' He called her the Red Doe, from her resemblance in color to the deer. She was a rare animal—fleet, powerful, intelligent, docile as a lamb—and her owner valued her, I dare say, above kind or country, or the life of his fellow man. She bore him proudly and fearlessly in the bloody skirmish or the quick retreat. When he stood in the noisy council of his partizans, or in the silent ambush, the faithful brute was by his side, ever ready to bear him whithersoever he would. But Fannon lost his mare.

Down on the east of little River, the partizan and some four or five of his followers one day captured a man by the name of Hunter—a whig from the country about Salisbury. This was sufficient cause of death, and Fannon told the man he should hang him. Hunter was evidently a *man of the times;* but what could he do alone against a dozen bitter enemies? It was a case of complete desperation.

The rope was ready, and a strong old oak threw out its convenient branches. Fannon told him he might pray for his time was come! The poor man kneeled down and seemed absorbed in his last petition to the throne of mercy; Fannon and his men stood by, and the trusty mare stood among them with the reins on her neck. They began to be impatient for their victim to close his devotional exercises. But there was more of earth than Heaven in Hunter's thoughts; for he suddenly sprang on Fannon's mare, bowed his head down on her powerful neck, pressed his heels on her flanks and darted away like the wind!

The tory rifles were levelled in a moment—"Shoot high! shoot high!" cried Fannon—"save my mare!" The slugs all whistled over Hunter's back, save one that told with unerring aim, which tore and battered his shoulders dreadfully. He reeled on the saddle and felt sick at heart; but hope was before him, death behind—and he nerved himself for the race.—On he sped. Through woods, and ravines, and brambles did that powerful mare carry him, safely and swiftly. His enemies were in hot pursuit. They followed him by the trail of blood from his wounded shoulder. He came to a little river; there was no ford; the bank was high, and a deep place in the stream before him. But the foe came—he drew the rein and clapped his heels to her sides, and that gallant mare plunged recklessly into the stream. She snorted in the spray as she rose, pawed the yielding wave, arched her beautiful mane above the surface, and skimmed along like a wild swan. Hunter turned her down stream in the hope of evading his pursuers; and she reared and dashed through the flashing waters of the shoal, like lightning in the storm cloud.

But Fannon was on the trail, and rushing down the bank with all the mad energy that the loss of his favorite could inspire. Hunter turned the mare to its opposite bank, it was steep—several feet of perpendicular rock—but she planted herself on the shore at a bound, and then away she flew over the interminable forest of pines, straight and swift as an arrow—that admirable mare!

On and on did the generous brute bear her master's foeman, till the pursuers were left hopeless behind. Late in the evening Hunter rode into Salisbury, had the slug extracted from his shoulder, and after lingering some time with the effects of his wound and excitement, finally got well. And that gallant mare, that had done him such good service, he kept and cherished till she died with old age.

The following singular circumstance is said to have lately occurred at Baden: A young Austrian count, having had uncommon good luck at roulette, brought home and carefully locked up 30,000 florins, (about 65,000 francs.) When he rose in the morning, not only his gold was gone, but, to his astonishment, his old faithful servant, Fritz, was missing also. In about a week's time, to his surprise, Fritz made his appearance.—"And where do you come from?" said the count. "From Vienna." "What have you been there for, and what's become of my money?" "Why, sir, I thought you would play again, and lose your money; so I took it home, and here's your father's receipt for it."

From the American Temperance Union.

AN ONLY SON.

"Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn."

I knew an only son, a boy of rare promise; he grew up strong, bold and active, full of spirit and full of enterprise. His parents were opulent and intelligent; their views of life with all its responsibilities were broad and deep;—generous in their affection, they mingled extensively in society, which was elevated and ennobled by their influence. They were rich in their domestic joys; their son, was a source of the purest delight. There seemed no cause for solitude for him; no weak points to watch over, to guard and support; he possessed a sound constitution; his intellect and his temper were as fair, as free from any defect as were his physical powers; the leading object of his parents seemed to be to give to every faculty its most vigorous growth, and spread the whole character to its broadest expanse. The youth passed through his collegiate course honorably to himself and his friends; and, being inclined to active life, he joined a commercial house in one of our largest cities. Here his prospects were full of promise; he was encircled by friends that were in the full career of prosperity; his natural temper was so fine—so pleasing was he in his general intercouse with the world, that he not only had no enemies, but all his associates would have rejoiced in his greatest prosperity. He *was* prosperous; and apparently forming for himself a permanent home. All who had known him from his youth expected to see him standing foremost among our rich and honorable merchants; when, suddenly, with out any apparent cause, his partnership was dissolved. The house to which he belonged continued on in an honorable course of business till it had amassed solid wealth; his partners, in no qualifieation superior to hi nself, lived on in luxury, pleasure, and all the charities of life; embosomed in friends, and eventually, in retired leisure to cultivate the higher powers of their nature, while this young man, the hope of his parents, went away alone, a prey of the ravishes of alchohol:—the wine cup had ruined him. He had strict integrity, he had a capacity for all business, but he fell as a fortress which has long been daily besieged till it is all undermined; a whole garrison on the ramparts cannot save it; it falls headlong, and all is buried in the common ruin. He went home to his distressed parents, but he had too much feeling left to be willing to witness the misery he alone had caused; he fled from his home, and sought a solitude of his own, and there yielded up all his hopes.

He took the dreadful poison till his powers were all destoyed; his memory was broken, his affections were scorched and scathed as by a stroke of lightning, and his reason—he seemed to have none, but at some lucid intervals it would rise in its full strength, goaded on by conscience that worm that never dies and gladly would he have taken his hated life; his hand was often arrested by the fear of coming wrath; he died alone, and the cloud of oblivion settled over his memory. His parents never utter his name; they drank to the dregs the cup of bitterness; he passed away, and no trace is left behind him;—deep furrows lie hidden in a few hearts, untold to that world which looks on and passes by on the other side.

Singular.—During the prevalence of the fatal cholera of 1832—which sent thousands of our citizens to their last dreaded account—and carried off an immense number of those, who precipitately fled from it—died, Captain Mead of the steamboat Homer, and his clerk; according to the Natchez Courier, both were buried in the bank of the river, side by side, about 15 miles below Natchez. Last week the bank having caved in, the coffins became exposed, and it was found necessary to remove them to another portion of the ground; in doing this, the disparity in the weight of each was observed; curiosity prompted the persons so engaged to open the coffins. In that known to have contained the body of the clerk was found his bones and particles of decayed clothing—in the other, Captain Mead, in as perfect a state of preservation as if the body had been embalmed—appearing as fresh and undecayed as when first interred—even the grave clothes and winding sheet were quite sound. It is diffieult to account for this singular circumstances. The oypress wood enclosed the bodies of both.

THE BOGLE OF ANNESLIE.

"An' ye winna believe i' the Bogle?' said a pretty young lassie to her sweetheart, as they sat in the door of her father's cottage one fine Autumn evening:—'Do you hear that, mither, Andrew 'll no believe i' the Bogle?"

"'Gude be wi' us, Effie!' exclaimed Andrew, —a slender and delicate youth of about two-and-twenty,—'a bonny time I wad hae o't gin I were to heed every auld wife's clatter.'

"The words 'auld wife' had a manifest effect on Effie, and she bit her lips in silence. Her mother immediately upon hearing the young man's prejudices, narrated that on Anneslie Heath, at ten o'clock o' night, a certain apparition was wont to appear in the form of a maiden above the usual size, with a three-cornered hat. Sundry other particulars were mentioned, but Andrew was still incredulous. 'He'll rue that, dearly will he rue't!' said Effie, as he departed.

"Many days, however, passed away, and Effie was evidently much disappointed to find that the skepticism of her lover gathered strength.—Nay, he had the audacity to insult, by gibes and jests, the true believers, and to call upon them for the reasons of their faith. Effie was in a terrible passion.

"At last, however, her prophecy was fulfilled. Andrew was passing over the moor, while the clock struck ten; for it was his usual practice to walk at that hour, in order to mock the fears of his future bride. He was just winding round the thicket which opened to him a view of the cottage where Effie dwelt when he heard a light step behind him, and in an instant, his feet were tripped up, and he lay prostrate on the turf—Upon looking up he beheld a tall muscular man standing over him, who, in no courteous manner, desired to see the contents of his pocket.—'De'il be on ye!' exclaimed the young forester. 'I hae but ae coin i' the world.' 'That coin maun I hae,' said his assailant. 'Faith! ise show ye play for't, then,' said Andrew, and sprung upon his feet.

"Andrew was esteemed the best cudgel-player for twenty miles around, so that in a brief space, he cooled the ardor of his antagonist, and dealt such visitations upon his skull as might have made a much firmer head ache for a fortnight. The man stepped back, and pausing in his assault, raised his hand to his forehead, and buried it among his dark locks. It returned covered with blood. 'Thou hast cracked my crown,' he said, 'but ye sha' na gang scathless;' and flinging down his cudgel, he flew on his young foe, and grasping his body before he was aware of the attack, whirled him to the earth with an appalling impetus. 'The Lord ha mercy on me!' said Andrew, 'I'm a dead man.'

"He was not far from it, for his rude foe was preparing to put the finishing stroke to his victory. Suddenly something stirred in the bushes, and the conquerer, turning away from his victim, cried out, "The bogle! the bogle!" and fled precipitately. Andrew ventured to look up. He saw the figure which had been described to him, approaching; it came nearer and nearer; its face was very pale, and its step was not heard on the grass. At last it stood by his side and looked down upon him.

Andrew buried his face in his cloak; presently the apparition spoke—indistinctly indeed, for its teeth seemed to chatter with cold:—"This is a cauld an' an eerie night to be sae late on Anneslie Moor!" and immediately glided away. Andrew lay a few minutes in a trance; and then arising from his cold bed, ran hastily towards the cottage of his mistress. His hair stood on end, and the vapors of the night sunk chill upon his brow as he lifted up the latch, and flung himself on a vacant seat.

'Preserve us!' cried the old woman. 'Why, ye are mair than aneugh to frighten a body out o' her wits! To come in wi' sic a jaunt and a jerk bareheaded, and the red blood spattered a' o'er your new leather jerkin. Shame on you, Andrew! in what mischance hast thou broken that fule's head o' thine?'

'Peace, mither!' said the young man, taking breath, 'I have seen the bogle!'

The old lady had a long line of reproaches, drawn up in order of march, between her lips; but the mention of the bogle was the signal for disbanding them. A thousand questions poured in, in rapid succession. 'How old was she? How was she dressed? Who was she like? What did she say?'

'She was a tall thin woman, about seven feet high!'

'Oh Andrew!' cried Effie.

'As ugly as sin!'

'Other people tell a different story,' said Effie. 'True, on my bible oath! and then her beard'—

'A beard! Andrew,' shrieked Effie, 'a woman with a beard! For shame, Andrew!'

'Nay, I will swear it! She had seen full sixty winters afore she died to trouble us!

'I'll wager my best new gown,' said the maiden, 'that sixteen would be nearer the mark.'

'But what was she like, Andrew?' said the old woman. 'Was she like auld Janet that was drowned in the pond hard by? or that auld witch that your master hanged for stealing his pet lamb? or was she like'—

'Are you sure she was na like *me*, Andrew?' said Effie, looking archly in his face.

'You—Pshaw! Faith, guid mither, she was like to naebody that I ken, unless it be auld Elspeth, the cobbler's wife, that was spirited awa' by the Abbot, for breaking Father Jerome's head wi' a tin frying pan!'

'Aud how was she drest, Andrew?'

'In that horrible three-cornered hat, which may I be blinded if I ever seek to look upon again! an' in a lan blue apron.'

'Green, Andrew!' cried Effie, twirling her own green apron round her thumb.

'How you like to tease one!' said the lover. Poor Andrew did not at all enter into his mistress' pleasantry; for he labored under great depression of spirits, and never lifted his eyes from the ground.

'But ye hae na told us what she said, lad!' said the old woman, assuming an air of deeper mystery as such a question was put and answered in its turn.

'Lord! what signifies it whether she said this or that! Haud your tongue! and get me some comfort; for to speak the truth, I'm vera cauld.'

'Well mayest thou be sae,' said Effie; 'for ndeed,' she continued in a feigned voice, 'it *was a cauld an' an eerie night to be sae late on Anneslie Moor.*'

Andrew started, and a doubt seemed to pass over his mind. He looked up at the damsel, and perceived for the first time, that her large blue eye was laughing at him from under the shade of a huge three cornered hat. The next moment he hung over her in an ecstacy of gratitude, and smothered with his kisses the ridicule which she forced upon him as the penalty of his preservation.

'Seven feet high, Andrew?'

'My dear Effie!'

'As ugly as sin!'

'My darling lassie!'

'And a beard!'

'Na! na! now you carry the jest o'er far.'

'And saxty winters!'

'Saxteen springs, Effie! dear, delightful, smiling springs!'

'And Elspeth, the cobbler's wife! oh! Andrew, Andrew! I never can forgie you for the cobbler's wife!—and what say you now Andrew! is there na bogle o' the moor?'

'My dear Effie, for your sake I'll believe in a' the bogles in Christendie!'

'That is,' said Effie, at the conclusion of a long and vehement fit of risibility, 'that is, in a' that wear three cornered hats.'

CONFLICT WITH AN ELEPHANT.

I am just returned from a singular adventure. My hand trembles as I write. I had laid down my pen and gone forth upon my Arab, accompanied by Milo, to refresh and invigorate my frame after our late carousal—shall I term it?—at the place. I took my way, as I often do, to the long Portico, that I might again look upon its faultless beauty and watch the changing crowds. Turning from that, I then amused my vacant mind by posting myself where I could overlook, as if I were indeed the builder or superintendent, of the laborers upon the column of Aurelia. I became at length particularly interested in the efforts of a huge elephant, who was employed in dragging up the foundations of the column, so that they might be fastened to machines to be then hoisted to their place, enormous blocks of marble. He was a noble animal, and, as it seemed to me, of far more than common size and strength. Yet did not his utmost efforts appear to satisfy the demands of those who drove him, and who plied without mercy the barbed scourges which they bore. His temper at length gave way. He was chained to a mass of rock, which it was evidently beyond his power to move. It required the united strength of two at least. But this was nothing to his inhuman masters. They ceased not to urge him with cries and blows. One of them, at length transported by that insane fury which seizes the vulgar when their will is not done by the brute creation, laid hold upon a long lance, terminated with a sharp iron goad, long as my sword, and rushing upon the beast, drove it into his hinder part. At that very moment the charriot of the Queen, containing Zenobia herself, Julia, and the other princesses, came suddenly against the column, on its way to the palace. I made every possible sign to the charioteer to turn and fly. But it was too late. The infuriated monster snapped the chains that held him to the stone at a single bound, as the iron entered him, and trampling to death one of his drivers, dashed forward to wrech his vengeance upon the first object that should come in his way. That, to the univer sal terror and distraction of the gathered but now scattered and flying crowds, was the chariot of the Queen. Her mounted guards, at the first escape of the maddened animal, put spurs to their horses, and by quick leaps escaped. The horses attached to the chariot springing forward to do the same, urged by the lash of the charioteer, were met by the elephant with straightened trunk and tail, who, in the twinkling of an eye, wreathed his proboscis around the neck of the first he encountered, and wrenching from him his harness, whirled him aloft and dashed him to the ground. This I saw was the moment to save the life of the Queen, if it was indeed to be saved. Snatching from a flying soldier his long spear, and knowing well the temper of my horse, I put him to his speed, and running upon the monster as he disengaged his trunk from the crushed and dying Arabian for a new assault, I drove it with unerring aim into his eye, and through that opening on into the brain. He fell as if a bolt from heaven had struck him. The terrified and struggling horses of the chariot were secured by the now returning crowd, and the Queen, with the Princesses, relieved from the peril which was so iminent, and had blanched with terror every cheek but Zenobia's. She had stood the while I was told —there being no exertion which she could make —watching with eager and intense gaze my movements, upon which she felt that their safety, perhaps their lives depended. It all passed in a moment. Soon as I drew out my spear from the dying animal, the air was rent with the shouts of the surrounding populace. Surely at that moment I was the greatest—at least the most fortunate man in Palmyra. These approving shouts, but still more, the few words uttered by Zenobia and Julia, were more than recompense enough for the small service I had performed; especially, however, the invitation of the Queen.—*Letters from Palmyra.*

Female Rashness.—A circumstance occurred at Newport, (says a correspondent of a Bristol paper,) on Monday last, which shows how unbridled are the passions of some ladies when thwarted in their inclinations by their husbands. A woman by the name of Philips, wished to attend a fashionable bazaar, given for the benefit of the new church, but her husband objected on account of her services being required at home, upon which she declared if he did not let her go she would chop off her finger. The threat was of course treated with contempt, but strange to say, she carried her intentions into effect, and no sooner was one off, than a second shared the same fate; when, with the most extraordinary perseverance, she exclaimed, "here goes at the hand." The hatched, for that was the instrument used, immediately fell below the wrist, and severed the whole of the tendons, but without injuring the bone. The lady was destined to undergo the second infliction, by having both the stumps amputated, and her mutilated hand was dressed. She declared in the presence of gentlemen, although she regretted the loss of her fingers, she would do the same thing, rather than any restraint should be put upon her reasonable inclinations.—*Bath. Jour.*

Statistics of a Modern Drama.—Sixteen pounds of powdered brimstone, for lightning! Twenty four peals of thunder!!—A dozen imps, with tails!!!—Ditto bloody daggers!!!!—A skull and cross bones!!!!—Forty battle axes!!!!!—Six terrific combats, three of them double handed !!!!!!—A course of violations!!!!!!—Eight murders!!!!!!!!—A pair of ensanguined shirts!!!!—One comic song!!!!!!!!—Three hundred d—na, and sixty four pages of blasphemy!!!!!!!!

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1838.

"*The Religious Souvenier for* 1839. *Edited by Mrs. Sigourney. New York: Scofield & Voorhies.*"—This beautiful annual has already made its appearance. We find it all its publishers promised. It contains contributions from the pens of its accomplished editor, Miss GOULD, Miss SEDGWICK, Mrs. OPIE, Mrs. HALE, GRENVILLE MELLEN, SHELTON MACKENZIE, C. W. EVERETT, DANIEL WADSWORTH. LT. PATTEN, Rev. T. H. GALLAUDET, Rev. TRYON EDWARDS, and others equally distinguished in the literary world. The typography and paper is very rich. The compositions are admirably adapted at once to interest and morally mould the mind of the reader; while the external decorations of the work are in perfect keeping with its internal excellencies. The religious public should extensively pattonise the "*Religious Souvenier*"—for there will be no annual issued more deserving. Wm. ALLING, of this city, is the publishers' agent.

"*The London and Westminster Review.*"—The last No. of this Republican inclined Review has come to hand from the press of Mrs. LEWER, Mew York, who, since the death of her husband, has become the publisher of all the Re-Prints. It is a very interesting number;—and we are sure if those who neglect to become the patrons of these Reviews, knew how much they lost by such neglect, we should find upon more tables than we now do, these most valuable of English periodicals.

Among the contents of this No. of the Westmtnster Review, we notice a Review of the writings of Sir FRANCIS BOND HEAD. That dignitary is handled, as he deserves to be, without gloves. He is, emphatically, a literary fop—without either common prudence or common sense; and appears quite as awkward in the literary world as he did in the world of politics.

The articles on "Greece," "Queen Elizabeth and her Times," "Milne's Poems," "Observations on the autograph of Shakspeare," "The Industrial Series," "The History and Antiquities of the town of London," "The works of Jeremy Bentham," &c., are all interesting and full of instruction.

For the purpose of directing the attention of our readers to this series of Re-Prints, we subjoin the notice of the publisher:

"*The Metropolitan.*"—The September number of this periodical has just been received from the press of the publisher, Mrs. LEWER. It is one of the best of the Re-Prints, and the present number is exceedingly well filled with contributions from favorite writers. Those who do not read the "*Metropolitan*" will lose some of the richest gems which fall from the periodical Press of the Great Metropolis of the World.

"*Blackwood's Magazine.*"—Although its politics are as rank as high-toryism can make them, its pages are always filled with the very perfection of literature. Old "*Christopher North*" is alone capable of making "Blackwood" irresistible; but when it is remembered that it has a score of contributors almost equally romantic and poetic with him, it is no marvel that the Magazine is sought for more than any other similar periodical published in the Old World.

The September number, in addition to the ordinary light literature, has two long articles for the politician;—one in relation to the respective advantages of the Colonial and the reciprocal trade, and the other on the policy, &c. of the Whig administration of England.

"*Fragments from the Study of a Pastor.*"—This is an extremely interesting Religious work, from the pen of Dr. SPRING, New-York. It is made up of distinct sections, recording distinct subjects—all connected with religion, and written in an agreeable and attractive style. The "*Inquiry Meeting*" is an interesting chapter; and can be read by none but with advantage. The whole work is imbued with a spirit of piety which cannot fail to make it a favorite with the Christian public.

The work may be had of NICHOLS & WILSON, Exchange street.

"*How to Observe—Morals and Manners, by Miss Martineau.*"—This is one of the last works from the press of the HARPER'S. We have not yet had time to read it, but we observe it spoken of, as equal to the best of the many excellent volumes from the pen of this very talented and prolific author. We must defer a further notice to another time; meanwhile, those who wish to learn the philosophical, moral and mechanical requisites of Observation, will proceed forthwith to NICHOLS & WILSON's bookstore, and procure the book.

An appropriate Donation.—The following resolution was presented by Ald. ANDREWS, at the last meeting of the Board:—

Resolved, That the sum of fifty dollars be appropriated from the treasury for the purchase of silk and materials for a stand of colors to be embroidered and presented by the Ladies of the city of Rochester to "*Williams' Light Infantry.*"

This is certainly a merited donation. The young gentlemen who compose this spirited Corps, deserve this mark of approval from the city they honor. And the fair hands to which the embroidery and presentation of the Standard is to be entrusted, will make the bequest tenfold more valuable. Since the early days of romance and chivalry, a token from beauty has been held in enthusiastic veneration by the soldier. The floating pennant, cast to the breeze by some fair Amazon, who had no lover but her country, and no smiles but for the brave, has often stimulated hearts and nerved arms to battle, when authority failed and the stoutest faltered. This Banner, upon which are to be wrought the stripes and the stars of our country, will be held as sacred, and as sternly defended from the assaults of the foeman, as the homes and the firesides of the fair ones whose patriotic offering will doubly insure for them the soldier's gratitude and the soldier's love.

"*Bentley's Miscellany, for September.*"—This popular re-print makes its appearance as regularly as clock-work, and is always interesting. The present number is full of amusing matter, and contains three of CRUIKSHANK's most comical etchings. Those who wish to grow fat should read "*Bentley*" and laugh.

"*The New-Yorker.*"—This deservedly popular work should be more generally patronized at the West than it now is. NICHOLS & WILSON are its agents in this city.

Mr. GEORGE ROBERT PAGE, another vocalist, will also do us a favor by sending us, free of postage, *two dollars*, the amount of his bill for advertising.—*Oneida Whig.*

Give it to the scoundrel. His name deserves to be written upon the blackest *page* of infamy. He owes us $5.

MR. MOORE'S SCHOOL.

MR. EDITOR—I know that it has been generally reported that ISAAC MOORE, of Brighton, has one of the best farms in the county of Monroe; and that he has improved and cultivated it in the best manner. But I did not know until yesterday that, while he was setting an example of agricultural improvement to other farmers, he was setting a more important and useful example to all classes, in the education of his children. Mr. Moore, like many other farmers, has several children growing up; but unlike many other persons of every class, he has a strong and practical sense of the importance of their education. He found that the Common School system, as practised upon in his neighborhood, would not furnish proper food for the intellect of his children; and that he should be under the necessity of sending them from home for their education, at considerable expense, unless some other expedient could be devised. With that energy which characterizes every good farmer, he went to work and built a handsome school house on his farm and near his own door; employed a competent teacher, who lives in his family, and gave in charge to such teacher the education of his children.

Some of his neighbors, ascertaining that these children were better taught than in Common Schools, begged the privilege of sending their children also, which was readily granted, and thus an admirable school of about thirty scholars has been got together.

I attended the examination yesterday, and rarely have been more gratified with a similar exhibition any where. Here were classes in natural philosophy, arithmetic, grammar, history, geography, and other branches of useful education, who manifested by their answers that they were thoroughly taught. In no academy have I ever seen scholars better taught.

Here is a schoo' got up in a quiet and unostenta'ious way, which confers all the advanta ges of a superior education, and preserves at the same time those domestic affections so essential to the moral culture of the child. It is economical, too, for the head of a large family, and it is a plan within the reach of every substantial farmer. I cannot but think that I am doing a service, by giving publicity to this experiment, in the hope that it may aid that noble cause in which we all profess to be so much interested—GENERAL EDUCATION.

A CITIZEN.

Rochester, Oct. 13, 1838.

Precocity.—The returns of the number of children in the several school districts in this State, between the ages of four and sixteen, required by law to be made annually, for the purpose of regulating the distribution of the avails of the school fund, show this year a remarkable fact. The names of a mother and child, both between the ages of four and sixteen, are returned as among the children attending a district school in one of the western towns. This fact is probably without a precedent in New England.—*Hart. Dai. Courant.*

Hail Columbia.—During a great hail storm in the town of Columbia, on the Susquehanna, in June last, some one in a tavern remarked that the hail beat a fair tune on the windows. "Yes, and by Saint Patrick!" said an Irishman, "and the tune is *Hail Columbia.*"

From the Boston Literary Advertiser.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF WASHINGTON.

The Writings of George Washington; being his Correspondence, Addresses, Messages, and other Papers, official and private; selected and published from the Original Manuscript; with a Life of the Author, Notes, and Illustrations. By Jared Sparks.

The publishers have great satisfaction in announcing that this extensive work has been brought to a close. While the editor has with unwearied exertions and great faithfulness and ability, contributed his share in his national enterprise, the publishers beg leave to state that they have spared no labor or expense to publish it in a style which shall be worthy of the high character of the work itself, and of the memory of the great man whose writings are embodied and preserved in it, and which shall at the same time reflect credit on the country which gave birth to their immortal author.—That portion of the work which has been for a considerable time before the pubiic has met the entire approbation of those who have given it their support, all of whom as far as the publishers are informed, have pronounced the most favorable judgment upon the execution of it.

Independently of the entire competency of the editor, peculiarly favorable circumstances have conspired to aid him in the successful completion of his labors. Through the liberality of the British and French governments he has been able to obtain a large collection of the early letters of Washington, and a vast amount of original documents of the highest interest, in relation to his life during the war to 1756, together with numerous private papers.

In Paris, the researches of the editor embraced the voluminous correspondence between Count Vergennes and the French Ministers, Gerard and Luzerne, while they were in the United States, amounting in all to nearly four hundred despatches, and unfolding the policy and views of the French government from the beginning to the end of the war. In addition to these investigations, in which the editor of "Washington's Writings" was personally occupied nearly twelve months, other materials of the highest authenticity have been obtained from various official and private sources in this country. The materials thus collected, being original and important in their character, and perfectly authentic, have enabled the editor to accomplish his purpose with great accuracy and completeness, and give the highest value to the work.

The engraved portraits, plans of battles and military movements, and other plates, which have been introduced into the work for embellishment as well as for a better understanding of the text, are all authentic and accurate.

The *first* volume of this work consists of a Life of Washington, written by Mr. Syarks, with a view to his personal acts and character. The *second* volume consists of Letters and Papers of Washington, written before the Revolution, relating chiefly to the French war.—That Washington himself attached considerable importance to this correspondence, may be inferred from the fact that he revised the first drafts of the letters, many years after they were written, and caused them to be carefully recorded in volumes. The *third*, *fourth*, *fifth*, *sixth*, *seventh*, and *eighth* volumes comprise the Correspondence and Miscellaneous Papers of Washington relating to the American Revolution, including his letters and other writings from the time he was appointed Commander in chief of the army till he resigned his commission at the end of the war. These papers possess an extraordinary value and interest, whether regarded as to the variety, extent, and dignity of the topics on which they treat, as authentic materials for history or as illustrating the character and acts of the great American Patriot. The revolutionary correspondence of Washington, from which the materials for these volumes have been derived, has been preserved at Mount Vernon, carefully arranged and classified by Washington himself, and bound in forty four large volumes.

The *ninth* volume contains the correspondence from the time of resigning his commission as Commancer-in-chief of the army, to that of his inauguration as President.

The *tenth* and *eleventh* volumes contain the correspondence, official and private, from the beginning of his Presidency to the end of his life.

The *twelfth* volume contains the Speeches and Messages to Congress and Proclamations and Addresses of Washington. It contains also very full *Indexes* to the whole work, and an alphabetical table of all the letters, indicating the names and dates.

Each volume contains, in addition to what is above stated, an Appendix, embracing a great amount and variety of matter, illustrative of the life and character of Washington, and the history of the times in which he lived. This brief synopsis of the contents of the "Life and Writings of Washington" will give to those who have not seen the work, or any portion of it, some idea of its magnitude, and of the vast amount of information embodied in it. Its publication has not only involved extended and laborious research on the pnrt of the editor, but an immense pecuniary responsibility on the part of the publishers. They look to their fellow citizens of the United States to sustain them in the enterprise.

Sagacity of Animals.—The instinct of animals, as it is called, in some cases approaches so closely to reason, that it is extremely difficult to draw the line between them. Many animals, particularly the dog, the horse, and the elephant, can draw an inference from established premises with the acuteness of a practised logician. Even the domestic cat sometimes tries to prove that she is a rational creature. We have somewhere seen it stated that a favorite cat was an inmate of a boarding house, where it was usual to ring the bell affixed to the stairway as a signal for dinner. At these times the cat, pampered and indulged, always received her share of the good things, and always hastened to the hall as soon as she heard the tintinbulary clatter. One day she was shut up in a chamber during dinner, and on being released from her confinement an hour or two after, she hastened to the dining hall, but alas for poor grimalkin, the table was cleared away. Shortly after, the bell was heard to ring loudly and repeatedly. The inmates of the house hastened to see what was the matter, and were much surprised to find the poor hungry puss, clinging to the bell rope and ringing away with all her might! Who will say that this cat could not draw an inference.

A similar anecdote is related of a dog. In a French monastery, it was customary for those members of the community as were tardy in coming to dinner, to approach the pantry and ring a little bell, which was placed in a convenient spot, on hearing which the cook would pass out the portion of food contained in a little box, which turned horizontally by means of machinery. The dog watched all these operations, and was often treated with a bone from one of the Friars. But one day being particularly hungry, not receiving his customary share of food, he seized the bell in his mouth and gave it a good shake! A portion of good wholesome food was instantly passed out from the pantry which the sagacious quadruped seized and devoured with much gusto. Delighted with his success, he repeated the experiment daily, until the cook found that some one was playing him a trick, that he furnished more rations than there were mouths. He complained to the Superior; a watch was privately set to detect the gormandizing culprit, and poor Fido was caught in the act. Nevertheless the brotherhood were so well pleased with his stratagem for satisfying the demands of hunger, that the cook was ordered to allow him his portion regularly, with the remainder of the fraternity, whenever he made the signal!

As some young men of La Chapelle St. Roch, in the Aveyron, were bathing in a rapid stream not long since, one of them was carried away by its force, without his comrades being able to give any assistance. An Englishman, one of the party, had with him a favorite dog of the mastiff breed, and the animal on the first signal plunged in, and seized him by the hair. She lost her hold, however, but dived and caught the drowning youth by the hair again, and swam some six or seven yards with him towards the shore. She was making the greatest efforts to gain the bank, to the delight of the friends of the young man, and would certainly have saved him, when suddenly he was seen to raise his hand convulsively above to grasp the dog, and immodiately both dog and man sank to rise no more.

Nosology.—The Boston Express relates that a young lady of that city lost her nose, by applying caustic to a wart on it, the only blemish on herbeautiful countenance.

We extract the following article from the Peoria (Illinois) Register:

Crows vs. *Alcohol.*—Col. B— has one of the best farms on the Illinois river. About 100 acres of it are now covered with waving corn.—When it first came up in the spring the crows seemed determined on its entire destruction.—When one was killed it seemed as if a dozen came to its funeral; and although the sharp crack of the rifle often drove them away, they always returned with its echo. The colonel at length became weary of throwing grass, and resolved on trying the virtue of stones. He sent to the druggist for a gallon of alcohol, in which he soaked a few quarts of corn and scattered it over his field. The *black legs* came and partook with their usual relish, and as usual they were pretty well *corned;* and such a cooing and cackling—such a strutting and staggering! The scene was like—but I will make no invidious comparison—yet it was very much like— * *

When the boys attempted to catch them, they were not a little amused at their staggering gait and zigzag course through the air. At length they gained the edge of the woods, and there being joined by a new recruit, which happened to be sober, they united at the top of their voices in haw, haw, hawing and shouting either the praises or the curses of the alcohol—it was difficult to tell which—as they rattled away, without rhyme or reason, so very much like— * *

But the colonel saved his corn. As soon as they became sober, they set their faces steadfastly against alcohol. Not another kernel would they touch in his field, lest it should contain the accursed thing—while they went and pulled the corn of his neighbour. To return like a dog to his vomit—like a washed sow to the mire—like not they. They have too much respect for their character—black as they are—again to be found drunk.

Effects produced on the Scotch by their Popular Songs.—No man who has lived among the peasantry of Scotland will deny the effects produced on them by their popular songs. During the expedition to Buenos Ayres, a Highland soldier, while a prisoner in the hands of the Spaniards, having formed an attachment to a woman of the country, and charmed by the easy life which the tropical fertility of the soil enabled the inhabitants to lead, had resolved to remain and settle in South America. When he imparted this resolution to his comrade, the latter did not argue with him; but leading him to his tent, he placed him by his side, and sung him 'Lochaber no more.' The spell was on him. The tears came into his eyes, and wrapping his plaid around him, he murmured, 'Lochaber nae—mair!—I maun gang back —Na!' The songs of his childhood were ringing in his ears, and he left that land of ease and plenty for the naked rocks and sterile valleys of Badenoch, where, at the close of a life of toil and hardship, he might lay his head in his mother's grave.

Mexican Researches.—A learned native of Mexico is engaged in deciphering the old Mexican characters, and has so far succeeded, it is said, as to have discoverded distinctive signs of verbes and substantives. A report is shortly expected which, it is thought, will throw much light on the important subject of the remote population and history of the Americrn continent.

MARRIED.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Tryon Edwards, JOHN C. CHEMASERO, Esq. Attorney at Law, and Miss EMILY R. TRYON, of this city.

On the 9th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. WILLIAM H. THOMAS to Miss NANCY M. ALLEN, all of this city.

At Albion, on the 8th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Keep, Mr. Asa Howard, of Oakfield, to Miss T. T. Parker, of Barre.

This morning, Oct. 10th, in St. Luke's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Bruce, Mr. I. B. Van Every, to Miss Martha Caldwell.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. John Brown, to Miss Esther Stafford.

On the third instant, by the Rev. Mr. Dodge, Mr E. B. COLLINS, (firm of Ireland & Collins,) to Miss EMILY EGELSTON, all of this city.

On the 1st inst. by Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. Elisha B Williams to Miss Emily Clute, both of this city.

On the 3rd inst., by Rev. T. P. Abell, Mr. C. B. Gifford, and Miss H. Flint, all of this city.

In Brighton, on the 26th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Hagerman, to Miss L. B. Cobb, all of Brighton

On the 25th instant, by the Rev. G. S. Boardman, Mr. J. M. Ferguson, to Miss Alvira Crandall.

By the same on the 26th instant, Mr. David Law, of Salem, Wash. co., to Miss Annis Potter.

By the same on the 27th instant, Mr. William F. Sterret, to Miss Mary McCuen.

In Brighton, on the 25th ult., by the Rev. A. G. Hall, Capt. H. S. Hagaman, and Miss Lucina B. Cobb.

From the N. O. Picayune.

POISONED "SASSENGERS."

A TRUE STORY.

The great anti dog law, with its poisoned 'sassengers' enactments, has produced many a wretched scene, in the way of killing off valuable animals; but the most *retched*, or rather *retching* case of all, was that of a Dutchman below Canal street, a few nights ago.

The Dutchman had been employed as one of the watch in the Second Municipality, and on appearing at the guard house on the first night of his engagement, he was furnished and equipped according to law, with cap, rattle, bludgeon, &c. &c. for disturbers of the peace in human shape, together with an allowance of poisoned 'sassengers,' for those of the canine race who might be so thoughtless as to wander forth after gun fire.

Mynheer was a little puzzled when the 'sassengers' were handed out to him—for not being up to the wisdom of the anti-dog law, he was at a loss to know their use. However, being favorably impressed as to the liberality of his employers, he fancied that the 'sassengers' were intended as his rations for the night, and with this impression he pocketed them.

Some time about midnight Mynheer began to feel hungry, and he bethought himself of the rations with which he had been furnished by the quartermaster. So he entered a cabaret which happened to be open, called for a mug of beer, and seating himself beside a table, drew from one pocket a hard crust of navy biscuit, and from another the municipal 'sassengers.'—For the space of half an hour the safety of the city was the least in Mynheer's thoughts, his whole attention being engrossed with his homely smack, which, with the hydraulic assistance of the beer, he was enabled at length to force down his throat.

Refreshed with his repast, our worthy 'guardian of the night' picked up his bludgeon and sauntered forth to resume his lazy, monotonous perambulations He had walked the extent of his 'beat' but once or twice, when he began to experience some queer sensations about the gastric regions First there was something of a burning thirst—then nausea, accompanied with a dizziness of the head—then he fancied that some wild varmint had entered his maw and was tearing everything to pieces there—and when in the midst of his commotion, both mental and stomical, he saw the rats darting to and fro across the pavement, he roared out in his agony—

'Dunder unt blixen! Mein Got! Mein Got! Tem rats is running all over my insides! Oh! Katy!—Katy! Mein Vrow! Vy don't you coom?'

These cries of distress brought to his assistance a couple of youngsters who were passing along the street. When they came up, he was holding fast to a lamp post, his head brought down towards his knees, and his entire body presenting a figure about the shape of a well defined point of interrogation. Being in a questioning passion, he bellowed out as distinctly as he could—

'O Mynheer! Mynheer! What ish de matter mit me? I ish so sea sick! I ish not been so sea sick since de time I coomed all de vay from Amshterdam. Oh! my head! Mein souper ish all gone—and mine dinner and breakfast ish gone too! It vill kill me! I'm a dead man so I ish! Oh Katy—mein vrow!'

The poor Hollander was, in truth, in a deplorable predicament. He hugged the lamp post as closely and energetically as ever he did the bulwarks of a vessel under similar circumstances in time of a high sea. The young gentlemen who heard the above exclamations only in the intervals of his painful *throes*, found it impossible to do any thing for him immediately as he was not in a situation to be removed.—Presently however he became a little more easy. A calm succeeded the raging, bellowing storm; and wishing to ascertain the cause of so sudden an illness, or sea sickness, as he called it himself, they asked him if he had lately been eating or drinking any thing.

'Eat! I ish eat mein souper of mein rations vat dey give me at de vatch house.'

'And is it rations you spake of, faith?' said a son of the green isle, who had come up by this time—'then, my hearty, you have better times than we had at the Second Municipality when I was a watchman up there—for divel a bit of rations did I ever see.'

One word brought on another, till at length it was ascertained, to the astonishment of all present, that the Dutchman had devoured his entire allowance of poisoned 'sassengers;' but fortunately his stomach was now rid of the dangerous burden. He had swallowed, it is true, a most enormous and dangerous meal; enough to have killed a dozen dogs, but not enough to settle one Dutchman.

Next morning Mynheer was apparently as well as ever; but he was scarcely over his fright, the sarcasms of his comrades he could not stand and consequently resigned the post of watchman. So much for the evil effect of the 'sassenger' enactment—it caused the poor fellow the most harrowing grief, compelling him to *throw up* his commission, and a great deal more too.

ACCOUNT OF AN EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE.

Extracted from an authentic work, published in France, under the title, "Les causes celebres."

Two Parisian merchants, strongly united in friendship, had each one a child of different sexes, who early contracted a strong inclination for each other, which was cherished by the parents, and they were flattered with the expectations of being joined together for life. Unfortunately, they at the time thought themselves on the point of compleing this long wished for union, a man, far advanced in years, and possessed of an immense fortune, cast his eyes on the young lady, and made honorable proposals; her parents could not resist the temptation of a son-in-law, in such affluent circumstances, and forced her to comply, As soon as the knot was tied, she strictly enjoined her former lover never to see her, and patiently submitted to her fate—but the anxiety of her mind preyed on her body, which threw her into a lingering disorder, that apparently carried her off, and she was consigned to her grave. As soon as this melancholy event reached the lover, his affliction was doubled, being deprived of all hopes of her widowhood; but recollecting, that in her youth, she had been for some time in a lethergy, his hopes revived, and hurried him to the place of her burial, where a good bribe procured him the sexton's permission to dig her up, which he performed, and removed her to a place of safety, where, by proper methods, he revived the almost extinguished spark of life. Great was her surprise at finding the state she had been in—and probably as great was her pleasure, at the means by which she had been recalled from the grave. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered the lover laid his claim, and his reasons, supported by a powerful inclination on her side, were too strong for her to resist; but as France was no longer a place of safety for them, they agreed to remove to England, where they continued ten years, when a strong inclination of revisiting their native country seized them, which they thought they might safely gratify, and accordingly performed their vovage.

The lady was so unfortunate as to be known by her old husband, whom she met in a public walk, and all her endeavors to disguise herself were ineffectual: he laid his claim to her before a court of justice, and the lover defended his right, alledging, that the husband, by burying her, had forfeited his title, and that he had acquired a just one, by freeing her from the jaws of death. These reasons, whatever weigh they might have in a court where love presided, seemed to have little effect on the grave sages of the law: and the lady, with her lover, not thinking it safe to wait the determination of the court, prudently retired a second time out of the kingdom.

An Important Discovery—The Teeth.—Waldie notices a discovery of no little importance to such as are troubled with bad teeth. He says:

"Some time since, Doctor Caldwell, now a practising dentist at No. 68 South Sixth street, had a favorite horse which had become incapable of eating his oats, and on investigation a carious tooth indicated the difficulty to result probably from toothache. Extraction was the remedy of course;—the poor horse was tripped up by tying his feet together as custom prescribes, his gum was lanced as we poor human anities have too often witnessed, and a pair of pinchers were applied, as we have also experienced; even a mallet and chisel failed of their effect. The tooth was intractable: no effort would withdraw it from its socket. The gum tumefied—and on examining it carefully, the doctor perceived a ligament at the neck of the tooth, and without much thinking of the effect he cut it; the tooth immediately fell out, or was extricated with a slight effort of the thumb and finger.

"This led the operator to reflection, and the hint was obtained which confers upon suffering humanity a benefit, which may be esteemed by the sufferer second only to the discoveries of Jenner, or the circulation of the blood! Subsequent experiments have fully proved that the human teeth are also retained in their socket *by a ligament*, and it is the breaking of this which requires so much manual force; and this, when cut, which gives not so much pain as lancing the gums, loosens the tooth, and it may immediately be extracted *without pain* with the fingers! A physician of our acquaintance, whose name we are at liberty to mention if requested, has had the operation of extracting a large molar, treble-fanged tooth in this way without pain, and so gratified was he by the fact, that he investigated the anatomy of the parts and extracted all the teeth of a dead subject in the same way, and with no more difficulty than above related. He is a witness not to be impeached, who, with many others, have already been benefitted by this great anatomical discovery.

The Pirate and the Dove.—The following interesting fact is related by Audubon in his Ornathological Biography. In speaking of the Zenaida dove he says—'A man who was once a pirate assured me that several times, while at certain wells dug in the burning, shelly sands of a well known key, which must be here nameless, the soft and melancholy cry of the doves awoke in his breast feelings which had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind which he only who compares the wretchedness of guilt within him with the happiness of former innocence, can truly feel.—He said he never left the place without increased fears of futurity, associated as he was, although I believe by force with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the navigation of the Florida coast. So deeply moved was he by the notes of any bird, and especially by them of a dove, the only soothing sounds he ever heard during his life of horrors, that through these plaintive notes and them alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence. After saying a parting visit to those wells, and listening once more to the cooings of the Zenaida love, he poured out his soul in supplication for mercy and once more became what one has said to be, 'the noblest work of God,' an honest man. His escape was effected amidst difficulties and dangers: but no danger seemed to him to be comparable with the danger of one living in the violation of human and divine laws; and now he lives in peace in the midst of his friends.

Shade Trees.—Be careful not to transplant before the leaves have fallen—as soon after as you please.

The trees should be taken from *open ground*. If taken from the dense forest, they will not bear the exposure.

Select trees of sound growth; they have better tops and better roots than the first.

Transplant the tree entire. The leaves are the lungs of the tree, and affect its growth as much as the roots. The frequent practice of lopping off the top is very bad.

Be sure and get all the roots. Remember the small fibres are what absorb nourishment for the tree. Strip off these, and the main body of the root becomes only a contrivance to hold the tree up. Do not expose the roots to sun and air longer than absolutely necessary. Let them carry with them as much of the old soil as they can hold on to.

In setting out the trees be careful to make the hole so large that the roots shall not be coiled; neither let them be crowded together, for then they will decay.

Throw upon the roots at first fine strong mold, never any manure; then throw on water, and shake the tree till the mud has filled up all the interstices between the roots. After the ground is somewhat dry fill up the hole and tread down the earth. Never leave a tree so that water can stand over its roots.—*Bath Const.*

At Berlin, the Princess William of Prussia, (wife of the King's youngest son) has composed the entire music of a new ballet, which is in preparation on a most splendid scale.

WRATH DISARMED.

A man of my acquaintance, who was of a vehement and rigid temper, had, many years since, a dispute with a friend of his, a professor of religion, and had been injured by him. With strong feelings of resentment, he made a visit, for the avowed purpose of quarreling with him. He accordingly stated to him the nature and extent of the injury, and was preparing, as he afterward confessed, to load him with a train of severe reproaches, when his friend cut him short by acknowledging, with the utmost readiness and frankness, the injustice of which he had been guilty, expressing his own regret for the wrong which he had done, requesting his forgiveness, and proffering him ample compensation. He was compelled to say he was satisfied, and withdrew, full of mortification that he had been precluded from venting his indignation, and wounding his friend with keen and violent reproaches for his conduct. As he was walking homeward, he said to himself to this effect—"There must be more in religion than I have hitherto suspected. Were any man to address me in the tone of haughtiness and provocation with which I accosted my friend this evening, it would be impossible for me to preserve the equanimity of which I have been witness, and especially with so much frankness, humility and meekness, *to acknowledge the wrong* which I have done; so readily ask forgiveness of the man whom I had injured; and so cheerfully promise a satisfactory recompense. I should have met his anger with at least equal resentment, paid him reproach for reproach, and inflicted wound for wound. There is something *in the religion which he professes*, and which, I am forced to believe, he feels; something which makes him so superior, so much better, so much more amiable, than I can pretend to be. The subject strikes me in a manner to which I have hitherto been a stranger. It is high time to examine it more thoroughly, with more candor, and with greater solicitude, also, than I have done hitherto." From this incident, a train of thoughts and emotions commenced in the mind of this man, which terminated in his profession of the Christian religion, his relinquishment of the business in which he was engaged, and his consecration of himself to the ministry of the gospel.—*Dr. Dwight.*

Temper.—Good temper is like a sunny day—it sheds a brightness over every thing—it is the sweetener of toil, and the soother of disquitude. Every day brings its burthen. The husband goes forth in the morning to his professional duties he cannot forsee what trial he may encounter—what failure of hopes, of friendship, or of prospects may meet him, before he returns to his home; but if he can anticipate that the beaming and hopeful smile, and the soothing attention he feels that his cross, whatever it may be, will be lightened, and that his domestic happiness is still secure.

It is the interest, therefore, as well as the duty, to cultivate good temper, and to have ever ready some word or look of cheerfullness, of encouragement, or at least of sympathy. A really feeling heart will dictate the conduct which will be most acceptable—which *Times* a kindness, as renders it, and forbears all officious attentions, while it ever evinces a readiness to oblige. It need scarcely be said that this temper is of more value than many more brilliant endowments—that it is among the first recommendations to a woman in every domestic relation; and especially in that tie, which, though nearest on earth, is not one of kindred, it is assuredly the most effectual cement of affection. It is not indeed so much a means of attracting or exciting love, as it is of securing it. In fact it is scarcely known, until familiarity draws aside the veil of social restraint, and the character, with its real virtues, is unfolded in the privacy of home.

Old law of Courtship—Oct. 27, 1647.—The General Court enact, "that if any young man *attempt* to dress a young woman without the consent of her parents or the *County Court*, he shall be fined 5*l.* for the first offence, 10*l.* for the second and imprisoned for the third."

Punishments.—Sept. 11, 1649.—Mathew Stanley was tried for drawing the affections of John Taxbox's daughter, without the consent of her parents.

"In the same month, 3 *married women* were fined 5*s.* a piece for *scolding*. Query—What would, or should have been the penalty for an unmarried woman for the same offence?—*Salem Mass. Register.*

A Dear Kiss.—A curious trial was recently held at Middlesex Session, in England. Thomas Saverland, the prosecutor stated, that on the day after Christmas he was in the tap room where the defendant, Caroline Newton, and her sister, who had come from Birmingham, were present. The latter jokingly observed that she had promised her sweetheart that no man should kiss her while absent. It being holiday time, Saverland considered this a challenge, and caught hold of her and kissed her. The young woman took it as a joke, but her sister, the defendant, said she would like as little of that kind of fun as he pleased. Saverland told her, if she was angry he would kiss her also; he then tried to do it, and they fell to the ground. On rising, the woman struck him; he again tried to kiss her, and in the scuffle she bit off his nose, which she spit out of her mouth. The action was brought to recover damages for the loss of the nose. The defendant said he had no business to kiss her; if she wanted kissing she had a husband to kiss her, a better looking man than ever the prosecutor was. The jury without hesitation acquitted her; and the chairman said, that if any man attempted to kiss a woman against her will, she had a right to bite off his nose if she had a fancy for so doing.

Frankness.—Be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do, upon every occasion—taking it for granted that you mean to do what is right. If a friend ask a favor, you should grant it if it is reasonable; if it is not, plainly tell him why you cannot. You will wrong yourself and wrong him by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or to keep one, the man that requires you to do so is dearly purchased at such a sacrifice. Deal kindly, but firmly, with all men; you will find it the policy which wears best. There is no more dangerous experiment, than that of undertaking to be one thing at a man's face, and another thing behind his back. If the very consciousness of such duplicity does not degrade you in your own eyes, you must be lost to every noble feeling of our nature. We should live, and act, and speak, "out of doors," as the saying is, and say and do what we are willing to be read and known of all men. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but a matter of policy.

Sunday Schools—A Fact for Parents.—There is some difficulty in Cincinnati in deciding the question whether or not the common school houses schould be allowed to be used for Sunday schools. On one side it is held that the city ordinances forbid the use of these buildings for any other purpose than common schools; while the other maintains that "Sunday Schools are as common as Monday or Saturday schools." In the course of this discussion it was natural that the opinions of the common schools teachers should be elicited on the subject. It appears that a large proportion of the Sunday school children attend the common school, and it is given as the opinion of the latter, that the children who attend the Sunday schools are the most orderly and make the most rapid improvement. We have not the last doubt of it; and the fact should be pondered on by all who have the care of children that should, but do not, attend Sunday schools.—*Balt. Pat.*

Proverbs.—A White glove often conceals a dirty hand. The remedy for injuries is not to remember them. Be a friend to yourself and others will. Go into the country to hear the news of the town. Be not a baker if your head is made of butter. Call me cousin but cozen me not. Faint praise is disparagement. Ask thy purse what thou shouldst buy. Zeal without knowledge is like fire without light. Youth and white paper soon take an impression. Vows made in storms are forgotten in calms. The church is out of temper when charity is cold and zeal is hot. The sting of reproach is the truth of it. Envy shoots at others and wounds herself. A goosequill is more dangerous than a lion's claw. Beware of a silent dog and a wet rat.

Swift says, and truly too, "He that hath a proud woman for his wife, is like oak b girt with ivy; for he suffers himself to be embraced by that which will bring him to ruin.

He that hath a prudent wife, hath a guardian angel by his side; but he that hath a proud wife, hath the devil at his elbow. Ladies, be prudent, but not proud, for you see the contempt the proud are held in, by the wise.

Deliberate long upon that which you can not do but once.

An honest employment is a good patrimony.

A raw onion applied to the wound of a sting from a wasp or bee, is said to fan instantaneous cure. Remember it.

A Yankee Notion.—An English paper contains under the head of 'New American Patent,' the announcement of a Patent hydrophobia water poof hat, made of the skin of a mad dog warrented not to take wauter.

Blocks made of a composition of coal dust, river mud and tar, have been tried in England as a substitute for coal in the furnaces of steamboats. They produced more heat in proportion to bulk, and were less expensive than pure coal.

"So fades the lovely blooming Flower."—In Scott co., Iowa, after a residence of four days, the last single lady found a market on the 16th ult. A correspondent writes, "our gentlemen are three to one, and so anxious are our settlers for wives that they never ask a single lady her age. All they require is *teeth.*"—*Chicago American.*

"Pray, sir, is the section of the country in which you are about to settle, sickly?" said an old gentleman to a couple of young physcians who were displaying their learning on borad a steamboat. "Very much so, indeed," observed one of them. "I expect to witness many death-bed scenes in course of next summer." "I have no doubt but that you will," replied the gentleman, "*provided you get much practice.*"

Pork.—A lawyer charged a poor man three dollars for advice. "There's the money," said his client, "it is all the money I have in the world, and my family have been a long time without pork." "Thank God!" replied the lawyer, "my wife has never known the want of pork since we were married." "Nor never will," rejoined the countryman, "so long as she has so great a hog as you."

Gratitude.—A Dutch novelist's Dutch captain *casts* the following *reflections* upon gratitude: "Gratitude is bell-metal for fools. I have never been better paid than in assurances of gratitude. Gratitude is the orange peel that is thrown away when the juice is sucked?" Well done, Mynheer Von Dunk.

Weight of the Human Body.—M. Chaussie dried a human body in an oven, the original weight of which was 120 lbs.; when dry, it was reduced to 12 lbs. Hence the solid matter of the body was water as one to nine or one-tenth. From this it will be seen how great a proportion the fluids of the body bear to the solids.

Sorrows.—A small sorrow distracts—a great one makes us collected, as a bell loses its tone when slightly cracked, and recovers it if the fissure is enlarged.—Every heavy burden of sorrows seems like a stone hung round our neck, yet are they often only like the stone used by pearl divers, which enables them to reach their prize and to rise enriched.

A Cautious Widower.—In a village of Picardy, after a long sickness, a farmer's wife fell into a lethargy. Her husband was willing, good man, to believe her out of pain, and so, according to the custom of that country, she was wrapped in a sheet, and carried out to be buried. But, as ill luck would have it, the bearers carried her so near a hedge, that the thorns pierced the sheet, and waked the woman from her trance. Some years after, she died in reality; and, as the funeral passed along, the husband would every now and then call out, "Not too near the hedge! not too near the hedge, neighbors!"

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 16th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Mack, Mr. JAMES PAIGE, to Mrs. SARAH M. SPRUNG, all of this city.

At Henrietta, on the 15th instant, by the Rev. E. Wheeler, Mr. JAMES CROZIER to Miss AGNES MONTGOMERY, all of this city.

By the Rev. Mr Boardman, on the 18th instant, Mr. Peter Mestin, to Miss Esther Curtis.

In Brighton, on the 16th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Richarson, Mr. William N. Shephard, of Pittsford, to Miss Mary E. Barnes, of the former place.

In Penfield, on the 7th ult., by Daniel Fuller, Jr. Esq. Mr. Franklin Smith, to Miss Phebe Gillet, all of Penfield.

On the 14th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, Mr. Orrin Morse, to Miss Charlotte Wright, both of this city.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

☞ The subjoined beautiful lines—from the pen of a young gentleman, whose poetic talent has been acknowledged in high places—have lost none of their beauty by delay.—The allusions to the lamented ROCHESTER, are very appropriate and pathetic; and the whole piece is tinged with the richest poetic feeling :—

Written for the Gem.

LOSS OF THE PULASKI.

The shades of midnight fling
Gloom on the rolling sea,
While, swift as falcon on the wing,
A bark moves gallantly.
Hundreds within her cabin sleep
In quietude profound,
Unconscious that the waters sweep
Beneath them and around.

Amid the sleeping throng
Are men of iron frame,
The gifted sage and statesman long
Known in the lists of fame:
Frail woman is on board—
Old Age with trembling hands;
And son and sire to health restored
By the balm of Southern lands.

They leave behind in dreams
Old Ocean's briny foam,
And wander by the laughing streams,
And pleasant bowers of home;
Familiar voices breathe
The words of welcome warm,
And snowy arms in fondness, wreath
Round many a manly form.

Ha! whence that clangor dire—
Those shriekings of despair—
That rush of thunder and of fire
Convulsing sea and air?
Why round that graceful bark
Of matchless speed and might
Roll funeral vapors, dense and dark,
Like Demons of the Night?

Her iron sides are riven—
Her timbers torn in twain—
Like Autumn leaves by whirlwinds driven
Her fragments dot the main.
Upon her pride and power
Will dawn no cheering day;
But in this dooming, dreadful hour,
Those dreamers—where are they?

Where, where those visions sweet
Of kindred round the hearth—
Oh, will the parted household meet
No more on this sad Earth?
Will not the God who reigns
Alike in calm or storm,
Whose breath can bind the deep in chains
Extend salvation's arm?

Some, whirled in flame on high,
Beneath the hissing waves
Find without moan of Agony,
Unfathomable graves;
And others madly cling
To plank and fractured deck
While heavy swells destruction fling
Across the sinking wreck.

Here, perishing Despair
Sends up appalling cries—
The froth of Ocean flecks his hair,
And blood-shot are his eyes;
And drowning Beauty calls
On man to save in vain:
Her sylph-like form through princely halls
Will never glide again.

There, with his wife and child,
The pious Pastor kneels,
But offers up, in accents wild,
No profitless appeals.
Faith, with a look serene,
Calms fear within the soul—
One kiss—the last—and darkly green
The waves above them roll.

A boat rocks on the tide—
Skill plies the bending oar—
May God her trembling inmates guide
In safety to the shore!
From danger on the Deep
To home and friends restore them—
In vain!—the surf, with drowning sweep,
Breaks, in its terror o'er them.

Late 'mid the pallid band
I marked the form of one*
Whom annals of his native land
Pronounce a favored son.
His voice of hope and cheer
The faint of heart sustained,
When land was dimly seen, and fear
The rower's strong arm chained.

Wife, child nor sacred home
Will glad his gaze no more,
With the saved *few*, all drenched with foam,
He stands not on the shore:
Fond hearts will wait in vain
His coming far away—
The blue sharks of the restless main
Have made his corse their prey.

Ill-fated ship! of all
Who shared thy dreadful doom,
And sleep, beneath a briny pall,
Within a boundless tomb,
Where legions of the drowned
Fill grot and cavern dim—
Not one, not one was more renowned,
Or better loved than him.

W. H. C. HOSMER.

* The Poet alludes to the lamented ROCHESTER.—ED.

Written for the Gem.

DEDICATION OF MOUNT HOPE.

"I've seen the moon gild the mountain's brow;
I've watch'd the mist o'er the river stealing,
But ne'er did I feel in my breast till now,
So deep, so calm, and so holy a feeling:
'Tis soft as the thrill which memory throws
Athwart the soul in the hour of repose."

We come, we come from out the world's rude noise, and bustling throng,
And enter this secluded spot, these hills and vales among;
To consecrate a place of rest, a dwelling for the dead:
Oh softly be each rising breath, and gentle every tread.

Thrice hallowed hour! that leads the soul to real scenes, away
From such as life's illusive shades present from day to day;
That softens and subdues each tone, checks those intense desires
That end in nought, while purer thought and feeling it inspires.

No vaulted cells, or chisel'd work, of ancient art are here,
Nor costly trappings that adorned the tombs of yore, appear:
But nature's charms of loveliness are scattered all around;
Embellishments most meet to deck such consecrated ground.

A silent eloquence is felt—Death and Eternity,
Are traced upon the lofty boughs, and on the azure sky;
The falling leaf bears solemn truth, and in the breeze we hear
Something of parting—sunder'd ties—the mourner, and the tear.

They'll gather here—heart-stricken ones, to bury from their sight,
The loved and lost, who mid life's cares were wont to give delight;
The infant, and the prattling child, youth, loveliest and best,
And many an aged one, all, all will mingle here to rest.

Fresh flowers will shed their fragrance here, and graceful willows bend
O'er the green turf that hides from view the mourned and cherished friend;
From these high hills, will sparkling streams flow, murmuring gently by,
And pools of crystal purity, within these vallies lie.

How sweet and quiet an abode! Oft will the stranger tread
Its paths, and seek amid its tombs some knowledge of the dead;
To virtue's memory repay the tribute of a tear,
And learn the inscriptions friendship wrought,—oh say, shall we be here?

Yes—many from among this throng, in peaceful sleep will lie,
Unconscious of the charms around, or of the passer-by:
We've chosen for ourselves a home—and now upon the air
Is borne the requiem that we sing, and our own funeral prayer.

Mount Hope! that heavenly name imports thy high and sacred trust,
For till the trump shall sound, thou'lt keep inviolate, our dust;
Then glorious forms will rise, to dwell in region far more blest,
Where nought can enter, to disturb a long, eternal rest.

A. C. P.

TIME PIECE.

"Could but our temper move like this machine,
Not urged by passions, nor delayed by spleen,
But true to Nature's regulating power,
By virtuous acts distinguished every hour—

Then health and joy would follow as they ought,
The laws of motion and the laws of thought,
Sweet health to pass the present moment o'er,
And everlasting joy, when time shall be no more."

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

The following lines from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney, we have received from a Boston friend, in manuscript. They may have appeared elsewhere, but have not met our eyes in print:

LAURA D. BRIDGEMAN,

The Deaf, Dumb and Blind Girl of the New England Institution for the Blind, Boston.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Where hides the light that to the eye
A holy message gave,
Tinging the retina with rays
From sky, and sea, and wave?—
And where the sound that to the soul
Its sinuous passage wrought?
Or deftly breathing made the lip
A harp-string to the thought?

All fled!—all gone!—not even the rose
An odor left behind
Faintly, with broken reed to trace
The tablet of the mind.
That mind!—it struggles with its doom,
The sleepless conflict see!—
As through its Bastile bars, it seeks
Communion with the free.

Yet still its prison robe it wears,
Without a prisoner's pain,
For happy childhood's mimic sun
Glows in each bounding vein.
And blest Philosophy is near,
Each labyrinth to scan,
Through which the subtlest clue may bind
To Nature and to Man.

So, little daughter, lift thy head,
For Christian love is nigh,
To listen at thy dungeon grate,
And every want supply.
Say, lurks there not some beam from heaven,
Amid thy bosom's night?
Some echo from a better land,
To make thy smile so bright?

There's many a lamp in Greenland cell,
Deep 'neath a world of snow,
That cheers the lonely household group
Though none beside may know;
And doth not God our Father's hand,
Light in thy cloister dim
A hidden and peculiar lamp,
To guide thy steps to him?

From the United States Gazette.

THE WIFE TO HER SLEEPING HUSBAND.

'The tie that binds the happy may be dear, but that which links the unfortunate is tenderness unutterable.'

Four lustres, love, have pass'd away,
Since at the altar's side,
Thy nuptial promise bless'd mine ear,
And I was called thy bride:
Up sprung a thousand buds of hope,
To consecrate that hour:
Alas! a thousand beauteous buds,
That never came to flower.

For thou hast been in fortune's strife,
A thing for sorrow's aim:
Thy peerless mind and noble heart,
Thy proud unsullied name,
But vainly serv'd to chase afar,
The ills that thronged around,
And every dream of promised bliss,
A cause of grief was found.

The churchyard shows its little mounds,
Where long have dwelt beneath,
Dear plants that in their vernal bloom
Were stricken down by death:
And friends we loved grew cold and stern,
As riches took their flight:
And all, to thee, has chang'd to gloom,
Where thou didst turn for light.

Not all, not ALL, my honor'd one,
For shining o'er thy sleep,
Affection's ray illumes thy couch,
And bids thy Mary weep;
Still may the happy boast of love,
Whose strength was never tried:
By grief is all affection proved,
By grief is purified.

The husband slumber'd on, nor knew
The watch that love was keeping,
But hope, with radiant promise seem'd
To mingle in his sleeping;
For 'mid the wildering dreams that mark'd
His sad unquiet rest,
A smile passed o'er the dreamer's brow,
And told that he was blest!

TAKE BACK THE CUP.

BY DAVID MARTIN.

Take back the cup—take back the cup,
Nor press it to my lips again,
For though with sparkling wine filled up,
It hath the dreg of endless pain:—
I will not wreck a God-like mind,
Against both Death and hell combined!

I've registered a vow on high,
That if health smiles upon me now,
No friend for me shall have a sigh
No cloud shall darken mortal brow.
The Dead-sea of the mind I've passed!
Thank God! I see green land at last!

My barque is out upon Life's Sea,
Fair wind and weather may be mine,
My guiding star is Destiny,
That points where glorious meteors shine.
But let the storm rage wild and black!
My barque must keep her onward track!

Then bear the poison-cup away!
Though flowers bright entwine its brim
The bottom hath the seeds of Death!
And on its surface serpents swim!
That charms us with a heaven perfume,
Till madness lights us to the tomb!

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson. $1 mail, $1,50 city, in advance.

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MISCELLANY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

LEGENDARY LORE--LAND AND SEA.

CHAPTER I.

JANE MARTIN was the only daughter of a yeoman living in the village of Meadham, not far from the southern coast of England. The place was divided from the sea by a low range of hills, and the fields of pasture and of corn were surrounded by extensive woods. These together with the small collection of cottages and the village church, presented a prospect of tranquillity and beauty.

Jane was the heiress of a cottage and a few fields; and without those advantages, had beauty enough to attract more than one rustic lover.—But no e of them could win her affections.—Her mother had died early, but had left on her daughter's mind a tinge of her own imaginative character. Her father was possessed of some books which he was fond of reading, and delighted to put in her hands. But he saw that there was mixed up in her disposition a strong portion of the irregular and fantastic strain, which she must have had from her mother, who always, he would add, had been a sort of fairy body, rather than of common flesh and blood like himself. Whatever touch of superstition Jane could light on in his books of history or travels, or in the belief and stories of her neighbors, had for her a powerful charm. Dreams, and prophecies, and accounts of ghosts and visions filled her with awe. When she was about fifteen, and was taken by her father to hear the preaching of a wandering Methodist, a man of coarse but fervid eloquence, the descriptions in which he rioted of the bodily torments of the lost, and the never-ending delights of heaven, were for her an exquisite, unimagined contrast to the calm morality and grave devotion of the parish church. The effect of that evening, for the sermon was delivered after nightfall in a dimly lighted barn, was so overpowering, that she seemed for some days in a restless fever, and at last was actually seized with illness.—She rose however from her bed apparently strong and fresh as before. Her beauty had lost nothing of its attractiveness, and had gained something in expression. But she did not look formed for happiness. The sensitive and excitable movement of her face, and the quick and striking dilation of the pupils in her large light eyes, conveyed the notion of a mind too early disturbed, and too little under the government of any settled principles of action, for the hope of usefulness and peace. But surrounded as was this countenance with pale brown hair, and supported by a figure of healthy, youthful elasticity, the whole picture of the girl had an affecting sweetness.

Her favorite reading was an old collection of voyages and travels, filled with records of gainful and warlike adventurers, their intercourse with foreign cities and savage tribes, crimes, sufferings, wonders, and superstitions—on these she mused at every moment which she could save from the care of her household affairs and of the dairy and garden. She knew nothing of the world except within a circle of four or five miles around her father's house, and all beyond presented itself to her mind as made up of sparkling seas and spicy islands, gorgeous towns, and beautiful and heroic men—ships so light and gay as might sail among the clouds, and cargoes of gold and fruits as glittering as those summer clouds themselves. But, alas! though within seven miles of the coast, she had never seen the sea; and the wish to behold that unknown boundless miracle of nature, became, when she had grown out of childhood, the strongest feeling of her mind. Her mother she knew was the daughter of a seamen and had spent her unmarried life at Southport, a town and harbour distant some twenty miles from Medham, where her father had found his future bride. Now the long buried mother, whose grave was in the churchyard and met her eyes every Sunday, appeared to her in her dreams as wearing some indistinct sea shape, as treading lightly on the waves and beckoning her to come to that new and delightful region. The thought was too precious to be spoken of to her father, and the girl cherished it till she half persuaded herself that something more than fancy had shaped the image. For months she turned the wish over and over till it grew into a project—The notion of some unaccountable good to be derived from looking on the sea—or some magical beauty clothing the great element—and of some mystery connected with the moment of her success in the enterprise, fastened on her imagination with no less strength than would on many minds the hope of mounting from earth to one of the heavenly bodies. The plan however seemed almost impracticable. Her father was growing old, a little peevish at any opposition to his will, and more and more settled in his daily round of habits. He was impatient at his daughter's absence, except when he visited his fields and gave directions to his one laborer, a business which seldom occupied more than an hour at a time. The old man kind and sagacious. His slightest peculiarities were dear to her and no image she had ever seen with her bodily eyes was to her so agreeable as that of the grey-headed and weather-beaten face; but often while she sat beside him and supplied his little wants, or answered his few and simple observations, her thoughts would wander away to the restless boundless sea with all its shores and ships; and the little world around her, for which alone she had outwardly lived and which alone she knew, seemed poor and small, compared with the dazzling and amazing world of which she knew nothing. She naturally avoided to express her feelings which she was aware were stronger and more unusual than her father or indeed any of her acquaintance could understand or would approve. But the books which he found her reading, and the questions which she sometimes ventured to ask as to the seaport towns which he had visited in his earlier life, in part betrayed her. One day during such a conversation he suddenly exclaimed, "Heaven help thee! the sea seems always running in thy head! I should not wonder if the first idle sailor that comes wandering here catches thy foolish fancy, and carries thee off from all our honest country fellows. But take care Jane—they are an unsteady, spendthrift, drunken set. At best, their trade keeps them many a long month in every year away from their wives and children. Don't marry a sailor, Jane, don't marry a sailor, or thy old father will break his heart."

This advice was not very likely to change the current of Jane's thoughts. Her longing to look upon the sea grew rather the stronger; but to gratify it was not easy. The summit indeed of the hills which bounded that inland country was not further off than two hours' walking; but this was through unfrequented paths and lonely sheep-tracks up the downs. The village lay on no line of traffic with the coast, and to undertake an expedition to the shore without some purpose of business would have sounded among her neighbors like setting off on a crusade or a pilgrimage. She shrank from owning her beloved secret even to her father, and nothing therefore remained but to plan a clandestine excursion. This was possible only at night. A ramble of the kind however had nothing very alarming for a country girl. The imaginative apprehensions which alone presented themselves to the mind of Jane added to the charm, by enhancing the diguity of her enterprise. Spirits she thought must needs be peculiarly her attendants on the most momentous occasion of her whole life, which had now reached the mature age of eighteen.

The moon was shining in the summer sky when she crept through her chamber-window and sprang lightly on the ground. Had any one seen her, it must have seemed from the excitement of her look and manner under the homeliness of her dark dress, that she was bent on a different kind of meeting from that she really meditated. She traversed the little garden, and went on by well known paths which led her away from the village, and under the shade of hedges and coppices. Rapidly and with beating heart she walked through quiet fields of corn, and began to think that she was now escaping all danger of interruption. In an hour she reached the less cultivated and less populous tract that divided the plain from the upland.—Here she heard from behind her the church clock which she knew so well, striking midnight. The path was no longer familiar to her, but she knew the direction she had to take, and her task increased in seriousness and interest the more completely she appeared engaged in it. The downs arose grim and grey before her, and after exploring for a few minutes, she struck into the path that climbed their sides, and felt that she had entered on a new world. But she began to be a little fatigued, and mounted the hills with less quickness than she crossed the valley. Still she met no human being. The moon was rising above her head and displayed her road, and she thought she perceived the fresh sea-breeze blowing down from the heights upon her face. As she drew nearer and nearer to this aerial summit, which she had so often looked at almost with tears, she could hardly believe the reality of her own happiness. In spite of her weariness, her heart was borne up with wings. She paused for a moment a few yards below the top of the ascent, and then ran headlong on—and stopped.

There lay the sea beneath her, one sheet of indistinct gray and moonshine, with the dark land running off on either side. In the obscurity an angelic vision moved along, with the moon glancing on its white face; it must be—could it be?—a ship! She felt how deep were her own emotions at the aspect of immense and unknown power, though she could not have explained the cause. The excitement of her mind did not fail after its first rise, but varied and prolonged itself during her minuter examination of all that lay before her. The moonbeams shifted slowly as the lumination journeyed on and stooped towards the horizon. Here and there the stars were faintly reflected in the gauze-veiled mirror. The ship passed on in silent ghostliness, and disappeared, while the weak murmer of the waters of the waters on the shore beneath came to her as if whispering a secret which she vainly strained her ear to catch. She stood charmed to the spot, until the first glimpses of the early dawn began to mingle with the gleams of night. And now she drank in with insatiable thirst each moment of the great unfolding vision. The brightening clouds—the strengthening breeze—the cold sad sparkling of the sea under the eye of day—the coloring of the landscape, and the starting into clearness of many vessels—all these were memorable events to Jane. But the weariness of the body and the exhaustion of the over-excited mind, compelled her to rest, and by the increasing light she saw a few yards beneath her a small hollow in the hill, marked by an old thorn tree which shaded a few large stones. On one of them she sat

and watched the scene before her, till in spite of her efforts, her eyes closed against the light, and her head drooped sideways against the bank.

CHAPTER II.

Jane had lost all consciousness, and was recalled from sleep only by a voice at which she started, and the first object that caught her eyes was a young man who stood before her with the broad sunshine streaming like a glory round his face, and with a figure so graceful and an attitude of surprise so lively, that Jane in the midst of her fear, could not but think him the most beautiful object she had ever seen. It was a young sailor, who had taken off his hat to enjoy the air while climbing up the steep cliffs, and whose exclamation on seeing the sleeping girl had disturbed the dreams of her native village and her cottage hearth.

"No offence, I hope, young woman: but I could not help calling out when I found you here, where I expected only the old thorn tree."

"Oh, no," she answered, "it is my fault—that is, I believe I have been asleep, and it is very wrong."

"Well, I do not see much harm, unless you had fallen asleep when it was your watch on deck, and you're hardly a sailor yet. But if I may make so bold, it must be something out of the way that brings you here at this hour of the morning. The sun is not above half an hour up. I have been this way pretty well at all hours, and never found any one here yet but an old shepherd, andperhaps sometimes of an evening a pair of sweethearts; and you are none of the neighbors—I know them young and old for three miles round."

Then came the explanation of Jane's adventure; and in telling it slightly as she did, there was to her own feelings a strain of extravagance in it, which she had never perceived until now, when she was compelled to speak of it. The stranger was full of wonder, but he thought, from her look and manner, she must be telling the truth. His determination to find out how this was gained strength perhaps from his sense of her personal charms; for the rounded active figure and the soft face, with her bright eyes, and long pale hair curling from under her bonnet, were not lost on one who in his voyages had seen many a pretty maiden, but never a prettier than Jane Martin. He immediately proposed, as he had no business that could not wait, to take care of her back to her father's.—She refused with a deep blush and a downcast look; and wished a good morning, had turned to go, but her steps faltered partly doubtless from fatigue. In a moment the young sailor was at her side, and insisted that she was too weak to return without his help. The arrangement was soon made; and at four o'clock in the morning the pair set off on their walk, which according to Jane's design ought to have ended about the same hour.

The road however was now down hill. She had succeeded in the greatest aim she had ever conceived, and her companion's arm was of much assistance. Jane discovered in the first half hour of their acquaintance, that he was the son of a fisherman's widow living in a cottage at the foot of the cliff. He had early gone to sea, and now at the age of twenty-two, had risen to be second mate of a merchantman in which he had made a voyage to the Mediteranean. He had been on returning to England on a visit to his mother, and had set out that morning to walk across the country to Southport, where he hoped again to obtain employment, and perhaps a better situation than his last.—After several other questions and replies, 'how,' she said, 'do you pass the hours when there is nothing to be done in the ship?"

"I read or sing, or think of my friends at home; and I fancy that some day or other there may be some one on shore, younger and prettier than my poor mother, who may remember me when I am away, as I should remember her."

If Jane had been a lady she would hardly have answered,—"Well, when I have nothing to do, I mostly think of the sea, and how men pass their lives upon it, and what sights they have to look at."

"And all this though you have no friend a sailor—no brother or cousin, or lad that you used to play with when you were both children?"

She blushed, and said, "No.—no one. My mother's father was a sailor, and I have read of many more in books, but I never saw one to speak to before."

"And have you never thought if you would like to have a friend who had made many a voyage? Would it not be pleasant to be able to fancy that one you knew was on the wide waves, and thinking of you while you would be remembering him?—some one whose return you would look for, and who would bring you new stories every trip of all he had fallen in with, and perhaps some pretty trifles, and gowns and lace from foreign parts?"

It was with a low deep longing voice that she answered,—"Oh, that would be too much happiness!" Then she hung her head and hid her face from him, but leaned the more clinging on his arm. In truth she was almost overpowered by fatigue and want of sleep, and they were now at last within a stone's-throw of her father's door. She turned from the lane they were walking in, and passed over a stile into one of his fields; and when they reached the orchard behind the cottage she begged William to remain at its little gate while she went forward, for she did not know in what state she might find her father on account of her absence. He remained leaning on the gate for a few seconds till startled by a woman's scream, when he hurried in, and pushing through a passage which contained three or four persons, all in confusion, he found himself in the old man's bedroom. There were several neighbors round the bed, on which he lay apparently insensible, and Jane stood supporting herself by one of the bedposts, and with her eyes fixed on his face. William went to her side, and saw the closed eyes gradually open, and the father began to see. The first objects he beheld were his daughter, and the young man standing by her in his sailor's dress. He looked at them long and sadly, and at last muttered, "I was sure it would be so."

Jane now begged that she might be left alone with her father, who was used to her attendance, and specially requested William, as he was a stranger, to stay in the outer-room till she could go and speak to him. Reluctantly, and shaking their heads, the neighbours went away.—The father was still very feeble, and it was only after long delay, broken by floods of tears from her, that she could communicate to him the story of her own proceedings, and could learn what he had to tell. On getting up, and not finding her in the house, he had hurried about his own premises; and still missing her, had alarmed the neighbours nearest him, and sent in different directions to look for her. But on two or three of the messengers returning without any tidings, he had fainted away, and a crowd had gathered round him, as he lay on his bed, the moment before Jane arrived. In an hour he felt sufficiently strong to rise; and he and his daughter went to rejoin the sailor, and offered him breakfast, of which they partook with him. But his fresh and lively look was very different from the stern sadness of the father, and from Jane's deep and confused dejection. He was not, however, discouraged from speaking, nor she from listening. Even the old man relaxed into civility before he took his leave.

It was not many days till he came again, and Jane soon learned that he had put off his journey to Southport. Thenceforth they met frequently; and in the summer evenings he was seen walking about the quiet country lanes with Jane leaning on his arm. It was, therefore, no surprise to the village, when the banns were read in the church for the marriage of Jane Martin and William Laurence. With slow gestures and thoughtful eyes her father gave her to her husband. They returned to live with him; and, in the first glad flush of their love, the old man died. His death was a shock to Jane, but not a lasting grief. She loved William too fully and entirely to feel any gap in her life while she possessed him; and though she would have been ready to toil for her father's comfort, had he lived, his death was far from overpowering her. Nay—though it is a severe truth—she felt relieved from his silent forebodings, and seemed to belong more entirely to William, now that all other claims on her had ceased.

Not long after this William's mother was taken ill, and he was sent for to see her. She died before his return, and both were now deprived of all they had much loved beyond each other. In a few weeks it became necessary for William to go again to his former home, in order to sell the furniture and let the cottage, and Jane proposed to accompany him. She rejoiced in the thought of again seeing the place where they had first met, and of knowing more fam[illegible]y that ocean which she had obtained so insufficient a glimpse of. They went thither, and took up their abode in the sea-side cottage. All about it spoke of maritime occupation. The house was partly constructed of wreck. The paling around the puny garden was of the broken and pitchy boarding of boats, and the shingle lay driven in barren heaps against it. Within a stone's-throw two or three fishing boats were drawn up on the beach, and the children of the fishers' families played along the shore. Within the cottage there was great want of many of the inland comforts Jane had been used to, but there were a few articles of transmarine curiosity, brought home by William, such as uncut coral and pinkhearted shells.

Through the greater part of the day the husband and wife were busy in their household affairs, examining and arranging their new possessions. But in the evening they felt themselves more at liberty, and they strolled together along the shore. Jane knew not what it was that attracted her, but she had an obscure notion of a wonderful and friendly power in the sea, as if its movements had been the beatings of a mighty paternal breast on which she could lay her head. She walked along the outermost line of foam, and every wave that broke delighted her, while at intervals she turned and stood, and looked over the waters with vague but deep emotion. A child who has been gazing at a lovely star till he almost fancies it his his own, would not be more gratified by seeing it suddenly drop from the skies into his lap.

"Jane," said William, "you seem as much pleased as a child with a new toy; yet the sea is not to be joked with. Though there is only a little ripple on it now, I have seen a swell that frightened the best seaman on board; and many a hundred—ay, many a thousand ships, with all their crews, have gone to the bottom, smooth as you may think it atop. I must tell you some stories of shipwrecks, that you may not fancy it all plain sailing, and may be willing to go back home, away faom the surf."

"You need not," said Jane; "I heard plenty such stories from my mother, and I have not forgotten one of them. Besides, the woman with the green hair, who appeared to my grandfather, is dreadful enough."

"The woman with the green hair!" said William suddenly. "Who saw that? who told you of it?"

"My grandfather saw it twice, and my mother told me of it. He used to make voyages to Holland and Germany, I think, for I remember my mother showing me the places in our old map. Once he had not long left the port, somewhere abroad, when the fog began to thicken round him, and the wind, at the same time, to rise. The sailors wanted him to turn back, but he would not, for he was a very bold and obstinate man. The weather grew worse and worse; and at last, when he had just refused the advice of all on board to go back into harbour, he saw a figure rise out of the water on the side nearest the wind, and float in the air against the fog, close to the mast. She put out her hands, as if to push him and his ship back, and he noticed her so well that he could describe her as he could any of his friends. She was young and hadsome, in a long grey dress, with pale green hair hanging down over her neck. My grandfather would not heed, and that night his ship was dashed upon the shore, and he lost every thing he had; all his crew were drowned, and he was thrown upon the beach himself, almost a corpse."

"Well," said William, "was that all? did he ever see her again?"

"Yes. For some years after this he made successful voyages, and he spoke to his family of the sight he had seen as of something strange and remarkable, but not as if it had been of any real importance. My mother had heard him describe the figure so often, that she said she felt as if she had seen it herself. After she had been married for some months, she went with her husband to pay her father a visit, before she should sail on what he intended should be his last voyage. He had laid out most of his property in a cargo for the vessel, and expected to make a great deal of money by it. The evening before he was to sail, he was returning from the harbour to the house he lived in, a mile or two out of Southport. The way lay along the sea-side, and it was a beautiful summer evening, with a slight sunny mist spread over the water. After he had got clear of the town, he turned round to look at the masts of his ship,

which were plain enough to be seen, and he noticed an odd movement, with some faint lines in the sunshine, above the water. It grew clearer and clearer, till he saw that it was the woman with the green hair. He could have thought it an hour since he last saw her, so exactly was she the same, except that now a weak yellow brightness from the sun fell over her grey dress and pale green hair. She waved her hand and looked at him, so that he understood well enough that she warned him not to go back to the ship. At first, he owned, he was dreadfully frightened, but as she did not cease her warnings, he turned his head from her and proceeded on his way. He did not dare to look back again till he had struck into a path that led down a hollow, so that the sea was hidden from him. There was then no appearance of the figure. He came home much changed in his manner, and his face and voice were very sad when he told his wife and daughter what had happened to him. But he could not afford to give up his voyage; and, besides, he would not have borne to be laughed at by his friends, as he must have been had he staid on shore for such a reason."

"And what came of it?"

"My mother never saw him after the next morning, when he went to sea. He was washed overboard and drowned before the eyes of his crew. I was born three or four months after, and my mother was so affected by her loss, and by the story of the greenhaired woman, that she thought the impression made on her had given me the same kind of features and look as those of the appearance described by my grandfather. My hair, indeed, has never that I know of been green."

William was long silent, and at least he said, "Jane, I must tell you what I am thinking of. I heard this story told by an old sailor of Southport who said he had sailed in the ship, the master of which was lost as you have just related, though I had no notion that he was your grandfather. But I have seen the green-haired woman twice myself. I was in the Mediterranean, and was the mate keeping watch on deck. The night was cloudy, but every now and then we had a good glimpse of moonshine. The moon however was hidden when I happened to be looking towards the larboard bow, and I saw, right abreast of the foremast, hanging against the clouds, the sort of figure you spoke of, with her green hair falling about her. Her body and dress seemed much the colour of the clouds behind, so that I could not make out her shape, but just then a flash of moonshine came, and I saw her as plain as I see you. She seemed, as you said to be signing to us to change our course. I called one of the seamen to try if he could notice any thing in the direction in which I saw her, but at the moment of his turning his head she disappeared. I tried to think no more of it, and an hour after a Greek pirate came up and boarded us with a dozen men; we had to fight for it hand to hand, and lost three lives before we got rid of the scoundrels, and I got a wound in my shoulder that I feel even yet. Now it is strange that the course the figure signed to us to steer, as we found the next day, would have taken us clear away from the pirrate into the midst of the British squadron of men-of-war. But there is something more curious than this. You say your mother thought you had taken after the build of the figure from her hearing it spoken of by her father; now when I saw you the first time that morning up yonder at the lover's seat, the first thing that struck me was —Well that girl is the likest I ever saw to the green-haired woman. Your hair even had a little greenish look, though that perhaps was from the shade of the old thorn-tree above you. I have never since been able to get it out of my head that you and she are somehow sisters, though I never saw two sisters so much alike.

Jane laughed, not very heartily, and owned it was strange that he as well as her mother should have noticed the likeness. "But you spoke," she said, "of seeing this figure twice. How did it happen the second time?"

"Oh! that was much less remarkable. My old captain made my fortune by promoting me to be a mate, and getting me some education.—Soon afterwards he gave up the ship, and as he was walking home from the town. I went half-a-mile or so with him to bid him good by; I was thanking him for his kindness, when he said he wanted no thanks, but he would be glad if I would promise him one thing, and this was, that of ever by any chance he went to sea again, I would sail with him. I was looking up in his face, and was saying, Yes; when I saw over his shoulder, above a clump of trees on the top of the down where it looks along the sea the same figure of the green-haired woman. I was bright sunshine, and I saw her quite plainly. She was frowning and making signs to me as if to prevent me from promising; but I was not to be stopped so easily, and I gave the old man my word I would go with him immediately on his letting me know, unless I should have taken a berth in another ship beforehand."

"And would you go now, that you are married?"

"To be sure I would — I must. Why, what harm should happen to you when I am away? And we should be all the better pleased with each other on my return after a four or five months voyage. But I don't think there is much chance of it, for the old man has made his fortune and is not likely to spend it."

Chapter III.

The husband and wife returned in a few days from the sea-coast to their inland farm, and time passed on quietly with them until their son was born. Young Richard, for so he was named after his maternal grandfather, was a new happiness to both the parents. William too had grown tolerably familiar with rural occupations, and was pleased with the cultivation of his land. It was now again midsummer, and the village with its fields and trees looked as beautiful as when Jane set out on her first expedition to the sea. But how different were now her feelings! It seemed to her as if in some mysterious way she had in William married the sea itself, and her restless fancies were all quieted. But this calm was not to last. It was a bright July evening, and William had come in from the fields, and was sitting down to his meal with his wife, who was preparing the table, while he danced the child upon his knee, when the postman came to the door with a letter, which from the rarity of the occurrence startled them as if it had been a gunshot fired into the room. The father turned pale when he saw the handwriting, and laid the child on the floor. It was as he expected a letter from his old captain, saying that he had lost his fortune by an unsuccessful speculation, and was now about to embark again on a voyage to Brazil, in which he claimed William's promised help as chief mate of the ship. He saw at once that he must go. Jane spent the evening and most of the night in weeping, while he endeavored to explain to her his wishes as to her mode of life in his absence, and the measures she should take for the management of the farm, which with her active rural habits did not promise to be a very difficult business. The next morning at day-break, he started from Meadham on his way to Southport, and Jane and her child were left to cheer each other as they might.

The autumn and winter passed on, and with the spring she had the hope of again seeing her husband. But not so was it to be. The spring brightened into summer, but William came not with the leaves and crops. The summer advanced to maturity, but the husband of Jane did not come to reap his harvest. She could no longer endure the sight of Meadham, and as the sea-side cottage was now again untenanted, she resolved to remove thither, as if in being nearer the sea she should be nearer to William. She entrusted her farm to a laborer on whom she could rely, and went with her child to live upon the strange and inhospitable shore. For some weeks she would spend hours in looking over the sea and watching every vessel; but she grew weary of this habit, and devoted herself to her son. He was growing into a vigorous and lively child, and his likeness to his father perpetually reminded her of the husband she had lost. Her talk with the boy related almost entirely to the life and exploits of seamen, and she seemed to devote him from his infancy to the task of one day following and recovering his parent. Nothing gave her so much pleasure as to see him mingle with the fishermen and their children, and so partly prepare himself for his future life. Once indeed she returned to Meadham for a few days, in order to arrange the affairs of the farm, and took Richard with her. But the delight with which he beheld the inland cultivation, the large trees, the green and yellow fields, and the comparative comfort and spaciousness of the farm-house, so alarmed his mother, that she never let him return there for more than a few hours. Gradually he came to consider the sea as his inevitable destination, and to share in her superstition that if he but sailed on a distant voyage, he could not fail to find his father. He was about eight years old when he begged to be allowed to accompany one of the fishermen in his voyage to Southport, where was the market for his fish, and back to the fishing village—an expedition which would last in all probability only a day. He departed in all the joyousness of childhood, and his mother who had clothed him in a new dress like that of a full-grown seaman and not like that of a fisherman, saw the boat set sail with her son on board, as happily as if he had been going to his wedding. But while her eyes were still fixed on it, and before it had gained twenty yards from the beach, she discovered, sitting beside the mast, and as it were pushing the child towards the land, the grey figure of a woman with long green hair. She could not be mistaken; it was distinctly visible against the dark red sail; Jane sank back on the shingle, pointing towards it with her outstretched hand. After a long delay, she found strength to regain her home, and spent the whole day at the window which overlooked the sea, with her eyes fixed on the point of the head-land round which the fishing boat would first come in sight.

It was a clear and glowing evening close upon sunset, when the dark sail crept into view, and looked a spot of blood in the bright and glassy expanse lighted up by the sun, now setting behind the down from which Jane had first beheld the sea. She now watched the boat that bore her only child—she hardly observed any of the other sails that glided over the waters, most of them at a greater distance than the one she eyed so fixedly. Among those was a square riggid vessel coming from the north into the bay, with coals for the neighboring population, and pressing on, anxious to save the tide for unloading, so as to leave the unprotected beach on the following morning. Jane knew nothing of this but as she continued to observe the boat while it drew on, and the ship advanced in a converging line, and both were hardly now more than a mile away from her, by some mismanagement on both sides, the boat was run down. It upset on the instant, and Jane could distinguish one of the two men who were in it clinging to a rope flung from the ship.—What became of the other lives she could not see. But for her the event was enough. Connected with her husband's history, and the appearance in the morning, the accident spoke plainly to her mind. After the first horror, she sat motionless with stiffened eyes, till the ship took the ground, when perhaps with some miserable revival of hope, she ran out of the house towards it. The first person she met was the rescued fisherman, who shook his head and dropped his hand before she reached him. She sat down on the beach, stooped her forehead on her knees, and asked him no questions. Before an hour some of the neighbouring women had gathered round her, At last one of them ventured to address her, and taking courage from her silence, lifted her up in her arms; she made no resistance, but walked quickly to her home. Only on their attempting to lay her on the bed she turned fiercely away, and sat down at the window from which he had witnessed the destruction of the boat.

The women found they could make no change in her determination, for she only answered them by requests that they would leave her to herself. They at last complied, and she remained alone at her open lattice in the deepening twilight. Through it was to be seen the line of coast to the right, with the black ship lying at a quarter of a mile from her, beset with men and wagons engaged in unloading the coals. The shore beyond stretched away in a dark line terminated by the headland, round which she had seen the boat disappear in the morning, and again return scarcely two hours ago; she fixed her eyes upon the water between this promontory and her, and saw them far in the night gradually brighten beneath the moon. It was after midnight when she discerned, in this trembling radiance, a hazy speck hovering above the waves; and as she gazed more earnestly, it became the woman with the preter, human hair, who was again distinctly marked, and looking mournfully at her. A dark mass seemed rolling before her in the water, and as she and it drew close to the shore, the expression of the sea-woman's face became so piteous, that Jane got up and went to the edge of the water, where driven at that instant on the shingle lay the body of her son. She lifted

it from the waves, and sat down on the beach with the cold and heavy corps upon her knees: it was dressed in the new blue clothes which she had made for him with so much pleasure after the model of those worn by his father.—The water from them covered her with moisture, over which at last the warm tears fell down, while she felt the dead unresisting limbs, and looked on the pale face and staring eyes.—The dark brown hair still hung about the forehead, dripping with the brine, and showing none of the curls which she had so often handled.—All else seemed changed, but by long gazing she could still recognise, in the moonshine, the fair boyish features and lips that never more would smile on her. She could not bear the horny stare of the eyes, and she gently closed the lids before she lifted the body, and walked with it to her home. When there, she called for no help of her neighbours, but laid it on the little grass-plot, while she went and struck a light. She again lifted the burden and laid it on her own bed, in which her boy had always slept. She took off the clothes, washed away the sand and salt, stretched him as if in sleep where he had been used to lie, and then threw herself beside the senseless clay, and pressed it to her bosom. Passionate grief, and floods of tears followed, and then again she lay exhausted and helpless, till her returning strength broke out anew in bursts of misery; at last she was motionless as the corpse itself, and almost equally lifeless. And while in this state, with her moveless arms hanging round the body, a stranger, in the first grey of the dawn, entered the house, the door of which was unfastened, and saw by the sickly expiring light the spectacle of the mother and her dead child. At first he started and shuddered, but soon began to gaze steadily on the pair, till gathering conviction, he exclaimed, "Jane, Jane, can this be you?"

She raised herself slowly and silently in the bed from beside her child, and looked at the speaker. A minute passed before she cried aloud, "William, I have killed our boy." It was indeed William, returned a broken and haggard man. They spent the following hours in such melancholy talk as became their condition. Jane learned that her husband's vessel had been wrecked on the coast of South America; that he and one or two others had escaped, but had been long detained in the interior, partly among the Indians; had made several unsuccessful attempts to reach Europe, and only now, after eight years' absence, had arrived in England in a vessel from Monte Video. He had landed at Southport, and hastened to the fishing village, which was hardly out of his road to Meadham, and where he expected to hear some intelligence of his wife and child.

The corpse was borne in its coffin on the shoulders of the fisherman along the path to Meadham, for the cart-road went many miles round. William and Jane walked together behind the bearers up the down, and passed the lover's seat where they had first met, and along the whole track on which that summer morning she had been supported by his arm while returning to her father's house. His hair was now grey, but here was white as snow.

INVENTION OF THE ARABIANS.

A great number of the inventions which, at the present day, add to the comforts of life, and without which literature could never have flourished, are due to the Arabians. Thus, paper, now so necessary to the progress of the intellect, the want of which plunged Europe, from the seventh to the tenth century, into such a state of ignorance and barbarianism, is an Arabic invention. In China, indeed from all antiquity, it had been manufactured from silk; but about the year 30 of the Hegira, A. D. 649 this invention was introduced at Samarcand; and when that flourishing city was conquered by the Arabians, in the year 35 of the Hegira, an Arabian, of the name of Joseph Amton, carried the process by which paper was made to Mecca his native city. He employed cotton in the manufacture; and the first paper, nearly resembling that which we now use, was made in the year 88 of the Hegira, A. D. 706. This invention spread with rapidity throughout all the dominions of the Arabians, and more especially in Spain, where the town of Satova, in the kingdom of Valencia, now called Tan-Philippo, was renowned from the twelfth century for its beautiful manufacture of paper.

It appears that, at this time, the Spaniards had substituted, in the fabrication of paper, flax, which grew abundantly with them, for cotton, which was far more scarce and dear. It was not until the end of the 13th century that, at the instance of Alfonso X., king of Castile paper-mills were established in the Christain states of Spain, from whence the invention passed, in the fourteenth century, only to Travisa and Padua.

Gunpowder, the discovery of which is generally attributed to a German chemist, was known to the Arabians at least a century before any traces of it appear in the European historians. In the 13th century it was frequently employed by the Moors in their wars in Spain, and some indications remain of its having been known in the eleventh century.

The compass, also, the invention of which has been given, alternately, to the Italians and the French, in the thirteenth century, was already known to the Arabians in the eleventh.—The Geographer of Nubia, who wrote in the twelfth century, speaks of it as an instrument universally employed.

The numerals which we call Arabic, but which perhaps, ought rather to be called Indian, were undoubtedly, at least, communicated to us by the Arabians. Without them, none of the sciences in which calculation is employed could have been carried to the point at which they have arrived in our day, and which the great mathematicians and astronomers, amongst the Arabians, very nearly approached.

The number of Arabic inventions, of which we enjoy the benefit without suspecting it, is prodiguous. But they have been introduced into Europe, in every direction, slowly and imperceptibly; for those who imported them did not arrogate to themselves the discovery, but acknowledged that they had seen them practiced in the East. It is peculiarly characteristic of all the pretended discoveries of the middle ages that when the historian mention them for the first time, they treat them as things in general use. Neither gun powder, nor the compass, nor the Arabic numeralz, nor paper, are any where spoken of as discoveries, and yet they must have wrought a total change in war, in navigation, in science, and in education. It cannot be doubted but that the inventor, if he had lived at that time, would have had sufficient vanity to claim so important a discovery. Since that was not the case, it may reasonably be presumed that these inventions were slowly imported by obscure individuals, and not by men of genius, and that they were brought from a country where they were already universally known.

Such, then, was the brilliant light which literature displayed, from the ninth to the fourteenth century of our era, in those vast countries which had submitted to the yoke of Islamism. Many melancholy reflections arise when we enumerate the long list of names which, though unknown to us, were then so illustrious, and of manuscripts buried in dusty libraries, which yet, in their time, exercised a powerful influence over the human intellect. What remains of so much glory? Not more than five or six individuals are in a situation to take advantage of the manuscript treasures which was enclosed in the library of the Escurial. A few hundreds of men only, dispersed throughout all Europe, have qualified themselves, by obstinate application, to explore the rich mines of oriental literature. These scholars with difficulty obtain a few rare and obscure manuscripts; but they are unable to advance far enough to form a judgment of the whole scope of that literature of which they have so partial a knowledge.

But the boundless regions where Islamism reigned, and still continues to reign, are now dead to the interests of science. The rich countries of Fez and Morocco, illustrious, five centuries, by the number of their academies, their universities, and their libraries, are now only deserts of burning sand, which the human tyrant disputes with the beasts of prey.

The smiling and fertile shores of Mauritania, where commerce, arts and agriculture attained their highest prosperity, are now the retreats of corsairs, who spread horror over the seas, and who only relax from their labours in shameful debaucheries, until the plague periodically comes to select its victims from among them, and to avenge offended humanity. Egypt has, by degrees, been swallowed up by the sands which formerly fertilized it. Syria and Palestine are desolated by the wandering Bedouins, less terrible still than the pacha who oppresses them. Bagdat, formerly the residence of luxury, of power, and of knowledge, is a heap of ruins. The celebrated universities of Cufa and Bassora are extinct. Those of Samarcand and Balhk share in the destruction. In this immense extent of territory, twice or thrice as large as Europe, nothing is found but ignorance, slavery, terror, and death. Few men are capable of reading the works of their illustrious ancestors; and of the few who could comprehend them, none are able to procure them. The prodiguous literary riches of the Arabians and the Mussulmans rule. It is not there that we must seek, either for the fame of their great men, or for their writings. What have been preserved are in the hands of their enemies, in the convents of the monks, or in the royal libraries of Europe. And yet these vast countries have not been conquered. It is not the stranger who has despoiled them of their riches, who has annihilated their population, and destroyed their laws, their manners and their national spirit. The poison was their own; it was administered by themselves, and the result has been their own destruction.

Who may say that Europe itself, whither the empire of letters and of science has been transported; which sheds so brilliant a light; which forms so correct a judgment of the past, and which compares so well the successive reigns of the literature and the manners of antiquity shall not, in a few years, become as wild and deserted as the hills of Mauritania, the sands of Eygpt, and the valleys of Anatolia? Who may say, that in some new land, perhaps in those lofty regions whence the Oronoco and the river of the Amazons have their source, or perhaps, in the impregnable mountain fastneses of New Holland, nations with other manners, other languages, other thoughts, and other religions, shall not arise, once more to renew the human race, and to study the past as we have studied it; nations who hearing of our existence, that our knowledge was as extensive as their own, and that we, like themselves, placed our trust in the stability of fame, shall pity our impotent efforts, and recall the names of Newton, of Racine, and of Tosso, as examples of the vain strugglers of man to snatch that immortality of glory, which fate has refused to bestow?—*Sismondi.*

From Sketches by Boz.

A VISIT TO NEWGATE.

The Condemned Cell.—We entered the first cell. It was a stone dungeon, eight feet long by six wide, with a bench at the further end, under which were a common horse-rug, a bible and prayer book. An iron candlestick was fixed into the wall at the side; and a small high window in the back admitted as much air and light as could struggle in between a double row of heavy, crossed iron bars. It contained no other furniture of any description.

Conceive the situation of a man, spending his last night on earth in this cell. Buoyed up with some vague and undefined hope of reprieve, he knew not why—indulging in some wild and visionary idea of escaping, he knew not how—hour after hour of the three preceding days allowed him for preparation, has fled with a speed which no man living would deem possible, for none but this dying man now. He has wearied his friends with entreaties, exhausted the attendants with importunities, neglected in his feverish restlessness the timely warnings of his spiritual consoler; and now that the illusion is at last dispelled, now that eternity is before him and guilt behind, now that his fears of death amount almost to madness, and an overwhelming sense of his helpless, hopeless state rushes upon him, he is lost and stupified, and has neither thoughts to turn to, nor power to call upon the Almighty Being, from whom alone he can seek mercy and forgiveness, and before whom his repentance can alone avail.

Hours have glided by, and still he sits upon the same stone bench with folded arms, heedless alike of the fast decreasing time before him, and the urgent entreaties of the good man at his side. The feeble light is wasting gradually, and the death-like stillness of the street without, broken only by the rumbling of some passing vehicle which echoes mournfully through the empty yards, warns him that the night is waning fast away. The deep bell of St. Paul's strikes—one! He heard it; it has roused him. Seven hours left! He paces the narrow limits of his cell with rapid strides, cold drops of terror starting on his forehead, and every muscle of

his frame quivering with agony. Seven hours! He suffers himself to be led to his seat, mechanically takes the bible which is placed in his hand, and tries to read and listen. No: his thoughts will wander. The book is torn and soiled by use—how like the book he read his lessons in at school just forty years ago! He has never bestowed a thought upon it since: and yet the place, the time, the room—nay, the very boys he played with, crowd as vividly before him as if they were scenes of yesterday; and some forgotten phrase, some childish word of kindness, rings in his ears like the echo of one uttered but a minute since. The deep voice of the clergyman recalls him to himself. He is reading from the sacred book its solemn promises of pardon for repentance, and its awful denunciation of obdurate men. He falls upon his knees and clasps his hands to pray. Hush! what sound is that? He starts upon his feet.—It cannot be two yet. Hark! two quarters have struck;—the third—the fourth. It is! Six hours left. Tell him not of repentance. Six hours' repentance for eight times six years of guilt and sin! He buries his face in his hands, and throws himself on the bench.

Worn with watching and excitement, he sleeps, and the same unsettled state of mind pursues him in his dreams. An insupportable load is taken from his breast; he is walking with his wife in a pleasant field, with the bright blue sky above them, and a fresh and boundless prospect on every side—how different from the stone walls of Newgate! She is looking—not as she did when he saw her for the last time in that dreadful place, but as she used when he loved her—long, long ago, before misery and ill-treatment had altered her looks, and vice had changed his nature, and she is leaning upon his face with tenderness and affection—and he does *not* strike her now, nor rudely shake her from him. And oh! how glad he is to tell her he had forgotten in that last hurried interview, and to fall on his knees before her and fervently beseech her pardon for all the unkindness and cruelty that wasted her form and broke her heart! The scene suddenly changes. He is on trial again: there are the judge and jury, and prosecutors, and witnesses, just as they were before. How full the court is—what a sea of heads—with a gallows, too, and a scaffold—and how all those people stare at *him!* Verdict, "Guilty." No matter, he will escape.

The night is dark and cold, the gates have been left open, and in an instanthe is in the street, flying from the scene of his imprisonment like the wind. The streets are cleared, the open fields are gained, and the broad wide country lies before him. Onward he dashes in the midst of darkness, over hedge and ditch, through mud and pool, bounding from spot to spot with a speed and lightness astonishing even to himself. At length he pauses; he must be safe from pursuit now; he will stretch himself on that bank and sleep till sunrise.

A period of unconsciousness succeeds. He wakes cold and wretched; the dull grey light of morning is stealing into the cell, and falls upon the form of the attendant turnkey. Confused by his dreams, he starts from his uneasy bed in momentary uncertainty. It is but momentary. Every object in that narrow cell is too frightfully real to admit of doubt or mistake. He is the condemned felon again, guilty and dispairing; and in two hours more he is a corpse.

WHEATON AND THE PANTHER.

Ben Wheaton was one of the first settlers on the waters of the Susquehanna, immediately after the war, a rough, uncultivated and primitive man. As many others of the same stamp and character, he subsisted chiefly by hunting, cultivating the land but sparingly, and in this way raised a numerous family amid the woods and in a half starved condition and comparative nakedness. But as the Susquehanna country rapidly increased in population, the hunting grounds of Wheaton were encroached upon; so that a chance with the smooth bore, among the deer and bears was greatly lessened. On this account Wheaton removed from the Susquehanna country, in Otsego county, to the more unsettled wilds of the Delaware, near a place yet known by the appellation of *Wait's Settlement*, where game was more plenty. The distance from where he made his home in the woods, through to the Susquehanna, was about fifteen miles, and was one continued wilderness at that time. Through these woods this almost aboriginal hunter was often compelled to pass to the Susquehanna, for various necessaries, and among the rest no small quantity of whiskey, as he was of very intemperate habits. On one of these visits, in the midst of summer, with his smooth bore on his shoulder, knife, hatchet, &c. in their proper place, he had nearly penetrated the distance, when he became weary, and having come to the summit of a ridge (sometime in the afternoon) which overlooks the vale of the Susquehanna, he selected a convenient place in the shade, as it was hot, for the rays of the sun from the west poured his sultry influence through all the forest, where he lay down to rest awhile among the leaves, after having taken a drink from his pint bottle of green glass, and a mouthful of cold Johnnycake from his pocket.

In this situation he was soothed to drowsiness by the hum of insects, and the monotony of the passing winds among the foliage around him, when he soon unwarily fell asleep with his gun folded in his arms. But after a while he awoke from his sleep, and for a moment or two still lay in the same position, as it happened, without stirring, when he found that something had taken place while he had slept, which had situated him somewhat differently from the manner in which he first went to sleep. On reflecting a moment, he found he was entirely covered, head and ears, with leaves and light stuff, occasioned as he now supposed, either by the sudden blowing of the wind, or by some wild animal. On which account he became a little disturbed in his mind, as he well knew the manners of the panther at that season of the year, when it hunts to support its young, and will often cover its prey with leaves and bring its whelps to the banquet. He therefore continued to lie perfectly still, as when he first awoke; he thought he heard the step of some kind of heavy animal near him; and knowing that if it were a panther, the distance between himself and death could not be far, if he should attempt to rise up. Accordingly, as he suspected, after having lain still a full minute, he now distinctly heard the retiring tread of the stealthy panther, of which he had no doubt, from his knowledge of the creature's ways. It had taken but a few steps, however, when it again stopped a longer time; still Wheaton continued his silent position, knowing his safety depended much on this. Soon the tread was again heard, farther and farther off, till it entirely died away in the distance; but he still lay motionless a few minutes longer, then he ventured gently and cautiously to raise his head and cast an eye in the direction; the creature, whatever it was, had gone, and he could see nothing. He now rose up with a spring, for his blood had been running from his heart to the extremities, and back again with uncommon velocity, all the while his ears had listened to the steps of the animal on the leaves and brush. He now saw plainly the marks of design among the leaves, and that he had been covered over, and that the paws of some creature had done it.

And if, as he suspected, a panther was the animal, he knew it would soon return to kill him, on which account he made haste to deceive it, and to put himself in a situation to give it a taste of the contents of old *smooth bore*. He now seized upon some pieces of old wood which lay all about, and placed as much as was equal to his own bulk exactly where he had slept, and covered it all over with leaves in the same manner the panther had done, and then sprang to a tree near by, into which he ascended, from whence he had a view a good distance about him, and especially in the direction the creature had gone. Here in the crotch of the tree he stood, with his gun resting across a limb, in the direction of the place where he had been left by the panther, looking sharply as far among the woods as possible, in the direction he expected the creature's return. But he had remained in this condition but a short time, and had barely thrust the ramrod down the barrel of his piece, to be sure the charge was in her, and to examine her priming, and shut down the pan, slowly so that it should not snap and thus make a noise, when his keen Indian eye, for such he had, caught a glimpse of a monstrous panther, leading warily two panther kittens toward her intended supper.

Now matters were hastening to a climax rapidly, when Wheaton or the panther should finish their hunting on the mountains of the Susquehanna, for if old Smooth Bore, should flash in the pan, or miss her aim, the die would be cast, as he could not load again ere her claws would have sundered his heart string in the tree where he was, or if he should but partially wound her, the same must have been his fate. During these thoughts the panther had hid her young under some brush, and had come within some thirty feet of the spot, where she supposed her victim was still sleeping, and seeing all as she left it, dropped down to a crouching position, precisely as a cat, when about to spring on its prey. Now was seen the soul of the panther in its perfection; merging from the recess of nature, hidden by the creature, along the whole nervous system, but resting chiefly in the brain, from whence it glared, in bright horror, from its burning eyes, curled in its strong and vibrating tail, pushed out its sharp white and eliptic fangs, from its broad and powerful paws, ready for glittering, glittered on the points of its uncovered teeth, and smoked in rapid tissues of steam from its red and open jaws, while every hair of its long dun back stood erect in savage joy, denoting that the fatal moment of its leap had come.

Now the horrid nestling of its hinder claws drawn under its belly was heard and the bent ham-strings were seen but a half instant by Wheaton from where he sat in his tree, when the tremendous leap was made. It rose on a long curve into the air of about ten feet in the highest place, and from thence descending, it struck exactly where the breast and bowels of its prey had lain, with a scream too horrible for description, when it tore to atoms the rotten wood, filling for several feet above it, the air with the leaves and light brush, the covering of the deception. But instantly the panther found herself cheated, and seemed to droop a little with disappointment, when however it resumed an erect posture, and surveyed quite around on every side on a horizontal line, in search of its prey, but not discovering it, she cast a furious look aloft among the tops of the trees, when in a moment or two the eyes of Wheaton and the panther had met. Now for another leap, when she dropped for that purpose, but the bullet off, and two buck shot of old smooth bore, were too quick; as he lodged them all exactly in the brain of the savage monster, and stretched her dead on the spot where the hunter had slept but a short time before, in the soundness of a mountain dream.

He had marked the spot where her young were hidden, which, at the report of the gun were frightened and ran up a tree. Wheaton now came down and found the panther to measure, from the end of its nose to the point of its tail, eight feet six inches in length; a creature sufficiently strong to have carried him off on a full run, had he have fallen into its power. He now reloaded and went to the tree where her kittens, or the young panthers were, and soon brought them down from their grapple among the limbs, companions for their conquered and slain parent.

Wheaton dismantled them of their hides, and hastened away, lest some other encounter, before the night should set in, might overtake him, of a similar character, when the disadvantages of darkness might decide the victory in a way more advantageously to the roamers of the forest. Of this feat Ben Wheaton never ceased to boast; reciting it as the most appalling passage of his hunting life. The animal had scented him while asleep, had found him dead as she supposed; intending to give her young a specimen of the manner of their future life, or if this is too much for the mind of a dumb animal, she intended at least to give them a supper.

This circumstance was all that saved his life, or the panther would have leapt upon him at first, and have tore him to pieces, instead of covering him with leaves, as it did, for the sake of her young. The panther is a ferocious and almost untameable animal, whose nature and habits are the same as the cat; except that the natures and powers of this domestic creature, are, in the panther, immensely magnified in strength and voracity. It is in the American forest what the tiger is in Africa and India, a dangerous and savage animal; the terror of all other creatures, as well as of the Indian and the white man.

Religion.—True religion is confined to no sect, to no party, to no country, and to no age: like the dew of heaven, its influence is universal and impartial, and when not opposed by prejudices, its vital principals are to be equally found in the heart of the Catholic and the Protestant, the Jew, and the Mussulman, the Christian divine, and the Indian bramin.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1838.

"*Fireside Education.*"—This is the age for books of utility. The mother who now neglects the proper education of her children, will not do so, because she may not be herself instructed in the important principles involved in "*Fireside Education.*" In addition to the many other works which have been recently issued from the press on this subject, *this*, from the pen of the inimitable "PARLEY," is a mine of itself. No mother—no father—no guardian or teacher of youth should be without it,—for a hundred reasons, some of which we shall urge the moment election is disposed of. The work may be had of D. HOTT, on State-st., to whom we are indebted, as the agent of the Publisher, S. COLMAN, New York, for a copy.

"*The downy Fur!*"—The chilly atmosphere reminds us of the approach of winter. The glove and mantelet are now deemed essential to comfort; and the cape and the muff are already employed to keep warm the swan-like neck and tiny fingers of the ladies. The Otter and the Lynx are fast superceding the Silk Plush and Beaver, and a few weeks will find the ears of all who can afford it, between the genial folds of "*the downy fur.*"

Of this luxury, our friend MOLLEN, under the Methodist Chapel, Buffalo-st., has a rich variety. Of course, the gents. and ladies will visit him, and BUY. See advertisement.

☞ The habit of employing girls in stores is becoming too fashionable. The practice should be discountenanced, except in places visited only by ladies. It violates the natural modesty of the female character, and strips it of that coy reserve which constitutes its chief loveliness. The retirement of the domestic circle, and not the busy walks of commerce, is the legitimate sphere of woman. Take her from that position—where nature placed her—and she loses her *caste*, and endangers her virtue.

"*Statue of Cleopatra.*"—This Statue is too indecent for exhibition in a moral community. It may do to "*show*" in licentious France, or in the purlieus of large cities; but it should be hooted from a community whose minds are not yet moulded to sights grossly obscene. The Statue itself should be abated as a nuisance, and its exhibitor caged as a strolling vagrant.

A New Invention.—We were yesterday shown a very ingenious and simple Invention, called the "*Tide and Current Water Wheel.*" It is the handiwork of a young mechanic of Utica, (F. H. SOUTHWORTH,) and has been favorably spoken of by Dr. NOTT, Professor SILLIMAN and others.

☞ A young Polish Musician named Apolinæri de Kontski, only 12 years of age, is creating quite a sensation in London. He is called by the Parisians 'le petit Paganini'—and has performed at the new palace before Queen Victoria. His performances gave great satisfaction—particularly the execution of pieces of music composed by himself.

As a subline statue manifests its maker's thought, so God's creation displays his mind. But conceive, that while the rude mass is shaped into the lineaments of a man, it grows more and more conscious of the advancing work, so that each new outward line and trait is accompanied by a new and livelier inward sense of the artist's design and, consequently, of his character, and we have a faint image of the scheme, which the history of the world unfolds.

O'Reilly's History of Rochester.—** "The work is full and ample, in all its details, and arranged with much clearness and tact. We can heartily recommend it to the reader, as a succinct history, not only of Rochester, but of Western New York. He will learn, especially, from its pages, what that young town has become, which Capt. Basil Hall described as a place where 'streets started up in the forest of their own accord; as if a great box full of new houses had been sent by steam from New York, and tumbled out on the half-cleared land.' Where he heard the anvils and hammers ringing, and the saws and axes flashing amid the woods, he would now find a noble city of brick and stone, with its spacious and well-paved streets, its numerous steeples rising heavenward, and its inhabitants rejoicing in its deep and well-founded prosperity. When the Great West shall have filled up, and N. York has become a London, what will Rochester—a town which has reached its present estate, not through the aid of immense capitalists, or incorporated companies, but by the integrity of those who, like the city itself, have worked their way up 'from the stump'—what then, we repeat, will Rochester, with its inexhaustible natural resources, become, and what the other noble towns of middle and western New York?"—*Knickerbocker.*

Our Yankee traveller, who saw the live Hoosier, has again written to his mother.

"Western people go their death on etiquette. You can't tell a man here that he lies, as you can down east, without fighting. A few days ago a man was telling two of his neighbors in my hearing a pretty large story. Says I "Stranger, that's a whapper!" Says he, "Lay thare stranger"! And in a twinkling of an eye, I found myself in the ditch, a perfect quadruped, the worse for wear and tear. Upon another occasion, sais I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed him, "That isn't a specimen of your western women, is it? Says he, "You are afraid of the fever and ague, stranger an't you?" "Very much says I" "Well," replied he, "that lady is my wife, and if you don't apologize in two minutes, by the honor of a gentleman, I swear that these two pistoles (which he held cocked in his hands) shall cure you of that disorder entirely—so don't fear, strainger?" So I knelt down and apologized. I admire this western country much; but curse me if I can stand so much etiquette: it always takes me so unawares."—*Chicago Democrat.*

From the Natchez Free Trader.

Singular circumstance.—Mr Brown the overseer of the plantation of Mrs. J. Hunt, in the parish of Concordia, La, about midway between the Mississippi river and the lake St. John, while digging a well, found a rude gun twenty-two feet below the surface of a stiff cane brake, with gum trees growing upon it from three to four feet in diameter. The stock of the rifle is of walnut, has an antique appearance, and the barrel bears in distinct letters, the name of the probable maker, *C. Kline.* There was no lock to be found with the gun.

There would seem to be no way on earth to account for the finding of a rifle so deep beneath the surface of the hard ground, and at such a distance from either the river or the lake, but on the supposition that the channel of the Mississippi was once in that spot—that the rifle was dropped and sunk in the stream, and that a change in the bed of the river filled up the old channel, and imbedded the rifle in the shore.

The only difficulty in the solution is to account for the length of time necessary to effect so great a change. In what year was the German rifle invented? How long ago could it have been possible for an Indian or French hunter to have had such a rifle upon the waters of the Mississippi? How many years would have been required in accumulating the soil 22 feet in depth, with gum trees of such size on its surface?

These are questions for the antiquarian as well as the geologist to answer.

☞ A country merchant wishing to be affable and sociable to his lady customer, as all merchants should be, inquired if the people in her neighbourhood had got the Mulberry fever? "No," she replied, she "knew of no one who had the *mulberry* fever, but there were very many afflicted with the *dysentery.*—*Buff. Jou.*

We paint our lives in fresco. The soft and fusile plaster of the moment hardens under every stroke of the brush into eternal rock.

To remove panes of Glass.—Put soft soap on the putty for a few hours, the putty becomes as soft as though it had been put on a minute before, though the putty was before as hard as a stone.

This is "soft soaping" to some purpose.

YANKEEISMS.—[From Bell's Life in London.]—*Extraordinary Hunger.*—A gentleman, who had eaten nothing for two-and-thirty days, happening to descry a dinner-table laid out for a party of huntsmen, actually walked into a leg of mutton, and has not been heard of since!

The Last Case but One.—A very absent-minded carpenter, being desired to fit new legs on a somewhat decayed chair, by a strange coincidence set his own thereon, and made a new pair for himself; never awaking to a sense of his error till the crazy piece of furniture sneezed, opened the door, and walked quietly and deliberately out of the room!

The Last Case.—Being that of a gentleman, who, in seeking to wind up his watch, wound up himself, and never perceived his mistake till his creditors objected to let him go *on tick* any longer!

GRATUITOUS ADVERTISING.

Every body knows, or ought to know, that the publishiug business is one of large expense—employing a great number of persons, and an extensive capital, that every paragraph set costs a certain sum of money in the composition, or setting up of the type, and occupies a certain space which ought to yield a proportion of income to the proprietors. Every body must know, too, that the main source of this income is the portion of the sheet devoted to advertisements, and that to ask the gratuitous insertion of an advertisement, or of a communication, or an editorial notice to serve in the place of one, is literally asking the publisher to incur an expense of a dollar or more without making him a farthing in return.

It is to all intents and purposes asking him to take a sum of money from his pocket and present it to the applicant. Yet this thing is done every day, and many times every day; and that too by men who have no earthly claim on the charity of the publisher, and who can without adverting to the fact that the object of the advertisement or communication, is to promote their interest, and not that of the publisher.

There are scores of persons who would never dream of walking into a tailor's shop and asking for the gift of a waistcoat, or into a hatter's and begging to be favored free gratis with a hat, yet can see no impropriety in calling upon the publisher for the gratuitous announcement of a course of lectures, or a patent fly-trap, or any other notion, in the bringing of which before the public they happen to have an interest.

The Cash System.—The publishers of all the newspapers in Mobile, have come to the resolution to adopt the cash system entirely in the prosecution of their business, and in making this determination, notify the public, that no transient advertisement will be published until paid for, that all annual contracts for advertising and subscription, for city or country, must be paid for in advance, and all job work to be paid for before delivered. This is the proper course, and should be adopted by the profession throughout the country. All the materials used in a printing office—paper, ink and labor, are cash articles which must be paid for most usually on the spot. Let the system be adopted to keep no books except your list of subscribers, and there will be more independence in the press.

MARRIED.

In Salem, Washington county, on the 17th ult., by the Rev. A. B. Lambert, Mr. HIRAM VIELE, of Rochester, to Miss ABBY M. McFARLAND, of the former place.

On the 3th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Robinson, Mr. Garret Price of Livonia, to Miss Mary Ann Kellog of Geneseo

At Sharon, Coun. on the 28th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Bradly Sillick, Mr. Nathan B. Hebard of this city, to Miss Hannah, only daughther of the late Mr. Joseph Soule, of the former place.

In this city, on the 8th instant, Mr. Sandy Brown, to Miss Betsy Baker, all of this city.

By Elder Isaac C. Goff, on the 4th instant, Joseph Howe of Greece; to Ema Bartlett of this city.

At Southington, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Jones, George G. Jessup. to Miss Mary Youngs.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. G. R. Shumway, Henry Jessup, Jr. of Walworth, to Miss Mary, daughter of David Warren, of Macedon.

Beautiful.—What a noble, heaven born sentiment warmed the heart of the glorious boy commemorated below? Aye, if the whole world could become even as such "little children," there might be some hope in the destiny of men and nations.

The Huzzas of Posterity.—A little boy near Hagerstown, in Maryland was one day pointing out to me a copse of trees as the place where Washington, at the head of the Virginia Rangers fought a battle long before the revolution with some Indians headed by French from Fort Duquesne, now Pitsburgh. The litte fellow had some balls of lead which had been fired in that battle, chopped from the centers of the now massive and aged oaks. I saw the sunbeam of some moral emotion was in his eyes, and I asked him further of Washington, the brave youth who led the Virginians into that thicket when the war-hoop shook its boughs, and the rifle rung in its gloom. His mind seemed to glance like lightning thro' the illustrious deeds of arms in which Washington had engaged, and settled down at the scene of Yorktown. He told me of one circumstance only. Said he, "when the British troops were marched out of their entrnchments to lay down their arms, Washington told the American army, "My boys, let there be no insults over a conquered foe! when they lay down their arms, don't huzza; *posterity will huzza for you!*"

I could have hugged the little boy to my bosom. Although he had not been able to read more than four years, yet his mind had drank deep in the moral greatness of the act of sparing the feelings of a fallen foe. I asked him what it was that Washington said that posterity would do? he quickly answered *huzza.* "Huzza! then, said I; and he sent his clear wild shout into the battle wood, and I shouted with him, "*Huzza for Washington!*"

☞ The New-York American has the following allusions to an excellent work now for sale by NICHOLS & WILSON:—

Prescott's History of Ferdinand and Isabella.—The London Courier, in a notice of this work, which it predicts "must undoubtedly hereafter take its place on the same shelf with Hume, Robertson and Gibbon," adds that "little is the popularity it has achieved with the American public; little do they yet appreciate it as the first star which has appeared on that horizon, the darkness of which has hitherto been rendered only the more visible by the brilliancy of such authors as Irving and Cooper." The Courier infers from this, that although works are occasionally produced in the United States, creditable to the talent and authorship of the country, they "do not prove a general advance in literature, or the degree to which it is appreciated and encouraged there." The best refutation of all this is the announcement of the *third edition* of Mr. Prescott's history, in less than nine months from the date of its first publication. The first edition was disposed of in a few weeks, and a second, nearly twice as large, is now exhausted. We suspect it will not be easy to meet with an instance of an historical work of like cost and magnitude—from the pen of an author before unknown—which, without the aid of subscription, has met with a more rapid sale, either on the other side of the water, or on this.

More Indian Relics.—A visitor to the great mammoth cave in Kentucky thus writes to the Louisville Literary Register:

There is not a shadow of a doubt but that the cave was once the habitation of the Indians.—The ashes of their fires, and innumerable signs, proclaim it once thickly populated. Canes partly burnt, are found nearly over the whole explored cave. Mummies have been found and removed. A giant's bones rest near the mouth.—Last week a pair of moccasins and a reticule were found two miles from the mouth—all made of very fine bark or grass, and handsomely platted. The reticule is very handsome, about six inches in length, with tassels and draw strings. The moccasins are not fellows—one is a small one, about eight inches long, and no doubt adorned and warmed the beautiful foot of a princess.

A hardy seaman who had escaped one of the recent shipwrecks upon our coast, was asked by a good lady how he felt, when the waves dashed over him. He replied "*Wet*, madam, very wet."

The Days of Witchcraft revived.—Our readers will recollect the case of a mulatto named Yates, recently shot down and killed in Virginia by a white man named Marsh, on the plea of the latter that the negro used spells and charms upon him and dumb "critters." In reference to this affair, the Abingdon Statesman, in the vicinity of which it occurred, says that region is benighted with ignorance and superstition, and then goes on to relate the following, which would have almost been deemed incredible in the days of Cotton Mather:

"One of the balls with which Yates was shot was produced in court, and bore upon its surface certain cross marks, which, we presume, were indispensable, in order to make them take effect, and break that power of enchantment with which he was supposed to be invested, and which he used without mercy, dealing out 'spells' and 'charms' not only upon human beings but upon 'dumb critters.' It was proved too, that Marsh, according to his own story, had upon one or more occasions, drawn the likeness of Yates, with chicken's blood, and having prepared himself with bullets, into which a small quantity of silver was put, had taken it to the woods and fired at it, under the impression that if he could strike it with a silver bullet, he should forthwith knock all of Y.'s conjuring powers into atoms, and relieve himself from the charm under which he labored, and which was developed in the form of scrofula."

Such humiliating facts do, as the editor says, speak trumpet-tongued for the introduction of common school education into that State, whose pride on this point does not seem to have gone hand in hand with her liberal professions.—*N.*

Population of Russia.—We translate the following curious enumeration from a statistical account of the Russian Empire, drawn from official sources, and lately published, by M. Martin Kabalsky.

"In Russia there are no less than 80 different races, or nationalities, who speak 40 distinct languages. The principal of these races are the Sclavonic; Letonnic, Tatar, Finnish, Mongolian and Circassian; besides which there are of foreign origin the Jewish, German, Sweedish, Greek, &c. numbering about 1,500,000. The Jews, about 800,000 in uumber, inhabited parts of ancient Poland; the Germans, about 500,800, are principally assembled in the Baltic provinces; the Swedes are found almost exclusively in Finland and the environs of Narew, countries formerly belonging to Sweden; and the other residents of foreign origin are established in various parts of the empire, but chiefly in the cities. The other races that form part of the Russian population, exclusive of the Russian proper, or Muscovites, are the Samoyedes, about 70,000, inhabiting the borders of the Arctic ocean; the Kamschatdales and other people of Oriental Siberia, 50,000; the Esquimaux, found in American-Russia, 50,000; and the Bohemians, or Zingaris, scattered over almost every portion of the empire, but most numerous in the South and South West, amounting to about 170,000.

"The whole population of Russia in 1832, not including the kingdom of Poland, was 51,076,517, and that of Poland 4,037,925.

"This population is contained in 1840 cities, of which 1607 are in Europe, 1210 towns or burghs, and 227,400 villages.

St Petersburgh, the capital, contains 445,185 inhabitants, of whom 155,845 are women.

Remarkable Effort of Nature.—An English paper has the following paragraph:

Mr. Pling, the celebrated cribbage player, who is now residing at Broadstairs, affords a very remarkable instance of what nature can accomplish. This gentleman, who had been dumb from his birth, while walking with Mr. G. Almond, of Old Bond street, on Bridgeman Cliff, Cork, suddenly saw a child dashed in pieces almost at his feet, it having fallen from the cliff, upon which Mr. Pling suddenly exclaiming "Oh heavens;" and has ever since retained his power of speech.

By the laws of Austria, no person can be executed for any crime, not even for the most clearly proved murder, without his confessing his guilt. If he refuses to do so when the proof is strong to demonstration against him, he may be imprisoned, but he cannot be sent to his eternal account with a crime unconfessed upon his soul. —*Mrs. Trollope's Vienna.*

HOW TO BE RICH.

The way to get credit is to be punctual! The way to preserve it is not to use it much.

Settle often; have short accounts.

Trust no man's appearances—they are deceptive—perhaps assumed for the purpose of obtaining credit. Beware of a gaudy exterior.—Rogues usually dress well. The rich are plain men. Trust him, if any one, who cerries but little on his back. Never trust him who flies into a passion on being dunned; make him pay quickly, if there be any virtue in the law.

Be well satisfied before you give a credit that those to whom you give it are safe men to be trusted. Sell your goods at a small advance, and never misrepresent them, for those whom you once deceive will be aware of you the second time. Deal uprightly with all men, and they will repose confidence in you, and soon become your permanent customers.

Beware of him who is an office seeker. Men do not usually want an office when they have anything to do. A man's affairs are rather low when he seeks office for support. Trust no stranger. Your goods are better than doubtful charges. What is character worth if you make it cheap by crediting all alike? Agree beforehand with every man about to do a job, and if large, put it into writing. If any decline this, quit or be cheated.

Though you want a job ever so much, make all sure at the onset, and in a case at all doubtful, make sure of a guarantee. Be not afraid to ask it; the best test of responsibility; for, if offence be taken, you have escaped a loss.

Delirium Tremens.—There is a most frightful malady consequent upon the abuse of vinous and spirituous drinks, which has been carefully traced and minutely delineated, called delirium tremens, which bears with it a most melancholy train of symptoms. There is a great restlessness, a constant excitement, objects of the most frightful nature are present to the imagination, the eye is wild, the patient cannot lie down, he talks incoherently, and he fancies he sees faces of extreme hideousness before him. Dr. Pearson witnessed a very distressing incident of a patient, who, for a considerable time before his death, imagined he saw the devil on the ceiling above his bed, and as the disease, which terminated rapidly, increased, he fancied the evil spirit approached him with a knife to cut his throat, and he actually expired making violent efforts to avoid the fatal instrument. The disease, sometimes, bursts forth after a debauch, with tremendous violence, and in a most unmanageable form. Opium is the great source of reliance in almost every state of these attacks, but blood letting, however much the inflammatory symptoms may seem to require it is in a vast proportion of cases most objectionable. The quantity of opium that may be administered is very great; forty grains have been given in the course of the day, and four hundred drops of laudanum in five hours; for sleep must be obtained at all hazards, and sometimes, after the most violent paroxysms, the patient has awakened perfectly rational.—*Dr. Sigmond's Lectures.*

Reproduction of the Legs of Spiders and Crustacea. If the leg of a Spider be broken off in the middle of a joint, the animal invariable tears it off at the hip; because the outer integument of the leg being dense and unyelding, would not permit the wound to close; and consequently the creature would soon die of hæmorrhage, or the loss of the vital sanies, which in spiders and crustacea answers the same purpoes as the blood in the higher orders of animals. But at the hip the parts being soft and elastic, the wound speedily closes, and the animal is little the worse for the injury.

This fact is noticed in the crustacea generally; and it is worthy of remark, that the legs is reproduced, but not immediately—not until the annual change, or casting of the shell. The new limb is at first slender, though perfect in its various parts; and it graduly increases in size until it has attained the magnitude of the other legs.

A Brute in Human Form named James Quitly, was passing down Roosevelt street quite intoxicated. He encountered a small child, named Hiram Holden, who was sitting on the side walk, playing. The villian seized the child by his legs, and dashed his head against the pavement, lacerating it dreadfully if indeed the skull was not fractured. The little sufferer did not long survive. Quitly was secured and lodged in prison.—*N. Y. Sun.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.

SONG.—TO POESY.

BY C. THERESA CLARK.

Inspiring power! who once did'st fling,
Enchantments round this path of mine;
Clothing the earth, in fadeless spring,
Where now thine influence divine?
In Ocean bed or cavern'd hall,
Say, where away, my muse doth hide?
Thy sprites have answered not my call,
And wherefore leavest thou my side?

I've sought in vain, from early morn,
When tear-drops wet the bending spray;
When early purple mists are born,
Till Autumn's sunset clouds do play!
In radient beauty glowing far,—
In nature's regal robes all drest,
Till eve with her pale, watching star,
Appeareth in the shadowy west.

From those dim skies I fain would learn,
Some trace of future as of past;
Whose orbs in wonted glory burn,
All mortal splendor to outlast—
Would dwell on characters which fate
Hath written on each placid brow,
Romantic dreamer!—but too late!
What hath the future for me now?

Speak, thou that to my soul hast been,
A living fount in desert wild;
Fair form! no mortal eye hath seen,
Before whose presence pure and mild,
Each grosser thought hath been refined,
In worship at thine altar shrine—
Whose sacrifice the pearl of mind
I do invoke thee by that sign!

Unheard, unknown, save to the train,
The favored few of 'lyre,' and 'pen',—
Who in thy smiles do joyful reign,
Or sink beneath thy frown again;
Smite yet the 'rock,' let waters sweet,
Gush forth as they have done of yore;
And the blest votary at thy feet,
Spirit Divine! shall thirst no more!

Springfield, Mass. Sept. 20, 1838.

Written for the Gem.

THE VOICE OF A LOVER.

Fallen ere long shall my fortunes be,
Yet my faith is firm—I will go with thee!
I yield not weakly to fancy's trance,
Or the fitful flame of young romance;
I dwell with a calm, unshrinking mind,
On the scenes that I seek and leave behind;
My future fate in a glass I see,
And my choice is fix'd—I will go with thee!

I know that my kinsman will withhold
The lavish stores of his promised gold,
I know that with vanished wealth will end
The fleeting love of each summer friend,
And that the crowds who court my eye,
Will cool and careless pass me by;
Joyless and vain was their praise to me,
Light is their blame—I will go with thee.

I know that I soon must lay aside
My splendid garments of costly pride,
And oft from my books and lute repair,
To con the lesson of thrifty care;
I know that my days of frugal toil
Will but be cheered by thy voice and smile;
Yet that smile, that voice, a spell shall be,
To bless my lot—I will go with thee?

I have thought on this hour with many a tear,
In the timid weakness of woman's fear;
It comes, and I rise the test above,
In the dauntless strength of woman's love:
Gaze not upon me with looks so sad,
My step is firm and my eye is glad;
This last sigh for my home shall be,
Past is the trial—I will go with thee.

Wheatland, March 18th, 1836. E. H.

TEARS.

Tears are but dew that Mercy throws
Upon this world of ours;
Like "beads of morning" on the rose,
To nourish Feeling's flowers!

MEMORY.

Memory—the purfume of the rose,
When all its bloom hath fled,
Shedding a glory and a charm
Above the lost and dead.

Written for the Gem.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

It is the hallow'd twilight hour, with fond remembrance bient,—
When visons of departed years, from mem'ry's shrine are sent—
It is a hush'd and holy hour, the quiet even tide,
When the lost, the loved appear, again with us to 'bide.

'Tis at the lonely twilight hour, that early visions throng,
And one by one, with hallow'd power, their memory glows strong.
'Tis then we give full utterance, to feeling's deep control,
And phantasies of early youth, steal o'er the pensive soul.

It turns our heart to early days—when life was fair and bright,
Before the heart's best hopes were chill'd, in gloom, and sorrow's night.
Oh there is beauty in the hour of calm and still repose
When sunset light its lustre sheds, and day is at its close.

Oh who can tell the many thoughts, that o'er the spirit steal,
The glory of this mystic hour, that shadow'd heart may feel.
The twilight hour! oh 'tis an hour of many thoughts to me,
It wafts my soul to yon bright world, were all is light and free. INEZ.

Rochester, Oct. 1st, 1838.

Written for the Gem.

LIFE.

BY C. T. CLARK.

Life is a rough and stormy sea,—
Though oft the sunshine wanders o'er;
And the unthinking voyagers we,
Who though we strive, yet gain no more;

Our barque the wild, and passion-tossed,—
The Syren Hope, our tempest stay;
She smiling sits 'till all is lost,
And Death's dark night comes on our way.

We all must sail the self-same track,—
All run the same unknown career;
Nor shall we e'er retrace it back,
This earth is not our haven-sphere.

Springfield, Mass.

Written for the Gem.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

BY C. T. CLARK.

Wave on!—Wave on!—o'er the unnoticed mound,—
Where no sepulchral, snowy, urn appears;
Wave thy green branches o'er the loved, and young!
No more to wander in this vale of tears:
The wind-harp's tones, are wailing through the air,—
A symphony of grief, and sorrow true;
The dark'ning-Cypress, and the mournful yew,
Alike, lament the cherished friends once dear;—
Yet thou lamentest more than all of these,
Thy slender, drooping, head reclined full low,
While springs the grass in rank, luxurious growth,
And to thy sighing tendrils whispereth 'peace.'

Springfield, Mass.

CREATION AND REDEMPTION.

BY ARCHDEACON SPENCER.

"Let there be light!"—were the words of creation,
That broke on the chaos and silence of night;
The creatures of Mercy invoked to their station,
Suffused into being, and kindled to light.

"Let there be light!"—The Great Spirit descended,
And flash'd on the waves that in darkness had slept;
The sun in his glory a giant ascended,
The dews on the earth their mild radiance wept.

"Let there be light!"—and the fruits and the flowers
Responded in smiles to the new-lighted sky,—
There was scent in the gale, there was bloom in the bowers,
Sweet sound for the ear, and soft hue for the eye.

"Let there be light!"—And the mild eye of woman
Beam'd joy on the man who this Paradise sway'd;
There was joy—'till the foe of all happiness human
Crept into those bowers—was heard—and obey'd.

"Let there be light!"—were the words of salvation,
When man had defeated life's object and end,—
Had waned from his glorious and glad elevation,
Abandoned a God and conform'd to a fiend.

"Let there be light!"—The same Spirit supernal
That lighted the torch when creation began,
Laid aside the bright beams of his Godhead eternal,
And wrought as a servant, and wept as a man.

"Let there be light"—from Gethsemane springing,
From Golgotha's darkness, from Calvary's tomb—
Joy, joy unto mortals, good angels are singing,
The Shiloh has triumph'd and death is o'ercome.

THE SEA SHELL.

Shell of the bright sea waves!
What is that we hear in thy sad moan?
Is this unceasing music all thine own?
Lute of the ocean caves?

Or, does some spirit dwell
In the deep winding of thy chamber dim,
Breathing forever in its mournful hymn
Old ocean's anthem swell?

Wert thou a murmurer long
In crystal palaces beneath the seas,
Ere, on the bright air, thou hadst heard the breeze
Hour its full tide of songs?

Another thing with thee---
Are there not gorgeous cities in the deep,
Buried with flashing gems that darkly sleep,
Hid by the mighty sea?

And say, oh, lone sea shell,
Are there not costly things, and sweet perfumes
Scattered in waste o'er that sea gulf of tombs?
Hush thy low moan, and tell,

But yet, more dear than all---
Has not each foaming wave in thy fury tost,
O'er earth's most beautiful, the brave, the lost,
Like a dark funeral pall?

'Tis vain---thou answerest not?
Thou hast no voice to whisper of the dead---
'Tis ours alone, with sighs like odors shed,
To hold them unforgot.

Thine is as sad a strain,
As if the spirit in thy hidden cell,
Pined to be with the many things that dwell
In the wild, restless main.

And yet, there is no sound
Upon the waters, whispered by the waves,
But seemeth, like a wail from many graves,
Thrilling the air around.

The earth, oh moaning shell—
The earth hath melodies more sweet than these,
The music gush of rills, the hum of bees,
Heard in each blossom's bell.

Are not these tones of earth,
The restling foliage, with its shivering leaves,
Sweeter than sounds that e'en in moonlight eves,
Upon the seas have birth?

Alas! thou still wilt moan—
Thou'rt like the heart that wastes itself in sighs,
E'en when amid bewildering melodies,
If parted from its own.

AMELIA.

"THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART, THERE IS NO GOD."—Psalm 14th.

"No God! No God!" The simplest flower
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks, as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound:
"No God!"—astonished Echo cries
From out her cavern hoar,
And every wandering bird that flies
Reproves the Atheist-lore.

The solemn forest lifts its head,
The Almighty to proclaim,
The brooklet on its crystal urn,
Doth leap to grave his name.
High swells the deep and vengeful sea,
Along his billowy track,
And red Vesuvius opes his mouth,
To hurl the falsehood back.

The palm tree, with its princely crest,
The cocoa's leafy shade,
The bread fruit, bending to its lord,
In yon far island glade,
The winged seeds, that, borne by winds,
The roving sparrows feed,
The melon, on the desert sands,
Confute the scorner's creed.

"No God!"—What indignation high
The fervent Sun is stirr'd,
And the pale Moon turns paler still,
At such an impious word;
And from their burning thrones, the Stars
Look down with angry eye,
That thus a worm of dust should mock
Eternal Majesty. L. H. S.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 25th inst. by Rev. Wm. H. Goodwin, Mr. L. C. COLT to HARRIET A. GRAVES, daughter of William Graves.

At Owego, Tioga county, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Bailey, WM. H. C. HOSMER, Esq. of Avon, to Miss STELLA Z AVERY, daughter of the late J. H. Avery, Esq. of the former place.

In this city, on Monday the 29th instant, by the Rev. Geo. Beecker, Dr. BERKLEY GILLETT, of Springfield, Ohio, to Miss SOPHIA W. AMSDEN, of this city.

On the 30th inst., by the Rev. Geo. Boardman, Mr. ELIAS WEED, to Miss FANNY ELIZABETH HATCH, all of this city.

In Wheatland, by the Rev. Silas Pratt, on the 22d instant, Mr. Harrison Cox, to Miss Jennett A. Durand, all of the above place.

At Pittsfield, Mass., on the 24th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Brinsmade, William W. Mumford, Esq of Rochester, to Miss Mary M. daughter of Josiah Bissell, Esq. of the former place.

On the 7th inst., by Elder Isaac C. Goff, Mr. Robert Hues, to Miss Lydia Brown.

On the 25th instant, by the same, Mr. John Beals, to Mrs. Lydia Latte, both of Greece.

By the same, on the same day, Mr. John Boston, to Miss Lovira Darcy, both of this city.

In Troy, on the 22d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Beman, Mr. William J. Armitage of Rochester, to Miss Elsey Ann Van Derlip of that city.

In Scottsville, on the 29th ult., by C. Allen, Esq. Mr. William Hawkherst, of Orange county, to Miss Elizabeth Dean, of the former place.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson. $1 mail, $1,50 city, in advance.

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MISCELLANY.

SCHMITZ, THE ENGRAVER.

A TRUE STORY.

Professor Krahe, superentendent of the Gallery of Paintings in the city of Dusseldorf, on the Rhine, was seated one morning in his study, when a servant informed him that a young man wished to see him. "Show him hither," said the professor. Accordingly, in a few minutes, a lad of seventeen or eighteen years of age was introduced by the servant into the study. Seeing the dress of his visiter to be that of a baker, the professor imagined him to have brought a bread-bill, and was about to refer the matter to his lady, when something striking in the youth's countenance and manner made him hesitate until the business was announced. When apparently about to speak, however, the lad hesitated, and cast his eyes on the ground. "What is it you want with me, my lad?" said Krahe in a kind tone. "I have a book, sir," replied the youth, drawing one at the same time from his breast, "which I wish you too look at, and to —to buy, if it should please you.

The professor took the proffered book into his hand, and found it to be an illuminated prayer book, or one ornamented, according to the ancient fashion, with a number of colored figures and engravings. The skill of the examiner told him at once that the book was a copy of an edition which the Elector Clement Augustus, of Cologne, had ordered to be thrown out, and which had become very scarce and valuable.—But there was more in the work before him than the professor imagined. "Where did you procure this, my lad?" said he to the young baker. "It is a copy from one which was borrowed," said the youth, looking down. "Not an original!" said the professor, turning over the leaves again; "and by whom was this copy executed?" The youth blushed modestly as he replied, "By myself." Krahe gazed on the lad with surprise, and then, turning to a book-case, took down an original volume of the Elector's edition, with which he compared the copy brought by the baker's boy. The difference was scarcely distinguishable.

"Young man," exclaimed the professor, why do you pursue the trade which your dress betokens, when you are so well fitted to succeed in a much higher one?" The youth replied, "that it was his perpetual, his dearest wish; but that this father having a numerous family, could not afford the expense of suitable instruction. I knew your love of art, and this emboldened me to make an application to you, in the hope that you might purchase the copy, and honor me with your counsel and assistance." The modesty and cultivation apparent in the young baker's manner, charmed the superintendent of paintings, and confirmed the impression made by the beautiful prayer-book. "Call on me here tomorrow, without fail," said the professor emphatically, grasping the youth's hand and shaking it warmly, as he led him to the door.

Early next morning, Mr. Krahe was on his way to the house of a friend who resided some miles from Dusseldorf. This gentleman was blessed with abundant wealth, much of which he generously expended in an enlightened patronage of the fine arts and their cultivators.—Krahe knew this well, and told him the story of the baker's lad, showing him at the same time the illuminated prayer-book. The gentleman was astonished and delighted with the style of the engraving. "What can I do to assist this wonderful boy?" This was the question the professor wished and anticipated. "Lend him two hundred crowns to continue his studies, and I have no doubt but he will become one of the most distinguished engravers of the day. And I, myself, will be his security for the repayment." "He shall have three hundred crowns," said the gentleman, "and I will have no security." Pleased with his success, the professor returned to Dusseldorf.

Young Schmitz, as the baker's lad was named could have fallen at the feet of M. Krahe, when the latter produced the means of liberating him from the oven, and of pursuing his favorite studies. Under the professor's auspices Schmitz was soon prosecuting the science of geometry and drawing, besides storing his mind with other elements of liberal education. For two years he continued his studies assiduously in Dusseldorf and made such rapid progress that Professor Krahe saw the place could afford his protegee no farther instruction, and advised him to proceed to Paris. Schmitz of course followed his benefactor's advice. With a letter of introduction to M. Willes, a celebrated engraver in the French metropolis, and the remainder of his well economised store of money, he took his leave for a time of Dusseldorf, leaving his heart behind him, without knowing whether or not it would be taken care of till his return. More of this, however, hereafter.

Schmitz, now a fine looking young man of twenty, accomplished his journey to Paris in safety; but so anxious had he been to live frugally by the way, that he had done his constitution injury, and he fell ill immediately on his arrival. He got himself conveyed to a monastery, where every attention was paid to him. Incidental expenses, however, during his long continued illness, swallowed up the whole of the money upon which he depended for the commencement of his studies. When he did at last issue from the monastery restored to health, he was pennyless, and his pride, or bashfulness, or perhaps a mixture of both, forbade his making any application to Mr. Willes in the character of an indigent beggar. Poor Schmitz now wandered about the streets, musing on the unfortunate condition to which he was reduced, and ignorant in what direction to turn for his daily bread. Accident determined his course. One day he was met by two soldiers of the Swiss guard, one of whom gazed attentively at him; and exclaimed, "Friend, are you not a German?" "I am," "What quarter do you come from?" "From the neighborhood of Dusseldorf," was Schmitz's reply. "You are my countryman," said the soldier joyfully, and then inquired into his condition. Schmitz told what had befallen him, and that as he could not think of being troublesome to or dependent upon anyone, he was in want of a livelihood. The soldier advised him strongly to enlist in the guards, assuring him that he would have abundant leisure time to prosecute any studies he liked. After a little consideration, Schmitz, seeing no better course open to him, followed the soldier's advice, and enlisted for four years in the Swiss guards.

The captain who enlisted him was struck with his appearance, and inquired into the story.—This was unexpected means of good to the new soldier; for the captain, shortly after, took him to Mr. Willes, and introduced him to that eminent artist. The consequence was, that every moment of leisure time which the service would permit, was spent by Schmitz in pursuing the art of engraving under Mr. Willes, who appreciated his talents, and was extremely kind to him. Thus did the four years of soldiership pass agreeably away, and when they were ended she young man continued two years longer to study his art. He then returned to Dusseldorf, loaded with the most honorable attestations of his skill, industry, and probity.

Professor Krahe received his protegee with open arms, being equally delighted with his mental and scientific progress, as with the improvement which a military life had made in his personal appearance. Mr. Krahe himself was the first to secure the professional services of Schmitz, engaging him to work in the cabinet. Every successive day his conduct endeared him more to the professor, who acquired for him a father's affection. Two years passed away in this manner after Schmitz's return to Dusseldorf, when, one day, he was invited by the professor to an entertainment to meet a party of friends. Schmitz presented himself at the appointed hour at Mr. Krahe's, and found many persons assembled whom he knew, and whose friendship he had gained. Seating himself by one of these, Schmitz began to converse with him. After a little discourse, the gentleman cast his eyes to the top of the room, and whispered to the young engraver, 'How pale the professor's daughter looks! One would have thought Henrietta would have mustered a better color for such an occasion as this.' Had the speaker at the moment turned his eye upon the party he addressed, he would have seen a face in an instant grow much paler than that which caused his remark. His words indeed had excited an extraordinary emotion in the heart of Schmitz. As soon as it subsided a little, the latter asked his friend what he alluded to as distinguishing this occasion from others. 'What,' said the other, 'do you not know that the stranger who is now at Henrietta's right hand, has been for some years affianced to her, and he has come from his home at a distance, to arrange the marriage? But, Schmitz! Good Heaven! are you ill?' Yes,' muttered the artist, in a choked voice; then constraining himself into something like outward composure, he whispered, 'Assist me, for mercy's sake, to retire without observation! I am very ill!' His friend took him by the arm, and they succeeded in leaving the room without notice. When they reached Schmitz's residence, the latter begged his companion to return to the company, and to mention nothing farther if Schmitz's absence should be observed, than that he felt a little unwell. The gentleman, though suspicious that something lay under the matter, promised to act as the artist implored him to do.

Schmitz was left alone with his wretchedness, for very wretched he was. He had long loved the daughter of his worthy benefactor, with a passion of which he scarcely knew the force. Though he had never dared to hope for success, and had always regarded her as far above him in every respect; yet the bare idea of her being united to another came like a dreadful awaking from a dream. His eyes, on this night closed not in sleep; and when he appeared in the professor's cabinet, in the morning, dejection was too deeply written on his countenance to escape that gentleman's notice. By the by,' said Mr. Krahe kindly, 'you were unwell last night, we were told, Schmitz. I fear you are really very ill.' The poor artist burst into tears. Startled and vexed at his condition, the professor inquired narrowly into the cause, and at last the young man confessed the truth. 'Have you ever intimated to my daughter the state of your affections?' said the professor, after a pause, in which anxiety and sympathy were depicted on his features. 'Never,' answered Schmitz with energy; 'not in the most distant manner. Could I have dared, humble as I am, to have spoken of love to the daughter of my patron and benefactor? I was contented to see her; but that satisfaction,' continued he, with a sigh, 'I will not long have now!'

The benevolent professor tried to sooth and comfort the youth; assured him of his affection—that he loved him as his own child—but counselled him to subdue his passion, as it would soon be wrong, criminal, to indulge in it. Schmitz promised, and strove to obey him. But the struggle was too much for his constitution,

He fell ill; and the illness was destined to be a long one. When it first attacked him, as it was impossible to conceal from Henrietta the bodily state of one who had long been her friend and companion, professor Krahe thought it best to tell her the whole truth at once, determining, if he found her now averse to fulfil the engagement, which had been entered into when she was very young, and before Schmitz's return to Dusseldorf, that he would take some means to break off the proposed match. But Henrietta heard the intelligence of the young artist's passion merely with a sigh, and rose and left her father's presence. Her father did not know exactly what to think of the symptom. When he saw her again, however, he thought he could see that she had been weeping. He then endeavored to discover the state of her mind; but she put a stop to it, by saying firmly, 'Father, I am betrothed. Schmitz,' she continued, with a sigh, 'has my pity, but duty and honor——' She left the professor to conclude the sentence himself.

Love is not so harsh to his votaries, as he is is sometimes said to be. Henrietta's betrothed returned to his parents, and in his letters written afterwards to his mistress, he let some hints escape him that his parents now started some objection to the match. Henrietta was eagle eyed. In an answer returned by next post, she gave her lover perfect liberty to follow his own inclinations, renouncing every claim resulting from his promise. The result was the gentleman accepted of the permission she gave him. No woman likes even the semblance of desertion; but we will not say whether Henrietta felt glad or otherwise on this occasion. Suffice it to say, that on the day on which her late lover's letter came, she entered her father's study just when twilight was setting in. 'Well, my girl,' said the professor, kissing her fondly when she came in, 'I have been idling for half an hour, musing upon poor Schmitz. But I must have candles, and to my writing.' So saying, he stretched his hand to the bell, but Henrietta caught it, exclaiming, 'Oh no, dear papa, it is too early for candles! You study too much; and I wish to speak with you.' 'Well, my love, won't we be still the better for lights?' 'No, no,' said she, sitting down by his side. After a pause, she began, 'Papa, I know you love Schmitz'—'I do,' said the professor, 'and would to Heaven you could, and did love him too, Henrietta!' The young lady let her head fall on her father's shoulder, as she replied, 'I can—and do, papa! Every obstacle is removed, and Henrietta will be his, if she can promote his felicity!'

The professor read the letter which his daughter gave to him, and kissed her again and again with delight. It was not long ere the joyful father was by the side of the slowly recovering Schmitz, and informed him of the change which had occurred. The good news was like to have proved as fatal as his despair. But he recovered from his emotion, and ere long was led by his benefactor to the presence of Henrietta, one evening of whose company cheered and restored the artist to something like a new state of being.

But, on the morning following this meeting, what was the surprise of Henrietta and her father to learn that Schmitz had left the town by day-light in a carriage with four horses, taking with him all his plates and drawings! Poor Henrietta was thunderstruck—was miserable! She had now surrendered her whole heart to the artist—but he was a maniac! What else could be the meaning of his conduct? The professor himself was in terror for the reason of his friend. Meantime, day after day passed, no letter or intelligence of any kind arrived to quiet the dreadful anxiety under which they labored. On the ninth day, however, while Henrietta sat gazing from the window in the direction in which he had departed, a carriage drove up to the professor's door, and Schmitz sprang out. In a few moments Henrietta was in his arms, and he had not only quieted her fears, but replaced them with the deepest joy. He had gone to Munich and thrown himself at the feet of the Elector Palatine—had told his history—shown his work and certificates—and had moved the Elector so much by his tale, that the Prince had put his services in requisition as an engraver, and had assigned to him a fixed salary of six hundred florins. 'Now,' said Schmitz, when he had told his tale to his mistress and her father, 'now am I more worthy—or at least more the equal—of my Henrietta.'

Few who know any thing of the history of continental engraving, are ignorant of the great merits of his art, or of the hero of this little story.

The circumstances related here are in strict accordance with the truth.

UNCLE SNOOKS.

A TALE TO BE READ.

Uncle Snooks had a pretty hard time on't sometimes, when the women folks used to come and plague him about not selling any more to their husbands. There was one Barny Belcher, who drank up his farm. They used to say his old cow choked him, because he sold her last of all his stock, and died in a fit, while he was drinking the very first dram, that he bought with the money he got for her. Barny's wife tormented Uncle 'Zeik from morning to night; and her persecution, together with the loss of his property, as I always thought, drove him out of his business and shortened his days. She was a proper fire-brand, though she never took any spirit herself. There was not a happier couple in our parish when they were first married; and they had a family of four little children, that every body used to notice for their neat appearance. I've seen them many a time of a Sunday, going to meeting, hand in hand, and all four abreast, with their father and mother. Barny was a very thrifty farmer, and I never thought he was the man to die a drunkard. It used to be said that there hadn't been a likelier couple married in the parish for many years; for tho' they had almost nothing to start with, yet they were, both of them, amazing handsome to look at; they were as smart as a couple of steel traps, and very industrious into the bargain. They did surprising well for several years. But he got to be an ensign, and rum and regimentals did the business for poor Barny, in less than no time. When he got to be pretty bad, she first came to the house, and then to the shop, to get uncle 'Zeik not to let him have any more liquor. They had a good many talks about it, but uncle 'Zeik would have his way. At last she consulted a lawyer, and came over to the shop, and gave uncle 'Zeik a real dressing, before more than a dozen customers. "Well, Nelly Belcher," said uncle 'Zeik, when she came in, resolved to be beforehand with her, "what do you want to-day?" "Mercy," said she, "if I cannot have justice. You know well enough what I want. I now request you once again to sell my husband no more spirit." "And how can I help it?" said uncle 'Zeik, somewhat disturbed by her resolute manner. "I have taken a lawyer's advice," said she, "and you've no right to sell to common drunkards." "Do you say that your husband is a common drunkard?" said he. "To be sure I do," she replied. "I really do not think your husband is a common drunkard, Nelly Belcher," said uncle 'Zeik. "Snooks," said she, clinching her fist, "you are—what you are. You know that Barny is a common drunkard, and you made him so, you old—licensed, rum-selling church-member." "Go out of my shop," cried uncle 'Zeik, stepping toward her. "I wouldn't touch the poor woman, Mr. Snooks," said one of the company; "she's driven on by the state of husband and children." "Touch the poor woman!" cried Nelly, stretching herself up—and she was the tallest woman in the parish—"let him lay the weight of his rummy finger upon me, if he dares; and though I'm poor enough in purse, Heaven knows, I'll show him I've the spirit of my father, who thrashed him, when he was eighteen, for stealing a sheep skin. I won't go out of his shop, nor budge an inch, till I've said my say, in the presence of ye all." "Nelly Belcher," said uncle 'Zeik, "you'll have to pay for this." "Pay for it?" cried Nelly, with a screaming voice, "and havn't you got your pay already? Havn't you got the homestead and the stock, and the furniture? And didn't Barny pawn the children's clothes last Friday, and bring you every cent that he got for them? You've got every thing, from the ridge pole down; you've got it all here, among your wages of iniquity;" and, as she said this, she gave a blow, with her fist, upon the top of uncle 'Zeik's till, that made the coppers rattle pretty lively I tell ye. "Snooks," said she, "you've got every thing. I havn't a pint of meal nor a peck of potatoes for my children. Stop—I'm mistaken; there's an old rum jug in the house, that's been in your house often enough; you ought to have that; and there's a ragged straw bed; you shall have them both, and any thing else you'll find, if you don't let Barny have any more rum. You've made your bargain, Snooks, your own way; but there's a third party to it, and that's the devil. You've got poor Barny's money in your till, and the devil's got your soul in his fire-proof, and he'll keep it there safe till the day of judgment."—Uncle 'Zeik offered 'Bijah Cody a handsome present if he'd turn her out of the shop. "I'd a leetle rather not, Mr. Snooks," answered 'Bijah, with a look that showed plainly enough how much he enjoyed uncle 'Zeik's torment.—"Look here, Nelly Belcher," said uncle 'Zeik—and he was getting wrathy, for he stamped his foot pretty considerable smart—"the second Tuesday of November next the court will sit, and you shall answer for this." "What care I for your court!" replied she; "the time will come, and it may come this hour, when a higher court will sit; and you shall answer for more than all this a thousand fold. Then, you cold-hearted old man, I will lead my poor ragged children before the bar of a righteous God, and make a short story of their wrongs, and of that poor young man's, who has fallen by your hands, just as surely as though you had killed him with rats-bane. There's none of you here that doesn't remember me and Barny when we were married. Now, I ask if you ever dreamt that we should come to this? Was there ever a little farm better managed? And if I was not a careful, faithful, industrious wife to Barny, I wish you to say the very worst to my face. And were my little ones ill-treated? Hadn't they whole clothes for Sunday, and wasn't they constant at meeting for years, till this curse crept in upon us like an adder? And till then did you ever see a likelier man than Barny? And as for his kindness to me and the children till that hour, it's for me to witness; and I say it before ye all, that before he tasted this old man's liquor, there never was a hard thought or a bitter word between us. He was the boy of my foolish love when he was seventeen, and the man of my choice when he was three and twenty. I gave him an honest heart, that never loved another, and the trifle of worldly goods that my mother left me; but he has broken the one and squandered the other. Last night, as I lay upon my straw bed, with my poor children, I thought of our young days, and our little projects of happiness; and as I saw poor Barny, in my fancy, just the trim lad that he was, with his bright eye and ruddy cheek, I felt my eyes filling with tears, as they're filling now. I hope I may never shed another," said she, dashing them off with the back of her hand, and resuming her look of vengeance. "I'm going to cross your threshhold for the last time, and now mark me well. I ask you, once for all, to sell poor Barny no more liquor. If you do, I will curse you till I die, as the destroyer of my husband; and I will teach my children to curse you when I am dead and gone, as the destroyer of their father."

* * * * *

Uncle Snooks continued to sell rum to Barny Belcher as before, whenever he got any money. It was thought by a good many, that Nelly had lost her reason, or very near it, about that time. She soon found out that Barny got rum at our shop; and sure enough, she brought her four little children, and, standing close to the shop door, she cursed uncle 'Zeik, and made them do so too. It worried him exceedingly. Whenever she met him in the road, she used to stop short, and say over a form that she had, in a low voice; but every body knew, by her raising her eyes and hands, that she was cursing uncle 'Zeik. Very few blamed her; her case was a very hard one, and most folks excused her on the score of her mind's being unsettled by her troubles. But even then she made her children obey her, whether present or absent, though it was said she never struck them a blow. It almost made me shudder sometimes when I've seen these children meet uncle 'Zeik They'd get out of his way as far as they could; and when he had gone by, they'd move their lips, though you couldn't hear a word, and raise up their eyes and hands, just as their mother had taught them. When I thought these children were calling down the vengeance of heaven upon uncle 'Zeik, for having made them fatherless, it made my blood run cold.

After the death of her husband, she became very melancholy, and a great deal more so after the death of her two younger children. She did not curse uncle 'Zeik after that. But she always had a talent for rhyming; and she used to come and sit upon the horse block before our shop, and sing a sort of song that was meant to worry uncle 'Zeik, and it did worry him dreadfully, especially the chorus. Whenever he

heard that, he seemed to forget what he was about, and every thing went wrong. 'Twas something like this—

He dug a pit as deep as hell,
And into it many a drunkar I fell;
He dug the pit for sordid pelf,
And into that pit he'll fall himself.

One time when poor Nelly sung the chorus pretty loud, and the shop was rather full, uncle 'Zeik was so confused that he poured half a pint of rum, which he had measured out, in his till, and dropped the change into the tin pot, and handed it to the customer.

I really felt for him; for about this time two of his sons gave him a sight of trouble. They used to get drunk and fight like serpents. They shut the old gentleman down cellar one night, and one of them, when he was drunk, slapped his father in the face. They did nothing but run him into debt; and at last he got to taking too much himself, just to drown care. Old Nelly was right; for uncle Snooks fell into his own pit, before he died.

After the temperance society was formed, he lost his license, and got to be starving poor, and the town had to maintain him. He's been crazy several years. I went to see him last winter with father, who has tried to get him into the state hospital. It made me feel ugly to see him. He didn't know me; but all the time I was there, he kept turning his thumb and finger, as though he was drawing liquor, or scoring it down with a bit of chalk upon the wall. It seemed as if he had forgotten all his customers but one; for though the wall was covered with charges of rum and brandy, and gin and flip, and toddy, the whole was set down against Barny Belcher.

REVOLUTIONARY ROMANCE.

West Point was one of the most impregnable posts of the American army during the Revolutionary war. Its commanding situation afforded a view of the country for many miles around, and its natural defences, assisted with little art, rendered it one of the most important fastnesses of the American army, during the eight years' contest with the British nation; and the consequence attached to it, in a military point of view, was evinced in the frequent and unsuccessful attempts of the enemy to obtain possession of it. It was here that Arnold conceived the horrid idea of bartering his country for gold. This conspiracy, however, aiming a death blow at liberty in the western hemisphere, resulted as every one knows only in the universal contempt and ignominy of Arnold, and the lamented death of the unfortunate Andre.

It was in the latter part of the year 17—, the fourth year of the struggle between England and her colonies, that the British meditated another attack on West Point, which they intended should decide the contest For this purpose secret preparations had been going on for some time, and small parties were sent out to reconnoitre the American camp. About three or four days before this memorable action took place, one of these reconnoitering parties, fatigued with the exertions of the day, and finding themselves unable to reach the place of destination before night, halted near the entrance of a wood, resolving there to take up their quarters for the night.

The party was headed by a brave officer, Col. W———, who, though young, had already distinguished himself in several engagements.—Being within three miles of the American camp, and of course liable at any moment to be surprised and taken prisoners by the Americans or savages, who prowled around, two of the party were obliged to act as sentinels, while the others reposed themselves. Col. W———, not being inclined, laid himself on the ground near a tree, which his companion had ascended, and was completely absorbed in a reverie of bright hopes of future glory, strangely mingled with thoughts of those he had left in his native land. Suddenly he was aroused by the trampling of a horse, and seizing his musket was about to awaken his companions, when he perceived through the trees a foaming steed which had run away with its rider; in an instant he perceived it was a lady, and darting through the thickets, he caught the bridle of the horse just in time to prevent her from being crushed under his heels, he assisted the lady to dismount, and half dead with terror, she sank almost senseless on the trunk of a tree. By the time the officer had secured the horse, she recovered from her fright and informed him that she was the daughter of General Montrose, commander of the garrison then stationed at West Point—that riding out with some of her companions, her horse had taken fright, and she was soon lost to their view, and probably but for his assistance would have been dashed to pieces in the forest. When the lady was sufficiently rested, the gallant officer, at her own request, set out to escort her home. The sun was setting in all its splendor, and throwing its departing rays on the beautfiully variegated hue of the distant forests, as they came within sight of the American encampment; they had not proceeded far, when they met the lady's companions, her own brother and a young friend, riding at full speed in search of her. Overjoyed at finding her in safety, they forgot for a moment the presence of a stranger—the rescued lady was first to remember it, and turning to the officer said:

'By what name shall I thank the preserver of my life?'

'Reserve your thanks, fair lady, for him in whose hands I was but the humble instrument,' said the officer; 'my name is Eugene W———, Colonel of his majesty's 23d regiment.'

Eugene ——?' said the lady's brother, 'is it possible he can have forgotten his friend George Montrose?' and the soldiers embraced each other.

They had been classmates and intimate friends at Oxford, and when the father of Montrose removed with his family to America, just before the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, little did the friends expect when parting, to meet again as soldiers in a different cause.

The morning at length dawned, which was, as it might be said to decide the fate of the colonies, for the British were in possession of New York, and several other important places, and expected it successful in this last attempt, to bring the colonies into entire subjection. But their projects were defeated. The Americans received intelligence of their movements a few hours before, and made such hasty preparations as time would permit, and being actuated by one spirit, to conquer or die, this small garrison of five hundred men held out against four thousand of the British troops, till they received relief from head quarters, three days after, and then the British were entirely defeated. General Montrose was wounded, but not mortally, and his son escaped unhurt, although he was in the thickest part of the fray. Several of the enemy were taken prisoners, and among them was the gallant Col. W——. Severely wounded, he would never have recovered, but for the care and attention of Emily Montrose. After the campaign was ended these two persons so singularly brought together, were united in marrage.

ASTONISHING FACTS RELATIVE TO A FORMER ORGANIC WORLD.

Dr. Buckland giving a description of the most interesting fossil organic remains, shows that the extinct species of plants and animals which formerly occupied our planet display, even their fragments and relics, the same marks of wisdom and design which have been universally recognized in the existing species of organized beings.

After giving some account of the supposed cases of fossil human bones, and establishing the remarkable fact of the total absence of any vestiges of the human species throughout the entire series of geological formations, he passes to the general history of fossil organic remains—

"It is marvellous that mankind should have gone on for so many centuries in ignorance of the fact, which is now so fully demonstrated, that no small part of the present surface of the earth is derived from the remains of animals that constituted the population of ancient seas. Many extensive plains and massive mountains from, as it were, the great charnel houses of preceding generations, in which the petrified exuviæ of extinct races of animals and vegetables are piled into stupendous monuments of the operations of life and death, during almost immeasurable periods of past time. 'At the sight of a spectacle,' says Cuvier, 'so terrible, as that of the wreck of animal life, forming almost the entire soil on which we tread, it is difficult to restrain the imagination from hazarding some conjectures as to the cause by which such great effect have been produced.' The deeper we descend into the strata of the earth, the higher do we ascend into the archæological history of past ages of creation. We find successive stages marked by varying forms of animal and vegetable life, and these generally differ more and more widely from existing species as we go further downwards into the receptacles of the wreck of more ancient creations. * * * *

"Besides the more obvious remains of testacea and of larger, minute exmination discloses, occasionally, prodigious accumulations of microscopic shells that surprise us no less by their abundance than by their extreme minuteness. The mode in which they are crowded together many be estimated from the fact that Soldani collected from less than an ounce and a half of stone, found in the hills of Casciana, in Tuscany, 10,454 microscopic chambered shells.—* * * * Of several species of these shells, four or five hundred weigh a single grain; of one species he calculates that a thousand individuals would scarcely weigh one grain."

Extraordinary as these phenomena must appear, the recent discoveries of Ehrenberg, made since the publication of Dr. Buckland's work, are still more marvellous and instructive. This eminent naturalist, whose discoveries respecting the existing infusorial animals we have already noticed, has discovered fossil animalcules, or infusorial organic remains, and not only has discovered their existence by the microscope, but he has found that they form extensive strata of tripoli, or poleschiefer, (polishing slate,) at Franzenbad, in Bohemia—a substance supposed to have been formed from sediments of fine volcanic ashes in quiet waters. These animals belong to the genus Bacillaria, and inhabit silicious shells, the accumulation of which form the strata of polishing slate. The size of a individual of these animalcules is about 1-288th of a line, the 3-400th part of an inch. In the polishing slate from Bilin, in which there seems an extraneous matter, and no vacuities, a cubit line contains, in round numbers, 23,000,000 of these animalcules, and a cubic inch 41,000,000 of them. The weight of the cubic inch of the tripoli which contains them is 270 grains.—Hence there are 187,000 of these animalcules in a single grain, or the silicious coat of one of these animals is the 187,000th part of a grain.

Since this strange discovery was made Mr. Ehrenberg has detected the same fossil animals in the semiopal, which is found along with the polishing slate in the tertiary strata of Bilin, in the chalk flints, and even in the semiopal or noble opal of the porphyritic rocks. What a singular operation does this fact exhibit of the remains of the ancient world! While our habitations are sometimes built of the solid aggregate of millions of microscopic shells; while, as we have seen, our apartment are heated and lighted with the wreck of mighty forests that covered the primeval valleys, the chaplet of beauty shines within the very sepulchres in which millions of animals are entombed! Thus has death become the bandmaid and the ornament of life. Would it were also its instructor and guide!

A true gentleman—written by a lady.—A true gentleman and a *fine* gentleman are not, as is too universally supposed, synonymous characters. A true gentleman misses no opportunity of obliging his friend, yet does it in so delicate a manner that he seems rather to have received than conferred a favor. He is honorable in himself, and in the judgement of others, his word is sufficient for the fulfillment of an engagement. In his demeanor is combined mildness and firmness, dignity with condescension, affability with discretion; sincerity, simplicity and ease are prominent characteristics. He is neither a slave nor an enemy to pleasure, but approves or rejects, or refuses, as his reason dictates: he stoops not to flatter a knave, though he may fill an exalted station; nor does he neglect merit, though he may find it in a cottage. He defeats the malice of an enemy with forbearance, his understanding is never supplanted by vanity; he does not love where he does not esteem; in his friendship he is steady and sincere; and if he understands the true character of an intelligent lady, he never salutes her with a profusion of what a fine gentleman would call eloquent flattery (but creates in the mind of an intelligent female disgust, disapprobation and dislike,) but addresses her with a proper degree of respect, and converses for the purpose of mutual instruction.

Cause and Effect.—Two persons meeting, one observed to the other, "S. our old friend, the counsellor is dead; and I am surprised to hear that he has left so very few *effects*." "Not at all to be wondered at," replied the other, "as I understood he had very few *causes*."

From the Metropolitan Magazine,

CLAUDINE.--A TALE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "MISREPRESENTATION."

"ONE day Love rode a butterfly, seeking a flowery shrine. The Heartsease withered as the god approached; the sly urchin smiled to see the ruin he had caused, then flew away.—The Snowdrop could not stay his flight; she was too pale and scentless—Love needs return—requital. Upon a sloping sunny bank a single Violet raised its peerless head; thither flew Love; the perfume pleased him, and he thought to creep into the fragrant bell; but the wild wind rose, the tiny flower bent before the blast, and the coy god was gone. Love is too often but a sunshine friend. Long, long he fluttered near a graceful Rose; but her cup, so free and open, gave entrance to another—the roving Bee was welcome there; and Love must reign alone. Evening came on, Love was a-wearied, and his gay courser's pinions drooped. He saw a dim and melancholy flower—'Here will I rest,' quoth he.—Then in the Nightshade's gloomy folds Love sought *repose* and found *oblivion*."

"I see neither wit nor beauty in all that," said Claudine, as pettishly she threw away the book.

"There is, at any rate, a moral," replied her father, with a grave smile; "take care that you, Claudine, do not one day share the young god's fate, and, in spite of all your beauty, pass into oblivion."

Claudine thought there was no danger of anything of the kind; she was exceedingly pretty, her father considered rich, and the cold disdain with which it had hitherto pleased her to treat her admirers, seemed only to increase their number.

"I think it extremely foolish," she answered, "and I wonder who has had the impertinence to write such nonsense in my scrap-book."

There were no albums in those days.

"It is not unlike Philip de la Condamine's hand-writing," said a young companion;—"I know his sisters well, and have often seen his letters to them. I am almost certain it is his."

"Philip de la Condamine—Philip de la Condamine!" exclaimed Claudine, still more offended than before; for Philip had red hair, his voice was harsh and inharmonious, he limped slightly in walking, his manners were abrupt, and there was in his whole deportment that awkward bashfulness we often see in persons sensible of bodily defects. Philip de la Condamine was, therefore, Claudine thought, the last man who should have ventured to teach her such a lesson; and she again repeated, that she thought he had been guilty of great impertinence.

"Philip is an excellent man," observed her father.

"I hate excellent men, especially if they have red hair," said Claudine, impatiently. Then taking the page from the book, she tore it into a thousand pieces, and, scattering them on the ground, proposed to her companions that they should betake themselves to the verandah.

Now it happened that Phllip de la Condamine had, on the preceding evening, made proposals to Mr. Pierrepoint for his daughter's hand; the offer had been rejected; for, although Mr. Pierrepoint would gladly have accepted Philip for a son-in-law, he knew Claudine's feelings towards him rendered the marriage quite impossible.—De la Condamine was about to leave New Orleans for a short time; but, notwithstanding his disappointment, he would not go without a farewell visit to Claudine, and he was even now upon his way to Mr. Pierrepoints house. He was ushered into the drawing-room, where the fragments of his little fable, scattered upon the floor, instantly attracted his attention; while, through the open window, he heard the lady of his love amusing a circle of giddy companions at his expense. And as the laughter of these heedless beings grated upon his ear, Claudine, apprized that a stranger was within, entered the room. She saw instantly that he was vexed and angry; and believing the indignity with which she had treated his effusion to be the cause of his displeasure, endeavored to soften his annoyance by affecting ignorance of the author.—Philip made no reply, but fixed his eyes on hers, and, with a withering look of scorn and detestation, left the room. Claudine was very much distressed; under her proud and haughty bearing there lurked a woman's timid heart, and from that hour she feared Philip de la Condamine as much or more than she believed he hated her.

Two years passed on, and all was changed in Claudine Pierrepoint's lot. Her father died—died, too, insolvent—and she became a beggar and a *slave*. For her maternal ancestors belonged to that degraded race; and though no traces of her dark origin shadowed her lofty brow, or dimed the rose that blushed upon her cheek—although till now the hideous circumstance had not even been suspected by the poor wretch whose fate hung all upon it—yet was it true. No act of manumission had been passed—she was a slave, and claimed as such by the unfeeling creditors. She was a slave; nothing might save her from her fearful destiny; expostulation, entreaty, even gold was tried; for a half-brother of her father's, who chanced, at the period of his decease, to be upon the spot, deeply interested for the unprotected orphan, used every means to save her. It was in vain.—Her beauty had enhanced her value; all he could offer would not meet the price the heartless wretches set upon her; and she, who had been so delicately reared—the beautiful, the pure, the lofty-minded Claudine—stood shrinking from the public gaze, a jest, a sport, the victim of cupidity, of viler passions still. Once only she raised her tearful eyes—once she was seen to shudder, and then, befriended by her sex's weakness, fell on the ground insensible. In that state she was purchased at an enormous price; in that state she was carried to her master's dwelling; and when returning consciousness brought all the horror of her situation to her mind, she was in a strange room, with unfamiliar faces round her. Nor dared she ask whose it was, or whose the menials so intent on her recovery, lest she should hear the name she dreaded most on earth.

"Leave me!" she cried to the negress who seemed most active, "leave me! Oh! let me be alone. I want no food, no attendance, I only want to die. I thought I was dead: why, why did you recall me to this miserable world? Leave me, I say"

The slaves obeyed; and the wretched creature, starting from the sofa on which she had been lying, quickly approached a table where some refreshments had been placed, and, seizing a knife, for a moment meditated self-destruction. But the instinctive love of life, the fear of offending her almighty Maker, delayed her frantic purpose; and while she stood irresolute, the sound of a shuffling footstep caught her ear, and her whole frame shook with horror; she knew her most appalling fears were realised—De la Condamine had purchased her—De la Condamine now stood beside her. For a few seconds neither spoke; at length he broke the painful silence.

"We are both changed, much changed, Claudine, since the morning when my folly called forth your merriment; when, after having spurned my love, you derided my infirmities, and made a mockery of that which should have called forth pity and compassion. Claudine, do you still recollect that day?"

Claudine bent her head forward, and the long tresses fell in rich clusters on her pallid cheeks. "I do remember it," she said; "I have, I fear but too much cause; but for my foolish conduct on that fatal morning, perhaps I had not been as I am now—your slave!"

"Not so, not so, Claudine, you are no slave. You are free, free as the mountain rivulet. It is true, the wealth I once presumed to offer you, the gold I valued most, because I looked upon it as a means of gratifying you, has saved you from an ignominious fate; yet you are no slave, I have bought your freedom."

"Freedom!" almost shrieked Claudine.

"Yes, you are free."

"Bless you! O bless you!"

He waved his hand impatiently. "Your kinsman left New Orleans this morning, for he could not bear to witness your unhappiness; but I have despatched a messenger to tell him you are here, and beg his immediate return. This evening, or to-morrow at the latest, I expect him, and you will leave this place together?"

"Bless you! O bless you!" Claudine once more exclaimed, as throwing herself upon her knees, she seized his hand, and pressed it to her beating heart. For a moment Philip looked towards her, then raised her gently, placed her upon a seat, and silently withdrew.

Mr. William Pierrepoint was an English merchant of very moderate fortune, residing in the neighborhood of London; thither, after some little delay, he brought his adopted charge, and bade his wife and daughters look upon her as a child and sister. The injunction was unnecessary; they were kind, simple-minded people who saw nothing in their new relative but what was dear and lovely; and she was speedily domesticated in the family. Claudine was sensibly alive to all their kindness, and in return strove to be cheerful, to appear happy; but it might not be—her thoughts were ever in her own far country, and the remembrance of the degradation she had suffered pressed like a heavy weight upon her heart. There were others beside her family who loved Claudine, for she was beautiful; her long dark eyes, so soft and pensive, her graceful mien, her exquisitely moulded form, raised her above the herd of merely pretty women: and, all impoverished as she was, there were not wanting those who gladly would have linked their fate with hers—but *one* had left his image on her heart, and it seemed sacrilege even to entertain a thought of love or preference save for him.

Years passed away—Claudine's beauty faded, faded before its time. Beauty, even with us, the flower but of a day, is still more evanescent in the daughters of the western world. Claudine was changed: it mattered not; her loveliness had been but a pernicious gift, and its departure caused her no regret.

It chanced about this time there was a dinner-party—a dull, formal dinner-party. The ladies, seated in a circle, looked wearied, made insignificant remarks, and twirled their fans. The gentlemen stood about the room in knots of two or three, and talked of the funds and politics.—The owner of the house was in a sort of grave fidget (if my readers can comprehend such a state;) the lady, in the midst of her endeavors to amuse her guests, looked anxiously in the direction of the door, and not very complacently towards her husband, for she knew the dinner was being spoilt, and the person who caused the inconvenient delay had been invited especially by him. At length, her patience being fairly exhausted, dinner was ordered, to the infinite relief of the assembled party; the guests took their places at the table, the soup was handed round, and something like a thaw began.—Just then a carriage drove up to the door, a shabby knock was given, an awkward looking person shuffled into the room, muttered in a low husky voice some faint excuses for his tardy appearance, then sank into the vacant seat, and, without looking round, applied himself to the half-cold soup that was set before him.—Mrs. Barton, the owner of the house, gave the poor man a stiff reproving bow, while the majority of the company, paused in their eating, or their talking, to speculate from whence had sprung so strange a looking being. But there was present one person whose cheek glowed, whose heart beat, and hand trembled; Claudine Pierrepoint was among the guests, and in that uncouth stranger recognised Philip de la Condamine.—She found no opportunity of speaking, or even of bowing to him, for they were seated at the same side of the table, and it was impossible to catch his eye. As, however, the ladies left the room, she ventured an inclination of her head. It was barely answered; in fact, he doubted whether the salutation had been meant for him. Claudine felt she was forgotten, and her father's warning rushed upon her mind.

The evening glided on; the gentlemen came up from the dining-room; there was music, flirting, conversation—but De la Condamine, a stranger and neglected, stood alone. Claudine mustered all her courage, and addressing him by name, proffered her hand. He started.

"You do not recollect me," she said coloring, "I am so changed and altered. Philip de la Condamine forgets Claudine Pirrepoint."

Philip looked earnestly at the agitated Claudine, then said (he was no courtier, he never had been one,) something of "time," something about "the lapse of years."

That night, in the dark stillness of her chamber Claudine wept—wept for the beauty she had lost; Philip had loved that beauty, now it was gone, and with it all her chance of pleasing him. Claudine was wrong; there yet remained something superior to her vanished charms—the spirit's loveliness was there and soon did Philip own its power. They again met. Mr. Pierrepoint, anxious to testify his sense of gratitude towards the man who had acted thus noble a part, gave him an invitation to his house; and, thrown once more into Claudine's society all the affection with which De la Condamine had formerly regarded her revived, and ere long it was generally known an engagement had taken

place. He returned to New Orleans to make some arrangements rendered necessary by his future plans: for as Claudine's reappearance in that city was judged impossible, it was settled he should be received as a junior partner in her Uncle's house, and about six months after Mrs. Barton's dinner-party he and Claudine were married.

"And were happy ever after."

Not altogether, gentle reader! There were at first drawbacks to their felicity: Philip's fortune had already suffered from the enormous sum he paid for Claudine's freedom; transfers of property are seldom unaccompanied by loss—his was peculiarly unfortunate; for many years, therefore, it required much toil on his part, and economy on hers, to enable them to live at all.—Claudine thought nothing of her own privations, but it pained her sensibly to see him overworked and anxious, and self-reproach was busy when she reflected, as she hourly did, that it was from love to her these trials and anxieties had arisen.

"Philip," she said one day when he appeared unusually harrassed, "my own Philip, you have bought my happiness at too high a price."

"I do not think so," he replied.

"Oh, if you knew how bitterly I lament my blindness, my folly, my worse than folly!"

"Pooh, pooh! who could expect a beautiful girl of seventeen to fall in love with such an ugly dog as I am. *I* was the fool for even thinking of it."

I believe it is hardly necessary to inform the reader that the groundwork of this little tale is true. The disgraceful scene in which Claudine bore so conspicuous and painful a part, has been enacted—may be repeated with, I fear, but little chance of a chivalrous Philip de la Condamine to interpose between the victim of an iniquitous system and her dark destiny.

J * * *

From the Baltimore Patriot.

THE BEAUTIFUL JULIA.—A FACT.

I knew the beautiful Julia L———, when in the bloom of her seventeenth summer. She was beautiful—amiable—accomplished. Her form was the very symbol of grace, and in her dark, liquid, melting eye, there was a heavenly charm that captivated the soul. The burning words that fell from her lips of love, contained in them the very poetry of sound, and often have I hung over her at the piano, entranced by sound, sweet as those when the angels strike their golden harps in * * * * Never have I heard a voice so soft, so sweet, so melodious. Oh! it was like the faint notes of an Æolean harp breathing over the bosom of a moon lit lake. But the beautiful, the fascinating Julia, was led away by the love of dress, which brought on a pulmonary disease. I saw her when the rose had faded on her cheek, and the brilliance of her eye had departed. But oh! though changed she was still beautiful! I bowed down at her feet and spoke of returning health and of the roses that should again bloom on her cheek; but she laid her fair hand upon her heart, pointed to heaven and shook her head. Oh! I can still see the expression of her beautiful eyes! Every day brought intelligence that the beautiful flower—that she whom every one loved, was fading away. At length she grew better. I was rejoiced! A few days after in the happy belief that she was recovering, I was playing upon the violin. I heard a gentle step at my door—it was my mother. She entered and sorrowfully said, "*poor Julia is gone—she is dead!*" The sound came like a thunderbolt to my heart; the musical instrument fell from my hands, and I burst into tears, repeating my mother's words—poor Julia is gone—she is dead.

I stood by the vault and saw the once beautiful Julia entombed. It was a mournful moment, for all who knew her loved her. Time rolled on. The seasons changed—Spring came with her beautiful flowers, but the lovely Julia, the sweetest flower of them all, were seen no more.

Eight years passed away on the wings of time. Again I stood by that vault, which was opened to receive another. I was seized with an irresistable desire to see once more, that beautiful being. I unscrewed the lid of the coffin—there she lay—the shroud was gone, and the face was full, though of a dark hue. I could almost recognize the lineaments of former beauty. I was musing upon the mutability of human happiness, when a blast of air swept away the ashes from the face, and left nothing but a ghastly skull before me. God of mercy? I involuntarily exclaimed, is this the once beautiful Julia! A voice from the silent city of the dead seemed to answer—"This is the end of beauty—this is the conclusion of all human grandeur!" I unclasped the hands, which were crossed upon the once fair and beating bosom; and, as I held the cold relic in my own, I asked myself, if this could be the once small white hand which danced so delightfully over the keys of the piano, and woke the entrancing sounds of music. I turned away from the remains of the lovely one and wept, till the sound of approaching mourners aroused him.

The Stars—The stars!—Look at the distant star which twinkles in the firmament. There it has shone with undiminished lustre for centuries. The eyes that are sealed in death thousands of years have gazed upon it, and seen it the same as we behold it now. It has held its place thro' successive empires. If we look back through the vista of distant ages we find it there. It beheld Rome in her might and her majesty. It looked upon Babylon in the days of her glory. It saw Egypt in her rising greatness. Yet still it shines on, without change or diminution of lustre. Perpetuity, constancy, is stamped upon it. Yet this is but a feeble type of the constancy and endurance of heavenly friendship. Thus saith the Lord, which giveth the sun for a light by day, and the ordinances of the moon and stars for a night, which divideth the sea when the waves thereof roar; the Lord of Hosts is his name; if those ordinances depart from before me, saith the Lord, then the seed of Israel shall also cease from being a nation before me forever. The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee; neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.' If we attach so much value to the constancy that can abide but a few years at most, how can we estimate aright that which endures for ever?—Think of a friendship, the measure of whose duration is eternity itself, the tenure of it without limit or end. O, what a basis for everlasting confidence is this!

☞ The last number of the North American Review contains a Review of Spark's life and writings of GEORGE WASHINGTON, an interesting work recently published in 12 volumes, and which is republishing in England, France and Germany. In the course of the review, which is very ably written, the following beautiful tribute is paid to the wife of Washington:

"The matrimonial connexion of Washington was eminently happy, and continued for forty years till his death. With her intimate acquaintances, the character of Mrs. WASHINGTON was the theme of untiring praise. To the nation at large, she was the object of affectionate respect: for it was known to all men, that she made the home of the Father of his country happy. Affable and courteous, exemplary in her deportment, remarkable for deeds of charity, unostentatious, and without vanity, she adorned private life by her domestic virtues, and with dignity and grace every station to which her husband's eminence called her. There is no doubt that much of the calm and equable action of Washington's character is to be ascribed to the happy influence of his wife, to the freedom from domestic care, resulting from her excellent management, and to the even spirits, which can rarely be enjoyed but in a cheerful home.

An Extract.—When I pass by the grog shop and hear the idle dispute and the obscene song—when I see the cart rolled along filled with intoxicated youth, singing and shouting as they go—when I discover the boat sailing down the river, where you can discover the influence of rum by the noise which it makes—I cannot help but ask, were these people taught to read? Was there no social library to which they could have access? Did they ever know the satisfaction of taking an improving volume by a peaceful fireside? Or did they ever taste the luxury of improving the mind? You hardly ever knew a young man that loved his home and his book, that was vicious. Knowledge is often the poor man's wealth. It is a treasure that no man can steal, no moth nor rust can corrupt. By this you turn his cottage to a palace and you give a treasure which is always improving and never can be lost.

The Nashville Whig says—"A Bowie knife slaughter took place a few days since in Holmesville, Miss. Mr. Hobbs was the victim; Strother, the butcher."

A DANGEROUS WEAPON.—A Mr. Jackson, of St. Louis, has invented an air gun cane, which will kill a rat six rods distance, and may be discharged thirty times at once loading.

Noble Act.—The citizens of Cincinnati have presented a house and lot, &c., valued at $1200 to Mrs. Mary Ann McComas and her sisters and children, as an act of charity to compensate her in some measure for the double loss she sustained by fire on the 21st, in the destruction of her property, and in the death of a fine little boy who perished in the flames. The unfortunate widow is sister-in-law to the editor of the Troy (Ohio) Times. The little boy of 8 years of age perished because he could not be persuaded by his mother to jump out of the window from a small height, as his sister aged 12 did upon a feather bed the mother threw out.

A Thought.—Were children accustomed from infancy, to hear nothing but correct conversation, there would be but little need of their learning arbitrary rules of Grammar; they would naturally speak and write correctly. Hence it is that children of educated parents are generally so much more easy and graceful in their conversation than the children of the uneducated. Our language like our manners, is caught from those with whom we associate; and if we would have the young improve in this important part of education we must be careful that they hear no vulgarism from us. Parents and teachers cannot be too particular in their use of language in the presence of imitative children.—*Pestalozzi.*

Go to Church.—There is no one thing which helps to establish a man's character and standard in society, more than a steady attendance at church, and a proper regard for the first day of the week. Every head of a family should go to church as an example of parents who have loved them, and watched over their best interests. Lounging in the streets and bar-rooms on the Sabbath day is abominable and deserves severe censure, because it lays the foundation of habits which ruin one, body and soul. Many a young man can date the commencement of his dissipation, which made him a burthen to himself and friends, and an object of pity in the sight of his enemies, to his Sunday debauchery. Idleness is the mother of drunkenness—the Sabbath is to young people generally an idle day, therefore if it be not properly kept, it were better struck out of existence.

Go to church!—If you are a young man just entered upon business, it will establish your credit. What capitalist would not sooner entrust a new beginner, who instead of dissipating his time, his character and his money in dissolute company, attended to his business on business days, and on the Sabbath appeared in the house of God. Go to church! with a contrite heart, pour out a sincere thank offering for the mercies of the past week.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

A SINGULAR DUEL.—The Richmond Whig, in announcing the death of Col. F. B. Povell, of Powhattan county, Va., furnishes a very interesting account of a duel that was fought some years since between that gentleman and Col. W. S. Archer, of the same state. The terms were pistols at ten paces. The first fire was ineffectual and Col. Archer proposed, in order to make quicker work of it, that both parties should have the privilege of advancing at the next fire, within what distance and time they pleased. Colonel Povell agreed. The word was given and the latter fired without leaving his place, hitting Col. Archer's hat, and through it the comb with which his hair was fastened. Archer advanced until his pistol touched his antagonist's breast, exclaiming "Sir, your life is in my hands—make acknowledgments or I'll blow you through in an instant." "Ill make no acknowledgments," answered the undaunted Povell, and exposing his bare bosom to the instrument of death, taunted Col. Archer to fire, in terms that indicated his unyielding firmness of soul. "I will not kill so brave a man," was the reply of the latter, as he fired in the air. Col. Povell apologized, now that the means of intimidation were removed; they both shed tears, shook hands and proved the sincerity of the reconciliation by continuing ever after the best friends.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1838.

"*The Knickerbocker.*"—The November No. of this favorite magazine is on hand. It will afford timely amusement to those in whose ears yet ring the tumult of the just closed political contest; and should receive additional patrons from among those whose intense patriotism forbade them, up to this time, the quiet pleasures of light literature. Its pages are always instructive and amusing, and seldom more so than now. Mas. Phillips journal is a most interesting portion of several of the late numbers, while the tales from the "Kushaw property" are exceedingly clever and amusing. "The Wanderer's Return," "The Sympathies," "The Miser," "Hans Carvel," &c. &c. all afford what the readers of monthlies always seek.

The Mechanics' Association.—We are happy to know that this association is now in a flourishing condition, and that its usefulness is demonstrated by the large number of Books weekly drawn from its library by those for whose particular benefit it was established. Its officers are active in the performance of their somewhat arduous duties, and every member feels a degree of responsibility resting upon him, which will ensure the permanency of the association. Our citizens, too, generally appreciate the importance of sustaining it, and we doubt not it will advance in importance and usefulness with every month. Success attend every effort to elevate the intellect, and place the mechanic among the most enlightened as he is now among the most useful classes of Society!

NEW WORK.

"PELAYO, A STORY OF THE GOTH, *by the author of 'Mellechamp,' 'Guy Rivers,' 'The Yamasse,' &c. &c.*" The HARPERS have commenced their winter literary campaign. The first fruits are before us. In "*Pelayo*", the favorite author of "*Mellechamp*," has sent out an interesting work, drawn from an interesting age. Of its particular excellence, we must defer the expression of an opinion, until we shall have overcome both volumes. It may be had of NICHOLS & WILSON.

Christmas and New Year Gifts.—The season for the presentation of Tokens of Affection is at hand, and our Booksellers are unusually well prepared for its arrival. NICHOLS & WILLSON have a rich assortment of splended Annuals—some of them vastly superior to any thing ever before offered in this market. Go, ye swains, and purchase; for mayhap the gorgeous splendor of either the "Keepsake," the "Oriental," the "Souvenir," the "Landscape," or the Book of Flowers," may prove a more eloquent advocate of your hopes, than your own bashful lips.

A Learned Ferryman.—A Ferryman on the Potomac, whose father had died in a fit of the Gout, answered a friend, (who had not heard of his father's death, and who enquired after his health,) in the following very learned language:

SIR:—The extreme frigidity of the circumambient atmosphere, had so congealed the pelucid aquaous humors of the enormous river Potomac, that I was constrained to procrastinate my intended egress into the palatine province of Maryland, to obtain the assistance, coagatancy and co-operation of a distinguished son of Æsculapius, until the peccant deleterious matter of the arthritic had ascended from the inferior major digit of my paternal relative in consanguinity, pervaded the cranium, and produced an absolute extinguishment of vivification.

TRAVELLER'S GUIDE TO WISCONSIN AND IOWA.—This is a very useful little work, and as the publisher is now in the city, those who wish a synopsis of the geography &c. of these territories, should avail themselves of this opportunity to procure this "*Guide.*"

MR. EDITOR:—After listening with extreme pleasure to the highly poetic and eloquent discourse of the Rev. P. Church, on the dedication of Mount Hope Cemetery, I chanced to read the following beautiful lines written by Miss Gould, after the dedication of Mount Auburn, at Boston. And judging from the effect which they produced on my own mind, I think you will confer a favor on many of your readers, by giving them a place in your columns. B.

A VOICE FROM MOUNT AUBURN!

A voice from Mount Auburn! a vocie!—and it said:
"Ye have chosen me out as a home for the dead;
From the bustle of life ye have rendered me free;
My earth ye have hallowed—henceforth I shall be
A garden of graves, where your loved ones shall rest;
O, who will be first to repose on my breast?

"I now must be peopled from life's busy sphere;
Ye may roam, but the end of your journey is here.
I shall call! I shall call! and the many will come
From the heart of your crowds to so peacefnl a home.
The great and the good, and the young and the old,
In death's dreamless slumbers, my mansions will hold.

"To me shall the child his loved parent resign;
And, mother, the babe at thy breast must be mine!
The brother and sister for me are to part,
And the lover to break from each tie of the heart.
I shall rival the bridegroom, and take from his side,
To sleep in my bosom, his beautiful bride.

"And sweetly secure from all pain they shall lie
Where the dews gently fall, and the streams ripple by,
While the birds sing their hymns amid air-harps that sound
Thro' the boughs of the forest trees whispering around,
And flowers bright as Eden's at morning shall spread,
And, at eve, drop their leaves o'er the slumberer's bed.

"But this is all earthly! while thus ye enclose
A spot where your ashes in peace may repose—
Where the living may come and commune with the dead,
With God and his soul, and with reverence tread
On the sod, which he soon may be sleeping below:
Have ye chosen the home where your spirit shall go?

"Shall it dwell where the gardens of Paradise bloom,
And flowers are not opening to die on the tomb?
With the song of an angel, a vesture of light,
Shall it rise in a world free from shadow and blight:
Where the waters are pure, from a fount never sealed,
And the secrets of heaven are in glory revealed?

"A day hastens on—and an arm then shall break
The bars of the tomb—the dead trump shall awake
The dead from their sleep in the earth and the sea,
And, 'render up thine!' shall the sound be to me!
Prepare for that hour, that my people may stand
Unawed by the scene at the Judge's right hand."

A Backwoodman Heroine.—A correspondent of the Louisville Journal writing from Helena, Ark., under date of the 12th ult., says—

"Last week a Mrs. McBride of Monroe Co., a widow lady, was informed by one of her children, that the dogs had treed a panther, within half a mile of the house. Having no ammunition, she sent to a neighbors and procured powder and lead moulded some bullets, loaded her gun, and proceeded to the place and brought down her game at the first fire. The report of the gun started up another panther near at hand, which ran up a tree, within half a mile of the other. She again loaded the gun and killed the other, also, at the first fire, from the top of one of the tallest trees. What would your city ladies say to this? I happened to be there the same day and received the statement from herself."

An Aged Bride.—A woman recently died in Italy, aged 142 years. She had had 8 husbands, the last of whom survived her. The widower is in his 62nd year. He married her when he was twenty and the bride had just completed her century; it is said he looked more to her fortune and to the probability of her decease, than to her personal charms. She punished his mercenary spirit by living forty years afterwards.

PRINTER'S PROVERBS.

Never inquire thou of an editior for the news, for behold it is his duty at the appointed time to give it unto thee without asking.

When thou dost write for his paper, never say unto him, "What thinkest thou of my piece?" for it may be that the truth might offend thee.

It is not fit that thou should ask of him who is the author of an article; for his duty requires him to keep such things to himself.

When thou dost enter into a Printing Office, have a care to thyself that thou dost not touch the type, for thou mayest cause the Printer much trouble.

Look not on the copy which is in the hands of the compositor; that is not meet in the sight of the Printer.

Neither examine the proof-sheet, for it is not ready to meet the eye, that thou mayest understand it.

Prefer thy town paper to any other; subscribe immediately for it, and pay in advance, that it may be well with thee and thy little ones.

SINGULAR INCIDENT.

At a public house in Scotland, a soldier stopped to take some refreshment. He was ushered into a room where the landlord happened to be making merry with some neighbors, and the soldier being a man of wars and travels, he highly entertained them with stories. At length one of the most inquisitive highlanders asked him what was the most cruel sight he had ever seen in his [illegible]. He answered that he had seen many a revolting sight, but something connected with the massacre of Glencoe beat them all! and there he saw sixteen men bound hand and foot, then placed side by side on a bench, and sixteen musket balls fired through their stout hearts! Upon this the landlord took an occasion to go out, and beckoned to one of his neighbors to follow.

'I now understand,' said he, "that this red coat was at the murder of my father, for he was one of these sixteen men; I am resolved to run him thro' with my dirk this instant.'—'Agreed, my brave Donald;' said his neighbor; 'but first let him entertain us with more of his adventures.' They went in together, and, sure of their prey, requested him to continue his narrative.

'About dawn,' continued he, 'we were under orders to quit Glencoe. Passing by a brook, we heard the screams of a child. *The captain* said to me 'Go Duncan, destroy that child if it be a male, if a female spare it.' I found a decent looking woman forcing the corner of a blanket in which it was wrapt into its mouth, and thus trying to save it my heart melted with pity—I told the captain it was a female child?

Upon this the landlord exclaimed, 'I was that child in my mother's lap! often has she told me the tale with tears of gratitude! I had a little while ago resolved to slay you; but now put off that red coat, and be as my brother forever!' So saying he called his aged mother, and related the circumstance to her, who was sensibly affected at having the deliverer of her child pointed out to her. His discharge from his regiment was purchased, and he is now an inmate and faithful servant in the employ of the innkeeper.

Roman Remains in Africa.—During the last expedition undertaken into the interior of Africa by the French from Algiers, they ascended the Ousd Kleb, as far as its source, to Redjel Safia (Sigus.) The Roman city was built on several hillocks, and to judge from the quantity of cut stones lying scattered on the ground, it must have covered a very large surface. At the summit of one of the hills is to be seen the sanctuary of a temple, the walls of which are in many places three or four yards in height. A square pedestal, placed in the rear of the edifice, bears the following inscription:—"Genio Coloniæ Cirtæ S. R. P. Sigutanor." Other inscriptions were also found in the interior of the sanctuary, which clearly proved that Redjel Safia was the real site on which stood the city of Sigus.

A correspondence between a Yankee school master in Mississippi, and his mother in Maine.

May 15, 1838.

Dear son—Come home. A rolling stone gathers no moss. Your affectionate mother, till death.

July 4th, 1838.

Dear mother—I wont. Come here. A setting hen never gets fat. Your dutiful and obedient son.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

Robert Taylor.—According to his account he is the son of the late Lord Kennedy, who married his mother twelve months after his birth.—His mother dying when he was young, his father ordered him to be put to nurse; and a woman named Robinson, in the city road, London, received £100 a year and £1 a week, to take care of him. When about seven years of age, he was stolen by some gypsies, who deserted him at Bilston, where a collier picked him up, and he was employed in the pits. It happened in the mean time that Lord Kennedy died, and having no lawful issue, he bequeathed the greater portion of his property to the subject of this narrative. Inquiries were instituted in all directions to find him out; and advertisements fully describing his person, and some particular marks upon his arms, were inserted in the leading journals. Just at this time he was taken ill at Bilston, and was in the habit of attending a surgeon daily for his prescriptions. The surgeon having seen the advertisement, thought he recognized the person wanted in his patient; and on asking him questions, and examining him closely, he became convinced that he was in reality a "diamond in the rough;" and he accordingly wrote to the advertising parties in London. He was recognized by Mrs. Robinson, and was placed in a situation of affluence; but unhappily there he took a large sum of money with him and went to Bilston, where in dissipation, he spent it, and was brought near to death. In this situation an angel of the Temperance Society crossed his path—he became a "tee totaller," and after raising the wind to a considerable extent from those who had well assured themselves of his future hopes, he started again for London in good style, and once more placed himself under the care of Mrs. Robinson.—Having remained there for the last three years, he became uncomfortable, and resolved upon leaving. It appears that, according to one of the eccentricities of the will under which he has obtained a portion, and is to have the whole of his property, he was bound to live with Mrs. Robinson until he got married, or attained the age of twenty-one. He advertised for a wife, and receiving an answer from Birmingham, went there last week, and seeing the fair one, fixed Saturday for the marriage. She wished to wait till Monday. Upon which he inquired for another girl, was introduced to Mary Ann Skindmore, who was fetched out of Mr. Barber's factory in Newhall street, to see him on Friday, and on Saturday morning they were married by license at St. Phillips church, both looking forward, no doubt, with the pleasing anticipation of being in two years in the enjoyment of property to the enormsus amount of £60,000 per annum. He is only eighteen years of age, and his wife not so old. She is a good looking girl, and the daughter of poor but honest parents in Edmund st. They remained in Birmingham until Tuesday morning, when they started for Derby.—*Birmingham Journal.*

PRINTERS' BILLS IN PARTICULAR, DUNS IN GENERAL.

There is certainly embedded somewhere in human nature, a principle which leads men to turn up their noses at printers's bills. Of all sorts of duns, a printers' dun is the most undone dun. There is rest neither night nor day for the sole of his foot and a denial to him is a matter so natural that he has become a standing monument of patience. Those who wish to prepare themselves for elevation in eternity ought to engage to collect debts for a printer. Job's long suffering spirit is a "mere circumstance to that of a printer's dun. We are well aware that the best kind of a dun is a bore most intolerable. He is a man, to make the best of him, who carries with him a multitude of calamities and, like a camel before a simoon, all sorts of people can scent his approach.

"Mr. J. Smith, here is your bill for a small matter due the office of the Luminous Illiminator." This is the fifteenth time that I have called, and you will oblige me by paying up."

Mr. Smith puts on his spectacles, approaches the collector, inspects the bill, and walks off saying, "Pshaw, these printers' bills are nuisances. Ten years I have subscribed to the Illuminator, and what good has it done? I can't see any benefit that I have reaped from it. I only subscribed to patronize the concern. Didn't expect to be teased every day with a trifling account. Stop my paper!"

The reply of Mr. Smith, contains the very philosophy of the thing. Mr. Smith cannot see the "benefit he has reaped from the Luminous Illuminator," and hence he won't pay the bill. Now, when Mr. John Smith's boys have a coat to keep out the cold, the benefit he reaps from it is tangible. He can comprehend the *quid pro quo*. But a newspaper shuts out ignorance from the nobler, the intellectual portion of his nature, and it is therefore incomprehensible. He can't feel it, and therefore says *it is not.* We believe that schoolmasters' bills, doctors' bills, lawyers' bills, and divines' bills, are all more difficult of collection, than shoemakers', grocers' or merchants' bills. The reasons is because the "benefits reaped," are not susceptible of touch or visual demonstration. The ruling principle is the same throughout Christendom.

Most persons can feel the absence of a newspaper, although they cannot comprehend its presence. It is a simple, gentle, daily adviser. It comes freighted with noiseless news to man's door, and most persons take it up as they do the hand of a long tried friend, whose Argus eyed nature penetrates all quarters of the horizon.—Like that friend too, few know its loss until it occurs, and then there is a vacancy in the day—an insipid hour in the morning, that used to be filled with the pleasing instruction which it brought. Ah! ye two legged sinners that neglect the printer think of the intolerable curiosity which your newspaper has frequent relieved you of, and then go straightway and repent!

As we have elsewhere observed, we have a most excellent and honest set of subscribers and we are duly thankful for all their kindness. In concluding this article, we bestow our benison upon them. To the young men we wish that choicest blessing—a good wife. To the young ladies, attentive lovers and kind husbands. To the old men, (we love old men) we wish obedient sons, sweet hours of repose, and a hopeful contemplation of the future. To the old women—but we forget: there are no old women. Our gallantry is sadly at fault.

Desert of California.—This immense plain, the existence of which was, until very recently, wholly unknown, is situated in the central part of Upper or New California, in Mexico. It is limited on the north by a mass of rocks, which separate it from the head waters of the Lewis river; on the west by an irregular chain of mountains, extending in parallel ridges along the shores of the Pacific Ocean; on the east by the western branches of the Colorado, and on the south by the valley of the Colorado. Its area is equal to that of Virginia, and consists of an elevated platean or table land, flanked on all sides, by descents more or less inclined, according to their geological structure. In all its essential features, this remarkable waste resembles the great Sahara of Africa. It presents little else than an arid surface, broken at intervals by a few detached mountains of limited extent; but rising in some instances above the region of perpetual snow. From these mountains, small streams flow during the rainy seasons. On reaching the plains these torrents instantly disappear in the sand, leaving no other trace of their existence than the fragments of rocks and other debris, which are borne down by the current and deposited at the basis of the hills. No region can present a more dreary and desolate appearance. A solitary antelope or black tailed deer, wild in the extreme, and a few straggling Indians among the most wretched objects in creation, may sometimes be seen traversing the plains. The country beyond the mountains which bound the Desert on the west, is inhabited by numerous tribes of the short haired Indians. They occupy the vallies of the Buenosventura, and hunt the elk, antelope, black tailed deer, grisly bear, &c.—Immediately adjoining the desert on the north east, is situated one of the most extensive lakes in this part of the continent. In common with all other isolated lakes of great extent, its waters are strongly impregnated with rock salt, which abounds in the mountains on the east.—*Tanner's Geographical Notes.*

Michigan.—A New York Carman, who by six years of industry, had accumulated about $3,000, but during the last year has been unable to make any thing of consequence, beyond the expenses of his family, started for the West a few weeks ago, to see whether something better might not be done. At Ann Arbour in Michigan, he found a pioneer who six years ago bought one hundred and fifty acres of luxuriant land, at $1 25 per acre, and had put up a house, a barn and other out-houses, so as to have all things comfortable, and had put down eighty acres to wheat for the next year. He wished to go farther west, and was ready to sell his cultivated farm for much less than the generally estimated value of such estates. The Carman, after consideration, offered his $3,000 for the farm, which was accepted. The Pioneer and Carman, it will be noticed, have grown rich just equally, for both have been at work an equal time, and now they exchange estates, and both certainly have done very well, and much better than either could have done in any other country than this.—*Jour. of Com.*

Blennerhassett.—A Louisville paper publishes a long notice, purporting to be derived from the vice consul of the U. S. on one of the Bahama Islands of the life or death of Blennerhasset, remarkable for his connexion with Aaron Burr, and signalized by the eloquence of Mr. Wirt. According to this notice he died in Philadelphia as late as last spring, "under his true name, Lewis Carr." After serving in the engineer department of the Brrtish army some years, being of a respectable Irish family it is said he settled on the island of Jamaica, in the West Indies; and that he accumulated a fortune there by bold mercantile adventures. In 1803, it is farther said, he arrived at New Orleans with the accomplished wife of a distinguished gentleman of Jamaica, who had absconded with him, assumed the name by which he was afterward distinguished, and finally located on the famous island in the Ohio, near Marietta.—After the explosion of the Burr conspiracy, he fled to New Providence, one of the Bahamas, and became a lawyer, resuming "his true name Lewis Carr." In 1829 he was a member, and subsequently Speaker, of the legislative assembly. He became embarrassed soon after; returned to the U. S. in obscurity a short time before Col. Burr's death, and died in Philadelphia last spring, known only as Lewis Carr.

We give this queer story, greatly abridged, as we find it. The writer professes to have been his partner in the law for 20 years past.

How far the above is correct we have no means at hand of ascertaining; but we have reason to think that some parts of it are apocryphal. If we mistake not, Blennerhasset resided for several years in Montreal. We know that we saw him there once or twice.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

The Best way to Teach.—It was once said by the French philosopher, Diderot, 'that the best way to educate a child is to tell it stories, and let it tell stories to you." There is so much true philosophy in this remark, we will extend it a little.

There is a school-room education, and an ambulating or walking education; the one is obtained out of the book on the bench; the other from walking among and talking of things. And we believe that this out door instruction has been too much neglected; education having been conducted on the principle of looking out of the window at things, instead of visiting objects, and learning their properties and uses.

The student, for example, looking out of his college window at the horse, can give five or six names to the animal: one in Latin, one in German, another in Greek, and then the French name, &c. The stable boy can give but one name; yet which knows the most of the properties, nature, disposition, and uses of the horse!

Education consists too much in merely naming things, when it should relate more to their properties and uses. It should connect words with ideas, and ideas, as much as the nature of the subject will allow of, with objects.

If we instruct children orally while visiting nature, words, ideas objects will naturally be more in connexion with each other than the school-room lesson make them. And the teacher should take occasion to instruct in the fields, in ship-yards in the crowded streets, and in the pathway of canals and railroads.

He should talk on all these subjects, and elicit from the children their own impressions, inquiries and reflections. He should talk and walk, and let the children talk and walk more, in the process of education than has been the practice with the majority of instructors.—*Com. S. Assist.*

SELECTED POETRY.

AUTUMN.

O, with what glory comes and goes the year!—
The buds of spring—those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times—enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;
And where the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and, with
A sober gladness, the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
And pomp and pageant fill the splenid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellowed richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the Autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
Morn, on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing; and, in the vales,
The gentle wind—a sweet and passionate wooer—
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech and maple yellow-leaved;
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the way side a-weary. Through the trees,
The sprightly robin moves; and mottled finch
That on wild berry feeds—whilst, oft in clusters
On cottage roofs, the traveller swallows throng.

Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him that, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent!
For him the wind—aye—and the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear!

From the Philadelphia Morning Star.

The following beautiful lines written by Henry W. Hemans, son of Mrs. Hemans, we do not remember ever to have seen in print. They wi l be found to contain much of the beauty and pathos which have thrown such a witchery around the poetry of his gifted mother.

They ask me why I did not weep?
They say my love was chill;
Oh! think not sorrow is not deep;
Because its voice is still.
The secret pang—the smothered sigh,
Corrode the heart, but shun the eye.

It was not beauty's power that moved
This fond heart to adore;
I loved her not as others loved,
And yet I loved her more,
For tho' her outward form was fair,
Within was beauty still more rare.

And yet I scarcely ought to mourn
The spirit early flown;
Ere the soft heart, by anguish torn,
Affliction's blight had known.
For I'm in tears, and she at rest;
The sufferer cannot weep the blest.

She sleeps, where, in the balmy air
The perfumed wild flowers wave,
And violets spring in garlands fair
Around her hallowed grave,
And waft their sweet, their living breath,
Around the silent couch of death.

And often at the evening's close
I seek that lonely tomb,
To tend a solitary rose
Which blossoms o'er her bloom—
A graceful emblem of the dead,
As pure and bright, as swiftly fled!

HENRY W. HEMANS.

Shrewsbury, England.

BY GONE DAYS.

BY L. E. L.

Dream no more of that sweet time
When hearts and cheeks were young;
Dream no more of that sweet time
Ere the veil from life was flung.
Yet the cheek retains the rose
Which its beauty had of yore,
But the bloom upon the heart
Is no more.

We have mingled with the false,
Till belief had lost the charm
Which it had when hope was new,
And the pulse of feeling warm.
We have had the bosom wrung
By the mask which friendship wore,
Affection's trusting happiness
Is no more.

We have seen the young and gay
Dying as the aged die;
Miss we not the laughing voice—
Miss we not the laughing eye?
Wishes take the place of hope,
We have dreamed all faith is o'er,
Its freshness made life fair and that
Is no more.

From the New York American.

TO A FAIRE PERSONNE UPON SHORT ACQUAINTANCE.

I may not, would not, quite forget
The hours I passed with thee;—
'Twere death to say, "I love"—and yet
Silence harder seemeth me.

Ah no!—I never can forget
These words of joy from thee;
They say, thou lov'st another;—yet
How bright thy beam o'er me!

They say thou art a "sad coquette;"
Yet how to doubt a smile,
In which Day-dawn and Eve are met
For Fraud, if this be Guile.

And then, thine eye, of mourn's grey hue,
Kindling with beams of wit;—
If its deep glories prove untrue,
Let all be false, like it.

——Ah yes!—I ought and must forget
The hours I pass'd with thee;
Half-lovers were we when we met,—
Such can we no more be?

Forever be forgot, the day,
The form, the voice, the eye,—
Since thou thyself art ta'en away,
Take, take thy memory.

The dewy freshness, from my heart;
Thy Genius off my mind;
The untold grace—the thrill—the dart—
Leave not a dream behind! ☞

MARRIED.

On Wednesday morning, 14th instant, at St. Luke's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, Mr. JOHN C. ACKLEY, to Miss MARY JANE, daughter of Ephraim Moore, Esq. all of this city.

On the evening of the 15th instant, by the Rev. Geo. Beecher, Mr. Horace R. Fletcher, to Miss Olive J. Hunt, all of this city.

In Penfield, on the 15th instant, by Elder P. Kelsey, Mr. Ezra Franklin Howes, of Brighton, to Miss Mary Jane Robb, of the former place.

In Salem, Washington county, on the 17th ult., by the Rev. A. B. Lambert, Mr. HIRAM VIELE, of Rochester, to Miss ABBY M. McFARLAND, of the former place.

On the 3th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Robinson, Mr. Garret Price of Livonia, to Miss Mary Ann Kellog of Geneseo.

At Sharon, Coun. on the 28th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Bradly Sillick, Mr. Nathan B. Hebard of this city, to Miss Hannah, only daughther of the late Mr. Joseph Soule, of the former place.

In this city, on the 8th instant, Mr. Sandy Brown, to Miss Betsy Baker, all of this city.

By Elder Isaac C. Goff, on the 4th instant, Joseph Howe of Greece; to Ema Bartlett of this city.

At Southington, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Jones, George G. Jessup. to Miss Mary Youngs.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. G. R. Shumway. Henry Jessup, Jr. of Walworth, to Miss Mary, daughter of David Warren, of Macedon.

In Victor, on the 24th ultimo, Mr. Samuel R. Bacon, to Miss Almira L. Gilbert, eldest daughter of deacon O. Gilbert, of Lima, N. Y.

In Lima, on the 6th instant, by the Rev. J. Barnard, jr. Mr. E. Birchard Warner, to Miss Francis S. Clark.

In this city, on the 21st instant, by the Rev. Mr. Abel, Mr. JOHN REES, to Miss ALMA HARRIS, all of this city.

DIED.

Of a lingering illness, on the 3rd instant, at his residence in Brighton, one mile east of this city, David L. Bates, Esq., aged 63 years.

Judge Bates was extensively and favorably known as one of the principal Enginers, during the construction of the Erie Canal, and afterwards a Chief Engineer of the Ohio Canal, and other public works, during his residence here for nearly 20 years past. Nor was he more distinguished for his scientific attainments, than for unbending integrity of character, to which was joined in an eminent degree an amiable and generous disposition.

His funeral was attended at the hour of afternoon service, on Sunday the 4th, by a large concourse, at the 1st Presbyterian Church in this city.

On Saturday, the 11th instant, at South Hadley, Mass. Mrs. Rebecca Smith, wife of Erastus T. Smith, formerly of Rochester, and mother to Mrs. E. F. Smith.

Very Affecting.—A farmer going to get his grist ground at a mill, borrowed a bag of one of his neighbors. The poor man was somehow or other knocked into the water by the water-wheel, and the bag went with him. He was drowned, and when the melancholy news was brought to his wife, she exclaimed, "My gracious! what a fuss there will be now about that *bag!*"

"True modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is repugnant to the rules of right reason: false modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is opposite to the humor of the company. True modesty avoids every thing that is criminal:—false modesty, every thing that is unfashionable."

A Good Shot.—Mr. Charles Rittenhouse killed with ordinary shot, on the bank of the Wissahickon, from the top of a tree, at the distance of eighty yards, a grey eagle, which measurred five feet ten inches from the extremity of one wing to the other.—*Phil. U. S. Gaz.*

False Bosoms.—"Wife," said a tyranical husband to his abused consort, "I wish you to make me a pair of false bosoms." "I should think," replied she "that one bosom as false as yours is, would be sufficient.

A man of an open character, naturally discovers his faults more than his virtues—the former are not easily forgiven, because the latter are not seen.

Which is the best, to be over head and ears in love, or in water? In the winter, in love; in the summer, in water.

ELEVENTH VOLUME OF THE GEM.

"The GEM's alive, and alive like to be," if the present number of *paying* subscribers can be retained. Of this we have no doubt, and our only regret is, that other business is so pressing that we are unable to give much time to the *extension* of its circulation.

The next volume will be published on the same terms as the present—one dollar to mail subscribers—ten shillins to those who call at the office—and twelve shillings to city subscribers who have their papers left at their doors:—to be paid in all cases in ADVANCE. Present subscribers who wish to take the eleventh volume, will please make their remittances *early*, so that we can determine how large an edition to print.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson. $1 mail, $1,50 city, in advance

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, TALES, AND MISCELLANY.

Vol. X. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1838. No. 24.

MISCELLANY.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PELAYO; *A Story of the Goth. Harper & Brothers.*—Without pretending to historical accuracy in carrying out the plot of this "story," Mr. SIMMES has kept in the path of history more closely than is the wont either of the writers of novels, or the chroniclers of the romance of history. This may be attributed partly to the good sense of the author, who should know, and doubtless does know, that it is the duty of all caterers in this department of literature, to blend, as far as possible, instruction with amusement; and partly because the period in Gothic history during which the events recorded were (in part) enacted, was so really romantic, that reality required but little of the support of imagination, to make up a book of romance. But while there is in the historical accuracy of the work, much to approve—and while the volumes cannot but please the reader, so interesting is the plot, and so well thrown together is the general material—there is a prolixity in the details, a minuteness in the description of character and conversations, which tires the mind by entirely imprisoning the imagination. It is too much the habit of modern authors to write as if they were to be read by blockheads, incapable of appreciating the beauty of a flower unless its leaves were torn asunder that every shade and fibre may be placed palpably before the eye.—Acting under this impression, they draw out all their characters with such an unnatural minuteness, as to make them disagreeable, and paint, so laboredly, all the passions, as to make the liveliest of them as dull and stupid as the prosaical pen by which their delineation is tortured. This is too much the case with "*Pelayo.*" In the first volume, the really talented author appears as if fearful the plot would reach its consummation before material for four hundred pages was piled up. But this was not necessary, as it appears there is a "*sequel*" to follow "*Pelayo*"—after the fashion of BULWER'S "Maltravers." If Mr. SIMMES, instead of drawing out all his characters to so great a length, for the purpose, as we fear was the case, to leave sufficient matter for a "*Sequel,*" had compressed it all into the two volumes before us, "*Pelayo*" would have excelled either "*Mellachamp*" or "*The Yamasse*"—works upon which any author might be willing to rest his fame.

But, after all, few will read "*Pelayo*" but with pleasure. With all its faults, it is an agreeable work. The subjoined chapters are selected at random. Pelayo with his brother Egiza, are proceeding toward the cave of Wamba, to meet with the counsel of warriors, who are plotting the overthrow of the usurper Roderick, that the kingdom might be restored to the Prince Egiza, the eldest, though degenerate son of the murdered King Witiza. After a weary journey through the wilderness, from Cordova, the two Princes meet with the following adventure:—

CHAP. XIV.

"STAND back, before I strike thee to my feet and beat thee into powder!"

It was thus that a fierce voice arrested the progress and the speech of Pelayo. A gigantic and wild figure sprang up in his path even at the entrance of the cottage, to the threshold of which they had now come, and brandished a heavy club before their eyes. The foot of Pelayo had struck upon the cumbrous body of the man, who lay sleeping at the door of the hovel, and aroused him into angry consciousness.—Egiza started back, almost in terror, as he beheld the uncouth and strange figure arising from the earth. But not so Pelayo, whom nothing could easily daunt or take by surprise.—Yet well might the appearance of the stranger inspire apprehension, without shame, in any human bosom. His figure was Herculean—his features dark—his hair, which was long and deeply black, streamed wildly from his shoulders, and the thick beard was matted above his lips and chin in rugged folds, which did not seem to be lifted often, even to permit of the free access of food to his wide and swagging lips. His gesture well accorded with his outward seeming. It was blustering and fierce, and the voice was that of one who would seem to have been struggling to outbrave the tempest in the piercing strength of its shrieks.

"Stand back!" he cried, as he rose and stood before the princes—"I will not speak again to thee, but strike."

In an instant the thick short sword of Pelayo waved in his hand, and, despite of all the entreaty of Egiza, who would have restrained his progress, he advanced upon the savage.

"Beware!" cried the stranger, in a threatening voice, yet receding somewhat from his position.

"Urge him not, Pelayo; he will crush thee with his mace," cried Egiza.

"Then get thy weapon ready to slay him when he does so," responded Pelayo, chiding, with a stern tone, his laggard brother. "But fear nothing, Egiza—I have no fear. This burly monster can do nothing with me in so clear a light; and be sure I shall not deal so tenderly with him as I did but a little while ago with thee."

"Back!" cried the savage, seeing the determined approach of Pelayo—"back! I warn thee."

But Pelayo laughed scornfully, still advancing, and Egiza also drew his weapon and came on closely after his brother. The savage swung the heavy mace about his head, and in another instant it would have come fatally down upon that of Pelayo, but that the quick-sighted and fearless warrior suddenly closed in with him, and with the hilt of his sword struck the savage a blow between his eyes which half stunned him, while it dazzled his vision with the most stupifying glare. Without falling, he tottered back against the door of his hovel, under the overhanging eaves of which, in the open air, he seemed to have been sleeping. His mace, still in his hand, fell by his side; and though he lifted it a second time, he seemed confused and objectless, and did not again aim to strike either of the princes. Pelayo grasped the huge weapon with a sudden hand, while Egiza presented his bared weapon at the throat of its owner.

"Give me room," cried the man, recovering, and seeking to push away the princes; but he was checked as the sharp point of Egiza's weapon pricked his extended hand.

"Be not foolish, man," said Pelayo, kindly; "we seek not to do you harm. We are friends, and would only crave from thee a place of shelter and quiet for the night, which is already half gone."

"Who art thou?" demanded the savage, in reply.

"Thy master—have I not written my name between thine eyes?—thy friend, if thou believest in me," was the calm but authoritative reply of Pelayo.

"I can fight thee still," replied the man, fiercely; "I have no master but Ipsistos—the mightiest God."

"As thou wilt," said Pelayo, "though I care not to fight thee, for I would sleep—my companion and myself are weary. Give us lodging in thy cabin, and I will fight thee in the morning, and plague thee with thine own cudgel; deny us, and I will put my sword through thee even where thou standest."

"I like thy speech, and will try thee, as thou sayst, in the morning," replied the savage, with a laugh that was harshly pleasant in the deep, melancholy silence of those midnight and bleak hills. He continued:

"Thou shalt have the lodging thou requirest, stranger; and if thou canst strike me 'tween the eyes by daylight, as thou hast done to-night, I will go with thee for a season."

"Wilt thou follow me?" demanded Pelayo, eagerly.

"If thy pursuit shall please me—what is that?" replied the savage.

"War!"

"Good!—with whom?"

"Mine enemy."

"Give me the stroke at morning thou hast given me to-night, and thy enemy shall be mine," was the promise of the savage.

"By Hercules the Striker, I will make thy bones ache!" said Pelayo.

"If thou canst," said the other.

"What art thou?" asked Pelayo.

"A man—dost thou doubt me?"

"No! The name of thy nation I would know?"

"Bascome!"

"Ha!—what dost thou here, then?"

"Live!"

"What brought thee to these parts, I mean?"

"I was a warrior, but the King Witiza was a better. I fought against him, and he made me a prisoner, with many of my people. I was released by the new king, and then I fled from Toledo."

"Wherefore, when he released thee?"

"I feared his tyranny."

"Why, what hadst thou to fear? What should tempt him to thy injury? What hadst thou to lose?"

"My freedom!" replied the savage; and as the reply reached the ears of Pelayo, he grasped convulsively the arm of Egiza while he replied—

"Comrade, I'll blacken thee with bruises on the morrow, I so resolve to make thee follow me. But let us into thy dwelling."

"It is open to thee," replied the man—"there's fire, and thou will find acorns upon the hearth. For thy couch—the dry earth is beneath thee; the turf makes a good pillow, but I prefer mine here, where the air keeps it ever fresh. I will watch at the door while ye are sleeping."

"Watch well!" said Pelayo—"beware the stranger does not again strike thee between the eyes."

"We'll wait till day for that," replied the other, merrily, while the two young princes, accepting his courtesy—such as it was—at once entered the miserable hovel, where they slept without interruption until the day had fairly dawned and the red sunlight came gliding in through the thousand decayed openings of the hovel.

CHAP. XV.

PELAYO started to his feet and awakened his brother.

"I must go forth and do battle for my follower," said he, gaily.

"Thou wilt not fight with him, Pelayo ?" said Egiza.

"And wherefore not, if it needs ?" was the reply "such good limbs in a soldier are worth fighting for, and we are too slack of men in our service to stint the price we pay for them. I will but stand a blow with the trusty Bascone, and I will not shrink from a bruise or two: he will not do me much evil, for I have a trick of the hand which shall bind him, and of which he cannot know. But I think not to bide the buffet. Speak lower, for still he sleeps, as thou mayst hear by the heavy breathing from without. Let him but sleep on till I stand above him, and I make him my follower without strife."

"Thou wilt not strike him as he sleeps, Pelayo ?" said Egiza.

"What dost thou take me for, Egiza ? responded the other, as he turned upon and sternly surveyed his brother—"hast thou known me so long from youth, to think me grown base in my manhood ? By Hercules the Pilot, thy own course must have undergone dreadful alteration when thou doubtest so of mine!"

Thus speaking, Pelayo grasped his sword by the middle, and cautiously moved to the door of the hovel, which. with like caution, he unfastened. The savage Bascone still slept, with the whole bulk of his frame stretched at length before the entrance. Pelayo placed one of his feet over his body, and thus bestriding him with a light hand he struck the hilt of his sword once more between the eyes of the sleeper, just where he had stricken him the night before. The Bascone awakened and gazed round him with astonishment.

"Get up and follow me," cried Pelayo—"I claim thy promise."

"Thou must fight me first," said the Bascone.

"No !" responded Pelayo, with a laugh, "I have already won thee. I pledged myself to strike thee again between thine eyes where before I struck thee: again was not my sword upon the spot when thou awakened ?"

"Yes, but I slept then," said the Bascone,

"And the warrior is bound who sleeps. I have won thee, for I awakened before thee, and this gives me the game. Arise, then, my follower, and give me thy name."

"Thou art wise not less then strong," said the Bascone, "and hast fairly outwitted me. Thou art worthy to be a great leader, for thy head and hand agree. Still would I like to try thee a buffet, if it were only to repay thee for that which I suffered at thy hands last night."

"Thou canst not if thou wouldst, good Bascone," said Pelayo—"thine eyes are swollen too greatly with the blow, and well I know thou couldst not see the double ends of thy enemy's staff at the same moment. They would twinkle on both sides of thy crown at once, and when thou struck'st most heavily at thy foeman's neck, his legs would be around thine own. Thou art fairly my follower. good Bascone, and let it content thee to strike my enemies as thou wouldst have stricken me. Be satisfied, such desire will more greatly pleasure me. Tell me thy name."

"They call me Britarmin among my brethren the Basques; and name me besides, when I am hungry, the 'Seven Teeth; and when I am satisfied, the 'Nine Sleepers;' for when I have not eaten long, and find wherewithal to requite myself at last, they affirm that I am equal to any seven of my brethren in the business of the feast—when it is over, I call for the repose of nine."

"I shall know how to provide for thy seven teeth, Britarmin—but this shall be only when the fight with my foe is over."

"If I am to follow thee—as I confess it somehew pleases me to think so, for I like thy valour, and thy wit, and thy frank spirit—give me thy name also."

"Surely—like thyself, I too have my by-names; and while I have an enemy, men call me 'Sleepless;' and while I have a friend they call me 'The Watchful.'"

"Good names, my lord," said Britarmin; "but what did they name thee at thy birth ?"

Pelayo put his hand upon the shoulder of the Bascone, and looked him sternly in his face as he replied—

"I tell thee the name of one who is an enemy to all tyrants, and a doubly sworn foe to that tyrant who is now upon the throne of Iberia—I tell the this, Britarmin, as I am willing henceforward to intrust thee with my life—I am Pelayo."

"Brother., thou shouldst not," whispered Egiza, hurriedly, as he came forward.

The Bascone seemed to understand the motive of interference and the sense of the expostulation; for, turning a severe look upon Egiza, he cried enthusiastically to Pelayo, while he put the hand of the prince upon his head—

"Britarmin is no traitor. Thou hast done well to trust me with thy secret, Prince Pelayo—henceforward I am thine. Lead on—I follow thee."

We were indebted to Nichols & Wilson for a copy of the foregoing work.

"A Romance of Vienna; *by Mrs. Trollope.*"—This old lady appears to still retain the spirit and fancy of youth. Indeed, it may be doubted, whether her intellect is not all fancy—properly and only adapted to the manufacture of fairy tales and romances. Her famous Book upon this country should have been viewed as a romance rather than as a reality. If it had been, and been laughed at as a proper companion for the "Mysteries of Udolpho," or the "Arabian Nights," instead of exciting the wrath and the denunciations of the whole nation, it would have soon vanished into merited oblivion. But, exciting, as it did, the combined intellect of the world of critiques, it was damned into notoriety, and became to be received as fact and no fiction, from the very fact that volumes were written to prove that it was *not* fact.

This "romance," however, does not affect to be fact; but simply and only a romance. It is true, it gives some pretty minute details of what the reader is to infer as the "*Domestic Manners*" of the Viennians; but those details, being given in a romance, may be received as either fact or fiction, as the fancy of the reader dictates. Aside from these details of "manners"—of the manners of the *ton* of Vienna, (for the old lady's pedantry always leads her into the tip-top of "*society*,") the romance is quite as unexceptionable, and quite as interesting, as most of modern romances. The frame work is well laid, and the superstructure so artfully combined as to keep the reader in continued expectancy of new developements—exactly the secret of the interest of romance.

It *opens* with what most works of fiction *close*—a marriage. The husband is a rich Austrian nobleman. The wife is a beautiful English orphan. The match was perfected in secret, but in accordance with the usages of the Catholic church, to which the young Countess belonged. The first two years of the married life was spent in the retired mountains of Austria. During this period the lovely English orphan became the mother of a beautiful boy, and soon after its birth, the lascivious husband and father abandons his wife and child for the society of the fair visaged waiting-maid whose coquetry was too fascinating to be resisted by the weak minded Count of Alderberg. A cold-hearted letter announces the desolation of the young mother, who, hearing of the paternal kindness of the good Emperor Francis, resolves to visit Vienna and communicate to him the barbarous conduct of the profligate Count. She does so; but although her romantic tale was received as truth by the good Emperor, she could not be prevailed upon to reveal the name of her husband. Meanwhile, during this visit, her boy was stolen. By a stratagem of the Count, her eagerness to gain her lost child, was made the means of her imprisonment in a castle of a cold-blooded and avaricious Jew, where, with her child, she was successfully kept for many months, and until aided in her escape by an old woman who acted as the nurse of her boy. They were, however, soon overtaken—not, however' before the romantic tale of her marriage, and her visit to the Emperor, was communicated to the old nurse. The Count had heard of his wife's visit to the Emperor, and when arrested in her flight, he made her swear that she would never communicate the fact of her marriage, or the name of her husband, to any living soul. The taking of this oath being the only condition upon which she could continue in the possession of her child, she consented! The good nurse, indignant at such base conduct, inconsiderately avowed *her* knowledge of the story, for which avowal, by the counsel of the crafty Jew, she was taken back to the castle and imprisoned. Meanwhile a liberal annuity was conferred upon the heart-broken wife, who lived in melancholy retiracy, supervising the education of her lovely Ferdinand, until, at the solicitation of his father (who felt proud of the expanding intellect and beauty of his son, and who occasionally visited him) she consented to have him placed in a university at Vienna. Though thus separated from her whom his young heart loved with all the intensity of filial affection, he frequently visited her in her loneliness, and held, with her, an uninterrupted correspondence. After a few years, the young Ferdinand received, by the influence of his father, a commission, as aid-de-camp, to the Austrian General. Thus honored, he soon became a great favorite with the *noblesse*, notwithstanding the *reported* cros banister upon his birth. Being all that was noble in manhood, at the age of nineteen, he became plighted to a young Countess—all intellect and nobleness of soul. But a cloud was to be cast over the hopes and happiness of our hero and his betrothed Gertrude. Ferdinand had domiciled in a family of opulent Jews—the agent in crime of the profligate Count Alderberg. The wife of Belthazzar—hating her own husband—imbibed a criminal regard for her youthful lodger. She avowed her regard, but he delicately, yet resolutely, refused to minister to a passion so unholy. That instant the love of this fair Jewess, was turned into hatred, and she resolved upon revenge. Her plan was this: The Jews were held in holy abhorrence by the Austrians. Their very presence was deemed a contamination; and none who were, however remotely, connected with a Jew, could be received in any society. Madame Ruth Balthazer knew this; and she chose the fashionable milinery establishment of Madame Flabeau, to carelessly announce that the mother of the gay Ferdinand, who had become the reigning star in the circles of Vienna, *was a Jewess*. This remark was soon spread over the length and breadth of Vienna; and the result was not only Ferdinand's severence from society, but his renunciation by the lovely Gertrude. She had consented to receive him as the illegitimate son of Count Alderbergh, because so noble in himself; and had gone farther, and consented to dwell with the mother whom Ferdinand so deeply loved, and from whom he would not consent to reside; but she could not bring her good heart to consent to a perpetual residence with *a Jewess*—although she never would believe that Ferdinand was not himself a Christian. The result was, a letter from her to Ferdinand, announcing her determination, although it broke the poor girl's heart to make the announcement. Having been closely confined to the bed of his sick father, during the gathering of this dark cloud, he was ignorant of the story in circulation; nor did Gertrude's letter specify the cause of the change of her determination. Deeming it to be on account of his supposed

illegitimacy, he left Vienna for the abode of his mother, to weep with her over the fleetness of the friendship and love of earth.

Meanwhile, the old nurse—after eighteen years imprisonment—made her escape, and fled to the Emperor's palace to assert the rights of her "dear lady and the beautiful boy," by giving up the name of the perfidious Count. The Emperor and his Minister Sully, remembered the romantic tale told them by the fair lady so many years gone by—which the striking resemblance of Ferdinand to that lady, had more than once brought up anew to their memories—and when the good frau Wagoner reiterated the tale, it was not long before the authority of the Court was brought in requisition to place the Countess Aldebergh and the favorite Ferdinand, in the position to which they were entitled. This was soon accomplished. For more than twenty years, the old nurse had retained possession of a casket of Jewels belonging to her "dear lady," in which casket was the certificate of the marriage of Adolph Count Aldebergh to Mary de Ringold, duly signed and certified. This certificate was given to Prince Sully—Aldebergh was arrested—a deputation of Countesses and Princesses, among whom was the lovely Gertrude, proceeded to the retired dwelling of the Countess—the discovery was announced—Ferdinand and Gertrude were made happy—the Jewess; who falsely changed good Christians into Jews, ran off with a play actor—old Belthazar was punished—the good Wagoner was rewarded—the rascally Count buried his mortification in wine and journeyings—and thus the curtain drops.

The counter plots are equally interesting; and whoever wishes to read this romance, can do so by calling at the bookstore of STANWOOD & Co.' and purchasing the volumes.

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"GAZETTEER OF MICHIGAN; *by John T. Blois*." We are indebted to H. STANWOOD & Co., for a copy of this work. It is a neat volume of 418 pp., and is filled with interesting historical and statistical matter. Every land holder in that thriving State, should have a copy of this work, and no one should either purchase lands, or take up their residence, without first consulting the "*Director for Emigrants*," which forms an appendix to the "Gazetter." We shall draw upon its pages hereafter.

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"BABYLON: *A Poem, by C. W. Everest. Canfield & Robins, Hartford.*"—The poetic efforts of this gentleman have often received the encomiums of competent judges of what constitutes true poetry. The Poem before us is marked by great beauty, pathos and grandeur. It cannot fail to add to the fame of its author, or to secure the approbation of those who can appreciate a successful effort upon a theme so sublime. The Poem may be had at the bookstore of H. STANWOOD & Co.

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Blackwood's Magazine, for October.—Altho' the politics of this Magazine are high tory, all its political articles are characterised by deep thought and research, and cannot, therefore, be perused by an American reader, without profit. The article in the No. before us, headed "*The Cabinet and the Country*," is full of interest to the student of English politics; while the lighter articles are from the pens of the most eminent of the European authors in that department of literature. The typography of the reprint, is equal to the original, and we are surprised that so few of our citizens are patrons of a work so eminently deserving of patronage.

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"*The Metropolitan.*"—As usual, the Metropolitan is full of amusement. It is exclusively devoted to light literature, and is one of the reprints now issued from the press of Mrs. LEWER, New York.

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"*The Knickerbocker.*"—This is becoming, more and more, the favorite Monthly; and it deserves to so become. Its pages are well filled with well written articles, which can be perused by no one, without their being both instructed and amused.

JENNY AND THE WATCH.

In some of the country parts of Scotland, a custom prevails of young men giving their watches in trust to young women for whom they have declared their attachment. The watch is kept and carried in the bosom of their fair one, until the anxious couple are united in the bonds of wedlock, when, as a matter of course, the pledge of sincerity is delivered up to its original owner. This is imagined by country lasses to be an infinitely better plan for securing the fidelity of a sweetheart, than that of breaking a sixpence. A watch is a valuable and highly prized article. It is worth at least a couple of pounds; and the loss of that sum by an individual in a humble condition of life, is a very serious matter. Still, we believe there are cases in which the proposed match is broken off, and the watch abandoned for ever; though doubtless this is only in case of great fickleness, or when weighty reasons for desertion intervene.

The following laughable incident regarding a watch so entrusted, occurred a few years ago.—Jenny Symigton, a well-favored sprightly girl in a certain farm-house in Galloway, had been entrusted with the watch of her sweetheart, Tam Halliday, a neighboring shepherd, and which she carried with scrupulous care in her bosom; but even the most carefully kept articles will sometimes disappear in spite of all the precautions considered necessary to preserve them. Jenny, be it known, was esteemed a first rate hand at preparing potatoes for the family supper; none could excel her in serving them up, beaten and mashed in the most tempting style. On one occasion, in harvest, when the kitchen was crowded with a number of shearers waiting for their evening meal, and while Jenny was busy beating a mess of potatoes, what did the unlucky watch do, but drop from her bosom, chain, seals, and all, into the pot among the potatoes; Jenny's head being turned away at the moment, she knew nothing of the disaster, and therefore continued to beat on and on at her task. She certainly was a little surprised when she felt there was still a hard potatoe to beat, notwithstanding her previous diligence; but thinking nothing of it, she continued to beat, occasionally giving the hard potatoe, alias the watch, a good thump with the end of the beetle. At length she thought she had fairly completed the business; and so infusing a large jar of sweet milk into the mess, she stirred all together, and placed that vessel ready for the attack of the hungry on-lookers.

Behold, then, the pot—a round gawsy tripod—planted in the middle of the floor. A circle was formed round it in a trice, and horn for horn the shearers began to stretch and strive. Many mouthfuls had not been taken before certain queer looks began to be manifested. "Devil's in the tatties," says one, "I think they've got banes in them." "Banes!" says another, "they're the funniest banes ever I saw; they're made o' broken glass and pieces o'brass; I'll sup na mair o'them." With that, another produced a silver watch-case, all battered and useless, from his capacious horn spoon, and a universal strike among the suppers immediately ensued. It was clear that a watch had been beaten up with the potatoes; so the good wife had nothing for it but to order the disgraced pot out of the way, and to places a basket of oatmeal cakes in its stead.

What were poor Jenny's feelings during this strange denoucment? On the first appearance of the fragments of the watch, she slipped her hand to her bosom, and soon found how matters stood. She had the fortitude, however, to show no symptoms of surprise; and although every one was wondering were the broken watch had come from, she did not disclose her knowledge of how it had found its way into the pot. As it had belonged to no one in the house, the materials were not identified; and as Jenny was a young woman of great prudence and modesty, and had never shown any one that she had a watch in her possession, no one teased her about it. In a short time the noise of the circumstance died away, but not till it had gone over the neighborhood, that the family had found a watch in the potatoe pot; and among others, it came to the ears of the owner, Tam Halliday, who was highly pleased with the conduct of his beloved Jenny; for he thought that if she had cried or sobbed, and told to whom the watch belonged, it would have brought ridicule on them both. Tam was, in short, delighted with the way the matter had been managed, and he thought the watch was well lost, though it had been ten times the value.

Whatever Tam's ideas were on the subject, Jenny felt conscious that it was her duty to replace the watch. Accordingly, next time she met her lover, she allowed no time to elapse before she thus addressed him:

"Now, Tam, ye ken very well how I have demolished your good silver watch, but it is needless to regret what cannot be helped. I shall pay you for it, every farthing. The one half I will give you when I get my half-year's wages at Marti'mas, and the other half soon, as my brother is aw'n me three pounds, which he has promised to pay me afore the next Fastern's e'en fair." "My dear Jenny," said the young man, taking her kindly by the hand, "I beg you will say nothing about that ridiculous affair. I do not care a farthing for the loss of the watch; mair by token, I have gotten a rise in my wages frale the new laird; for I maun tell ye, I'm now appointed chief herd in the Ca's Hope. However, te take any payment from you, to rob yon of your hard-won penny-free, would be disgraceful. No, no, I will take none of your wages: but there is one thing I will take, if you are willing, and which, I hope, will make us baith happy for life. "And what may, that be, Tam, now that ye're turned a grand 'head shepherd?" "I will take," said he "yourself, but mind I do not ask you as a recompense for a paltry watch; no, in my eyes, your worth is beyond all estimation. If you will but agree to be mine, let it be done freely; but whether you are married or not, from this time hence-forth, the watch is never more to be spoken of."

What followed may be easily imagined. Tam and Jenny were married as soon as the plenishing for the cottage at the Ca's Hope could be prepared; and at the wedding, the story of the watch and the potatoe pot was made the topic of much hearty mirth among the assembled company. The last time we visited Jenny's cottage, we reminded her of the transaction.—"Houts," said she, 'that's an auld story now; the laird has been sae weel pleased wi' the gudeman, that he has gien him a present o' that eight-day clock there; it cost 8 pounds in Jamie Lockie's at the east port o' Dumfries, and there's no the like in a' the parish."

UNCLE SAM'S PECULIARITIES—ROMANCING.

(Dialogue in a Jersey Tavern.)

Peddler. Have you been to the Bowery, neighbor, lately?

Stranger. Not very lately.

Peddler. What a first-rate place that is for music!

Kentuck. Don't talk of York music. I have a horn as come from France that i'll turn all the milk sour when you blow it hard.

Peddler. And I have a trumpet that will throw a monkey into fits.

Kentuck. Why I can whistle better than some of them common trumpets. I whistled once kind of sharp, and it gave a polecat the agy.

Peddler. When I was last at the Bowery, the musicianners played so strong that it tuk two men to hold the leader of 'em in his seat; and in one part he played so fast, six of the others couldn't overtake him, altho' they all did their tightest.

Kentuck. It takes me to sit, some tones as I can play, and *I can hardly.* I played on an old frying-pan once so all-fired powerful that it driv away the mice.

Peddler. That was 'cause the frying-pan was cracked, and driv every thing as mad as itself.

Kentuck. Well, I'll tell you a fact; there's a fife in Kentuck that once whistled so piercing, that it bored a hole slick through the shingles.

Peddler. Yes, that's true; and there's a drum at the Bowery that has to be played by a leetle

baby, for if a grownup man was to try it, it would go off like thunder, and perhaps blow the roof off from the house.

Farmer. I want to tell you two of a dream I had the other night: I dremt as all the liars was dead, and it is come true.

Kentuck. Yes they're all dead.

Peddler. Except two, and they're fixed in this part of the State.

Kentuck. You've seen something, that's a fact—though you are a leetle man. Whereabouts were you raised?

Peddler. Why, I was raised I expect in Connecticut. I'm four feet nothing and a half, when my boots are on. My father lived in Birmington, fourteen miles from Rome, and not far from Syracuse. My father built the first house there, and named it after a power of pans called Birmingham hardware, as we had from Boston. Twelve new towns have been fixed since then all around us. When they all join considerable, my father is going to call it Mount Olympus, and I calkilate it 'll be the finest city in this or any other country.—*Bently's Miscel.*

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1838.

YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION ROOM,
Nov. 26, 1838.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Agreeable to notice in the daily papers, at half past 6 o'clock, the meeting convened, and was called to order by the President, when the proceedings of the last meeting were read and adopted.

The subjoined Report of the Board of Directors for the past year, prepared by the Recording Secretary, was then read, and adopted.

REPORT.

To the members of the Association of Young Men of Rochester, their Board of Directors respectfully report:—

The Board take pleasure in calling the attention of their fellow members to the prosperous circumstances under which the first year of their existence as an Association has come to its close.

Difficulties of threatening character attended the commencement of the enterprise, and many discouragements dampened the ardor and diminished the hope of some who, at first, appeared most sanguine of success. An institution of similar name, and with like objects in view, had been suffered to decay, and its library to be lost. This proved, to some minds, that the young men of Rochester, active as they were known to be in all efforts to do good to others, would not become permanently interested in a project for their own advantage;—and that the older inhabitants of the city, liberal as they were acknowledged to be in giving to objects of charity abroad, could not be induced to sustain an institution which in many things would accommodate themselves, and would exert upon their children much influence for good.

Notwithstanding these and many other discouragements, the Association of Young Men was formed; and by the constant increase of its members and subscribers, and donations to its library, has shown the high estimate which the citizens of Rochester place upon efforts of this nature.

By the liberality of the citizens, the Board of Directors have been enabled to execute, unembarrassed, the plans of the Association as detailed in its Constitution. Halls convenient for the purposes of the Association have been secured and furnished. Tables have been covered with the principal Magazines and Reviews of Great Britain and America, with the Reports of various institutions for the advancement of arts, education, and morals, and with numerous religious, political and miscellaneous documents, and newspapers from all parts of the United States and the Canadas. Lectures have been delivered at the hall of the Association which, for scientific value and literary merit, will not suffer on comparison with those heard by any similar institution in the land. By a recent and necessarily limited effort, a library has been collected at an expense of about $2000, which numbers some 1500 volumes, and to which additions are constantly made. The books are almost entirely of the latest editions, and each volume of the standard works, in numerous instances, contains what formerly was printed in several volumes. The works of Joseph Addison, comprising the Spectator, the Guardian, etc., are contained in three octavos, instead of, as formerly, some twenty duodecimos.

The poetical works of Milton, Beattie, Gray, Collins and Young, which formerly numbered some eight or ten volumes, are now all bound together. Indeed nothing is hazarded in saying that the library of the Association of Young Men of Rochester already is richer in matter than many older collections which contain 4000 volumes. The character of the books can best be learned by an inspection of the shelves or a reference to the catalogue. The aim has been to select works which, while they have enough variety to please all tastes, and enough attractiveness to ensure their being read, have also sufficient solidity to convey useful instruction. With this view, care has been taken to collect as nearly as possible, a comple body of *history*—that most entertaining, if not most useful of all knowledge—exhibiting as it does, the character of man in all ages and circumstances, and that not as drawn by subtle metaphysicians, but as revealed by his own actions. Students of universal history will find already in the library the means of obtaining thorough information of the old world and the new.

Amateurs of *political* history, also, will find there abundant means of pursuing their favorite study, as far as this country is concerned, in the numerous biographical records and political writings of American Statesmen—as Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Jefferson, Burr, Morris and others;—in the laws of the United States and of New York, from the commencement of republican government in both,—and from the reported debates of state and national conventions, &c, &c.

At the same time, *other branches* of literature have not been neglected. The cases of books contain many standard works on theology and ethical and metaphysical philosophy,—the best authorities in many of the numerous departments of natural sciences,—Encyclopedias and other valuable collections of miscellaneous knowledge,—together with the writings of the most popular poets of Europe and America, and selections from those productions which constitute the fashionable light literature of the day. The library, it will be remembered, is not owned by a company of stockholders distinct from the Association, but is the property of the Association itself, and, therefore, not liable to be diverted to other uses than was originally intended.

With all these advantages secured, and notwithstanding all the expenses incidental to the operations of the Association, especially during a first year's existence, every due has been discharged, and a small surplus of funds remains in the hands of the Treasurer, as will be seen more particularly by a reference to his separate report.

The number of subscribers to the reading rooms is *ninety seven*,—the number of members of the Association is *one hundred and thirty nine*;—and additions are constantly made to the catalogues of both.

During the winter the lectures were so thronged as often to prevent the entrance of many who were desirous of gaining admission, and throughout the year the reading rooms have been frequented by numerous visitors, both citizens and strangers. Still there are many members who do not appear to appreciate the advantages they might obtain by habitually availing themselves of these means of intellectual improvement.

Is there need of urging upon those so well informed as are they to whom this report is addressed, the importance of sustaining an institution which promises so much usefulness?

Soon after the perpetration of that crime which led to the first capital punishment that has ever been inflicted in the county of Monroe, several large meetings of citizens were held for the purpose of devising some means of rational amusement for the young men of the city, in order to prevent them from seeking, in haunts that were found already abundantly provided, that recreation which, from the constitution of their natures, they must have. Encouraged by the promises of co-operation and support at that time made by their elders, a few young men formed an Association for moral and intellectual improvements which, though at first small in its size, and limited in its resources, has steadily increased in the number of its members and in the means of its usefulness.

The necessity for the existence of some such institution has not yet ceased. Those who get gain by the corruption of youth are still laborious in their avocations and offer numerous amusements, possibly innocent in themselves, but dangerous in their accompaniments. Eating houses with each a newspaper and a *bar*,—bowling alleys with their temptations to drinking and their temptions to betting,—gameing tables with their enthralling allurements and their degrading companionships,—and enticements to every vicious indulgence are diligently provided by those who excite appetite and feed passion for the sake of emolument.

The propriety of encouraging regular theatrical representations is still occasionally suggested, in order, as it is said, to raise the reputation of the city for taste and the cultivation of literature,—to furnish a place of amusement for traveling strangers,—and to prevent a resort to some worse means of recreation by young men.

But what would more favorably affect the reputation of the city for liberality and the love of letters, than the creation and support of an Institution like the Mercantile Library Association of the city of New York? Or what place can be more suitable than the halls of such an Institution for leaving stranger friends, when too much occupied to entertain them personally?—But the advantagoes and interesting occupation furnished by such an Association for its members during their hours of leisure, is the most powerful, as well as the most obvious argument in favor of continuing to it a liberal support. There must be periods of intermission of business, and the young will then have their amusements to dissipate the accumulated uneasiness of even a busy confinement.—That youth, indeed, must be singularly destitute of vivacity, who is not irresistably impelled to leave, at times, the dull course of ordinary business, or the sober pursuits of scientific investigation, and expend his superfluous excitability by indulging in such change of objects of thought, as shall furnish him cheerful amuse-

ment if it does not produce in him boisterous mirth. It is vain to urge the young to employ their hours of relaxation in the acquisition of what is useful, unless they are directed to that which is also entertaining. Even this will fail to attract all; for so averse are some, at those moments, to everything with which they have ever associated the idea of a task, that nothing can be pleasant to them by which they are to acquire learning, or wealth, or power. The Association of Young Men has endeavored to meet this demand for an agreeable and useful change of the objects of thought. It has aimed at procuring lectures, a library, magazines, papers, to furnish pleasing and varied instruction; and thus to encourage, in those who can be induced to frequent the rooms, habits of thinking, and provide them the means of obtaining wholesome food for thought. In this species of effort, the Association of Young Men has not been alone. Honor is due to the members of the Literary Association of Mechanics, for their persevering labor in the same good cause. The course they pursue is parallel to ours; and of so near proximity, that members are occasionally found enrolled on the catalogues of both.

From the liberal and increasing manifestations of favor which the Association of Young Men has received during the first year of its existence, full confidence is felt that success awaits its operations in future, and that the foundation has here been laid of an institution which in time will reflect honor on the city. But such Associations have in their organization nothing which insures their perpetuity. Their machinery is not of the *self moving* order, and if the propelling power is withdrawn, their only remaining force is the attraction of gravitation—the direction of their progress is, uniformly and with constantly accelerating speed, toward the ground. The ingenuity which contrived, the active energy which set in motion, and the friendly co-operation which sustained, will ever be necessary to insure productive labor. Forgetfulness of this fact has ruined most of those Associations which, commencing under as fair auspices as our own, have flourished for a brief period and then gradually or rapidly decayed.

The Board of Directors cannot pass unimproved the present opportunity of expressing their thanks for the zeal with which their efforts have been seconded by the members of the Association, and their gratitude for the liberality with which the means of carrying out their plans have been furnished by the subscribers to the reading rooms and the donors to the library. It is hoped that the same readiness to act and the same generosity to give will be manifested in all succeeding years of the existence of the institution.

To the Hibernian Society particularly, is the Association indebted for the aid which, with the prompt liberality characteristic of their country's sons, they lent to the collection of a library, at a time when the success of that effort seemed most problematical.

The clergy of the city, generally, deserve thanks for the ready zeal with which they have entered into the plans of the Association, especially those individuals of their order, as well as those gentlemen of other professions and occupations, who have rendered so valuable assistance in giving variety and interest to the series of lectures.

With this report of the operations, condition and prospects of the Association, its Board of Directors surrender the charge which was committed to their care.

H. A. De Forest, Corresponding Sec'y.

Rochester, Nov, 26, 1838.

The President then presented the proposition of the Board of Directors of the "Athenæum" to give the benefits of their charter for the use of the Association—and a committee of four, viz: Messrs. H. L. Stevens, J. W. Gilbert, H. A. De Forest and E. P. Smith, were appointed to confer with the Directors of the Athenæum and report at the Association's next meeting.

The meeting then proceeded to the election of officers, and Messrs. Chumasero and Elwood were appointed Tellers. The votes were given for the officers separately, and a majority of all the votes given for each respective officer was as follows:

For President, Henry O'Reilly.
Vice President, Wm. Churchill.
Corresponding Secretary, H. A. De Forest.
Recording Secretary, J. A. Eastman.
Treasurer, A. K. Amsden.

The following resolutions were then offered and passed unanimously:

On motion of Jasper W. Gilbert, it was

Resolved, That the thanks of this Association be presented to H. O'Reilly, Esq., for his indefatigable and successful efforts in behalf of the Association—and for the dignity, ability and impartiality, with which he has presided over its meetings.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Association be presented to the other officers for their fidelity in discharging their several duties, and especially in watching over and promoting the interests of the Association.

Resolved, That so much of the proceedings of this meeting as relates to the annual meeting, with the Report of the Board of Directors, be published in the Daily Papers.

Resolved, That this meeting adjourn to meet on Tuesday Evening, December, 4th, at half past 6 o'clock.

E. S. WARNER, *Secretary.*

THRILLING SKETCH.

"A portal of the arena opened, and the combatant, with a mantle thrown over his face and figure, was led in surrounded by the soldiery.—The lion roared and ramped against the bars of his den at such a sight. The guard put a sword and buckler into the hands of the Christian, and he was left alone. He drew the mantle from his face and firmly looked around the amphitheatre. His fine countenance and lofty bearing raised a universal cry of admiration. He might have stood for an Apollo encountering the Python. His eye at last raised to mine. Could I believe my senses? Constantius was before me?

"All my rancor vanished. An hour past I could have struck my betrayer to the heart—I could have called on the severest vengeance of man and heaven to smite the destroyer of my child. But, to see him hopelessly doomed; the man whom I had honored for his noble qualities, whom I had ever loved, whose crime was at the worst but the crime of giving way to the strongest temptation that can bewilder the heart of man—to see this noble creature flung to the savage beast, dying in tortures, torn piecemeal before my eyes, and his misery wrought by me. I would have entreated heaven and earth to save him. But my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. My limbs refused to stir; I would have thrown myself at the feet of Nero; but I sat like a man of stone—pale, paralyzed—the beating of my pulse stopt.

"The gate of the den was thrown back, and the lion rushed in with a roar, and a bound that bore him half across the arena. I saw the sword glitter in the air; when it waved again it was covered with blood. A howl told that the blow had been driven home. The lion, one of the largest from Numidia, and made furious by thirst and hunger, an animal of prodigious power, crouched as if to make sure of his prey, crept a few paces onward, and sprung at the victim's throat. He was met by a second wound, but his impulse was irresistible, and Constantius was flung upon the ground. A cry of natural horror rang around the amphitheatre. The struggle was now for instant life or death. They rolled over each other—the lion reared upon his hind feet, and, with gnashing teeth and distended talons, plunged on the man—again they rose together. Anxiety was now at its wildest height. The sword swung round the champion's head in bloody circles. They fell again, covered with blood and dust. The hand of Constantius had grasped the lion's mane, and the furious bounds of the monster could not loose the hold, but his strength was evidently giving way—he still struck terrible blows, but each blow was weaker than the one before—till collecting his whole force for a last effort he darted one mighty blow into the lion's throat, and sank. The savage yelled, and spouting blood, fled howling round the arena. But the hand still grasped the mane, and there his conquerer was dragged whirling through the dust at his heels. A universal outcry now arose to save him if he were not already dead. But the lion, though bleeding at every vein, was still too terrible, and all shrunk from the hazard. At last the grasp gave way, and the body lay motionless upon the ground.

"What happened for some moments after, I know not. There was a struggle at the portal; a female forced her way through the guards, rushed in alone, and flung herself upon the victim. The sight of a new prey roused the lion; he tore the ground with his talons—he lashed his streaming sides with his tail; he lifted up his mane, and bared his fangs. But his approach was no longer with a bound; he dreaded the sword, and came snuffing the blood on the sand, and stealing round the body in circuits still diminishing.

"The confusion in the vast assemblage was now extreme. Voices innumerable called for aid. Women screamed and fainted; men burst into indignant clamors at this prolonged cruelty. Even the hard hearts of the populace, accustomed as they were to the sacrifice of life, were aroused to honest curses. The guards grasped their arms, and waited for a sign from the Emperor. But Nero gave no sign.

"I looked upon the woman's face. It was Salome! I sprang upon my feet; I called her by every feeling of nature to fly from that place of death, to come to my arms, to think of the agonies of all that loved her.

"She had raised the head of Constantius on her knee and was wiping the pale visage with her hair. At the sound of my voice she looked up, and calmly casting back the locks from her forehead, fixed her eyes upon me. She still knelt, one hand supported the head, with the other she pointed to it, as her only answer. I again adjured her. There was the silence of death among the thousands around me. A fire flashed in her eyes—her cheek burned. She waved her hand with an air of superb sorrow.

"I am come to die,' she uttered in a lofty tone. 'This bleeding body was my husband—I have no father. The world contains to me but this clay in my arms. Yet,' and she kissed the ashy lips before her, 'yet my Constantius, it was to save that father that your generous heart defied the peril of this hour. It was to redeem him from the hand of evil, that you abandoned your quiet home!—yes, cruel father, here lies the noble being that threw open your dungeon, that led you safe through the conflagration, that to the last moment of his liberty only thought how he might preserve and protect you.' Tears at length fell in floods from her eyes. 'But,' said she in a tone of wild power, 'he was betrayed, and may the powers whose thunders avenge the cause of his people, pour down just retribution upon the head that dared ——?"

"I heard my own condemnation about to be pronounced by the lips of my child. Wound up to the last degree of suffering, I tore my hair, leaped upon the bars before me, and plunged into the arena by her side. The height stunned me, I tottered a few paces and fell. The lion gave a roar and sprang upon me. I lay helpless under him. I felt his fiery breath—I saw his lucid eye glaring; I heard the gnashing of his white fangs about me.

"An exulting shout arose, I saw him real as if struck; gore filled his jaws. Another mighty blow was driven to his heart. He sprang high in the air with a howl. He dropped—he was dead. The amphitheatre thundered with acclamations.

"While Salome was clinging to my bosom, Constantius raised me from the ground. The roar of the lion had roused him from his swoon, and two blows saved me. The falchion was broke in the heart of the monster. The whole multitude stood up, supplicating for our lives in the name of filial piety and heroism. Nero, devil as he was, dared not resist the strength of the popular feeling. He waved a signal to the guards; the portal was opened; and my children, sustaining my feeble steps and showered with garlands and ornaments from innumerable hands, slowly led me from the arena."—*Salathiel.*

A Horrid Death.—The Convent de St. Claire, at Dombes-lessaux, has lately been the theatre of a catastrophe which has plunged a highly respectable family into the deepest grief, by the loss of a beloved child, and created a deep sympathy among the inhabitants of that part of the community,—as much indeed, from the melancholy nature of the circumstance itself, as from the unexampled manner in which it took place. Monsieur and Madame B. had placed their only child, a beautiful girl ten years of age, in the above mentioned convent, conducted by Ursuline nuns during several years, and enjoying a high reputation as an establishment for female education. The unfortunate child, Louise B. it appears, had incurred the punishment of the *cachot*, or prison—the usual mode of correction adopted in French schools, and was in consequence shut up in the place used for that purpose.

It was observed that the moment the door was closed upon the child her screams were heightened to a remarkable degree, but no particular importance was attached to the circumstance, and she was left in the cachot, situated at the bottom of the garden, and at such a distance from the house that her cries were inaudible to the inmates. About an hour after the child had been shut up, a violent knocking was heard at the outer gate of the convent, which being opened, a labouring man, who happened to be conducting a cart along the road, which passes near the premises, presented himself, and in an authoritative tone demanded "whom they were murdering in the convent?" Adding that he had distinctly heard the sighs and groans of a dying person proceeding from the premises at the bottom of the garden, and insisted on knowing the cause.

The nuns immediately explained to the man the fact of the child's imprisonment, and assured him that his imagination had attached more importance to the matter than was necessary.—The man nevertheless insisted upon seeing the child, and the nuns were ultimately compelled by his positive and determined air to accede to his request, and they had no sooner arrived at the spot where the child was confined than the convulsive sighs which struck their ears excited apprehensions for her safety. The door was immediately opened, when a spectacle of indescribable horror presented itself. The unhappy child was lying on the ground in the most agonising convulsions, and a cat employed in tearing away the flesh from her neck and face.—Every effort was had recourse to in order to save the life of the child, but such was the nature of the unhappy sufferer that she expired three days after the event, in a state of the most horrid delirium. It is supposed that the cat, which happened to be shut up with the child, became in the first instance frightened by her screams, and consequently infuriated.—*Paris paper.*

From the St. Augustine Herald.

SEMINOLE ANCEDOTES.

The intrepid bravery and tender affections of one of those Indians, are strikingly verified in the following ancedote. Having taking refuge for some time in the city of St. Augustine, and got the name of Peter, he removed his residence to St. Anastatia's Island, which mades the harbor of the city, employed as a hunter by Mr. Fish, an English gentleman, who owned that island, and who gave it celebrity by the culture of the sweet orange. Peter being absent, a party of his enemies crossed the river, surprised his habitation, and murdered his wife and two children. On his return he did not hesitate a moment on the course to pursue; he fastened up his house containing the dead, repaired to Mr. Fishes dwelling, near by, to borrow a gun that Mr. Fish had made with a large bore, expressly for shooting ducks in large flocks. In this Peter put an uncommon load of buck shot, and getting into his canoe, proceeded up the river, all alone, about six miles to a creek on the main, as though instinct had pointed out to him the way they went. He had not ascended the creek far, when a distant smoke, curling above the forest, apprized him of an Indian camp. He landed, and taking his course through the woods of a hostile country, discovered four Indian men setting on a log side by side, and a fifth near by employed in cooking; he circled round so as to bring the four in a range, crept up close, fired, threw down his gun and rushed up with his tomahawk. The report, the fall of four Indians, and Peter's presence armed with such a weapon and not very pleasant countenance, were so sudden and impressive, that the one that was cooking neither attempted defence or flight, and became an easy prey to vengeance. By this time he found that one of the fallen was but wounded, and was endeavoring to reach his arms, but Peter had the advantage in being already armed. On searching, he found the scalps of his wife and children stretched and hung ont to dry, which he brought off, with several articles of his property they had stolen, some of their arms, and the scalps of the five Indians he had killed, the greatest of all trophies, in the conception of the Indians, returned home aud buried his wife and children the same evening: and literalis pined to death over their grave. This ancedote I had from Mr. Fish who pointed out to me poor Peter's grave,

SPANISH JEALOUSLY.

Considerable sensation has been excited in Madrid by a murder committed by M. Rodriguez, the Deputy, on the person of his wife, a young and beautiful woman, to whom he was married at Seville about two years ago. M. Rodriguez, who is extremely jealous, accompanied his lady to a masked ball given by M. Vinadores. His wife's brother was amongst the guests, incognito, and wishing to cure his brother-in-law of his failing, imprudently accosted him with an inquiry if he was as jealous as ever. "I am, at all events, not jealous of you, *beau masque*," was the reply. "There you are wrong," said the masque, "for you have a very handsome wife, with whose charms I am deeply smitten." "So much the worse for you," retorted M. Rodriguez. "By no means," said the brother, "for your wife returns my affection, and, as a proof of it, I can inform you that she has a violent mark under her right bosom." At these words M. Rodriguez seized the stranger with the utmost violence by the hand, exclaiming, "Your life or mine! Meet me in a quarter of an hour at my house!" He then tore his wife from the quadrille which she was dancing, and, without saying a word to her, hurried her home. On reaching his hotel, he ascended the staricase with his wife still on his arm, dragged her into his cabinet without procuring a light, opening his secretary, and taking from it a loaded pistol, placed the muzzle close to his wife's bosom, and shot her through the heart. At the report a number of domestics, accompanied by the ill fated lady's brother, who had been the involuntary cause of this frightful catastrophe, rushed into the room with lights. On witnessing the dreadful sight which met his eyes, the brother tore off his mask, and proclaimed his near relationship to the victim.—The disclosure deprived the wretched husband of his senses, and he was hurried from the spot in a state of raving madness, which the Madrid correspondent whom we quote, fears, but we might, perhaps, more charitably hope, he will not survive.

DEATH.

"I prayed by my dear sister's body, and with the face uncovered. How affecting all these things! How little does the immortal spirit regard it!

"How affecting it is to leave the persons we have known all our lives, on whom we should have been afraid to let the wind blow too roughly, to leave them in the cold ground alone!—This quite strikes my imagination always on such occasions. But there is another thing which has impressed itself in the present instance much more powerfully than in any other I ever remember—I mean in contemplating the face of our dead friend to observe the fixed immovableness of the features. Perhaps it struck me more in my sister's case, because her countenance owed more of the effect it produced to the play of features than to their formation.—I could not get rid of the effect it produced on me by this stiff and cold fixedness for a long time."—*Wilberforce.*

Hydrophobia.—A case of hydrophobia and its cure by the application of a certain specific by Mr. Jennison of New York, is given at great length in the Sunday Morning News, accompanied by several affidavits of great length and particularity. If we are to depend upon this statement and give credence to the testimony brought forward to corroborate it, the cure of this Miss Dickens is one of the most wonderful on record.

YANKEEANA, OF THE LONDON AGE.

There is a man in Kentucky so sharp-featured, that he cuts all his acquaintance.

Bread is so low in Virginia, that many poor families cannot raise it. What are the loafers about.

A clerical Error.—The New Orleans Picayune says a little mulatto girl, who took a couple of undressed dolls to church with her, was turned out by the janitor, he taking the girl to be an i*doll* atreess.

Useful Invention.—Among the new inventions is a gun, which cannot go off by any possibility. It is recommended by the New York Spirit of the Times as just the thing for cockney sportsmen.

A Misfortune.—The editor of the New York Sun recently bro.e a pair of spectacles in trying to read a Welsh newspaper.

Nice Eating.—A Connecticut merchant advertises wooden pails and birch brooms under the head of "fruit and confectionaries." This is worse than the one who put mill-saws and mouse-traps under the head of "fancy goods."

Panacea.—A chap calling himself Reuben Hill, recommends a quack nostrum known as "Dyspeptic Cordial," which as he says, cured himself of the rheumatism, his wife of the sick head-ache, his daughter of the fever and ague, and his mother of a bad cough, besides mending the cellar stairs, and putting the baby to sleep.

Neglecting the Antecedent.—The Albany Journal gives the following as Dr. Morse, the geographer's account of Albany as it was some thirty years ago. "It contains," says the doctor, "about 2000 houses, and 9000 inhabitants, all standing with their gable ends to the street."

If she will, she will;
If she won't, she won't,
And there's the end on't.

A Woman's Firmness.—A case of a novel character occurred yesterday in the United States Circuit Court at Providence. The Providence Courier says:—A young lady of a very interesting appearance, and respectable character, was brought up by the marshal for refusing to be sworn, and to give her testimony before the grand jury. Justice Story addressed her in a very eloquent and respectful manner: and with all the kindness of a father, urged upon her the duty and the necessity of persons giving testimony, to promote the cause of justice, and the public safety. He informed her, that, however painful to him, the law left no discretion for him to exercise; and that, if she persisted in her refusal, the only course he could pursue, was, to commit her to jail and to keep her there till she should consent to take the oath.

True to her woman's nature, she replied instanter, and without hesitation, that she would go to jail rather than be sworn, and was condemned accordingly. It seems that a young gentleman whose addresses she was not inclined to favor, had written her two letters, which she suffered to remain in the post office. Another young gentleman took one of the letters from the post office and delivered it to the lady, who received it with the seal broken; and tho young lady was summoned by the letter *writer*, as a witness against the letter *bearer*, and from some cause best known to herself, she refused to make oath.

Since the above was in type, we learn that the young lady has been liberated, and has been restored to her friends.—*Boston Transcript.*

Singular result of chance.—About three years since, a citizen of this county was in New-York attending an auction, and bid off a gold watch; and returning home, sold it to a neighbor. Engraved upon the inner case was a former owner's name, and the words, "*From his affectionate mother.*" Within the last few days, its present possessor was turning over the leaves of the army register, and observed the name among the graduates of West Point. Having an acquaintance who was also a graduate of that institution, he made enquiry, and learned from him that his fellow cadet, had a watch stolen from his room, which he had heard him lament, as it was a *present from his mother!* And upon seeing the watch he readily identified it! The young man is now an officer of the army in Florida, and measures have been taken to restore to him his mother's gift.—*Lockport Bal.*

☞ The following communication was sent to us on Monday, but was mislaid. It is proper that the nefarious and abominable doctrines advocated by the Robesperians of this country, should be exposed, and we therefore give place to this communication—with the omission,as the writer will observe, of the personal allusions to a deluded individual of our own city:—

Friend Dawson—Having been informed by one of our most respectable citizens who attended Mr. Canfield's lecture "on the pleasures of the married life," &c., I take the liberty to inform you of one of the most prominent features of the old gentleman's discourse, viz: that in this age of the world it would be more conducive to the happiness of mankind in general, were it the custom of the country for every man to put away his wife at that moment when they should cease to live agreeably together,and take to himself another partner—not adhering to the words of scripture, "Thou shalt not put away thy wife save for the cause of fornication."—After the close of the lecture, a certain gentleman made a few additional remarks showing the evils and miseries which have had their origin from a certain sect of people called christians, for instance, the institution of state prisons, jails, penitentiaries, orphan houses, &c.

It has always been considered, in this enlightened age, that state prisons, jails, &c. were instituted from motives the most pure, and built for the safety of our more peaceable citizens as well as bestowing an act of charity upon our destitute ones who people our orphan and poor houses But new light has fallen upon these men's visions.

B. A. C.

P. S. Although there was a polite invitation given to the female part of our city to attend, yet only one was present. May the bloom of our city ever continue to frown upon lectures of this kind—holding their chastity dearer than life.

Small Mistakes.—As a minister and a lawyer were riding together, says the minister to the lawyer, "Sir, do you ever make mistakes in pleading?" "I do," says the lawyer. "And what do you do with mistakes!" inquired the minister. "Why Sir, if large ones, I mend them—if small ones, I let them go." "And pray Sir," continued he, "do you ever make mistakes in preaching?" "Yes Sir, I have." "And what do you do with mistakes?" said the lawyer. "Why. Sir, I dispose of them in the same manner as you do—I rectify the large and let the small ones go." "Not long since," continued he, "as I was preaching I meant to observe that the Devil was the father of liars; but made a mistake, and said the father of lawyers. The mistake was so small that I let it go."

In reference to the unpremeditated style of Lord Chatham's eloquence, Horace Walpole remarks, "Though no man knew so well how to say what he pleased, no man ever knew so little what he was going to say."

The following is the closing paragraph of the Will of Patrick Henry:—I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is, the Christian religion. If they had this, and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor.

March of Refinement.—A London cobbler thus announces his calling Surgery performed here upon old boots and shoes, by adding of the feet, making good the legs, binding the broken, healing the wounded, mending the constitution, and supporting the body with new soles. Advice gratis, by B. Marks.

Scan Mag.—With regard to Capt. Marryat's having "capered nimbly in a lady's chamber" at Louisville; as alleged in some of the newspapers, we cannot uphold him at all—though if the lady's husband is satisfied, I don't know why we should not be.—*Mobile Adv.*

RATHER TALL.—A Yankee states that there is a man in Vermont who is so tall that he cannot tell when his toes are cold! That is probably the person who never allows his servants to sit up for him as he can put his arm down the chimney and unbolt the street door.

A Horse's Tongue Torn out by the Root.—A most horrid occurrence took place on Friday night, at the Livery stable of E. Chamberlain and Son, 143 Liberty street, near the North River. It appears that the partition between two stalls was imperfect, and the boards having shrunk, now stand about the eighth of an inch apart. This crevice comes directly in the centre of the trough, and the horses, in eating from the latter, have gnawed a hole through of about two inches diameter. On Friday night, oats were given to one animal, and as he fed, the horse in the next stall began to lick the grains which were pushed through the hole in the partition. Not satisfied with taking the oats that came through, the poor beast thrust his tongue in to gather as much as possible. The intruding member was seized by the feeding horse, and held tightly. Both raised their heads, the one probably in fury, and the other in pain, until the extended tongue was actually drawn two feet up the narrow crevice first mentioned. In an agony of fortune, the suffering horse became almost mad, and continued to kick, paw and rear, until his *tongue was actually torn out by the root.*

Ancedote of the late Sir Edward Nagle.—When a young man, travelling in a post-chaise up Shooter's-hill, a highwayman rode up presented a pistol into the window, and demanded his money or his life. Sir Edward, then a very athletic man, seizing the arm of the ruffian, twisted the pistol from it, dragged him through the window, and placing him by his side to keep him quiet, ordered the post-boy to drive on.—The humble supplications of the robber were answered with "Be easy boy, be easy; I won't hurt you." Still the conscience striken highwayman kept pleading, till at length the chaise reached the Captain's lodgings, when he hauled the fellow out of the coach, walked him up to the garret, and locked themselves in. He then took off his coat, and said, "Now sir, I neither mean to hang you nor hurt you, but I'll just give you a broth of a bating," which having accomplished, he opened the door, bade the robber be off, and the next time he stopped a coach to tap at the window, and ask if Pat Nagle was inside, before he ventured to poke his pistol.

A Horrid Scene.—A freind informs us that while passing through Fore Street on Tuesday, he was acosted by a stranger who urged him to visit a house in Cotton street, where a woman had killed her child. On reaching the house, a scene of the most revolting kind presented itself Near the fire sat a woman, holding in her arms a child apparently six or eight months old. She was evidently crazy or intoxicated and was realing to and fro moaning "they have killed my child" Upon examination, the child clasped in her arms was found to be dead! Once, the people about said they had rescued it from her grasp, and had resuscitated it;but the mother had made so much ado, that the child was given to her, and had again been suffocated apparently beyond recovery. Another child of the woman sat at the back part of the room on a bundle of rags, wild with terror. The whole scene was one of abject wretchedness. The woman and her children were Irish, and had come from the east last week, with their husband and father, who had left them and gone to Boston, To cap the climax of misery the Overseers of the Poor were called in, and the woman, with her living and dead offspring, were transported to the poor house.—*Portland Argus,*

A case involving a breach of the marriage promise was tried at the late term of Queen Anne's County Court. The fair plaintiff was Miss Elizabeth C. T. Honey, and the faithless swain bore the name of William Lamp.—They jury rendered a verdict of $2000 in favor of the lady. A motion for a new trial was made by the defendant's counsel, and in consequence thereof the plaintiff relinquished $750 of the damages; the defendant was accordingly mulcted in the sum of $1250.—*Com. Adv.*

A sealed bottle was picked up at Nieuport, near Ostend, on the 15th Oct. containing a writing in English, to the effect that it had been thrown overboard from the British Queen on the 10th of August, ten days from New York, in 55, 33 N. lat, 44, 23 W. long., in order to ascertain the current of the ocean. The bottle had, therefore, drifted about 1,500 miles two in months.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

Lippett's Patent Safety Steam Engine.—This engine, now exhibiting in Centre street opposite the Post Office, is worthy of attention, from the novel and safe manner in which the steam is generated. Instead of boilers, there are a number of metallic generators, which are kept hot by the fire beneath, as in other engines, and upon which cold water is injected; thus furnishing all the steam that is required for working the engine. The generators are flat iron plates, of sufficient size to sustain a uniform heat. The steam is forced directly into the cylinder, and no space is left around the generators for its accumulation; so that all danger of explosion is entirely obviated. The power of the engine can be increased to any extent by enlarging the iron plates. The water is contained in a reservoir, kept full by a common pump, and falls upon the generators as fast as may be required. The generators will weigh about the same as the boilers of a common engine of the same power. The expense of the engine and the cost of fuel to work it, is much less than that of the ordinary engines; while it is more compact, weighs less, and as far as we can see, is in every respect calculated to answer the purposes for which it is intended.—*Express.*

The celebrated Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen, arrived at Copenhagen, from Rome, on the 18th Sept. on board the frigate Rota. As soon as the frigate came to an anchor, numerous boats dressed with colors and garlands of flowers, and each having a band surrounding the ship playing national airs. In some were professors of the university, members of the academy of arts, savans, and artists. To these demonstrations the frigate returned a salute. Verses were recited and sung in his honor, to which he replied from the poop of the frigate. On landing and taking his seat in a carriage, the populace took off the horses and dragged him in triumph to the palace of Charlettenburg, where he was presented to the King, who gave him a most gracious reception. In the evening he was serenaded by torch light.

Murder of a Child by its Mother.—The neighborhood of the 8th avenue was thrown into great excitement yesterday by the rumor, found unhappily true, that a respectable woman had murdered her infant of 15 months old and attempted also to commit suicide on herself. It appears that a Mrs. Mary Ann Rhodes, a woman of high spirit and good character, being embroiled in some unfornate domestic differences with her husband, a carpenter, who is stated to have neglected her and not provided necessary comforts for the family, became distracted almost from despair, and in an evil hour, when she had believed her husband had unfeelingly gone on an excursion of pleasure to Staten Island, administered laudanum to her infant and to herself—which proved fatal to the first, a most interesting child, but not to the mother, who confessed she had committed the crime, and lamented she could not have been consigned by the same means to a common tomb with her child.—*Star.*

'You are the very person I wanted,' said a lady at a ball to an officer; 'you must dance with Miss ——. I'll introduce you to her.'—"Excuse me, I am no dancer.' 'Oh but you can't refuse now. She is a pretty girl, and has a fortune of thirty thousand dollars. 'Why, really I am not a marrying man myself: but if your ladyship please, *I'll mention her to our mess.*

Cure for Dyspepsia.—It is said, that the students in a Virginia College have found a large quantity of anti-dyspeptic pills in a field attached to the seminary, in the shape of various large STUMPS, which they are engaged in digging up, in their leisure hours. These vegetable preparations are found to produce a highly salutary effect in cases of the most confirmed dyspepsia.

"True modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is repugnant to the rules of right reason: false modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is opposite to the humor of the company. True modesty avoids every thing that is criminal:—false modesty, every thing that is unfashionable.'

Utility of Laughter.—A hearty laugh is occasionally an act of wisdom; it shakes the cobwebs out of a man's brains, and the hypochondria from his ribs, far more effectually than either champagne or blue pills.

SELECTED POETRY.

☞ That there is much poetic talent among the fair dames of our favored Republic, no one can for a moment doubt, who has read the exquisite effusions of Mrs. Sigourney, "Amelia," "Viola," and others, whom we could but need not now particularize. Enrolled among the most gifted of these, we find the name of Miss H. F. Gould, one whom the press and people of this country should delight to honor. The productions of her muse have a natural sweetness and grace rarely to be met with, in which purity of thought and felicity of expression are happily blended. Take the following specimen.

THE SILK WORM'S WILL.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

On a plain rush hurdle a Silk worm lay,
When a proud young Princess came that way,
The haughty child of a human King
Threw a sidelong glance at the humble thing,
That took with a silent gratitude,
From the Mulberry-leaf her simple food—
And shrunk, half scorn and half disgust,
Away from her sister child of dust;
Declaring she never yet could see
Why a reptile form like this should be,
And that she was not made with nerves so firm,
As calmly to stand by a "crawling" worm.

With meek forbearance the silk worm took
The taunting words and spurning look,
Alike a stranger to self and pride,
She'd no disquiet from ought beside,
And lived of a meekness and peace possessed,
Which these debar from a human breast;
She only wished, for the harsh abuse,
To find some way to become of use
To the haughty daughter of a lordly man,
And thus did she lay a noble plan.
To teach her wisdom and make it plain
That the humble was not made in vain;
A plan so generous, deep and high,
That to carry it out—she must even die!

"No more," said she, "will I drink or eat,"
I'll spin and weave me a winding sheet,
To wrap me up from the sun's clear light,
And hide my form from her wounded sight;
In secret then, 'till my end draws nigh,
I'll toil for her, and when I die,
I'll leave behind as a farewell boon,
To the 'proud young Princess' my whole 'cocoon,'
To be reeled and wove to a shining face,
And hung in a veil o'er her scornful face!
And when she can calmly draw her breath,
Through the very threads which caused my death,
When she finds at length she has nerves so firm,
As to wear the shroud of a crawling worm,
May she bear in mind that she walks in pride,
In the winding sheet where the silk worm died!

Warsaw, August 23, 1838.

Every reader will be impressed with the poetical beauty of the following stanzas. They were written by J. N. McJilton, the editor of the Baltimore Monument. Such poetry touches the soul.

I HAVE NO FATHER THERE.

I saw a wide and well-spread board,
And children young and fair
Come one by one—the eldest first,
And took their stations there.

All neatly clad and beautiful,
And with familiar tread;
They gathered round with joy to feast
On meats and snow-white bread.

Beside the board, the father sate,
A smile his features wore;
As on the little group he gazed,
And told their portions o'er.

A meagre form arrayed in rags,
A near the threshold stood;
A half-starved child had wandered there
To beg a little food.

Said one—"Why standest here, my dear?
See there's a vacant seat,
Amid the children—and enough
For them and thee to eat."

"Alas for me!" the child replied,
In tones of deep despair,
"No right have I amid yon group,
I have no father there."

O hour of fate, when from the skies,
With notes of deepest dread,
The far resounding trump of woe
Shall summon forth the dead:

What countless hosts shall stand without
The heavenly threshold fair,
And gazing on the blest, exclaim,
I have no father there.

From the New York American.

THE EAGLE AND DOVE.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

'Tis the bird of Jove's thunder!
'Tis the wing of Love's joy!
Why roam ye together,
Thou fierce one—and coy?

In the path of the lightning,
Ye traverse the sky;
What hold ye in union,
Oh! low one—and high?

Thro' clouds ye float proudly!
But weak one, beware!
Thy pinion may be weary,—
Thy home is not *there*.

'Tis the sky, for the mighty!
'Tis the spray, for the small!
Low bird, with the lofty,
Come back ere ye fall!

Oh! look at Love's picture
I draw at your side·
Ill match'd from the altar,
Goes bridegroom and bride.

One proud and high titled,
And stern to reprove;
One meek, but undowered,
And born but for love.

Together—together—
They speed on their flight;
They float thro' Life's ether,
That dark one and bright.

Till chill'd and benighted,
Unskill'd thus to fly,
The wing of that gentle one,
Falls in the sky.

Camp near the Sawanee, Florida.

PARTING SONG.

TUNE—"*And will thou say farewell, love?*"

BY THOMAS RAGG.

And canst thou say farewell, love,
And thus—thus coldly part?
My sighs, my tears must tell, love,
The anguish of my heart.
But if thou thus canst bid adieu,
'Tis fitting we should sever;
Be mine despair—peace be with you;
Farewell—farewell for ever!

But wilt thou ne'er on me, love,
A kind reflection cast?
Oh, I must think of thee, love,
So long as life shall last.
For ne'er ah! ne'er can I forget,
Can cease to mourn—oh never,
That thou canst thus without regret
Bid me—farewell for ever.

Go—sweetly pass thy days, love,
I'll haunt thee now no more;
And may the next that prays, love,
Thine idol shrine before,
Present a heart as true as mine,
A warmer can be never;
Though since so dead, so cold is thine,
I bid farewell for ever.

INDIAN NAMES.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"How can the red men be forgotten, while so many of our states and territories, rivers, and lakes, are designated by their names."

Ye say they have all passed away,
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave,
That 'mid the forests where they roamed
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters—
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like ocean's surge is curled,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world,
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the west,
And Rappahadnock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their canoe-like cabins
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have disappeared, as withered leaves
Before the Autumn gale:
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore;
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Mas sachusetts wears it
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid his young renown.
Connecticut hath wreathed it
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathes it home,
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice
Within his rocky heart,
And Allegany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart;
Manadnock on his forehead hoar
Doth seal the sacred trust,
Your mountains build their monument,
Though ye give the winds their dust.

Ye deem those red browed brethren
The insects of an hour,
Forgotten and despised, amid
The regions of their power:
Ye drive them from their father's lands,
Ye break of faith the seal,
But can ye from the Court of Heaven
Exclude their last appeal?

Ye see their unresisting tribes,
With toil-worn steps and slow,
Onward through trackless deserts pass,
A caravan of wo;
Think ye the Eternal's ear is deaf?
His sleepless vision dim?
Think ye the soul's blood may not cry
From that far land to him?

THE PARENTS' LAMENT ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL BOY.

By Robt. Dibb, Wharfdale Poet.

He is fled, he is fled—pure, spotless and bright;
As a meteor he pass'd through the darkness of night
As a bright stream of fancy—we saw him awhile,
And we thought of the future with many a smile.
We saw him in infancy—first pledge of love!
For his welfare on earth, we breath'd prayers above;
We saw him again—as he ran by our side,
His father's fond hope—and his mother's own pride;
We saw him again—but in anguish could trace,
The dark tint of sickness hang on his sweet face;
With deepest emotion we watch'd his career,
Sometimes with fond hope—but too often with fear—
Our affection was boundless—our hearts were intent,
For he seem'd like a vision, which Heav'n had sent
To lead our affections and thoughts far above,
Where all is encircled in heav'nly love!
We saw him again—but in sorrow most deep,
For in cold stilly death our poor cherub did sleep!
As we gazed on his features so placid and mild,
Our tears bath'd the form of our beautiful child!
Oh! where was the brightness of that sparkling eye?
Which oft had beguil'd us of many a sigh—
Or where was the innocent rapture of joy?
Which came like a summer's cloud over our boy—
Alas! it was fled—but with hope came relief,
For in Heaven he knows not of sorrow or grief;
Surrounded with angels, in splendor and peace,
He tastes of pure pleasures that never shall cease!

DEATH IN A FOREIGN LAND.

Not long shall this feeble pulse remain,
And this falling strength endure,
Thy sunbeams, fair Italy, shine in vain,
Thy climate can work no cure;
And I sigh, when through myrtle groves I roam,
By the balmy breezes fanned,
"Oh! why was I sent from my quiet home,
To die in a foreign land?"

They know I must die; I remember well,
Their foreboding looks and sighs;
And can death be charmed by an earthly spell,
Soft zephyrs, and azure skies?
I would give them all, on the wood to look
Where the clustering nut-trees stand,
And to gather lilies by the brook
That runs in my native land.

I weep not because in early youth
I am called from this world of care;
I have humbly studied the book of Truth,
And mourned o'er my sins in prayer;
And I hope through the Saviour, in whom I trust,
I may join the blessed band
Of holy angels and spirits just,
In a brighter and better land.

But my light and vain companions here
No calm to my mind impart;
Their language is foreign to my ear,
And their manners to my heart,
Would, when I lie down to yield my breath,
My kindred could round me stand;
I think I could greet the Angel of Death
If he came in my own dear land!

ELEVENTH VOLUME OF THE GEM.

"The GEM's alive, and alive like to be," if the present number of *paying* subscribers can be retained. Of this we have no doubt, and our only regret is, that other business is so pressing that we are unable to give much time to the *extension* of its circulation.

The next volume will be published on the same terms as the present—one dollar to mail subscribers—ten shillins to those who call at the office—and twelve shillings to city subscribers who have their papers left at their doors:—to be paid in all cases in ADVANCE. Present subscribers who wish to take the eleventh volume, will please make their remittances *early*, so that we can determine how large an edition to print.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson. $1 mail, $1,50 city, in advance.

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MISCELLANY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HE WILL COME TO-MORROW.

CHAPTER 1.

THE Common of Carricksawthy, which forms a portion of that district known by the name of the Vale of Towy, is one of the most picturesque spots in South Wales. The clear, gurgling stream of the sawthy, spanned by a wooden bridge of the simplest construction, flows through its centre; cottages of a comely and cheerful aspect, and with their small strips of garden-ground full of flowers, are scattered about its borders; flocks of sheep are constantly pasturing on its thick, elastic carpet of green sward; and a ridge of breezy downs, redolent of thyme and other wild shrubs—beyond which rise the frowning peaks of the Black Mountains, imparting spirit and dignity to a landscape that otherwise might seem too tame—enclose it on all sides but one, where runs the high-road past Llangadock, a homely village, consisting of one straggling street, which stands at the distance of almost a quarter of a mile from the common. On a serene spring or summer day, nothing can be more enlivening than this scene. The sun brings vividly out the emerald green of the turf, always so refreshing to the eye; imparts added neatness and beauty to the cottages; and lightens up with smiles the stern rugged features of Llyn-y-van and his giant neighbors. Life, too, seems every where in briskest activity about you. You hear the Sawthy chattering and laughing along its pebbly channel; the trout of the sewen leaping up from its deep quiet pools, between the gravelly shallows; the bee booming heavily past you, as it starts from the bosom of the wild flowers that enflame the common: and the thrush, the chaffinch, and the linnet chirping merrily among the shady copses that creep half-way up the downs.

It was on the noon of a day like that I have just alluded to, that two young people, a male and a female, walked slowly across the delightful common towards the high-road, which the Carmarthen stage-coach passed on its way to Gloucester, and thence to the metropolis.—They were engaged in earnest conversation, and a serious—not to say, a sad—expression was visible on the countenance of the lady, who, when she reached that part of Carrisksawthy which leads direct into the road, paused an instant, and pressing her companion's arm, addressed him as follows:—"and will you then promise to be back in a fortnight, Charles?"

"Can you doubt it, Fanny?"

"No, no, I do not doubt it; but I know not how it is—a gloom comes over me when I think of the time that must elapse before we shall meet again. You, in the midst of the bustle and gaiety of London, will not feel the hours pass so wearily, as we shall here in this quite neighborhood."

"The gaities of London? say rather, the solitudes, Fanny. What friends have I there?—At whose house shall I be made welcome?—Where is the society which shall recompense me for that which I leave behind me? Believe me, dear girl, a great city, however full of bustle and animation it may be, holds out few attractions to one who, like me, must pace its streets alone, sit in his inn alone, and from morning till night, hold communion only with his own thoughts."

"Are these thoughts of so *very* gloomy a character, then?" inquired the lady, with a faint attempt at a smile.

"Not so, Fanny: you mistake me altogether. How can I be otherwise than cheerful when I think of you? I merely meant to say, that to one who has not a single friend there, nor even so much as an acquaintance with whom he can converse, London is not the place you conceive it to be; so cheer up, it is but a short time I shall be absent; and then we shall be united, no more to part. What, I have won a smile from you at last! Ah, love, if you did but know how much a smile becomes you, you would never"—

"You will write to us the instant you reach town, Charles?"

"Of course; it will be my chief—indeed my only—pleasure."

"Pray heaven this business may not detain you longer than the time you mention."

"Never fear it, dearest. Twelve or fourteen days hence, we will be again strolling together over Carricksawthy," said the young man, glancing back at the common which they had just left behind them; "you know the hour the coach passes the turnpike; well, meet me there this day fortnight, as you used to do when I came home from school at Bristol, and trust me I will not disappoint you. See, Fanny," continued the speaker, drawing a little locket from his breast, "here is a lock of your hair, which for the last year I have constantly worn next my heart. This is the attraction which will hurry me back to the cottage. Were even its proudest mansions thrown open to me, and all its gaities within my reach, London would never be able to divert or diminish the influence of this precious talisman. I have but to cast my eyes on it, and fancy will instantly bear me back to the home where we have passed so many happy hours together."

The earnestness and cordiality with which her companion spoke, greatly comforted Fanny, and they moved on towards the turnpike, where the old gate-keeper was standing, looking anxiously along the road, with his hand held up before his eyes to shade them from the glare of the sun.

The instant they came up, he said, "You are only just in time, master Charles; the coach will be here in a minute or so; indeed it should have been here before now," he added, glancing at the turnpike clock, "but I suppose it stopped to take a passenger at Llangadock."

"No doubt—no doubt," observed Charles; "Fanny, love, what ails you? Why, your arm trembles within mine like an aspen leaf!"

"I cannot help it—indeed I cannot—I know it is weak and childish to give way to such thoughts, but I have a presentment that this parting"——

"Will be for just two weeks, and not an hour longer," interrupted Charles, with a gay air; "perhaps for even a less time; for the instant I have disposed of the houses, I shall return; so take care, Fanny, that I do not surprise you one day when you are reading a chapter of her favorite, old-fashioned, Sir Charles Grandison to your aunt, or singing that ballad which you know my father is so fond of."

"Oh, Charles, how you can talk in this light way at such a moment? I could not."

"No, because you are a foolish little girl, who—as my grave father is constantly telling you—allow your imagination to run riot. Fanny, dearest, dismiss, I entreat you, for both our sakes, these gloomy forebodings, and instead of anticipating sorrow, look forward with hope.—Do not sit in the shade, but come abroad into the sunshine. As you love me, and would have me be happy during my absence let me know and feel that I leave a light heart behind me."

Just as the young man finished speaking, his servant appeared, bending beneath the weight of a portmanteau, which he deposited outside the gate, at the same time bringing intelligence that the coach had cleared the village, and would be up immediately. No sooner had he announde these tidings, than the vehicle came in sight, and a few minutes after drew up at the gate.

"Now, sir," said the driver, jumping down from his box, "quick's the word, if you please; I'm behind time already. Here, David," addressing the gate-keeper, "bear a hand with the gentleman's portmanteau."

While the luggage was being stowed away on the roof of the coach, Charles stood aloof with Fanny, who, making an effort to conceal her emotion, observed in a subdued tone of voice, "by this time to-morrow, Charles, you will be far away from us"

"Yes, love, but my thoughts will be with you still. In the morning I shall say to myself—now she is going out with my father for a ramble across the common, or through the village; at noon—she has just seated herself at the window with a volume of our faverite Thomas in her hands; in the evening—she is now at tea with her aunt, listening with a sweet smile of resignation—Fanny, dear, you know how often you have made me laugh with that arch smile of yours!—to some portentous ancedote about the fashions of the last——"

Their conversation was here broke in upon by the coachman's pithy request that the gentleman would 'look sharf;' whereupon Charles, tearing himself from Fanny's side, said, "Good bye, God bless you, love; be sure you meet me here this day fortnight, and depend on hearing from me the instant I reach London;" and with these words he sprung into the coach, which in an instant bore him from her sight.

Fanny Davis at this period, had just completed her eighteenth year. She was the only child of an English officer of dragoons, who, after a long term of Military service, had retired on half-pay into the cheap seclusion of South Wales, accompanied by his newly wedded wife, who died while Fanny was an infant—a loss which her husband took grievously to heart, and which, preying on a constitution already enfeebled by severe wounds, brought him to the grave within two years from the time when he had become a widower. Fortunately however, for the poor orphan thus doubly bereaved, she found an affectionate and exemplary guardian in her father's maiden sister, who, on hearing of her brother's loss and consequent melancholy, came to take up her abode permanently with him. With this lady, who was every way qualified to superintend the education of her niece, Fanny's days glided away peacefully and happily in the retirement of a neat but humble cottage which her father had purchased shortly before his death, in the immediate neighborhood of Carricksawthy common.

At no great distance from them dwelt the clergyman of the parish, a simple kindly-natured man of recluse and studious habits. In this gentleman's society, the Davises spent a great portion of their time. His son in particular, a fine spirited youth, about three years older than Fanny, was her constant campanion. Together they might be seen racing like wild colts about the common, laughing and shooting in all the irrepressible glee of chi dhood; or climbing with fearless foot the steep acclivities of the Black mountains, or gathering the harebells, and wild strawberry plants that grew thickly among the hedges of Leven-gornuth; and in the evening, Mr. Griffyths, who usually finished his day at the cottage, would play the part of schoolmaster, and seating the young couple, one on each side of him, give them lessons suited to their age; read them passages from works calculated to excite their delight and wonder; and instile into them those great principles of religion and morality, without which there can be no sure guarantee for success or happiness in life. So passed the time until Charles Griffyths had attained his thir-

teenth, and Fanny her tenth year, when an uncle of the former, who was a merchant in Bristol, and had neither wife nor children of his own, wrote to his brother to request that his son might be sent to him, when he would place him at school, and probably provide for his future fortunes. At first the simple-minded clergyman decided on refusing this liberal offer, not liking the idea of separation from a child who formed his chief source of happiness; but when he came to weigh the matter carefully in his mind, he resolved to sacrifice his own personal feelings to his boy's interests, and consented to his departure.

It was a melancholy day to the Davises, when Charles called at the cottage to bid adieu to his playmate Fanny. She hung round his neck, and entreated with tears that he would take her with him; and even her aunt shared some portion of her distress, so completely had the youth's frank, cheerful, and intelligent nature won upon her feelings. He himself was not less affected than his 'little sister,' as he was in the habit of calling her; but when, on reaching Bristol, he was received with a hearty welcome by his relations, who took a liking to him at once, he soon forgot the grief, and became reconciled to his change of life. As it was arranged that he should spend his school vacations alternately with his uncle and father, he saw Fanny once a year, and during his absence, kept up a regular monthly correspondence with her. Thus four years rolled away, when it became expedient to consider what should be done for him. His uncle, struck with the lad's quickness and sagacity, so unusual with those whose boyhood has been passed in comparative solitude, thought of commerce; but before he could come to any decisive arrangements, the increasing infirmities of his father, to whom he was devotedly attached, induced Charles to return home, where he finally took up his residence, paying, however, occasional visits to Bristol, till the death of his uncle, who died when the young man had just entered on his twenty-first year, leaving him a small amount of funded property, together with one or two cottages which he possessed in the neighborhood of London.

From this period the union of Charles and Fanny was the talk of all the gossips in the parish, who agreed in declaring that they were formed for each other, and that a handsomer, kinder, or better behaved young couple never graced the vale of Towy. Mrs. Davis—for the good lady had years since dropped the comfortless 'Miss'—was precisely of the same way of thinking. She was anxious to see her darling niece comfortably settled before she herself quitted life; and as Fanny would inherit what little property she had to leave, and dreams of worldly aggrandizement never troubled the minds of the family circle, she felt persuaded that the prospects of the young folk were quite as sunny as they ought to be. Accordingly after many long and solemn consultations with Mrs. Griffyths, the marriage was resolved on; but previous to its taking place, Charles, who had hitherto received the rents of his cottages very irregularly, and for the last two years, none at all—his tenants being of a sad, migratory disposition, and much addicted to moonlight flittings, as his London agent took care to inform him punctually twice a-year—Charles resolved to look into matters himself, and to come to some final settlement, so that he might enter upon his new state of life without any pecuniary annoyance to molest him. Besides, he had projected with Fanny a variety of pleasant schemes. For instance, the cottage garden was to be enlarged; additions were to be made to their little library; when they were to make a trip to Clifton, and possibly even visit Snowdon and its romantic neighborhood; and the agreeable projects could only be carried into execution by the sale of the cottages, from which Charles expected to derive a sum sufficient for all his purposes. He accordingly decided on a visit to the metropolis, and it was arraigned that the marriage should be solemized immediately after his return, which he determined should be in a fortnight.

CHAPTER II

As Fanny returned home, it was with a slow step of one whose mind is oppressed by doubts and fears. A presentment of she knew not what, hung like a heavy weight upon her heart. In vain she tried to pursuade herself of the folly of her apprehensions, and cheer her spirits by the reflection that Charles would be back in a few days. There are times as all must have felt, when vague presentments of impending ill fall like a blight upon the mind, and despite the efforts of reason, deprive it for the season of all energy. So much had he been with her of late, so congenial were their tastes and pursuits, and so absolute was her dependence on him, that when on reaching the cottage she found Charles no longer there, a light seemed vanished from her path, and her once happy home, forlorn and darkened, to wear the aspect of a house of mourning. Hers was in fact just the sort of nature to entertain a pure, fervent, and engrossing passion like this. She was a creature of quick and ardent impulses; simple and affectionate; of a high-toned order of imagination—too often, alas! humanity's worst foe; with all the freshness of youth in her heart, as its bloom was on its cheek; and with a certain innate refinement of look and manner which far more than compensated for the absence of that artificial polish induced by an acquaintance with what is called 'good society.' Though uneducated in the fashionable sense of the term, yet she had read and thought much—had a poet's eye for the ever-varying aspects of nature—the stern, emphatic frown of winter, the sunny smile of spring, the grave, serene majesty of autumn—and was familiar with the works of many of our best writers; for Mr. Griffyths, to whom she was as dear as if she were his own child, had been assiduous in his efforts to draw forth all the powers of her mind. For such a being to love—and love with her whole soul as though it were the element from which her life derived its verdure, and without which the stalk of her youth must decay—was as natural as for birds to sing, and flowers to 'fill the lap of May.' The casket that enshrined this fair treasure was every way worthy of it. Her figure was buoyant, sylph-like, and graceful in every movement; her countenance, with the soft blue eye and exquisitely formed mouth, full of expression; and she had that sweet, low voice, 'an excellent thing in woman,' which wins its way to the heart, like the music of one's native home heard in a far off land. Such was the innocent, trusting, and lovely creature who now, for the first time in her life, felt thought press like a burden on her imagination, which she would fain but could not shake off.

The night after Charles's departure her pillow was pressed by an aching head, but the morning soon dawned, and with it came a reassured spirit. In a day or two at farthest she should have a letter from the young traveler, and this would go far to fill up the void occasioned by his absence. Three days thus passed; and early on the fourth, the Langadock postman brought up the expected expistle to the cottage. Oh, how Fanny devoured its contents! It was written in the most cheerful spirits. Charles had nearly accomplished the business which took him to town, and would to a certainty be back that day week, when she was to meet him, as agreed upon, at the turnpike gate. Holding the precious document in her hand, Fanny flew first to her aunt, and then to Mr. Griffyths, to communicate the welcome intelligence, and in the evening sat down and penned an answer, which she took herself to the post office.

As the happy creature's mind had now recovered its usuul elasticity, the hours flew rapidly by, the week approached its termination, and now it wanted only one day to the period which Charles had fixed on for his arrival. On the evening of that day Fanny took a stroll with her aunt through the village, who could not refrain from a smile when she saw the joyous and excited state of her mind. "By this time tomorrow, aunt," she said, "Charles will have returned to us. I have been to the gate, and they tell me the coach passes it at noon. Oh, how happy it will make us all to see him again! And we shall have so much to talk about, you know! We shall hear all his adventures—where he lived—how he employed his time—and what he thought of those fine new streets and buildings that we read so much about. And then we have so many plans to arrange for the next month. We are to spend a few days at Clifton, which Charles tells me is one of the loveliest spots in England; to visit Bath where Charles went to school; and Tintern Abbey on our way back; and if the weather continues favorable, to take a trip to North Wales, which I have so long wished to see. Oh, how happy we shall be, shall we not, aunt?" and thus the lively girl ran on; while all who passed her, young and old, blessed the radiant countenance which beamed with such ineffable sweetness and good humor.

The next day Fanny was astir with the lark; and long ere the sun had dispelled the vapors which cling round the forehead of Llynn-y-van, she had gathered a basket full of the choicest fruits in the garden, and disposed her flower-pots on the lawn in front of the cottage, in the order that she knew Charles most liked. Mr. Griffyths came up to breakfast with them—an unusual thing with him, for he was a late riser—and when the meal was over, Fanny quitted the room to complete her preparations for the traveler's arrival. The wonted dinner hour at three o'clock was put off till four; the servant was sent into the village to purchase the tenderest poultry that could be procured; the fruit, trimly garnished with leaves and flowers, was set out on the sideboard; and a bottle of unimpeachable wine, which had remained in the cellar since Captain Davis's death, was hunted up and broached for the occasion.

When all these little household preparations were finished, Fanny, simply and gracefully attired in white, Charles's favorite dress, with a single rose in her hair, and a light straw bonnet, whose shape set off her beautiful face to the greatest advantage, took her way alone, for she would not even accept of her aunt as a companion, to the place of meeting. As she tripped across the common she could not help contrasting the present state of her feelings with what they were on the day when she parted from Charles. Then she was a prey to blank dejection. Now she was all hope and cheerfulness. Every well-known object on which her eye now rested seemed arrayed in more than usual beauty—every sound that came to her ear seemed informed with a blither spirit. A brighter—fresher green adorned the elastic carpet on which she trod; the precipitous hights of the Black Mountains, furrowed with the storms of ages, wore a sunnier aspect; the thrush from the depth of the neighborhood copses sang sweeter in her ear; and a more invigorating influence breathed in the wind that came wooingly toward her. The church clock from Llangadock struck two as she crossed the little wooden bridge that spans the brawling Sawthy. In half-an-hour hence, she said to herself, I shall be passing this very spot with Charles; and the reflection lending additional impetus to her movements, in a few minutes she reached the turnpike, where sat the gatekeeper on a bench outside his door, with a tankard of *cwrw* beside him.

"A fine afternoon, Miss Fanny."

"Yes, indeed, David—what time do you expect the coach by?"

"It will be here in a few seconds, miss," replied the old man. "I suppose now you are expected Master Charles," and the speaker looked archly at her, for their betrothment was no secret to the neighborhood.

"Yes," said Fanny, with a brightening glow on her cheek; "we rather think he will be here to-day, as Mr. Griffyths has received no intimation from him to the contrary;" and then, anxious to drop the subject, though it engrossed all her thoughts, she entered the house, and began caressing the gatekeeper's grandchild—a fine curly-headed boy, some five or six years old.

She was thus engaged, infinitely to the delight of the child, who made her assist him in hunting a kitten under a chest of drawers, when suddenly her quick ear caught the roll of wheels, and bounding to the door, she exclaimed, clapping her hands with joy, "Here it is—I am sure this is it!"

At about two hundred yard's distance from the gate, the road made a sudden bend, forming an actue angle, so that no vehicle could be seen till it was close to the turnpike, though the tramp of the horses' feet might be heard long before. For some minutes, therefore, Fanny, was in a state of the most exciting suspense; but the moment the supposed stage turned the corner of the road, she found, to her disappointment, that it was merely a private carriage.

"Never fear, young lady," said the gatekeeper, "it will be here immediately; Joe's always remarkably punctual; I never knew him ten minutes behind in my life, and I 've kept this turnpike ever since your father—ah, here it comes, you can tell it by the cloud of dust it raises; now then, Miss, now for Master Charles; I'll warrant me he 's on the look-out;" then, in an under tone to himself, "Well, well, it's quite natural at their age, poor things; I remember at their time of life I was just as fond

of courting as they are, though it seems strange enough to me now;" and so saying, the honest fellow finished his tankard, as if to make himself amends for his departed sensibilities.

How the young girl's heart beat as the sound of wheels drew near! Precious load that vehicle born, for all the most cherished on earth was there. And now it turns the corner—an instant, and it is halting at the turnpike gate! But no kind voice greeted Fanny's anxious ears—no familiar face was lit up with smiles at her presence. The passengers were all strangers to her. One brief, searching glance sufficed to tell her this; and before she could summon up courage enough to make inquiries, the coach was again on the move, leaving the wretched girl standing on the foot-path a prey to the bitterest disappointment.

Pitying her distress, the old gate-keeper approached her. "Come, come, Miss Fanny," said he, "don't take matters so to heart: depend on it the young gentleman will be here within the next four-and-twenty hours. Most likely all the places were engaged when he applied at the booking-office, for, as you must have seen yourself, the coach was full inside as well as out: my life on it, he will come to-morrow."

"Yes, yes, David, you are right: he will come to morrow; but it will be a great disappointment to his father, for we all fully expected him today. Is there any other coach that will pass this road in the course of the evening?"

"No, Miss: this is the only one."

"Well, then, I must have patience till to-morrow, when I will call here again. Good afternoon."—and with a heavy sigh Fanny turned away from the turnpike, and pursued her solitary road home.

On reaching the garden gate, her aunt, who caught sight of her from the window, surprised to see her return alone, hastened down the lawn to meet her.

"Why, how is it, Fanny?" exclaimed Mrs. Davis, "where is Charles?"

"Oh, aunt, aunt," replied Fanny, bursting into tears, "he is not come—he never will come—I have seen him for the last time."

"Nonsense, child; but come in—Mr. Griffyths is waiting to hear the news."

They entered the parlor, where the clergyman was sitting with spectacles on nose, conning over his next Sunday's sermon; and greatly was Fanny comforted, when her first acute burst of anguish was over, by perceiving how soon the old folks were reconciled to Charles's non-appearance. They took for granted that his affairs had detained him longer than he had calculated on, and felt assured that he would arrive on the morrow, or the day after at farthest. They even rallied Fanny on what she called her 'presentiment;' but finding that this light tone pained her, Mr. Griffyths, who was well aware how vivid her imagination was, and how apt she was at times to be carried away by its impulses, whether sad or cheerful, assumed a more earnest manner, and after pointing out to her how completely the letter from Charles had proved the fallacy of those vague fears which had beset her on the evening of his departure, at length succeeded in persuading her that her apprehensions on the present occasion would turn out to be equally groundless. "He will be here to-morrow, or the day after," added the clergyman, "but if not, depend on it you will have a letter from him, explaining the cause of his prolonged absence,"—an opinion in which Mrs. Davis coincided.

On the following day, immediately after breakfast, the anxious girl set off for Llangadock, concluding, as Mr. Griffyths had suggested, that there would be a letter for her if Charles meditated a longer stay. She met the postman on her road, and ascertaining from him that there were no communications either for the clergyman, her aunt or herself, she turned back to the cottage, not disappointed, but fully convinced that Charles would be with her that day. Again therefore were the domestic arrangements of the preceding day repeated; and at the appointed hour Fanny bent her steps to the turnpike, accompanied by Mr. Griffyths, whom she kept at his utmost speed, at the same time expressing her surprise that he walked so "very—very slow!"

They had not reached the gate many minutes before the coach again drew up. Fanny looked anxiously into the passengers' faces, but, as before, they were all strangers to her. "Unkind!" she murmured as she turned away with a sickness of heart that passes description, "unkind when he knows what agony his suspense occasions me!"

Mr. Griffyths himself now began to feel some uneasiness respecting his son, but observing his companion's profound dejection, he strove to keep up a cheerful spirit, and repeated, as they returned home, that Charles would be with them in a day or two. Mr. Davis reasoned in the same manner, but not once throughout the remainder of that long, gloomy evening were they able, with all their endeavors, to rouse Fanny's spirits. A thousand conflicting emotions beset her, as she sat silently by the window, looking out on Carricksawthy. She recalled the many proofs of devoted affection that Charles had shown her—his frank and generous nature—his anxiety to anticipate even her slightest wishes—and above all, his utter indifference to the taste and pursuits of the gay world—and at once dismissed the idea that he had forgotten or forsaken her. But there arose another dreadful apprehension in her mind. He might be ill—stretched on the bed of sickness in some lone, comfortless inn, with none but strangers to minister to his wants; or—God of Heaven!—he might be dead! and giving way to this last impression, the sensitive girl covered her face with her hands, and sobbed as if her heart was breaking. At night when she returned to her chamber, she knelt down and strove to compose her mind by prayer. Long and fervently she supplicated that the bitter cup might pass away; and when the next day came, and brought with it some languid revival of hope, she set out again to the post-office, and thence to the turnpike; but at both places she was doomed to meet with the same disappointment.

CHAPTER III.

Adieu from henceforth to all hope in Fanny's mind! That blessed balm has lost its power to act. The kind remonstrances of the now really alarmed old folks take not the slightest bold on her attention. Silent, but uncomplaining, and without the power even to shed a tear, she sat for hours together with her eyes scarcely ever lifted from the ground; nor did she even express satisfaction when Mr. Griffyths informed her that he had written to the landlord of the inn where his son had given his address, and was in daily expectation of a reply. One sole thought haunted her imagination. Charles was dead! The companion of her childhood, the friend and adviser of her youth, the chosen of her heart, who should have walked hand and hand with her through life—him she should meet no more this side the grave! Yet, strange to say, though entertaining this conviction, she still persisted in paying a daily visit to the turnpike, notwithstanding all her aunt's entreaties, who began to dread the effect of such repeated shocks on her reason. The state of seclusion in which she lived—the very objects which surrounded her—tended still farther to increase Fanny's sense of utter desolation. She could not cast her eyes in any one direction but something reminded her of the departed. From the window she beheld the bridge where he used so often to stand watching the sun drop behind Llynn-y van; his flute lay between the bookshelves; his landscape-sketches adorned the wall; and the very volume which he had been reading the evening before he left, remained just where he placed it, on his writing-desk.

Four days had now elapsed since Charles had been expected home, and the fifth was drawing to a close. On the night of that day Mrs. Davis, who had not long retired to rest, was suddenly roused from sleep by a piercing shriek proceeding from her neice's chamber. She rushed into the room accompanied by her servant, who had been Fanny's nurse in childhood, and by the dim rush-light which was burning on the table, beheld her sitting up in bed, in a state little short of distraction.

"Oh God!" she cried, wringing her hands in agony, "he is dead, aunt—he is dead—dead—his spirit stood beside me just now, and in a hollow voice—oh so altered from what it used to be!—he bade me a long farewell."

"My dear love, be composed, I entreat you," said Mrs. Davis, seating herself on the bed beside her niece, and wiping the damps from her forehead, "do not give away to these dismal fancies. It was mere dream—nothing more."

"Not so, aunt: it is a solemn revelation from another world. I prayed to be permitted to see him but once more, even though he were no longer on earth; and my prayer has been answered! It was his form I saw—his voice I heard, do you think I could fail to know him again? He is dead, I tell you, dead! and I was not by to soothe his last moments! Charles—dearest Charles—why did you ever leave us? Hark!" she continued, turning abruptly to her aunt with a look of strange meaning, "do you not hear a distant bell? They are tolling for a funeral—are they not?"

Her servant here whispered something in Mrs. Davis' ear, which attracting her niece's notice, she said, with a bitter smile, "You think I am ill, aunt—mad perhaps; but no, no, I am well—quite well—would to God that I were—hark! here is that dreadful bell again!" and with a sudden, impetuous movement she raised her hands to her head, as if to put out the sound.

In this bewildered state she continued for upwards of an hour, when she sunk exhausted into a heavy but unrefreshing sleep, while her aunt kept watch beside her till daybreak.

When she appeared at breakfast next morning, her look—her voice—her manner—impressed Mr. Griffyths, who now spent almost all his days at the cottage, with the saddest forebodings. She scarcely answered any question that was put to her; but when she did, it was with an abruptness and irritability that showed how much the effort cost her. A settled, icy despair seemed to have frozen up all her faculties. Even her manner to her aunt was altered. She appeared suspicions of her every look and movement; and when she happened to overhear her consulting in an under tone with the clergyman about the propriety of calling in medical aid from Liandovey, she turned on her a glance that made her shudder. Suddenly, however, her whole demeanor changed. She started up from the chair where she had been sitting near the window, and before her aunt could recovery from her astonishment, she was half-way across the lawn on her return with a letter addressed to Mr. Griffyths. How dreadful was the expression of her countenance when she re-entered the parlor! She had snatched the letter from the postman; the writing was unknown to her; but she saw that the seal was black!

Giving the communication into the clergyman's hands, she exclaimed, with a ghastly smile "Well, aunt, I was right; it was no dream; Charles, once my Charles, is dead!

It was even so. The letter was from the house-agent whom the young man had employed to arrange the sale of his cottages, and stated in dry formal business-like terms, that shortly after his arrival in London, he had caught a violent cold, that he had made light of the matter, neglecting the most ordinary precautions; the consequence of which was that a fever of the worst kind had supervened, and affecting the brain, had carried him off in a few days; and that the writer had only been made acquainted with the melancholy circumstances by accidentally calling at the inn where the young gentleman lodged, when the landlord requested him to loose not a moment in communicating with the deceased's relatives.

On the receipt of this intelligence Mr. Griffyths, on whom it fell with quite a stunning effect, started off for the metropolis by the same coach; and from the same place, as his illfated son; who was buried in one of the gloomist of the city churchyards, far from his native home and from her whose heart was hourly breaking for his loss.

CHAPTER IV.

When the clergyman returned home from his mournful journey to London, another dreadful shock awaited him. The child of his affections—the pride of his age—lay in a state of utter delirium. Her quick and ardent feelings alternately acting, and reacted on, by an imagination equally fervid, had wholly overpowered her reason—made her, in short, a raging maniac. Could she have endured to share her griefs with another, she would doubtless have escaped this last numbing blow; but with that moody waywardness which is by no means uncommon with imaginative temperaments, she shrunk from sympathy, even offered by those most dear to her; and kept the thoughts and feelings that were wearing her away fast locked in the sanctuary of her own bosom. For six days, during which her disorder raged with uncommon violence, she rarely slept, took little or no sustenance, and was incessantly starting up from her pillow, raving in the most impassioned terms about Charles. Sometimes she would imagine herself walking home with him from the turn

pike, and put question after question to him about the way in which he spent his time in London, then bursting into a wild shriek, bid them close all the doors and windows, for a strange bell was tolling in her ear. Anon, she would cry out that a phantom was standing by her side; that it fixed its dead, stony eyes continually upon her; breathed a fire into her brain and shrivelled up her skin by its touch. At other times, fierce suspicions would beset her: she was deceived—basely and treacherously deceived; Charles had arrived—she knew he had—but they purposely kept him from her sight. And whenever this idea crossed her fancy, her red, diliated eye would glow like hot steel; her whole frame quiver with passion; and it was with the greatest difficulty that those in attendance upon her could prevent her leaping from the bed, and forcing her way out of the house.

On the seventh day of her malady, as her aunt and Mr. Griffyths were reading the prayers for the sick in her chamber, the physician came in to pay his usual visit, and having examined his patient, who lay perfectly motionless, with her eyes half-closed and one hand pressed upon her heart, said, "The disorder is approaching a crisis, and four-and-twenty hours from this time will decide for life or death.

"Surely she will recover" exclaimed Mrs. Davis, while the tears streaming down her cheeks showed that she was prepared for the worst.

The physician shook his head. At length, after a pause, "I will not deceive you," he observed, "it is far from unlikely that your niece, considering that youth and good constitution are in her favor, will recover from this attack; but, the shock she has received has struck so home to her imagination, that though the body may rally, I have little hope of the mind."

"God's will be done," faltered Mr. Griffyths; "but it is a hard trial to see those go before me who should have followed the old man to his grave—and so young, so happy, so affectionate as they were!—it seems but yesterday that they were both children together—and now one is dead, and the other must know me no more—indeed, indeed, it is a sore trial, and more, almost than I can bear;" unable to wrestle with his grief, rose hastly and quitted the room.

Just as the physician had predicted, the more violent symptoms of Fanny's disorder gradually abated, and toward night she sank into a long, quiet, and to all appearence, a refreshing slumber. Her aunt, who kept a constant vigil by her side, entertained a confident hope that when she awoke it would be to consciousness but it was not so. She awoke, indeed and no longer a raging maniac, but what perhaps was still worse, as being more hopeless, a silent imbecile. There was one singularity attending this new phase of her malady, which showed how deeply her love for Charles was ingrained, as it were into her very nature. Every day at noon, though previously to that hour she remained in a state of perfect apathy, not seeming to recognize any one by look, speech, or gesture, she would start into something like activity: a dim, transient twilight dream of recollection would come over her; and she would hasten up stairs to her chamber; dress herself with marked care in white, comely attire; make the best of her way to the turnpike, accompanied by the nurse, who followed unobserved at a distance; wait at the gate till the coach came up; inquire if Charles was among the number of the passengers; and then depart with a vacant smile on her countenance, muttering, as she turned away, "He will come to-morrow!" On her return she would relapse into her usual state of lethargy, moving mechanically about the lawn, with leaden pace, bowed head, and arms hanging idly by her side, or standing at the door, and indulging in a low, feeble laugh whenever she saw Mr. Griffyths approach the cottage. The physician urged the expediency of her removal to a private asylum at Carmarthen, where he said she would receive every attention that her case demanded; but Mrs. Davis shrunk from the idea of consigning her to the mercy of strangers, especially when she was informed that recovery was by no means probable.

So passed a year, at the end of which Charles' farther, weighed down by griefs and infirmities followed his son to the grave. No one was now left but Mrs. Davis, whose whole time was devoted, with unrelaxing attention, to her niece. It was a melancholy haunt, that cottage now, where all had once been so cheerful—still more melancholy the spectacle of that vacant countenance once so expressive—once so radiant with youth, and health, and beauty. But comfort yet remained for the old lady: she felt that she was fulfilling a sacred duty; and this enabled her to stuggle with her lot, and even to bear it with resignation. In pursuance of the physician's advice, she made repeated efforts to recall Fanny to reason, by appealing to her old tastes and feelings; the songs that Charles most loved to hear were played to her, in the hope that they might bring back some fragment, however imperfect, of recollection; his favorite books were thrown in her way; his name continually repeated in her hearing—but all was unavailing—the dark fixed cloud brooded over her mind.

Four long monotonous years had now rolled away, and daily during this period, whether the season was cold or sultry, wet or dry, the poor girl was seen at the wonted hour to repeat her visit, at the turnpike gate, make the same inquiry, receive the same reply, and then return home, exclaiming, "He will come to-morrow!" No one thought of interrupting her; she was regarded by all with the tenderest and most respectful feelings of sympathy; and many a sigh was heaved, and many a bright eye grew dim, as the White Lady—such was the name by which she was known to every traveler on the road—was seen hastening across Carricksawthy. At the commencement of the fifth year her last remaining relative died; and now there remained only her old nurse, to whose care her aunt had in her last moments consigned her. Yet Fanny appeared wholly unconscious of Mrs. Davis' death; made no inquiries after her; and even watched the funeral procession move away from the cottage without testifying the slightest emotion.

But this state of mind was at length to have an end. It is a still summer evening—so still that the dry yellow leaf hangs unstirred upon the ash: the Sawthy lapses with the gentlest murmur over its shrunken bed; the quiet sheep are pasturing on the common—and there, upon that light grassy mound which fronts the bridge and draws warmth and cheerfulness from the golden sunlight, sit two female figures, the younger of whom, apparently from sheer exhaustion, is reclining on her companion's shoulder. Can that wasted, spectral form, whose dim eye and sunken countenance speak of fast approaching mortality, be Fanny? Yes it was indeed that once lovely girl who had crawled forth for her usual walk—but not as in earlier and happier days to feed imagination on the imposing pageantry of this, Nature's choicest season, for alas! the chambers of her mind still continue darkened! Yet more than once during the last week, a feeble ray of intelligence had glimered in upon her brain; something like consciousness had revived: and on this day particularly, the symptoms had assumed so cheering an aspect, that her nurse had purposely prolonged their walk, in the hope that the balmy, healthful evening air might tend to aid the languid efforts of nature. As they sat together on the sunny hillock, suddenly the bells of Llangadock struck up a merry peal, for there had been a wedding in the morning, and this in a secluded Welsh village is always an affair of infinite rejoicing. Fanny started at the sound; raised her head gently; and said, while a smile stole over her countenance, "Nurse, what are those bells ringing for?"

"Fanny, dearest Fanny!" exclaimed her astonished and delighted attendant, her eyes filling with tears, thank heaven you know me again!"

"How distinctly we hear the music nurse! I thought at first they were tolling for———but no, no; these are not the sounds I have heard so often of late in dreams. I suppose it is the evening chimes they are ringing."

"No: it is a wedding peal, Fanny."

"A wedding? Oh God!—Let us return home, nurse; it is cold, very cold; getting late too; my aunt will say we have been out too long."

"My child—my dearest child—what shall I say? Can you bear to hear the truth? Yes it must be told—I can conceal it no longer."

"Nurse," replied Fanny, with solmen earnestness, "I can bear to hear any thing—nothing can touch me now. My aunt is dead—is it not so?"

"It is too true."

"And Mr. Griffyths, my more than father—his father!"

"He too is dead."

"Dead—all dead—and I am left alone; well it will not be for long. Let us come home nurse; I feel exhausted; my strength is not what it used to be."

They walked slowly on to the cottage, and when they reached it, Fanny instantly sought that bed from which she was doomed never again to rise. During the few days that remained to her of existence, nothing could exceed the sweet and patient gentleness of her nature. There was no more sullenness—no more irritability—she knew that she was dying; one by one she felt life's finest ligaments giving way, and seemed anxious only to fit her soul for the great and solemn change that awaited it. Seldom she spoke, or made allusions to those who had gone before her; and never, even when fevered with pain, suffered a complaint to escape her lips; for a light from heaven had shone in upon her spirit, strengthening and purifying, and exalting it, while the material frame was hourly verging to decay. But was the past forgotten? Not so. The low, faint sigh; the tear stealing its way down the wasted cheek; the touching scriptural passage, 'I shall go to him, but he will not return to me,' whispered in the intervals of suffering, and in the long, silent watches of the night—all this told that thoughts of earth still mingled with those of heaven in Fanny's mind. On the evening of her death, feeling herself a little stronger than usual, she had requested to be raised up in bed, and sat, propped with pillows, near the open window, looking out upon the landscape beneath her. She saw the common—the bridge—the distant road—scenes how dear to memory!—and gazed on them with all the yearning fondness of one who feels that they are beheld for the last time. While thus she sat, with her hands folded on her breast, and her lips feebly moving in prayer, a sharp, sudden spasm struck to her heart, and a film came across her sight. "Nurse," she said, "where are you?—it is getting dark—the sun has long set—dearest Charles!"—and uttering that loved name, she died. The child of many sorrows was at rest.

A SCENE OF THE "INCONSTANT" REVIVED!

Cambaceres listened with deep attention, and when I had ceased speaking, he said—

The number of crimes which are committed, and which human justice cannot punish, is unfortunately very considerable. The story I have just heard reminds me of a circumstance which I will relate to you, and which I hope you will bear in mind, if ever, when separated from your wife, you should be inclined to fancy yourself a bachelor.

'About the close of the government of the Directory, the keepers of a *hotel garni*, in the Rue de l'Universite, waited on the minister of police, and in a state of great agitation, stated that one of his lodgers, whom he named, had been murdered on the preceding night. He had engaged the lodging about six o'clock in the evening, describing himself as an inhabitant of Melun, who had come to Paris for a day or two on business. After ordering his chamber to be prepared for him, he went out, saying that he was going to the Odeon, and would return immediately after the performance. About midnight he returned, but not alone: he was accompanied by a young and beautiful female, dressed in male attire, whom he stated to be his wife, and they were shown to the apartment which had been prepared. In the morning, continued the hotel keeper, the lady went out; she appeared to be fearful that her husband should be disturbed; and she desired that no one should enter the room until her return. Several hours elapsed, and she did not make her appearance; at midday, considerable surprise was manifested at her prolonged absence, and the servants of the hotel knocked at the gentleman's door, but without receiving any answer. It was now discovered that the lady had locked the door, and carried the key away with her. The door was broken open, and the unfortunate man was found dead in his bed. A doctor was sent for, and he declared it to be his opinion that the man's death had been caused by a blow from a hammer adroitly inflicted on the left temple. The female never again appeared; she was sought for in vain.

'In about a month after a similar murder was committed. The victim was likewise a man from the country, and his death was produced in the manner I have above described. The affair excited considerable consternation in Paris.

Within a fortnight a third crime of the same kind was committed; and in all these affairs the mysterious female in man's attire was involved. It is scarcely credible, but nevertheless true, that eighteen or twenty of these extraordinary murders were committed with impunity! In every instance, the little that was seen of the woman rendered it difficult for any one to give a minute description of her person; all the information that could be obtained was, that she was young, very pretty, little, and well formed. This description of course answered that of many women in Paris beside the murderess.

Meanwhile, Napoleon arrived from Egypt, and possessed himself of the reins of government. Being informed of the atrocities which had been committed in the capital, he directed that active measures should be taken for the detection of the criminal. He spoke to Fouche on the subject. At that time the capital was filled with Fouche's spies. One of these spies, a fine looking young man, about twenty, was one evening accosted in the street by a person, whom he at first supposed to be a very handsome youth. He passed on; but suddenly the thought struck him that the person who had spoken to him was a woman in disguise, and he immediately recalled the female assassin.

'"It is she!" he exclaimed, "I have discovered her, and my fortune is made."

'He turned back, and entered into conversation with her. She at first denied her disguise, but finally acknowledged it, and the young man prevailed on the nymph to accompany him home, in the character of a young relation from the country.

'"Where do you live?" she inquired.

'He named a hotel in which one of the mysterious murders had been committed.

'"Oh, no; I cannot go."

'"Why?"

'"Because I am known there."

These words confirmed the suspicions of the police agent. He alluded to his property, and mentioned two hundred louis which his uncle had given him, of which, he said, he had not spent the twentieth part, adding, 'Well, then, if you will not go to my lodgings, where shall we go?'

The female mentioned a hotel, to which they immediately repaired. The young man was about to leave the room to order supper, when the woman called him back.

'Will it be safe,' said she, 'to leave your money all night at your lodgings? Is it not likely you may be robbed? Suppose you go and bring it here.'

'Ah!' thought the young man, 'the veil is now raised;' and then, without the least appearance of suspicion, he thanked her for the prudent hint, and went away, under the pretence of going to fetch the money.

He immediately repaired to the office of the police minister, and gave information of the discovery he had made. Furnished with the sum of one hundred and eighty louis, he returned to the house where he had left the woman. He was accompanied by several agents of the police, who stationed themselves at the door of the apartment. The murderess and her pretended lover sat down to supper. She requested him to reach her handkerchief, which she had left on a *console* behind his chair. He rose to get it, and during the instant his back was turned, she poured a powerful narcotic into his glass.

He did not perceive this, and drank off his glass of wine hastily; but he had no sooner swallowed it than he exclaimed, 'What wretched wine!' The lady made the same complaint. A second glass was poured out, and pronounced to be better.

Meanwhile, the young man felt his head becoming confused, and his limbs growing stiff. With well-acted concern, the woman rose, and threw her arm round his neck, apparently with the intention of supporting his drooping head. At this moment he mechanically raised his hand, and he felt the fatal hammer in the side pocket of the coat worn by the female. He felt conscious of the danger of his situation; he attempted to rise and leave the room, but his strength failed him. He tried to speak, but his tongue was paralyzed. By one desperate effort, he made a faint outcry, and then fell on the floor, in a state of utter insensibility.

The woman drew the little hammer from her pocket and laid it on the ground. She then searched her victim, took his purse, and deposited it in the pocket of the waistcoat she wore. She placed his head in the requisite position to receive the deadly blow, and she had raised her right arm for the purpose of inflicting it, when the fatal hammer was suddenly arrested from her grasp. The police agents opportunely entered the room at that moment.

'Ah! Monseigneur,!' I exclaimed, 'surely you are narrating fiction, not fact. But of course, this monster in woman's shape paid the penalty due to her crimes?'

'That which occurred after her arrest,' pursued the Prince, 'is the strangest part of her story. On her first examination, she gave the following romantic account of herself. She was of a respectable family, and of irreproachable conduct; but having bestowed her affections on a young man, who had treacherously forsaken her, she had from that moment vowed implacable hatred against all the male sex; and the murders she had committed were actuated by no other motive than vengeance for the injury inflicted on her feelings. Would it be believed that there were persons weak enough to pity this unfortunate victim of betrayed affection? The sensibility of the world, especially of the great world, is often very ridiculous, and sometimes very blameable. An effort was made to screen this wretched culprit from the punishment of the law. When asked why she committed robbery, as well as murder, her defenders could give no satisfactory reply. The criminal, however, underwent the penalty of the law; and certainly society had reason to rejoice that the punishment of death had not been abolished.'

APPALLING INCIDENT.

The following is extracted from a private journal kept on board of the Vincennes, one of the vessels attached to the Exploring Expedition, and published in the Bunkerhill Aurora:—

'Just before noon, while taking in the main top-gallant sail, one of the crew who was on the yard, by the slatting of the sail, had the buntline thrown over his head, and before he could free himself, was jerked off and forward of the yard, where he hung dangling by the neck at the height of eighty feet. He struggled for a moment only, trying with both hands to reach the rope over his head, and then they fell powerless by his side. He was first observed by the boatswain, who looked up, on seeing a hat fall overboard. I was by his side, and never shall I forget the face of horror, nor the unearthly and fearful shriek that broke from him after pointing aloft for a few seconds, incapable of uttering a sound. It was like that sometimes heard from persons suffering under the nightmare.—It was indeed a most awful sight, to behold a fellow creature thus quivering in the air, his arms dangling to and fro, and his whole body swaying backwards and forwards with every roll of the ship, fifteen and twenty feet, and every little while striking with fearful violence against the mast. In a few seconds a dozen men were aloft to his assistance, but it seemed as many hours.

And here a new danger presented itself; one of them, thinking only of freeing the sufferer's neck, caught him with one hand, leaning over the topsail yard, as he swung in, and began cutting the rope with the other. Providentially, the attempt was seen and arrested by the 1st Lieut. Had he cut the rope, the jerk must have thrown them off together. He was now soon liberated, but declared to be dead. On being lowered on deck in a hammock sent up for the purpose, the means used for the recovery of persons whose animation is suspended, were successfully used, and he is now doing well. Another minute and all would have been over with him. On examination of the manner in which he was suspended, his preservation is a little short of miraculous. There was only a single turn round his neck. Had it slipped, (and Heaven only can tell what prevented it,) he would have been dashed to pieces, or whirled overboard, where with the heavy sea that was running, he must have perished. Had it caught an inch nearer his ear, he must have suffocated, ere relieved. And in view of his escape, will you believe it, all he thinks of is stopping his grog to-day, lest it should induce fever! Not half an hour since I went to see him, and he said 'it was bloody hard a man must lose his grog because he came near breaking his neck.' Such is the old man-of-war's-man."

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1838.

☞ A plan is on foot in this city to provide by a general tax for the suitable education of every child within its limits. The subject has been fully discussed in public meetings convened for the purpose, and it is almost unanimously approved. We know not how to give our readers a better view of the outlines of the plan, and awaken an interest in their minds for its adoption, than by copying a series of numbers from an able pen, which are now appearing simultaneously in the daily papers of the city.

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PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—NO. 1.

Desirous of bringing to the view of the citizens of Rochester, the subject of public school education and the desirableness of rendering its provisions commensurate with the wants of our youthful population, and accessible to all, I know of no way in which it can be done so conveniently, as through the medium of your columns. I ask a place, therefore, for this and a few succeeding articles on the same subject.

Whatever diversities exist among us, as to the mode of organizing and conducting these schools, we are all united in desiring that the mass of mind within our borders should be raised to a condition of intelligence and virtue. Every sentiment of patriotism, of public spirit, of parental affection and christianity, of which we can boast as a city, cannot fail to be enlisted in the latter object, however various may be our ideas of the best plan for securing it. Of this we are the more convinced from the character of all the speeches which have been made, in our recent public meetings on this subject.

Indeed, it must be left to the spiritual or political tyrants of the old word, those advocates for the divine right of kings, to throw out obstructions in the way of elevating the great body of the people. *They* may talk of the impracticability of popular governments, of the vulgar rabble who were never made to think for themselves and whose education must be conducted with reference to subjection to their natural lords, and of the criminality of opinions among the common people at variance with the institutions which rob them of their bread and crush them under the iron hoofs of power, and *they* may waste their logic, as befits them, in proving that the few were made to think, interpret and legislate for the many. For *them* to oppose all education which is not in furtherance of their designs of despotism, is in character with the position they occupy, as the natural successors to those forms of power and preeminence which sprang up in a barbarous age.

But, thank God, the broad Atlantic rolls between us and them, and a still wider difference of political sentiment divides between us. Our institutions are free as our mountain breezes; they belong to the people, the nation, all the mind within their limits capable of giving them direction; and they have not yet become hoary in crime, or consolidated with the blood of innocent millions, or rich in the merchandise of souls. We are all, in our birth, alike noble, and the poor farmer's son may vie with the family of Washington for the first office in the gift of the people. Hence, ignorance, so far from being the key stone in our arch of empire, would, were it generally to prevail among the people, inevitably crumble that arch to ruin.

Our history is a tragical one. Our home itself, the great continent which had slept from the foundation of the world, unknown on the chart of civilized man, became known to Europe on the eve of the greatest moral and political revolutions that have ever existed. The watchful eye of a guardian Providence, seemed to see that some place of resort would be necessary for the good, the intelligent and pious, to secure them and their principles from being lost amid the convulsions which were about to shake the nations. And what could be better suited to this object, than the trackless wilderness which overspread this continent? What could have been more opportune than this opening for the growth of freedom, for the expansion of mind that had been pent up under the oppressive institutions of the old world, and for a trodden down and neglected portion of the human race, to rise to the condition of intelligence and enterprise? Now, our institutions, yea ourselves, had our origin in circumstances like these. All our greatness would have remained in its embryo state to this day, among the cottages and in the corners of Europe, but for the scope which it has here found for developement.

Allow me to ask, therefore, what should be made our great concern, in regard to our own, or the youthful population which is continually floating in upon us from other nations. What is it that has, in former ages, entrenched the few in their power over the many? What is it that gives preeminence to man? Is it not education? Shall we then, as a city, allow the improvement of our streets, public buildings, and other features of our physical condition, to take precedence of institutions for the elevation of the mass of mind which is included within our limits? Ought we not, *may* we not, WILL we not, make our own community to young minds however poor and depressed, as the rich soil of a garden is to the withered and down trodden shrubs which are transplanted within its limits? Can we not easily make our seats of learning the brightest ornaments of our city, so that where Rochester is named, the world over, its intelligence, virtue and means of youthful cultivation shall rise prominently to view? We think this may be done, and we hope to make it appear, in the course of our future remarks on the subject. And not only may it be done, but done as *cheaply* as what we are now doing, and in a way, that, while all shall feel and acknowledge with generous pride the benefits, not an individual will be oppressed either with taxes, or in any other manner. It is with confidence, therefore, that we throw ourselves upon the intelligence and good sense of our fellow citizens, while we discuss a subject so vital to our future well being.

Y. X.

NUMBER II.

CITIZENS OF ROCHESTER—We stated in our former communication, that however characteristic it may be in the abettors of tyranny to neglect or obstruct the education of the great mass of the people, for us, republicans, to follow their example in this respect, would belie all our principles, and would prove a suicidal process to ourselves and our institutions. Much as tyrants *may have done* to prevent the diffusion of knowledge, it is an interesting fact, that some of the sovereigns of Europe are *now* stealing the march upon republican principles, in bringing the means of education to the door of every peasant in their dominions. This has already been done by the King of Prussia; the Emperor of Russia is following his example; France is waking up to the subject of general education; Lord Brougham and other names that stand pre-eminent in the present annals of British politics and literature, are exerting themselves in favor of the same great cause. And thus, the very men who might be expected, from their connexion with the old monarchies and aristocracies of the earth, to oppose the elevation of the mass of the people, are, I fear, in advance of us, whose principles and being and life and all are involved in the subject. Whether it is a principle of benevolence, of public spirit, and of love to intelligence; or whether it be a conviction that knowledge *must* spread among the people, and a desire to render it innoxious by directing it themselves and shaping it to suit the existing institutions; or whether it be something else, that has thus aroused European rulers to the importance of general education, the fact stands out as one of the brightest features of the age in which we live, and augurs the approach of great events in the cause of man. Should monarchy exist in form, its poisonous tooth will be extracted, so soon as its interests become involved in the education of its millions of subjects.

But not to pursue this train of thought further at this time, let us turn our attention to the several features of the plan for extending the benefits of education to all the youthful population of our city, which we have proposed to show, is not only feasible, but cheaper and easier prosecuted, than the one which now leaves fifteen hundred children without the means of education, and provides but meagre advantages for the remainder, and that too in some cases but a small portion of the year. The plan to which we allude has already been brought before this public, in the report of the Committee which was appointed last August to take this subject into consideration. We shall now state the several items of the plan in our own language, and then, in future communications, point out as clearly as possible, how they would operate in practice, and offer reasons to show the preferableness of this plan before all others in a community like our own.

1. That all the public schools of the city shall be under the supervision and control of a CENTRAL COMMITTEE OR BOARD OF EDUCATION, composed of two trustees from each district, elected as they are at present, together with six additional members elected by the Common Council.

2. That these schools shall be FREE, or without direct charge for tuition.

3. That the sum necessary to their support, over and above the amount annually received from the State, SHALL BE RAISED BY A GENERAL TAX ON THE REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY OF THE CITY.

4. That each district shall be so large as to admit of a school house two stories high, and fitted to contain two departments, one for children in the lower grades of education to be under the charge of females, and the other for the higher branches of English education to be taught by gentlemen.

5. That though nothing be attempted at present towards providing CLASSICAL education for the pupils in these schools, yet, it would be desirable to have the privilege of doing so, as soon as the condition of the city shall warrant the measure.

In touching on these several points, we shall enlarge, so as to include the duties in detail of this Board of Education, their manner of being introduced into office, and their term of service; and we shall endeavor also, to show the actual bearing of the other principles upon the state of things as we find them in this community.

Y Z.

NUMBER III.

We pretend to no authority, either from the leaves of the Sibyl or from the voice of oracle and inspiration; nor do we propose to doom ourselves to a voluntary death, like some ancient lawgivers, to secure the adoption of the plan proposed for conducting our public schools. All we ask is, that reason and fact may be allowed to speak; and we are sure that when they do, they will meet with a cordial and efficient response from the good sense of our fellow citizens. And, if it be indeed true, that our plan *is* altogether the most favorable to the cause of general education among us, and if it may be carried into effect at as *cheap* a rate as any other, and without injury to any one's interest, but greatly to the advantage of all, it would seem to be a great misfortune, that, through mistaken notions in regard to it, an opposition should arise to occasion its defeat. By an event so disastrous, we might, as a community, be thrown ages back on the dial of intelligence and virtue.

With candor, therefore, let us look at the first principle stated, viz., that of uniting all our public schools under ONE BOARD of supervision and control.

In regard to the *manner of constituting* such a Board little need be said. This may be done simply by bringing the trustees now elected by the several districts together, under a chairman annually elected from their number, with a secretary to record all their doings in detail, and to hold quarterly or more frequent meetings, as their duties might demand. And then this Board might constitute the trustees in the several districts *sub-committees*, to exercise a continual supervision over their respective schools, and make report to the whole Board in its regular meetings. They might meet on a specified day in each quarter, in the Court House, for instance, at nine o'clock in the morning; the chairman might designate them two by two to each school, which they could visit and examine in all the branches of learning, from that hour till mid-day or one o'clock in the afternoon; and then, by previous appointment, they might meet again at the Court House, at three or four o'clock in the afternoon, to report the state of the schools. In these reports, they could include the degree of improvement in grammar, arithmetic, geography, writing, reading, spelling, and all the branches taught, together with the general appearance of the schools as to neatness, order, and the qualifications of teachers, with every thing else that might be of interest. And in this way, the advantages of a regular visitation would be enjoyed by the schools, which, we all know, would be of immense value. Teachers would be incited to diligence; pupils would be inspirited with ambition and a desire to excel; parents would be called out to witness the progress of their children in learning; the wants of the schools would be well understood and promptly attended to; and we should be continually accumulating a fund of experience to aid our future operations, which would be too valuable for money to purchase.

As plenary power would be vested in this Board of Education, to assume the entire conduct of the schools in all their departments, it would devolve on them, to direct as to the manner of erecting school houses, their size, form, provisions of ventilation, &c., in itself a subject invested with an importance to the bodily health and intellectual vigor of children, which is appreciated by few. We may touch on this point still farther in another number; but will only, for the present, say, that convenience in school houses does not necessarily imply *great cost*,

Wheel carriages may now be purchased for $50, and $100, which are vastly more comfortable to the rider, than the gold and silver chariots which were manufactured for the ancient lords of Rome at a cost of millions. We are not pleading for *cost*, but *convenience*, which, in the construction of school houses, may be had as cheaply as *inconvenience*, provided the subject be well understood.

On this Board, also, would devolve the duty of selecting and dismissing teachers; and it would be necessary that they should elect from their own number an EXAMINING COMMITTEE, to carefully inquire into the qualifications of all who might present themselves for that office, including, not only their competency to teach the several branches of learning embraced in the schools, but, also, their moral character, skill in government and general fitness to present wholesome models for the imitation of rising intellect. And the Board would of course, make no election of teachers, till they were recommended as competent by the Examining Committee.

It will be seen, that to make the manner of forming this Board as plain as possible, we have contemplated it simply as a union into one body, of the trustees now elected in the several districts. But it must be considered, that as there are now three of these trustees in each district, the number, if they were all brought into one Board, would be immoderately large. Hence, the plan is to have *two* trustees elected from each district, and the number which would be thus introduced, will appear when we come to remark upon the principles that should govern us in districting the city. And, inasmuch as our fire department, the construction of our bridges, our streets, and all matters of this kind, are connected with the Common Council, we can see no reason why the subject of General Education should not, in this respect, stand on the same footing. We, therefore, propose to give the Common Council the power of adding six members to the Board of Education, that the interests of our City Authorities may be duly represented in that body.

The reasons for constituting such a Board, which might perhaps be deemed alike weighty, even if we were confined to our present mode of supporting these schools, we shall consider in our next number. In the mean time, we must entreat our fellow citizens to suspend their judgment about *cost*, *taxation*, the *power* of this Board to raise all they please, and like questions, till they come to be considered in their proper place. The subject of empowering this Board to appoint a *salaried* Superintendent of Public Schools, will also be duly considered, with the reasons which have prompted the suggestion. Y. Z.

NUMBER IV.

CITIZENS OF ROCHESTER—We shall doubtless be met, at this point, with the objection, that we are a very busy community—that all are making money or trying to do it—that the state of things in older cities is no criterion for us—and that the men cannot be found to do so much gratuitous work as we would throw upon this Board of Education.

But, would these duties be more onerous than those now performed, without pay, by our Mayor, Aldermen and Common Council? This objection, we think, is founded in a baseless estimate of the benevolence, public spirit and intelligence of Rochester. Let the experiment be tried—let an object of this magnitude invite the labor and sacrifice of our citizens; and we have no fear but that it will call into exercise the best talents we have among us, men who would do the duties promptly, without asking or desiring other compensation, than the pleasure they would feel in promoting the cause of general education. It would be necessary, of course, that they should be introduced into office under the solemnity of oath or affirmation; and it is contemplated to have it so arranged, that only half of them should go out of office the same year. But these are subordinate matters, that do not require remark.

It is true that a great many things might be done in the way of securing the attendance of poor and neglected children, of keeping up a daily and constant vigilance over teachers, of devising improvements in the general plan of procedure, of selecting the most useful class books, of securing the best model for school houses and superintending their erection, of procuring for them appropriate furniture, of drawing up reports and disbursing moneys; in all these and too many other ways to admit of previous enumeration, a service may be performed for the benefit of our public schools, the details of which might prove, in the end, too much for a Board of Education. To provide, therefore, for such an exigency, it is proposed to give them the power of employing, as soon as they might deem it expedient, a Superintendent of Public Schools, with a salary sufficient for his support, who should keep an office to which teachers and pupils might resort with their requests or complaints, and where all the in-door business might be transacted. That advantages would accrue to the cause of general education among us, from the labors of a judicious Superintendent, sufficient to pay the price of his salary, we think must appear too evident to require argument. The only point at issue in any mind is, whether we are *able* to go to the expense of employing such a man? This question will be noticed when we come upon the subject of finances and taxation. We would only say, at this time, that there are considerations in regard to the progress of this plan, which must greatly modify the opinions of those who might be inclined to object to it on the score of expense. We hope, therefore, that they will suspend their judgment, till the whole matter is fairly before them.

In the mean time, it is proper that we should attend to some of the reasons, why, in a community like this, all who are officially concerned in the supervision and control of Public Schools, should be united in one Board, instead of acting independently of each other, as at present.

1. The *contiguity* of our city school districts requires that their operations should be regulated with reference to each other. Lads over ten or twelve years of age may, without much inconvenience, go to the school which is *most* remote from their father's residence; and in some cases the school of another district may be *as conveniently* attended, even by the smaller children, as the one in their own district. The consequence is, as we now experience it, that when one school becomes more popular than the others, pupils come flocking into it from every quarter of the city, and all district lines are trampled under foot. Hence, while the one is injured by too large an attendance, the interest of the others declines for the want of pupils. Not only so, but refractory children, who need nothing so much as to be confined to wholesome discipline, find means of escaping from one school to another, and thus of setting government and order at defiance. Now, by uniting them all under the same regimen, these evils would be counteracted. The Board would have its written by-laws, not only with reference to the internal arrangements of each school, but also to regulate their operations among themselves.

2. By constituting a Board of Education in the manner suggested, *our public schools would stand on a level with the other great interests over which our Municipal Authorities exercise a supervision.* Why should the leveling of streets be deemed so much more worthy of legislation, than the elevation of mind to the dignity of virtue and intelligence? Why should not our ambitious politicians be as anxious to leave their impress upon the moral natures within their reach, as upon the rocks on which our city is built? Is not the soul more imperishable than the lime-stone ledge? Is not the work of decking it with knowledge and calling forth its latent energies, to increase the intellectual stores of our community, more noble, more generous, more exalted, than that of strowing our walks with stone? We would by no means speak disparagingly of the improvements which our Authorities are prosecuting with such praiseworthy zeal; but would simply plead, that the provision of general education is *equally* worthy of their legislative patronage. By giving them, therefore, the election of six members in the Board of Education, and requiring annual reports to be made to them of the financial concerns of the schools, with every thing else of interest pertaining to them, we should place them on the same list with our fire department, our streets, and with all similar interests.

3. Such a Board would be more *efficient* than our present trustees. Three men having at command only the resources of one small district, and with much ignorance and prejudice in their constituents to encounter, could not be expected to do the same for education, even if they were ever so much disposed, that could be accomplished by twenty or thirty trustees, the most of whom held their office independently of the suffrages of that particular locality.

These hints, fellow citizens, with others which we propose to offer, may serve to explain the reasons for preferring to commit all our Public Schools to the control of one large Board, rather than leave them in their present dissevered and inefficient condition. Y. Z.

☞ The Troy Mail offers a reward of $10 for the detection of the scoundrels who are in the habit of stealing that paper from the doors of subscribers. The only reason why we do not keep a standing reward for the apprehension of these rascals, is, that they are so purely the dregs of community—the very loafers of loafers—that when detected they are too low to be susceptible of punishment. Money they have none to pay a fine; and if you send them to jail, you only give them an opportunity to grow fat at the expense of the county. Besides, none but men who are l—sy will steal a newspaper, and it is cruel to give the jailor the trouble of scrubbing their dirty carcasses.

"*How to raise the*" *Batter.*—It is said there is a place down east, where the land is so poor, that the inhabitants never rise till noon. By the same token, SWAN & Co., have a compound which raises buck-wheat batter so quick that you are obliged to put britchen upon tt to keep it from hopping on to the gridle! And such cakes!—they are so light that but for their palatability, you would deem them gossamer weights to throw in the balance against a loco foco's honesty.

SELECTED POETRY.

MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON.

[Most of our readers, we presume, are familiar with the "Literary Remains of Lucretia M. Davidson," a young lady, who resided (until her early death,) in the northern section of this state, in perfect obscurity; but whose poems are now known and admired in Europe as well as throughout this country. The New York Evening Post furnishes the following notice of a younger sister of Miss D., whose history is similar. The Philadelphia National Gazette says of the latter, "The specimens of her juvenile productions which are given, will astonish even the scientific reader, who associates intellectual precocity with the premature developement of the supposed organs of the mind and affections. An early death from consumption is nearly always the consequence in extraordinary cases of this kind; and the present adds another to the touching instances which the history of infantile genius affords."—The Evening Post intimates that the "Literary Remains" of Miss Margaret M. Davidson will probably be published.]—*Alb. Argus.*

From the New York Evening Post.

Among the deaths mentioned in the journals, is that of Miss Margaret Miller Davidson, which took place at Saratoga Springs, in the 16th year of her age. She was the sister of Lucretia M. Davidson, whose literary remains have been published, and were deemed so extraordinary that one of the most eminent authors of the age thought them worthy of a notice form his pen in the Quarterly Review. Margaret, the youngest sister, whose death has recently occurred, was, if possible, a more extraordinary person than the elder poetess. Her intellectual powers showed indications of astonishing strength and maturity, at an age when she was scarcely out of her infancy. When she was but five years old she learned to write of her own accord, and in secret, by copying the printed characters in books, and the first use she made of the art was to commit to paper the verses which she even then composed. She observed, however, the greatest reserve in regard to her writings, and it was only by accident that her mother, in discovering a little hoard of her literary treasures, found that she had learned to write, and at that tender age had already become an author. The following lines were written at the age of nine years. We question whether the annuals of literary composition can show any thing produced at that age, equal to them in merit, in propriety and beauty of thought, versification and command of language.

HOME.

I would fly from the city, would fly from its care,
To my own native plants and my flowrets so fair,
To the cool grassy shade and the rivulet bright,
Which reflects the pale moon in its bosom of light.
Again would I view the old cottage so dear.
Where I sported a babe, without sorrow or fear;
I would leave this great city, so bri liant and gay,
For a peep at my home on this fair summer day.
I have friends whom I love, and would leave with regret,
But the love of my home, oh! tis tenderer yet.
There a sister reposes unconscious in death,
'Twas there she first drew, and there yielded her breath:
A father I love is away from me now,
Oh! could I but print a sweet kiss on his brow,
Or smooth the grey locks to my fond heart so dear,
How quickly would vanish each trace of a tear.
Attentive I listen to pleasure's gay call,
But my own happy home—it is dearer than all.

Her moral faculties were unfolded with the same prematurity as her intellectual. She is described to us as one of the most conscientious, rightminded and affectionate of human beings, overflowing with the most generous sympathies.

A shade of melancholy, however, always seemed to rest upon her mind, as if a presentiment of her early fate was continually present. Her bodily and nervous organization were extremely delicate. A strain of fine music produced upon her the most remarkable effect; it made her to tremble and weep, and sometimes seemed almost to stop the circulation in her veins. She died of the consumption, early, and, as it seemed, fully ripened, both in her moral and intellectual nature, for the next stage of our being, that world of subtler essence, larger knowledge and deeper emotions.

The following is the last thing she wrote. It is addressed to her mother, and seems to have been composed in the prospect of approaching dissolution:

Oh mother, would the power were mine
To wake the strain thou lov'st to hear,
And breathe each trembling new-born thought
Within thy fondly listening ear,
As when in days of health and glee,
My hopes and fancies wandered free.

But, mother, now a shade hath passed
Athwart my brightest visions here;
A cloud of darkest gloom hath wrapt
The remnant of my brief career!
No song, no echo, can I win.
The sparkling fount hath dried within.

The torch of earthly hope burns dim,
And fancy spreads her wings no more,
And oh, how vain and trivial seem
The pleasures that I prized before;
My soul, with trembling steps and slow,
Is struggling on through doubt and strife;
Oh, may it prove, as time rolls on,
The pathway to eternal life!
Then, when my cares and fears are o'er,
I'll sing thee, as in "days of yore."

I said that hope had passed from earth,
'Twas but to fold her wings in Heaven,
To whisper of the soul's new birth,
Of sinners saved and sins forgiven;
When mine are washed in tears away,
Then shall my spirit swell my lay.

When God shall guide my soul above,
By the soft chords of Heavenly love—
When the vain cares of earth depart,
And tuneful voices swell my heart—
Then shall each word, each note I raise,
Burst forth in pealing hymns of praise,
And all not offered at his shrine,
Dear mother, I will place on thine.

Saratoga Springs, November, 1838.

THE DYING BOY.

The following lines were written after reading an account of the death of a young mother and three children, from the inhuman neglect of the husband and father. The wife was taken suddenly ill, and left alone with her little ones, while her husband went to procure a physician, and other needful assistance, the nearest house being over two miles distant; but he forgot every thing save his own depraved appetite, become intoxicated before accomplishing his errand, remained so for a week, and on his return found them all dead. It is supposed that the mother died soon after the birth of her child, and that the child struggled longest—that in trying to soothe his expiring sister, he sank down from weakness beside her, and could not at last release himself from her grasp.

Oh! mother dear, my lips are dry,
And Bessy's hands are cold;—
Mother, dear mother! help me nigh
Your bosom; surely you can hold
Your little boy. I will not cry,
Nor ask again for drink or bread,
If you will only let me lie
Upon you breast, and hold my head.

Oh, mother! call your little boy
To your bedside; he'll try to crawl:
You said I was your only joy,
Your darling Henry, and your all:
And then, you looked and screemed out so;
"Boy! to your cruel father go.
Why do you weep and wail to me?
Fly! fly! I've nothing here for thee!"

Don't stare so on me, mother dear,
I'm still; though Bessy will not stir;
And she's too cold to lie so near;
O, why don't father come to her?
Poor Bessy cried herself to sleep;
I wish I could; but when I try,
My lids won't shut—and always keep
Wide open on your staring eye!

Mother! how can you lie so still
With the dead baby in your arms?
Who did the little dear one kill?
You said 'twas now safe from all harms;
Can't I be dead too, mother, say?
I'm sure 'tis very lonesome here;
Is heaven a very great long way?
And is our father waiting there?

I'm tired now, and cannot go,
And the bright sun does blind me so:
Oh, shut your eyes, dear mother, do!
And let me love to gaze on you.
How can you see us lying thus,
On this iced floor; our feet so cold?
O..ce you would fondly run to us,
And round us both the blankets fold.

I'm falling; oh! the room turns round;
I cannot see you now;—but hark!
I hear a soft and pleasant sound—
Perhaps it is the little lark,
I love such sounds as these to hear,
And it is dark no longer now—
Dear little girls, with wings are near,
And they are smiling on me too.

Oh, 'tis their songs so sweet and clear—
I think I hear them softly say,
Dear children, stay no longer here—
Come, come with us, we'll lead the way,
It must be heaven where they dwell:
I come! I come! Mother, farewell!

* * * *

POLAND.—The following fine lines, from the pen of Judge Conrad, of Philadelphia, are taken from a poem in the November Knickerbocker, a very rich and varied number, which we have been unable to notice as it deserved:

* * * * * * *

"The famished boy, of lordly birth,
Stand weeping by the smouldering hearth,
Where all his race have died.
And Poland wails, in widowed woe,
Her martyr'd sons, her ruthless foe!

"And Europe heard her last, wild shriek,
Nor answered to the call:
The Austrian whet his vulture beak,
And fevered for her fall;
And Prussia shouted in her glee,
And England, traitress to the free;
Was harloting with Gaul!
Gods! did the Corsican but reign,
How would they leap to arms again!

"But all in vain! his eagle wing
Low in the dust is laid:
The children of the thunder-king
Have sheathed the lightning-blade;
And since he fell, their land hath been
The plaything of whate'er was mean,
Betraying and betrayed!
By Europe chained, then vainly free,
The slaves, the dupes of tyranny!"

THE LONE ONE.

AIR—"*Sittin' on a Rail.*"

WORDS BY ROBERT T. CONRAD, ESQ.

Sung by Mr. Quayle, at his Farewell Concert.

They told the soldier's widow'd bride
That he a glorious death had won:
"O! would," she shrieked, "we too had died,
My child, for we are lone—
Desolate and lone!
Desolate and lone!
Desolate and lone!"
Her heart was with her dead.

Her babe in all her sorrow smiled,
Her early doom'd, her only one;
Death from her heartstrings tore that child,
And left her *all* alone—
Desolate and lone!
Desolate and lone!
Desolate and lone!
She pray'd to join her dead!

The widow clasp'd her sunken brow—
Her pale lips breath'd a broken moan—
She sunk—her heart had burst—and now
She is no more alone!
Never more alone!
Never more alone!
Never more alone!
She sleeps beside her dead!

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 28th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Beecher, THOMAS PARSONS, to Miss JULIA GORSLINE, eldest daughter of Richard Gorsline, all of this city.

On the 11th inst., by the Rev. Tryon Edwards, Mr. CHARLES H. BRIGGS, to Miss FRANCES M., daughter of Ezekiel Fox, all of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Boardman, Mr. D. D. Lynch, to Miss Margaret S. Bowker, all of this city.

In Caledonia, on the 4th instant, by the Rev. Mr. De Noon, Hector L. McLean, Esq. of York, to Miss Mary, second daughter of Donald McKenzie, Esq. of the former place.

In Riga, on the 4th instant, by the Rev. Donald McLaren, Maj. Hugh McColl, of Wheatland, to Miss Mary Blue, of the former place.

In Riga, on the 6th instant, by the Rev. D. C. McLearen, Mr. Peter Campbell, to Miss Isabel McPherson, both of Riga.

In this city, on the 6th instant, by the Rev. P. Church, Mr. Ray Peckham, to Miss Rachel Ford.

In Barre, on the 29th ult., by Ira Clark, Esq. Mr. John W. Ames to Miss Phebe Ann Ketchum, both of Barre.

In Palmyra, on the 1st inst., by I. E. Beecher, Esq., Mr. Abram Vandine, to Miss Loretta Tinny, both of that place.

DIED.

At Brockport, on the 5th instant, Louisa, aged nearly ten years, and on the 3d ult., Mary, aged seven years, only children of Daniel Burroughs, jr. Esq.

Mr. B. has indeed been sorely afflicted; on the 15th October he was taken ill of a fever and for four weeks was seriously and a portion of the time dangerously sick; while he was confined to his bed his younger daughter Mary, sickened, languished in extreme suffering and died. Her funeral services were held in the room where the father lay, and where he was compelled to lie while she was conveyed to the grave. He was neither able to assist and minister to her in her dying hours, nor attend her remains to their resting place. A few days after the decease of Mary, and while the fond parent was yet feeble, Louisa, sole survivor of his children, was attacked by a disease like that which had borne Mary away, which closed her life, after an illness of about three weeks, the last days of which were to her days of agony. The mother of these girls left this world for a better, in May 1833. She was an amiable and lovely woman, and these were lovely children. The beautiful mother and beautiful daughters now sleep side by side. The childless father survives to mourn. It must be a source of high consolation to him, that he has an excellent wife to sympathise with and sustain him, one who weeps for the lost ones, with all but a mother's grief.—[COM.

ELEVENTH VOLUME OF THE GEM.

"The GEM's alive, and alive like to be," if the present number of *paying* subscribers can be retained. Of this we have no doub', and our only regret is, that other business is so pressing that we are unable to give much time to the *extension* of its circulation.

The next volume will be published on the same terms as the present—one dollar to mail subscribers—ten shillins to those who call at the office—and twelve shillings to city subscribers who have their papers left at their doors:—to be paid in all cases in ADVANCE. Present subscribers who wish to take the eleventh volume, will please make their remittances *early*, so that we can determine how large an edition to print.

☞ Those who procure five subscribers and pay five dollars, will be entitled to six copies,—or twelve copies and a bound volume for ten dollars.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson. $1 mail, $1,50 city, in advance.

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, TALES, AND MISCELLANY.

VOL. X. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1838. No. 26.

MISCELLANY.

FILIAL WORTH REWARDED.

"My tale is simple and of humble birth,
A tribute of respect to real worth."

'You are too parsimonious, Henry,' said Mr. D—— to one of his clerks, as they were together in the counting house one morning, 'give me leave to say that you do not dress sufficiently genteel to appear as a clerk in a fashionable store.' Henry's face was suffused with a deep blush, a tear trembled on his manly cheek. 'Did I not know that your salary was sufficient to procure more genteel habiliments,' continued Mr. D. 'I would increase it.'

'My salary is sufficient, amply sufficient, sir,' replied Henry, in a voice choked with that proud independence which poverty had not been able to divest him of. His employer noticed his agitation, and immediately changed the subject.

Mr. D. was a man of immense wealth and ample benevolence; he was a widower, and had but one child, a daughter, who was the pride of his declining years. She was not as beautiful as an angel, or as perfect as Venus; but the goodness, the innocence, the intelligence of her mind shone in her countenance, and you had but to become acquainted with, to admire and love her. Such was Caroline Delancy when Henry first became an inmate of her father's house. No wonder, then that he soon loved her with that deep and devoted affection—and, reader, had you known him, you would not have wondered that love was soon returned, for their souls were congenial; they were cast in virtue's purest mould—and although their tongues never gave utterance to what their hearts felt, yet the language of their eyes was too plain to be mistaken. Henry was the very soul of honor, and although he perceived that he was not indifferent to Caroline, he still felt that he must conquer the passion which glowed in his bosom. 'I must not endeavor to win her young and artless heart,' thought he—'I am pennyless, and cannot expect that her father would ever consent to our union—he has ever treated me with kindness, and I will not be ungrateful.' Thus he reasoned, and thus he heroically endeavored to subdue what he considered an ill-fated passion.

Caroline had many suitors, and some who were every way worthy of her; but she refused all their overtures with a gentle, yet decisive firmness. Her father wondered at her conduct, yet would not thwart her inclinations.

He was in the decline of life and wishing to see her happily settled ere he quitted the stage of existence. It was not long ere he suspected that young Henry was the cause of her indifference to others: the evident pleasure she took in hearing him praised, the blush that overspread her cheeks whenever their eyes met, all served to convince the old gentleman, who had not forgotten that he was once young himself, that they told more than a common interest in each other's welfare. He forbore making any remarks upon the subject, but was not as displeased at the supposition as the pennyless Henry would have imagined.

Henry had now been about a year in his employ. Mr. Delancy knew nothing of his family, but his strict integrity, his irreproachable morals, his pleasing manners, all conspired to make him esteem him highly. He was proud of Henry, and wished him to appear in dress as well as in manners, as respectable as any one. He had often wondered at the scantiness of his wardrobe, for although he dressed with most scrupulous regard to neatness, his clothes were almost thread-bare. Mr. D. did not think this proceeded from a niggardly disposition, and he determined to broach the subject, and if possible, ascertain the real cause—this he did in the manner we have before related.

Soon after this conversation took place, Mr. D. left home on business. As he was returning, and riding through a beautiful little village, he alighted at the door of a cottage, and requested a drink. The mistress, with an ease and politeness that convinced him that she had not always been the humble cottager invited him to enter. He accepted the invitation—and here a scene of poverty and neatness presented itself, such as he had never before witnessed. The furniture, which consisted of nothing more than was absolutely necessary, was so exquisitely clean that it gave charms to poverty, and cast an air of comfort on all around. A venerable looking old man, who had not seemed to notice the entrance of Mr. D. sat leaning his head on his staff, his clothes were clean and whole, but so patched that you could have scarcely told which had been the original piece.

'That is your father, I presume, said Mr. D. addressing the mistress of the house.'

'It is, sir.'

'He seems to be quite aged.'

'He is in his eighty-third year; he has survived all his children excepting myself.'

'You have once seen better days.'

'I have—my husband was wealthy, but false friends ruined him; he endorsed notes to a great amount, which stripped us of nearly all our property, and one misfortune followed another until we were reduced to poverty. My husband did not long survive his losses, and two of my children soon followed him."

'Have you any remaining children?'

'I have one, and he is my only support. My health is so feeble I cannot do much, and my father being blind, needs great attention. My son conceals from my knowledge the amount of his salary; but I am convinced he sends us nearly all, if not the whole amount of it.'

'Then he is not at home with you?'

'No sir, he is a clerk for a merchant in Philadelphia.'

'Pray what is your son's name?'

'Henry W——.'

'Henry W——!' reiterated Mr. D. "Why, he is my clerk, I left him at my house, not a fortnight since.'

Here followed a succession of inquiries, which evinced an anxiety and solicitude that a mother alone could feel: to all of which Mr. D. replied to her perfect satisfaction.

'You know our Henry?' said the old man, raising his head from his staff; well sir, then you know as worthy a lad as ever lived—God will bless him. He will bless him for his goodness to his poor old grandfather,' he added in a tremulous voice, while the tears ran down his aged cheeks.

'He is a worthy fellow, to be sure,' said Mr. D. rising and placing a well filled purse in the hands of the old man. 'He is a worthy fellow, and shall not want friends.'

'Noble boy,' said he mentally, as he was riding leisurely along ruminating on his interview; 'noble boy—he shall not want wealth to enable him to distribute happiness. I believe he loves my girl, and if he does, he shall have her, and all my property in the bargain.'

Filled with this project, and determined, if possible, to ascertain the true state of their hearts, he entered the breakfast room the next morning after his arrival home.

'So Henry is about to leave us to go to England to try his fortune,' he carelessly observed.

'Henry about to leave us!' said Caroline, dropping the work she held in her hand—'about to leave us to go to England!' she added in a tone which evinced the deepest interest.

'To be sure—but what if he is, my child.'

'Nothing sir, nothing—only I thought we should be rather lonesome,' she replied, turning away to hide the tears she could not longer suppress.

'Tell me, Caroline,' said Mr. D. tenderly embracing her, 'tell me, do you not love Henry? You know I wish your happiness, my child. I have ever treated you with kindness, and you have never until now, hid any thing from your father.'

'Neither will I now,' she replied, hiding her face in his bosom. 'I do most sincerely esteem him, but do not, for the world, tell him so: for he has never said that it was returned.'

'Henry,' said he, entering the counting house, 'you expect to visit the country shortly, do you?'

'Yes sir, in about four weeks.'

'If it would not be too inconvenient, rejoined Mr. D. I should like to have you defer it a week or two longer.'

'It will be no inconvenience, sir, and if it would oblige you, I will with pleasure.'

'It will most certainly oblige me, for Caroline is to be married in about six weeks, and I would not miss having you attend the wedding.'

'Caroline to be married, sir,' said Henry, starting as if by an electric shock, 'Caroline to be married! Is it possible!'

'To be sure it is—but what is there so wonderful about that?'

'Nothing, sir, only it was rather sudden, rather unexpected, that's all.'

'It is rather sudden, to be sure,' replied Mr. D. 'but I am an old man, and wish to see her have a protector; and as the man is well worthy of her, I see no use in waiting any longer, and am very glad that you can stay to the wedding.'

'I cannot stay, sir, indeed I cannot!' replied Henry, forgetting what he had previously said.

'You cannot?' rejoined Mr. D. 'why, you just now said you would.'

'Yes sir, but business requires my presence in the country, and I must go.'

'But you said it would put you to no inconvenience, and that you would wait with pleasure.'

'Command me in any thing else, sir, but in this request I cannot oblige you,' rising and walking the floor with rapid strides.

Poor fellow—he had thought his passion subdued; but when he found that Caroline was so soon, so irrecoverably to become another's the latent spark burst forth into an inextinguishable flame; and he found it vain to endeavor to conceal his emotion.

The old gentleman regarded him with a look of earnestness—'Henry,' said he, 'tell me frankly—do you love my girl?'

'I will be candid with you sir,' replied Henry unconscious that his agitation had betrayed him. 'Had I a fortune such as she merits, and as you, sir, have a right to expect, I should think myself the happiest of men could I gain her love.'

'Then she is yours,' cried the delighted old man—'say not a word about property, my boy; true worth is better than riches. I was only trying you then, Henry; Caroline will never be married to any one but yourself.'

The transition from despair to happiness was great. For a moment Henry remained silent; but his looks spake volumes. At last—'I scorn to deceive you sir,' said he, 'I am poorer than what you suppose—I have a mother and grandfather who are'—

'I know it. I know it all, Henry,' said Mr. D. interrupting him. 'I know the reason of your parsimony, as I called it, and I honor you for it—it was that which first put into my head to give you Caroline—so she shall be yours, and may God bless you both!

Shortly after this conversation, Henry avowed his love to Caroline, and solicited her hand, and it is needless to say that he did not solicit in vain. Caroline would have deferred their union until the ensuing spring: but her father was inexorable. He supposed he would have to own one falsehood, he said, and they would willingly have him shoulder two; but it was too much—entirely too much—and he would not endure it; he had told Henry that she was going to be married in five weeks, and he should not forfeit his word. But perhaps,' added he apparently recollecting himself, and turning to Henry, 'we shall have to defer it after all, for you have important business in the country about that time.'

'Be merciful, sir,' said Henry, smiling, 'I did not wish to witness the sacrifice of my own happiness.'

'I am merciful,' replied the old gentleman, 'and for that reason would not wish to put you to the inconvenience of staying. You said you would willingly oblige me, but you could not, inded you could not!'

'You have once been young, sir,' said Henry.

'I know it, I know it, replied he, laughing heartily, 'but I am afraid too many of us old folks forget it—however, if you can postpone your journey I suppose we must have a wedding.'

We have only to add, that the friends of Henry were sent for, and the nuptials solemnized at the appointed time; and that, blessed with the filial love of Henry and Caroline, the old people passed the remainder of their days in peace and happiness.

THE CONVICTED LOVER.

The following is a part of a sketch contained in a little volume entitled 'The Bit'o writin' and other tales,' just out.

The lover, a 'broth of a boy,' of about twenty years of age, was convicted and sentenced to be executed as one of a party of '*tithe arrangers*' who had attacked a gentleman's house for the purpose of rifling it of arms, and at which one or more of the Police was killed, just as he was about being wedded to his own Moya. Notwithstanding the evidence upon the trial was most positive with regard to his having been among the foremost of the murderers, his attorney and a friend, entertained strong faith of his innocence, and succeeded in obtaining such proof of it, as led to strong hopes of a pardon. To this purpose the Attorney had gone to Dublin, and it was on the morning of the execution that we now introduce his friend, anxiously awaiting his return.

'Early on the second morning, I took a walk into the country, along the Dublin road, vaguely hoping to meet, even so early, our zealous attorney returning to us with the white handkerchief streaming from the window of his post chaise—that idea had got into my head, like a picture, and would recur every moment. I met him not I lingered on the road—I heard our town clock pealing twelve—the boy had but an hour to live. I looked towards the country jail, whither he had been removed for execution—the black flag was waving over its drop door. Glancing once more along the Dublin road, I ran as fast as I could towards the jail. Arriving at the iron gate of its outer yard, I was scarce conscious of the multitude which sat on a height confronting it, all hushed and silent, or of the strong guard of soldiers at the gate, till one of them refused me way. I bribed the sergeant to convey my name to the governor of the prison, and was admitted first into the outer yard, then by the guard room door, and along a colonade of pillars, connected with iron work at either hand, into the inner courts of the Jail.—The guard room was under the execution room and both formed a building in themselves, separated from the main pile; the colonade of which I have spoken, leading from one to the other. What had sent me where I now found myself, was an impulse to beseech the sheriff, (whom I knew, and who was necessarily in the jail, to accompany the condemned to the door of the execution room) for some short postponement of the fatal moment. He came out to me in one of the courts at either side of the colonade; we spoke in whispers, as the good and kind hearted governor and I had done—though there was not a creature to overhear us, in the deserted, sunny space all around. I knew the sheriff must at his peril make any change in the hour; but I told him our case, and his eyes brightened with zeal and benevolence, while he put his watch back three quarters, of an hour, and asseverated, with my uncle Toby's oath, I believe he would swear it was right, and that all their clocks were wrong, and 'let them hang himself for the mistake.'

'Our point arranged, we sunk into silence.—It was impossible to go on talking, even in our conscious whispers—one o'clock soon struck! the governor, pale and agitated, appeared, making a sad signal to the sheriff. We beckoned him over to us, and he was shown the infallible watch, and retired again without a word. My friend and I continued standing side by side in resumed silence, and all was silence around us too, save some few most melancholy, most appalling sounds—one, caused by the step of the sentinel under the window of the condemned cell, at an unseen side of the prison—another by the audible murmurings of the condemned and his priest, heard through that window—both growing more fervent in prayer since the jail clock had pealed one, and a third was made by some person, also unseen, striking a single stroke with a wooden mallet, about every half minute, upon a large muffled bell at the top of the prison. Yes—I can recall two other sounds which irritated me greatly; the chirping of the sparrows in the sun—and I thought that their usually pert note was now strangely sad—and the tick, tick, of the sheriff's watch, which I heard distinctly in his fob. The minutes flew. I felt pained in the throat—burning with thirst—and loosing my presence of mind. The governor appeared again. My friend entered the prison with him. I remained alone, confused. In a few minutes the Governor came out bare headed, and tears were on his cheeks. The young clergyman, and his younger penitent followed—the former had passed an arm through one of the manacled arms of the latter, and the hands of both were clasped, and pointed upward, and they both were praying audibly. My old school fellow, the (clergyman)wept like a child. My poor client had passed the threshold into the colonade with a firm step—his knees kept peculiarly stiff as he paced along, and his cheeks and forehead were scarlet, while his eyes widened and beamed, and were fixed on the steps going up to the execution room, straight before him He did not yet see me, gazing at him. As the Sheriff appeared behind him and his priest, also bareheaded, I rapidly snatched my hat from my head. The action attracted his attention,—our glances met—and oh! how the flush instantly forsook his forehead and his cheeks—and how his eyes closed—while cold perspiration burst out on his brow, and he started, stopped and faltered! Did he recognize me as the person who had spoken kindly to him in his cell before his trial, and perhaps with all my precaution, given him a vague hope! or was it that the unexpected appearance of a human creature staring at him in utter commisseration, in that otherwise lonely court yard, had touched the cord of human association, and called him back to earth, out of his enthusiastic visions of heaven? I know not, I cannot even guess, who can? As he faltered, the young priest passed his arm around his body, and gently urged him to his knees, and knelt with him, kissing his cheeks, his lips pressing his hands, and in tender whisper, manning him again for facing shame, and death, and eternity.

The governor, the Sheriff, and I, instinctively assumed the attitude of prayer at the same moment. But I hate to give character of claptrap to a real, though wonderful occurrence, by continuing to circumstantially. Moya's 'own boy' never even mounted the steps of the execution room. We were first startled while we all knelt, by, as it afterwards proved, her shrieks at the outer gates—she had escaped from the restraint of her family, and had come to the jail, insisting on being married to him, 'wid a rope round his neck, to live a widow for him forever'—and next there was a grand shout from the multitude on the rural heights before the prison, and my one ceaseless idea of our attorney, with a white handkerchief streaming through the window of his post chaise, was realized, though every one saw it but I. And Moya, self transported for life, went out to Van Dieman's land, some weeks afterwards, a happy and contented wife, her family having yielded to her wishes, at the instance of more advocates than herself, and put some money in her purse also.

Mr. N. P. Willis has put his tragedy of Bianca Visconti to press. It will shortly be published.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1838.

Portrait of the Mayor.—His Honor has been sitting for his picture. This is right. Every Mayor of the city—particularly if he be a good looking gentleman, which is decidedly the case here—should be *canvassed*, for the gratification of posterity. Were we an alderman, we should forthwith "*take the responsibility*" of introducing and urging through an ordinance for that purpose. So much at least is due that officer for the arduous duties which he is gratuitously called upon to perform. And we have not a doubt but that by urging upon the members of the Board, the probable fact that, in the course of time, they would *all be Mayors*, such an ordinance would be passed unanimously.

If this rule should be adopted, what a splendid gallery of portraits Rochester could invite the world to witness a century hence! What a fine specimen of antique features—for a hundred years hence, they will talk of the present as a period of antiquity—would be afforded in the portrait of our first Mayor. His fine, dignified and benevolent face—his keen merry eye, and his venerable silvery locks—would be pronounced worthy of being the head of the long line of worthy gentlemen who are destined to succeed him. Besides, with what admiration would the pure freemen—for by that time the world will be a Democracy—of that period, speak of him, when, in detailing his history, they announced the fact that he was a WHIG—a Whig with just such principles as the experience of a century had approved! And more, that he was—even at so early a day—an uncompromising "*cold water man!*"—another principle whose triumph a century will secure. His portrait *must* be taken!

Nor would his immediate successor make a bad appearance on canvass. It is true the good people of 1938, would shake their heads in wonderment at his politics, and sigh that so good *looking* a gentleman should have imbibed the principles of the loco focos; but it would afford them an instructive lesson, to wit: never to judge a man by his appearance.

And then *his* successor. In the "*living lineaments*" of his countenance, they would trace the features of a happy, busy gentleman—with a lip and an eye expressive of a keen, quick perception—as ready to facilitate works of general and public utility, as to advance his own vast interests. It would be a fine picture if well painted.

Then would follow the honest Whig face of the late Mayor. His history would be a history full of interest and instruction. It would teach the post-centennials, that in all ages, perseverance, honesty and industry found their reward.

Next, in succession, would be found our present excellent Mayor. If the portrait just taken of His Honor, by J. B. ROY AUDY, should be settled upon as the one by which his "outward man" should be carried down the tide of time, posterity would see him as he is—a stately, well proportioned, good-looking gentleman, with not a feature about him to mark him a loco foco, but with many, to mark him a man with a strong mind and a good heart. The picture is painted at full length, and a look at it would afford our citizens of the present almost as much pleasure as their successors a hundred years hence. It may be seen at the Assembly Room of the Monroe House.

The accomplished author of Calibras, was proud, poor, and died in a garret.

"*The Foreign Quarterly Review, for October.*"—This is one of the reprints from the press of Mrs. Lewer. The Foreign Quarterly has acquired a deserved celebrity at home and abroad; and the student of English literature and politics, is deeply indebted to the American publisher for the cheapness and punctuality with which it is issued. Only in the form of a reprint could this and kindred works, be brought within the reach of thousands who now derive pleasure and instruction from their perusal. The work before us, contains nine articles of exciting interest, among the most prominent of which is one occupying seventeen pp., entitled "*Russian Position and Policy towards Turkey, Circassia, Persia and Hindoostan.*" The information to be derived from this article alone, is worth the price of the whole series.

Philosophy of History.—A discourse "on the lessons which history teaches," was delivered on Monday evening, before the Mechanics' Literary Association, by Myron Holley. It has been well said, that "History is philosophy teaching by example:" and beautifully was the subject considered in that light by the orator on this occasion.

As I was one among the crowded and gratified audience, I take the liberty thus publicly to return thanks to the speaker and to the Association for the intellectual enjoyment experienced on the occasion. Gratifying indeed would it be, were the abilities of Mr. Holley more frequently exercised in pursuits wherein those abilities are always so happily displayed. R.

☞ A meeting is to be held in Auburn to adopt measures for the establishment of a Literary Association. We doubt not, the intelligence and proverbial liberality of the citizens of that place, will support an institution so highly important to the intellectual advancement of all classes.

A Modern Boaz.—A Mr. Cox, who resides one mile from Montrose, Pa., has given permission to the farmers in the vicinity, to cut and carry away from his land, for the use of the poor, as much wood as can be cut and carried away in one day. The farmers have turned out en masse, to devote a day to the charitable work.

A Reason for going to Church.—Burger, the German poet, satirizes the sleepers at church in an epigram which we have not seen translated. Here is a version of it:

"All the night I have not slept a wink
(On Sunday morning, said a languid fair:)
'Tis hard—but I will creep to Church, I think,
And possibly have a little there."

The following couplet is recommended to Frenchmen who are desirous of completing a thorough knowledge of the English language;

"Though the tough co ugh and hiccough plough me thro'
O'er life's dark lough my course I will pursue."

We find the following in a Vermont paper:

"Woodman, spare that tree."

"A man by the name of Woodman was lately married to a Miss Tree in England, and in a day or two was found beating his wife."

A writer in the North American Review, computes that one third of the waking hours of civilized communities, including what is employed in making and repairing, is devoted to the subject of dress.

☞ Autumn is the spring-time of Charity.—Winter is its harvest-months. The suffering poor are the gleaners; and the soul is the granary.

The company of the Ladies, is a school of politeness.

The Philadelphia Spirit of the Times gives an account of a girl born near that city with three eyes. Most girls work mischief enough with two.

Union College.—The catalogue of this Institution, just published, contains the names of 286 students; viz. seniors 122, juniors 94, sophomores 48, freshmen 22.

The End of the World.—A man by the name of Miller, has been delivering lectures lately in Vermont, the object of which is to show that *the world will come to an end in* 1843.

☞ The citizens of Auburn are remodelling there Common School system, after a similiar plan to that proposed here.

It is said there are 400,000 feathers upon the wing of a silk worm. It it is doubted count them.

Advice to boys.—Read good books, seek out good companions, attend to good counsel, and imitate good examples.

In all your dealings be perfectly honest and upright, and as much as possible avoid all mistakes in the transaction of business.

Parents should be particular to send their children regularly to school. Their is no duty more incumbent, than in performing that of educating their children.

Why are the captains of Mississippi steam boats like dentists? Because they are continually encountering *snags.*

Why are the crews of the Exploring Expedition temperance men? Because they are not likely to get *half seas over.*

Why is a panic in the money market like a carpenter's shop? Because it *augurs* there will be a *deal* of *chiseling among the gouges* and *screw-drivers.*

Love.—In the pure heart of the girl loving for the first time, love is far more extatic than in man, since it is not enfeavered by desire and then and there makes the only state of human existence, which is at once capable of calmness and transport.—*Bulwer.*

Gambling.—When this passion once gets firmly engrafted in the human breast, it is like the cancer, not to be exterpated whilst there remain life and strength to feed it; for though some persons have fancied a reformed gamester, they have fancied what history has never produced.—*St. Louis Gaz.*

Influence of Women.—Whoever has the women is sure of the men, you may depend squire: openly or secretly, directly or indirectly they do contrive, somehow or other, to have their way in the end, and, though men have the reins, the women tell'em hav to drive. Now if ever you go for to canvass for votes, always canvass the wives, and your are sure of the husbands.—*The Clockmaker.*

Yankee Courtship.—Jonathan Dunbatter saw Prudence Feas all at meeting. Jonathan sidled up to Prudence arter meeting, and she kind a sided off. He went closer, and axed her if she would accept the crook o' his elbow. She resolved she could, and plumped her arm right round his'n. Jonathan felt all overish, and said he liked the text: "seek and ye shall find," was purty good readin. Prudence hinted that "ask and ye shall receive,' was better; Jonathan thought so too, but this axing was a puzzler. A feller was apt to get into a snarl when he axed, and snarlin warn't no fun. Prudence guessed strawberries and cream were slick. Jonathan thought they warn't so slick as Pru's lips. "Now don't," says Pru, and she guv Jonathan's arm an involuntary hug. He was a leetle started, but thought his farm wanted some female help to look arter the house. Pru, knew how to make rale good bread. 'Now don't,' said Pru. 'If I should' said Jonathan. 'Now don't, said Pru.' 'May-be you would'n'—and Jonathan shuck all over, and Prudence replied "If you b coming that game, you'd better tell feyther.' 'That's jist what I want,' said Jonathan; and in three weeks Jonathan and Prudence were 'my old man' and my 'old woman.'

From the Bangor Whig & Courier, of Nov. 25

A BOY TAKEN BY A BEAR!

The following account from our correspondent at Linneus, can be relied on as correct.—Linneus is in Washington county, about 100 miles east of this city, and adjoins the town of Houlton:—

Linneus, Me., Nov. 19, 1838.

Mr. Editor—Presuming that your readers, like most others, are fond of the marvellous, especially when tinctured with truth, I hasten to lay before you the following occurrence, which took place in this town last evening. About 7 o'clock in the evening, Mr. Isaac Saunders' son James, who is about eight years of age, was sent to the barn to feed the cattle, and while returning therefrom to the house, (the distance from the barn to the house is about 40 rods) had his attention arrested by the appearance of a huge black object directly ahead of him. He stood still for a moment, not knowing whether to advance or retreat. At length he concluded to go ahead, when the bear rose up on his hind legs, and put himself in an attitude to receive the youngster with his fore paws. The boy perceiving the attitude of the bear, and his apparent determination to maintain his ground, gave a loud screech, and turned and ran towards the barn. At this the bear started in pursuit, and came up with the boy, who was still screeching. Just as the men in the house, who had heard the alarm, were approaching the theatre of action, the bear seized the boy, with his fore paws, raised himself again upon his hind legs, and started with his prey with all possible dispatch for the woods. The men hotly pursued him for some three quarters of a mile, when the bear finding himself but a few feet ahead of his pursuers, turned round and stood face to face with them. when the men, each of whom was armed with an axe, made a motion to give him a gentle tap upon the head, but his left paw was ready for a fend off, while he held the boy tightly with his right one. The men finding it was useless to fight with axes, one of them started for the house after a gun, which he loaded with buck shot, and returned to the woods. On his arrival at the scene of battle, the bear in attempting to turn and try leg bail again, was shot through the left side of his body, which brought him to the ground, and caused him to relinquish his hold of the boy, who scampered home more frightened than hurt, having received no other harm than a most unconscionable hugging.—Mr. Saunders took the bear to his house, skinned and dressed him, and I have just finished my supper, which was made partly of portion of his flesh. The bear weighed when dressed 362 pounds, and is said to be the largest ever caught in this town.

For some time past, a number of persons have had depredations committed on their stock, by some wild animal or animals. Sheep have been slaughtered repeatedly, and in one or two instances, swine, and even cows, have been attacked and killed. One man, Mr. David Rollins, for instance, has lost two fine cows, and I have been compelled to drive my cattle into the barn for security. Yours, &c. J. T.

The Human Heart.—It appears from researches of an English physician of eminence, Dr. Clenderwing, published in the Medical Gazette, the medium weight of the heart is nine ounces in man, and eight ounces in woman. A remarkable fact, and one hitherto unknown, is that the heart of man becomes heavier as old age approaches, while that of woman diminishes in weight after the thirtieth year.

You must love a parent who does his duty, and bear with one who does not.

Intellectual and moral excellence, are the two poles of the axis around which the globe of humanity revolves.

A good action is more meritorious the more effort it costs: and an energetic resolution is more praise worthy, the purer the motive that inspires it.

"Thomas," hiccoughed old Guzzlefunction to his son, "I fear you are becoming intemperate." "I think it likely, father," replied the promising youth, "for do we not read that 'the sins of the parents shall be visited upon the children?'"

A printer, in setting up the sentence, 'we are but parts of one stupendous whole,' by the mistake of one letter, made it read 'we are but parts of one stupendous *whale.*'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Gem.

A PICTURE OF LIFE.

I stood at mid-day by the bed of death—
Silence was there, and deep solemnity:
The spirit had just torn itself away,
And she of seven summers, fair and bright
A while before, as opening bud of spring,
Lay withered, lifeless:—Oh, how sorrowful,
The little band of stricken ones, that wept
Around that bed! A bitter, bitter pang
Came o'er her heart, who with a mother's love,
Had watched the little sufferer day by day,
As dark disease prolonged its cruel work;—
No longer vacillated hope and fear,
But the dread weight of certainty was there:
A star, that had arisen to illume
Her dreary path of widowhood, was quenched,
And doubly dark seemed her lone pilgrimage.
He too, with silver'd head, wept as a child
O'er this lost treasure; she had been to him
As ivy to the oak,—a fair young plant,
Throwing a charm round his declining years;
Now how bereaved—and sere—and desolate!
The little sister mourned, yet scarce knew why:
'Twas left for her to learn in days to come,
The meaning of that void—companionless.
It was a melting scene; that might have touched
The stoutest heart, and made the gayest feel
That solemn truth, "There is a time to die."

The evening came—I stood amid a crowd
Of smiling ones. Aged as well as young,
Wore the bright mark of joy, and seemed as free
From aught of gloom, as if its dreary shade
Had never fallen on this world of ours.
It was a bridal festival; and they,
Who at the altar had just left their vows,
The youthful pair, by silken cords made one,
Were blest recipients of an ample gift;
Kind greetings, and unnumber'd joys invoked—
The best that human friendship can bestow.
To them, the mirror of the future gave
Scenes of bright coloring, gilded o'er by hope,
And earth seemed still a lovely paradise.

Fair picture this, thought I, of human life,
Sunshine and cloud blend strangely; vivid hues
Glowing with midnight darkness.
In one day,
Goes up the joyous shouts of multitudes,
With sighs, and tears, and wail of broken hearts.
Yea, such is life; and all we value here,
Are but the fragments of what once appeared
Without a blemish from the Maker's hand—
Wrecks of those things which He called 'very good.'

A. C. P.

From the New York American.

THE BRIDE'S PRAYER.

BY LIEUTENANT G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

Father! I come to thee! a handmaid weak,
Whose lips have scarcely breath'd her bridal vow;
And yet, oh! yet, in tears thy shrine I seek,
For shadowy care sits heavy on my brow.

In gifts of love tho' manifold thou art,
One prayer I pray—one only boon I crave;
He leaves me. Father—tears me from his heart—
Watch, bless, and guide him o'er the wandering wave.

I suffer for his sake—these vigil eyes
Seem heavy with a sense of outward weight;
Too deeply have I gazed upon the skies,
Scanning the burning stars which rules his fate.

So come I with an offering:—Father, look
In mercy on me; listen to my prayer;
My heart such anxious longings may not brook—
Sinking it is with doubts and withering care.

This—this, the offspring of our early love,
O'er whose soft smiles these weeping eyes grow dim—
Thy tender mercy, Father, so I move—
I bring—oh, grief!—a sacrifice for *him.*

Shield—shield him from the tempest, when its wing
Of restless wandering rocks his ocean bed;
When o'er the waves mad winds a death dirge ring;
While breaking billows lift his tossing head,

Watch, oh! watch o'er him, Father! If I weep,
It is but woman's tear—I trust in thee;
Amid the thunders of the foaming deep,
I *know* thy smile can soothe the surging sea.

Whate'er his sins, blot out or call them mine,
So thou uphold'st him on the crested wave—
He kneels not—pleads not, Father, at thy shrine—
Yet oh! watch o'er him—guide him—bless and save!

Ship Arkansas, Atlantic Ocean.

THE PRINTER'S LOVE.

We love to see a boat arrive,
Well laden, to our shore;
We love to see our neighbors thrive,
And love to bless the poor.

We love all this, but, far above
All that we ever said,
We love—what every printer loves—
To see subscriptions paid.

From the Religious Souvenir for 1839.

PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS.

Suggested by the Cartoon of Raffaelle.—By Miss Ann Charlotte Lynch.

Greece! hear that joyful sound,
A stranger's voice upon thy sacred hill,
Whose tones shall bid the slumbering nations round,
Wake with convulsive thrill.
Athenians! gather there, he brings you words
Brighter than all your boasted lore affords.

He brings you vows of One
Above Olympian Jove. One in whose night
Your gods shall fade like stars before the sun,
On your bewilder'd light.
That UNKNOWN GOD of whom ye darkly dream,
In all his burning radiance shall beam.

Behold, he bids you rise
From your dark worship round that idol shrine,
He points to him who reared your starry skies,
And bade your Phœbus shine:
Lift up your souls, from where in dust you bow,
That God of Gods commands your homage now.

But brighter tidings still!
He tells of one whose precious blood was spilt
In lavish streams upon Judea's hill,
A ransom for your guilt—
Who triumph'd o'er the grave, and broke its chain;
Who conqu'rd Death and Hell, and rose again.

Sages of Greece! come near—
Spirits of daring thought and giant mould,
Ye questioners of time and nature, hear
Mysteries before untold!
Immortal light revealed! light for which ye
Have tasked in vain your proud philosophy.

Searchers for some first cause!
Midst doubt and darkness—lo! he points to One
Where all your vaunted reason lost must pause,
And faint to think upon.
That was from everlasting, that shall be
To everlasting still eternally.

Ye followers of him
Who deemed his soul a spark of Deity!
Your fancies fade—your master's streams grow dim
To this reality.
Stoic! unbend that brow, drink in that sound!
Sceptic! dispel those doubt, the Truth is found.

Greece! though the sculptured walls,
Have with thy triumphs and thy glories rung,
And though thy temples and thy pillar'd halls,
Immortal poets sung.
No sounds like these have rent your startled air,
They open realms of light and bid you enter there.

From the Evening Star.

GLEN COVE.

There's beauty in the spangled sky,
When scattered orbs are twinkling there,
When the pale moon shines pensively,
And all above is calm and fair—
When the night wind is singing through
The silv'ry foliage of thy trees,
And when the insects wind and woo
Each other with their midnight glees,
And in thy brook that glides along
Through many a green and balmy grove,
Where feathered warblers tune their song
To notes of passion and of love.
But ah! what beauty can recall
The fleet, yet calm and happy hours,
That thou, Glen Cove, did'st give to all,
Like perfume hovering over flowers—
What art thou now, with all of these,
When SHE no longer rests with thee,
When her sweet voice, borne on the breeze,
No longer wakes its melody?
Thy beauty dies like gorgeous clouds
In summer, when the setting sun
The western sky in glory shrouds,
Then sinks to rest, and they are gone.
Still art thou cherished, for with thee
Were blended joys, too sweet to last,
That wakes the soul to memory,
Which dwells with rapture on the past.
Then on thy name I'll linger yet,
Though doomed to loose thy joys for ever,
Though thou art mingled with regret,
Can I forget thee, Glen Cove? never? H.

From the London Evangelical Magazine.

THE COMPASS.

The storm was loud—before the blast
Our gallant bark was driven;
Their foaming crests the billows reared,
And not one friendly star appeared,
Through all the vaults of heaven.

Yet dauntless still the steersman stood,
A gazed without a sigh,
Where poised on needle bright and slim,
And lighted by a lanthorn dim,
The compass meets his eye.

Thence taught his darksome course to steer,
He breathed no wish for day;
But braved the whirlwind's head-long might,
Nor once throughout that dismal night,
To fear or doubt gave way.

And what is oft the Christian's life
But storms as dark and drear,
Through which, without one blithesome ray
Of worldly bliss to cheer his way,
He must his vessel steer!

Yet let him ne'er to sorrow yield,
For in the sacred page
A compass shines divinely true,
And self illumined greets his view,
Amidst the tempest's rage.

Then firmly let him grasp the helm,
Though loud the billows roar,
And soon his toils and troubles past,
His anchor he shall safely cast
On Canaan's happy shore.

To the Editor of the New York American:

The beautiful lines you published "on the removal of some old family Portraits," induced me to send to you some in the same strain of true poetic feeling. They also appeared in Blackwood some years ago, and were doubtless from the same author.

Michaud, describing an Egyptian funeral procession which he met on its way to the cemetery of Rosetta, says—"the procession we saw pass stopped before certain houses, and sometimes receded a few steps. I was told that the dead stopped thus before the doors of their friends to bid them a last farewell, and before those of their enemis, to effect a reconciliation, before they parted for ever."

THE LAST JOURNEY.

Slowly with measur'd tread,
Onward we bear the dead
To his long home.
Short grows the homeward road,
On with your mortal load!
Oh, Grave! we come.

Yet, yet—ah! hasten not
Past each remember'd spot
Where he hath been;
Where late he walk'd in glee,
There from henceforth to be
Never more seen.

Yet, yet—ah! slowly move;
Bear not the form we love
Fast from our sight;
Let the air breathe on him,
And the sun beam on him
Last looks of light.

Rest ye—sit down the bier,
One he loved dwelleth here,
Let the dead lie
A moment that door beside,
Wont to fly open wide
Ere he drew nigh.

Hearken! he speaketh yet—
"Oh friend! wilt thou forget
("'Friend more than brother!"
"How hand-in-hand we've gone,
Heart with heart link'd in one—
"All to each other!

"Oh friend! I go from thee,
"Where the worm feasteth free,
"Darkly to dwell,
"Giv'st thou no parting kiss?
"Friend! is it come to this
"Oh, friend! farewell!"

Uplift your load again,
Take up the mourning strain!
Pour the deep wail!
Lo! the expected one
To his place passeth on,—
Grave! bid him hail.

Here dwells his mortal foe;
Lay the departed low;
Even at his gate.
Will the dead speak again?
Utt'ring proud boasts and vain,
Last words of hate?

Lo, the cold lips unclose,
List! list! what sounds are those,
Plaintive and low?
"Oh thou, mine enemy!
"Come forth and look on me
"Ere hence I go.

"Curse not thy foeman now,
"Mark! on his pallid brow
"Whose seal is set!
"Pard'ning I pass away.
"Then—wage not war with clay—
"Pardon!—forgot."

Now his last labor's done!
Now, now the goal is won!
Oh, Grave! we come;
Seal up this precious dust—
Land of the good and just,
Take the soul home!

FEMALE COURTSHIP.

Two or three looks when your swain wants a kiss;
Two or three noes when he bids you say yes;
Two or three smiles when you utter the no;
Two or three frowns if he offers to go;
Two or three speeches, like, "Ah! go away!"
Two or three times you must hold him to stay;
Two or three laughs when astray for small chat;
Two or three tears, though you can't tell for what;
Two or three letters, when vows are begun;
Two or three quarrels before you are done;
Two or three meetings to walk here and there;
Two or three nights to the playhouse repair;
Two or three dances to make you jocose;
Two or three hours in a corner sit close;
Two or three starts when he bids you elope;
Two or three glances to intimate hope;
Two or three pauses before you be won;
Two or three swoonings to let him press on;
Two or three sighs when you've wasted your tears;
Two or three hems when the chaplain appears;
Two or three squeezes when the hand's given away;
Two or three coughs when you come to obey;
Two or three curtseys, when marriage is over;
Two or three moneys discoursing your lover;
Two or three steps toward the bed chamber run;
Two or three kisses when asked but for one;
Two or three lasses may have by these rhymes;
Two or three husbands two or three times.

MARRIED.

On the 25th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. JORDAN EDGWORTH, to Miss ROXEY WILLIAMS, both of this city.

In this city, on Thursday evening, Dec. 13th, by J. B. Clark, Esq. Mr. Stephen Somers, of Livonia, to Miss Mary Morgan, of Avon.

In Argyle, on the 28th ult., by the Rev. George Mairs, jr. Mr. THOMAS A. McLAUGARY, of Kortright Delaware county, to Miss ELIZA D. SAVAGE, of the former place.

On the 25th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Campbell, Alexander B. McDonal, A. M., to Miss Harriet E., daughter of Amos Fassett, all of Albany.

On Tuesday, the 27th of November, by the Rev. Mr. Converse, Major ABRAHAM VAN BUREN, (eldest son of the President of the United States,) to Miss SARAH ANGELICA SINGLETON, youngest daughter of Mr. Richard Singleton, at her father's house, in Sumpter District, South Carolina

In Henrietta, on the 19th instant, by Evan Gage, Esq., Mr Horace W. Little, to Miss Susan H. Burtis, all of the former place.

In Mount Morris, on the 15th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Van Buren, Mr. George Hovey, to Miss Lucinda Snyder, all of that place.

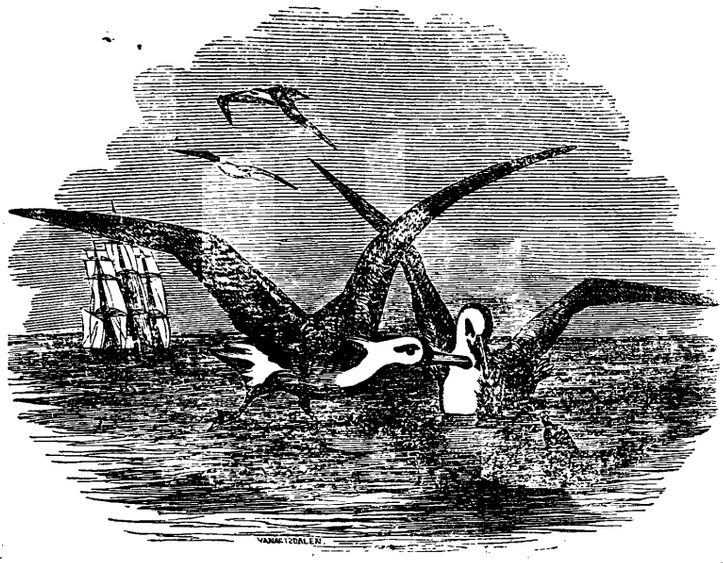
In Henrietta, on the 19th instant, by Elder Hail Whiting, Mr. John Heath, of Covington, Genesee county, to Miss Mary Johnson, of the former place.

In Perry, on — inst., by Rev. Jesse Elliott, Mr. Hiram Calkins, to Miss Angeline Rude. Also, Mr. Philander N. Calkins, to Miss Clarissa Rude, all of the same place.

YOUTH'S PENNY GAZETTE.

AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, Philadelphia, No. 146 Chestnut street, - NEW YORK, No. 147 Nassau street. : BOSTON, No. 5 Cornhill.

Vol. V.] DECEMBER 22, 1847. [No. 26.



THE ALBATROSS.

The albatross is three or four feet in length, and nine or ten from the tip of one wing to that of the other. The bill of the albatross, is six inches in length, terminating in a crooked point. The old birds are of a snowy white, excepting the tips of the wings, which are dark brown. They present a magnificent appearance as they hover over the bosom of the ocean, or wing their rapid flight in the upper regions of the air.

The power of flight possessed by the albatross is truly wonderful; for they have been often noticed between eighteen hundred and two thousand miles from land, in the middle of the Southern Ocean. Some persons, however, have partly accounted for this distance, by supposing that they rest on the surface of the water, in the same manner as gulls. One author informs us that, excepting during the breeding season, the albatross lives entirely on the ocean, and at night, when pressed by slumber, it rises into the air to a prodigious height, and then, putting its head under one wing, beats the air with the other, and takes its rest. After a time, the weight of its body, thus partially supported, brings it down; and it may be seen descending, with a moderate speed, towards the surface of the ocean. Upon this, it re-ascends to its elevation, and thus, alternately ascending and descending, takes its repose. The correctness of this statement may be doubted by some; but when the power of wing possessed by this bird is remembered, it will not appear incredible, especially as few members of the feathered race float on the air with more ease, and for a longer period than this bird.

The albatross is one of the fiercest and most formidable of the aquatic tribe, feeding not only on fish, but on some of the smaller waterfowl. It preys while on the wing, in the same manner as the sea-gull, and pursues the flying-fish as they leave the water to escape their old enemy, the dolphin.

JANUARY 1, 1848.

On this the NEW YEAR's day
My thanks to thee I pay,
Great God!—My Friend.

Thy Goodness I adore
Thy Mercy I implore,
World without end.

If through the year I live,
Let me thy grace receive,
To spend it well.

If I am called to die,
Take me beyond the sky,
With Thee to dwell!

THE FIRST OF THE DAY.

A SKETCH FOR GIRLS.

Our old neighbour, Mrs. Benwell, was an early riser; for she used to say, "If a poor man's wife does not get before-hand with her work in the morning, she is not likely to overtake it by night; and if the house is not tidy and comfortable by breakfast time, it will hardly be so at supper time. Then, too, early in the morning, when nobody else is about, is such a quiet time to get a few minutes alone, to think over the duties of the day, and lay a plan for discharging them rightly, and in an orderly manner; and to hide in the heart some precious portion of the word of God, to be a companion for her solitary moments, and to preserve her from sinning against God. That is the time to seek grace from above to uphold us in our duty, to strengthen us against temptation, to sustain us under trials which we may or may not foresee, and to enable us throughout the day to glorify God, to do good to those around us, and to maintain a conscience void of offence." I do believe that this good woman's constant practice of securing those few quiet minutes early in the morning, and wisely improving them, formed a great part of her secret for acting well throughout the day, and making all around her so comfortable. Perhaps those who complain that they find all their endeavours thwarted, and all their good intentions defeated, and their houses scenes of contention and confusion, have not fairly tried how happy an influence may be traced to beginning the day with God.

It has been said that our good manager was an early riser, and one who, in all her ways, sought the blessing and guidance of God. She was also concerned that the strength she sought in prayer should be properly applied; and that the whole of her conduct should be "becoming a woman professing godliness." What is the use of strength to a person who is idle? We want strength to labour—strength to persevere—strength to be useful: and whenever we pray, we should ask, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and then diligently set about doing it. The daily duties of a working man's wife are of a humble order; but in faithfully performing them, she may glorify God, and benefit man in no trifling degree.

A SWARM OF BEES.—Be quiet. Be active. Be patient. Be humble. Be prayerful. Be watchful. Be hopeful. Be loving. Be gentle. Be merciful. Be true. Be just. Be upright. Be kind. Be simple. Be diligent. Be thoughtful. Be long-suffering. Be not faithless, but believing, and the grace of God be with you.

THE FRUGAL HOUSEWIFE.

It is quite essential to all classes of people, and especially to a WORKING MAN'S wife that she should be FRUGAL.

The working man's wife needs the exercise of FRUGALITY, in order to make the best of her husband's earnings, so as to provide comfortably for the family, and, if possible, to lay by a trifle for a future time of need. Frugality and care, like all other good qualities, should be not merely occasional acts, but constant habits, extending to the management of property of every kind. It is not saving in one thing, and squandering in another; or, in some particulars, grudging needful comforts, while other things are neglected and suffered to run to waste; but a uniform care to make the best of every thing; to observe and improve every lawful opportunity of gain, to avoid all needless and extravagant expense; to make every thing last as long as possible by proper care, to preserve them from injury and repair them as occasion arises; and neither to practise or suffer any kind of profusion or waste. This is an invaluable quality in a wife. It makes a great difference in the general comfort and respectability of the family, and trains the children to habits of care, which will be of great use to themselves, and to those with whom they may be connected in future life. I remember hearing one of Mrs. * * * daughters say, that her good mother had so forcibly impressed on her mind the sin of waste, that she could not even empty a dust-shovel without thinking and examining whether it it did not contain something that might be of use—something that ought not to be thrown away.

THREE HUNDRED HOUSES BURNED.—On the 13th of September, a fire occurred in the city of Constantinople, which destroyed three hundred houses.

Youth's Penny Gazette.

DECEMBER 22, 1847.

☞ This paper is published by the American Sunday-school Union, every other week, (twenty-six numbers in the year.) Each number is illustrated with from *three* to *seven* fine engravings.

The terms are $5 a year, (in advance,) for FORTY copies to one address. Single subscription, 25 cents a year.

THE LAST.

This is the last number of our present volume. We shall commence volume SIXTH with many improvements, and some enlargement of our sheet, and in the hope of an increased circulation. As the design of the *Youth's Penny Gazette* is clearly seen, its importance as a means of INFORMATION, INSTRUCTION and ENTERTAINMENT is appreciated. If its power to make impressions on the mind of a coming age were rightly considered, a circulation of HALF A MILLION of copies would be regarded as but the "*day of small things.*" Every subscriber can easily get another, and this process will soon give us the *five hundred thousand names.* Great as the object is, to accomplish it, *within a twelve month*, need not cost a farthing of money nor a wink of sleep!

☞ LESSONS FROM LAND AND SEA, on our fourth page, is quite in "*Old Humphrey's*" vein.

MORE THOUGHTS ABOUT A BOOK.

In our last paper we suggested some thoughts to our young readers about the making of a book. How strange it is, that a person can make certain marks on a piece of paper, and when some other person, a hundred or a thousand miles off, sees these marks, he knows at once just what the first man thought!

Do you remember the story of the talking chip? It is told in that most interesting book, the Martyr Missionary,* or the Life of Rev. John Williams, who was murdered by cannibal savages in the South Sea Islands.

"The chapel in which the natives worshipped was so small that they set about building another. As Mr. Williams had gone to his work one morning without his square, he took up a chip, and with a piece of charcoal wrote on it a request that Mrs. Williams would send it to him; and he gave it to a native to carry to Mrs. W. The man asked what he should say. Nothing, Mr. W. told him, but carry the chip. 'How can this speak,' said he, 'has this a mouth?' He took it to the house and gave it to Mrs. Williams, who went immediately and got the square. 'But,' said he, 'how do you know that this is what Mr. Williams wants?' 'Why,' she replied, 'did you not bring me a chip just now?' 'Yes, but I did not hear it say any thing.' 'Yes it did, for it made known to me what you wanted, and all you have to do is to return with it as quickly as possible.' With this the chief leaped out of the house, caught up the wonderful chip, and ran through the settlement crying out, 'See the wisdom of these English people; they can make chips talk! they can make chips talk!' He was so much delighted with his discovery that he tied the chip round his neck and wore it for some time."

A gentleman in London, who died lately, had thoughts during his life time which he wished to make known to others. He wrote them down. They were printed in different books and tracts, and it is believed, that before he died TEN MILLIONS of copies of these thoughts were published and circulated.

* Published by the American Sunday-school Union.

What a power is this for a good man to use for good purposes, or for a bad man to use for wicked purposes. Be careful, my young friends, whose thoughts you take into your mind. This is of more consequence than what food you take into your mouth.

THE BARBER'S BOY.

A SKETCH FOR BOYS.

A poor boy, the youngest of thirteen children, with little, if any advantages of schooling, was put to learn the business of a barber, in an obscure village of England. After some time he thought he could do better by collecting and preparing hair for wigs, and then to advance a step higher, he thought he would find out the secret of perpetual motion. In this last effort he failed, but he succeeded in another and a greater plan. This was the invention of a machine for *spinning cotton.* The effect of this invention was felt throughout the civilized world, and has been felt more and more from that time to this very hour.

This poor barber's boy became Sir Thomas Arkwright, Baronet, and died in the sixtieth year of his age, worth nearly or quite thirty millions of dollars! We are not informed what his religious character was, but his genius, and title, and wealth, great as they were, would not of themselves give him any comfort in death, nor any hope of happiness in the world to which he has gone.

AN OCEAN OF LIGHT.

The Queen of England lately paid a visit to the Duke of Devonshire. In passing through part of the Duke's grounds at night in a coach and four, FOURTEEN THOUSAND LAMPS poured their light upon her path! Thousands of her subjects cannot purchase a farthing rush-light to go to bed by. There is a light, however, which far exceeds in brightness even the light of the sun, of which the Queen may have less than her humblest, meanest subject living in his dark hovel. It is the light of the glorious gospel of the grace of God! Are you walking in this light, my young friend?

CHOLERA.

Late accounts from different parts of Europe and Asia, inform us that the dreadful scourge, called the Asiatic Cholera, is again on its desolating march. Many cities which are likely to be visited by it, are already preparing hospitals. It is the pestilence that walks in darkness, but those who trust in God need not be afraid of it.

THE YOUNG HARPOONER,

OR THE FORCE OF ASSOCIATION.

The following very good story is told of a young whaler in Nantucket. No wonder the hardy seamen of that island can handle a harpoon with such singular dexterity, when they begin to practise so early in life:—

"Passing through Nantucket last summer, we stopped at an out-of-the-way house for a glass of water. As we approached the half-open door, we beheld the following scene, which excited our risibility at the time to a considerable extent.

"An urchin, some six years old, had fastened a fork to the end of a ball of yarn which his mother was holding, which he very dexterously aimed at an old black cat quietly dozing in the corner. Puss no sooner felt the sharp prick of the fork than she darted off in a jiffy, while the experimenter sung out in high glee, '*Pay out, mother, pay out, there she goes through the window.*'"—*Sail. Mag.*

For the Youth's Penny Gazette.

LABOUR AND PROPERTY.

SOME little folks, one day heard their Uncle John, in conversation with some gentlemen, repeat the words, "Labour and property." When they had gone the children asked him what he meant.

"I think you all know," said he, "what I mean, but you have not thought about it; so I must tell you.

Most of the things we see around us belong to some one, and they have been obtained by *labour*, or hard work. If no one had ever done any *labour*, there would have been no houses, no cultivated fields, no bread to eat, no clothes to wear, no books to read, and the whole world would have been in a wild state, and not fit for human beings to live happily in.

Men possess things because they or some other person worked to get them. Some men are rich and have a great many things, though they never worked much for them; but the fathers or grandfathers of these men, worked hard for the things, and have left them to their children.

Most persons must work hard to get things for themselves when they grow up.

After any one has worked to get a thing, or after he has had a thing fairly given to him, that thing is his own, and no person has a right to take it from him.

If any of you should get a piece of clay, and make the clay into a ball or marble to play with, then you would have laboured or worked for it, and no man would have a right to take it from you. The marble would be the *property* of him who made it. Some boys are fond of rabbits. If a boy can honestly secure a pair of rabbits, they are his *property;* and if he gathers food for them, and takes care of them, and they have young ones, then the young rabbits are his *property* also. He would not like to find that some bad boy was trying to take them from him. He would say to the boy, 'I claim these things as my *property;* they are mine. You never worked for them; they are not yours.'

But if the bad boy would still take the rabbits, then the owner might go to a magistrate and tell him of the bad boy's conduct, and the magistrate would order him to be punished; for laws are made for the punishment of the bad, and for the protection of the good.

All things valuable are the *property* of some person or other, and these persons claim their *property* in the same way that the boy claims the marble he has made, or the rabbits he has reared.

It is very right that every one should be allowed to keep his own property; because when a poor man knows that he can get property by working for it, and that no one dares to take it from him, then he will work to have things for his own use. If a poor man knew that his things would be taken from him, then he would not work much, and perhaps not at all. This is the reason why the people of some countries are so poor. They cannot be certain that they shall be allowed to keep what they earn. So they spend most of their life in idleness and poverty.

When any of you wish to have a thing which belongs to another, you must ask permission to take it, or you must offer to buy it. You must never, on any account, take the thing secretly, or by violence, or by fraud, for that would be *stealing*, and none of you would like to be called thieves.

Some persons think that because they *find* things they have a right to keep them for themselves. But the thing that is found is the property of the loser, and should be immediately given up to him without reward. It is just as bad as stealing to keep it from the owner.

We now see the meaning of *labour* and *property*—labour brings property, and without labour no one can have property."

Uncle John then asked them all what property they had. Some said, "I have my clothes," and others said, "I have my books and slates." Uncle John asked them whether they had worked for them? and no one being able to say "yes," he told them that their clothes belonged to their fathers or mothers, and that they must consider them as lent, and be very careful of them.

Several boys, who had paid much attention to what Uncle John had been telling them, said, "I have a top which I bought with the money my grandfather gave me." Another said, "I have a watch which my aunt gave me as a keepsake."

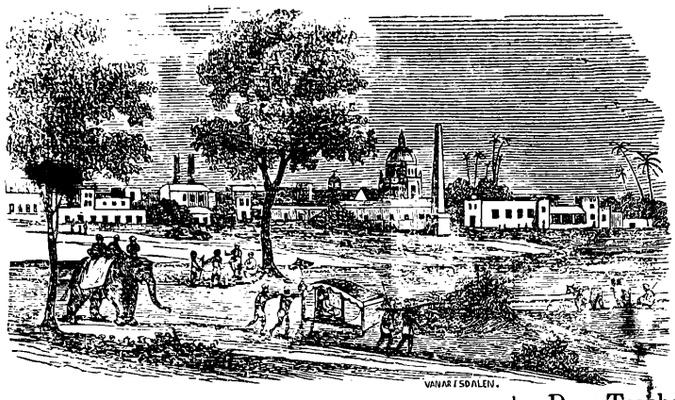
Uncle John told them he was glad they understood the words *labour* and *property;* and he would try to talk with them again on the subject.

PRAYER FOR THE CLOSE OF A YEAR.

Heavenly Father, another year has passed away, but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end. A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday, when it is past, and as a watch in the night, and one day is with the Lord as a thousand years. I come to thank Thee for all the blessings I have enjoyed during the past year. I thank Thee for my home, and health, and friends. I thank Thee for the instruction I have received. I thank Thee that I have been taught to love the name of Jesus, my blessed Saviour, and I pray that I may be made Thy own child for ever. Thy eye, O Lord, has watched over me from the beginning to the end of the year, and I praise Thy holy name for all Thy mercies. I thank Thee for all Thy goodness to me. "My Father! be Thou the guide of my youth." Guard me from all evil during the coming year. Keep me from temptation. Lead me in Thy holy ways. Bless my dearest father and mother, and my brothers and sisters, and grant, that as we are here a happy family on earth, so at last we may form part of Thy happy family in heaven: I ask it for Jesus' sake, my Lord and Saviour. Amen.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Suppose the rule were adopted to give holiday presents only to those who have been (through the past year) cheerfully obedient to parents and teachers, kind and gentle to brothers and sisters, and uniformly obliging towards all, how many would be disappointed? If we fail in our duty to earthly friends, how is it in respect to our Father in heaven?



VIEW OF BLACK TOWN, (MADRAS.)

The city of Madras is the capital of the southern British possessions in India, and is situated on the Bay of Bengal. The English division of the town is called Fort St. George. Another portion, inhabited by Armenian and India merchants, together with a space allotted to the poorer natives, is called Black Town.

Madras is not very well situated as a trading capital, on account of the difficulty of approaching it by sea; as it possesses no harbour or inlet of any kind to break the violence of the surge, which rolls heavily upon the coast at all seasons of the year, particularly from October to January, when ships can neither arrive nor depart, on account of the storms and typhoons that prevail during the whole of that period. Even at the most favourable season of the year vessels usually anchor a mile or two from the shore, and their cargoes are conveyed to land on a kind of raft, called a catamaran, which is constructed of three flat pieces of timber, eight or ten feet long, tied together, the middle one being longer than the others, and curved upwards at the ends. It is pushed through the surf by a man, with a paddle, who is often washed off, but is so well practised in his calling, that he leaps on again in an instant. His danger, if he does not regain the plank, is as great from the sharks as from drowning.

Fort St. George was taken by a French force about one hundred years ago, and the value of the plunder seized by the invaders was estimated at three millions of dollars? Every British inhabitant was compelled to leave the place. The French government retained it but two years.

Our engraving shows two of the common modes of travelling used, viz., the back of the elephant, and in the palanquin.

DAILY WANTS SHOULD EXCITE TO DAILY ASKING.

There are some things that we want every day of our lives, and some that we require only occasionally; and we shall generally find that to be well supplied with the former, is the best security against being greatly distressed for want of the latter. It is so in common things. Every day we want food, clothing, fuel; and if we have always plenty of these in the house, we can prepare our food in such a way as the particular circumstances of the family may require; we can cook as is most suitable to the business in which we are engaged; we can light a fire in whichever room bests suits our present purpose. It is so in moral and spiritual things. There are some general virtues which need to be in continual exercise. There is no day in which we can do without them; and by the constant habit of cultivating and employing them in the discharge of our ordinary duties, we shall best learn how to combine and adapt them to any particular circumstance that may arise.

WHERE IS JANE?

A dialogue between a little girl and her Sunday-school teacher, about *Jane Shouse*, who with her two sisters, (one older and one younger than herself,) were carried to the grave at the same time, as related in a late number of this paper.

SCHOLAR.

Dear Teacher, where is Jane to-day?
I can't think why she stays away;
Her sister too, she is not here,
I'll look and see if they are near.

Oh no, she is not coming yet,
She never used to be so late,
She must be sick, I know she must,
She always used to be here first.

TEACHER.

My dearest child, Jane will not be
At school to-day, nor sit by thee,
Nor, e'er will I to her again,
The scripture lesson here explain.

No more her eyes will read this page,
Nor will our school her thoughts engage.—
She's dead, my dear; yes! Jane is dead,
And in the grave her body's laid.

Oh! yes, my child, her spirit's fled,
She's numbered now among the dead;
Her sisters too, have soared away
To the bright realms of endless day.

She said before she left this earth;
"I go to God, who gave me birth,
To dwell within the city bright,
Where all the streets are clean and white."

Now, my dear child, you do not know,
How soon you may be called to go,
How soon the Lord may call away,
Thy spirit from its house of clay.

Then O! if you with Jane would meet,
In peace before God's judgment seat,
Love Christ, the Lord, and serve him here
Then death and hell, you need not fear.

For the Youth's Penny Gazette.

LESSONS FROM LAND AND SEA.

My recollections of childhood are not many; but those which I *do* retain, are remarkably distinct. It was a rare thing that I took a long—very long walk, for I had a kind mother, and she kept me at school constantly. Holidays then, were the only days when I could ramble to some far-off spot; and those days I shall never forget. I can now, after eighteen years, see as plainly as I saw them then, the very stones in the wall, where we used to climb over the low place to get into the field, where the pathway led to the bluff.

You see what I have named this article; and I have called it thus, because I mean to tell you what lesson each object I met with spoke to my childish mind.

I learned when very young to look at every thing with the idea of *gaining some instruction* from it; and not as a mere inanimate object. Well, *the gap in the stone wall.* That was the first thing we met, and it used to occur to me, that as we children looked for the low broken place to climb over into the short green grass, so, many persons who professed to be very good, and walk in the narrow road to heaven, were on the lookout for some little loophole to creep out into the bright fields where the worldly and gay walked so pleasantly together.

These persons, I thought, who seem to wish to be Christians, and yet look with a longing eye towards the world, are like us children in another respect. We are very careful to walk in a particular path through the field, that we may not incur the displeasure of the owner,—and so they walk as much as possible in the track of their fellow-creatures, that no one may speak of them as a "peculiar people."

I remembered that St. Paul said, Christians must be *separate* in their life and conduct from the careless and thoughtless—though they must not avoid doing them good, when they have opportunity. Although I had then none of the feelings of a true Christian, I knew perfectly well, when I saw any one's life inconsistent with his holy profession; and involuntarily I disliked the person.

Well, our grassy walk led us to the Ocean Bluff; and there it was my delight to sit for hours with my feet hanging over those high rugged rocks, and watch the beating and dashing of the mighty waves. It always gave me a sense of relief and satisfaction, when I saw the wave break and the water retreat. It seemed as if they had some mighty task before them, and rushed with all their force to accomplish it: and now were weary and lay down to rest. And then more waves would come rushing on, and break, in the same way, beneath my feet, making a sad, strange, mournful music, that I loved to hear; and then it always brought to mind that line of Scripture, representing the calm of heaven. "And there shall be no more sea." I thought then, I could never be reconciled to a heaven without an ocean, I loved it so much; but I soon learned to understand it in a higher and more spiritual sense. "There shall be no more tossings and restlessness of heart in that calm abode, that peaceful home," was what it meant.

For thirty miles I could look out over that sea, and then it was that my thoughts roamed free. I seemed pent up within walls, at all other times; but there, there, near those wild, free waves, I could think without restraint. My thoughts flew to heaven, and I used to ask myself, "what must God be, if He can create so many oceans like this, and then keep them all from doing harm to the land?"

"*Thus far shalt thou go and no farther,*" I had often read in His Holy Word, and here I saw its truth; and then I looked round with awe, feeling that perhaps he might, in some form, be near me, watching over this mighty work of His Hand. Do you, my dear friend, who are now reading these lines,—do you think these were strange thoughts for a child of eight or ten years? Have you never thought or felt the same?

My walk toward home lay round an old fort. Do you know what that is? High banks round a large square, the sides all sloping down into the square. It was thrown up in 1812, the last time the English king tried to make the Americans obey him. He sent his soldiers to many places in the United States—and among others, to the beautiful town where I passed my childhood. When I was a little girl, the fort had been built sixteen years, and was all grass grown. There, on one of those high banks, I used to sit down, and think what that fort was built for; to help them carry on a wicked war. And then I remembered that God was a God of peace, and that Christ's gospel was a gospel of peace; and I shuddered to think what blood had been shed, and what murders committed on the earth which my Saviour died to redeem. It gave me a horror of war, and all disputings which lead to war, that I have never ceased to feel. "My peace I give unto you," were Christ's holy, gentle, loving words: how then should His children live and act?

Ah! dear child, if you are now a little boy, and live to grow up a man, I beg you not to be a soldier in arms. Be only a soldier of the cross, and wear the armour of Light. Put on that armour described in the 6th chapter of Ephesians, from the 13th to the 18th verses: and then you will easily wage the only war you are allowed to engage in; the war with the world, the flesh and the devil. And now, while you are young, do not buy for your playthings, swords, and trumpets and drums, but choose something which speaks of a life of peacefulness. If Christ were here now, a child of your age, He would better love you, if He saw a spirit of gentleness and love in the choice of your amusements, as well as in the more serious employments of your life.

If you live as He wishes you to live, *because you love Him*, you will be a Christ-like child.

Many walks I used to take beside this, to the bluff and the fort, but I loved none so well; and none gave my childhood such large room for meditation.

I hope you, my dear child, will always think some profitable thoughts, every time you go to walk with your companions; and perhaps you will remember them to repeat to children long after you have passed out of childhood. Learn to see God in His infinite kindness and loveliness in the fair flowers and blossoms springing beneath your feet.

He is the *God of nature* as well as the God of Redemption. Children sometimes forget this, or seem to forget it,—and speak of nature as if she were a being who had created herself. "Nature" simply means God, *working by laws that he has made.*

"Mine be the flowers that freely blow,
In each uncultured spot;
Anemone, with leaves of snow,
And blue Forget-me-not.

And bring those lovely, gentle things
That deck our church-yard way;
The soft grass, whence the violet springs
And cuckoo flowers of May.

There is a spell around those blooms,
Owned by no rarer flowers—
They blossomed on our fathers' tombs,
And they shall grow on ours."

M. A. J.

From the Texas Presbyterian—Sept. 18.

SABBATH-SCHOOL BOOKS.

We have been applied to by our friends in different parts of the country, to aid them in procuring Sabbath-school books, published by the American Sunday-school Union. We would inform those who have thus requested, that we will take pleasure in doing so at the earliest practicable period. We have been looking for some time past for the Agent for our State to visit Houston, but he has not been here since our arrival in the place. It affords us much pleasure to learn from those friends, and various other sources, that there is great interest being awakened in many parts of our State in favour of Sabbath-schools, and for the introduction of the books of the American Sunday-school Union. This is as it should be. We trust that the efforts of this, and other like Unions, will put down that sectarianism, which has made its appearance in some parts of our State, and that union of effort will be the watchword of every true worshipper of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.